

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.

Table of Contents

Preface

Chapter 1: The Truth Concerning Drugs

Chapter 2: The Healthcare Industry

Chapter 3: The Big Bang

Chapter 4: The Bible

Chapter 5: Hell & Satan

Chapter 6: Life In A Small Town

Chapter 7: Fun Day At The Pool

Chapter 8: 230 Pound Throat

Chapter 9: 100 Mph Car Crash

Chapter 10: Jesus of Nazareth

Chapter 11: Dave

Chapter 12: The Highest Fatality Rate Plant In The Nation

Chapter 13: Michael

Chapter 14:	Coke And The Laser Printer
Chapter 15:	Hell Was Not Fun
Chapter 16:	Severed Finger
Chapter 17:	The Most Beautiful Woman I'd Ever Seen
Chapter 18:	Our Peculiar Home Life
Chapter 19:	Our Tragic Second Honeymoon
Chapter 20:	We Must Stay Busy
Chapter 21:	New Beginnings
Chapter 22:	The Healing of Ahnora
Chapter 23:	Beth
Chapter 24:	Jamie
Chapter 25:	Suicidal Thoughts
Chapter 26:	Coming Back To Life
Chapter 27:	The Emmaus Walk
Chapter 28:	Paranormal Occurrences
Chapter 29:	The Most Astounding Experience I'll Ever Have
Chapter 30:	My Birthday Gift From Heaven
Chapter 31:	A Summary In A Fictional Story
Chapter 32:	Funny But True
Chapter 33:	Ron, George, Maggie Jo & Today
Chapter 34:	Our Children
Chapter 35:	My First Writing Was Due To A Dream
Chapter 36:	An African Mother
Chapter 37:	Lana's Near Death Experience
Chapter 38:	Lana, My Happiness & My Function Are One
Chapter 39:	Lana, It's About Time
Chapter 40:	How Do I Know?
Chapter 41:	ACIM Core Beliefs
Epilogue	

Preface

This manuscript is an accumulation of over 15 years of writings. I'm 71 and have experienced many wonderful, beautiful, educational, and enlightening moments. I've also endured the dark night of the soul where nothing means anything, all hope is gone, unrelenting loneliness and extremely deep re-occurring depressions. Two faces, one life and the journey within. I've slowly come to the understanding that all the answers to the countless questions are within our mind. We just need guidance on where to look. Especially concerning the issue of spirituality, the old adage that one can lead a horse to water but cannot make the horse drink is more than true. This manuscript might make you laugh or cry as you read of a life that may mirror your own. The best I can hope for is at least these words help you think things through.

I've experienced impossible accidents that I should not have survived. I was crushed with a thirty-ton, fifty-thousand horsepower overhead crane in a steel foundry, a foot more, and I would have been cut in two. Mary Jo, my wife of 20 years, died suddenly in front of me while we were on our first cruise celebrating a second honeymoon. She was only 43, a blood clot hit her heart. I've filed bankruptcy twice, losing half a million dollars of real estate. No car in 10 years, rent a furnished apartment and all I own is a cell phone, television, and computer. I've had 20 different careers, starting with pumping gas when I was 16. Naming a few, I've been a foreman in a steel foundry, automobile salesman, district manager overseeing a 15 million dollar territory, owner of a television/appliance retail company, store manager responsible for 80 employees, retail manager in the cellular industry, store manager in the retail dollar business and a dealer for one of the largest casinos in the nation. I guess I've never figured out what to do for a living because I'm somewhat lacking in common sense. Some of the wise decisions I thought I was making turned out to be *really* ridiculous. When writing these down, I wondered how on earth could I have *possibly* been *that* stupid. You'll find many of these wise decisions hilarious

and somewhat sad in how asinine they were.

If you happen to be in a management position, you'll read solid advice on how to improve your employees performance and have fun doing it. I've worked for managers who used fear as the prime motivator. This never has and never will be an effective supervisor's tool. I used reason, logic, empathy, and humor. I used to explain to a new staff member, if Bill has a problem with Sue don't go to Alex and talk about Sue, go to Sue. If Sue and Bill can't resolve their differences, come to me, and we'll discuss the issue in the strictest confidence behind closed doors. If employees dread coming to work, it's management's fault as well as the resulting organization's poor performance. When everyone is enjoying their job, helping one another, laughing, and communicating well the metrics *will* improve. Guaranteed.

I started jotting down thoughts on a cell phone memo pad years ago. This diary of sorts has turned into five manuscripts, quite by accident, I've developed into a writer. I've acquired the knowledge that we are entering into an era of magnificent beauty, perfect harmony, perpetual joy, growing wisdom, pure truth, unending peace and unconditional love. You'll read of miracles that I and others have personally witnessed, there are no other logical explanations for what occurred. I've documented everything as accurately as memory permits. Read with an open heart and mind and develop your own conclusions. Our awakening transcendence is occurring now. Bob

Chapter 1: The Truth Concerning Drugs



Many of my true life circumstances concern the use of numerous types of drugs. I have completed *a lot* of research concerning this social issue for another detailed manuscript. Think how much better society would be if alcohol had been made illegal and marijuana legal. There have been thousands upon thousands of alcohol related deaths. The only thing worse than getting off heroin is alcohol. Heroin addicts want to die going through cold withdrawal, true alcoholics will. Nobody has ever died from marijuana, as you'll read, it used to be a widely prescribed and valuable medicine. The following is very factual information.

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 the Chinese. The Harrison Narcotic Act of 1914 regulated the production & 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 resulted in the first anti-cocaine laws in the early 1900s. 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 resulted in the first anti-marijuana laws, in the Midwest and the Southwest in the 1910s and 20s. Marijuana was also demonized by media campaigns that linked it to violence, insanity, and moral decay. These ethnic groups could not be arrested for cheap labor, but can now for illegal drugs. The drugs were made illegal not for the good of society but because of cultural prejudice and economics.

I honestly feel the government should make all drugs legal thus taking them out of the control of organized crime. The revenue generated would pay for sanatoriums to help addicts. If you can't handle your drug of choice in society, you'll receive the highest professional treatment for free. Concerning what many believe to be one of the worst drugs known, LSD. There have *never* been any deaths associated with LSD toxicity. In other words, no one has ever died from an LSD overdose. I have never advocated anyone to take the drug and haven't taken any psychedelics in over 15 years, at my age there is no longer a want or need. With that being said, I will offer my personal experiences. I have tripped hundreds of times and was usually alone. 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. I've been playing chess since I was 13 and am still just average, on LSD I was unbeatable. When it was legal, the military gave it to volunteers to see if their deadly combat skills improved. *That* didn't work, soldiers would end up singing in trees, smiling constantly at flowers or looking at the stars and universe. The chemical activates brain receptors that are normally used when dreaming. From an economic standpoint it is extremely cheap, for five dollars the high lasts about 8 hours.

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. 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. Direct toxicity: Unlike some other drugs, LSD itself is not considered highly toxic. There is no known lethal dose of LSD. Accidental harm: accidents can occur due to impaired judgment and altered perception while under the influence of LSD. Impurities: Street LSD may contain impurities or other substances, which could pose risks. 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, where they have visual disturbances even after the drug has worn off. Suicide risk: While LSD itself doesn't directly cause suicide, it can exacerbate existing mental health issues. Rare Fatalities: There have been cases of people accidentally harming themselves while under the influence of LSD. 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: Considering the millions of doses of LSD consumed over decades, the overall risk of death is extremely low.

There has been growing interest in using hallucinogens for therapeutic purposes, particularly in the treatment of mental health conditions. Here are some notable developments: Johns Hopkins Center for Psychedelic and Consciousness Research: This center is at the forefront of exploring innovative treatments using psilocybin, a naturally occurring psychedelic compound found in magic mushrooms. Researchers there are studying the effects of psilocybin on the brain and its potential as a therapeutic option for mental illnesses. Studies have shown that psilocybin, when administered in regulated settings, can reduce anxiety in cancer patients and facilitate smoking cessation. DMT Trials: DMT, a powerful hallucinogenic drug, is being trialed as a potential cure for depression. Participants receive DMT followed by talking therapy, offering an alternative for

those who don't respond to conventional antidepressant medications. Imperial Psychopharmacology & Psychedelic Research Clinic: Located in London, this clinic is an offshoot of Imperial College's Centre for Psychedelic Research. It's involved in research on psychedelics and their potential therapeutic applications. LSD and Psychedelic Research History: In the 1980s and 90s, psychedelics like LSD were studied for treating personality disorders, alcohol use disorder, and neurosis. Rigorous scientific research is now being conducted to explore the safety and efficacy of psychedelics in mental health settings. I have never experienced a bad trip and there have been no flashbacks. What is crucial is being in a calm environment. I feel hallucinogens would greatly help heroin and fentanyl addicts because they are not addictive *at all* and offer states of beauty and peace. Opiates deaden, psychedelics enhance.

Chapter 2: The Healthcare Industry



Concerning the healthcare industry, I once read, a patient cured is a customer lost. I also read that a society that keeps cures a secret so they can sell medication is not a real society but a mental institution.

John D. Rockefeller became America's first billionaire in 1916. He was the top oil tycoon of the 19th century, and his savvy business decisions made him tremendously wealthy. He was instrumental in the founding of the pharmaceutical industry. Furthermore, he then came across the idea of using coal tar, a

petroleum derivative, to make substances that affect the human mind, body, and nervous system. These drugs were excellent at masking or stopping symptoms, *but overall did not cure the underlying cause of a disease*. Rockefeller then bought out part of the massive German pharmaceutical cartel, I.G. Farben. He wanted to eliminate the competitors of his new-found investment. So he hired a man, Abraham Flexner, to submit a report to Congress in 1910. This report concluded that there were too many doctors and medical schools in America and that all the other healing methods which had existed for hundreds or thousands of years were unscientific quackery. Congress acted upon the conclusions and made them law. Doctors were jailed and hospitals defunded who did not agree with Rockefeller. Before the establishment of the pharmaceutical industry, everything was holistic. Prescription drugs: All formally accepted prescription drugs are damaging for your health and are based on hiding symptoms only, rarely solving the problem that generated the illness. They are based on the "medical science" of making money from your aches, not based on helping you. What should people do then? Use alternative natural therapies instead? Yes, go back to the old alternative, mostly herbal ways.

Cancer:

According to a team of College of Medicine researchers at Penn State University, care for the 15 most prevalent types of cancer in the U.S. cost approximately \$156.2 billion in 2018, with drugs being a leading expense. The National Cancer Institute reports that the medical costs of cancer care add up to some \$125 billion, with a projected 39 percent increase, to \$173 billion, in the near future. The cancer industry certainly qualifies as big business. Years ago, I became friends with my boss who the regional manager for a large cellular corporation. He'd read an article that claimed the cancer industry is so huge that if a cure was found, the economy would collapse. I haven't researched this, but I respected his opinion, he's highly intelligent.

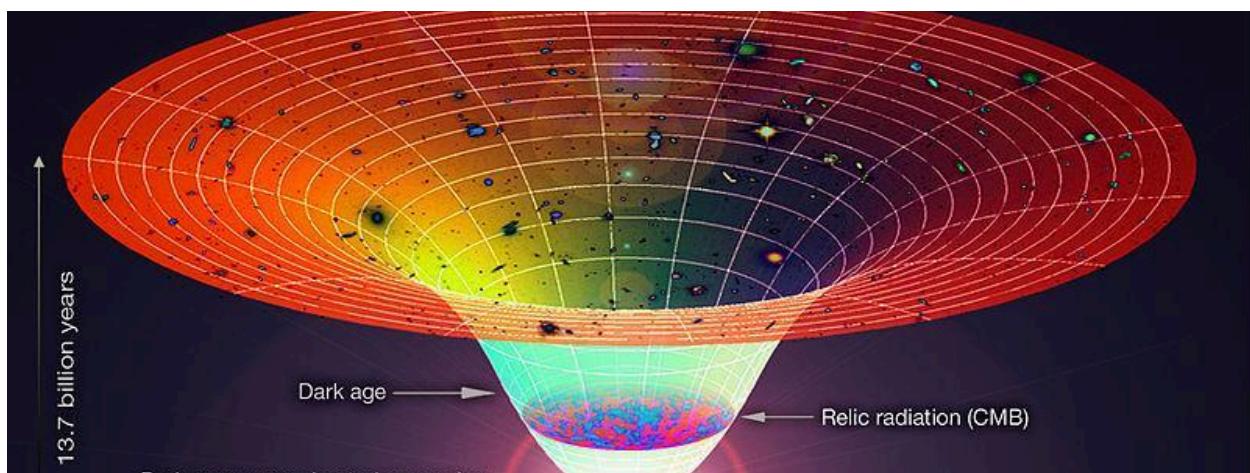
Royal Raymond Rife was an American inventor who developed a theory

that targeting bacterial cells with electromagnetic energy at a frequency determined by the organism's own unique energy frequency pattern would create a cell-shattering resonance. He believed that cancer-causing viruses and bacteria had specific frequencies and that killing these pathogens would destroy the cancer cell along with microbes. A device developed in the 1930s may be the most successful cancer cure ever invented. Rife frequency therapy is an early, non-toxic cancer treatment that has fallen into obscurity. But one that deserves to be resurrected. Though, the theory may sound more like science fiction than real life. It's supported by the repeated research of numerous highly respected scientists. Unfortunately, like so many alternative cancer cures, Rife's machines were discredited by industry elites, who regarded Rife's work as pseudomedicine. As a result, Rife machines were never put into widespread use by mainstream medicine. It is believed by many alternative health practitioners that the medical industry's rejection of Rife's machines was caused by a conspiracy involving the American Medical Association, the Department of Public Health, and other elements of organized medicine. Royal Raymond Rife was born on May 16, 1888, and died on August 5, 1971, at the age of 83. He died of a heart attack at Grossmont Hospital. At the time of his death, he was living alone in an El Cajon rest home and was virtually penniless.

The cost of a single chemotherapy treatment can vary greatly, and there is no standard cost. Rough estimations can range from \$10,000 to \$200,000. The cost usually depends on factors such as the type of chemotherapy, the frequency, and duration of the treatment, the drug doses administered, the institution where the procedure is performed, and the patient's residence. For many medicines. Oncologists receive a 6% markup, meaning when they infuse a patient with a \$10,000 monthly course of chemotherapy, their practice yields an extra \$600. So the doctors make a minimum of \$600 per treatment. The oldest class of chemotherapy drugs, actually derived from mustard gas, a poison the Germans used as a chemical weapon during World War I. After World War I,

medical researchers noticed that mustard gas destroyed lymphatic tissue and bone marrow and thought it might also be able to kill cancer cells in the lymph nodes. Experiments in mice later showed that topically applying nitrogen mustard, which was derived from mustard gas, caused tumors to shrink. Nitrogen mustard was incorporated into multidrug chemotherapy for Hodgkin's disease and remains a potent agent against cancer today. Chemotherapy can cause a range of side effects. Some of the most serious side effects include infection and a weakened immune system, easy bruising and bleeding, and nerve pain. Chemotherapy can also damage cells in the heart, kidneys, bladder, lungs, and nervous system. I read of a doctor several years ago who had specialized in cancer treatment for 17 years and quit. He was tired of the hypocrisy and claimed studies that proved chemotherapy was 90% ineffective. He started doing talk shows and is a strong advocate of holistic medicine. The specialist explained there are ways to change the body chemistry from acidic to alkaline; it is much more difficult for cancer to survive in an alkaline environment. He's a strong advocate of exercise, oxygen, and vitamin therapy.

Chapter 3: The Big Bang



Astronomers believe the universe began as a singular point and expanded to the size it is today and still growing. So everything came from virtually nothing? This has *never* made sense to me, *at all*. We're also taught the concept that most

scientists believe that RNA, or something similar to RNA, was the first molecule to self-replicate and begin the process of evolution that led to more advanced forms of life, including human beings. What? So this is the answer to millions and millions of aquatic creatures, birds, animals, and humans? Scientists believe the earliest life forms we know of were microscopic organisms, microbes, that left signals of their presence in rocks about 3.7 billion years old. These scientific theories only strengthened my belief in a higher power. If you think about and study these two believed explanations of all life everywhere, they will begin to make no sense.

Chapter 4: The Bible



Years ago I taught a large adult Sunday School class for over 15 years, thus I am extremely familiar with Biblical doctrine. There are many manuscripts of the Bible. For the New Testament alone, there are about 5,500. 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. The main problem is the original texts of the Bible were written in Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek over hundreds of years and underwent numerous revisions and translations too numerous to list.

Thus, 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 an eternal Hell and there is *nothing* he/she can do about it. This is utter and complete nonsense. How could a God of Love make such a horrible place and allow *one* of His/Her children to exist there forever?

Chapter 5: Hell & Satan



The concept of Hell and Satan was simply *made up*. Centuries ago a council of scholars, on the advice of the Romans, agreed on the idea after Christianity had been declared the empire's religion. This would help keep the ignorant masses in line and be a good reason for them to give money. That worked well, considering the massive wealth of the Catholic Church. In this insane world, we are taught by the ego of God's opposite, Satan. Our ego wants the enemy “out there” so we don't look for our true enemy in our own mind. We are taught Satan's greatest gimmick is to trick us to believe he does not exist. After years of believing he does, I now, after a great deal of study, know he *does not*. Here is why. In the Bible, we're taught God created the most powerful of all angels, Lucifer. Lucifer was given so much power that he proceeded to attempt to overthrow God and he convinced one-third of the angelic realm to help. They

were defeated and thrown into a nightmare God created in the center of earth, Hell. Lucifer's name was changed to Satan, the angels became demons. Logic dictates that Lucifer never rebelled and maintains his position in Heaven. The terms omnipotent and omnipresent are used to describe two of the divine attributes of God. Omnipotent means all-powerful and refers to the belief that God has supreme power and is not subject to physical limitations like man. Being omnipotent, God has complete authority over wind, water, gravity, and physics. His power is limitless. Omnipresent means present everywhere and refers to the belief that God is capable of being everywhere at once. This means His divine presence encompasses the whole of the universe, and there is no location where He does not inhabit. Lucifer knows this and completely understands he is a created being. The thought would never even occur to rebel against such total and massive power.

Foremost, we do not need saving from a non-existent eternal torment. We require saving from our ego. We are *all* bipolar. Our right mind, spirit, is based on love, and our wrong mind, ego, is based on fear. Fear of what? In the deepest part of our subconscious, God. Once we have consciously accepted the truth that God Is. Now what? We start school. In this school, we'll learn through experience the fruits of our ego: fear, resentment, anger, laziness, and hatred. Our school also teaches the fruits of our spirit: love, acceptance, peace, energy, and empathy. A peaceful mind is our natural state. If we're growing more peaceful, it's proof we're on the correct path. The economy, world affairs, crime and drug issues, will become just mild interests. This is the truth because I'm experiencing it.

Chapter 6: Life In A Small Town



I was born and raised in a small steel and mining town in the Ohio Valley. My parents were old enough to be my grandparents. Dad was born in 1897 and mom in 1904. Mother thought she had a tumor but found out she was pregnant in her late forties, dad was in his fifties. She referred to me as her little tumor. My brother was 21 years older and sister was 19. They each had 4 children, I was an uncle, the day I was born. I enjoyed a normal childhood with many playmates. We left our doors unlocked at night as there was virtually no crime. The men had high paying jobs in the mills or mines, the mothers didn't need to work. I feel for families today where both parents must work just to make ends meet, leaving their children to fend for themselves. This was a much simpler time, and the values I learned have stayed true my entire life.

I was fortunate to have been raised in a loving home. Mom and dad weren't churchgoers, and the subject of God never came up. They *did* teach a little prayer when I was very young. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray to the Lord my soul to keep, if I should die before I awake, I pray to the Lord, my soul to take." So as a toddler, the existence of a higher power was ingrained. When I became older, friends would discuss God. "Where did God come from? I don't believe any of it." I couldn't answer but retained my belief. Today, I simply accept the truth that God Is. My *knowing* of a higher power has survived countless

attacks for 50 years and continues to grow. My perception of this world is changing to a wisdom that understands all is most perfectly well because of the supreme Love of God. Love is not an emotion but an extremely powerful force which guides, teaches and sustains. If you're experiencing doubts about these statements I'll offer proof in later chapters.

Some of our family gatherings were hilarious. On Christmas Eve, mom had worked all day on dinner, dad had been nipping on his vodka. My brother and sister's families were home and all 15 of us were sitting around the dining room table. I was 10. Dad's at the head of the table, his job being to carve the turkey. He's drunk. After putting a fork in and holding it with the knife, he gave a big heave and the turkey flew into the Christmas tree. Instantly my mother's face became a brilliant red, I was a little scared because I'd never seen anything like *that* before. "Bill, get the g_ damn turkey out of the Christmas tree." We could hear a pin drop until my sister's laugh broke the tension. After picking the needles out, we ate. I quit believing in Santa at the age of 17. Sam weighed over 300 lbs. and had claimed the Santa role for as many Christmases I could remember. He had taken numerous shots of varying alcohols at every home he visited and was extremely merry when he reached ours. After staggering up the stairs to go to the bathroom, he tripped and landed in the bathtub. He was so big that dad had to call the fire department. The squad getting drunk Santa out of the bathtub raised doubts. I was really 9.

We went up to visit my aunt and uncle in Akron. Mom woke up somewhat drunk in the middle of the night. After opening what she thought was the bathroom door, she fell head over heels down the basement steps. She had a huge bruise on her hip and a black eye. The same weekend, my uncle threw up and flushed his false teeth. Charles hated doing yard work and would always drink shots beforehand. He'd decided to trim a tree. My aunt heard, "Ruth, Ruth", she went out and Charles was hanging upside down, drunk, with his foot caught in a branch. She called the emergency squad, who notified the fire department.

This incident made it to the newspaper and local television.

Mom was a class-rated bridge player with excellent card sense. Bridge is to poker what chess is to checkers. When I was in my late teens, we had poker games almost every Saturday night. The pots would sometimes be in the hundreds. She'd drink her vodka and seldom lose. My friends loved her infectious laugh and personality. She used to say having such a late baby kept her young. She loved to read and only had a high school education. Being so well-read, I tested her once while we watched Jeopardy, she knew every answer.

Dad was superintendent at Wheeling Pittsburgh Steel, being boss over the nail mill at LaBelle and the coupling department at Benwood. He had a trait that is somewhat missing today, integrity. If he told you he'd do something, he did it. He *always* kept his word. I've lived by his standard all my life and am thankful dad taught me this. When I was 18, he hired me to run a reamer. I started on the midnight Saturday shift. A coupling was threaded on both sides and held the pipe together. The reamer is a big drill bit. A coupling would go into a vice grip, the drill would come down and thread one side. I'd pull the vice out, turn it over, push it back in and thread the other side. Knock the coupling out and do another. I worked hard all night and was absolutely exhausted in the morning. I turned the car on and couldn't hear the engine running due to my ringing ears. I was filthy dirty, covered in cutting oil and *furious*. When I arrived home, dad was sitting in his living room chair drinking coffee. I tearfully said, "There's nothing you can say, nothing you can do. I am *not* going back to that hellhole." Now it's important to him that I work hard, he's the big boss and all the men knew I was his son. His response was, "Bob, you're 18 and a man. Your mother and I are going on vacation today, and we won't know if you go back or not, your call." If he'd said *anything* else, I would have quit. I went to work and became quite good at the job. I maintain to this day, if I hadn't, I would have been a quitter all my life.

Looking back on my life is when I realized God's existence because of the miracles that occurred. You'll see. The best was getting crushed with a thirty-ton,

fifty-thousand horsepower overhead crane and not being cut in two.

Chapter 7: Fun Day At The Pool



I had a vivid imagination as a child. My invisible friend was always there when I needed to talk. I just couldn't receive any answers about the Big Ball. I experienced a dream quite often about a ball of light as huge as the world. It was always rolling towards me from a far distance at a high rate of speed. When it was about to crush, I'd wake up. I've daily studied a 1333-page manuscript titled A Course In Miracles for over fifteen years. The author is Helen Schucman. This is one of the hundreds of beautiful articles.

The Ancient Song:

“Beyond the body, beyond the sun and stars, past everything you see and yet somehow familiar, is an arc of golden light that stretches as you look into a great and shining circle. And all the circle fills with light before your eyes. The edges of the circle disappear, and what is in it is no longer contained at all. The light expands and covers everything, extending to infinity, forever shining and with no break or limit anywhere. Within it, everything is joined in perfect continuity. Nor is it possible to imagine that anything could be outside, for there is nowhere that this light is not. This is the vision of the Son of God, whom you know well. Here is the sight of him who knows his Father. Here is the memory of what you are, a part of this, with all of it within and joined to all as surely as all is joined to you. Accept the vision that can show you this, and not the body. You know the ancient song and know it well. Nothing will ever be as dear to you as is

this ancient hymn of love the Son of God sings to his Father still.” When I read this I finally received the answer to what my childhood dream had been about. If the ball had hit me the edges would have instantly vanished and I’d be absorbed into it becoming one with the light.

My first terrifying fear was due to a comic book about Count Dracula. When I found out he’d come in on moonbeams, I was petrified because there was a full moon. I slept between mom and dad that night. Weeks before my seventh Halloween mom bought me a superman costume. I was overjoyed because he was my ultimate hero. I flew around the neighbor every day for weeks and would not take my suit off because it was the source of all my powers. When trick or treating I was a little confused because all the neighbors knew it was me. When I was 13 my next great hero was James Bond in the movie Goldfinger. Sean Connery as 007 and his Aston Martin were the epitome of cool. Upon turning 22 I was fearless until I saw The Exorcist, *that* movie scared the crap out of me. The power of our mind is such that if we believe something is real it becomes real to us. Every time I heard a bump in the night, I’d think Oh no. To this day, I still feel it’s highly entertaining and the scariest movie ever made. I find it amusing that every horror movie made since follows the same theme. The man or woman of God has to battle the incredibly powerful entity and after *finally* getting rid of the thing it pops up in the beloved dog and the movie ends. The sequel, Our Demonic Basset Hound Ate The Baby will be released next year.

As children we lived and played at the swimming pool for hours on end. I was a good swimmer and comfortable going off the dives. When I was eight I did a back-tilted jump and smashed the back of my head. I was stunned, paralyzed, completely awake and floating to the bottom. I had absolutely no fear and was calmly looking at the beautiful refractions of sunlight in the waters. Someone saw the rising blood, I was pulled out and given mouth-to-mouth. The lifeguard said a few moments later and I probably wouldn’t have survived. A miracle. I received over a dozen stitches.

Chapter 8: 230 Pound Throat



When I was seventeen I discovered weight training with my friend Bill. This was the summer before my senior year. We became dedicated and pushed one another. On Mon, Wed, and Fri, we had two-hour workouts. I went from a ninety-pound bench press to two hundred fifty in three months. One afternoon I was attempting to bench two hundred and thirty pounds, Bill was spotting. I pushed and my right hand slipped due to sweat. The weight dropped to my throat. If it had hit my chin it would have shattered and the adam's apple most certainly would have been crushed. The bar hit the soft tissue between. Bill instantly pulled the weight straight up and saved my life. A miracle. We tried to have him do this again, he couldn't. His pituitary gland had instantly released massive quantities of endorphins thus the Incredible strength.

Bill told me on a Friday after school to buy some gin to get a great buzz. I went up to the state liquor store trying my best to look old, this wasn't easy as I had just started shaving. I placed my hand on the counter so the manager could see my senior high school class ring and said in the deepest voice I could muster that I'd like some gin please. Lo and behold he sold it to me. Bill came over home at 4:30 and asked if I bought the gin. I showed it to him and he said that's sloe gin, a woman's drink, and wouldn't get a fly high. He left and went up to the bar. I

wanted to party and drank the fifth in 20 minutes. I drove my GTO up to the bar to meet Bill and drink some beer. I sat on the bar stool and ordered a beer when the gin really started to kick in. Bill reached over, grabbed the back of my shirt and tore it a little. I, in turn, tore his shirt off his back and he started laughing after explaining he was wearing my shirt. Now I want to fight, this was not a bright idea as I couldn't fight my way out of a paper bag. We went outside, his back was to me so I punched him in the head. He wrestled me to the ground, pinning my arms and told me I was drunk. After a couple of minutes he let me up and I asked him to hit me. He turned his back on me so again I smacked him in the back of the head. He wrestled me back down and was sitting on my chest trying to calm me down. The third time I asked him to hit me, he knocked me out. I remember waking up on the pool table and all of a sudden it's 7:00 am and I'm sleeping on a glider in a neighbor's front yard. I had no idea where my car was and didn't have a clue how I arrived there. I vomited for hours on Saturday and was still hung over on Sunday. I haven't drunk sloe gin to this day.

Years later, Bill married and had two sons. I owned an appliance company, and he delivered for me. I sold the service end of the business to him, and he made a good living the rest of his life. He wanted to baptize his wife and sons and after calling different churches he became irritated with all the hoops the institutions wanted him to jump through. He became a minister from an online course and baptized his wife and sons in the Ohio River. In his fifties, he developed a very rare form of blood cancer, not leukemia. His pain was insanely intense. He said, imagine your leg is broken, and it's not. The pain would move to his arms, wrists, hands, feet, calves, and back. The doctors had him on morphine, oxycodone, fentanyl and percocet. His sons bought him a several thousand dollar recliner, and Bill said it would take him several hours to get in the zone where he was somewhat comfortable. Finally, his family put him in hospice and the cancer metabolized in his brain, he died. He told me the kind of pain he endured was so horrible, he looked forward to leaving the body. No fear of death,

at all.

Chapter 9: 100 Mph Car Crash



This occurred during my senior year in high school. Several friends and I drove to my brother's home in Columbus. We went to a drive-in movie and drank over a case of beer while downing shots of rum. On the way back to my brother's, we made the last turn to his home. George is driving, doesn't know the road, and is drunk. Another friend is in the front seat, I'm in the back. The stretch was a mile long and then a 90-degree turn. He floored the accelerator, I saw the speedometer, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty miles per hour. I tapped him on the shoulder, "George, slow down, there's a huge turn up ahead." "Tis ok." Sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, and one hundred miles per hour. We hit the turn. The car was violently spinning, and we slammed backwards into a culvert ditch. We hit so hard that both were in the backseat due to the seat brackets shattering. The alloy wheels cracked, and the car looked like an accordion. The only injury was George's broken wrist. Surviving such a high speed crash qualifies as a miracle.

His parents had two homes, one in town and the second was a trailer in the country. For some ungodly reason, ten of us decided to have a party in the trailer during a blizzard. George and a fiend always prided themselves on how well they could handle their liquor. They each had a fifth of 151 rum, we stood around clapping while they downed the liquor. 20 minutes later, his friend passed

out and we couldn't find a pulse. Panicking, 911 was called and arrived surprisingly fast considering the weather. They pumped his stomach and said if we hadn't called, he would have died from alcohol poisoning. George had poured the rum out and was drinking water.

He became quite successful as vice president for a food brokerage firm in Oregon. Driving a Mercedes had a beautiful boat and his 4 bedroom home was paid for. He was married with one son and also died in his fifties. We talked every month. Once, he brought up the subject of the Screaming Skull. I was seven, and we'd talked about this movie for weeks. He laughed, remembering I was superman and would beat the Skull. He said, "Here's little Bobbie Hall striding fearlessly into the theater. As soon as the movie started, the Skull came at us with flaming eyes, and you're instantly *gone*." I said, "Yeah, that first scene scared the daylights out of me and I ran crying all the way home." He said my superman suit was the reason he started bullying me, which I had never known. Every day after school for weeks, he'd punch and slap me around. Mom and his mother were friends, and this started to wear on them both. Mother told me several times to hit him back. He'd backed me up to my front door, I'm crying, and suddenly I punched him in the face. I'd knocked him down and his mouth was bleeding. Mom was right, this was the last time he ever hit me. I learned a valuable lesson that I held for the rest of my life. We don't understand the strength we have until we're forced to use it. Bullies prey on fear and if we have absolutely none, they sense it.

The last time I talked with him, he told me about the increasing pain he was experiencing in his gastronomical tract. The doctors were having difficulties pinpointing the cause and also prescribed the same powerful meds. that Bill had been on. I inquired if he'd explained about the glass he'd eaten for months as a teenager, this certainly might have something to do with his condition. His dad had died suddenly, and he went through a strange mindset to say the least. He'd forgotten about that. He passed away 3 weeks later.

Chapter 10: Jesus of Nazareth



At the beginning of my junior year in college I needed a ride down to the main campus. I saw a note on the billboard from a man looking for passengers and called. The individual who pulled up was big with long black hair and a full beard. I'd seen him in the hallways, always frowning. I was a little hesitant to get in but needed the ride. We made small talk and were 30 minutes into a 3-hour drive, when he asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" I thought, Oh no, I'm with a Jesus freak, this is going to be a long ride. "I know he's the reason for Easter and Christmas being celebrated, but don't understand why." My interests at that time were being with my girlfriend, finishing my education, smoking weed and drinking beer. Chuck explained what his life meant. He'd been born of a virgin and was the son of a carpenter. After being baptized, the Spirit of God descended on him in the form of a dove. He immediately went into the wilderness, having no food or water for 40 days, and was thought to have been tempted by Satan. Jesus then began his 3-year ministry and performed astounding miracles. The blind could see, the deaf could hear, the paralyzed could walk, he controlled the weather, he raised the dead and himself after being crucified. He taught beautiful spiritual truths and ascended to Heaven after 40 days of appearances after his death. Chuck's mannerisms were so matter of fact and sincere that I was impressed. I

had heard none of this. He became quiet, and after a moment asked, "Do you believe he died for your sin? I slowly replied, "Yes." I instantly felt like a warm egg had been broken over my head. A wave of powerful joy, peace, and love quickly enveloped me and was instantly gone. A miracle. I had *never* experienced anything like this. I said, "Wow. Thanks." He said, "Don't thank me, I'm just a messenger." Today, Chuck is married and a minister.

Years later, A Course In Miracles (ACIM) informed me that Jesus himself said his dying for sin is an unfortunate mis-understanding and his death means nothing. His resurrection is *very* true and means everything for he proved death is an illusion. Now you may think, there is no proof of his resurrection. I agree, however his body has never been found and the reason Easter is still celebrated after 2000 years is because it's true. According to the Biblical Archaeology Society, the tomb of Jesus was sealed with a stone. The archaeological evidence suggests that his tomb was the unused one of Joseph of Arimathea and would have been sealed with a cork-shaped stone. 98% of stones used to close tombs in that era were square block stones. These were simple slabs shaped something like a bolt, with one end designed to provide a close fit for the small opening forming the doorway. The larger remainder of the stone had a flange, so it would rest against the outside surface. Other researchers believe Jesus's tomb was sealed with a circular stone that slid into a groove. Either way how could 3 women possibly move these?



When Chuck asked, and I said, "Yes", I was really saying yes to the truth that God Is. Jesus teaches in ACIM that Hell and Satan do not exist, it is impossible to sin against God, life outside of Heaven is not real, we're dreaming in Heaven, and we live forever. I understand this thinking goes against 2000 years of fundamental Christian doctrine. I have been blocked from several Facebook church groups for the heresy of not believing in Hell, Satan, and sin. I would think Christians and all humanity would find this extremely wonderful news. I have studied and written numerous manuscripts about ACIM for over fifteen years and have found *nothing* that is not true. I've already explained that years ago, I taught an adult Sunday school and am extremely familiar with Biblical doctrine. I never mentioned Hell in my class discussions.

This is the most profound spiritual truth I've ever read. ACIM explains that

God did not make this universe and is not even aware of its existence. Christ did. He had been given all the creative powers of the Father and wondered what it would be like to live in a universe of time and space that was separate from God and based upon duality rather than unity. The Course calls this a "mad idea". For the first time, Christ had an idea that was *not* shared by God and imagined what it would be like to be apart from His Creator. Forgetting to laugh about that silly idea, feeling guilty, He experienced something new. Fear. The first ego was created. The mind believes that it is completely on its own. God knows absolutely nothing about this, since in nonduality there is only a constant, unchangeable Love. Christ made this universe through the Big Bang, composed of billions of fragments to hide from the supposed wrath of a vengeful Father. 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 Course says the story of Adam symbolized 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 ship does not communicate with Him as one. So He thought, "My children are asleep and must be awakened." So God wanted to awaken His Sons. *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 Sons, 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. To solve the problem and allow God to keep his attention focused on Reality, He created a special agent, The Holy Spirit, that

could be a bridge between the two states of existence. 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 mind. With this link with God, the perception will become so changed and purified that it will lead to understanding. The Holy Spirit entered the collective sleeping mind of Christ. A first Christ was healed and woke up in Heaven. In other words, we are *all* split off parts of the One Christ Mind. The Course repeatedly asserts there can only be one Son. Unity can only create unity. Multiplicity cannot originate from Oneness. If all His creations are His Sons, everyone must be an integral part of the whole Son ship. The Son ship in its oneness transcends the sum of its parts. Therefore, the term Sons of God is used by Jesus for convenience in addressing his students 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.

Now that we have been informed of the most profound spiritual truth ever written, let us reason together to begin and determine what this actually *means* in the year 2024. ACIM states that it is even beyond its teachings to fully explain what Love actually *is*. However, with logic and reasoning we are given glimpses. Let's discuss a Love that is absolutely perfect. A Love that is beyond purity, immeasurably magnificent and beautiful, immense total power, all knowing, all seeing, everywhere, outside of time, forever unchanging, cannot conceive of any loss, eternal, always giving an unlimited joy and contentment and happiness. Totally complete in and of Itself, with a perfect light that extends to all existence. Forever. We are a part of this. Jesus' name is Jesus of Nazareth, not Jesus Christ. He understood perfectly, better than anyone who has ever lived, that he was One with Christ. So are you, so am I, so are all who have ever lived. The name Christ is much, much more than just a name. Christ is our true and Eternal state of *being*. In other words, we'll eventually understand that existing as a human being was a very temporary residence and used by the Holy Spirit to

awaken us to our true identity as Christ. This is why it is impossible to sin against God. We're Source's first creation and all that is was made for us. We're deeply and eternally loved because we're God's first and finest creation.

Chapter 11: Dave



Dave's my oldest friend, he's one month older than me, he claims that was the best 30 days of his life. We were introduced when we were four years old in a church nursery. Turning sixteen, the 4th of July came around and we'd an idea. I'd a box of M80's, some aerial bombs and triple repeating bombs. These explosives were as powerful as the ones used at the stadium. We worked all afternoon taking the explosives out of the sky works and taping everything together with half the box of M80's and a long fuse. At 7pm on a Sunday evening, we went down and set it on a tree stump in the schoolyard, lit it and ran. We peeked around the corner and the fuse went out. It took a moment to creep up. We went back to my basement, added the rest of the M80's and a couple more aerial explosives and replaced the fuse. Proudly returning to the schoolyard, we set our experiment on the stump and sprinted. It's nighttime. We're behind the same corner, thinking the fuse went out again. Dave stepped around the corner and the thing went off. The blast knocked him down, the tree stump was blown apart, a few school windows shattered, all the home lights around the school came on and the city's fire alarm went off. There was a

write-up in the newspaper the next day about vandals attempting to dynamite Elm School. We didn't do it on purpose.

We went through college together. Our first week as juniors, he came to the dorm and said, "You won't believe what I just saw." "What's that?" Two men were holding hands." "So?" They're friends." "They kissed on the mouth" "What?" We were twenty-two and didn't know what homosexuals were. Small town, Martins Ferry. He's taking accounting to become a Certified Public Account, CPA. I went into finance for no particular reason, except I knew accounting was much more difficult. We were very determined and pushed one another, like Bill and I had done with weight training. We'd go to the library every night and study for hours, party on the weekends. Ohio University in 1973 was the highest partying campus in the nation, behind Berkley in California. There would be as many people in the bars on a Tuesday afternoon as a Saturday night. I came to campus with a 2.7 grade average and graduated with a 3.3. I aced high-end mathematics, calculus, quantitative methods and advanced algebra. I was gifted with a mind for math. What I enjoyed about it, there were no gray areas. One plus one equals two. I should have decided on engineering as a career, no common sense. Dave passed the CPA exam the first time he took it. This was very unusual, nobody passed this extremely difficult exam the first try. He had an important interview with a potential employer, Haskins & Sells, which was one of the big eight accounting firms in the nation. His family struggled to put him through college. His dad was a meat cutter at the local Kroger, his mother was a librarian. We're sitting on our dorm bed bunks, I reached over and tugged his one white shirt a little. WHOOSH, his fist fly's past, If he had hit me, I would definitely had been knocked out. His one white shirt was of critical importance. Haskins & Sells hired him for \$32,500, in 1974 that was an extremely high paying job. Due to my amazing faulty thinking processes, I went to work after graduating with honors at a foundry with the highest fatality rate in the nation for \$7900. A bank would have hired me as an investment banker for a much higher base salary,

plus commission. Dave was in charge of auditing one third of Ohio National Bank's assets, which became Chase.

After two years he quit and started a civil war magazine. His wife Robin was the secretary. He had to borrow money from his boss to finance his first issue. In return, he signed a contract which offered the gentleman 10 percent of net earnings. The man made a wise decision. At the time, Dave had the highest response in the history of new magazine publications. He has an uncanny knowledge of the Civil War. He told me he had a birthmark on his chest and believes he'd been killed as an officer and was shot in the heart. He's now retired, with office, home, and all assets paid for. He's a self-made millionaire, however, you'd never know it if you met him. Very down to earth, no fancy clothes, always wears jeans.

He'd invited our family to his daughter's birthday party. My future wife, Mary Jo and Dave's wife Robin, instantly clicked and the two of them talked for hours. There were over a hundred people in attendance enjoying an open bar on a beautiful Saturday night summer evening. He had built the deck around his pool and designed a waterfall with flowing water, enjoying working with his hands. He paid the sheriff's department to prevent people from crashing. Somehow, he'd arranged for a very popular band who had just played at Ohio State to perform, The Moffatts. They were the youngest band to sign a major label recording contract at the time and had released five albums. Four young Canadians who were very talented and articulate. The only issue I had with Dave was his faulty perception of marijuana. Jim was a close friend and Dave found out he had smoked a joint. Becoming furious he kicked Jim out and wouldn't talk with him for over a year.

Back in the late 1990s, seven of us went to New York City on the Guy Trip. Dave and Jim were friends again, so we took Jim's beautiful customized van. Friday night we bar hopped and Dave paid for everything. After several hours, we ended up in a bar across the street from our lodging at the Marriott on Times

Square. There's a group of young men and Dave found out they're doing internships and were from Ohio University. He bought them all a round. Twenty minutes later he decided to leave, went over to the interns and wanted them to come. They refused, so he twisted one's nose and stormed out. What happened next was one of the funniest events I'd ever witnessed. His magazine was so popular because of The General's Tour. He'd walk the battlefield and had published detailed maps, so readers could walk also and understand the significant events. Outside, he saw they had moved Jimmy's van. New York is the chop shop capital of the world. Dave went into a rage and The General charged. He ran across the four lane thoroughfare thinking the attendant's window cubicle was plastic. He slammed on the window, shattering the glass and slicing his wrist. The drunken seven of us made it back to our room, leaving a trail of blood. Jimmy said, "Put your hand above your heart." I said, "He doesn't have a heart." I still have the bloody shoes as a wonderful memory. We bandaged him and went back to our bar hopping at 2am. New York City never sleeps. I lagged behind and ended up talking with a beggar about God, he averaged making over four hundred dollars a day. Dave saw I was gone, knew about my ability to get lost in a parking lot, and became worried. They found me sound asleep. The next night we ended up at Johnny Passianos, a popular club in Little Italy which was directly across the street from John Gotti's headquarters. He was a mafioso and the boss of the Gambino crime family, his name was all over the daily news. This was the only borough in New York where no cars parked, people walked or drove through. I'd never seen so many beautiful women, expensively dressed, in one place. Dave explained this was the modeling capital of the world, and they came here because they were protected. On Sunday we're leaving, but Dave had to visit Grant's Tomb first so he could use our trip as a business write-off to be partially reimbursed for over a thousand dollars he'd spent. This was the first time I'd been on a subway and was like a kid with a massive hangover. We left the subway and found ourselves smack-dab in the middle of

Harlem. I'm thinking, way cool, part of the Guy Trip. I'm looking in all the shops, the beauty salons were packed, we're the only white people in sight. Dave and crew had formed a "V" with Jim at the head as he was a Vietnam veteran. They're marching out of Harlem. Dave told me later Jimmy had said, "Halt. Where's Bob?" I'm three blocks back, sightseeing. Dave ran up and said, "Get in formation." "What?" "Get in line." "Those four men across the street are looking at you like you're a Doe." Dave was irritated with Jim, as he'd mistakenly told us to get off at the wrong exit. We survived.

Dave later told me about another event that almost bankrupted his magazine. He'd hired a young man who had published several books about the Civil War at the age of 24. The first day, he barged into Robin's office, who was in a meeting with folks wanting to advertise in their nationwide publication. Robin was somewhat confused, brought him outside and politely asked him to leave. The next morning, Dave arrived at the office and the man's toiletries were in the restroom. He'd stayed all night, telling Dave he had big plans for the business. Dave told Robin he was just excited and took him on a trip to Washington, D.C. to get to know him. If I remember correctly, his name was Mark. Dave was doing an issue about haunted battle sites. For the issue's spooky cover, he'd made arrangements with an Armory to have a light at the top right and bottom left of the building. His camera's on a tripod, he's looking through the viewfinder and Mark runs in front. This happened two more times, Dave said if looking closely at the bushes you can see his face. They went to a high-end steakhouse and when the meal arrived. Mark yelled, "They didn't bring me any pepper.", and threw his silverware. Dave told him to go to the van. When he'd finished his meal, Dave went to the van and Mark was covered in sweat. "I have completed re-con, thirty push-ups, checked the oil and tire pressure. All is in order, sir." "Umm, that's great, Mark." That night they were in a battlefield, sleeping in the van. Dave woke up out of a dead sleep and Mark is staring at him, inches from his face. He threw Dave's expensive camera, Dave said, "Leave." He'd spent the night outside,

apologized for the camera, and seemed normal. After several hours, Dave made a horrible mistake and let him drive. Dave woke up, truck horns were blaring, and the van was shaking. Over a hill crest, Mark had left the van in the middle of the interstate. If two trucks had been side by side, he'd have been killed. Mark had been running around in the middle of a field. When he climbed in, he was drenched in sweat and his eyes looked like a maniac. He said, "I've been with Jesus on the road to Damascus." "Ok Mark." Dave naturally fired him, it turns out he's a complete schizophrenic. What happens is, they take antipsychotic meds thinking they're cured, and they'll stop. Mark thought he was cured because Dave had hired him. He sued the magazine for firing him due to his medical condition. Dave thought he was going to be forced to change the magazine's name. An excellent corporate attorney found a loophole and resolved the issue. Mark is a history professor at a prestigious university, and Dave still receives Christmas cards that explain how much he's admired and respected. Dave just says, "What a quack."

Chapter 12: The Highest Fatality Rate Plant In The Nation



For those of you who feel you're working in a miserable environment, believe me, after reading this your perspective will change.

After graduating from college, I accepted the position of floor foreman in charge of pouring five, thirty ton heats of molten steel a night. I worked a steady

midnight shift. This was at Buckeye Steel Castings in Columbus. I was used to this type of environment due to working for Wheeling Pittsburgh Steel. I found the job through an employment agency. After the first night, I went back to the agency, "I can't work there". "Well, if you don't stay three months, you'll pay the eight hundred dollar fee and won't have a job." I returned and stayed for four years. Buckeye had *the* highest fatality rate of *any* industrial facility in the United States. Old industrial foundry, built in the eighteen-nineties before regulatory commissions. Extremely dangerous, many men were missing limbs or scarred from the steel. I have a plate in my left leg, a bolt through the hip and a huge burn scar on my hip and arm.

On my second day, I received a death threat from a convicted felon. Homer was Turn Foreman over the entire department. He's a big man 6'4", born and raised in Kentucky, always had a tobacco chew in his mouth. A union man named Bill was on downtime waiting for working material. Homer told me to tell Bill to get a shovel and clean sand off the railroad tracks. Trains would back the cars in and sand would derail them. We'd have to use an overhead crane to put them back on the track. I asked Bill, and he told me to shovel the sand myself. I went away and thought, *If I let him get away with this, I might as well quit.* I went back and explained that his refusal was insubordination and would result in dis-charge. I didn't know who his union representative was, but I'd find out. I'd then bring the steward over, and he could refuse my request in front of his union representative. He understood and stormed to the railroad tracks. In a dark area, Bill came right up in my face, saying if he saw me outside, he'd kill me. Management parked inside the foundry, if parking outside, our cars would be destroyed. J.J. Slappy was a black man and Bill's shop steward. He saw Bill in my face and asked what happened. I told him, and he explained that I had better be very careful, as the man had just gotten out of prison for manslaughter. Buckeye would hire felons, they were very appreciative and hard workers. From that day forward, I never had a problem with Bill or any other employee. I had

passed a test of sorts.

J.J. was a steel pourer, his partner was Big Jim. Jim earned his title, 6'8", over 300 lbs., with no fat. He was from Louisiana and had a deep baritone voice. Even though I was their boss, we became close friends. The steel was made in an electric arc weld furnace. Mainly scraped car parts would be dumped into the furnace and the cover would swing over with 3 huge electrodes. Upon start up, it sounded like a massive blender and extremely loud. The powerful electricity charges would melt the cars. The whole furnace would then tip and pour the 30 tons of steel into a ladle. A ladle had a hinged 3-inch steel handle that was attached to a stopper. The pourer would push down on the handle, thus raising the stopper, and the steel would come out the bottom nozzle. *Normally*. Once every ten heats or so, we'd pour the steel into a ladle that was not sufficiently pre-heated. This would form a skull, the steel would harden at the bottom of the stopper, causing it not to open. It was my job, for some reason, to open it. I would hold a hammer with the handle up and the crane operator would bring the ladle over and lower it onto the handle. This would usually force the stopper up and break the seal. However, at times the handle would chip off the bottom of the stopper. Now we have a 30 ton bucket of molten steel that won't shut off. Sirens would blast, men would scatter. The ladle would be taken to a pit and the steel would drain out. Bulldozers would cut the hardened steel up, and we'd dump it back in the furnace. I saw Big Jim do something I didn't think was possible. We had a frozen heat and I came over with a hammer. Jim said he'd like to try first. He pushed down on the handle and held it. I saw the handle starting to bend. OMG. On the second try, he permanently bent a solid 3-inch steel handle and the heat opened. I had never seen such incredible strength. Just once, I said something that made him mad. He put a finger that looked like a baseball bat in my face, suggesting I back off. I did.

J.J. was a pimp, I didn't know this until after 3 years. His work car was a Regency 98 Oldsmobile, his play car an El-Dorado Cadillac. One Saturday

morning after work, he asked if I'd like to have a drink. I followed him to a garage and said that I thought we were having a drink. He said we were and opened the door. I was amazed, this was the most well decorated garage I'd ever seen. Fully carpeted, a well stocked bar, beautiful couches that fold into beds, mirrors on the ceiling and several oak coffee tables. I asked him what this place is for. He said this is where his ladies took their clients. He opened a picture portfolio showing beautiful women, mostly white. J.J. had four garages on the North, South, East, and West side of Columbus. Likewise, he paid off vice, if they were cracking down on the West side, he'd move everything to the East, very efficient businessman. He was also a strong Christian. I went to his church and everyone was singing and dancing, being truly joyful. I thought that this is how church should be. The choir he sang in had produced several albums, he gave me one. I once asked how he justified being such a strong Christian and a pimp. He said prostitutes are going to be prostitutes. He explained that he protected his girls, keeping them clean from drugs and off the streets, they were all good friends. He was faithfully married and felt this was a part of his Christian ministry. To this day, I cannot argue with his logic. J.J. was a good, if not great, man. He also saved my life.

One Saturday morning, Cliff and I arrived at a dive bar at 8:00 am. Cliff worked in the office, was an ex-marine and of small stature. We drank a couple shots of whiskey and some beer. At 11:00 he suggested going to Joe's Hole. I told him absolutely not, whites do not go to Joe's Hole. Period. After more alcohol, he talked me into it. I'm thinking the place would be empty at 12:30 on a Saturday afternoon. We opened the door, walked up to the bar and sat down. This was a mistake, the bar was packed and we're the only whites. Cliff's drunk but still ordered a beer. Several minutes later, he looked around and loudly said, "Look at all these blackies". There was a dancer on the bar, he yelled, "Get out of my face." and passed out. I'm thinking this is not good. A big man walked up and asked for a quarter to ride the bus. I knew better but gave him the quarter. Ten

minutes later, he sauntered over, asked me to buy him and his blackie friends a drink. When I refused, he opened up his coat and there was an old straight razor, the kind with a wooden handle the blade slides into. He said when we walk out, we're history. I looked up and saw J.J. walking in. Thank God. He asked what on earth Cliff and I were doing there. I told him about the men at the table and pointed them out. He walked over and put his palms down. The seven of them stood up, put on their coats and left. He would never tell me what had been said. He saved our lives.

Bart was a heat follower, his job was to record the weight of each casting. Casting weight all varied and I needed to know the total weight poured. It took an hour to drain a ladle. When getting close, we'd dump the remainder out as it was slag, which would ruin an expensive casting. Fifty minutes in, I asked Bart how much was out. He had on tinted glasses, which enabled him to look directly at the steel. He smiled and said, "I don't know." "What do you mean, you don't know?" I looked at his tally sheet and there are no numbers, just drawings of people he'd seen in the steel. "What on earth are you doing?" "LSD" "In a steel foundry?" I had the crane operator dump the heat and told Bart to go watch the cafeteria's vending machine. The next morning, my boss asked why I dumped ten tons of good steel. I said the tally sheet had mistakenly fallen into the ladle to save my friend's job.

Homer and I went drinking one morning, I drank half a 5th of Jack Daniel's. Homer drank a 5th. The man was weaned on grain alcohol (moonshine), he talked the same, walked the same, his nose was red. I'm falling down drunk. I had a 1970 Corvette which I floored, lost control and slammed into a retaining wall. The fiberglass shattered on the rear fender, I tore a big hunk off and threw it over the bridge. Insurance paid for the repair, and several months later I traded it in because I wanted a stick shift. When writing some of these memories, It occurred to me that I *really* lacked common sense with the absolute *stupidity* of some of the decisions I'd made. I traded a beautiful red T-Top Corvette for

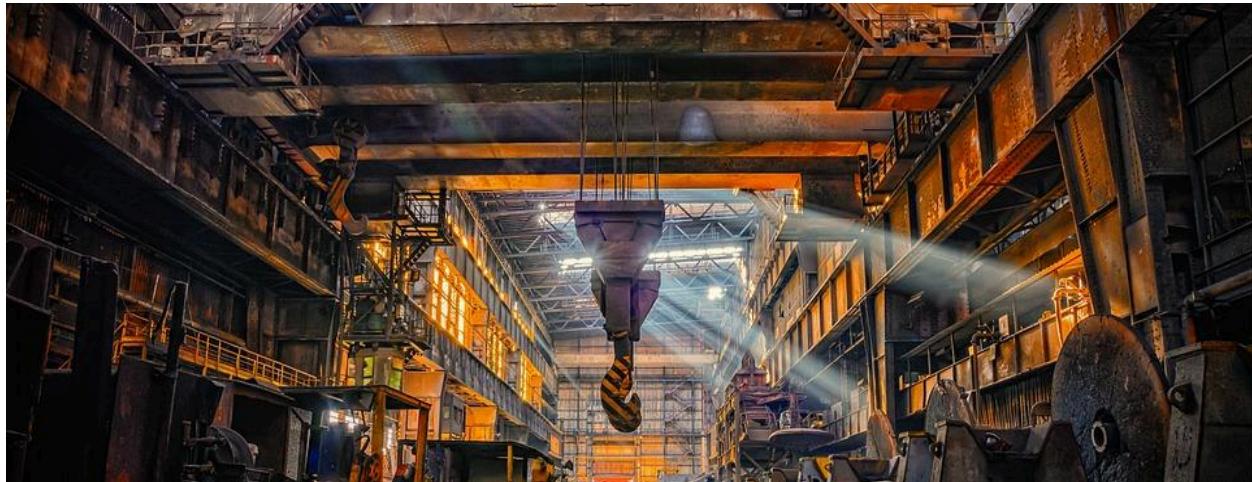
a Vega. Not only that, but I paid \$9300 for a vehicle that normally sold for \$2900. Who would do such a thing? The car salesman probably told jokes about me for weeks, if not months. "Here's the car for you, Cosworth Twin Cam, limited production. 4 cylinders, fuel injection with dual overhead cam., horsepower per cubic inch, built by the Cosworth Racing Team. This is a very wise investment, for it will only go up in value." When he showed me the mechanic's signature who built the engine on the block, I was sold. One small issue, no mechanic in the state knew how to work on it. I'd be driving on the interstate and the thing would suddenly sputter and die. It was in the shop nine times, never repaired.

Debbie and I were one another's best friends. I was in love with her, but she refused to be intimate as it would ruin our relationship. Nevertheless, I spent all my spare time with her, thinking I'd eventually win her over. She could be affectionate with strangers, but not with someone she loved. She had been raped by her father for several years as a young teen. She was sexually traumatized and we eventually fell apart. Six months after buying the Vega, we went on vacation to Fort Lauderdale. The second day, she met a male Canadian in the hotel parking lot, went to a bar with him and never returned. I cut the vacation short and was driving in sweltering heat on the Florida turnpike when my magnificent investment died once again. I finally got it started and decided I'd had enough. With no announcement, I drove directly into a Chevrolet dealer's service area and said they could have the stupid thing for some boxes. Again, I had to have been playing with 49 cards. I was definitely not the sharpest tool in the shed. I packed everything up and thumbed to the airport. When opening the apartment door, I smelled a stench. The aquarium had cracked, water was all over the floor and my expensive fish were dead. Nice vacation. The dealership auctioned the car off and came back at me for the balance, over \$4000, which I absolutely refused to pay. When I married my future wife, Mary Jo, she asked what this bill was for. I told her, "This will ruin our credit." My newlywed took all her savings and paid off the car, she was an amazing woman.

My third year of employment is when the fifth miracle occurred. Management had temporarily put me on day shift to oversee the mold master, the machine that made the smaller castings. We manufactured couplers, frames, axle housings, and bolsters for the railroad industry, our biggest customer. Our largest casting was a fifty-ton pipe cap, which drove pipe into the sea for the oil industry. We used facing sand to make the casting. If you put your hand into the sand, you'd see a perfect impression. This sand would be put into molds, which is where the molten steel is poured. Sand was made in equipment called maulers, one-fifth mile down from the mold master. The sand was poured onto a continuous running belt, one yard wide, three stories up. When reaching the mold master, the sand would hit a plow directing to a chute and drop three stories below to the equipment.

This day is when my tragedy occurred. The plow jammed in the up position and the sand would not go into the chute, putting the mold master into downtime. I called maintenance and they were all busy. I decided to try to fix it. I climbed up three stories, walked along the catwalk, and came to the plow. Simple fix, an air valve had jammed, I put a screwdriver into the valve, releasing the air. I called the sand department to start up the equipment and walked the one-fifth mile down to see if the sand was being made. This is when I made the most horrible mistake of my life. The overhead cranes ran on two railroad tracks. One track is on the south side, the other on the north. There is a huge pulley and hook, which lifts the ladle. There are bumpers on the cranes about three yards long to protect against damage if the cranes collided. At the spur of the moment, I sat on the railroad track to get a better view of the maulers. I looked in the crane cab, 30 yards over, to see if the operator was there. Empty. He'd been bending down. I had on safety glasses and no peripheral vision. The next thing that happened was the crane bumper hit and started to crush. The operator had been looking at the floor and saw my leg out of the corner of his eye and immediately plugged it. A thirty-ton, fifty-thousand horsepower crane doesn't immediately stop, there's a

drift. If the operator had waited a split second longer, I would have been cut in two. The bumper was on me and off and snapped my left leg femur in two. I went into shock and passed out. The operator seeing me in a place where I had no business being and in split seconds saving my life is a very great miracle.



I was in the hospital for three months, off work for a year. I have a plate in my left leg, a bolt in my hip. I had two operations, the first was to install a brace through the bone in my lower leg. I woke up in my room with the brace attached to a weight, flat on my back. I was to lie like this for two weeks, the purpose being for the femur to realign, so the plate could be attached. The nurse gave me a laxative and a sleeping pill. I suddenly woke up and *really* had to go. My roommate was lying on his back watching, he'd just had spinal surgery and couldn't raise up. He suggested calling a nurse. Nope, I can handle this. I put the bedpan between my legs, grabbed the handle above me, and raised up. This is horrible pain as the femur is still broken. I had one hand on the bed and the other on the handle, no way to put the bedpan under. I lowered and thought, I was drenched in sweat. I pulled back up and placed the bedpan under with my left foot. I was on the bedpan four times, probably hitting it once. My roommate was vomiting and using air spray. The nurse came in and was not pleased. My forehead, hair, and bed all needed scrubbing. Forty minutes later, we're finally clean. Next time, I called the nurse. The next day a doctor came in and said he

had to catheterize me, he was fast. There's no way one would agree to this. A bag inflates in the bladder, which holds it in place. When removed, they simply turn an air valve which deflates the bag and it painlessly slips out. A couple of months later, I heard a man screaming and asked a nurse what had happened. He was catheterized, didn't want it in, and didn't know about the valve. He pulled his urinary tract inside out and there was blood on the ceiling. Hospitals are not fun, sleep is constantly interrupted as they have to check vitals and when they come in and explain this procedure might hurt a little, I'd feel like crying.

Chapter 13: Michael



I met Michael when I was seven, his father owned a retail furniture store and his mother sold real estate. Financially, they were very well off. When he was a high school senior, he was hired by our gym instructor to pilot his speed boat. The man was a professional skier and had a severe lisp. Mike had an extremely difficult time understanding him. One of his jobs was to wet down the wooden ski ramp. He forgot. The man was skiing right along and when he hit the ramp, he slammed face down. If he hadn't been in great shape, he'd have been seriously injured. The next day, Mike's backing the boat into the river, the man's yelling, "Stop, too far." "What?" "Stop, you're backing too fast." "What?" The water ended up in the back seat of his station wagon. Both car and boat had to be towed out of the river. Michael lost his job.

The summer after my accident, I was off work and receiving compensation. Michael had moved to the city. He had just graduated from Kent State with a master's degree in journalism, he'd had paid others to take his tests. He's very attractive with incredible communication skills. He ended up with an extremely high-paying job for a firm that made plastics for numerous corporations. Amana, Whirlpool, Mercedes-Benz, to name a few. He flew to China a lot. I asked him, years after our summer together, exactly what he did. His job was to wine and dine corporate executives, and show them a good time in whatever city he found himself. If they had a technical question, he would refer them to his company's engineering department. He owned an apartment on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago and had paid two hundred thousand dollars for two parking spaces. He has also died. Michael's sister told me he'd committed suicide and no one understood the reason. I feel it was because he had low self-esteem and was always judging himself for not being good enough. If so, he was terribly mistaken. He was one of the kindest, giving and most caring men I'd ever known. He'd always been his own worst enemy. It's all cool, Michael's in Heaven because hell doesn't exist.

That summer, he showed me a whole new world. He had picked me up from the hospital drunk and driving my car. He took me back to his designer apartment, where he was living with Eli. He proceeded to pour a strong gin and tonic. I had just spent three months in the hospital, my left leg was the size of a man's arm and I was on crutches. The alcohol hit hard and fast. He said he had something to tell me. He was very nervous and shaking when he handed over the 2nd drink. "Eli and I are more than friends." "What are you?" "We're lovers." I was quiet for a minute and said, "Michael, I've known you since kindergarten, it doesn't matter to me your sexual preference, don't try to seduce me, and we'll get along fine." I learned much about the gay lifestyle. Gay men, in my opinion, would be excellent husbands and fathers. They're very clean and neat, normally enjoying good jobs and usually articulate and caring. We would talk about why he

was gay. I'm aware he was not speaking for all gay men, this was his understanding. When young, he played with his sister and her friends. This was somewhat unusual, as normally we play with members of the same sex. As he reached puberty, he ran more with females who he communicated with very well. They all found him very attractive. I'm drinking beer with other male friends. When he was a virgin sophomore at Kent State, he went to a party on a quaalude, a strong opiate. The first opportunity to have sex with a female he did not become aroused. He became convinced he was not sexually interested in females, as they had always been just friends. I never mentioned that his impotence was probably due to the quaalude. Michael met Eli at Kent State. He'd just been released from a maximum security prison in Lucasville, Ohio. He'd been convicted of robbing pharmaceutical companies. In prison, he'd been a dog, which keeps the peace between the blacks and whites. He was powerfully built, with long brushed back blonde hair. He drove around in a jeep with a white German Shepherd. The first time Michael had ever taken an hallucinogen he ended up alone with Eli. They had sex.

That summer with Michael and Eli was an experience. One day, Michael and I drove my car up to Youngstown, Ohio. I thought we were going to Kent State, Michael said we were picking up some stuff for Eli. We pulled up to a home in the ghetto. There were four fully tattooed men, three prostitutes, dish's of numerous pills on the coffee table and several shotguns in the corner. We went around back to a garage, marijuana was packed to the ceiling. Michael bought a pound, one thousand tea tabs which are pure THC and black beauties, strong prescription speed. We left for a party at Kent State, where Michael talked me into taking a tea tab, a strong hallucinogen. This was the first time I'd tripped, the experience was fascinating. I was not to put any weight on my leg. I ended up plopping around with no crutches, thinking I'm in paradise. This was the summer of disco, beautiful ladies, THC, and black beauties. My very favorite was Grateful Dead LSD.

On a sweltering hot Thursday afternoon, Michael, Eli, myself, Debbie and Barb went to a biker bar called the Sugar Shack. We ordered some beer. 20 minutes later, a huge biker came over and said to Barb, "Why don't you get rid of the sissy and come with a man?" He sauntered back to the bar. Eli quietly said, "Forget him." Several minutes later, he came back and put his fist on the table, was talking to Barb but looking Eli right in the eye. "Baby, I asked you to dump gay boy and come with me." I saw Eli's eyes somehow change, almost like changing color. He walked over to the biker who was taking a drink of beer. Eli punched right through the mug. The biker went down, Eli dragged him outside and slammed his head into a car door. This all took about 3 minutes. The first punch shattered the man's jaw and when slamming his head into the car door, the shoulder blade cracked. The police came and because he was a convicted felon, we thought he'd be doing time. However, witnesses said he had been provoked and was out the next day. You cannot judge a book by its cover, some people are not to be trifled with.

Michael and Eli's relationship ended on New Year's Eve. They wanted to sell the remaining tea tabs and couldn't find anyone in the city with the dollars. I called Bill, who had lifted the weights off. A friend of his had the money, so Eli drove to Cambridge, Ohio on New Year's Eve to meet them. It turns out Bill's friend had borrowed the money from a federal narcotics' agent, all the bills were marked. There was a helicopter, plus three police cruisers. Eli ran over a cop and went back to prison. Bill's friend lied and turned state's evidence, he only had to attend drug counseling classes. Bill and Karen had been married several years, he's twenty-four with two young sons. He'd completely kept his mouth shut and was sentenced for two years in Lucasville, one of the toughest high security prisons in the nation. The lifers repeatedly raped young men. Knowing this, the 2nd day he picked a fight with the biggest man he'd seen. He fought hard and wouldn't give up but was soundly beaten. He received over 50 stitches and broke his hand. However, nobody ever bothered him, he ended up friends with the man

he fought and they worked out together. Michael moved to Chicago, I never saw Eli again. My journey into the world of hallucinogens had begun.

I left Buckeye Steel after another year of working in time study, and accepted employment selling appliances at Lucas Appliance in Columbus.

Chapter 14: Coke And The Laser Printer



After four years of selling, the next big catastrophe occurred. I had been indulging in LSD on my days off. One cannot do acid two days in a row, as the second day is not as powerful. As I explained earlier, over the years I've tripped hundreds of times, never a bad experience and always spiritual. I have never sold it, just for personal consumption. Also, I have never recommended anyone to try it. I had two days off work and Debbie's brother Joe asked if I would be interested in buying an ounce of pure PCP from the chemist who made it. I discovered after the horrible nightmare was over that this is a horse tranquilizer sometimes cut with embalming fluid. Sure, why not? I had no idea. After what occurred over the next several 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 absolutely terrifying drugs in existence.

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". "My dad is where?" "I have no idea." He went quiet. Wow. I went into the apartment and told a lady I was dating that this stuff was very powerful. We both snorted a very small line and instantly everything went euphoric, and we're surrounded by white light. After a half hour, I wondered where Joe was and went out to the car, he was drenched in sweat. He hadn't been able to open the door and said he'd had been exploring the universe. He crawled on all fours across the street and had urinated himself. He came into the apartment and straight armed my oak coffee table over his head, demonstrating enormous strength. JoJo and Joe then vanished. What? Over the next two days, I'm snorting a little every four hours with no sleep, thinking I had a handle on this. I was very, very, wrong. I went to work Friday morning, so high I didn't know I was high. I worked at corporate headquarters, which also had a sales floor. I found out, after the fact, that I was going to be promoted to store manager. I was fired.

Here is exactly what happened and is a very true story.

My first customers were two men from a company called 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 and barged into the vice president's office. Under normal circumstances, I wouldn't dream of doing this, but I was starting my descent into insanity. He was in the middle of a meeting and I explained that there was a *man* named Stuart Sandwiches trying to buy a freezer. It's a *company*. He said 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 to my desk and opened a King James Bible my mother had given me. The horrible 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 servicing three states. I went back to my desk, tore the front page out of the Bible, and wrote, "Mom, just thinking of you, have a nice 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. Now, from my experiences with Michael, I had no issues with gay men. However, in my mind, he had just received a holy mission, taking a note to my mother with terminal cancer. I had a 350 lb. bench press and if I had torn into him, he probably would have died. Turning around, I entered into a state of stark raving madness.

Sprinting to the sales floor, I started switching all the price tags. I had an Amana ice and water refrigerator priced at \$79, this unit sold for \$1599. A basic washer was priced at \$1999. The high-end over the counter microwave was \$29. Several customers were browsing, with one couple debating on buying the microwave. OMG, why the debate? After picking up a can of Coca-Cola and running upstairs, I poured it into an industrial laser printer. I squirted mustard on my suit and sat at my desk. The V.P. came over 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. Five minutes later, the police arrived and we drove to an emergency room. They observed me for over an hour. I have no idea exactly how long because I was lost in the madness of my mind. The doctor gave me a card to a mental institution and explained due to not being violent, I could leave. Somebody drove me back to work and I was told to take the weekend off. After the fact, I discovered I was going to be promoted to store

manager. I was fired on Monday. A good friend said the printer would randomly print, "Things go better with Coke."

I had a 1969 Chevelle SS. and remember hitting one hundred miles per hour and not on the interstate. Becoming lost several times, I'm on the interstate, then side roads, then the interstate. I ran numerous red lights and stop signs at a very high speed. I'm dripping wet with sweat as it was over 100 degrees. Somehow, I made it home. Arriving safely without even a ticket qualifies as a miracle. I was completely insane, deranged and experiencing extreme psychosis. I called mom and explained a homosexual might be pulling up in a semi with the front page of the Bible she had given me. Asking what on earth was wrong with me, I told her the truth about overdosing on PCP. After explaining, I would probably be fired, mom said, "You son of a b-itch" and slammed the phone. I lost my best friend and would very soon enter hell.

Chapter 15: Hell Was Not Fun



I proceeded to sit on the front porch and started drinking a Little King beer, praying the alcohol would have a calming effect. My next-door neighbor, who I had never talked with for the year I had lived there, came over, sat down, and introduced himself. He was a gay man in a gay relationship. I looked at him and he transformed. His eyes became completely black and he grew to over ten feet tall while developing wings and hooves. I lied that I was sick and went inside.

After locking the door and taking off my clothes I crawled into bed. All this occurred on Friday, I came to sanity on Sunday morning. During those lost twenty-four hours, there was no concept of time. I'm visualizing spiders, snakes, bats, smelling sulfur, seeing humans screaming in agony, lakes of fire, feeling intense moving pain 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. Horrifyingly fast. I remember looking at the clock, it was 9:01. Thinking several hours had passed, looking again I saw 9:02. One minute. I recall focusing only on a small constant light and breathing. 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 were birds singing. I took the PCP and flushed it. The entire experience was so absolutely terrifying that I didn't even smoke weed for over a year.

I explained this to a doctor several years later. 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. Some of these include Common Reed, Hawaiian Baby WoodRose Seeds, Magic Mushrooms, Morning Glory Seeds, and Nutmeg. He asked if it was pure PCP. I said yes explaining it was purchased from the chemist who synthesized it. 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 and it stays up until you put it down. Their brain is in a horrifying good/bad loop. Most came out of it, a few hadn't. PCP short circuits the synapse of the brain. The doctor said I had experienced a miracle. Yes, I had.

I asked Microsoft Bing what the ingredients are in PCP. "PCP is a synthetic drug that is made from various chemicals, such as piperidine, cyclohexane, and phenyl magnesium bromide. The exact ingredients and methods of making PCP may vary depending on the source and the purity of the product. Some PCP may be mixed with other substances, such as ketamine, or other drugs, to increase its

potency or alter its effects. It can also be made with embalming fluid. PCP is a dangerous and illegal substance that can cause serious harm to the user and others. It can affect the brain, the heart, the lungs, the kidneys, and the liver. It can also cause psychological problems, such as paranoia, hallucinations, aggression, and depression. PCP use can lead to addiction, overdose, and death, I strongly advise you not to use PCP or any other illicit drugs." Advice duly noted.

Before continuing I should explain what I know is true. God did not cause this experience. I did. Source was the light I concentrated on with my right mind and spirit. What I experienced was an extreme attack by my completely insane and lying ego mind. God does not send us trials and is not even aware of this false dream universe. Each mind on the planet, all 9 billion, have the Voice for God within Who causes all circumstances to work out for the good of all, always. You will not think so at the time, but if you sincerely examine your past, you'll wonderfully discover that times of deep and unrelenting despair always resulted in your greatest spiritual growth. The Stones lyric "You may not get what you want but you will get what you need" is very true.

I had been attending church regularly and strongly accepted the existence of Heaven and hell. Up until I became a student of A Course In Miracles, I still believed in hell because I had seen and experienced it. My ego made the whole fabrication up as punishment for the false belief that I'd separated myself from God. This is the ego's most insane lie and we believe it. I have a growing admiration for the unbelievable power of our mind. As an example, have you ever tried to remember someone's name and couldn't then days later the name pops into your head?. All you have seen, heard, tasted, touched and smelled since birth is stored in your subconscious. You consciously put into your database the question and when the answer is found it is given. This is why it is important to dwell and look upon what is good. Put positive in, not negative. I haven't watched network news for over 20 years due to this very reason.

All the negative propaganda that blasts into the collective human psyche is caused by the massive egos who control this world. I used to be deeply involved in researching the Deep State. The obscenely rich and powerful dynasties controlling all kings, rulers, presidents, and politicians in deep secrecy behind the scenes. After becoming absorbed in studying The Course these sad people are simply no longer of any interest. The crimes they constantly commit against humanity are sickening, terrifying, and horrible. I once believed if anyone completely deserved eternal agony in hell, it was them. The stunning truth is the Holy Spirit is constantly changing my false perception of this illusory world to one of divine wisdom. This will happen to you, but you must knock before the door is opened and ask to receive. Life outside of Heaven is impossible, and our eternal Source proclaims that absolutely everyone will eventually enter the Kingdom. The power these families have is as nothing compared to the loving power of God, Who created every atom and universe in existence. These poor souls will experience countless re-incarnations in their dream and will personally experience all the pain they caused others. Perhaps they'll spend thousands upon thousands of years in dreams to learn and truly comprehend the power of total forgiveness and eternal love. They'll eventually learn to forgive and love themselves. Meanwhile, we'll be blissfully enjoying the perfection of Heaven and exploring all the worlds, galaxies, and universes in our God's beautiful and magnificent creation. Our Father freely extends to all and everything that exists was lovingly made for us.

Chapter 16: Severed Finger



After losing my job, I sold imported cars for a year. I would drink occasionally and started dabbling with opiates. One winter Saturday night, I was at a bar that sold a drink called red eye, a shot of grain alcohol and tanqueray. They would only let you have three. I had three at the downstairs bar, went to the upstairs bar and downed three more. I then took a quaalude and drank a beer. I was in front of a live band and can't remember to this day what someone said to me, but it made me mad. I turned around, and punched down through a thick beer mug. A finger was severed on my right hand and was attached by skin only. Someone gave me a towel and I walked out to find a hospital. The next memory is waking up in the E.R. I had passed out on my walk and someone had found me. They had to call in a specialist micro-surgeon as I had severed nerves. I didn't bleed to death and still have a finger. A miracle.

I'm going to explain some of my little adventures in the 1970s. On a Saturday night Joe and I were sitting in my apartment. After drinking a case of beer we decided to go bar hopping. I threw a 6-pack in the back seat and we jumped in the car. The next thing I know four lanes of traffic are coming at us. I'm going the wrong way on a thoroughfare. I remember sitting in the cruiser and asking the policeman to give me a break. He said, "Shut up, you're going to jail." Here are my citations. Going up a one-way street going the wrong way and

attempting to flee from a police officer. I'd 30-day plates and a driver's license that had expired. I had no insurance. Having a drunk minor with me and DUI. Back in 1978, that cost me \$5000. Several years ago I helped a judge with a phone issue at Verizon. I told her this story and her face became a little red. She said, "Do you know what would happen to you today? You'd go to jail for a year, permanently lose your license and spend \$50,000." Oh.

Several months later, Joe and I were at the same bar where I had severed my finger. Zachariah's Red Eye Salon. Joe had a fake ID and did not look his age. Once again, we had three shots downstairs, three upstairs. After drinking a couple pictures of beer, we left. When we came in it had been snowing a little, but now it's a blizzard. We hit 100 mph on the interstate and Joe said, "Oh crap." "What?" "We just passed a cop." I saw the lights come on and thought, Oh no, I'm not getting arrested again! I turned off the exit and on the turn we hit so hard it cracked one of my alloy wheels. I took side streets to lose the cop. Joe said something to me and when I looked at him I slammed into a parked car. Backed up and sideswiped the next car and knocked the mirror off a third. We arrived at the apartment and there was a friend's Corvette. He had been trying to seduce Joe's sister, Debbie, who I was deeply in love with. We had the same thought at the same time. I slammed into his Vette on purpose. Joe said, "Hit him again." I popped the clutch and smashed the back, shattering the fiberglass. We got out, I broke his antennae, and fell into bed. The next morning at 9 am the phone rings. His name was Detective Hallsey, my nickname was Hallsey. He said, "Did you have a good time last night?" They had matched paint from the first three cars, he said I needed to come down to the police station. My ticket was only for failure to maintain control due to the blizzard. When I arrived back at the apartment my friend was looking at his Corvette. The entire back end was cracked and shattered. "Look at what some idiot did to my car." I felt bad but he never found out it was me.

Chapter 17: The Most Beautiful Woman I'd Ever Seen



After a year of selling cars I became fed up with living in the city. I moved back home to help dad because mom had been placed in a nursing home. He was in his seventies and in poor health. Months later my mother passed away. I was visiting her on Good Friday. After talking for over an hour we kissed and I walked out of the room, I stopped and stuck my head around the door and said, "I love you mom." "I love you too honey." That was the last time I saw her alive, she died on Easter.

I called my sister Sue and she drove down on Monday. Dad was sleeping downstairs, we had put his bed in the dining room. Sue woke up in the middle of the night and went into the dining room to get some cigarettes. Dad woke up out of a dead sleep, saw Sue and started screaming thinking Sue was mom. The look on Dad's face really upset Sue, she was visibly shaken. My brother Bill came down the next day with his two sons. All the family soon arrived and we attended the funeral. The main problem we had was alcohol and tempers. After mom's funeral, the vodka caused everything to explode. Sue tearfully mentioned to Bill what had happened the prior night. His anger started calling Sue names I won't mention. I'd listened to enough of his rants and threw him to the floor. I was on top with my fist raised when his son pulled me off. We went downstairs and

drank some more vodka. Bill then started insulting me. I said, "Let's go!" Bill's outside and before reaching the front door his other son stopped me. "Don't go, he'll kill you." I calmed down and after a few minutes said, "I'll just talk with him." When I went outside, he sucker punched me. I went down, he grabbed my hair and began slamming the back of my head on the concrete step. His sons pulled him off and a neighbor called the police. The police suggested we go inside and get a good night's sleep. We went into the kitchen to have another drink. Bill said, "I've wanted to do that to you for a long time." "Glad you're happy." I went to bed and slept on my back. When I woke up, the pillow was stuck to my head from the blood. I went to the hospital, receiving over 40 stitches and went to work. So the night we buried mom, I almost ended up dead or in jail.

They had been married for 50 years and dad couldn't handle mom's passing, at all. He would drink a fifth of vodka a day, several times I found him passed out covered in urine. I'd accepted a sales position with an appliance company and after five months was promoted to store manager. One evening we were doing inventory, so I didn't arrive home until 2:00 am. I looked in on dad, but he wasn't in bed, he's in a fetal position on the floor after dying from a massive stroke and a broken heart. He died six months to the day after mom. The Ohio Valley was booming after the 2nd World War. Mom and dad had raised my brother and sister through the Great Depression. I was spoiled and mom used to say, "Whoever marries you is going to have a job on her hands". My future wife, Mary Jo, did.

I had lost the greatest loves in my life within six months but shortly after I met *the greatest love I'd ever known*. Mary Jo. I met her over the phone, she was the secretary who took our credit applications for customers wanting financing for the appliances. Fax machines had not yet been invented. After a month of joking and getting to know one another, she invited me down for coffee. *I walked in and was stunned, she was absolutely the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.* We experienced an instant, extremely electrifying chemistry. An energy of sorts

jumped between us and I felt somewhat like I had years before when Chuck had explained Jesus. We only dated for three months and were married for twenty years. Mary Jo had a 3-year-old daughter, Tracy, who we adopted. The first time I saw her, I was once again somewhat awed. M.J. had her looking so pretty with curled blonde hair, a cute spring dress and a bit of jewelry. She had the prettiest blue eyes and shy smile. I'd inherited the home where I had been born and raised. When mom and dad made their wills, both my sister and brother were extremely well off. Sadly, Mary Jo never had the opportunity to meet my parents. However, in a way she did. Our children were raised in the exact same loving environment, my son's bedroom had been mine as a little boy. We were blessed with two more children, Tara and Travis.

A year after we had married, I left the appliance industry and accepted employment selling automobiles for Robinson Cadillac in Wheeling. They were franchised for Cadillac, Oldsmobile and Toyota. I sold both new and used cars and drove a white Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme which the dealership provided for free. Mary Jo had left the finance industry and was selling newspaper advertising, which was a higher paying job. I had only been working at Robinson for two weeks when Tara was born. Mary Jo had a long and difficult labor. She was very strong-willed and refused to take any pain medication. I would hold her hand when the contractions hit while she'd slowly rub her stomach, control her breathing and concentrate on the clock. The staff kindly let me take a camcorder into the delivery room. I'm right above Mary Jo's face and not on the receiving end. I'm looking through the black & white monitor when Tara arrived, she was blue with afterbirth in her hair. I stopped filming, looked down at M.J. and proclaimed, "She's black!" Once again, my good old lack of any common sense had kicked in. Mary Jo just said, "What?" I immediately looked at Tara and said to M.J., "I'm sorry, I was excited and nervous." Mary Jo by that time knew me very well and completely understood. Once again, I was kind of in shock, we had made such a beautiful baby. When I first held Tara, she looked up at me with the

most adorable smile. She also had the prettiest big brown eyes. We nick-named her "M&M eyes".

The next day after work, Steve, the owners' son, suggested we have a few drinks to celebrate. The few turned into a fifth of Jack Daniel's. I hadn't been assigned my demo car, and somehow managed to drive our 1967 Ford Pinto home. I don't remember driving at all, as I was falling down drunk. The next thing I *do* remember is waking up and standing in front of the bassinet. Mary Jo's at the other end and cried, "Bob, what are you doing?" I'm peeing in it. Thankfully, Tara was in her crib. It was 2 am, and Mary Jo quickly took Tracy and Tara to her parent's home. She was scared, having never seen anyone *that* drunk. The next morning, I'm still about half hammered and had to be at work. I called a taxi, outside the heat was stifling. I arrived at the dealership sweating bullets, my first customer was looking at a Fleetwood Cadillac. I didn't know anything about the car and just sat in the backseat during the demo ride, playing with the power window. The automobile reeked of whiskey. Bill, the owner, was a drinking man himself, or I probably would have been fired. He asked if my customers were interested in the car, I said no. He knew I'd been drinking with his son and suggested coffee. At 2:00 after finally sobering up but with a now massive hangover, I called Mary Jo and apologized for the bassinet, explaining I would never drink whiskey again. I asked her to please pick me up as the dealership closed at 3:00 on Saturdays. At closing, she wasn't there. We waited until 4:00 then Bill drove me home. I'm now angry and sitting in our living room when she walks in dripping wet with sweat. I said, "I have one thing to say to you. It was wrong of me to pee in the bassinet, I have already apologized. However, you said you'd pick me up and didn't. It was extremely embarrassing for the owner to keep the dealership open for an hour waiting on you and then driving me home." The gas gauge on the Pinto was broken, and I'd forgotten to put fuel in. Mary Jo explained, "Bob, I had to walk a mile on the interstate in this sweltering heat with Tracy and our newborn to get gas." When she told me this, I thought I was

going to vomit and made a silent vow to myself to *never* drink whiskey. To this very day, I've kept my word. Work always paged, "Bassinet Bob, to the showroom".

Some scenarios in big ticket sales are uproarious. One beautiful spring afternoon on a Sunday, a young couple came in holding hands. They were looking at a Toyota Camry. We went on the test drive and I truly enjoyed talking with them. I could tell they were very much in love, and both were articulate. I'd had their car appraised. We sat down at my desk and I handed them the offer, they're both smiling and generally happy. The husband looked at the paperwork, his face became flushed, his hands started to tremble he stood up, threw the chair and screamed, "You must think I'm a complete idiot." His wife started to cry. I said, "Trade a little light?" I calmed them down, went to Steve, and he bumped up the trade value. They purchased the vehicle and were happy again.

One hot summer afternoon I had a customer with throat cancer, he had an electrolarynx he held to his throat and was driving a beautiful 1968 Oldsmobile Toronado with extremely low mileage. Steve knew the car and *really* wanted to have it in inventory, it was in immaculate condition. He said, "Bob, you *must* get him to trade. "I'll do my best." Steve was appraising his car, and we took a new Tornado out for a test drive. I had a horrible hangover. We came back to the dealership, and he insisted I drive his car. I explained there was no need for me to drive it but he wouldn't take no for an answer. We went through a park which had a wooded area, he's talking with his mechanical voice and kept saying "This car." "This car has never been in the rain. This car has never been in the snow. This car is kept in a heated garage. This car has never been off a paved road." I swear right when he said that, we were going around a turn, I looked at him and went right off the road. Gravel is flying everywhere, bushes scraped the side, and a tree branch hit the windshield. He's going, "Aggggh, aggggh, aggggh" I finally got the car back on the road, and we silently drove back to the dealership. His face was beat red and wouldn't even go inside, "Give me my keys." I'm

terribly sorry about that, we'll detail your car. Let's see what the boss will give you on trade, I know he'd really like to have it." "He said, give me my keys, I'm not asking again." A year later, he was still driving that car.

While I'm thinking about it, I'll tell you how to buy a new car. I haven't been in the industry for 20 years, so it has somewhat changed. But, these basic concepts still stand true. Let's say you're looking at a window sticker like this: Factory Price \$29,225 + Processing \$600 + Adjusted Market Value \$500. Total \$30,325. The \$600 processing charge is a fee the dealer may charge for preparing and filing the paperwork. It is for the sale of the vehicle, such as the title, registration, and license plates. This charge is pure profit. Some dealers will also add items like Adjusted Market Value \$500 or Dealer Handling \$300. Dealer Handling is washing and prepping the car, *also pure profit*. Adjusted market value is smoke. In your mind, take off the \$600 and \$500 fees and work with \$29,225. When I was selling, the dealership owners worked on a 12% profit margin. There's also a 3% factory kickback that no one touches but the owners. So the approximate cost to the dealer in this example is $\$29,225 \times .88 = \$25,718$. Add \$400 to this for your offer. This is fair, as the salesman will make %25 or \$100 for his time. Say you'll buy the car, no trade, for \$26,118, a savings of \$3507. If you really want to irritate the dealership, come back with a trade. Now they have no leverage dollars, and you'll see the true worth of your auto. These dealers earn a very good living, so don't feel concerned. When trading, they use the \$1100 for leverage. No dealer will give you a dime more than what they pay at the block. This is the little black book they carry. Let's say they can buy your vehicle at the block for \$2000. You'll think you're receiving \$3100 but in actuality it's only \$2000. You're *always* dollars ahead by selling your car outright. Another way to save money is financing. Let the dealership arrange the loan. If you're paying high interest take out a one-year interest free credit card and flip the balance and at the end of the year do it again. This method will pay off the balance much faster and for less money.

I worked in the auto industry two more years, then interviewed and accepted a position at Hamburg Brothers in Pittsburgh. This fine organization was the largest wholesale distributor for appliances and televisions in the United States. Every single Whirlpool appliance and RCA product sold in 5 states came through the company. The owners were Jewish, they're highly intelligent, extremely well respected and very conservative. I was referred to by Bob, who had sold to my old appliance employer. He had left Hamburg, as he was tired of driving to make a living. I learned, after the fact, I had beaten out over one hundred nervous applicants who had been interviewed. I wasn't anxious *at all* during the interview process, as I was happy selling for Robinson. I sold to independents, the locally owned appliance and television retailers who had built the industry. Most have closed due to companies like Best Buy and Walmart. I managed a fifteen million dollar territory and serviced over forty retailers.

After a year, Hamburg sent me to Whirlpool training in San Diego at Christmastime. The lodging was at the Hotel Del Coronado, the most expensive real estate in the nation. The song Hotel California by the Eagles is about this beautiful resort. Rooming, food, and alcohol were all free. Once again, the alcohol caused a bit of a problem. The first night I'm sitting in the sauna and in walks Ed Asner from the Mary Tyler Moore sitcom. There's a picture of George Bush with a handwritten note saying, "Thanks for the rubdown, George." The first three days were training, the last three were party, which I took serious advantage of. My roommate was an elderly gentleman named Owen. He was with the Whirlpool Builder Division out of New York. They would purposely room the new kid on the block with a veteran. The training was over and after the second day of festive activities, Owen woke me up at 8:00. Here's how our conversation went. Owen, "What are you doing today, idiot?" "Going deep sea fishing." "I wouldn't if I were you, last night you had a shot glass in your mouth, nose, and ear. You may well end up getting deep sea sick." I'd been drinking vodka, therefore keeping my promise to Mary Jo. My astounding common sense

replied, "All will be well, I've never gone deep sea fishing." "Your call, but you'll live to regret it." An hour later, I'm on the boat and sailing out to sea. The vessel reached its destination, I tackled up and tossed the bait. After fifteen minutes, I started to feel a little sick. I vomited and felt better. 10 minutes later, I'm throwing up again. I'd *never* felt *this* sick before. The third time, I threw up so hard I ruptured a blood vessel in my left eye and shattered my inner ear. Deep seasickness. I went to the captain and asked when we were returning. Four more hours. OMG. He advised going down and sitting in the fulcrum, which is the very center of the boat. The rocking movement will lessen there. The captain explained he'd had a customer who paid for a helicopter to get off the boat. You're *that* sick. We finally returned to shore at 3:00. Because my inner ear was broken, the equilibrium was helter-skelter and the land was rolling. I'm back in our room, lying in bed with the drapes drawn. It's 4:30 when Owen walks in, "How'd the fishing go?" "I'm extremely sick." "I knew this would happen, but you wouldn't listen". That evening, I knew I couldn't handle hard liquor, so I drank wine. Three bottles. The next morning, I attempted to walk off the hangover by going to the ocean. I came across a dead mantra and thought of playing a joke on Owen. He's asleep, and I placed the mantra in the tub. He'd taken showers every morning to wake up. He walked into the bathroom and suddenly said, "Jesus Christ, what's that?" "A mantra, his name is Pete"" Is it alive?"" No." What are you going to do with it?"" Making a shrine." Whatever." I put the mantra underwater in the sink, and covered it with shaving cream. I then placed a nice container to the side with a fake flower in it. Owen," What on earth are you doing now?"" This is a requiem for Pete." A maid is going to come in and be very startled. We'll end up paying the room charges, which will be *very* expensive." Nothing happened, I told Owen that I knew I had been supposed to be asking a lot of questions about business. He said he knew that wasn't going to happen after the first day we'd met. We did enjoy one another's company.

Flying back to Pittsburgh, with a stopover in Chicago, the party is still going

on. We're drinking Bloody Mary's. I had taken 3 Dramamine, due to the inner ear, and the drug is mixing just fine with the alcohol. On the flight to Pittsburgh, I unfortunately ended up sitting next to Jules, executive vice president. A week later, I receive a call from his secretary. I contacted my friend and asked what going to meet Jules on a Monday meant. Bob explained, I had done something *very* wrong. If on a Friday, I'd be fired. I dressed in my best suit, dress attire was a white shirt; not pink, not blue, but white. I drove to Pittsburgh, planning on arriving early because Jules was keen on punctuality. Marilyn, Jules's secretary, informed me to wait in the lounge. After a half hour, she escorted me into his office and left. There were beautiful furnishings, all oak wall panels, oak desk, plush carpet, pictures of the Hamburgs and his family, plus exquisite decorations. Jules came in, closed the door and sat down. I was surprised to see his ears quickly becoming a very bright red. I'd *never* seen anything like *that* before, it was worse than my mother's face years before. Jules quietly said, "Did you see that man urinating in public at SeaWorld?" The park had been closed to the public due to the holidays, but they opened for Whirlpool. "Yes sir." "If that had been you, you'd be fired on the spot and would have to find your own way home." He continued, "The first night after training, I watched you quickly drink 7 shots. You left the room and the next time I saw you, you're drinking shots *and* beer. *Then* you're challenging people to arm wrestle." "Do you have anything to say, you look nervous?" "No, sir, please continue." His voice rose a notch, "It was one thing watching you walk around one of the finest resorts in the world with two bottles of wine. Another to see you in your suit, with cowboy boots covered in sand, on the flight back to Pittsburgh. I understand, we can take the boy out of the country, but not the country out of the boy. You're employed by one of the most professional and respected companies in the nation, and this type of public display will *not* be tolerated. Any future activity remotely like this, and you'll be terminated. Understand?" "Yes sir." "I'll be watching you." "Yes sir." I called Bob and told him about our meeting, he said, "That's unusual you weren't fired, you

must be doing a good job." I didn't tell him, but I was far surpassing his sales from the prior year. Mary Jo had wondered what on earth had happened. My voice was raspy from talking like Owen, I was very dizzy when first standing, and my eye was almost totally red. I explained it all, leaving out the vodka part, and made an appointment to see an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist.

Being that I'd had somewhat of a vacation, I asked Mary Jo to go to an REO Speedwagon concert at the Civic Center in Wheeling. I downed twelve beers before entering, refusing to pay the venue prices. We found our seats and I told her I had to go to the bathroom. A half hour later, I'm looking at the backs of all these heads. Where did she go? There's a tap on my shoulder, and it's M.J. The Civic Center is round, and she had seen me from 200-yards away. I was exactly 360 degrees opposite to our seats. I have an absolutely horrible sense of direction and can get lost in a parking lot. Months later, when we went to see Pink Floyd, Mary Jo suggested buying a wrist balloon that said, "Bob" She also thought I should buy another, saying, "Help, I may be lost"

I left Hamburg Brothers two years later. One of my accounts was in our hometown. Mr. Color T.V. Al Emery was the owner. He had been a great customer and purchased a good amount of RCA products. He was in the process of selling his business. He had his nest egg and wanted to retire. I took his profit and loss statements, going back five years, and drove to Columbus to meet with Dave. After reviewing the documents, he advised purchasing as the business looked extremely profitable. We owned our home free and clear and mortgaged the property to buy. One item, Al had not shared. HBO was going to scramble in January. We purchased the company in November. He had sold over three hundred C-Band satellite dishes, over the past five years, at one thousand dollars net profit each. Satellite owners had been receiving HBO for free. This, plus new emerging satellite technology, caused satellite sales to stop. The potential future income of three hundred thousand to the bottom line was gone.

Mary Jo was our bookkeeper. We had three employees. One technician,

Mark, who repairs televisions and VCRs, and two delivery men, Bill and Rick. I'd hired Bill because I felt responsible for him going to prison. Come June, we had to make some decisions or go out of business. Al sold VCRs out of a brochure. He only had on display seven RCA televisions. There was a huge C-Band satellite dish in the showroom. First item to go. The storefront next to our business was empty, so we rented and installed a door. We started selling Whirlpool, Roper, and Frigidaire appliances for added revenue. Appliances had far better profit margins. We changed the name to Mr. Color T.V. & Appliance. Several years later, we moved. Our new showroom was much larger, the location was in the central business district, and the rent was less.

Travis was born. Once again, I was with Mary Jo through delivery. Gratefully, her labor was not as difficult. I decided to take in a camera instead of a camcorder. I'm excitedly taking pictures and the batteries drop out, a nurse almost fell after slipping on one. They naturally asked me to leave. My lack of any sense had brought his expertise to our happy occasion. As a celebration for our son's birth, we went to a Rod Stuart concert. Mary Jo's driving, and I'm drinking my twelve beers. We laid our blanket down, and I went to find a porta-potty. One hour later, I'm yelling, "Mary Jo." Others are helping. "Mary Jo" I had tripped over several folks' beers and my buzz was wearing off. The sun is going down, the concert is about to start, and I'm mad. I no longer cared about the concert and was walking back to the car. I ran right into her. "Mary Jo, where did you go?" "Why did you leave me?" "Bob, I've been sitting on the blanket waiting for you." I had been looking for her 30-yards north.

My only son was fortunate to survive his father's little adventures. When Travis was eight, I really wanted to take my sled and his round snow saucer to a park in Wheeling. There was a huge hill with a water drain covered with rods at the bottom, as this was a golf course. We had just had an ice storm, so everything was *extremely* slippery. I put that little boy on his sled and gave a big push. Wooossh, this was a lot like Chevy Chase in National Lampoon's

Christmas Vacation. He was going extremely fast and lost control. The saucer went one way and Travis went another, and he slammed into the drain. I thought, *OMG, I've killed him.* I slipped, fell and ran down the course and became fairly bruised myself. Thank God he was alright, he was stunned and had trouble walking. He had a huge black eye, a bruised ear and his mouth was bleeding. I took him to the E.R. and he had a cracked rib. The doctor said he'd be fine in a week or so with ice and rest. Thankfully, the treatment worked.

A younger man handled our newspaper advertising, after getting to know one another, he asked if I liked to party. I explained that years ago I'd enjoyed the ultimate, LSD. He welcomed me to his world. I was surprised, this was available in my hometown. I purchased a hundred hits for a hundred dollars. The price was right, but the acid wasn't the quality I was accustomed to. I doubled the dosage.



Over the next several months I'd go to our business always on Saturday night, and take two hits while drinking beer. Sometimes a friend or two would join, they never knew I was on the drug. We always enjoyed great conversations, laughed a lot and had an all around good time. This started putting a strain on our marriage. I justified my actions by saying I was not bar hopping, nor womanizing. I explained that always being together, work and home, was not healthy for our relationship. At an increasing frequency, we'd come home angry with one another. However, we'd never argue in front of our children. She did not

agree with some of my decisions. In hindsight, Mary Jo was right. If someone had poor credit, I would carry them on our books, but only for 90 days. We had several who never paid a dime. She also thought I was selling the product too cheap. Again, she was correct because our delivery and television repair was *far* beyond the big corporations. If purchasing an appliance needing delivery at Best Buy, they could only schedule the day and never a time. We'd follow customers home. If repair was needed on a television, the same time scenario. Due to their massive network, a part required may take weeks. We'd normally have it in stock because I let Mark handle his inventory. If not, we always had it within 24 hours. Al's advertising was, Mr. Color T.V., the business that service built. Due to my wholesale experience, I knew the big boxes sold the product at a cheaper price because they paid less due to their massive buying power. I failed to understand our service value and should have been explaining this at the point of sale. Instead, I'd drop the price immediately when our customer naturally wanted to negotiate. I was my own worst enemy.

We were growing apart and I couldn't see the reason. LSD was becoming more important than our family, especially after I discovered a unique combination. Locker room, which is called poppers and made with amyl nitrate. When snorted sober, this gave a ten-second rush. Taken when peaking on LSD produced amazing and beautiful visuals. I had developed a red rash around my nose and explained to Mary Jo that I must be getting allergies. My secret came to a halt early one Sunday morning. Saturday night I took my usual two hits and popped a beer. I had all the televisions on MTV. The volumes were muted, and the sound was coming through a five thousand dollar RCA stereo system. I remember a Pink Floyd live video was playing Comfortably Numb. I had accidentally taken four hits of a very powerful LSD. I snorted nitrate and saw God sitting on His Throne. He has blazing long white hair, beard, and piercing blue eyes. He vanished after suggesting I tell Mary Jo the truth. This may very well have been Source because this incident saved our marriage. I called her at 1:00

and said, "The past several months, I have been tripping on LSD. The rash is from a nitrate I have been snorting." She said, "You b_stard." The phone slammed. I found our home was empty, she'd taken the children to her mothers. Sunday afternoon they returned, and she and I went out on the deck. "I don't love you anymore and want a divorce." I believe, to this day, the Holy Spirit told me how to respond. "Mary Jo, if this is what you truly want, I'll sign over the property and get an apartment. I'll pay for everything." This was not what she expected to hear. I clarified that the acid and nitrate were flushed. There were only three tabs left, I didn't want to be tempted. I explained that she, our children, home, and life together meant much more to me than the party. I promised the LSD was history and kept my word. M.J. was still angry and went inside. Returning twenty minutes later, she explained her prayers had been tearful and from the heart. "I'm willing to give you the shadow of doubt and help us work if you are." I agreed. We kept sleeping in the same bed, not making love for over seven months.

I started enjoying playing with Travis when he was nine. We called the game Little Men, over 70 action figures. Superman, Batman, Wolverine, The Torch, The Invisible Girl, The Thing, Mr. Fantastic, Cyclops, Colossus, Magneto, The Watcher, The Silver Surfer, Dr. Doom, and The Hulk. I could name many more, as I used to collect comic books. We'd play for hours. When I had his men cornered, he'd always warp everybody to the future or past and win. He was the cutest little boy, Mary Jo would always watch and smile. Tara would sometimes play, Tracy was too old. We found ourselves arguing less and less. We were sitting in church and I leaned over and whispered, "I wonder what would happen if I put a dose of LSD on the communion bread?" That gave her the giggles, she reached over and held my hand. *That day, our 10-year marriage was completely healed.*



The next ten were wonderful, we seldom even had a disagreement. I feel most relationships, not all, will reach a breaking point. If making it through and still together, the love *will* grow stronger. Guaranteed. We learned this truth from experience and had truly obtained, “The two shall become one.” She wonderfully became my confidant, advisor, and very best friend. Where I was weak, she was strong; where she was weak, I was strong. We complimented and supported one another through thick and thin. After experiencing so very much together, our love and faith continued to grow.

Our dining room started to smell real bad, and we had just laid new carpet. We had gotten a cute little dog from the kennel, and no one had ever seen Toby pee inside. I went to the plant in the corner and pulled it from the base dish, it's full of urine. The carpet was also soaked but with no stains. After scrubbing the carpet, the smell remained. We decided to rip up the carpet and were pleased to see solid oak floors. I had the week off and rented a heavy-duty sander. Mary Jo was starting to get nervous because knew how my handyman skills were. I sanded the floor and varnished everything. Beautiful. In the early morning I had to go back to work, I put down polyurethane. Naturally, I hadn't paid any attention to the big red warning labels that said USE IN A WELL VENTILATED AREA, meaning open the windows. I'm driving to work and was really light-headed. Mary Jo called from the emergency room as Travis had fainted when he got out of bed. Great, the floor is polished and beautiful but my family's dead. I felt somewhat like an idiot, so I took everyone out to a nice restaurant.

My newspaper friend knew I was finished with LSD, I hadn't explained why. He asked if I'd like a four-finger bag of psychedelic mushrooms for one hundred dollars. I had promised never to do LSD, not shrooms. I had only tried them a few times years ago but recalled having beautiful visions. Saturday date night arrived, and we had planned to watch a great local band at a popular tavern. As M.J. was getting ready, I remembered buying the drug. As good a time as any. I told her I was going to the store to get some money. I proceeded to *eat the whole bag* after forgetting that one was supposed to take only one or two caps. Bad, horrible mistake. We entered the bar, found a table and ordered drinks. The shrooms started to *really kick in hard and fast*. I'm thinking, *OMG, here I go, get ready to ride this out*. The room shifted and phased unbelievably fast. Suddenly I went over the top. The guitar player hit a chord, blinding light from the guitar came out, bounced off all four walls and went directly into my eyes. I threw up on a big man's leather jacket. Thank God I'd vomited, or my night would have been *much, much worse*. Mary Jo, "What's wrong?" "I think I have the flu." I quickly gave the big guy \$20 and we left. Outside, my sense of space changed and time seemed to slow down. The streetlights and car lights somehow merged and began emanating what seemed like dozens of intense, different colors. My ears started loudly ringing, and the engine sounded like Buckeye's electric arc-weld furnace. Mary Jo's mom, Jewel, and our children, were playing Yahtzee in the kitchen. Every time the dice were thrown, it sounded like roaring, deafening thunder. After explaining about the flu, I took off my clothes and slithered under the covers. Here they come, snakes, spiders, demons, fire, sulfur, headless bodies, screaming babies and intense confusion. The same one-minute time experience occurred. I knew what to expect, I stayed in bed, rode it out and breathed. After concentrating on the perpetual light that was always there, I came out of it on Sunday morning and was fine. At least, the trip only lasted for 12 hours and not 48. I'd had enough of *that* experience, and never purchased shrooms again.



Our business continued right along for another seven years. The final year, I sold five hundred thousand dollars worth of product. We closed the next year in February and filed for bankruptcy. In the appliance industry, the small retailers normally do not own the inventory. For example, the previous October I ordered thirty thousand dollars of RCA products. Whirlpool Acceptance Corporation, the financier, paid for the order. I obtained six months financing with no interest. It's important selling the product within six months to not pay any charges. Never let the cost of inventory escalate. Once a month, W.A.C. would send in a floor plan checker to determine what had been sold. Let's say five thousand, which I would write a check for. We used three-floor plan companies, W.A.C., Chrysler First and First Capital. In February, by horrible luck, we were audited by all three in one week. I partially paid W.A.C. and First Capital. I could not afford to pay Chrysler First one dime, and I owed them three thousand. Four weeks prior, I had written them a check for seventeen thousand due to Christmas sales. I'll never forget this phone call on a Monday morning. "Hello, Mr. Color T.V. and Appliance, Bob speaking." "Where's my money?" "Pardon me?" "Dale Love, Chrysler First." "Don't tell me, you've been using *our* money to finance *your* business," I said that I'd call him back. Every small retailer floats money and all is fine as long as the cash is flowing. In our industry, February sales all but stop. I owed thirty-seven thousand and made a horrible decision due to my no common sense. I called a bankruptcy attorney and explained our situation. What is such an attorney going

to advise? File bankruptcy. If common sense was present, I would have called our banker. My beacon score was over eight hundred. A+ credit. He would have given the dollars on a signature loan. Sadly, we filed and shut the doors on Tuesday. I received a call that day from a prominent retailer in Wheeling, as it didn't take long for word to hit the streets. The owner said I'll give you fifty cents on the dollar, cash. Meaning, he would send a semi and take all the inventory, which was valued at over two hundred thousand. The business could have pocketed one hundred thousand. We declined and went right by the book.

My next employment was with Sun Television and Appliance, forty-five stores in three states. My career in the appliance industry had gone from selling, to store manager, to wholesale territory manager and finally a store owner. I've returned to square one, competing with over a dozen others for sales. I believe in Winston Churchill's famous quote, "Never give up. Never, never, never, never." Ron was store manager and oversaw a grand opening. After glancing at my resume, I was hired on the spot. He was an intense individual, standing five seven, balding, my age, glasses, and black mustache. Sporting a neck brace due to a vehicle accident looked painful. Being all business, he never smiled and constantly observed his flock attending to customers' needs. Weeks later, several of us went out to enjoy a few beers. Ron morphed into a funny and articulate person, proving to be highly intelligent.

There was an appliance salesman, whose first name was Chris. He earned his nickname, Dweeb, during the soft opening. At 11:00, Becky, who was home office manager, came to Ron explaining the wrongdoings Dweeb had newly accomplished. He had approached a customer looking for a dishwasher and after some questions had determined he wasn't buying today. Dweeb proceeded to take out his business card and threw it at the customer. After bouncing off the poor man's chest, Dweeb said, "Time's money, money's time.", and walked away. The customer knew Becky and explained the sad scenario. I happened to be outside Ron's office making a copy and fortunately became witness to one of the

most hilarious confrontations I'd ever seen. Store intercom, "Chris White to the manager's office." Slam. Dweeb runs into the office, Ron closes the door and proceeds to read the riot act. Dweeb storms out and begins crying. He points his finger at Ron and loudly screams, "You're no manager, you're a dictator." The store became extremely quiet and over a hundred customers began observing the exciting drama. Ron looked at Dweeb, pointed at the door and proudly stated, "You're fired." Ron looked at me and said, "I'm firing that idiot". No one could be terminated before talking with Al, the district manager. Ron called Al and explained the circumstance. Al said Ron could write him up and that's all. The reason being, in the three weeks the store had been open, Dweeb proved to be the best service contract writer in the Pittsburgh district. Extended warranties. After I became store manager, I found out why he had been the best. He blatantly lied, telling one customer if his projection television breaks down in three years the company will bring out the latest model the next day, free of charge. That's not how the system was structured. The service contract stated the set would be repaired, not replaced. The repair on a projection set could require several weeks, predicated on part availability. I was constantly calming his customers a year after he'd quit.

Ron accepted a promotion to a bigger store in Pittsburgh. His replacement was a young man named Shane Geller, he proved to be the first narcissist I'd ever met. Shane had a grandiose sense of self-importance and completely lacked empathy. I had been promoted to assistant store manager, and my immediate boss is a *Hitler youth*. Let the games begin, or we'll off heads. All employees had to address him as Mr. Geller, if called Shane a verbal warning would be issued. Lenny was audio manager, always nervous and very high-strung. His extremely attractive girlfriend's name was Brett. One afternoon, the three of us and Mr. Geller were standing in the audio department. Brett purposely said, "Shane?" "Yes?" "How much money can you knock off on a phone?" Shane asked Brett to close her eyes and asked, "What do you see?"

Her reply was supposed to be nothing, and his reply would be that's what you're getting off the phone. After asking Brett what she saw, the uproarious response was, "I don't see a jerk anymore" Lenny quickly walked away, knowing he's fired. Shane's speechless, and I'm trying very hard not to break into laughable tears. Thankfully, nothing came of it. Shane left the company months later, and I was promoted to store manager.

Lenny was funny, he kind of reminded me of Don Knots from *Mayberry*. Sun had brought an executive over from Sears and hired him as president. This turned out to be too little, too late. We had been given a three-week notice and the day he'd be at the store. He was visiting every location, and we were given detailed instructions as to what he expected. I had the store looking spotless and gave Lenny an assistant as he had the most complicated project. Virtually every audio and monitor component had to be re-wired. The C.E.O wanted a *WOW* when walking into the department. With the flip of a switch, everything was to come to life with a display of color and sound. The boss and regional manager arrived and were pleased with the store, with some minor tweaks. They went into the audio department, and he said, "Son, show me your *WOW*. Lenny hit the switch and *nothing happened*. The quiet was deafening, and I thought Lenny was going to faint. I was trying my very hardest not to laugh. All he said was, "Looks like you have some work to do." I gave Lenny the rest of the day off.

One evening we were bored. I had hired Martha a month prior, and we decided to have some fun. Randy called her, saying his name was Phil. He had talked with her last week about an Amana Ice and water refrigerator. Asking that he couldn't remember if it had four or five shelves and could she please check. After taking the shelves out, Mike planted himself inside. We're all anxiously looking around corners, anticipating the opening door. Mike lunged and Martha's feet literally left the floor and she fell down. On another occasion, I hired a brown goods salesman. Brown goods were televisions, VCR's and camcorders. This was his second day on the job and he was very nervous. It happened that

he and I were alone in the warehouse and I said, "Warren, there's something you need to know about me." "What's that, Mr. Hall?" "I'm a manic depressive schizophrenic and have eleven people screaming in my head." I then turned to my left and screamed at no one, "SUZY, WOULD YOU PLEASE SHUT UP." I thought he was going to faint, so I immediately told him I was joking. He later offered a compliment, stating I was one of the best boss's he'd ever had. I strongly believed all employees should look forward to coming to work. I strove to fashion our store into a professional, fun environment, but I was still a human resource nightmare ready to happen.

One Monday it was very hot and I had an absolutely horrible day. I think all the office females were on their time of the month. I said, "Good morning, ladies." Silence. The manager snarled, "The three of us are having issues, and they don't involve you." Ok, I left and went to the sales floor. Everybody was bickering about the commission structure. The phone rang, I'm paged, picked it up, and a man was screaming because our delivery truck had damaged his stone wall. Another customer is demanding we immediately deliver a 12,000 BTU air conditioner because the one he had just picked up wasn't working. After calming his rant down, I asked what the issue was, "Well, the cold air coming out the front is fine, but it's off-set by warm air coming out the back." "Did you put the unit in a window?" "What?" "That's what the mounting brackets are for." He hung up, and I couldn't believe what I'd just heard. The very next moment, one of my better salesmen approached a family of five looking at camcorders. "We're just looking," Randy politely said, "That's fine sir, I'll be over here if you need me." A couple of minutes later, another customer pulled Randy aside. We had a large rolling ladder on the floor due to maintenance changing light ballasts on the ceiling. The next thing I know, Randy's original customer is on top of the ladder screaming, "Since nobody is going to help us in this dump, we're going to Sears." They all stormed out before I could even talk with them. Our inventory receiving manager was angry because he had two call-offs and was unloading a big shipment by

himself. I went back to help when I could, but was constantly being called up front to handle problems. This went on all day long, non-stop. I went out front at 6:00 and was nervously trying to have a smoke when a car with a No Fear sticker went by. Four teenagers were in the car, one waved, I waved back, he flipped me the finger. My ego exploded and I went into a rage. I stormed over to the car, taking off my tie, and thought better of it because I might hurt someone. I turned around, blasted across the sales floor, went into the warehouse and hit a refrigerator box so hard I broke my hand. I went back out front, because my face was beat red and I looked like a maniac. My office manager said, "What on earth is the matter with you?" I left, and went to the E.R. The next morning, I received a call from the vice president, "Bob, you need to control your temper." This could never happen today, I'm an entirely different Bob due to studying and applying the Course's teachings. If I could go back in time, I'd simply go home early so as not to give my ego any more ammunition. I hope this makes sense.

After my hand healed, our bathtub became clogged from the girls' hair, so I went up to Winter's Hardware to get a snake. Bob Winter advised me to use a kinetic water ram. This had a cylinder that was pumped full of air and a compression fitting that went over the drain. The hand pumped air would then blow down the clog. In theory. I pumped the thing up and naturally did not read the directions due to my common sense flaw. I placed it over the drain, BAM. Crap blew out of the sink and hit the ceiling. I was supposed to plug the sink. The bathtub was still clogged, after several more attempts, I decided to take off the U-fitting from the drain and go directly to the plumbing. After hooking the fitting back up, it was still clogged. My hand was getting blistered from all the pumping. I took the thing back to the store and told Bob it didn't work. He asked me if I had put a hose on to apply water. What? He said, "Bob, it's a kinetic water ram." Oh. I proceeded to get a hose and threw it out of the window as Travis was coming home from 6th grade. I hooked it up, Travis turned on the water. BAM, still clogged. After going through the same procedure as before, I'm starting to

become irritated. I had been working on this stupid clog for hours and was drenched in sweat. It's 5:00 and Mary Jo is getting home from work. I heard the garage door opening and I wanted to surprise her with a clear drain. One last time, after quickly putting back on the U-fitting, I went directly to the drain. Wow. Success. The drain is finally unclogged. I'm proud. I heard M.J. coming up the stairs that led to the kitchen. I heard, "BOB, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?" The last blast of air had blown off the U-fitting, and the water was cascading down onto the kitchen ceiling, and soaking the cabinets. She said to call a plumber, I refused as I was now on a quest, refusing to be beaten by a drain. Bob advised me to take the toilet off and send a blast through that drain. That worked and I won. Victory.

Another book could be written about situations that occur in the appliance industry. I'll explain another, due to the incredible intensity of those non-stop 18 hours. The store I managed after Shane left was a Class C. I gratefully accepted the advancement to manage a beautiful and much bigger Class A. This was an unusual promotion and seldom occurred. The huge property was newly built and much closer to home. This turned out to be the highest paying job I ever had, or ever would have. The store had been built over hundreds of tons of fill dirt, the construction required countless dump trucks to fill a massive hole. Upper management liked the pristine location. This impressive outlet was hastily erected to open before the Christmas season. I was responsible for eighty-one employees. After all went through a two-week training, the store was ready to open on Black Friday. Almost did not happen. I received a call from the fire department, 12:30 Black Friday morning. The foundation had shifted and broke the main water line inside the store. Thousands of pounds of pressure pushed the water to the high ceiling, setting off the motion sensors. The firemen smashed through the security gates and shut the line down. The valve had only been open for eight minutes, but that was more than enough time to turn the entire front sales floor into a lake. The water also erupted in the warehouse

where all the projection televisions were staked. The boxes all collapsed and fell like dominoes. Inventory damage was over one million dollars. After waking the C.E.O. I was given a free hand to do whatever was needed to have the store opened by 9am. We woke up numerous owners of water extraction companies and paid them whatever they asked. The entire damaged inventory was totally replenished by our Columbus warehouse, a 3-hour drive. The store opened at 9:00, and we sold three hundred and fifty thousand dollars of product. I had worked an exhausting and demanding 18 hours. Trial by fire.



Before opening, I had an all store meeting. I explained that we all came from diverse backgrounds and the most harmful “ideal” to any work environment, especially sales, is bad morale. If Bill has an issue with Fred, do not go to Sue and talk about Fred, go to Fred. If the issue is not resolved, come to me. We’ll enter my office and communicate behind closed doors in the strictest of confidentiality. I coached three different individuals who had issues that developed under Shane. All were resolved peacefully for the concerned parties. I then elucidated that most had probably worked under one who had managed by fear. This management tactic has never worked and never will. My management style is one of problem-solving and reason. The morale we all shared was the primary reason our team far surpassed all upper management expectations. I completely enjoyed going to work because it was fun.

One afternoon, I was smoking outside and talking with Tom. He was an excellent salesman. Being good-looking, he was proudly explaining his latest

sexual escapades. Mary Jo and I had planned lunch, Tom had never met her. She was walking towards us and Tom suddenly exclaimed, "OMG, look at her body" "Thank you" "Why?" "Mary Jo's my wife." "Oh Bob, I am so sorry," "Don't apologize, you gave me a compliment." Tom was visibly shaken as I introduced them. Concerning jealousy, this ego tactic ruins countless relationships. This horrible emotion is based on the insane fear that another can take away the one loved. If you think about it, jealousy is really an attack to oneself. Insecurity is telling them, others are much better and more than able to steal the one they love. In essence, they're putting themselves down. Mary Jo and I had always been faithful, and were very secure due to our history and deep love for our children and one another. All heads would turn when she walked into a room, not only because of her physical charm but also due to her glowing spiritual beauty. She emanated warmth, confidence, and love to all she met. We were never jealous and trusted one another completely.

Months after I'd introduced Tom and M.J., the company declared bankruptcy and closed all stores. I was going to be promoted to district manager. Find a new job and start over once again. The disappointment was great, but we had to stay bonded as a family and work through the circumstances. All occurrences are either a blessing or a lesson. I had certainly learned the lesson of perseverance and rewards earned by staying focused and never giving up. A major blessing was my promotion to a Class A store, it was a complete surprise and totally unexpected. I lost count of the amount of resumes I submitted. I was in my early forties and mostly interested in pharmaceutical sales. I found why I had never received any response from that industry, I was too old. They prefer hiring those who just graduated from college. Doesn't matter the major, they'll be trained. The companies were looking for highly intelligent and attractive individuals. I would have gone back to Hamburg Brothers, but they had lost the Whirlpool and RCA franchises. The manufacturer no longer needed wholesale distributors. The small retailers had mostly retired, and the product could be sold

to the Best Buy's and Walmart's who would distribute through built in supply chains. When unemployment was about over, I told Mary Jo I knew what to do. Submitting resumes via computer to H.R. departments who are receiving hundreds weekly, there is a very small chance of being noticed. I found the name of Walmart's local district manager and asked if I could buy him lunch. He was very impressed with my resume and would place me on fast track store manager training. A Walmart store manager makes a six-figure income. The only issue was the position was in a new Columbus store. I made arrangements with Walmart to have the weekends off, rented an apartment, kissed Mary Jo and our children goodbye and moved to the city. Our family didn't move, as it would be unfair to Tara and Travis who were used to their respective schools and the company of close friends. Mary Jo went to work selling commercials for the local cable company. Tracy was attending Bowling Green University, majoring in microbiology. The plan was to wait three years until Tara graduated from high school, and we'd all be together in Columbus. Our family lives were wonderful. I look back on Christmas, Easter, Memorial & Labor Days, the Fourth, Halloween, and New Year's very fondly. Tracy, Tara, Travis and I would need all the good memories and love we shared to sustain us through what happened several years later.

Walmart had placed me on night reception due to the inventory issue. The store had one million dollars in gross sales the first week. The district manager upped the auto allocation by two points and didn't back it off for two months. All inventory is ordered via computer, predicated on information from the registers. I walked into the store two months after opening and had to walk sideways in the receiving warehouse due to the inventory. Seventeen trailers are full of freight outside, and we're still receiving two semi-trucks every night. We worked two years on correcting the freight issue, my fast-track training was not so fast. Looking back, I should have contacted the D.M. who hired me. I was informed after leaving that I should have rotated through every department to have a better

understanding of the whole operation. A year and a half later, the district manager, Gary, called a department manager meeting. Gary was in his sixties, watching his stock options grow. In the back of every Walmart are pictures of Sam Walton, imprinted with his retail words of wisdom, he *had* been a retail genius. An hour into the meeting, this came out of my mouth. Sam had just died. I said, "You know what should have been done with Sam Walton? He should have been stuffed, with arms opened and smiling. He could be the greeter at every Walmart grand opening." One man put his head in his hands, most chuckled, except those who knew better. Gary said angrily, "Sam Walton was a friend of mine!" My career *really* stalled. Two months later, I interviewed and accepted the position of district manager trainee at Family Dollar, starting as a store manager. If you shop at a Family Dollar, be very nice, as those folks work their tails off. All employees bust freight, all the time. I did more physical work at Family Dollar than I had working in the steel and foundry industries.

Several months after entering the dollar business, Mary Jo and I went to Cleveland to attend the wedding of Tracy's close friend. The reception was astounding, ice sculptures, hundreds attending, excellent food and open bar all night. The parents *had* to have paid over a hundred thousand. If we had that kind of money, we'd pay for a small wedding and buy the newlyweds a house. We were slow dancing and the music suddenly stopped. The D.J. turned a spotlight turned on us and walked over with a microphone. He said, "You are a beautiful couple, are you married? "Yes". "How long?"" Nineteen years." "What's your secret?" Mary Jo and I looked into one another's eyes, and were quiet for several seconds. We said, almost at the same time, "We love one another." On the way back to the Marriott, we became lost in downtown Cleveland. Mary Jo is driving. I'm enjoying a pleasant alcohol buzz and saw three black men standing by a phone booth. It's 1:00. I told Mary Jo to stop the car and quickly walked over to ask for directions. These men seemed surprised as to why a white man, in a nice suit, would even be here. I was fairly big from weight training and the suit

was a little tight. The men sensed that I had absolutely no fear, became friendly and offered directions. Mary Jo had locked the car doors, she was visibly upset and shaking. "Are you nuts? You could have been killed, and I would have been raped." I explained that I had no concern of that happening, as I could handle myself and would never put her in danger. She was still upset and drove several blocks with the lights off. We made it back to the Marriott.

Chapter18: Our Peculiar Home Life



Our First Christmas

I worked all day decorating our home with the outside lights. I meticulously placed each set with artistic precision. Seven hours later, I finished at dusk. I asked Mary Jo and Tracy to view our beautiful lighting. Proudly stating, "Wait until you see *this*." "Umm, Bob?" "Yes?" "Why did you make the right side all white and the left side colored?" "I liked the off setting contrast." "What?" "Making the lighting look different from other homes." "Bob, I really think you should make the lights all the same color." M.J. was talking gently, as she didn't want to hurt my feelings. The next day I made everything white and this *did* look much better. I decided to build a fire. I had trimmed the hedges in the backyard and used the very dry kindling. I wadded up paper, placed this under the grid, put all the wood in and lit it. Whoosh, the wood burned hot and fast and the damper slammed shut. The inferno is starting to catch the mantle on fire. I said, "Get some water." Tracy came in with a glassful and it vaporized. Michael had been visiting for

Christmas, his home was two blocks down, and he'd told his mother, "Look, mom, the Hall's house is on fire." I threw a full water bucket on and smoke went everywhere, three thousand dollars worth of smoke damage. Merry Christmas. I waited until next Christmas for my next great feat. My parents always had live trees, family tradition. Come January, I'm having some difficulty getting the large tree out the front door. I lost my temper and shoved it hard, top first. Pine needles exploded everywhere, we were still finding needles in June. Next year we put up a fake tree.

The Rock Garden

I'd been trying to get grass to grow in our front yard to no avail. Dad had used stones he'd gotten out of creek beds to build small walls and structures all around the property. I had the day off, Mary Jo was at work, the kids are all in school, and it's stifling hot. The bright idea occurred, *Ah, ah, Rock Garden.* I worked all day gathering varying shapes and sizes as I wanted the garden to be symmetrical, much thought went into this. I'm soaked with sweat and finished my marvelous project right when M.J. came home. I'm proudly looking at my amazing and beautiful creation. Mary Jo said, "What on earth is *that?*"" It's our new rock garden.""" In the front yard?"" Yes.""" Bob, that is one of the most ridiculous ideas you've ever had.""" You don't like it?"" Absolutely not, please take it down." I refused, my feelings were hurt. The next day was Saturday, Mary Jo and Travis used his plastic wagon to put all the rocks back. I never understood why she didn't like it.

The Playful Bat

There was a bee's nest in the attic, the vent screen had a hole in it and bats would come in chasing after their meal. One had somehow gotten inside and was swooping everywhere. The girls went hysterical and all three were in the closet covering their hair. I chased the thing around with a broom for ten minutes, and suddenly it's gone. What? I looked above the furnace ducts in the basement, above all kitchen cabinets, behind the furniture, under the beds, behind the

window curtains, checked all the closets, in the bathtub. The animal had completely vanished, I reasoned it had left the same way it'd gotten in. This was springtime and somewhat windy. For a week lying in bed, we'd hear a sound similar to scratching, thinking it's wind blowing against the window screen. The lamp next to Mary Jo had a concave base, she was cleaning, lifted the lamp and the bat lunged. The animal had been hiding right next to her head for a week. She screamed, I retrieved the broom and finally stunned it. I paced the mammal in a garbage bag, took it outside and released it.

The Satellite Dish

The business had a ten-foot wide dish on a custom-made trailer that we'd haul to customer homes to sight the orbiting satellites. I had luckily sold two systems and Al helped with the installations. We had nowhere to store it except in our side yard. I think the neighbors felt their property values would plummet. Web lived across the street, he was the owner of a funeral home. After two days of the monuments' arrival, he said, "Bob, what's that?" "It's a satellite dish we use for positioning the equipment." "Are you going to leave it there?" "Yes, we have nowhere else to place it." "Oh." The next day, Marion, who was married to a WW2 hero, worriedly asked the exact same question the exact same way, "Bob, what's that?" "It's a satellite dish we use for positioning the equipment." "Are you going to leave it there?" "Yes, we have nowhere else to place it." "Oh." After the third time this happened, I told Mary Jo we needed to paint a big pair of boobs on the dish. She laughed, we didn't.

The Bird In The Fireplace

I had a weight bench in the basement and enjoyed my hour work-outs. Mary Jo was at work and our children were attending school. After a half hour, I went upstairs for some water and heard a noise in the living room. A bird was fluttering above the closed damper in the fireplace. In the winter, the birds would sit on the chimney for warmth and at times would fall in. I opened the damper and placed the glass fireplace fixture flush against the opening. After finishing the

work-out, I was somewhat surprised. The bird was sitting on top of the window curtain, there was a metal angel ornament that had been on the wall above the fireplace lying next to the front door. *The glass was still flush against the fireplace.* I opened a window and my friend flew out. I believe to this day, an angel let the sparrow out. I was thinking about this the next day and a name I'd never heard popped into my head. Our angel's name is Tamuri.

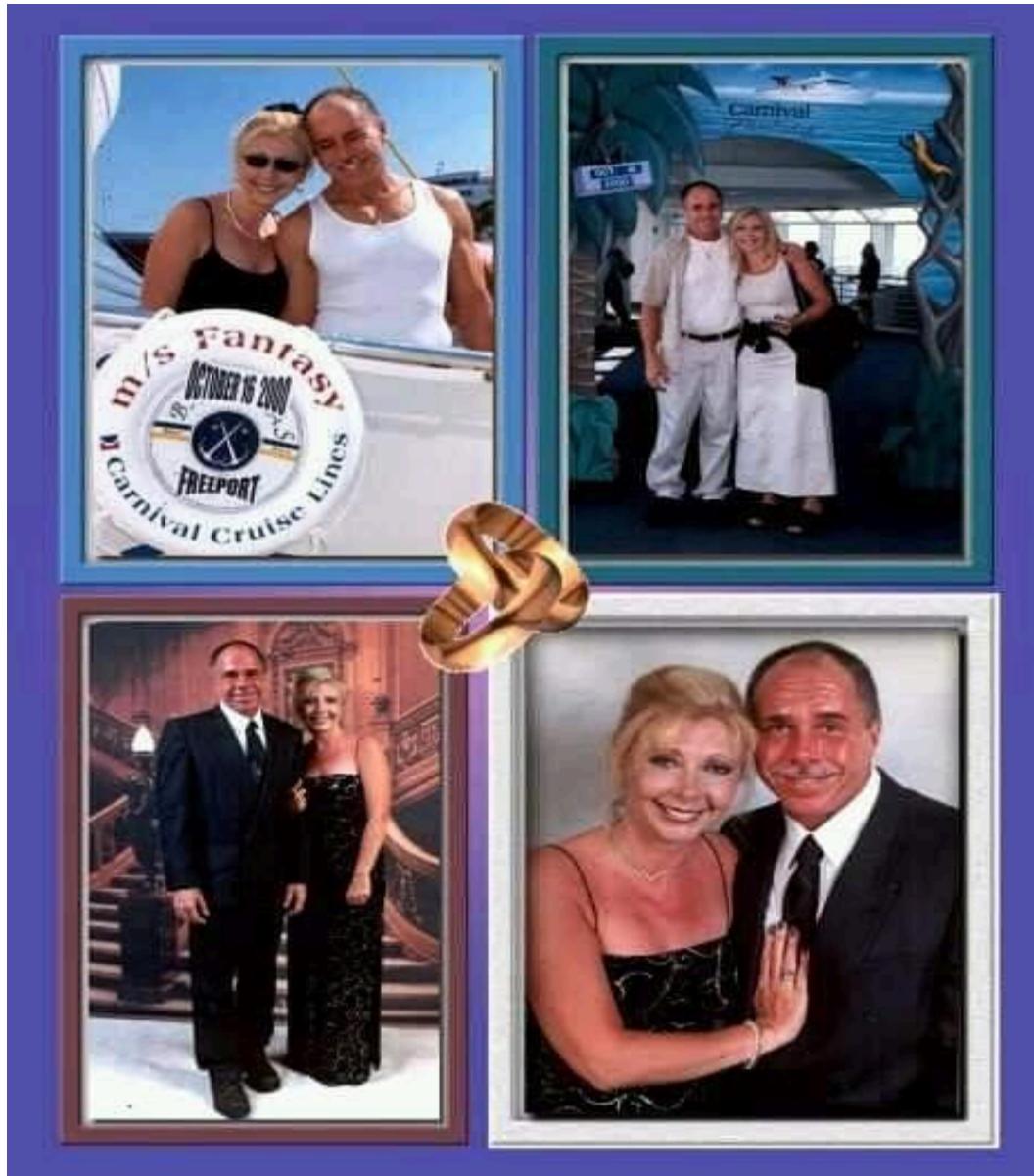
We're becoming increasingly excited about our upcoming vacation. We'd say, "One week closer." She proved to be an excellent employee of Time Warner Cable, after one year, she was the top sales rep. in the Pittsburgh district. She had earned, not won, an all-expense paid, five-day cruise on Carnival. The time arrived. On Saturday, we went to the mall to get some last minute items. We were walking, and Mary Jo suddenly stopped and saw a beautiful painting by Thomas Kincaid titled A New Day Dawning. She said, "I'll bet that's what Heaven looks like." I'm looking at the same painting now. During that time, she would oddly bring up the subject of death. "I don't know what I would do without you." Honey, me neither." I found out.

Chapter 19: Our Tragic Second Honeymoon



Sunday, we flew out of Pittsburgh, Mary Jo was holding my arm with her

head on my shoulder, she had never flown and was scared. We arrived in Florida and boarded the ship. Being very excited we called this our second honeymoon. The ship set sail for Nassau and stopped at a small island where we looked at the local vendors' merchandise. The last item Mary Jo ever purchased was a cross. That evening, we attended the captain's dinner. She had on a black, sequin gown and looked eloquent. After dinner, we watched a Broadway show. Next, we had our pictures taken, *the last picture her hand is on my heart*. We went to a club which had a dance floor. We're drinking champagne, tipping glasses, congratulating one another for this magic night. This was way better than any New Year's Eve. We danced, sat down. She died.



I watched her stomach swell enormously; fluid expelled across the floor out of her mouth. She had been complaining about a pain in her leg. The aircrafts compression and decompression caused a blood clot to let loose and it hit her heart. She died instantly and entered Heaven. I entered a state of unbelievable dis-belief, the mind was having a difficult time comprehending what It was witnessing. Everything went surreal, time was strange, and I was having difficulty understanding what the doctor was asking. "Was she on drugs?" What? No. "" Are you on drugs?"" No. "" Did she ever do drugs?"" No. "" Did she have any

medical conditions?" "No." "How old was she?" My mind was on overload, and I couldn't exactly remember, so I muttered in her early forties.

He gave me a sleeping agent and a nerve pill. I still can't recall leaving the dance floor or anything after talking to the doctor. Evidently, I talked with the ship's captain. I woke up in an empty cabin and instantly smelled Mary Jo's perfume. This was like being in a trance, suddenly I'm at our cabin door. I mustered the strength to enter our room and pack. When opening the door, a feeling like terror developed. Knowing I might faint I quickly sat down. The room that just yesterday had been filled with laughter and love was deadly quiet. I suddenly understood that love transcended life and death, a great peace washed over and instantly vanished. *Mary Jo was with me*, but I still started to tremble and sweat. I lay down on my back as I became slightly nauseous. I then felt something akin to panic and thought. I have to get out of here. Now. Quickly packing every item, brought back recent memories. Feeling somewhat like a dagger in my heart I briefly collapsed. Oh my God, the perfume odor became stronger. My blood pressure had to have been through the roof. If I wasn't still feeling the sedatives the doctor had prescribed, I probably would have fainted. Looking back, it was astounding what I did. I should have had the staff do this but was certainly not reasoning properly. This was a nightmare, and it was very real. The office set up a transoceanic call. I couldn't tell our children over the phone. Tracy was a freshman in Optometry College, Tara was a senior in high school and Travis was in eighth grade. The only person I could think of was Mary Jo's mother, Jewel. She was one of the strongest souls I had ever met. A truly remarkable woman. She gasped and was quiet for a time that became somewhat worrisome later explaining she almost fainted. The captain asked if I'd remembered last night's conversation, which I couldn't. He explained international law would have her body left off at the next port of call, Nassau. He suggested she remain on the ship and would be back in the States on Friday, eliminating red tape. I agreed. The ship made special arrangements, and I flew

out of Nassau. I remember sitting in the airport watching all the couples' holding hands. Surreal. Nobody knew what I had just experienced. I was in first class flying to Pittsburgh, and the seat next to me was empty. The tragedy hit home, and I groaned. Immediately, a feeling like a warm egg being broken over my head occurred, and the same peace washed over me not lasting but a moment. I know it was Mary Jo with her head on my shoulder, just like when we had taken off only two days ago.

Tracy and I had an apartment in Columbus close to the Ohio State campus. Jewel wisely thought she could not tell Tracy over the phone. She contacted Shane, Tracy's cousin, and asked if he could drive to Columbus. A half hour from the apartment; Shane made a mistake and called to see if she was there. Tracy is highly intelligent and puts two and two together. Why would Shane be coming to see her? He told her over the phone. When he arrived at the apartment, it was in shambles. This was the worst half hour of her life.

Arriving home, I called the relatives on my side of the family and then Dave, he was working in the Carolinas. He dropped everything and was at my side two days later. Well-meaning friends would talk in platitudes about God, and I wanted to hear none of it, the pain was too deep. Dave was the only one who made sense. He explained, "You'll go one of two ways. Either becoming mean, hateful, and bitter, making everyone around you miserable because you're dwelling in self-pity. Or you'll accept what you cannot change, find peace and come to the realization that nothing will ever happen to you as bad as this. I'm living proof that time heals all wounds, but it takes time. Believe me that eventually not much will bother you." With Dave's advice and the grace of God, I went the latter route. My advice to anyone who is experiencing the dark night of the soul is to keep busy. Sitting around and dwelling on the circumstance only makes the pain worse. The prior year, Dave had called me in February, sobbing and explaining Robin had just been diagnosed with liver cancer. Months later he called on a Friday and asked if I could visit on Sunday, as Robin wanted to see

me. I said I would let them know on Saturday. After talking with Mary Jo, I decided it was too far to drive, and I had work to do on the property. Mary Jo couldn't go because she had plans with her sister. Saturday afternoon I was sitting on my weight bench, and I swear I heard a voice say "Go." I drove the three hours to their home with the radio off as I wanted the silence to think. Dave led me into their dining room where we waited for 20 minutes. Robin painfully shuffled out and sat down. She weighed 93 pounds and had a port implanted in her sternum. Her wrists looked like pencils, and her skin color was deathly pale. However, her countenance was glowing, and she was somehow joyful. At the young age of 43 there was no poor me or why is this happening. She said, "God could heal me if He wants, but I've got a big mouth, maybe He wants to use me from the other side." They didn't attend a regular church but enjoyed a remarkable faith. She passed several months later. The reason she wanted to see me was to offer a present, the book. "My Dream of Heaven" by Rebecca Springer, written in the 1890s. The author had gone into a coma and vividly saw Heaven. Those who have read it have the same conclusion that all what Rebecca wrote about is true. The prose and descriptions are so beautiful proving this was not just her imagination.

Tuesday, Jewel had been looking over some papers and found a life insurance policy Mary Jo had taken out for twenty thousand dollars. I had no idea, pennies from Heaven. She also found a key to a safe deposit box. I went to the bank and a very strange occurrence occurred. The key would not work, so they called a locksmith. He explained he had been doing this for seventeen years and this had *never* happened. After numerous attempts, he had to get a vice and literally rip the door off. Mary Jo had always handled our finances quietly and accurately as this was nobody's business. I feel she had her finger on the door.

Wednesday, Tara and I were sitting on the couch, and she said, "Daddy, I'm scared." I replied, "All will be well for we'll always have one another." Several years later on her wedding day she was so exuberant and happy, that I said,

"Honey, do you remember sitting on the couch and telling me you were scared?" "Yes." "Well, now all is most well." Friday, Tara was to ride in a parade as she had been elected to the senior homecoming court. After exclaiming, she couldn't, I asked what her mother would want. She sat on top of the convertible's back seat with tears streaming down, I was in the front praying. In a small town, information travels fast, all knew her mother had suddenly died. People started clapping, giving our family a beautiful honor. I'll never forget that evening.

Sunday, I stated, "Get ready, we're going to church." Tracy commented, "Dad we can't go to church." I explained, "We've been attending First Christian for years and yes we can." Our family had always sat in the front pews, this time we quietly sat in the back so as to not draw unneeded attention. The minister told me after the service, "Bob, you have no idea how positively your family has affected the congregation." I quietly explained we had a need to be there. The showing started at 1:00 after church and the funeral was scheduled for Monday. I was told this was one of the largest funerals they'd ever had, many I didn't know, as they were Mary Jo's customers. I remember standing beside Mary Jo's coffin with our children watching groups of people sobbing and then suddenly stop. This happened several times and I could almost see her walking around the room, placing her hands on the grieving and offering peace.

Monday, after the minister, I said a few words and read the following. These beautiful words are buried with her. The author is Joseph F. Girzone from his book, *Joshua in the Holy Land*. "Of late, I have come across so many hurting people, and so much pain. I know you all endure hurt and pain and struggle with difficulty understanding it. I know life must be very confusing to you. But it is not senseless. There are patterns and reasons, though you may not be able to see them. It is important for you to know that your lives are not just an accident of circumstance or the product of random forces at work in the universe. Each of you is a masterpiece of God's creation. You were made special and are precious to God. He works each day quietly, calmly, within you, weaving together the

apparently disconnected strands of your life. Your youth was a preparation for your life later on. As you grew older, each moment was part of the carefully planned training that God was putting you through, each day building on another, each of you being drawn along a path different from everyone else, because each of you is unique and special to God, with a special mission to accomplish for Him in this world, and a special message to preach through your life. There will always be pain in life and hurt. You cannot grow without it. Pain and suffering are the dark strands weaving through the tapestry of your life, providing the shadows that give depth and dimension to the masterpiece God is fashioning within you. Athletes embrace stress and pain as they prepare their bodies for the contest. You are made strong and refined through your hardships and struggles. You are not being punished. They are the necessary ingredients of life if you are to grow in God's image. If God is to mold the human clay of which you are made into something that resembles Himself, that process cannot help but be painful. So be patient and know that your pain is not in vain, nor is it a punishment. God is too big to pick on people when, in their weakness, they fall. When you do things that are hurtful, God, like a kind father, or a tender mother, makes adjustments in your life to remind you that your actions are hurting others or yourself and prompts you to make changes. But God is never cruel. He accepts you where you are and is very patient as you turn ever so slowly back to His love. He weaves everything into good when you reach out to Him. Your life is really like a tapestry. You look at one side and see all the disconnected and loose ends, and say, "What a mess my life is!" God sees the finished product on the other side and sighs, "How beautiful you have become!" So don't be discouraged or lose hope. Trust your Father in Heaven. He loves you more than you can imagine. Call him ABBA. He is truly your Daddy, so tender is His love for you, He watches over your every deed, not to find fault or to judge, but because He cares. This may seem impossible, that He could be fully aware of every detail of your life, but look upon the mind of God as the sun rises in the morning. Its rays

penetrate every detail of creation in a single moment. God's mind is like that sunshine, touching and penetrating all creation in a single instant. In this way, He can guide and enlighten you with His wisdom and inspire you with His love. May His peace and blessing go with you each day and guide you in His own way, and along His own paths, and may you always know that He is near."

These words are very true and have helped many friends. On a somewhat astonishing side note here are the parallels between Dave and me. Robin was 43 when she passed, Mary Jo was 43. They had raised two girls, one boy, one adopted; we had raised two girls, one boy, one adopted. After dating for three months, they were married for twenty years; we had dated for three months and were married for twenty years; both were blond; the day Mary Jo died was Robin's birthday. What are the odds of these analogies? My oldest and best friend went through virtually the same ordeal.

Chapter 20: We Must Stay Busy



I only missed a week's work at Family Dollar. Mary Jo had earned more than me, so it was crucial to keep employment. Jewel dropped everything and stayed with Tara and Travis during the week, I came home on the weekends. She was an amazing, caring, strong, spiritual woman, who had been a nurse. Jewel and her husband, Bill, are Home with Mary-Jo. I remember the first drive back to Columbus. I went into such an absolute rage with God that I bent the steering

wheel. After finally quieting down I sincerely apologized, I couldn't be angry at my Strength. The first week back, an elderly black woman said to my assistant, "Something terrible has happened to that man." She just knew, a spiritual gift. My assistant explained my wife had suddenly died. Looking back, the job was good for me. My advice to anyone going through trials, be it grieving, divorce, illness, financial ruin, or drug abuse is this. *Keep busy.* One cannot talk in platitudes about God or anything else, doesn't help. When one sits and dwells, misery comes. Pray.

Time went on. Christmas came. I tried to keep everything as normal as possible. Put up the outside lights and decorate the tree. Mary Jo loved Christmas. Her joy and energy had always permeated the holidays. Christmas proved to never be the same. Tara graduated from high school. Travis from eighth grade. The reason funeral homes sell furniture is that families want to eliminate memories. I sold everything. I gave the property away and made no profit to eliminate debt. Our home was English Tudor, all brick, built in the 1930s. Dad designed the floor plan, and the cement holding the brick was unique. I have never seen anything like it, the cement protruded several inches, evidently, this is a lost art. I remember walking through our home the last time. I had been born here, and we'd raised our children here. I was comfortably numb, my theme song from Pink Floyd. This picture was taken years later, the current owners have let our home go into dis-array.



Mary Jo and I had visited my niece and her husband in Gahanna. She'd loved the upscale neighborhood and wished someday we would move there. Travis and I did. Tara moved in with Tracy and started Ohio State. The apartment Tracy and I shared was much closer to college than our new home. Tracy's student loans paid the rent. I had taken the twenty thousand from the life insurance and put a downpayment on a one hundred fifty thousand dollar duplex. My tenants' rent paid the mortgage. Months earlier, I had no idea how all would work out. My income was cut by more than half. Prayers had been answered, and our family was on a new path. I accepted a much better-paying job as a manager at Sprint. Over the next several years, life experiences would unfold which led to my current understanding. I would lose the property plus everything I owned. Dave was right, nothing bothers me.

Chapter 21: New Beginnings



I suppose I could title the next section as my *quest to replace Mary Jo*. Travis and I enjoyed a great summer. He walked to a very close strip mall and saw a musical instrument store. He started guitar lessons, but he's quite talented and didn't need instruction very long. Several years later, his band "Way Yes" had center stage on a Saturday night at a huge downtown Columbus festival, Comfest. I'm learning about the cellular industry. The Sprint store I worked, was

the largest in the state. At first, I was lost, I hadn't even owned a cell phone. Remember, I'm a manager. The reps would come to me with an issue, "Bob, what do you think I should do?" "What do you think you should do?" "Oh, OK, go do that." I would sit in the office, hoping no one would ask me anything. I was later sent to corporate training. I retired from Verizon ten years later and could troubleshoot almost any problem.

Fall came and Travis was a freshman at Lincoln Gahanna High School. He had been pulled from a class of seventeen students into one in the hundreds. I remember his first day getting on the school bus, he had his lunch box and looked so small and nervous. Four years later, he graduated Valedictorian. Faith. Tara called me in the spring saying, "Daddy, if you don't come and get me, I'm going to kill myself." Tracy was rarely at their apartment and when she was, she's immersed in study being extremely focused. Ohio State was overwhelming for Tara, and she missed her mother and friends. She was working in a store that had copying machines, parents would come in with graduation pictures and this made her incredibly sad. I started sleeping in the basement and gave her my room. She's much like her mother, when upset she is very quiet. Tara would stay in her room for days, Travis and I gave her space and she knew we were there for her. She came around. Come July, I gave her a surprise. Mary Jo had purchased a car from a dealership who had been an advertising client. They gave her a great value on the price, but the interest was killer. When I took possession, I flipped the balance to a one year, interest free credit card. After a year I flipped to a new one year, interest free card. Paid off. I purchased a new vehicle. I waxed and detailed Mary Jo's car. I asked Tara to come outside and close her eyes. I handed her the keys. "Honey, the car is yours." She was very pleased and wanted to drive me to campus to meet her new boyfriend. We were on the interstate and all the engine lights came on. She exited, and we pulled into a gas station next to the pumps. The engine caught fire, and with help, we put the fire out. The common sense had forgotten to check the oil. The car was scrapped.

"Thanks for the car, Dad."

Travis graduated his freshman year, that summer Dave invited us to go on vacation with him and Karen to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. My daughters couldn't go due to classes. The prior two years, three other couples from the Carolinas and Georgia would also vacation, this was a tradition. Dave had met Karen several years after Robin passed. She worked at a fairly large grocery business that was family owned. She's very attractive and Dave just happened to hear her phone conversation. "Well, the fake engagement ring worked again, a customer was starting to get annoying, so I showed the ring, and he backed off." Dave had been shopping there for years, Karen knew about Robin's death. Dave and her had communicated well over the years, and she enjoyed his sense of humor. Due to her engagement ring, he would never think of asking her to dinner. That changed, he did, Karen accepted, and they'd been dating for several years. If you ask Americans the place to vacation in Mexico, the majority will say Cancun. Mexicans will say Puerto Vallarta. This was as close to paradise, I'd ever seen. Being it's tropical, it'd be sunny all day and rain at night, beautiful weather. The ocean was the warmest I'd ever swum in, and there was no undertow. The resort had spotless, beautiful rooms, outdoor life-size chess set, volleyball, and badminton courts. This was the first time I ever went parasailing, I was one hundred yards up and amazed with how quiet, just the soft wind, not even hearing the speedboats' engine. The view was absolutely beautiful, seeing for miles and miles. This was also the first time I was on a jet ski. They had a great exercise facility and I did my weights and cardio every morning. Travis and I would walk miles along the ocean. I thoroughly enjoyed these times with my son. I still thought of Mary Jo often, she would have loved this resort. I prayed every night, asking for peace. I knew she was with us, as she had loved her family so very much. Every evening the festivities were at the outside club on the oceanfront. The straw thatched roof had license plates from every state in America and region in Mexico, and flags from all over the world. All the alcohol

and cuisine were free as the resort was all-inclusive. On a Thursday afternoon, Dave and I decided to start drinking early. Mom and dad wanted me to learn about alcohol at home, I was sixteen and curious. Much safer. Travis said, "Dad, I'd like to have a drink." "Sure, but take it slow." I wanted him with me to discover what alcohol was about. Two hours later, he's falling down drunk, thank God he was in the sand. The next day, we didn't see him until 4:30, he didn't indulge again.

Gratefully, what occurred next was on a Friday, not Monday, or my vacation would have been ruined. I'm lifting weights and completely tore my lower back. The pain was immense, I tried walking it out to no avail. I'm lying on my back at 1:00 and everybody showed up. Sue was head nurse at a hospital in Atlanta, she advised lying on my stomach with ice on my back. This somewhat helped, but the Tequila helped more. I drank all day. The next morning, I crawled out of bed with one of the worst hangovers I'd ever had. It took over twenty minutes to limp down, I hailed a taxi and went to the closest doctor's office. He said, "My friend, you be in much pain, yes?" I was somewhat amazed to see, in the refrigerator, sandwiches with blood work. He prescribed the Mexican equivalent of Percocet 30s. I hobbled up the stairs to our room and instead of taking one, I took three. Early in the afternoon, I limped down to the beach, feeling a little better. My friends started drinking Tequila and naturally so did I against the advice Sue offered. I was struggling to go to the bathroom and a vacationer said, "Wow, you're in a lot of pain." "I ripped my lower back." "You want a Darvon?" "Sure" At 4:00, I'm sitting in the recliner looking at the shimmering lights coming off the ocean and everyone is in slow motion. I'm in an alcohol, narcotic haze and enjoying every moment. The pictures attest to the fact I was having a joyful experience. Dave and Karen had decided to get married on Tuesday. The wedding was on Sunday in a chapel right on the oceanfront, this was one of the best vacations I'd ever been on. However, we almost missed our connecting flight because I had a crucifix on my keychain with a tiny knife inside. The officer

broke the blade, common sense kicked in, and I said, "God's going to be mad at you." Not too bright a statement in Catholic Mexico. I was retained, but we made the flight with seconds to spare.

That summer we had a severe thunderstorm, in the middle of the night I heard, THUMP. The wind had blown a tree over, and thankfully it hit the chimney stack and not the new roof I'd just replaced. The next morning, my neighbor was standing with me and said, "Bob, you need to hire a cherry picker to lift the tree off." Great idea. The next night I heard another thump and this time the wind had blown the tree onto the roof. I canceled the lift truck, and I'm scratching my head looking at the tree. Bill came over again and his advice was to rent a chainsaw and offered to help. The last thing he said was, "Don't cut the tree at the base." I naturally ignored this. The tree snapped down and pinned the saw, bending the blade. Luckily, I'd taken out insurance. Bill helped me cut up the tree and gave all the wood for his fireplace. The next spring, we had over a week of solid rain. I'd heard water running but thought Travis was taking a shower. I kept hearing water, but due to my ingrained stupidity I didn't pay it any attention. The next morning I went around back and the yard was a lake. The previous fall, I'd forgotten to shut the outside spigot off, the pipes had frozen and after thawing had cracked the plumbing. I needed to attend smart classes.

Chapter 22: The Healing Of Ahnora



Mary Jo had been gone over a year, and I decided to find a new companion. I was forty-nine. The quest began. I joined a dating service called Just Lunch. The company would give my biography to females they thought would be interested and arrange lunch. We were to split, but I always paid. Old school. The first little date, I was impressed. We communicated well and she was attractive. After lunch, she said, "Bob, I have enjoyed talking with you. You are tentative and will do well, but I have too much going on to start a relationship." I said OK but wondered why she was even there. The next several months I attended over twenty lunches and no chemistry. So I joined an online dating service called eHarmony and met Ahnora, who lived in North Carolina. Her picture showed an extremely attractive woman, she was leaning against a wall with her arms crossed and a beautiful smile. We communicated instantly and talked for countless hours over the next several months. At times, she'd ask me to explain what I was seeing because she wanted to see through my eyes. She had the most beautiful voice and would sometimes sing to me. We were falling in love. One Friday, I decided to see what the local nightlife was about. I found a club right around the corner called The Alumni. This was the same strip mall where Travis was taking his lessons. I hadn't been in a bar in years. The club had a dance floor, an excellent DJ who played great music and delicious food. I ended up going every Friday and Saturday night for the next three years. I became a regular, and friends with the owner, D.J. and the bartenders. When I would walk in, a shot of Three Olives vodka plus a Bud Light would be waiting. I love to dance. In high school, I played the trumpet in a marching band and learned rhythm. The Alumni was always fun, but I never left with anyone. I am not the type to approach a lady saying "What's your sign?" When taking a break from dancing, I was never approached by a female. I always left when the lights came on. Didn't matter if I was always left alone. I'd met Ahnora. One Saturday night, I left the Alumni *really hammered*, I'd had seven shots of vodka and lord knows how many beers. My duplex was right around the corner. All of a sudden,

there's a cop behind me. *Great.* He walked up, and I talked *really slowly*. "What's the issue, officer?" "You coasted through a stop sign." I gave him my license and registration. After several minutes, he asked, "Where do you live?" "One-minute drive." "You can go." When I got out of the car, I fell face down into the landscaping. I eventually quit drinking as much, but it took years. After seven months of talking daily with Ahnora, I discovered my insurance would cover her pre-existing condition if we married. She had a mild cancer. I flew to North Carolina, as a surprise, to ask her to marry me. I called, "Honey, I'm at the airport and will be over soon." She said, "Bobby, go home. You can't see me like this." She said the cancer had flared. I told her I didn't care, she did. I flew home naturally upset. We talked a little after that, but it wasn't the same, we grew apart. Several years later, I discovered the picture she had posted wasn't her, which is why she wouldn't see me. Several years later we finally met, she was responsible for arranging the circumstances for one of the very greatest miracles I'll ever experience.

Chapter 23: Beth



I also met Beth through eHarmony, she had a four-year-old son, Mathew. I was fifty-three. Beth was thirty-one. We clicked. Beth had been married for seven years, she and her husband Dave were on a long walk, he collapsed and died from a heart attack. We certainly had something in common. She's very attractive

with red hair and blue eyes. After dating for several months, I purchased an engagement ring and proposed. She accepted and we decided to purchase a home. Tracy was an eye doctor and married. Tara was married with two children and attending nursing school. Travis was an honor student at Ohio State. My children were emotionally healthy, financially sound and in general, doing very well. So why not have a new beginning with Beth and her 7-year-old son? I cashed out the equity on my duplex for twenty thousand and used it as a down payment. Beth sold her home and put up another twenty. We became engaged and purchased property out in the country. Huge fenced in backyard, one acre, big screened back porch with three bedrooms. I now owned one half million dollars of real estate. Two years later, I filed bankruptcy and lost it all.

One Sunday her mom, dad, brother and sister-law came over, we had a cook-out on the back deck. The steak was delicious, and I proceeded to get a big chunk caught in my throat. Being the first time I'd ever had *this* experience, I didn't know what to do. *I could not breathe.* Beth saw me gagging, ran over and performed the Heimlich, she was behind me placed both fists on my chest pulled *hard*, and the meat flew out. She saved my life. Christmas day arrived and her parents are opening their presents. I had in my possession one of the greatest inventions ever designed by modern science. A fart machine. I used to take this wonderful device to work and place it behind the cellular accessories. I'd become quite adept at mastering the volume levels and knew just to make a little sound with the remote control. The looks on customers' faces was fantastic. Beth's dad had two hearing aids and was still virtually deaf. I'd paced my pride and joy under the couch. This time I knew it had to be loud. Blaaatttt. Beth's mom said to her husband, "Phil, would you please not do that." He had no idea what she was talking about, as he couldn't hear. Blaaatttt. She hit him, so I stopped and showed them the device. Vicky thought it was funny, Phil had no clue what was going on.

I was a member of the Y.M.C.A., the facility was only two minutes from my

duplex and now a twenty-minute drive. I was doing an hour of weights, half hour treadmill, hot tub, sauna, and pool. Normally five or six days a week. The exercise was important to me. Beth went once but didn't care for it. Looking back, our relationship ended due to me. I had become distant and was not interested in being intimate. After a year, we ended up in separate bedrooms. Not good. She went to a relative's funeral in West Virginia and met her 2nd cousin Kevin. He had a lucrative plumbing business and offered a free remodel of our bathroom. Over a month's time, he drove 3 hours on the weekends to Ohio. He's a big man, 6ft.7in., and very skilled at his craft. Kevin offered to take Mathew and Beth deer hunting during the week of Thanksgiving. They were supposed to be home the day before Thanksgiving, however, we ended up meeting at her mother's on Thanksgiving Day. I had enjoyed a 20-year faithful marriage and would never dream of being unfaithful, I naturally assumed this of Beth. The thought occurred to me that something was not right, so I asked what's going on with Kevin. She said she had kissed him, I asked if they had made love and she looked down. I was shocked and hurt, as this was an experience I'd never had. We put the Christmas tree up together, and I thought we were healing. I had suggested counseling, but gave up when she explained her and Mathew were spending Christmas with Kevin. They are now married and living in West Virginia.

However, there was a very important reason I met Beth.

I believe today, all that happens is for a good reason, although we may not see it at the time. She was working on her master's degree in journalism and was an avid reader. She came home from the library with "The Disappearance of The Universe" by Gary Renard, she liked the title and could not put it down, finishing in three days. She said, "Bob, you must read this." I couldn't put it down, either. "Disappearance" led me to "A Course In Miracles" by Helen Schucman. If I hadn't met Beth, 17 manuscripts would not have been written. I have studied and written about these magnificent writings for 15 years. They have helped enormously in understanding the *why* of Mary Jo's passing and continue to

answer life questions, some of which I didn't even know I had. Beth jokingly said, "Why don't you contact your old girlfriend, Ahnora?" I did, and she sent her actual photo. She is not unattractive, just a little overweight. The chemistry was just not there for a romantic relationship. However, her beautiful spirit arranged the beautiful miracle that occurred during the Emmaus Walk.

Beth moved out in January, and I was forced into bankruptcy. I'd several bad tenants, and Beth backed out of our purchasing agreement. She owed me over seven thousand. I went to three different attorneys and because we weren't married, nothing could be done. Very hard to manage \$3500 monthly payments on my income. I moved back to my duplex as I didn't need the big home. The bankruptcy courts in Columbus were swamped, and it took over a year for the paperwork to go through the system, so I had no mortgage payments. My tenants were paying \$900 a month and right after filing I told them they didn't have to pay rent anymore, they lived there another year for free. *What on earth was I thinking? I threw away \$10,800. I think I should have been on brain meds and seeing a psychologist.* I gave Chad a month's notice that I was moving back in. He'd been working in the same cellular store I had, so I felt no need to do a background check. He'd ask every customer what they were doing with their old phone and ended up with several trades. If a customer wasn't eligible for an upgrade, he'd meet them outside and sell one of his. After management found out, he was naturally fired. He was living with his girlfriend and their newborn. He couldn't find employment, so I let them live there for three months for free. When I opened up the garage door, there were dozens of empty one gallon water containers. Walking inside, the stench was overwhelming. They'd lived three months with no water or electricity. With a baby? The toilet was completely full, the spoiled food in the refrigerator was covered with gnats, the basement was full of wet moldy clothes and my microwave was gone. After cleaning out the garage, the toilet and refrigerator, I went to bed. I woke up at 1:00 and couldn't stand the odor emanating from the basement. An hour later, twenty-five bags full of this

mess were in the trash. I can understand people having no money, but *not* living in filth. He left the microwave on the front porch full of gnats also.

Chapter 24: Jamie



In January, I returned to eHarmony and met Jamie. She was a divorced, 43-year-old teacher and lived thirty-five minutes south. We communicated well and had an enormous amount of fun. She helped me get over Beth. She had two children, her daughter Lo was a senior in high school and her son Chad was a freshman. I drove to her home every week. Now and then we danced at The Alumni. We were drinking at home one Saturday night and decided to go to the bar. I backed out of the garage at 10:00 and went right across the street and into my neighbor's front yard. He'd always methodically worked his landscaping. The ground was soaked after two days of rain and the car was stuck in the mud. After several spinning attempts, I went over home and got a folding glider and placed it under the back wheels. That didn't work, so I placed the front seat mats underneath. I spun out of the yard. One mat I never did find, it's probably on the man's roof. We were a little muddy but went to the Alumni anyway, we left the bar now fairly intoxicated. I'm driving, Jamie said something and I drove right into a steel cable that was blocking a parking lot that was being paved. It damaged the hood and roof. The next morning we're peeking out the bay window, my neighbor has his hands on his hips looking at the disaster. I'd washed the mud off my car,

he never found out it was me.

Over the 4th of July weekend, we flew to North Carolina. Jamie's girlfriend was dating a pilot who always went to N.C over the 4th to party with old friends. A half-hour to our destination, Jamie had to pee, all containers were full. The three of us had finished a case of beer. Dan, the pilot, couldn't drink, so he called flight control to get permission to slow the aircraft due to weather conditions. We poured the urine out the window. I imagine a family cooking out. We arrived at a beautiful condominium on the ocean. We met James, one of the most interesting individuals I'd ever encountered. He owned an internet company with over eighty employees. I asked what he marketed, he explained they had started out with Disney, but had zero success. They ended up with porn and his company became very profitable. He was raised in a strict Christian environment. He and his sister are very close, during her wedding everyone was whispering, "There's the porno king. " He told us he watches a little now and then, but this is his livelihood. He hates how some Christians judge. Total agreement. The three of us talked all night, Jamie's feeling no pain and painting his Afghan dog's toenails. He explained one of the most amazing stories I'd ever heard. He and a close friend paid five thousand dollars each to fly to Peru and live one week with a Shaman in the jungle. The purpose was to take Ayahuasca, the most powerful hallucinogen on the planet. They were instructed to fast for three days and then were given the drug. Exactly what the Shaman said would happen, happened. After a half hour, they vomited. He started extremely hallucinating and was shown his ego and all its insane intelligence. James said this vision was so horrible, he gave up trying to reason with it and just observed. The Course teaches us not to converse with it, because this makes it real to us, and it's not. Next came the Glory. He saw how everything is interconnected. James explained that there is so much a soul can learn by observing nature and all her teaching lessons. His vision went much, much deeper. All the multi-universes, all the galaxies, all the stars, millions of worlds, all the molecules, all atoms, all life

everywhere was created and re-created and maintained by an all-encompassing powerful intelligent Eternal Loving Force. And there is nowhere this Force is not. James was quiet for a minute and said that death is an illusion, we live forever. All he explained could have come right out of The Course, *and he had never heard of the book*. The experience had such a profound effect on his friend that he stayed in Peru for several months. He's a professional painter, and his paintings were later shown at the United Nations. James said the Shamen have been told to share their wisdom with the world, he didn't say by Whom. Ayahuasca must be like taking pure PCP and powerful LSD at once. I'm sure one could try this, but believe me from experience, this would not work. I asked Jamie to marry me that night when on the ocean watching fireworks. Very, very romantic. She accepted.

The first time I met her parents was at a condominium they'd rented for her dad's birthday. I turned into the compound and hit a brick wall that had no business being there. Her son Tyler was waving out the window, his head slammed upwards. Thankfully, he wasn't seriously injured, just a little stunned. I pulled up, her new car's fender was dented, and the tire was flat. They'd met Bob. The next several months, we continued to see one another every week. Jamie's father had owned a very successful painting company in Pittsburgh, she was accustomed to wealth. I had been driving a high performance late model Dodge when we met. Due to finances, I had to get rid of the vehicle and bought an old Ford Escort. I remember the look on her face when I pulled up. She knew I had filed bankruptcy. I suppose in her eyes, I'd prove not to be a good provider. I called on a Saturday, saying I'd be there soon. She then said, totally out of context, that she had plans with her son. The next week, she broke off the engagement. She had just completed a weekend D.U.I. class and had met someone, a dentist. She found out he was only interested in a one-night stand. However, she would not come back to me.

Chapter 25: Suicidal Thoughts

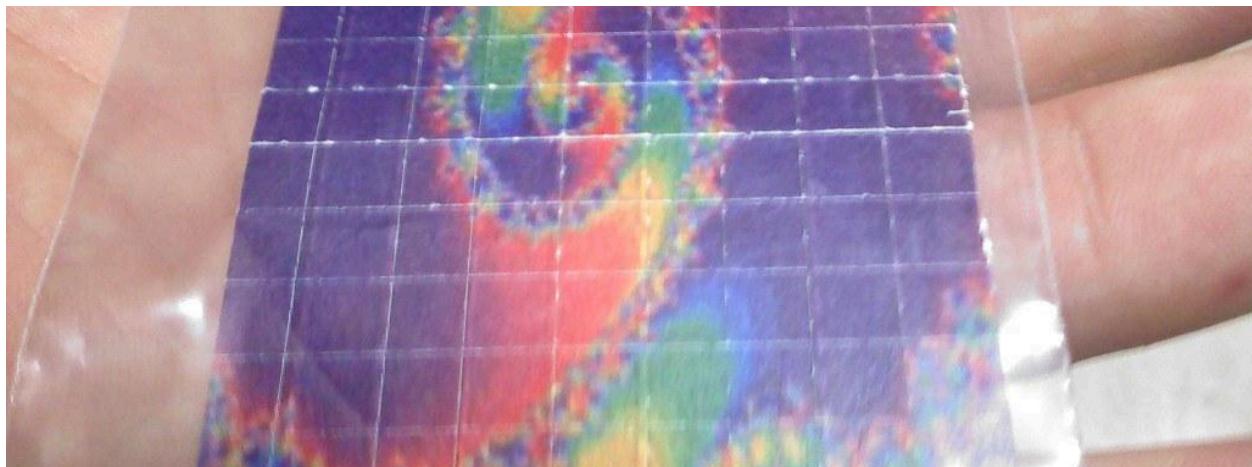


Jamie leaving hit me really hard. St. Patrick's Day came around, but I really didn't feel like going out alone. A friend recommended taking St. John's Wort to help with sleep. I took some and went to bed at 9:30. I woke up at 11:00 and thought, "This is a great party night, I'm going out." I drank a couple beers and went to the Alumni. The place was dead, so after a beer and a shot of vodka, I went to another club. Nobody was there either, so I had another shot and beer and left. After arriving home, *I went down a very deep hole*. I found the bottle of powerful nerve pills Beth's doctor had prescribed after Dave had died. I sat the bottle on the coffee table and sent Jamie several text messages. I wrote something to the effect of, "This is not your fault, I'm tired of life and going Home to Mary-Jo." I then wrote a suicide letter to my children. I looked at those pills for about 20 minutes, and suddenly I became *very angry*. I thought, "This isn't me." and went to bed. The next morning I was fine. I found out after the fact, that depending on one's metabolism, St. John's Wort and alcohol can put one into a state of depression. After Mary Jo's death I thought about suicide but never actually considered going through with it. This was an extreme ego attack.

I became completely finished with all dating services. Jamie was eleven years ago and I haven't been on a date since. I finally figured it out, I loved being in love. Subconsciously, I had been trying to find another Mary Jo and now

understand that this is impossible. We had gone through so very much, growing up in our marriage. Today, I am grateful for our years together, many have never experienced what we enjoyed. I'm experiencing what I also consider to be a miracle, I'm alone but *never* lonely.

Chapter 26: Coming Back To Life



Jamie called after several months and asked a favor. Her daughter Lo was moving to Columbus, and she wanted to know if my rental next door was available. I said it was, and she could move in for \$500 a month. This was quite a bargain as my very first tenant had paid \$1250. I didn't really care, as I was in bankruptcy proceedings and wasn't making mortgage payments anyway. Lo and a couple of friends moved in, I think they made two rental payments in the six months of residence. A month later, they had a party and this is when I met Jordan. We talked briefly and Jordan asked if she could see me the next morning. I had a chess set, and she asked if I'd like to play while we talked. I'm a decent player and thought this was going to be a cakewalk. I was impressed, she almost beat me. She was 19 and explained her step-brother was getting out of prison. He had been convicted of raping her and her sister when she was eleven. She didn't want to be in her hometown and asked if she could live in my basement for \$50 a month. Several weeks later, she moved in, and we lived together for eight months. My mother used to say she was fortunate to have such

a late baby, as my friends kept her young. This is exactly what Jordan and her friends did with me, and we became quite close. Jordan's nickname was "Chairman of the Board" because she made a very good living, selling drugs. She moved quantities of LSD, DMT, mushrooms, opiates, ecstasy, molly, you name it. Here we go. Again.

One time Lo threw a party, she sent out some text messages and over 70 arrived. This was on a summer Saturday evening. Jordan gave me two hits of LSD and she took one. About a half hour later, we had to make an alcohol run for beer pong. We're walking towards Jordan's car and a huge fight had broke out. It turns out, a man found his girlfriend having sex with a black man in his car. All hell broke loose and this is a very upscale neighborhood. I said to Jordan, "Let's take my car." We bought the beer and came back to my duplex. Five Gahanna police cruisers were there. Lights on, sirens blaring. We went to Lo's side and everyone was gone. It's dark, and we're standing in the kitchen with police floodlights coming in, tripping very hard. I felt like I was a Jew in Nazi Germany. This is something that cannot be explained, just experienced. Over twenty people had gone to the basement where there weren't any windows. Jordan had one hundred hits of LSD on her and had to get rid of them. She dosed everyone there. I don't remember much about that night, I just know we had fun. We ended up playing beer pong in the neighbor's garage at 9 am. I picked up over three trashcans of whiskey, wine, and beer bottles. My neighbor wanted to know if this would ever happen again. I said, "I hope not."



Months later, Jordan wanted me to go to a 3-day festival at Buckeye Lake. It started on Friday, ended on Sunday and there would be over 17,000 in attendance. I drove up alone, had my beer buzz going, and crashed on top of my tent late Friday night. Festivals are a blast, everyone is in the same mood to party, listen to music. Tent neighbors become instant friends. At 7am, I met my neighbor, Brian. I asked if he'd like some Goldschlager, and we drank the whole fifth by 11:00. He then gave me a big line of molly, like ecstasy. Jordan found me around noon and we went exploring. The first tent had two big liquid vats, one was a pink color, the other was yellow. The pink was laced with LSD and the yellow with Psilocybin Mushrooms. We drank both. An hour later, we went to the second tent, tripping hard and smoked opium, which I hadn't seen in 30 years. The next stop, Jordan said, "You've always wanted to try DMT, now's your chance." I went into another dimension for about 15 minutes. I called it "Lego land". We arrived back at my tent at 5pm, and she gave me 2 big lines of ketamine, a cat tranquilizer. She said I started speaking in tongues, I fell hard on my left shoulder, and it hurt the next day. We ended up meeting Sunshine at 7pm and I took two hits of Grateful Dead LSD. This *amazing day* was a result of hippie tripping, taking powerful hallucinogens quickly. Tom Petty, "Never slow down, never grow old."

One more short Jordan story. On Halloween, we went to an indoor water park. Inside, she gave me some Analog LSD. With normal acid, one starts tripping after 45 minutes, and it lasts 7 hours. With Analog, the trip starts in 2 hours and lasts for 15. I only tried this once and found out after the fact that people have died from brain lesions. We also did some molly and ate a mushroom. Just one cap. The vague memories I have are being in a hotel room with several guns, and somehow, in the pool. Where did the trunks come from? I ran into a policeman in full uniform, I had helped him with numerous cell phone issues and we enjoyed one another's company. He opened up his hands and there were bags of molly which he had confiscated. I told Jordan I had to go at

12:30, as I opened the store at 10. While driving, I literally felt like I was driving on the ocean, as I looked at buildings they would phase and shift, headlights were showering me in varying vibrant colors. It was a beautiful starry night and the constellations seemed to somehow be signing. I arrived at work and a friend said, "You've coke in your nose." I said, "No it's not, it's Molly". I survived the day.

On a winter Friday night, I planned to drive 30 minutes south to see an old friend. At the spur of the moment, I decided to take 2 hits of L.S.D. *This was not wise.* I started the car and went inside to drink a beer while it was warming up. I bundled up, buckled up and started on my little trip. After a couple of minutes, I noticed I was low on gas, so I pulled into a station and started pumping. The acid kicked in *hard*. I was only 10 minutes from home and thought there was no way I could drive that far, so I called and explained that a sickness was coming on. Instead of 10 minutes, It took me 2 hours to get home. I remember going to the Columbus airport 3 times and back north to the mall twice. I could not get to my residence and thought at any moment Rod Serling would appear and say, "This is the Twilight Zone." When I finally arrived, I dropped to my hands and knees and thanked God. I discovered LSD and driving are not the grandest of ideas.

On New Year's Eve, I had a ticket to go to a downtown rave. I gave it to Jordan, as I always went to the Alumni on New Year's. In return, she gave me a ball of psilocybin mushrooms and said, "Bob, *do not* eat the whole thing." My friends left, the old common sense kicked in, and I ate it all. I walked into the club at 11:15 and the moment I opened the door all music stopped. The colors and movements were completely frozen and everyone was looking at me. I "heard" them say, "Buy us all a round." I saw an old friend sitting at the bar, Jim said, "Can you loan me \$20?" I said, "Brother, I'm getting sick, and I'm going home." I went to the car and the next thing I remember is waking up in the Alumni parking lot at 1:30. I thought I had been on a high-rise in downtown Columbus looking at fireworks. I completely transitioned through New Years. I'm extremely tripping and knew I must get home. Immediately after entering the two lane thoroughfare,

a police car pulls behind me. OMG, I am really paranoid, but thankfully he passed me. Several minutes later, a second cruiser is following. What? Are they talking with one another and setting me up? I stopped at the light to my home, and thankfully he went straight. A few minutes later, a 3rd policeman was behind, so I pulled into a complex that wasn't mine and turned off the engine. After 20 minutes, I arrived home and saw that only a roommate and his girlfriend were there. I wished them a Happy New Year, went to my room, put on my headphones and listened to Enya for the next 5 hours. I had completely phased through New Years and thanked God for getting me safely home. Miracles happen all the time. The following happened several months before I had met Jordan.

Chapter 27: The Emmaus Walk



This is a really amazing miracle. The Emmaus Walk. Ahnora called, out of the blue, and asked if I would be willing to attend a three-day seminar at a church. I hadn't been in a church in years. She said it would be on a weekend, I'd go in on Friday night and leave on Sunday. Explaining the retreat is called The Emmaus Walk and I could only be sponsored by those who had been on one, which she had. I asked what does the walk mean and what's the purpose. She said two men had been walking toward a town called Emmaus after Jesus had been crucified. A third man joined them and proceeded to explain what their Scripture truly means. The Old Testament. His wisdom astounded the men. They

arrived at their destination and made lunch. The moment they broke bread, the men's eyes were opened, and they saw they had been talking with Jesus. He vanished. A miracle.

She had no idea if I would benefit from the retreat, she knew several who had. I agreed to attend. The weekend came, an elderly gentleman picked me up at home. The church was forty-five minutes west. There was a beautiful sunset. I asked him what people had derived. He explained I would learn something, he had no idea what. We arrived, and they collected our cell phones and watches. We would have no idea of time and would be awakened by hand bells. People on social media have suggested the reason they took our phones was so they could be hacked to steal identities thus explaining the following miracle. This was not possible, I'm a good judge of character from years in big-ticket sales; these giving and caring folks were far too sincere. There were seventeen of us, all men. The minister informed us that volunteers would be continually praying for us in the chapel. Around the clock. All food was home cooked. Let's say you wanted a Mountain Dew, and they didn't have it, you would have a Mountain Dew shortly. Incredible service. Saturday morning came, and we all met in a conference room and broke into groups. There were five in my group and we were asked to assign a spokesman. The minister explained we would be listening to speakers who had experienced traumatic events and how they survived. We were to take notes. Late Sunday afternoon, our speaker would explain to all, what our group had learned. Two speakers I remember. One man had been sodomized by a priest for several years when young. The other was an elderly, big man with a deep voice. He'd been head minister of a large local church. When his trauma started, he was in his sixties. One morning, he was holding a toothbrush and had no idea what it was for. His wife found him sitting on the kitchen floor, crying. He went through months of therapy for deep clinical depression.

Sunday afternoon came and the five of us explained individual lessons learned. A mutual decision was made about what our spokesman should

explain. I had told my group about Mary Jo. After a moment, I said, "Gentlemen, I've never explained in public what our family experienced and how we survived. I'd be honored to do so now." All agreed, our turn came. After talking for about twenty minutes, the minister plus several others shook my hand. I explained I was a messenger, simply trying to help others understand tragedies they've experienced. Two men explained what they had been going through. One was elderly and taking care of his wife, who was dying of cancer. What I had said about death being an illusion, and we live forever, touched him deeply. The other was a married young man with three children. He said he had lost his job and his employment was about to expire. I'd explained that worry does nothing but rob us of peace. I'd also briefly talked about our ego and how it wants us to be either living in the past or worrying about the future. In doing so, we're not living in the moment and talking to God now. The young man shook my hand and said, "Thank you." "You're Welcome". I simply told the truth.

Saturday night we went to the empty sanctuary where services were held. The auditorium was huge and communion was offered, certainly not mandatory, and all accepted. Sunday evening was when the miracle occurred, several were astounded, as was I. We again went to the sanctuary, naturally expecting it to be empty. When the doors opened, there were hundreds of people holding candles. All for the men who had just completed The Emmaus Walk. I experienced a wave of Indescribable Love. Much greater than when I had said yes to Jesus years before with Chuck. We walked to our seats and this is when I met Ahnora. The church had paid for her flight from the Carolinas to meet me, this was an absolutely beautiful gesture. The congregation left and we were advised to take communion. This time we were instructed to put something on the bread no longer wanted and someone else would ingest. I placed on the bread that I wanted complete healing of the pain of losing Mary Jo. *I was totally and forever healed.* We were packing and a young man I had met last night came over. He was married with three children, worked two jobs, and was a gifted guitarist. He

said, "Mary Jo was blond, right? "Yes." "And she enjoyed dressing in black?" "Yes." "Who is Travie?" "Our nickname for our son, Travis." "And you have a favorite picture of Mary Jo's, you're lying on your back with a baby on your chest and her name starts with a T, Who's that?" Tara." I was amazed and asked, "How do you know this?" Mary Jo had come to him in a dream. She also said she would visit me twice in time. She was pleased with how happy our children are, and I was doing a good job. *Folks who ask for proof that God exists, now have it. How could he have possibly known that information?* The driver drove Ahnora and I back to my apartment. She flew out and I haven't talked with her since but I follow her on Facebook. She more than made up for starting our past relationship out with a lie, the picture. She had been an author, if you will, of the greatest and perhaps final miracle of my life.

Chapter 28: Paranormal Occurrences



I could end my story now. However, you may have an interest in Mary Jo's visitations. Several years later, I was living in a single bedroom apartment in an apartment complex. I had been forced to leave my duplex. Bankruptcy. A friend and I were drinking a beer and had just started a movie on Netflix. It was Halloween. The buzzer went off, meaning someone wanted to enter the building. I answered the intercom, no-one. I determined they were probably trick and treaters. Several minutes later the buzzer went off again, no-one. The third time, I

quickly left the apartment, so I could see the building entrance. They must have run fast. Started watching the movie, knock on the door. Nobody there. This was the type of building where there were no closed doors in the hallway due to fire code. What? Sat down, several minutes later there was another knock and I ran to the door. The hallway was empty. Ron asked, "What is going on?" "I have no idea." There was another knock and the door opened. The second time this happened, I saw the doorknob turn. I had an oak china cupboard from our old home. Mary Jo loved this antique. The door on the cupboard opened, I closed it, the door opened again and slowly moved back and forth. I started smelling roses, which were M.J.'s favorite flower. My friend couldn't. The para-normal stopped, we'd been paid a visit.

Becoming tired of telecommunications, I interviewed and was hired to become a dealer at Hollywood Casino. I was interested in becoming licensed to deal cards because I'm a decent poker player and knew nothing about craps or roulette. I paid \$300 to attend a 12-week training on blackjack, mini-baccarat, phy-gow plus the table games. After being employed for 90 days, the casino would reimburse the fee. This was a great, high paying job, I worked 7pm-2am and was employed for over two years. I was never late and used to my routine as I had worked there a long time. I'm lying around the pool and saw the time was 4:30. I worked out for an hour, took a shower and drove the 25 minutes to the casino. I arrived at work and was one hour late, it was 8:00. I quickly thought that I *had to* have looked at the time wrong. While dealing, I began reviewing the circumstance and came to a very strong conclusion. I *did not* look at the time wrong, for I had been on the same schedule for several years. *I had lost an hour.* One more occurrence comes to mind. While working at Verizon, I helped a young lady in her twenties with a phone issue. For some strange reason, I briefly explained Mary Jo's passing. I wondered after the fact why I had even brought up the subject with a complete stranger. She said, "And the ship made arrangements and flew you out of Nassau?" "Yes." She'd been on the cruise

when fifteen years old. What are the odds of that? Several years later I was drinking beer and watching others smoke weed, most I didn't know. The subject of death came up and detailed discussions developed. After explaining our families' tragedy, one married couple said, "That was you?" They had been on the same cruise ship a year prior, and the crew were still talking about the beautiful lady who had suddenly died on the dance floor while enjoying a second honeymoon. Looking back, these surprise and random meetings were little messages from Heaven. What other explanation could there possibly be? To my knowledge, this was the last time Mary Jo visited. With two exceptions.

Chapter 29: The Most Astounding Experience I'll Ever Have



Sixteen years ago I transitioned on LSD every weekend for over a year. Where you may take half of one, I'd take two. I was usually alone but sometimes with a couple of friends who weren't aware I was tripping, they enjoyed my company, and we always laughed a lot while listening to good music. One Sunday morning, seven friends who I used to go to festivals with and hadn't seen in years were sitting on the floor in my living room. They were all very familiar with acid from our rock concert days. Jordan said, "Bob, you need to take ten." She was referring to the original Grateful Dead LSD. I took the strip, held it in my mouth, and swallowed. She said, "OMG, you took twenty." Doubled over. This occurred fifteen years ago and was the last time I'd ever take LSD. An hour

later, everyone had taken just one hit and were sitting in a circle talking. I began seeing their auras vibrate and change color predicted on what they're discussing. This was mesmerizing as I had never experienced watching people *truly* communicating. Questions were immediately understood perfectly and answered accordingly. Everyone was talking at once, but I somehow heard and understood all their faultless different points of view concerning life. The discussions went from childhood memories to extreme trials to beautiful experiences. They talked of dancing, drum circles, dreams, lost loves, incredible vacations, hellish experiences and the Heavenly visions that brought them out. They discussed eternity. Their laughter was like beautiful music and the whole room was enveloped in a golden soft light. I held a crystal rock up in my right hand and bright, shimmering, red liquid light came out of its structure, traveled down my arm and entered the top of my spine. All Chakras opened and released unbelievable energy throughout my entire being. My third eye opened, and the brilliant light exploded into countless astonishing colors.

I'm looking at Mary Jo.

She's wearing a white, luminous, flowing gown with a billowing blue cape. Her long hair is glowing and somehow moving. Her eyes are a beautiful, vibrant, piercing blue. She's surrounded by a translucent golden light and looks like she's inside a prism. A soft, magnificent array of different instruments were playing sounds and chords I had never heard. Such beautiful music was breathtaking. I was gazing at colors I had never seen and listening to sounds never heard. Roses appeared, danced, and vanished. I saw bonfires next to the Celestial Sea. Myriads were laughing, dancing, swimming, and playing games with whales and dolphins. Angels appeared and surrounded all. I saw visions of rivers, lakes, oceans, forests, and mountains. Mansions were made of numerous woods and precious minerals, streets of gold. I felt an enormous sense of Peace. I could fly. A staggering feeling of Love saturated every minuscule part of my being. I briefly saw the throne room of God. Mary Jo is smiling, and her form starts to vibrate

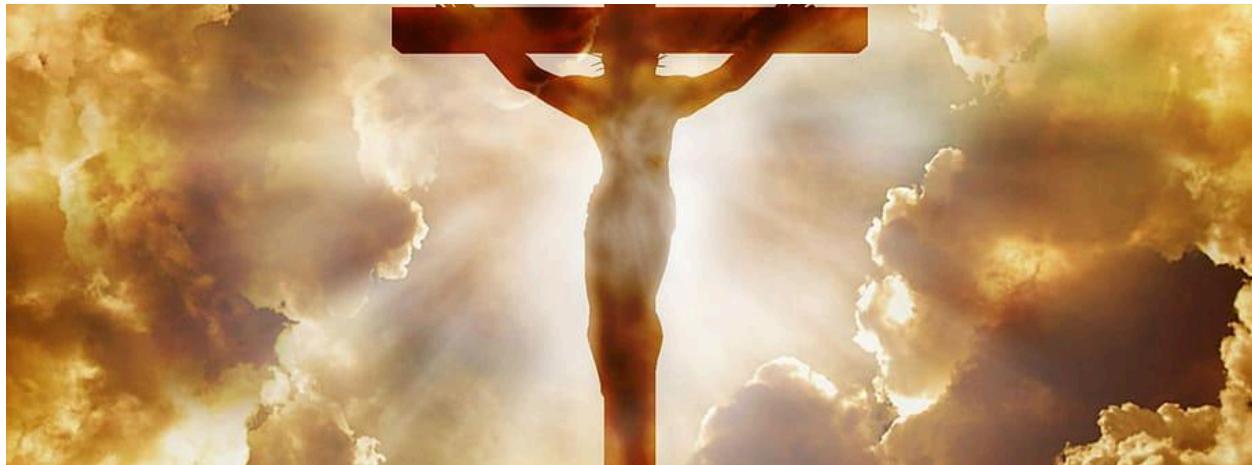
and emit varying colors of brilliant light. She smiled wider and slowly vanished. I heard her voice whisper, "My Love, you'll be Home and with me soon, very soon." This experience is embedded to my very core, and I will *never* have anything as astonishing occur. I ended up in my bedroom listening to Enya. I understand skeptics will say Mary Jo's visitation was a complete fabrication due to the LSD. My answer is, "The Absolute Radiance of what I not only saw but felt, heard and perfectly understood came from outside myself." Bob

Chapter 30: My Birthday Gift From Heaven

This is *mind-blowing*. I was finishing a manuscript on my birthday in November 2023. The reason I place so many prints throughout is I want the pictures to flow with these beautiful and magnificent truths. I came upon this quite by accident and was stunned, to say the least. This is *exactly* how Mary Jo looked when we were first married, even in the way she's holding her hands. She gave me a birthday present from Heaven. Love is Eternal.



Chapter 31: A Summary In A Fictional Story



The next writing is fictional but *does* explain profound spiritual truths to sum everything up. I'm being a little redundant as you have read some of this before. I needed to reiterate due to the flow. I recently entered a writing contest on a site for authors. The contest had 5 themes to choose from. I picked "Write a story from the point of view of a non-human character." The writing had to be less than 3000 words. I was forced to make my little manuscript short, concise, and to the point. I wrote this in a few hours, the words just streamed. 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. Furthermore, 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 was not in any way separate or different from God and understands He is not a part of God but 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, some when 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 non-duality 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. He 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 created a black hole and was attempting to achieve nothingness, His fear was *that* immense. The magnificent light of God completely shattered the darkness and Christ began to love Himself again. We cannot truly love another until we love ourselves first. Thus, the original Christ 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. It was completely taken care of and provided for. Then suddenly it 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 will 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. Christ reasoned, " 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 will 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."

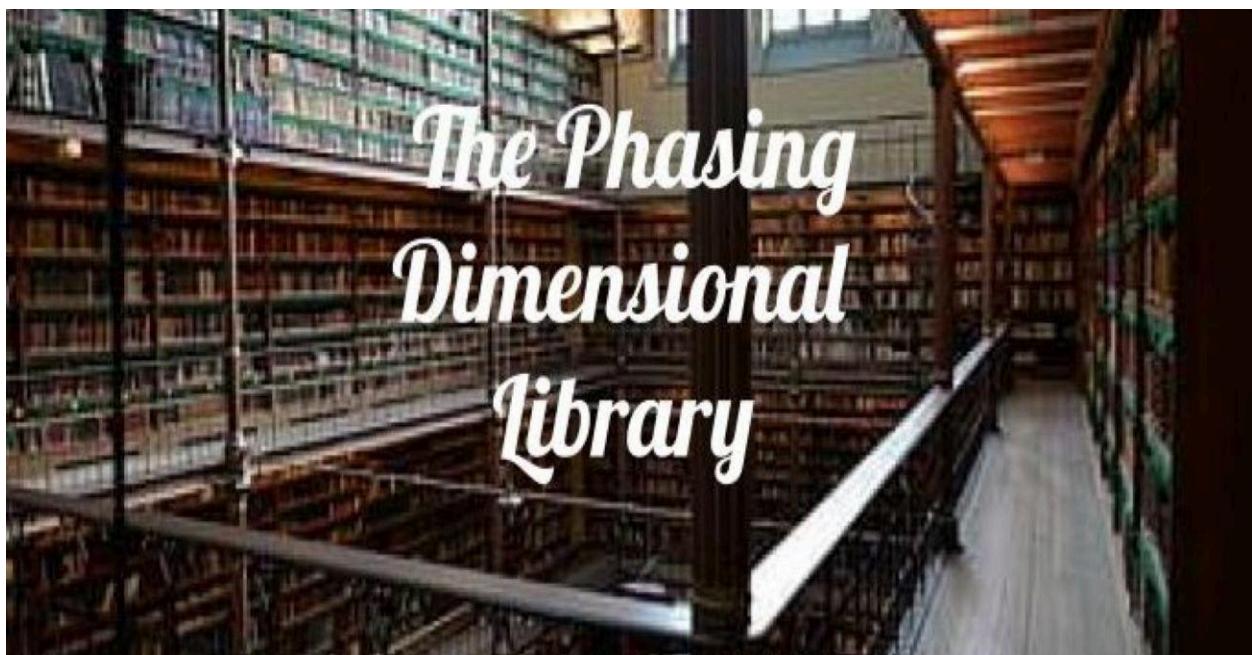
A bit of trivia, Jesus had been married to Mary. Under Jewish law, only the wife could anoint the body. Furthermore, his name is not Jesus Christ, it's Jesus of Nazareth. He understood perfectly he was One with Christ. We will all arrive at the same perfect and wonderful conclusion. Eventually, we will 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 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 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.

This is why Gary Renard's books are so awesome, he's the author of "The Disappearance Of The Universe" and "Your Immortal Reality". Maybe you're watching TV and you forgive a news story that you see, the Holy Spirit is shining your forgiveness everywhere throughout the mind that is projecting the universe, and thus through the projection as well. It cuts through unconscious guilt and its projections of karma like a laser beam. It goes through all of your past lives, all of your future lives, all through the different dimensions of time, everywhere in the universe of energy and form, and through every parallel universe that appears to exist. Thus, the Holy Spirit is actually collapsing time as you sit there, because of your practice of forgiveness, there are lessons that you no longer need to learn. The H.S. is actually erasing the tapes, taking dimensions of time that held lessons you would have needed to learn if you didn't practice forgiveness, and making those dimensions disappear. And because you can't see everything that

the Holy Spirit can see, you're sitting there thinking, This is boring. Nothing's happening. But something amazing *is* happening. More layers of the onion have been peeled away, and your ego is vanishing. If you persevere and continue to practice forgiveness, then at some point you get down to the final layer of the onion. When you peel away that layer of the onion, then there's nothing left. The onion is gone. And that's the way it is with the ego. After your final forgiveness lesson, the ego is gone; it's been undone, and there's nothing left to interfere with your experience of Who You Are. There's no reason for you to reincarnate. Practicing forgiveness the way that we will continue to instruct you is how to break the cycle of birth and death." (Your Immortal Reality)

Chapter 32: Funny But True



After reading this short, hilarious essay, you may find yourself pondering profound spiritual truths. Or you may think I'm a blithering idiot who has no idea what he's talking about and needs brain meds. I hope your opinion is the former.

L2BA TSF3 O1F

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, but not, 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 to 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."

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 is 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.

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

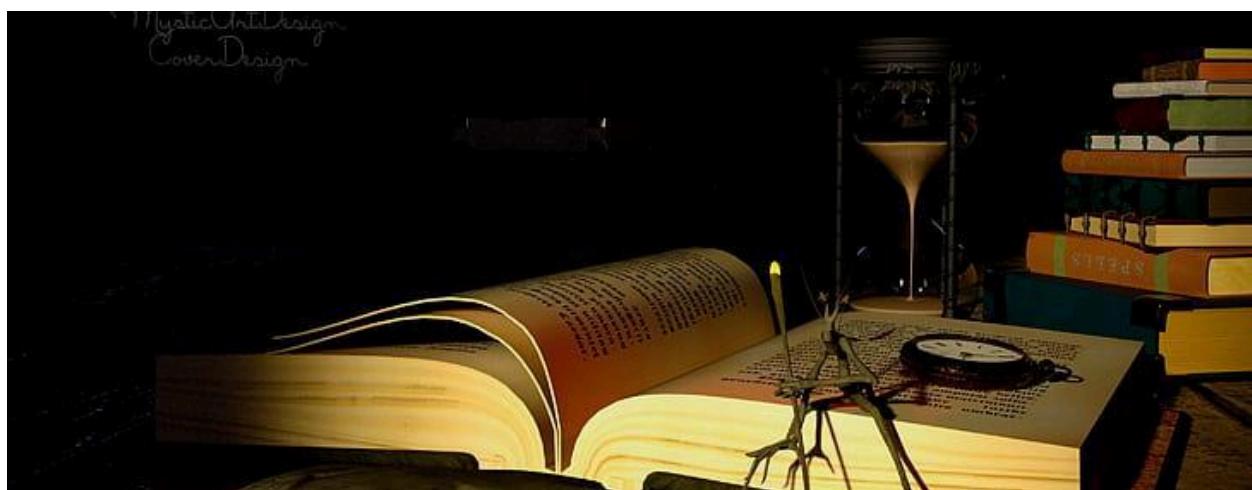


The Galaxy Song**Bring Out Yer Dead****The Black Knight**

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

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", so what does this *mean*? 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*.

The Essay Flow

The reason Bob changes his name to Wentworth is his ego demands awe and respect from others. 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. I'm writing from experience due to a drug overdose on PCP in 1978. 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. A critical turning point is when he'd asked "Is God real?" and immediately heard the powerful *Yes* is 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 my writings begin after just waking up, that's why I ended my essay with the alarm clock going off at 7:00.

Chapter 33: Ron, George, Maggie Jo & Today



When I was still living at the apartment complex, I let a young man named Ron crash on my couch for several months. He was a friend of a friend and down on his luck. Turns out he was an alcoholic and addicted to opiates. In December of that year, he came home with a young woman he had met at the convenience store. He asked if she could stay until the first of the year. They became intimate. Trina woke me up at 1:30 Christmas morning. Ron was out cold in the bathroom. She had given him heroin. I knew nothing about that horrible drug. I called 911, and they took him to the hospital to save his life. The next day, he went off on me. He accused me of attempting to seduce Trina, which was a fabrication of his mind. Opiates. I kicked him out. The first week of January, she asked if I could help out two of her friends. This is when George and Maggie Jo came into my life. Today, they're both 51. At that time, they had been a couple for several years. Trina left a week later. They had been living with a man who hadn't paid the rent and were evicted. George is a very gifted carpenter and an excellent guitar player, Maggie Jo didn't work. They were both heroin addicts, which they told me after the first night. I'm a decent judge of character and liked the two of them from the start. We were always honest with one another and seldom fought. They're both highly intelligent and had traveled with the Grateful Dead until Jerry died.

I was working full-time in the cellular industry and had started collecting social security. I became what is called an enabler. George had no full-time employment and only worked 2 jobs as long as I knew him. Maggie Jo would go to major retailers and shoplift to support their habit. They shot up every day. We lived together in my single bedroom apartment for 5 years. I would loan them money periodically, which I kept track of in my phone. Early in our relationship, George built a deck and paid me back the dollars I had loaned them. So I had no problem loaning them money, as I couldn't stand seeing them dope sick. I never charged them anything to live with me. One evening, George fell out. He had accidentally taken fentanyl. I wanted to call 911. Maggie Jo said, "No! We can

save him." She's throwing water on him, and I'm hitting him so hard, I was afraid of breaking his sternum. After 10 minutes or so, he came out of it. We saved his life. We were evicted for failure to pay rent and I lost my car. They ended up owing me over \$5000. Their addiction eventually cost me everything I owned. I truly harbor no ill will, I helped them because this is my nature. I know as we give, we are given too. It's just stuff anyway. We experienced good fortune at that time, George's father was quite well-off financially and bought the home George had grown up in. His parents were divorced, and his mother had moved into a condo. His dad only charged us \$500 a month. This was a nice home. Big front porch, completely furnished, two bedrooms, huge backyard and a double garage. I paid the rent and all utilities. Our section of the neighborhood was pleasant, three blocks down it was a ghetto. The home turned into a crack house after a month. I tried crack several times but couldn't see paying for it, way too expensive. If it was offered, I accepted. I did a little, not much. A black man named Murphy would come in every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night for the two years we lived there. He was a crack and heroin dealer, friends with George and Maggie Jo. At least thirty people would come through, every weekend. Murphy made thousands of dollars. I stayed in my room.

The toilet became clogged and *no one* would repair it, I certainly would have, but naturally didn't have the skill set. Everyone relieved themselves in garbage bags for over a month. The stench became so bad, I'd finally had enough. I retrieved a big plastic container from the basement and with George's help placed the toilet in it. We found a used commode and installed it. Addicts were only interested in getting the next hit and *nothing else*. I developed a pain in my lower back and went to a 24-hour clinic. The doctor determined I had a mild case of arthritis. I asked for meds and was told they do not offer anything for pain. What ? I asked M.J. for a shot of heroin, and she gave me an eighth of what they did. The pain was *that* bad. The second day I took another shot and was feeling better. Maggie Joe asked if I wanted a third hit and I refused,

explaining the pain was gone. I was at work and became horribly sick. I felt like I had a bad flu. Vomiting, shaking, sweating and diarrhea. I was experiencing withdrawals after only two days of use. This drug is horrible, and I swore to never touch it again. Seventeen of their friends have overdosed and died in the prior 5 years.

I was dismissed from my job because the new manager simply didn't like me. The reason was, I didn't show up to work. No call, no show. We had a new scheduling platform, he had changed the schedule, and I wasn't aware. I feel he was intimidated by my knowledge and experience. I was also aware of some shady dealings he had with our customers. I was fairly good friends with the V.P. and if I had called him I would have retained my job and the manager would have been fired. I didn't as I could make ends meet with unemployment and was tired of Corporate America anyway. I was 65, this occurred 6 years ago. George's dad evicted us from the home in February. He had taken two months of the \$500 I gave him and used it to buy crack. We were given a week to leave. George sold his mother's ice and water refrigerator for \$50. A nice smooth top electric range for \$20 and my Olympic weight set for \$10. I lost all my furniture. Maggie Jo told me after the fact that George had turned down work. He loved his crack. My old boss, who was an operation manager for AT&T, found out about my situation through a mutual friend. Josh said I could move in with him and his roommate. I paid \$500 a month and enjoyed a very pleasant setup in the basement. The home was a farmhouse out in the country. I was out of the ghetto. George and Maggie Jo were homeless. I lived with Josh and Chad for a year. Josh received notice from the owner that we had a couple of weeks to vacate. He was turning the home into an office for his farm.

I had nowhere to go. My credit was blown, and I was considering the Y.M.C.A. I called my daughter Tracy. She found me a pleasant apartment back in my hometown. Her best friend was married to my landlord. He offered an extremely low rent for a pleasant two-bedroom apartment. I feel this was a

miracle and refer to this dwelling as "The Fortress of Solitude" and "Our Sacred Sanctuary". I stayed in touch with George and Maggie Jo who had lived in a tent or crashed briefly with friends and still heavy users. Two and a half years ago, I was sitting on my back porch and heard, "Bob." It was Ron. What? The last thing I'd heard, he was married and living in Colorado. He asked if he could briefly move in. I told him No. Living with him in Columbus was not a pleasant experience. He said he had changed, but I still refused. I very much enjoyed living alone. After what I had gone through, I loved a peaceful life. He and his wife were separated, and he had relatives in the Ohio Valley. He had been living in someone's closet a couple of blocks down. Several days later, in the morning, he's on my back porch. He'd stayed all night. The people he had been living with had kicked him out. He begged me to move in, which would be very temporary. I agreed under one condition. He must get a job and pay me \$250 a month rent. The next day he was employed at Arby's. I'm thinking this is going to work out. The first day, he told the manager he would not run a register with another. Several years prior, he'd had a bad experience and had been accused of stealing. So the first day he's trying to change corporate policy. He worked 3 weeks and quit because he knew more than the manager. I asked him to leave. His father has a high-paying job in Columbus and paid me the \$250 rent. Ron is a total alcoholic. After one high test, eight percent beer, he's drunk. His liver is totally shot. He'd start drinking first thing in the morning and the whining would start. He's 34 and has been through two car windshields due to Xanax. He and his wife had slept under bridges. He would *never* love anyone but her, and he'll win her back. He's proud of being jailed 17 times. He's an excellent carpenter, but everybody takes advantage of his skills. I heard about his wife and life dozens of times, over and over and over. The first time I heard him speaking with his wife, he said, "Show Bob your breasts." I said, "Not interested." Several weeks later, she sent him a picture of her holding their dead, bloody cat that had been hit by a car. *I asked him to quit drinking in the day*, but he refused. He

would turn on every light in the apartment, including the closets. He switched the oven to high and opened the door because he was freezing. He couldn't remember anything between the ages of 19 and 21 because he's a victim of C.I.A. mind control and had been taught to be a professional assassin. One night, he used a pair of scissors and slashed his arm, the blood was everywhere. Right then, I should have called 911. He'd stay out all night, prowling. He found an abandoned house and brought in folding chairs, chests, tools, a weight set and other junk. He labeled everything with his name. He put Ron's Beer in black marker on the refrigerator crisper. He labeled the toothpaste. He's a very intelligent, kind, hard-working, giving and caring man when he's sober. He's *always* drunk. His cousin and the one friend he had would plead with him to *stop drinking*. I asked him to leave numerous times, He'd say, "I love you man, I'll change". He didn't. My peace was shattered, so in frustration I called the police and explained the situation. They came over and had a talk with him, which he couldn't remember because he was drunk. The police told me the only way to get him out would be for the landlord to get an attorney. I had an ace in the hole. He'd missed a court date concerning child support from his ex-wife. I told him, "If you don't stop drinking, I'll call the police when the warrant hits". "I love you, man, you won't do that." The warrant hit, I called the police. The last time I saw him, he was in handcuffs and barefoot in the winter, as he didn't need his shoes. All this occurred a year and 9 months ago. 2 months ago, he contacted me on Facebook. He's gotten a good paying job and has been sober for 9 months. He joined AA. He's had one slip up. Several months ago, something upset him. He'd had one drink and lost 5 days. When he sobered up, he realized drinking would kill him. Soon. He told me he'd remembered something I'd told him. I had said the definition of insanity is one making the same mistakes, over and over and over, and expecting a different result. He said it occurred to him, he *really enjoyed* helping others, thus the reason for staying sober. Next month he's chairing a month of meetings, and he's speaking with his wife. He said one of the

best things that's ever happened to him was me calling the police as the jail time forced him off alcohol. Ron taught me a valuable lesson, I was proud of myself, thinking that *nothing* could take away my peace. He not only took it away, he shattered it. I asked the Holy Spirit what was that all about? *Had I forgiven him? Yes. Would I ever live with him again? No.* If others are dealing with massive ego issues, always be kind, offer advice, pray for and forgive them, never argue. But don't let them get too close because they'll start demanding all your attention and become angry if you're not responding in kind. Only Jesus and the Holy Spirit can cause all to work for the good for all, always. Since I've forgiven Ron completely, the lesson is learned and learned well. I will never have to go through an experience like that again. Our job is to plant seeds, the Divine will cause the seeds to grow. *This is the purpose of my writings.*

Two years and several months ago, Maggie Jo called me. We had been talking every month or so. She had been diagnosed with cancer and had a total mastectomy. George became paralyzed from the waist down and was very fortunate. He had ended up in a major hospital, and one of the best neurosurgeons in the nation was on call. He's undergone a complex procedure and the surgeon placed numerous rods in his spine. He could walk, but was in a lot of pain. They were still homeless, but Maggie Jo's sister said she could live with her in Colorado and have her cancer treated. But no George. M.J. asked me if George could temporarily live with me. She loved him deeply and would not leave him unless he was taken care of. I said, "Sure." A friend drove M.J. and George down. Maggie Jo hugged me and said a tearful goodbye to George. She left for Columbus, then Colorado. George was in an immense amount of pain and could barely walk. I asked if he'd like me to get him some beer. He said yes, but would walk with me as he needed to move. It hurt me watching him walk. He only stayed for 3 days, thank God. I'm right back in the scenario I'd just gone through with Ron. He didn't complain at all about his legs or pain. However, when drunk, he pulverized Maggie Jo." If it wasn't for that woman, I wouldn't be a

junkie. My daughter and family want nothing to do with me, because of her. She's lazy and won't get a job, all I ever did was support her, she didn't care." On and on and on. I listened to this constantly for three days when he was drinking. Thankfully, he had to go back to Columbus to get a check and didn't return. Talk about a bunch of false perceptions. I lived with them for years and saw *exactly* what Maggie Jo did for the man. Maggie Jo's out risking herself by boosting in big box retail stores. She's a felon and if caught, she's back in jail. Maggie Jo would *never* steal from a person but has no problem with retail stores and their big markups. If it wasn't for her, they would have been dope sick all the time. George did nothing but complain. Maggie Jo was always quiet. My God, she wouldn't leave to take care of her *own cancer* unless George was taken care of. Evidently, he never thought of that. Why were we kicked out of a very nice home? George. The Holy Spirit knew I'd learned my peace lesson with the Ron situation, so I didn't have to go through it with George.

Maggie Jo's stay with her sister was horrible. M.J. was the last born and her siblings always held it against her because she was spoiled. We're talking about supposedly adults here. She said the first couple of days were pleasant but her sister "turned". She accused M.J. of being on heroin. M.J. was having an ounce of marijuana mailed for her cancer. Her sister told mutual acquaintances it was a pound. What's the difference? It's legal in Colorado. Maggie Jo also found out her sister had told flat out lies about her because she was just plain mean. She flew back to Columbus and that's when she called me. This was about 23 months ago. She had known about the whole Ron scenario and brought that up. She told me about Colorado and then asked if she could live here. She assured me she wouldn't disturb my peace. I said I'd sleep on it and let her know the next day. I told her yes with the one stipulation of no heroin. I explained that I remembered what I had said years before, that I will *always* have your back. She moved in. She still loves George and was optimistic they'd get back together. George regained his mobility and is making a good living as a carpenter. They talked for

several months, then George told her he has a girlfriend. She was devastated, blocked him on Facebook, and has had no contact since. Several of her close friends told her she's better off, I agree. However, rejection still hurts. She's better now, time does heal all wounds, but it takes time. I know.

Today, if either George or Ron would come back into my life, I would have one of two responses. One could be, "I know what you have done and so do you. I want absolutely nothing to do with you." The second, "Hello, my old friend, let's have a beer and tell me what's been going on in your life." I would choose the latter. By doing so, I would show them they had committed no wrongdoing of consequence to me. By welcoming them, and not judging their past actions, I'm saying to them, "I'm OK, so you're OK." Jesus said that to the entire world in all of time when he was dying on the cross. The words, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." were for our benefit, for he knew our Father sees nothing to forgive. He was in essence saying to all, "I'm OK, so you're OK."

Months ago, my legs became so painful that I could barely walk. I called the squad and went to the hospital. I assumed they would give some antibiotics and pain meds and send me on my merry way. They did a C Scan and saw what looked like blood clots in my right leg. One doctor was offering false perception and said, "Due to your smoking history, you may be looking at amputation." Thanks. I was helicoptered to a hospital in Pittsburgh that night. and put on IV's which brought down the swelling. I had a blockage in my legs and was released in 3 days. Meds manage the poor circulation issue. I told Maggie Jo before she came that she's going to be bored. She was. In January 2023, she went to her hometown in Michigan. The woman she was boarding with was also her boss. This lady became jealous because Maggie Jo was friends with her boyfriend. M.J. had known this man since childhood and had no romantic interests, and told her so. This didn't matter, and she was asked to leave. At the time I had minor heart surgery, M.J. moved back in and has been an enormous help ever since. This is also cool. I have a small tattoo on my left arm with the infinity

symbol and the initials M.J. So I'm living with an M.J and guess what her deceased mother's name is? Mary Jo. She has made a couple of friends and is not so bored.

Today is 3/15/2024, and I'm finding new spiritual truths unfolding as life experiences dictate. Three months ago, Maggie Jo asked if a young woman named Ashley could crash at our little apartment for a couple of weeks until she could find a new residence. She's 44 and has two teenage daughters who live in Florida. I agreed, which turned out to be a horrible mistake. Two and a half months ago, I'm taking a nap on a Monday afternoon and a policeman was shining a flashlight in my face. Back in 2017, Maggie Jo and Jordan were on a road trip to California to purchase marijuana. A tire was in the middle of the interstate, so they pulled over to eliminate the safety hazard. An Indiana state patrolman stopped and saw a bit of weed and a pipe on their dashboard, so both were arrested. Jordan had the money to post over a thousand dollar bond. Maggie Jo's mother posted her bond, and sadly she died soon after. So M.J. didn't take care of the charge and had an outstanding warrant. Maggie Jo had been watching Ashley's dog in our backyard without a lease, the cop ran her I.D. and arrested her for the warrant. Next thing I know, I'm in handcuffs for aiding and abetting a fugitive. Ashley had been a Fentanyl dealer, the drug that is killing so very many. Of course, I knew nothing about this. I was booked and spent the night in jail. The judge threw my case out as I've never been arrested except for old D.U.I. charges. During this time, I discovered how very precious our faith is as I never lost my peace. So now I'm watching Ashley's dog. I had put up two screens and several chairs on the back porch, so the pit bull couldn't go down the stairs. This worked for a couple of days and somehow she got out. She's well-trained and just wanted to play by chasing a mailman. The mail was stopped at the building. The landlord gets wind of all this, and I was given a 30-day notice to leave our apartment three weeks ago. Ashley's out on bond and Maggie Jo was back on 3/14/2024. I spoke with the landlord, and he said he has always

liked me, but I've surrounded myself with criminals. He said If I pay an extra \$100 a month, I can stay, but I must live alone. Ashley is moving out and Maggie Jo and I have to figure out what to do as she has nowhere to go. My children have also informed me if I continue living with Maggie Jo, they will never speak to me again. Here is where the truths in A Course In Miracles are proven. The Course explains the more we listen to the Holy Spirit, the more suspicious our ego becomes until its insane mindset turns vicious. I have been horribly attacked and have no idea what to do. I'm caught between a rock and a hard place. I prayed this morning, "Holy Spirit, for my highest good and the highest good of all, please resolve this circumstance." I also prayed, "Jesus must increase, and I must decrease." And "Father, I do not know what will make me happy, I know Your Will for me is my happiness, so You decide, and I'll step aside and watch You work." A great peace has returned, and all will be exactly as the Holy Spirit and Jesus have planned. They have worked with me my entire life and are certainly not about to stop now. When you truly look back on your own life, you will also find this to be more than true.

Today is 9/27/2024 and as I was re-editing this manuscript to submit to a new publisher, I became aware after reading about Maggie Jo and Ashley how amazing the Holy Spirit and Jesus work in our lives. Maggie Jo is still living with me and Ashley is in rehab. I very much enjoy our Sacred Sanctuary and see miracles happening at an increasing frequency. As I prayed to see Christ in everyone, folks started showing up like moths to a flame. Jesus said this would happen in ACIM because we are becoming awake in our dream and are helping others to awake in theirs. What higher calling could we possibly have than awakening God's Son? The love in our hearts recognizes the love in their hearts. Our Fortress of Solitude is exactly how it sounds. We are blessed to have a beautiful Baptist church directly across the street. On the hour church bells play old gospel songs and also on the half hour, just a little shorter. These beautiful chords can be heard throughout the neighborhood. Many comments are offered

on how very peaceful our abode is. I say abode because this is not our home. Our Home is Heaven, however by exhibiting some attributes of Heaven in the Now, brothers, and sisters are being comforted simply by *being* here. Maggie Jo and I extend unconditional love and peace to all who visit. Several visitors love the way I explain existence using logic as taught in ACIM. However, periodically I have to remind some that I'm just a happy messenger. When I first became a student of The Course over fifteen years ago, I read the entire 1,333-page manuscript in three weeks. The vast majority of the writings were far beyond my understanding. I completely understood Jesus set up the lessons and workbooks so students would become accustomed to the "discipline of study." After finishing the manuscript I had a discussion with the Holy Spirit and Jesus that went something like this, "You have been with me since birth and my Strength through horrible tragedies. Holy Spirit, You are my Highest Self and Jesus you're my Eldest Brother. You know that I know everything I've seen, heard, smelled, tasted and touched since my birth is stored in my database which is my subconscious. If You Two agree I'd be honored for a privilege. A child doesn't learn to ride a bike by reading how to ride a bike, he masters the vehicle by riding and receiving a couple bruises. I'm in *total agreement* with the most important topics in Jesus's Course. 1. Our Father did not create this universe. 2. It is impossible to sin against Him. 3. Hell and Satan do not exist and are lies of the ego. 4. Christ is God's first creation and in a "mad, tiny, instant" when He forgot to laugh this false universe was created by the Big Bang which He caused. 5. Everything eventually dies and falls apart here because it was created due to fear. 6. The Holy Spirit is God's second creation whose purpose is to heal the Christ Mind. 7. We are *all* split off parts of the One Christ Mind. 8. The Holy Spirit is in all the 8 billion minds on earth. 9. We are dreaming in Heaven. 10. Life outside of Heaven is impossible. 11. God will awaken us from our dream when we have achieved absolute perfection in forgiveness and are truly happy, this will occur in a cosmic instant. 12. We are *not* frail human beings, we are unlimited Christ Beings. 13. We will

learn to become Co-Creators because Source's very nature is one of complete extension due to the incredible beauty and power of Love. 14. We'll live forever in a state of unimaginable ecstasy and glory. 15. We touch this state of *Being* by living in the Holy Instant, thus we touch eternity Now. Much of The Course's fine print I simply do not understand. If You agree as my life circumstances dictate, a stored truth in my database will be brought to my conscious thought as the answer to a perceived problem I'm experiencing. Then I will *completely understand* the lesson. Deal?" Both Jesus and the Holy Spirit said, "Deal." Ladies and gentlemen this occurred over fifteen years ago. Now back to 9/27/2024. I read that perception and consciousness were the domain of the ego but had *no idea what that meant* until very recently. We see *nothing* as it actually *is*. My manuscript "God's Paradox: The Unliftable Stone And The All-Knowing Creator" was recently selected by a major worldwide publisher for distribution. Eric and I talked for over an hour, he's 54 and has been in the publishing industry for 23 years. He is very much a veteran and gave me a wonderful compliment by stating my manuscript was "polished". He said my message is solid, and a definite market exists for the writings. I explained my awareness of over 4 million new books being printed in just the U.S. last year. To say the market is saturated is an understatement. Now the rub, which has always been the rub. Money. He needs \$5000 to handle the project. I told him I live on social security and simply cannot afford his services so we thanked one another and parted company. I have tried countless marketing efforts over the past year and *all* failed. How does the ego function? "Ask and do not receive, knock and the door will never open." Logic dictates all my marketing efforts have been directed by my ego who most certainly does *not* want these truths to be known. Upon this realization yesterday, *boom*, I forgave myself and a massive layer of the onion was permanently gone. Jesus via Eric put into my mind the extreme importance of a hook to grab the reader's attention. I gave all future distribution efforts to our Highest Authority. God. I then thought, wait a *minute* God *doesn't even know of this universe's*

existence. The Holy Spirit interjected and said "Remember Bob I was created with the extremely powerful ability to see Heaven *and* this illusion." I will act as the liaison between Source and your manuscript distribution." "So God *is in control behind the scene so to speak.*" "Yes." What happened next my friends was the *ultimate hook*. "If God is all powerful He can lift anything, yet if He is all knowledge He can make something He cannot lift." I changed the name of my manuscript because it has the answer to this paradox. *This is a magnificent hook, and it came directly from God via the Holy Spirit.* God's Paradox was originally titled Beyond Fear: Unveiling Our Divine Essence. The most critical and valuable lesson I learned was no more conscious decisions unless directed by my feelings and my heart. Also, my perception is dead and buried. *The end of our ego is our true beginning.* I know you will find this to be true. Bob

Chapter 34: Our Children



Tara's first husband and the father of her two children had an affair, so they divorced. She was a single mother for several years, raising Ethan and Peyton Jo, working full time as an LP nurse and going to college to become a registered nurse. She met her current husband, Josh, who is a certified welder. Ethan, recently graduated from high school and wisely joined the Navy. If I had it to do over again, that's exactly what I'd do. He's receiving excellent training and

education to operate high-tech equipment and if he elects to receive an even higher education when he gets out it's all free. Both Tracy and Tara are exceptional mothers, and I give all due credit to their mother because that's how they were raised.

Tracy married Chuck after his graduation from Kent State. He was immediately hired by Pfizer, the pharmaceutical giant, and was given a car, home office and very lucrative salary. After two years he quit, Trace was not pleased. He opened up a hunting and fishing business and the first year they had one million dollars in gross sales. He watched how the contractors built their first home and had one built just like it on the west side of town. Before it was finished, he sold it and netted one hundred thousand dollars. He took those dollars and purchased a farm, partitioning off fourteen lots. He became his own contractor, building all the homes. These dwellings sold between one hundred fifty and five hundred thousand dollars. This is the lowest per capita income county in the state. Who purchased the properties were retirees from the mills and mines. He's currently in the fracking industry, which involves extracting oil, natural gas, geothermal energy, or water from deep underground. Their wedding was at Myrtle Beach in South Carolina. They'd rented a beautiful condominium right on the ocean. The wedding was on the beach, but had contingency plans in case the weather turned sour. I arrived on Friday, the wedding planned for Sunday. This is when I met Chuck's friends. Fred owned a construction company and I could immediately tell he was a weightlifter. I mentioned this to Chuck, and he said, "Bob, you haven't seen anything yet." Jack strode up the beach and when he arrived, he looked like a mountain. Including Big Jim, I'd never seen such a massive human being. His bench press was 570 pounds. Saturday night we had a bachelor's party at the condo. After an hour of drinking we decided to go bar hopping, Chuck wisely didn't go. The three of us ended up at a club that was empty. They were downing shots of whiskey, I'm drinking vodka. The bartender told us of a popular dance club a few blocks over.

The place was packed. After an hour, Fred was dancing and this irritated her friend. He shoved Fred, and the friend was literally thrown across the dance floor. He and three others came up to Fred, and Jack walked over. The four men looked at him, their shoulders slumped, and they quickly walked away. We ended up at a pancake house at 2:00. Jack ordered a dozen pancakes and said, "Mr. Hall, if it wasn't for my brain meds. I'd kill someone." I believed him. The wedding was scheduled for 1:00 at 11:00 there's dark storm clouds on the horizon. Tracy was freaking. It poured down and the storm passed by 12:30. I had a decent hangover, Tracy's on my arm, we're walking over a dune and I *almost* fell over in the wet sand. I'm sitting in the first row, and next to me is an empty chair with a rose on it in honor of Mary Jo. Right when Chuck and Tracy kissed, a sunbeam burst through the clouds and lit up the rose. Mary Jo was with us.

Travis was accepted at Ohio State University as an honor student. After several months, they decided to have a pool party in their dorm on the seventeenth floor. One of his friends was studying to be a structural engineer and determined the structure would support the weight of the pool, which was close to a ton. The first party was a success, so they decided to have a second. This time they also had a slip and slide. The R.A., resident assistant, found out and walked in on seventeen drunk young adults, drinking two kegs of beer. Being they were all honor students, they didn't get in any trouble. There was an article in the campus newspaper titled, "The pool party in the sky." He started a band called Way Yes. Travis was lead singer and guitar player. They produced several albums in *vinyl* and received an award for being one of the best new bands that year for their unique sound. They had center stage at Comfest on a Saturday night, a huge downtown annual festival in Columbus. They're now dis-banded because he and Glen, who had been friends since high school, had a falling out. After his first year of straight A's he said, "Dad, I really don't know what I want to do for a living and won't waste your money." He's now writing computer code and works out of his home. He and Katie were married several years after they'd

graduated from high school. We had the same rose in memory of his mother. They do not have any children. Katie works for her father, who owns a drug rehabilitation clinic. They purchased an old Victorian home, remodeled it and doubled the value.

I'm very proud of our children, the love in which they were raised has turned them into loving, caring, and giving adults. They wouldn't have turned out as well if we didn't have such a strong faith.

Chapter 35: My First Writing Was Due To A Dream



15 years ago, I had a dream about Mary Jo. All I could remember when I woke was, What if I told you? I wrote this in 25 minutes in the memo pad on my phone. The words just flowed without thinking. I *know* they came from Mary Jo because I wasn't yet familiar with The Course, amazingly this writing coincides exactly with ACIM doctrine.

What if I told you? What if I told you love is not an emotion but a force? What if I told you, God Is? What if I told you nothing can affect reality and nothing unreal exists, therein lies the peace of God? What if I told you there is no hell, only Heaven? What if I told you, you make your own hell? What if I told you all you see is an illusion, compared to the reality of Heaven? What if I told you death is an illusion, you live forever? What if I told you God does not forgive because. He/She sees nothing *to* forgive? What if I told you if God made anything

imperfect, He/She would no longer be perfect, therefore you are perfect, you have simply forgotten? What if I told you, you are dreaming in Heaven and are about to wake up? What if I told you as you help you are helped, as you give you are given too, as you love you are loved? What if I told you, you go through pain to teach you what you do not want? What if I told you, as you forgive others, you are forgiving yourself? What if I told you forgiveness is the final lesson you need to learn? What if I told you nothing you can do offends God because you are merely dreaming? What if I told you there is no such thing as sin? What if I told you Spirit heals your mind, the mind heals your body? What if I told you, you need no one to make you whole, you *are* whole? What if I told you, you have a twin flame, you may not have met yet? What if I told you we are all brothers and sisters, we are one? What if I told you, you are love, because you were made by love? What if I told you, you are forever the divine effect from divine source? What if I told you, you are Infinitely powerful, you have simply forgotten? What if I told you, you are part of the Mind of God, He/She has not forgotten you?. What if I told you, Heaven would not be complete without You? Would you forgive and believe? Read that again.

Again, after just waking up, several months later this writing just flowed also. I am now studying ACIM. Truth. God Is. Now comes the thought that can be difficult for the human mind to grasp. Nothing else is. The logic is such. God has one Son, Christ. The Son is given All the power and Love of the Creator. The Son asked a question like, "What else is there?" The Prime Creator did not answer, because there *is* nothing else but God's perfect creation. For a mad, tiny instant the Son freaked, He thought the perfect communication with Source was gone. This false universe was created, the Big Bang occurred due to fear of the Creator. Remember, the Son has *all* the power of Source. The Son went into hiding, thinking He was banned from the perfect state of Heaven. Be thankful God did not create this universe. Need proof? Everything here in the matrix goes to decay. What God made is Eternal. Look at the fruits of fear. We look at the

insanity of this grand illusion and see death, wars, poverty, lies, secrets, corruption, hate, homelessness, and greed. When we understand this insanity, it means we are becoming sane. If God made this universe, He/She would be insane. Source is certainly not insane. Source made Heaven, our true Home. Death is an illusion, we live forever. God's second creation, the Holy Spirit, was created for Christ, He remembered He was God's first creation, began loving Himself and His Father again and was restored to Heaven. The perceived separation was completely healed. The Holy Spirit was given to every mind who thinks it's a body. In other words, we are all part of the Christ Mind. The term Christ is not simply a name, it's a state of being. We're not human beings, we're Christ Beings. We're in Heaven and about to wake up. How do we wake up? Forgive everything that happened in a past which doesn't exist. Forgive all you perceive as being wrong. All is an illusion compared to the Reality of Heaven. Love casts out all fear, fear nothing. Love Is the most powerful force in all existence.

Chapter 36: An African Mother



Let's say you're an African mother living in the jungle in the year 1694. You've been with your man 17 years and have 4 children. You work hard and are 48 years old. Not easy raising 4 children and a sometimes childish husband in this sweltering hot environment. All in all, life is good for you, and you laugh

much more than you cry. One day, some white folks come into your village who are missionaries. They seem like nice people who have great food and smile a lot. They begin explaining about some man named Jesus who lived thousands of years ago. They tell you he walked on water, the blind could see, the deaf could hear, the paralyzed could walk, he raised the dead, and after he was hung on a cross to die, he raised himself 3 days later. Now these well-meaning people tell you he died for your sins, and you must believe this, or you're going to eternal hell. You ask, "What is sin?" They tell you. "What is hell?" They tell you. You go to bed that night thinking this newfound information is a little absurd. This whole stuff sounds pretty out there to you. Who on earth came up with all this? You've lived a hard life but a good one. You have no enemies, many friends, loving children and a good hardworking and caring husband. Why on earth did these people tell you about this Jesus person? You've made some mistakes but now you've been informed these are sins. When you had asked what this sin stuff is about, they informed you that you've sinned against God. You asked, "What's God?" They explain God had made you. You had thought all this time that your parents had made you. Also, this God who you have never seen is furious with you and is going to send you to a place of unending pain and misery. Forever. However, you've been told some good news. All you have to do is believe in Jesus, who died for the sin you didn't know you had done. So, now you're thinking, this God sent His only son to earth and commanded him to endure torture, suffering, and death? You don't want anything to do with any of this nonsense. You had even begun to feel guilty about mistakes you were informed were sins. You had never felt guilty before and certainly do not appreciate the feeling. You truly like these kind-hearted missionaries and are a good judge of character. You never lie and always tell the truth. The minister asks you if you believe in Jesus. You tell him you'd rather not, as you were doing better before thinking about their so-called truths. They left. For several years you had been somewhat angry with the missionaries because they had disrupted your peaceful

mind. You had started discussing this issue with their God after they had taught you how to pray. You understood the concept of forgiveness because you'd certainly forgiven your husband and children countless times over the years. To your astonishment when you told God you'd forgiven these folks, a feeling of amazing joy and peace briefly enveloped you and vanished. Over the next decade you and God became quite close, and you considered Him your best friend. You knew God understands your unchanged feelings about the sin issue and the death of Jesus. Years later, you reach the nice old age of 94 and die in your sleep. Where are you now? Atheists will say "in the dirt". Born again Christians, "Eternal Hell." I feel the atheists have a much better response. A third glorious answer, "Enjoying the magnificent perfection and love of Heaven, forever."

Chapter 37: Lana's Near Death Experience



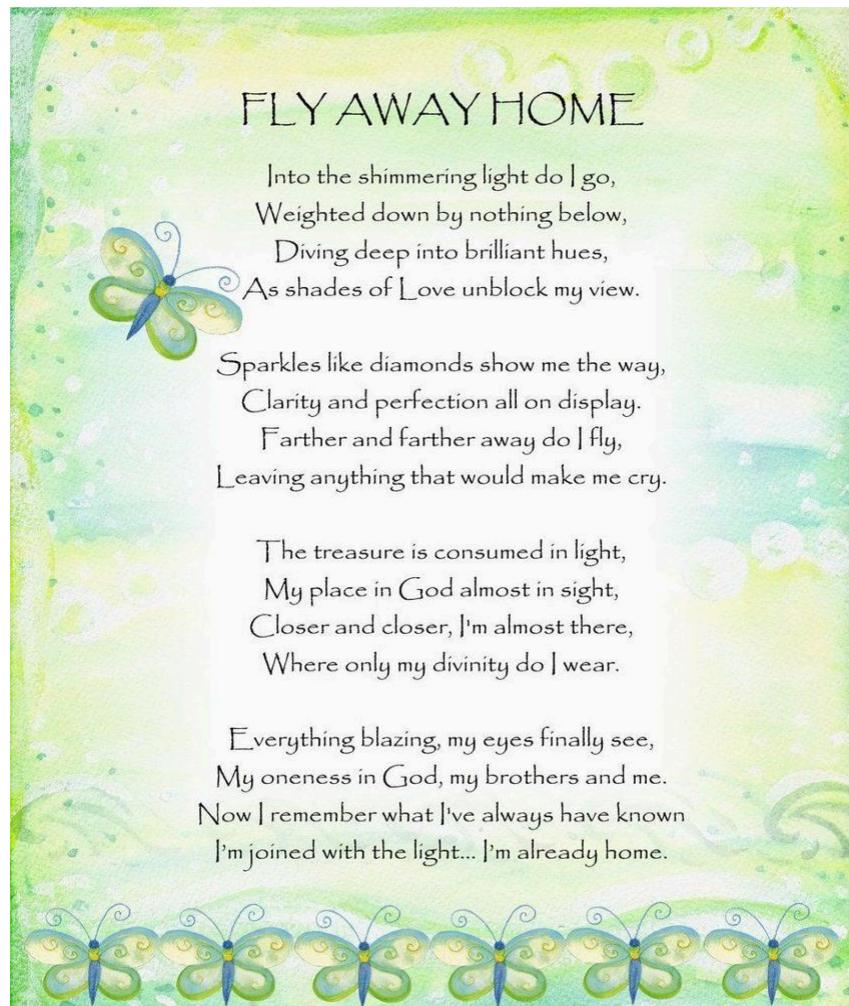
These writings come from my Facebook friend, Lana. She's seventy-five and is one of the most gifted writers I know. Eight years ago, she was diagnosed with a terminal illness and was only given months to live. The doctors were amazed at her healing. A miracle. She's had a vivid near-death experience, three years ago she had a severe heart attack. She was in the ambulance and left her body. Suddenly she was next to Jesus and gazing at the universe. He showed her astonishing vistas of great beauty. She saw the micro-verse as well as the

macro-verse, and the beautiful Love that controls *all*. He asked her if she wanted to stay or return to her body, any decision was the correct one. She explained she had unfinished business on earth and woke up in the hospital. The next articles were written while she was recovering. *Her writings are true and astounding.*

Lana explained, "About eight years ago, I was diagnosed with a terminal illness, Pulmonary Fibrosis. There was no cure nor even treatment. The doctors told me that in an otherwise healthy person, which I was not, the outlook was that I had about a year to live. However, deep within my heart, it did not seem real to me. I went into meditation and asked Jesus, "What is the truth of this?" His response was so comforting. Jesus told me, "Let the doctors take care of your body and I will take care of your mind." *Knowing that the mind was the only thing that could truly be sick*, I depended on Jesus to keep my mind healed, and I had an *inner knowing* that as an effect of a healed mind, my body would also be healed. The next few months were a real adventure and a test of trusting that Truth was true. I did let the doctors, I had three, take care of my body but paid little attention to what transpired because I was focused with Jesus on keeping my mind healed and *open to receive miracles*. Over the next six months, my MRI's painted a picture of healing which left my doctors puzzled and confused. At first, they thought I just had a slowly progressing type of Pulmonary Fibrosis. Then, the progression of my illness seemed to stop entirely. Finally, the scar tissue that had been growing in my lungs began to disappear. Again this left my doctors scratching their heads in bewilderment, wondering how this could be possible. I knew how it was possible and just watched my healing unfold, as my trust in God grew stronger and stronger.

This is just one of the many healing miracles I've experienced over the years. One so-called body adventure took me to death's door as I was given the last rites of the Church. I have written about my NDE and its miraculous nature that took me beyond my body into another spatial dimension where I was filled

with the peace and joy of God. It was given me realize that it was perfectly OK to stay in my body or to leave it. It was my choice. I wrote a poem about my experience, as you can imagine, it was difficult to put into human language, but I did my best in expressing it."



On another occasion, I experienced two heart attacks within a few hours and had to be flown to a hospital that was better equipped to handle my situation. During the trip, I was floating above my body and was able to watch the medical attendant try to keep me alive until we arrived at the hospital in Boston. During this time, I felt no pain and was in a state of perfect peace. Once again, I felt it was perfectly fine to return to my body or leave it behind. Both times, I felt perfectly safe and protected and had no fear at all. I no longer fear body

adventures or even the demise of the body. Whenever they occur and for whatever reason they occur, I simply keep my heart and mind fixed on God and surrender myself to the Will of God. I just submit, "Let it be done unto me according to Thy Will." These are the same words spoken by the Blessed Mother when she was told she would be the mother of Jesus. There were other times as well, but the ones mentioned above brought the greatest lessons to me. What I learned was that there is *absolutely nothing to fear*. Just beyond the shadow of the valley of death, there is a *something else* that clicks in and takes over. I've only experienced this *something else* during the two NDE's mentioned above. This *something else* just took over my entire being, providing the assurance that everything was as it should be and that everything would be OK. I trusted it completely and just went along for the ride, it was a miraculous and beautiful spiritual ride.

Chapter 38: Lana, My Happiness & My Function Are One



Today is filled with so many goodies. I'm focusing on one in particular for it points to where all the goodies are found. We are One with God, end of story, end of search, and end of searching. One recognizes that what is Real can only be experienced, shared, strengthened, and extended. My happiness is my function. And, My function is my happiness. *They are one and the same*. We need not go searching in time/space for *something* that is not there. Yet, the *something* we seem to always be searching for, that *something* that cannot be

found outside ourselves *does* exist. *But it exists within our own holy mind, here and now, not in a there.* We are the Oneness that Is. Then, we recognize this statement can be reduced to merely Oneness Is. For to even say we, me, God and me or God with me all point to a gap that does not exist. *If I believe there is a gap between where I am and where God is, it will cause me to miss the actual experience of Oneness. Right here, right now, is the portal to eternal peace.* In this Holy Instant does the Son experience His Oneness with the Father. In this Holy Instant, forgiveness is offered and received. In this Holy Instant is the Voice for God recognized and embraced. In this Holy Instant are both my function and my happiness found.

I often use the analogy of the puppy dog chasing after its own tail believing there is a gap between itself and its tail. It believes his tail is separate from itself. Eventually, the puppy dog catches his tail and truth bites him in the ass, surprise. Jesus tells us that the awakening process need not be painful, but it usually is. It is also the most liberating experience we'll ever have. Jesus knew this and told us "I and the Father are One." All of us on some level instinctively realize it, but on a conscious level we just don't believe it. To not believe it is to not see it and to not see it is to not believe it. *That is just the nature of perception. I don't speak of our physical sight but our inner awareness of truth.* Most think of stillness as the absence of motion of the body or anything that shows up as objective reality. *But true stillness is a stillness of mind.* It is when all thinking stops. The thinking mind becomes quiet and still naturally as I bring all of my focus and attention to the present moment. I leave the desert of the ego thought system and come home to God, here and now. *This is not a doing process, but rather, it is a state of being.* At the level of mind, to be is all we ever need to do. But we must be it deliberately and consciously. It must be our choice.

Like birds and flowers, their existence happens, and unfolds before them and us. They demonstrate and share their wholeness and completeness with the world. We notice they are performing their function by the songs of the birds and

by the beauty and fragrance of the flowers. And we bear witness to their truth as God created them to be, they are being *exactly* who and what they *are*. The sun warms us and the trees give shade and bear fruit. Everything in nature knows its function is giving and sharing its bounty. They are here *for* us, extending the Love of God *to* us in their unique expression of His Love. They know they are whole and complete and sustained by the Love of God. They know their function and their happiness are one and the same. They know their function is accomplished in being who they are.

Within this sacred stillness and quiet does my Father greet me with His messages of hope, peace, and truth. As I accept God's Will for my perfect happiness I am also accepting my function. As I cease to be the architect of my life experience and join my will with God's Will, my happiness and function are realized as one. I am making the choice for God, for truth, and for peace and happiness. For I have made ready a space to receive the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It is a Divine meet and greet of the Creator with His Creation. In my acceptance of my One relationship In God, *all* relationships become holy and happy. I recognize and remember my true function as a Child of God. All becomes clear for my function and my happiness are one in a Holy Instant of acceptance and remembrance of my Father. Our function and our happiness show up naturally as we come to recognize they are born of the same Source and reside in the same place. Our function is Love. Our happiness is of Love, We are Love. Everything that lives, and is True is contained within this singular Reality. It is all summed up in that beautiful line from Jesus in A Course In Miracles, "Teach only love, for that is what you are." In this one sentence, both function and happiness are seen as One. Like the birds and flowers of the earth, we teach by demonstrating and being who we truly are, Love.

Chapter 39: Lana, It's About Time

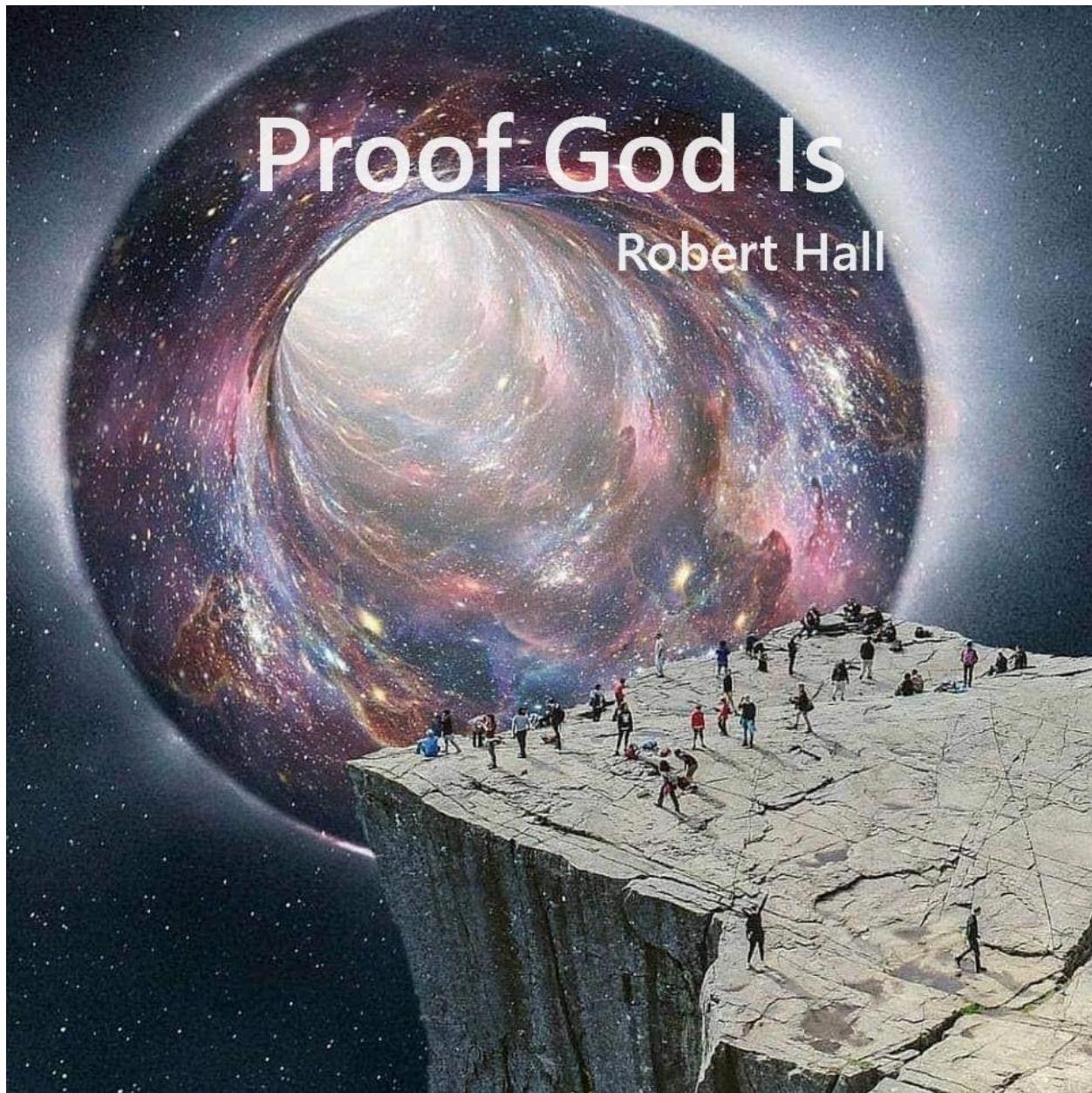


I wrote this essay about time a few years ago but bring it back occasionally to remind myself that contrary to what seems to be, the truth of me is eternally fixed in the here and now of Heaven. It's about time. We said before that the miracle abolishes time. It does this by a process of Collapsing it. It thus abolishes certain intervals within it. It does this, however, within the larger temporal sequence. The word temporal seems to be a stumbling block to understanding. Temporal has many meanings yet they all point to our experience in time, of our relating to time as opposed to eternity, of our relating to earthly life. Of our relating to the sequence of time or to a particular time, of our relating to time as distinguished from space. And, the word symbol sequence also denotes the linear aspect of time. So once again, I see the Holy Spirit using our experience within the illusion of time/space to lead us back to Truth through the process of undoing.

Just like we will never really know the effects of the miracles we perform, we will never know, at least while we slumber, the effect of these intervals of time which are abolished on our behalf through miracles. Perhaps that car accident I might have had next week does not occur because I have forgiven and healed the recurring pattern of misperceptions that brought such things into my experience. Or the friend who was supposed to steal from me next week will also

not occur because I'd already forgiven a friend who stole in the past. Once forgiveness has opened our eyes to the truth, we need never experience it again. That lesson has been learned, so the time required now, that interval of time collapses, is undone, and is no longer needed, it is abolished by the Holy Spirit for us. Through forgiveness, time is utilized by the Holy Spirit to teach us, and now that lesson need not be repeated in that specific time interval ever again. That time interval has collapsed and disappeared into the nothingness from which it came. That is the only reason for time and once it has served its purpose, it will no longer exist in our experience. Since the first years of my study of ACIM, the illusion of time has always fascinated me. Yes, so much more that can be said about time's illusion, especially how the Holy Spirit uses it on our behalf and also our experience of time and the limitations that time seems to present. It is helpful for me to remember that "I" always stands fixed in *now* as time passes before me. Here comes tomorrow, then I call it today, and then it becomes yesterday. But the truth is that all of it is experienced now. We need only take a peek at our mind to know if our awareness has traveled into yesterday's regrets or traveled to tomorrow's worries. Whenever I notice my awareness of time-traveling, I step out of time and rest my mind here and now with God. Jesus tells me that Now is the closest approximation we have to eternity. It is why so many spiritual teachers and teachings ask us to "Be Here Now." Only Now can we experience Heaven on earth. For me, I will continue to practice forgiveness until fear itself becomes an obsolete idea and no longer appears in my mind and all time collapses so what is left is merely the awareness of Heaven. That is my wish and hope for the entire Sonship, to awaken in Heaven. It's about time.

Chapter 40: How Do I Know?



How do I know all of these teachings are Divine Truth? Because I have applied them to my daily life, and I am experiencing a deeply real and continually growing peace. I have discovered the beauty of living in the *now*. My ego wants me to be living in the past and concerned over the countless mistakes I made, and more importantly desires me to be *very* worried about the future. If I'm living in the past or worried about the future, I'm not talking to the Holy Spirit now.

When we live in the moment, absolutely nothing can harm us. Put this into practice and you *will* understand by *personal experience*. ACIM calls this the Holy Instant. So how do we eliminate our ego? The beauty of God's grace informs us we eliminate our ego by the simplicity of forgiveness. This certainly didn't happen overnight, but I started forgiving the guy blaring on his car horn, the cashier talking on the phone, different friends who stole from me, the two ladies who broke off our separate marriage agreements, the manager who fired me because I intimidated him for knowing more about his job than he did. The heroin addicts I lived with for over a decade that cost me everything I owned because I was an enabler. By constantly forgiving, I was systematically and permanently eliminating another of my ego's layers. Another very important tactic to guarantee its elimination is *never* talk or listen to it. Whenever you're sorrowful, depressed, indulging in self-pity, angry, worried, anxious, hating, jealous or fearful; you're listening to your screaming and lying ego that wants you absolutely miserable. Forgive all and pay it no mind, always.

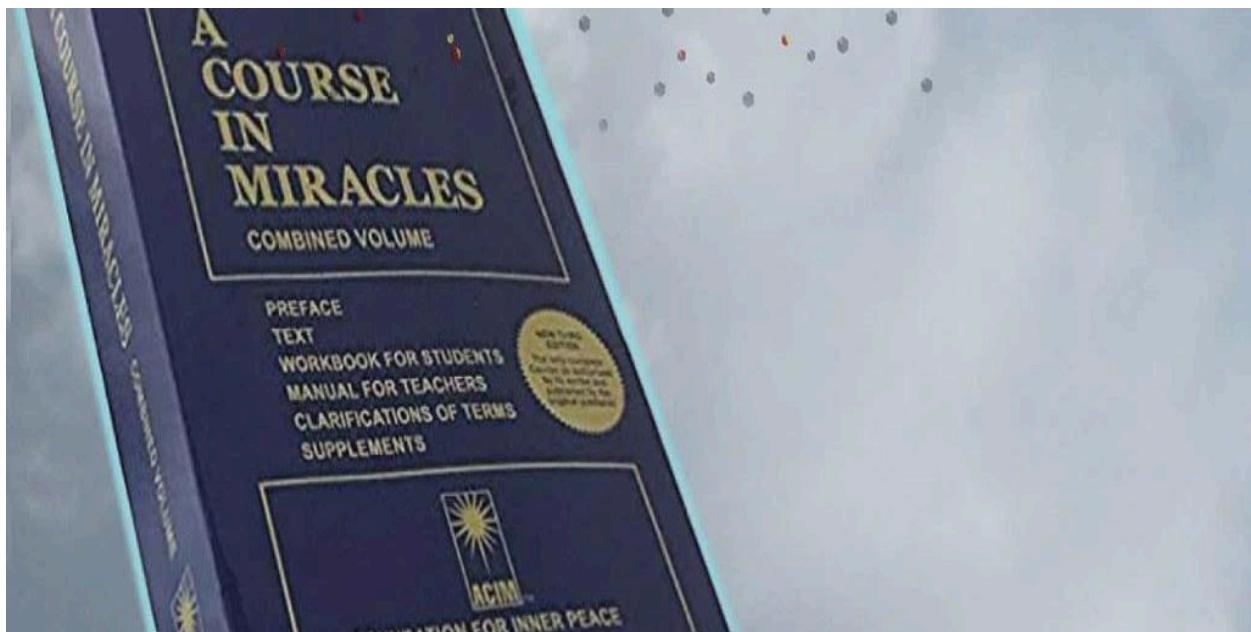
I don't know when it became unimportant to me if it's raining or sunny or what time it is. The day of the week means nothing, and I couldn't care less what month it is. Politics, inflation, the state of the economy, relations between countries, the drug explosion, the healthcare system is simply of no consequence to me anymore. It no longer matters if I sleep a lot or very little. I do not worry about money, as it's always there when I need it. I haven't owned a car in years. I rent and all I own is a T.V., cell-phone and clothes. I've lost over a half million dollars in real estate, and wasn't upset at all. I find I have a grateful attitude for good health and my cup is half-full. I no longer worry about anything and fear nothing. I have no guilt. I never argue. I have no enemies and many friends. I'm perfectly fine being totally alone and am never lonely. I love that one. It doesn't matter if folks read my writings or not. I still write. If friends call, great. If they don't, great also. I smile a lot. These writings are what I dwell on and if you read with an open attitude the growing positive attributes I'm experiencing will happen

to you as well. By living and applying these words to your life, you become awake *in* your dream. When you finally achieve perfection in forgiveness, God will awaken you *from* your dream. This is a guaranteed fact.

I pray we begin to see the attributes of Christ in everyone we meet.

Lana wrote the following but I agree so completely the words could be mine. "Gandhi said, "Be the peace you want to see in the world." We decide it and bring it to our experience. It just "seems" to be the other way around. When I integrate the goal of peace into my everyday life, it soon becomes a beacon of light making the way clear. For me, this journey is a cleansing of the window to the Soul. We *are* the Infinite Peace of God. The Truth of us is like a pure and beautiful screen of Love. It is always innocent and peaceful and shines out from the mind embracing everything it sees. It brings me back to the Home I've never really left. When I think of the many attractions of the world and all of its temptations. Peace is now the only one that draws me in. Nothing else makes any sense to me anymore. Peace brings with it the awareness of the Love of God. I *am* the perfect, loving, and unlimited extension of God. Only my thoughts and beliefs would convince me otherwise. I need only to stay in the peace and silence of this present moment. Everything else disappears from my awareness, and only the Peace and Love of God remain. They were always there shining brightly in the background of my mind and are no longer hidden by the meaningless thoughts and beliefs of a delusional egoistic mind. Don't let the clouds of delusion mask the Light of your Being. Just *be* the Light, for you *are* the Light that you seek. The journey to God is merely the reawakening of the knowledge of where you are always, and what you are forever. It is a journey without distance to a goal that has never changed. Truth can only be experienced. It cannot be described and cannot be explained. I can make you aware of the conditions of truth, but the experience is of God. Truth will dawn upon you of itself, for God *Is*."

Chapter 41: ACIM Core Beliefs



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.
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.
3. Consciousness is the domain of the ego and was conceived after we dreamt of separation.
4. Spirit is unchanging, perfect, and eternal. This is the state of Heaven.
5. Truth is not different for everyone. Truth is truth.
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.
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.
8. Life in this world is insane. Nothing makes sense in this world. The world was made as an attack on God.
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.

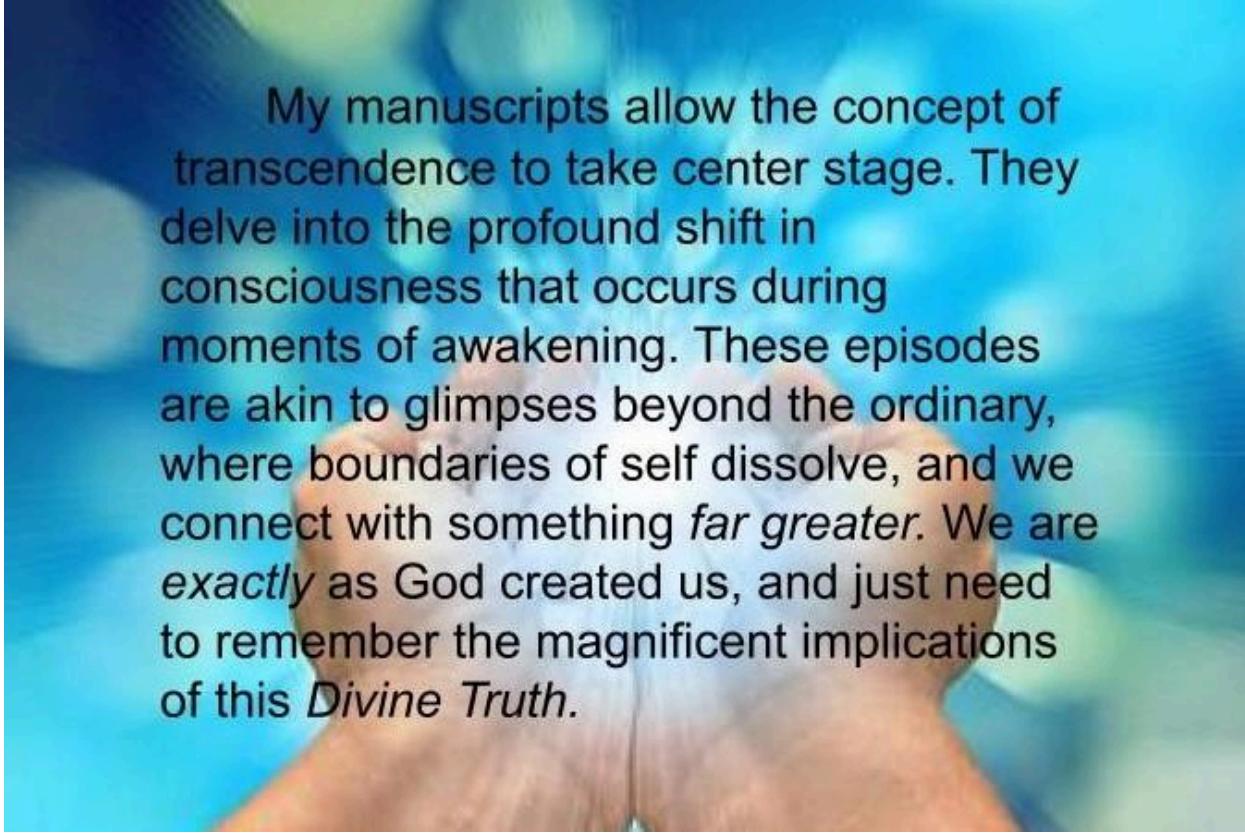
10. Collectively, we are the Son of God. God created only One Son of God.
11. There is no evil or devil, only illusory madness projected by our ego mind and thankfully, they are not real.
12. Every attack is an attack upon ourselves. We project our unconscious guilt onto (dream) figures or situations that seemingly attack us. So now they are guilty, not us. The cause of our guilt arises from our imagined separation from God.
13. Life is a lesson. Every opportunity is used by the Holy Spirit to teach forgiveness to undo the ego mind.
14. Time and space are illusions, and Spirit has nothing to do with them.

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.



My manuscripts allow the concept of transcendence to take center stage. They delve into the profound shift in consciousness that occurs during moments of awakening. These episodes are akin to glimpses beyond the ordinary, where boundaries of self dissolve, and we connect with something *far greater*. We are *exactly* as God created us, and just need to remember the magnificent implications of this *Divine Truth*.

Epilogue



I've been awakened to the fact that I am more than able to communicate these truths to anyone, anywhere. However, they must have the desire to truly understand the "why" of life. I'd love talking with the Pope or anyone in charge of

atheist organizations. I'd use logic which they would eventually have to agree with because it's the truth. I'd never argue and emanate a peaceful countenance, because I understand they're simply mistaken. My job is to plant seeds, just as Chuck explained all those years ago, I'm just a messenger. If you want to be one also, all you have to do is ask. You'll be taught wisdom to share, then more will be given to contribute. Pure truth, I *know* because I'm living it and have a growing, amazing peace. The Course explains forgiveness is absolutely critical. Accepting atonement for ourselves, knowing the perceived separation from our Father is false, is also very important. The proof that our dream is about over is if we're happy. I prayed dear Lord I don't know what happiness is, You be in charge. A few days later, it occurred to me that I *am* happy. I want for absolutely nothing, I've made countless friends over the years, no enemies, no fear and no guilt. I continue to forgive all, always. I feel I'm on the cosmic verge of waking up in the Heaven I've never left. You're probably reading these words after I've left time. When we meet, you'll say thank you. I'll say look at your perfect surroundings, I'm just the messenger who taught *you* how to be a messenger.

I have a magnificent, beautiful, wonderful dance to finish with a lady, who in my eyes, is the most beautiful in all God's creation. We're Christ and will be as overjoyed as our Father watching all learning the perfection of their Being. Forever. See you soon. God Bless. Bob



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