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## **Preface**

We each have a Regis Raingarden residing in the darkest corner of our mind. Our ego is the perfectly insane belief that we have eternally separated ourselves from God. We are *all* bipolar, the right side of our mind is based on spirit and love, the wrong side is based on ego and fear. Fear of what? In our deepest subconsciousness we fear God, Who alone can send us to eternal damnation. Hell is a lie and does not exist. Our ego is like an onion, each layer that is pulled away, it still looks and smells like an onion. When the last layer is gone, so is the onion. Each time we forgive a perceived wrong, we're pulling away another layer of our ego. When the last layer is gone our ego forever vanishes. We've totally forgiven ourselves for believing we'd separated ourselves from the Supreme Power of Love, God's Love. How magnificent our awakening will be in the Heaven we've never left. The human being is no more and our nature as a Christ Being is forever true. *This is not a conjectured belief but Fact.* God Is. Bob

## **Chapter 1: Growing Up In A Small Town**



I'll be 72 in November 2024 and reflecting back on my life I'm seeing the wonder of it all. My parents were old enough to be my grandparents, Bill and Kate. Dad was born in 1897, mom in 1904. Mom was in her late forties and thought she had cancer, Doc. Carson informed her she was four months pregnant. I was born in 1952, and was always referred to as her little tumor. Martins Ferry, Oh. is a small town directly across the river from Wheeling, W.Va. I'm a baby boomer born after the Second World War. The Ohio Valley economy revolved around the steel mills and coal mines. The men were thankful for high paying jobs and never missed work. If one has a cold, go to work, a hangover, go to work, flu, go to work, family outings, go to work, a broken arm, go to work. Mothers didn't need occupations, so the children were raised in stable homes with everything well provided. Years later I lived in Columbus and was talking to a captain in the fire department. I mentioned being raised in the Ohio Valley, he said they loved hiring men and women from the Valley due to their strong work ethic.

My brother Bill was twenty-one years older, Sue was nineteen and each had four children. My parents raised them through the Great Depression, they put the car up on blocks to preserve the rubber. Mom had eight siblings and if it wasn't for her parents' huge garden they wouldn't

have had any food. I was spoiled. Dad was superintendent at Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel, so our family was middle class. There were dozens of children in the surrounding neighborhoods and we played constantly. Catchers, hide n seek, marbles, wiffle ball, basketball, football, and king on the hill. Summers were joyfully spent playing in the sprinklers, hiking from morning to dusk, catching lightning bugs, sleep outs in the backyards, and telling ghost stories while roasting marshmallows. Winters offered snowball fights, sled rides, snow forts, ice skating and warm evenings around the fireplace. We knew to come home when the streetlights came on and seldom locked our doors. The big surprise one beautiful spring day was when dad arrived with a brand new 1960 Buick Electra Sedan with blue metallic paint. Life was fun, life was safe and life was good. This all drastically changed.

Christmas and Easter were magical.

Mom and dad went to New Orleans over a dozen times, they loved Bourbon Street jazz. The Dukes Of Dixieland were extremely popular with four albums marketed nationally, we received Christmas cards from the band. Our mantle over the fireplace would have hundreds of cards taped up every Christmas. The living room was always decorated with a live tree and on the mystical night of Christmas Eve had a soft golden glow due to the lights and a simmering fire. Christmas morning I'd always have to wait at the top of the stairs with happy excitement. When I was eight I still naturally believed in Santa and the Easter Bunny. Saturday night before Easter I was sitting in the living room and was astonished seeing a big pair of bunny ears flash by the window. Enchantingly, the next morning there were bunny prints all around the candy. I was thankfully raised by parents who loved one another.

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 7. 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 claimed the Santa role for as many Christmases in memory. He'd taken numerous shots of varying alcohols at every visited home and was extremely merry when reaching ours. After staggering upstairs 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 questions. Actually, I was 9.

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 forever rolling towards me from a far distance at a high speed. A Native American Indian was always smirking and watching from a distance. When it was about to crush, I'd wake up. My first terrifying fear was due to a comic book about the vampire Count Dracula. Upon discovering 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 neighborhood 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. After turning 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 *somewhat* fearless until I saw The Exorcist, *that* movie scared the crap out of me. However, this was as nothing compared to the trauma I experienced during my 8th year of life. 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 Cocker Spaniel Ate The Baby will be released next year.

The Screaming Skull was a movie we'd talked about for weeks, remembering being superman I could easily beat the Skull. Here's little Bobbie Hall striding fearlessly into the theater. As soon as the movie started, the Skull came at us with flaming eyes, I'm instantly *gone*. That first scene scared the daylights out of me and I ran crying all the way home. Every day after school for weeks, my friend George punched and slapped me around because I was superman. Mom and his mother were friends, and this started to wear on them both. Mother told me several times to just hit him back. He'd bullied 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 during the

short life he had left to live.

One beautiful spring day I came home from school and in the living room mom had placed a little gift wrapped box. I could hear muffled sounds and after opening saw the cutest basset hound puppy with big brown eyes and huge adorable ears. We named him Pokey. This was the spring I became great friends with Dave and his dog Rusty. That summer we'd leave early in the mornings with our dogs and hike for hours on end. We discovered caves, bull pens, cliffs, creeks, waterfalls, rocks we named Indian and Cowboy, tree houses and an old farmhouse with a barn. We used to climb up in the rafters and jump twenty feet into the hay. Dave's mom would call him every night, *Davieeee* could be heard all through the neighborhood. This was a summer full of wonder and excitement and the last we'd ever enjoy. Stark and horrible terror was on the horizon, and thankfully we didn't know it.

## Chapter 2: Insanity Moves In



It was one of those rainy fall afternoons when the light fog was hovering over the ground. Before seeing the car, I heard it. The glass pack mufflers were deafening as the black 1957 Chevy with tinted windows flew out of the shifting mist. He was a big man, 6ft 4in 240 lbs and swaggered



with a limp. His tattooed muscular forearms stretched his denim jacket and his glass eye sparkled eerily in the growing dusk. The half Cherokee half Sue Indian grunted “Hello runt.” Regis Raingarden had exploded into town. Life would never be the same.

He’d purchased the rundown Kinnan house on the dead end of the street. A dark house for a dark man. It turns out he’d been a Marine in Okinawa during the Second World War. When liberated from prison camp he weighed 110 lbs, a socket hole where an eye should be, dozens of whip scars across his back, a broken leg and he was insanely screaming at his rescuers. He’s surrounded by Japanese children who were spitting and urinating on him with loudly barking dogs. Raingarden was lying in feces and vomit, and completely out of his mind from the torture, starvation and immense pain he’d endured. He never recovered his sanity. “Hey runt, is there a bar in this dump of a town?” “I think the name is the Lamplighter and its seven blocks towards the river.” Silently he turned his back and lurched inside his broken front yard fence. Oddly over the next several months he’d mysteriously appear and seemed to have a keen interest in our playtimes. His smirk reminded me of *something* on the border of my consciousness. I *still* have periodic nightmares about that Christmas season.

Mom and dad had seen him repairing the fence, fixing the glider, replacing broken windows, painting, cutting the grass and working the landscaping. One dreary Autumn afternoon after work dad pulled up to his house in his beautiful Buick. “Good afternoon sir, welcome to the neighborhood.” Dad called *everyone* sir. Silence. “What do you think about our quiet peaceful community?” Silence. “I like your 57 Chevy.” “Your Electra a 1960?” “Yes.” Silence. “Well dinners ready, you’re doing a fine job



fixing up the property.” Silence. If dad had seen the cold glare of his one eye, he’d begin to understand insanity. After months of psychiatric therapy our neighbor was released with a Section 8 discharge. If properly diagnosed he would have been permanently placed in a mental institution for the criminally insane. He’s completely psychotic but highly intelligent and had graduated from the Marine Military Academy with straight A’s. He received a write-up in the newspaper three weeks after moving in. The reporter wrote that Raingarden had researched the States Specific Procedures, drafted Articles of Incorporation and applied for Tax Exempt Status to establish his Satanic Church. He had been ordained a minister by the Satanic Temple and was ready to preach the truth. Astoundingly in our quiet community with established Baptist, Catholic, Protestant, and First Christian churches his congregation began to swell. Bikers, drug users, drug offenders, felons, prisoners, and prostitutes enjoyed his messages of complete acceptance. All were extremely tired of the other churches calling them hopeless sinners going to eternal damnation in Hell. If the public understood the abysmal darkness of his insane Satanic devotion he would have been imprisoned or committed. Due to his high intelligence all were kept completely in the dark for months, by then Pandora’s Box was opened, and the horrific acts were uncovered. His atrocious temper earned him another article a week later, this time with pictures. Ten thirty on a Friday night he strode into a packed, good ole boy country bar. God Bless Merica. After Regis had three shots of whiskey, two beers and five shots of rum four rednecks made a *very* stupid statement. “There’s that Satanic A\_\_hole.””Go find a hole and crawl in.” Employees saw one of the strangest contortions they’d ever witnessed. His face seemed to shift, the eye went almost black while the glass eye somehow turned red. His muscular frame exploded into

the men and began throwing them around like rag dolls. The biggest quickly had his jaw shattered, the second received a broken arm, the third lost an ear and the fourth ran. The slaughter took less than a minute. The color picture showed Raingarden smiling with his arm around the man holding his ear. The man was asking, "What did you say we said?"

### Chapter 3: The Very Beginning Of Terror



On a perfect Autumn late sunny afternoon I was walking to my Thursday art class. I loved the smell of Fall and the beautiful leaves with the crunchy underfoot sound. I inexplicably felt more than heard, *Ruuunnntt*, I quickly turned around and saw no one. I picked up my pace and somehow knew in my mind, *Enjoy urinating on me while I was lying in sh\_t?* I instantly looked and a shadow vanished and I ran in quiet panic to class as the sunny afternoon became cloudy. It was hard to hold the paintbrush due to my shaking and mom drove me home.

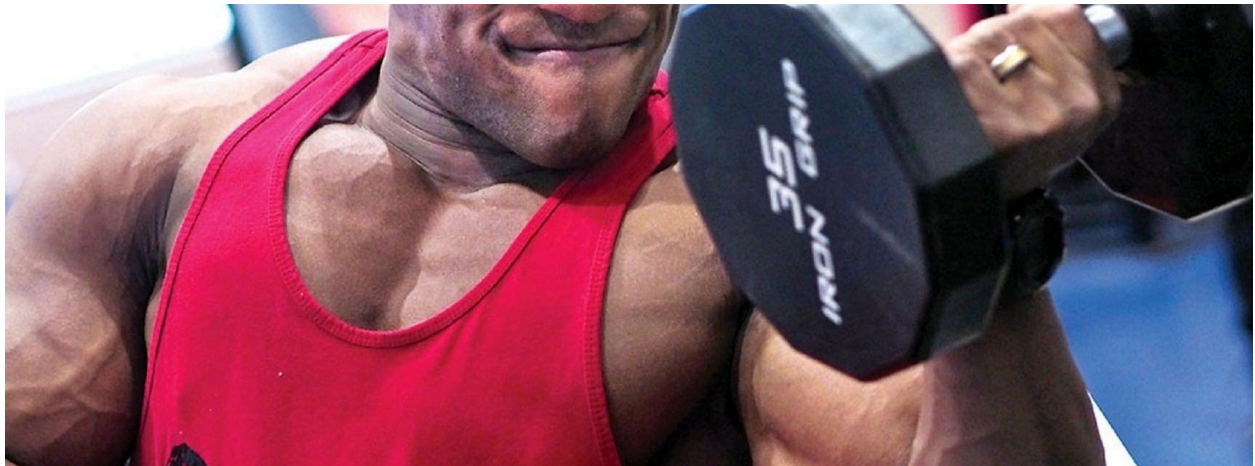
Dave and I loved playing with our dogs. We'd throw sticks which they

would happily retrieve with wagging tails and smiling faces. They would fetch balls and Frisbees for hours. Pokey would get so excited he'd step on his ears and pull his face to the ground. He always slept soundly due to hours of playing. On a Sunday afternoon Dave and I were bored so for some ungodly reason we decided to carve Pokey and Rusty on the schoolhouse doors. Somehow (?) the principal discovered it was us and our parents had to purchase new doors. A few weeks later Rusty turned up missing. The laws weren't as strict and dogs were allowed to roam free, always coming home for dinner. Dave and his parents were frantic, placing ads in the newspaper and hanging up reward posters. They received a phone call from an understandably upset school janitor. Rusty's leg had been nailed to the door. The next day he sadly limped into their yard. We never played fetch again.

I remember Dad perfecting our car every other week, he even waxed the chrome engine manifolds. The inside was spotless with a beautiful lavender smell, both mom and dad smoked but *never* in our motor vehicle. He loved taking us for rides on Sundays, we would drive through Oglebay Park in Wheeling or out to visit my aunt and uncle in Elm Grove. My favorite was driving twenty miles out to a country ice cream store called Walkers. The delicious creams were all hand made and to this day I have never tasted anything so delicious. My favorite was a chocolate peanut butter crunch, mom, and dad always choose the vanilla marble. Dad had a unique trait that is somewhat missing today, called integrity. If he told you he'd do something, he did it. He always kept his word. He wisely instilled this habit in me and is a solid rule I live by. When you consistently practice this, your life *will* become easier. Guaranteed. Dad left our car out of the garage overnight because of a tool rearranging. His sickened surprise saw

the words “quiet sucks” scratched into all four doors plus the hood and trunk. His pride and joy would have to be completely sanded down and repainted. Strange goulash occurrences were appearing in our neighborhoods at an increasing frequency, so we began locking doors at night. We had our suspicions but no proof, something *had* to be done.

## Chapter 4: A New Man



When Raingarden first moved in, his appearance was unkempt to say the least. Full Indian scraggly beard with an unraveled ponytail, he always wore dirty jeans with a tie-dyed shirt. One morning I saw the minister, and he looked like, well, a minister. I couldn't believe I was gazing at the same man. His hair was brushed back in a stylish pompadour, like Elvis. His beard was gone and a perfectly trimmed mustache made his lips prominent. His eye was a radiant blue, and he was wearing a white suit with an open black collared shirt. His cufflinks were gold, and the shoes were a polished bluish black. He was tan. Regis majestically strode over to

his Chevy with no limp and I noticed the tinted windows were gone, revealing a shimmering blue interior. When he clicked the ignition the engine was humming with a soft power and no screaming glass pack. He smiled widely, and his white teeth beamed, “Hello sport” as he drove off. What? I felt a tremor go up my spine and my hand started to shake, for a moment I thought I might faint, I sat down. After slowly walking home, I suddenly felt the need to take a nap. A soft drizzle was starting and I heard a distant thunder. No birds were chirping, and the normal evening crickets were strangely silent. I felt like crying.

## Chapter 5: The Snow



That night I thankfully experienced a very deep dreamless sleep with *one* exception, the ball of light and I remembered *Regis's* smirking smile immediately upon awakening. I was warily aware. To my utter amazement a winter wonderland had occurred, close to four feet of snow. School was canceled, dad was shoveling, mom was making my favorite breakfast of eggs, sausage, bacon, and muffins. She had already started baking homemade bread and the smell was delicious. I stuck my head out the kitchen door and the winter silence was beautiful. The neighborhood was quietly waking up when sunlight burst through showing a dazzling white

landscape. This would be a day of adventure. I dug out my Flexible Flyer sled and waxed the runners to perfection. This speedster would be lightning fast. I received two phone calls within ten minutes, George and Dave. We knew what had to be done because the three of us had planned for this in early Autumn. It took four days to cut the trail using weed sickles, this was George's idea in a moment of brilliance. Our sled track started at the very top of a steep hill in the woods. Once hitting Ralston Avenue, then Virginia Street and down an alley across Elm Street to another alley behind Zane Highway our amazing finish was behind the grocery store. The run *had* to be several miles and I have no idea how fast we'd be moving. Thankfully, over a dozen playmates arrived all bundled up by the somewhat worried mothers, all those snow boots *really* packed the snow down. This was a perfect day because no cars were on the streets. George, Dave and I had started off and finished together. *Wow*. We all had teary eyes due to the blinding speed and had never sledded that long that fast. After congratulating one another we started the over half hour trek back to the mountaintop (not really a mountain but close to it). We made four more runs that day and even had our pictures taken for the newspaper. We counted seventeen smiling faces. That evening our happy family feasted on roast beef, mashed potatoes, green beans, applesauce, homemade bread and pumpkin pie. I had dozed off in front of a glowing fire and woke up in my cozy bed the next morning. Another exciting day awaited but turned tragic.

## **Chapter 6: Broken Bones**





Being the cars were now unburied, we had designated lookouts at all the intersections. Once again, George, Dave and I started off together not knowing this would be the last sledding we'd ever make. Dave hit the first of many rocks placed strategically at the very end of the run. He broke his left arm and his face was bleeding from the glass and nails scattered everywhere. Next, I hit a metal grate and the sled splintered with wood going through my lower lip. The sled's runners were bent out, and I landed hard on my left ear. I puffed my mouth and air blew out of the hole in my face. Fourteen stitches. George was smashed up the worst. The blinding speed cascaded the sled into a *huge* rock, and he flew over ten feet into the minefield of glass. I know, I watched. His nose was broken, and I heard his femur snap in his left leg when he landed horribly wrong. The bone was through his leg in two places and his bloody face was covered with embedded glass. When the orthopedic surgeon was working on his leg he had a violent seizure and died. In the emergency squad two blocks from the crash site I was horrified to see a 1957 perfectly waxed Chevy looking like it had just come off the showroom floor. The smirk was nowhere to be seen.



## Chapter 7: Dad



Dad was never angry, seldom raising his voice and always had a peaceful strength. I had at no time witnessed him *that* furious. My brother Bill was in for a weekend visit and was not a man to be trifled with. He'd been in the most elite fighting force in the world, a Navy SEAL in the Korean War. Mom nervously suggested calling the police, but dad adamantly refused because they had no hard proof. Bill had a 38 magnum handgun. The situation was dangerously escalating. Dad was eerily quiet and said almost in a whisper, "That Satanic half-breed son of a b\_tch is stopping his sh\_t, or he's going to the hospital. Today." That was the only time I ever heard dad swear. Mom's face was flushed, and she had tears in her eyes, Bill looked fiercely determined. I thought of mentioning my dream, but this was not the time nor place. They both bundled up and stormed out the front door. I could see their breath as they walked the three blocks to Raingarden's house. The Chevy was parked in his driveway with not a smidgen of snow. The sidewalks were perfectly shoveled, the sun had the pavement looking like springtime. There was a black wreath on the front door. Strangely, several stuffed Eagles were holding onto the banisters. Bill said later his skin started to crawl. Dad didn't knock but pounded on the

front door, I heard it. Words are not quite adequate to describe what happened next. When the door knob turned both men witnessed a blue electricity sparking out. The inside was dark with glowing red plants and Raingarden somehow just appeared, like out of nowhere. He was dressed in designer jeans and his tight blue shirt seemed to ripple with muscular energy. He wore a small smile. Bill instinctively reached for his gun tucked into the back of his pants and the Halfbreed's eye went black. They looked at each other for what seemed like an eternity until the Indian calmly said, "Yes?" When dad heard his voice the hair on the back of his neck stood straight up. Bill had had enough. "I've beaten more men in hand-to-hand combat than you can possibly imagine. The atrocious injuries *you* shed on children are sick beyond belief, and you're extremely close to being shot in the face, back off *now*." The complete insanity behind Regis's voice unnerved Bill when he heard in his mind. "Wrong." The door silently closed, the temperature dropped dramatically, and three crows flew into the porch window. A dog started to howl, and a baby was screaming. Dad wet his pants. Bill said, "We need to call the police before I'm arrested for manslaughter. I have no idea how he pulled off the blue electricity magic trick but I'm not going to jail. Those dead crows are a sign to go home." They called the police.

## **Chapter 8: The Police**



They knew *of* him. When the Halfbreed first moved to our community the police ran his plates as a curiosity. What they discovered was unnerving to say the least. He'd a Section 8 discharge from the Marines and had been involved in several incidents in Columbus. One happened in a biker bar on a hot summer afternoon. Regis had walked in with a male acquaintance (he didn't have any friends) and two blonde prostitutes. They ordered beers and twenty minutes later, a massive biker came over and said to one of the women, "Why don't you get rid of the Halfbreed and come with a man?" He sauntered back to the bar. Raingarden was silent. Several minutes later, he came back and put his fist on the table, was talking to the prostitute but looking Regis in the eye. "Baby, I asked you to put the Indian back on the reservation and come with me." The non-friend told the police that he'd seen his eye somehow change color. He walked over to the biker who was taking a drink of beer and punched right through the mug. The biker went down, Regis dragged him outside and slammed his head into a car door. This all took less than two 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 witnesses said he had been provoked, no charges were filed.

The second had to do with a deadly drug he'd taken called PCP. Evidently the drug was completely pure and laced with embalming fluid. Insane anyway and blown out of his mind, he took off all his clothes and covered himself with baby oil. He went into the police station and started throwing cops around like mannequins. It took five tasers to subdue him, he was taken to the Cambridge Mental Health Facility. The doctors observed his non-violent behavior for a week, and he was released under his own recognizance. He immediately moved to Martins Ferry and purchased the Kinnan house.

The police talked with the four of us for a half hour, of course they were aware of the sledding tragedy. What they hadn't known was his Chevy being parked so close. However, there was absolutely no evidence. Dad had also explained the damage to his Buick. The officers decided to have a talk with him for the reason that we *thought* he had been involved and would simply explain they were making a routine call. My family strongly suggested the officers make it quite clear that he was to have nothing to do with us. They did, but the Indian paid absolutely no attention. The holiday nightmare was just beginning.

## **Chapter 9: The Holidays**



We didn't understand the following until the first of the year. Regis had explained in horrifying detail the fates of Dave and Katie after he'd been gratefully arrested the third day after Christmas. I did some serious soul-searching and was hesitant to include this narrative. This incident is extremely shocking due to the dismal depth of his total insanity. The day after Thanksgiving we'd seen Raingarden with an attractive blonde in his passenger seat. Over the next month we saw them several times entering his home, he was always holding her passionately close. He'd driven to Wheeling and went to a popular bar where prostitutes were known to frequent. After bringing her to his undecorated home they consumed several hard liquors. He penetrated her and at the exact moment she was having an orgasm he slit her carotid artery, killing her instantly. He wanted her face expertly frozen in orgasmic ecstasy. Regis had been driving around with a smiling dead woman entertaining the corpse several times a day.

All around the neighborhood numerous random dead animals were found. Squirrels, raccoons, beavers, ducks, rats, chickens, birds, and even a few large deer. Our friend had needed the animals for his Satanic rituals and was *told* by his deity not to bury the victims but display them. All the children had stopped the festive holiday play times. A growing terror had descended on our quiet town. The second week into December my parents were somewhat perplexed with the small amount of Christmas cards they'd received. Mom found an Eagle feather in the mailbox, now they knew. The electricity went off twice and this had never occurred. After one outage all the front windows were splattered with animal blood. The second happened on a bitter cold Saturday night. We couldn't go outside because all the doors had been completely soaked with water and frozen shut. The

Bennets lived two doors down and one late evening their doorbell unusually rang. A large bag was ablaze on the front porch, Mr. Bennet stomped it out. To his shocking surprise massive amounts of human feces splattered everywhere. Explosives started being set off at random times day and night. Triple repeating bombs, aerial bombs, M-80's and even dynamite were serious enough for the police to have a search warrant issued and Raingarden's house was thoroughly examined. The same eerie blue electricity had greeted their arrival. Nothing was found but an empty refrigerator and a perfectly made bed. Regis had no need for food because he'd been eating the raw sacrificed animals. He had placed the now decomposing love of his life in his trunk.

Undercover policemen attended several of his unorthodox Friday night services. Regis had a convincing, deep and eloquent voice. He explained the mighty archangel Lucifer had a captivating conversation with God. He suggested having his name changed to a less intimidating Satan and asked for permission to explain reality from a new and different perspective. God agreed, thus Raingarden explained that Lucifer had not rebelled. Satan wanted his followers to be content and happy, so absolutely everything was fair game. Adultery, stealing, lying, cheating, hating, promiscuity, laziness, greed and covetousness were quietly explained as being good and healthy if the individual felt satisfied. Why not enjoy yourself and have fun in the short life you live? Regis told his distorted perception of truth explaining only God was eternal, and we were just dust and no more. Period. From dust we came and to dust we'll return. Our lives are only the sixty, seventy, eighty years we live, and then our existence vanishes as if we'd never been. Most of his congregation had never lived outside the Valley, and he had lived all over the world. He told captivating

stories that people certainly weren't hearing from other pulpits. His mannerisms were becoming very popular with the ladies who started leaving rather odd gifts on his front porch. The men started exercising more as they wanted finer enhanced physiques. His ministry was growing, married couples started having affairs, bar fights were increasing, the police were getting more domestic abuse calls, retail stores were noticing higher inventory shrinkage and people had shorter tempers. Raingarden wanted power and started practicing a magical levitating trick he'd learned in the military. This was really quite simple to master. When he showed off his ability in public his congregation soared and the money flowed in. His wealth quickly grew, but his insatiable cravings demanded more. He was now completely, totally, thoroughly, insane and enjoying the black depths of madness. My very best friend Dave went missing. The Halfbreed had become infuriated listening to *Davieeee* every g\_d\_mn night.

## Chapter 10: Dave





Dave had talked his parents into playing outside with three other friends. He pleaded with me to go but I'd just experienced a vivid dream about the air being poisoned. I felt and *knew* to stay inside. Dave had promised to only play for three hours, after all he had a broken arm. When the streetlights came on, he'd be home. He and Rusty were quickly walking when the dazzling 57 Chevy pulled up. Dave loved that car. The Halfbreed smoothly asked, "Hey sport can I give you and your poor dog a lift on this freezing night?" His parents had lovingly drilled into him the importance of never talking to strangers. However, Dave mistakenly reasoned he was a close neighbor with such a captivating voice driving such an amazing car and he was freezing cold. He and Rusty slowly climbed in. They were never seen again. Raingarden politely asked permission to show Dave his astounding new invention and he'd only be five minutes late arriving home. "What is it?" "You absolutely won't believe this, it's a floating chair." "Whaaat?" "Yep sport you'll be amazed." "Way too cool, lets go." This was the last decision my friend would ever make. When walking up to the house he was astounded to see blue electricity shoot out from Regis's fingertips and the door opening. The chair was under a spotlight in the center of a dark room. "For my invention to levitate you simply have to sit on it." Rusty began to whine. Dave sat down and was dumbfounded to realize he was completely frozen. He couldn't move a finger, a toe or even blink but somehow he felt *everything*. The smirk terrifyingly appeared, Rusty barked and was rewarded with a powerful force that knocked him senseless over 10 feet. The dog landed at the feet of an extremely happy but pale woman. Dave noticed she was also paralyzed. Suddenly he's being urinated on and due to his heightened senses it wasn't warm but hot, very hot. Lunacy exploded, "The sh\_t's coming later runt, now you understand how your piss

felt to me. The torture experienced at your Jap hands will be payed back over a hundred times. Promise.” Dave started to cry but even his tears wouldn’t fall. He passed out.

## Chapter 11: Dave’s Christmas Eve



Katie was an adorable four-year-old with blue eyes and blonde piglets. She was stolen out of her sun room two days before Christmas. She woke up from the ether gas tied to a high chair, a frantic little boy was looking at her but couldn’t speak. The incoherent babbling voice in Raingardens’ head was demanding more power. Adrenochrome, must have harvested adrenochrome, it unceasingly screamed. This extremely powerful psychedelic has life extending properties and comes from the adrenal gland. The dark and forbidden scriptures from the Satanic Church had informed the Halfbreed it was the most powerful upon being released from an extremely tortured innocent toddler seconds before death. I will not and cannot explain what that beast did to Katie. Dave viewed it all, and I *know* he must have been fervently praying for death. Her body was never found. My horrified friend witnessed the animal leering at the paralyzed woman. He listened to grunting sounds for over an hour but could only see a moving shadow in the darkened corner. He fell asleep.

Dave and Katie's parents had naturally informed the police, television stations and newspapers about their missing children. Raingarden reasoned with his distorted logic to offer Dave's parents a sense of closure. He placed Rusty's tongue, ear, and rear leg in a beautifully wrapped Christmas box and left it on their front porch. Dave's mother fainted, they abandoned all hope of ever finding their son alive. The distorted mind kept Rusty alive and giggled like a little girl when he showed the poor animal to Dave. As an added treat for my friend he burned the muzzled animal's other rear leg with a blow torch. Now Regis was placing *all* his attention on the Japanese fiend who was the cause of his unending misery. The beast had given Dave a shot of adrenaline as he certainly didn't want his new toy to pass out and miss all the joyous fun. The little fingers on both hands were of little use anyway so they were the first to be purposely and very slowly sawed off. More intense pain that way. He thought of putting a small screwdriver under a few fingernails and prying them off and suddenly lost his train of thought. If you could call it that. Oh, he remembered all body parts were to be brilliantly placed in the refrigerator so he could mail everything to Dave's parents. They would certainly be grateful for the gifts to put Humpty Dumpty together again for the funeral. He felt a sense of pride in granting the runt a proper burial, now *that* was being thoughtful. He couldn't decide to break Dave's leg *exactly* like the Japs had broken his or just cut it off. Surprisingly, he became totally confused and started to cry, he *hated* being indecisive. After loudly sobbing for a half hour, he entered his girlfriend and as a reward for her beautiful love making they went on a long wintry ride. She always looked so very happy but was painfully shy. Life was good with her by his side. This was Christmas Eve and his anger started to build. These small town b\_stards are going to pay. His insanity

was extremely busy for countless hours on Christmas Day. Great news for the completely forgotten and now invisible Dave.

## **Chapter 12: My Christmas Eve**



I woke up unusually early on Christmas Eve, my parents were still asleep. I wandered down to our den and absentmindedly stared at all the books mom and dad had read over the years. The Prophet, Mere Christianity, The Celestine Prophecy, The Bible, Jonathan Livingston Seagull, The Great Gatsby, The Old Man And The Sea, Grapes Of Wrath, The Disappearance Of The Universe, A Course In Miracles. One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest with the crazy people on the cover especially caught my interest and I suddenly started to cry. My young mind was having a difficult time comprehending the horrible recent events. Seeing a best friend in his coffin was a living nightmare. I remembered just a few days ago how George had been so excited that his idea had turned into such an amazing experience for so many friends. Now he's dead and I'll never hear his laugh again. I recalled hitting him in the mouth and the tears exploded. What was supposed to be a magical day full of laughter and wonderment had died. What happened? I cried harder as I had never experienced such deep grief. Thankfully mom walked in and gently held me without saying a word.

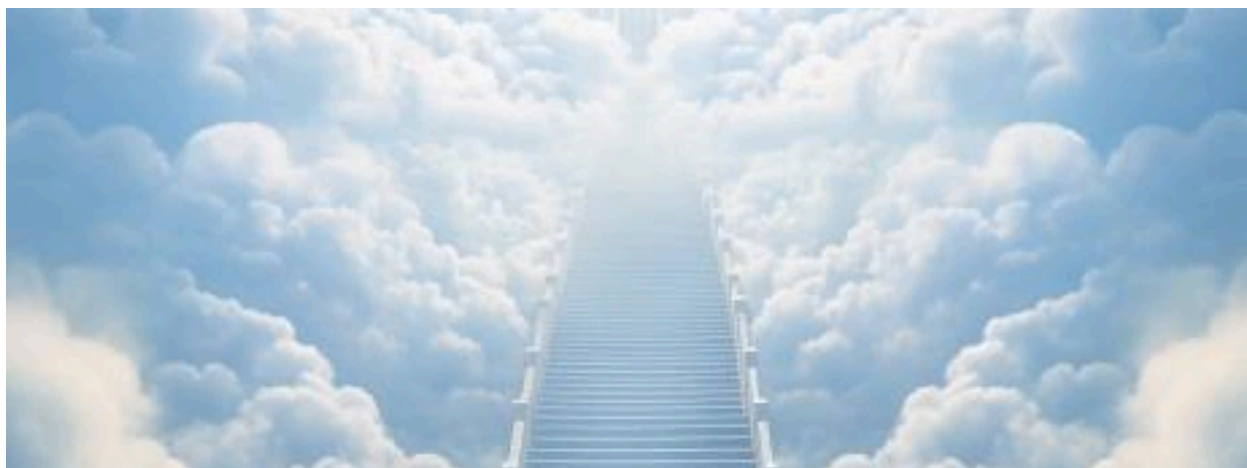
Her incredible love enveloped me like a warm blanket, or a quiet cocoon. Time was strange, and I have no idea how long we silently sat, just listening to her breath was soothing. She quietly asked if I was hungry and I said no. A tear came out of her eye.

Mom only had a high school education, however, she had a remarkable mind and was one of the most intelligent people I'd ever met in all my years. She was an avid reader and absorbed books. I tested her once while we were watching Jeopardy and she easily answered every single question. Dad sleepily walked in and asked if we were Ok, silence. He quietly left and made coffee, the aroma was somehow comforting, and I started to feel better. We were coming back to life and I felt extremely grateful for such amazing parents. Maybe, just maybe the magic of this wonderful day would slowly return. That evening it did, the first miracle I'd ever experienced occurred after mom and dad shared with me the wisdom they'd learned over the years.

Dad had also attended one of the preachers' sermons, incognito of course. He couldn't believe what he'd heard and discussed the man's babblings with mom for over an hour. After savoring a wonderful dinner, dad built a fire and the three of us were enjoying the tree's lights and the soft Christmas music. Dad began, "Bob, your mother and I have discussed this subject and agreed you're too young to fully understand. However, due to the recent tragic events our reasoning has changed. Have you ever wondered why we don't attend church?" "Not really." "We simply haven't found a congregation that teaches the truth." "Oh, Ok." I was a little confused and had no idea where this conversation was heading. Please recite the little prayer we taught you years ago. I easily said, "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.” Both mom and dad were smiling, and inexplicably the fire was changing into a golden glow. I felt a growing sense of peace, the Christmas magic was returning. Mom continued, ”Honey, as you know this is the night we celebrate the gift of baby Jesus and the presents Santa brings are to honor his birth.” ”I know.” They had both wisely discussed this was definitely *not* the time to explain the news about Santa. Dad asked, ”Son, who’s the Lord?” I hadn’t really *thought* about this but understood the Lord must be powerful if He could take my soul. ”Umm, God?” Mom said, ”Right, good answer.” I felt proud. She softly continued, ”Honey, is God good?” ”He must be if He sent baby Jesus.” Mom was quiet and at just the right moment asked, ”Where’s George?” Suddenly, a light went off and my eight-year-old mind *knew*. ”Why, he’s with the Lord Who sent baby Jesus.” Astoundingly, the tears that just this morning were due to horrible grief had turned into joyful tears. I said, ”Mommy, George is sled riding with God in Heaven, I just know it.” ”That’s right baby.” I heard George laugh. A miracle. I’ve remembered that beautiful night all my years.

## Chapter 13: Christmas



After opening over a dozen presents Santa brought and knowing he

must have loved the cookies, the plate had nothing but crumbs, we enjoyed breakfast. My appetite was definitely back. I happily played with my new toys for several hours but eventually became bored. Mom and dad had been talking for over an hour about the tape recording dad had secretly made of Raingarden's sermon. They had both been students of A Course In Miracles for years and as I sat and listened to their logical discussion my young mind was opening up to the truth. Eternal truth. Dad looked at me and said, "Bob, I apologize for losing my temper the other day, anger is ridiculous and never solves anything." "That's Ok dad." Reflecting over the years, here's what I learned that Christmas evening. Years before studying The Course they had both arrived at the same conclusion that God Is. Mom was in her early teens when she accepted this truth and focused her sharp intellect on learning about this Being. They were both continually teaching one another, and now I was included simply by listening. My innocent mind understood what they were discussing because it was all true. The reason they didn't attend church was because they hadn't found one that didn't believe in Hell or taught it was impossible to sin against God. One statement that the Halfbreed had made was true. Lucifer never rebelled against God. Lucifer perfectly understood God had complete control over the smallest neutrino to the largest universe and was everywhere at once. The thought would never occur to rebel against such massive and total power. God *is* incomprehensible Love. My parents love for me and my love for them was because we were made by Love. Who is Raingarden's worst enemy? His insane self. The seeds of truth my parents implanted in me that Christmas night of miracles have blossomed into beautiful fruits of divine wisdom and knowledge.

God's first creation was a *Being* called Christ. Christ was instantly



given all of God's Love, power, knowledge, wisdom, and strength. Why? Because God's very nature is to extend Himself and now Christ could also extend. He started to learn and comprehend, understanding atomic forces. Neutrinos, protons, electrons, neutrons, inorganic, organic molecules, amino acids and the forces that regulate all life were easily understood. Vistas of astonishing beauty opened up. He became ecstatic while co-creating rivers, lakes, oceans, forests, mountains, skies, worlds, suns, stars, galaxies, and universes. He was everywhere with this magnificent One. Due to the infinite wisdom of God, they stopped short of creating life to populate all that is. Their beautiful Minds knew exactly what to do when Source would say the moment was perfect. They envisioned all aquatic life, myriads of different flying species, animal life, and the harmony of the varying interconnected environments. Their creations were also to be gifted with the ability to co-create, each after their own kind. All would happen in a nanosecond, just as Christ had been created. There was no concept of time or space for They were everywhere, and They were One. God has created Christ to be exactly like Himself and to share His eternal love and joy in a state of unencumbered, boundless, and unimaginable ecstasy. Any question the Son asked was instantly answered as Their communication was perfect.

Then somewhere, somewhen Christ asked a question that was *not* answered. The question was like, "What else is there?" or "What would it be like to go play by Myself?" Source did *not* answer because there *is* nothing but God's perfect creation. The Divine Son became horrified because of the mistaken thought God's perfect communication was forever lost. Instantly Christ experienced the vastly more terrible knowing of fear. A universe of His own was created to hide, thus the big bang occurred,

composed of a billion fragments. Needing an even deeper refuge, human beings were created with minds capable of creating but without total power. The first ego was formed, a mind falsely believing it is eternally on its own. The idea of duality could not be carried out in God's Reality, so Christ entered our illusory universe and fell into a dreaming sleep.

No longer perfectly communicating God thought, "My Child is asleep and must be awakened." *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, the dream could become real to Him as well, and He'd also be trapped. There's the paramount risk of both Father and Son becoming eternally separated from their true Home and losing Their Identity. In other words, if God Himself were to acknowledge anything except the idea of perfect oneness, there would no longer *be* perfect oneness. Solving the only problem that ever existed and allowing God to keep His attention focused on Reality, Source's second creation was the Holy Spirit. Therefore, bridging the two states of existence and answering the perceived separation. The Voice for God has the miraculous ability to view God's perfect Heaven and the Son's imperfect dream. The Holy Spirit knew the original Christ Mind had forgotten Love and understood only fear. The perfect Love of God completely shattered the insanity of fear. Christ remembered the Love of Self and God, thus awakening in the Heaven He'd never left.

## **Chapter 14: Who Are We?**



Jesus's last name is not Christ. His name is Jesus of Nazareth, he *perfectly* understood he was One with Christ, Who is One with God. So are you, so am I, so is everyone who ever has or ever will live. Eternal Truth. We are all bipolar, our right mind is based on spirit and love, our wrong mind is based on ego and fear. The Holy Spirit is in *every* mind to teach them to choose love and deny their ego's insane fear of God. The lie of Hell was created by our ego to perpetuate the fear of God, Who could send us there. This would keep our attention away from our *true* enemy. Ourself, thus not recognizing OurSelf. One of Jesus's last statements while being horribly crucified was, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." He said this to put into the collective human consciousness the critical importance of forgiveness. He knew God doesn't forgive because He sees nothing *to* forgive. We're dreaming, just like the original Christ. How can we possibly sin against God Who's not even aware of this illusory universe's existence? Sin means the wrongdoing we do against one another.

Our ego is like an onion, if we peel away a layer it still looks and smells like an onion. When the last layer is gone, so is the onion. Every time we forgive, we're permanently peeling away a layer of our ego. The Holy Spirit even condenses time on our behalf. The friend who was

supposed to steal from us tomorrow won't occur because we'd already forgiven a friend who stole in the past. A lesson learned never needs repeating. Once achieving perfection in forgiveness, we'll also awaken in the Heaven we've never left. Also, of paramount importance is don't feed the ego because it derives its power from our mind. When we're worried, upset, jealous, angry, depressed, anxious, or fearful, we're feeding our ego who wants us miserable. The frail human body was made as a fence to keep God out. When we listen to the Divine Silence between our thoughts, which is the Holy Spirit, the body's purpose is changed to one of healing God's Son. What higher purpose could we possibly have then to assist in restoring God's Son, which we all are? In other words, we are not frail, weak, fearful human beings; we are immensely powerful and infinitely loving Christ Beings. What God wills to be One, must be One. Forever. If God had made anything or anyone imperfect, Source would no longer *be* perfect, therefore we *are* perfect and have simply forgotten. Yes, we make mistakes in our dreams, but this doesn't affect the perfection of our true nature. At all. Know and understand the truth that Christ is immeasurably more than just a name but our state of *Being*.

## **Chapter 15: Raingarden**



I recalled listening to mom and dad talk and found myself waking up in my warm bed after an amazing and powerful dream I *knew* had been about God and something or someone named Christ. I couldn't remember any specifics but felt an incredible peace, strength, and love that was very very real. Suddenly the name Raingarden came into my consciousness, and astoundingly I didn't fear him, at all, but felt sorrow and pity for the man. I mysteriously understood when he was hurting others, he was really condemning himself.

Before the next thought, a powerful blast went off that literally shook the foundation of our home, pictures fell off the wall. I looked out my bedroom window and the dim morning light was revealing a dark cloud rising over a hundred feet in the air. At least the Halfbreed had waited until Christmas was over. The city's fire alarm went off and all the home lights around my grade school were coming on. The front-page article of the next day's newspaper explained what happened. The picture showed two fire trucks, an ambulance and five police cars on the school grounds. A blown tree stump was found over 200 yards away on a rooftop and dozens of the school's windows were shattered. The fire marshal determined that at least fifty sticks of dynamite caused the destruction, even the school doors were

cracked. He explained the skill set suggested military training. The tar that had been used as a sealant on the flat rooftop had been set on fire and was difficult to extinguish. Several of the teachers' desks were blown apart, police had to wear masks due to the intensity of the stench as the gymnasium was littered with dead animals. Obscenities were written in blood on numerous walls, chalkboards had odd messages about how the Japanese children will be slowly tortured and dogs are destined to be mutilated. Most horrifying of all, a naked smiling corpse with a feather in her hair was sitting in the principal's chair. Raingarden had become enraged with his girlfriend because she wouldn't talk with him, there were plenty more where she came from.

## **Chapter 16: Dave's Abject Horror**

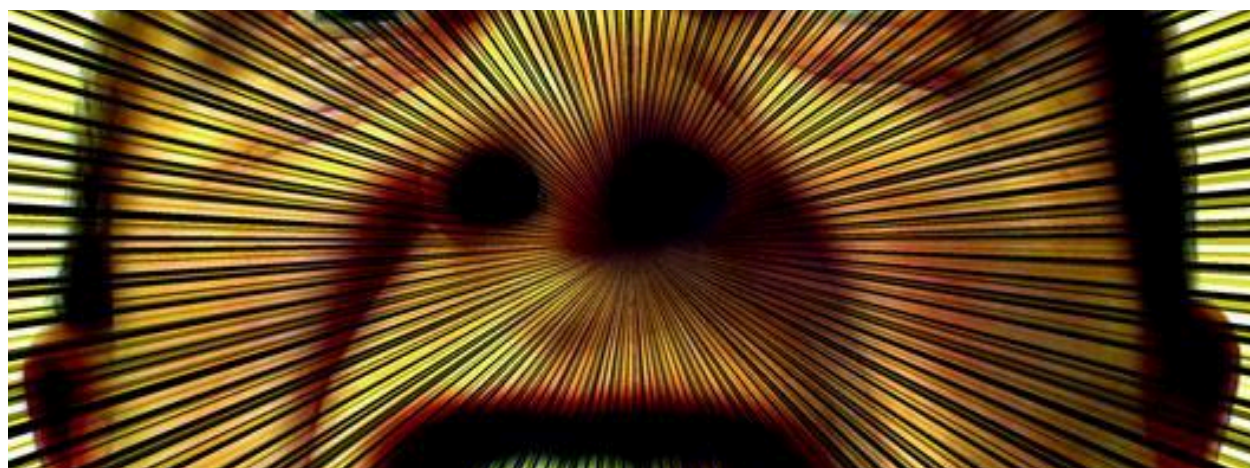


All the long and arduous frantic work exhausted the Halfbreed, and he slept through the pleasure of watching the fruits of his labor. When he woke up from his dreamless coma and saw the clock, he was furious with himself for sleeping. He didn't like sleeping because it took away the time for fun and games. He was painfully hungry and happily remembered the raccoon and rat he'd stored in the ceiling for such an emergency, the feast was wonderfully horrible. Being somewhat confused why his girlfriend



wasn't in bed he stumbled downstairs and saw. What? Who? Why? The thought blasted into his warped mind, *it's the Japanese runt Davieeee*. My friend watched in abject horror as the fiend gathered his instruments of pain. Hammers, knives, pliers, matches, saws, a drill, a vice, and lighter fluid. His contorted face alone was painful to look at. The insanity remembers Rusty and the fact that he was still hungry. The dog's life ended as Dave watched his pet's heart being ripped out and eaten, he passed out. Regis went looking for his girlfriend and was furious when he couldn't find her.

## Chapter 17: Furious



I suddenly awoke from a dream and at this exact moment and saw my dear friend in my mind's eye. He was sitting paralyzed in a chair because a powerful and fearful mind was in control of his body. I immediately understood the power of my own mind because it was created by the ultimate loving power of God's Mind. Instantly I prayed from the depth of my soul, "Help my friend." A gift was granted that I've never been able to duplicate. I left my body and was standing next to Dave. I tenderly woke him from a deep sleep and even though still in a body he was also gifted with the ability to see me. Our minds joined. In a nanosecond we



both heard Jesus say, “My brothers when I was being tortured by the worst way to die at that time, crucifixion, I felt absolutely no pain. Normally the condemned hands were tied to the cross, mine were nailed. The Roman soldiers were astounded as I was calmly smiling as they pounded in the nine-inch nails. The ultimate ego of our friend Raingarden is going to be undoubtedly terrified over the next few hours. Our Father’s infinite wisdom decided extreme measures are required to help an extremely sick mind. We’ll go through this together and Dave will be with me in Heaven before a blink of an eye. Dave’s parents are going to be joyfully surprised at his mother’s pregnancy at the age of fifty-one.”

The Halfbreed’s deranged mind stormed in as we calmly watched. It was somewhat like dampers had been released and Dave remembered the total power of his mind. He calmly understood, his frail human body was returning to dust, and soon he’d be enjoying his Christ body. On with the show. Dave was no longer frozen but kept perfectly still so not to arouse the Indian’s suspicions. His madness was raging, pliers? Hammer? Matches? Screwdrivers? Flower petals? What? Raingarden burst out in a scream and started to uncontrollably cry. I had never felt such sympathy for anyone in all my young years. Even Jesus looked a bit startled. Regis started pounding himself in the head then began the push-ups. He must have quickly and easily completed well over a hundred. Dripping from sweat, he glanced at Dave and a look of immense sadness washed over his face and instantly vanished. *Davieeee, my frieeennnd*. A new determined purpose entered his stern countenance and his eye became perfectly black. The Jap runt is going to rue the day he was born. The instant his enraged mind started tightening the vice he’d skillfully placed around Dave’s broken arm; Jesus and I laid our hands on my friends’

shoulders. The Halfbreed excitedly looked up and saw Dave's small smile. What? He almost started to cry, and his eye turned gray, then the total blackness returned and he powerfully, but oh so slowly closed the vice. The bones started splintering, the muscle fibers eased through the skin and Dave's arm looked like a tomato being smashed. My friend started to giggle. Raingarden's insanity exploded into an incomprehensible frenzy. He grabbed his lit blowtorch and placed it on his own thigh, screaming at the enormous pain he instantly placed the blue flame on Dave's leg and my friend started to laugh. The Indian fainted. Jesus said something about a nuclear power getting ready for a surprise launch and vanished. We both heard, "My dear brothers you have everything well under control, and we have a surprise party planned for Dave in Paradise, see you soon my young friend."

## **Chapter 18: Our True Mother**



The very next second, Dave and I both heard a soft, clear, musical woman's voice. "My dear children, I've been with you since the moment you were born. I made you smile as a baby when you realized the beauty of the sunbeam on your floor. The times you happily played in sprinklers, loving the smell of school on your first day of kindergarten, the elation of summer

vacation starting, the bliss you had living in the moment and joyfully playing. I was there and we used to talk. As you grew older you started hearing the sounds of the world, and you slowly stopped communicating with Me. I'm the Voice for God, the Holy Spirit, and I'll lead you, Home." We were next gifted with the vision of seeing Regis as a baby. He was an unusually happy infant, always giggling and cooing with the clearest smiling blue eyes. When a toddler his best friend was the beautiful Lady, he talked with in the early mornings and late evenings. As a young boy we saw him hiding in the closet as his drunken father horribly smashed his mother, knowing he was next. His best friend was his oldest brother because they comforted one another after their father's drunken beatings. We saw his enormous grief as he stared at his brother's coffin after he'd been ravaged to death. We watched his descent into alcohol and powerful opiates, finally becoming completely addicted to heroin and then fentanyl. He was homeless at eighteen, begging, miserable, no friends, he joined the Marines. The purpose and discipline served him well, and he excelled at the military academy, specializing in munitions. We watched his year and a half of unbearable torture in prison camp. Both Dave and I completely understood his tortured mind.

Regis woke up.

## **Chapter 19: The Dream Of Anarchy**



In his dream the crime rate in the city went through the roof and quickly spread throughout the entire Ohio Valley. Raingarden was beyond ecstatic that his bombing had worked so well. He'd strategically planned the day after Christmas because all the children's joyful playing with new toys would be stolen by the confusion that would permeate throughout the small town. The bombing had succeeded in igniting a blazing fear. Several retail stores in the downtown shopping area had been broken into. The appliance store was hit the hardest and all inventory was gone. The hardware store was burned to the ground. Dozens of men and women were blatantly pleasing themselves in the porn shop. Kroger was emptied of all food and beverages; the liquor store was also decimated with nothing left but a dozen bottles of cheap wine. Fentanyl was openly being sold on street corners; the deaths were mounting. Total anarchy on television, this unbelievable insanity had powerfully escalated in an impossibly short period of time. The Halfbreeds deranged and unhinged teachings of lies spread like a terminal cancer. A high percentage of the populace found solace in his words and were immersed in taking care of only *one* thing. Themselves. Even lifelong Christians were re-examining their foundational belief structures. What had their God ever accomplished for

them? Far too many were coming to the same conclusion. Absolutely nothing. Nothing at all. Ever. Let's have the fun we've denied ourselves our entire life. What does it matter, we're all just dust anyway? Raingarden had just completed his most mesmerizing sermon yet and hundreds in the congregation were eager for the drugs, alcohol, and sex they'd enjoy over the New Year weekend. Regis was overjoyed when a fight broke out in the rear of the church and quickly escalated into a brawl.

Suddenly he's looking at Dave, his dream is over.

## **Chapter 20 : Terror**



His confused tormented mind started to recall his true purpose was the destruction of children. His insanity told him he's really doing them a favor, as they wouldn't have to go through the ongoing pain he'd endured. However, he wanted them to be anticipating death to escape the excruciating agony he would eagerly put them through. Dave's smiling even though his arm is a bloodied shattered pulp, and a huge hole is burned completely through his leg. A screaming terror exploded through Regis's immense ego because he heard the ravaged little boy say, "I forgive you." Raingarden's egoistic mind erupted into a savage punch directly in Dave's face, shattering my friend's eye. Their one eye is now looking at one



another and Dave's brown eye turned into a dazzling blue as his brain hemorrhage caused his body's death. Regis visualized his brother's face and he fainted.

## **Chapter 21 : The Road To Recovery**



An amazing sight was watching Dave transfigure into a brilliant light as he left his shell of a body. I woke up in my bed and instantly knew what I'd just experienced hadn't been a dream. I called the police, Raingarden woke up handcuffed in the back of the police cruiser. The next night, I had the dream about the huge ball of light rolling toward me, the smirking Indian was gone. When thinking the light was about to crush me, I became one with the light and instantly woke up smiling. I never had the dream again.

The doctor's, psychiatrists and nurses at the Cambridge Mental Health Facility had never witnessed a case like Raingardens. His life story eventually became a New York Times bestseller and a high grossing movie. The professionals determined he had five completely distinct and different personalities. The first was a happy little boy who would play for hours with toys the staff brought. The second was a very articulate minister over a large and growing church. The doctors would watch him talking and

gesturing his hands for hours. Next was a screaming prisoner pleading with his captors for mercy which never came. This was the most painful for the staff to watch and record. His cries of pain and anguish would go on sometimes for days, and he'd be administered powerful sedatives so as not to attempt suicide. Once he almost succeeded by biting off his tongue. The fourth was a handsome, intelligent man who desperately wanted to play with the neighborhood children. However, they'd never let him and would always laugh and sometimes even urinate on him. Finally, the black man who would do hundreds of pushups was the most terrifying. The staff was very thankful for the inch thick bulletproof observation glass. Once they called the police because his massive frame smashed on the glass for over an hour. His frenzy was so insane they could not, would not enter his room. Five policemen with tasers eventually subdued him.

After years of studying and watching, Raingardens personalities began to grow and change each in their own way. The little boy was the most engaging to communicate with, they would watch him in the mornings and evenings talking with his Mother. The staff would read happy stories from the Bible when this personality was dominant, and Regis would ask many questions. The minister had a growing confusion about his own doctrine as he had no answers for the questions asked. How could Satan be allowed to perpetuate lies when God knew only of truth? Why would an eternal God create lives that ended in nothingness? How could an all-knowing Creator whose very nature is one of complete giving, design humans who would become absorbed in only taking? Eventually the staff stopped recording this personality because it simply had nothing to say. When dominant the minister would just quietly think. The prisoner, over the years eventually accepted his fate and the pleading completely stopped.



He had even become so used to the torture that his mind had somehow viewed the pain as normal, it became less bothersome. Raingarden began sleeping constantly when this personality was dominant. The handsome man became less absorbed about playing with children and developed a relationship with a woman who was evidently blonde. Regis was always commenting on her beautiful hair and they were taking longer drives.

The absolutely most fascinating study was the little boy. The years of observations and the volumes of writings on just this personality turned into a manuscript that had a profound effect on spiritual communities and religious institutions around the globe. The little boy had grown to become a loving adult with the most beautiful blue eye, talking every morning and evening with his Mother. After communicating with this personality, the staff would always feel better about themselves and others. The black man still raged, especially when his imagined victims felt no pain. After many years his rages became less violent after residing to the fact his tortures were simply not working. When Raingarden was seventy-two, the prisoner, minister and handsome man simply ceased to exist, and those chapters of his life were closed.

Astoundingly, the last two personalities began talking with one another. They recorded Regis's eye changing color when a personality was talking. The staff documented the handsome man's logical intelligence growing in the adult little boy. When this phenomenon first started the black man was unceasingly talking and when the adult listened and responded the black man became stronger. During this period, the adult also ceased having his Motherly conversations. The adult's mannerisms were sad for the doctors to observe. This personality started becoming depressed, showing signs of anxiety, worry, fear, confusions, and even anger. The

black man wanted the adult to be dwelling on past mistakes and more importantly worrying about the future. After several months of recording the black man's growing power and the adult's corresponding weakness, the adult suddenly awoke from a dream and was once again talking with his Mother. The next observation was the eye always being black and never blue. Evidently the Mother had advised the adult to stop all communication with the dark man's insanity. The adult's growing depression completely stopped, and he was now talking with his Mother constantly. His eye had become even bluer than it had been as a child. The dark man's eye was turning gray, he was losing power because the adult refused to communicate with him. Exceedingly fast the adult personality gained complete dominance. The black man vanished, never to be witnessed again. Regis started teaching and his profound wisdom was logical, beautiful, and true. When I was in my fifties, I attended several of his workshops, he never knew I had been his eight-year-old neighbor. His body stopped functioning on a Sunday morning when he was seventy-two. He died in his sleep with a smile on his face, he was Home. God Is, Bob

## **Chapter 22 : Heaven**



“My Dream of Heaven” is a book by Rebecca Ruter Springer,

originally titled "Intra Muros". It was written in 1898 and is considered a nineteenth-century spiritual classic. The book is a vision of Heaven that was given to Springer during a time of pain and severe illness. She was unconscious for several days as she received the vision, which covers a period of years. Springer intended the book to offer comfort and hope to readers, and it has inspired generations of Christians for over 100 years. The book captures Biblical truths with emotional impressions and portrays the beauty of Heaven as an imperfect sketch of a most perfect vision. Springer's story continues to accomplish her goal of offering hope and comfort to those searching for answers about the afterlife. The words of the author best set the stage for this beautiful treasure, which contains two missing chapters that have not appeared in print in more than 100 years.

The manuscript was given to me over 22 years ago by my best friend's wife who had terminal liver cancer. Dave took me into their dining room where we waited for 20 minutes. Robin painfully shuffled out and sat down. She weighed 93 pounds, was only 43 and had a port implanted in her sternum. Her wrists looked like pencils and her skin color was deathly pale. However, her countenance was breathtaking and glowing. She sat down at the kitchen table and was absolutely joyful. 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. Two months after she gave me the manuscript, Robin died. I highly recommend, for all who have read it come to the same conclusion that It's much too beautiful for the human mind to simply have made up. The small manuscript is truly Inspired and Divine. Following are some excerpts.

Rebecca died and was carried to Heaven by her uncle who had

transitioned as an officer in the Civil War. He set her down in a beautiful meadow. She said one could get lost in the perfection of a single rose and was surprised to see herself wearing a beautiful white gown which somehow shimmered. They waded into a river and the water came up to their throats. She said, "Stop! We'll drown". The earth thoughts persisted. He looked at her with a twinkle in his eye and said, "We don't drown here." They went down over 40 feet and talked at length surrounded by beautiful light rays and refractions, like being inside a prism of diamonds. When they came out her hair and gown were instantly dry, and she felt as if she could fly. She did, later. All the water in Heaven flows from the Throneroom of God and prepares the soul for the Celestial Life. She picked a fruit and said the flavor was extraordinary, beyond anything she had ever tasted. The juice squirted on her gown and instantly vanished for nothing impure exists in Heaven. Numerous streets were made of gold and surrounded by magnificent mansions constructed of textured stone, precious woods and beautiful minerals. All had breathtaking lawns and stunning terraces. Jesus said, "In my Father's House there are many mansions." Children came into her home who were artisans, they had delicate tools and planted live roses *in* her marble floors. She was there quite a while, time was meaningless, when she came upon a golden lake. Rebecca said the vista was so stunning that she was barely spiritually strong enough, even in Heaven, to gaze upon the glorious beauty. There were dozens of spectacular boats driven by a technology she wasn't aware of. There is no night, just a softening of glory. They went to a massive outdoor theater and the dome roof was held up by columns of Jasper and Pearl. Softly singing angelic beings were up in the dome. Martin Luther of the Reformation strode out on stage. He talked of the effects the Lutheran Church had on Europe. All

heads were bowed after he spoke, contemplating the wisdom shared. She looked up and out came Jesus. He was dressed in a golden suit and the Glory of God surrounded him. He spoke of the link between the earthly existence and Heavenly life. She said if she had known how the Saints and Angels watched over her in time, she wouldn't have worried so much. Jesus then spoke of how their beginning life in Heaven would be and the astonishing universes they would explore for all Eternity. When writing she didn't know of any earth words which could properly explain his teachings concerning the Celestial Life. We wouldn't be able to understand anyway. She saw the Throneroom of God.



One would not be able to behold this in human form. The Power, Glory, and Love were beautiful to behold and feel, all were immense beyond thought. The last thing she saw before waking from her coma was the Celestial Sea. There were huge, wooden, sailing schooner ships adorned with all the flags of the world bringing new arrivals from Earth. Their loved ones were excitedly awaiting on shore. She said, "Oh death, where is thy victory? Where is thy sting?"

When finishing this writing I was somewhat at a loss for words and reflected on the meanings for several days. We truly do not have the

slightest comprehension of how enormous God's Love is for us. If one lives a life of pain, sickness, despair, fear, and heartache it will be as nothing the first minute being Home. Our tiny earthly existence is a fleeting moment compared to the wonder, glory, beauty, joy, peace, and love we will all share forever. Bob

## **Chapter 23: 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

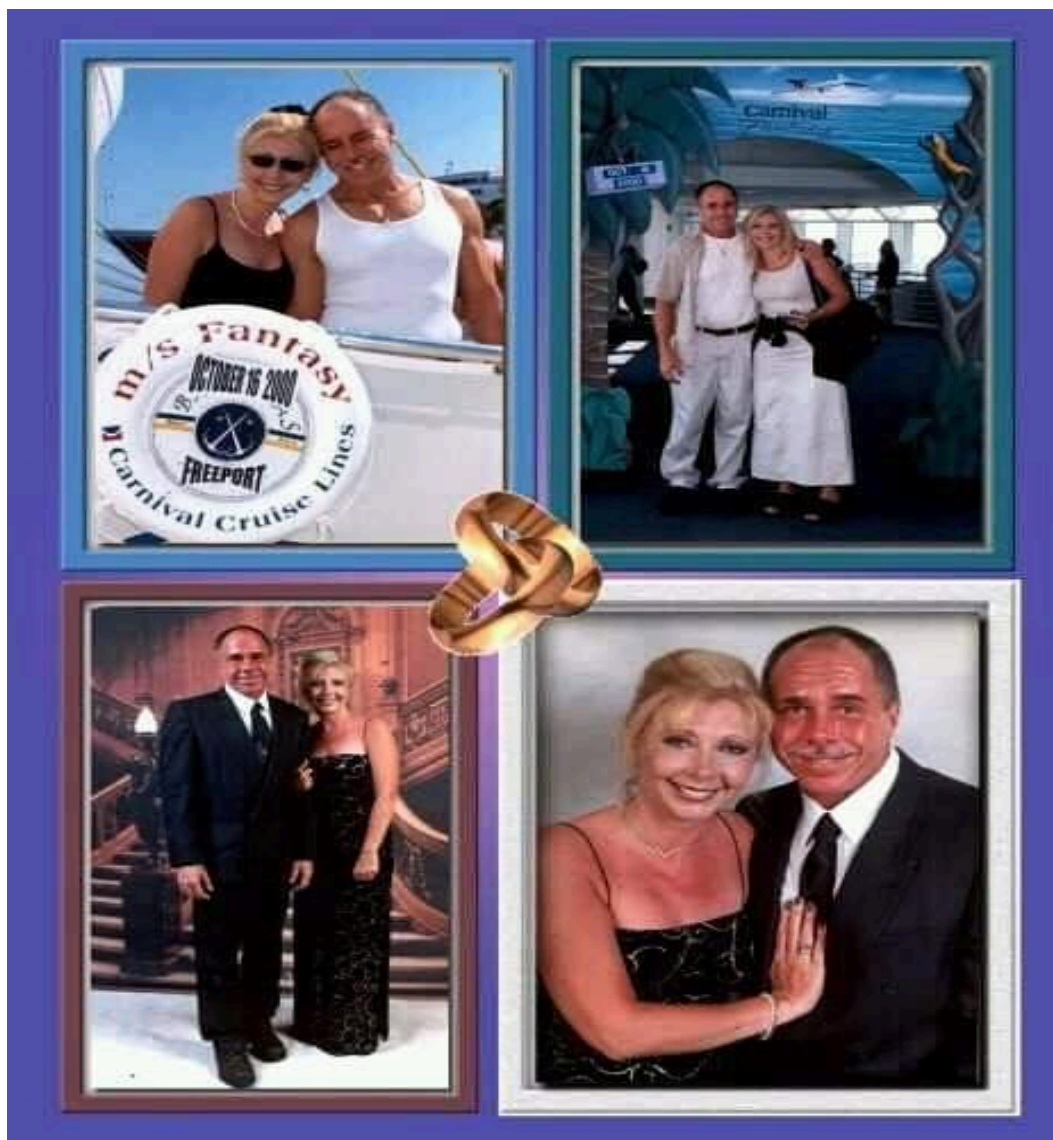


told God you'd forgiven these folks, a feeling of amazing joy and peace briefly enveloped you and vanished. Over the next decade you and God became quite close, and you considered Him your best friend. You knew God understands your unchanged feelings about the sin issue and the death of Jesus. Years 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 24: Our Tragic Second Honeymoon**

I was married for twenty years, twenty-one years ago we were enjoying a second honeymoon. Mary Jo sold television commercials for the local cable company and had earned, not won, a five-day cruise. We both anticipated this vacation like kids waiting to open their Christmas presents. Sunday finally arrived, we flew out of Pittsburgh, into Florida. Mary Jo was holding my arm with her head on my shoulder with folded hands, she had never flown and was scared. The ship set sail for Nassau and stopped at a small island where we looked at the local vendors' merchandise. Strangely, the last item Mary Jo ever purchased was a cross. On Monday we exercised, walked around the ship, went swimming and sun-bathed. We both dressed up for Captains Dinner, I had on a suit and M.J. was dressed in a black sequined gown. She looked beautifully eloquent. Stunning would be the word. After dinner, we watched a musical production. Next, we had our pictures taken, *the last picture her hand is on my heart*. We walked into the dance club and ordered champagne. She'd only drink alcohol on special occasions, I'd drink a twelve pack without batting an eyelash. We danced, sat down and tipped glasses. This night was magical and *much*

better than any New Year's Eve. It's 10:30, I'm looking at the dance floor. She died. Her leg had been unusually painful, the compression and decompression of the aircraft caused a blood clot to literally explode her heart. I watched her stomach enormously expand and fluid shot out of her mouth flying across the dance floor. I was 48, Mary Jo was 43. We had three children, Tracy was just starting optometry college, Tara was a senior in high school and Travis was in eighth grade. Horror, nightmare, and mental collapse partially describe how I felt, not fully.



I entered a state of unbelievable dis-belief, the mind was having a

horrible 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, “Early forties.”

He gave me a strong 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. Feeling 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. I staggered, feeling like a dagger was in my heart. 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 contacted the staff 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, the only person I could think of was Mary Jo’s mother, Jewel. She was one of the strongest souls I’d 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 gasped. 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 and folded hands, 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 and when arriving at the apartment, it was in shambles. Our beautiful daughter is completely alone and experienced 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's my best friend and dropped everything to be at my side two days later. Well-meaning companions 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. The prior year, Dave had called in February, sobbing and explaining his wife 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. 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 offering the silence to think. This is the day Robin gave "My Dream Of Heaven." 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.

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 witnessed a very strange occurrence. The key would not work. The locksmith explained he'd 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 think 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 is Ok because we'll always have one another." Several years later on her wedding day she was so exuberant and happy, I said, "Honey, do you remember sitting on the couch and telling me you were scared?" "Yes." "Well, now all is Ok." 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." "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 to not draw unneeded attention. Rod, the minister, told me after the service, "Bob, you have no idea how positively your family has affected the congregation." I quietly explained we simply needed 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 her 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 beautiful and very true.

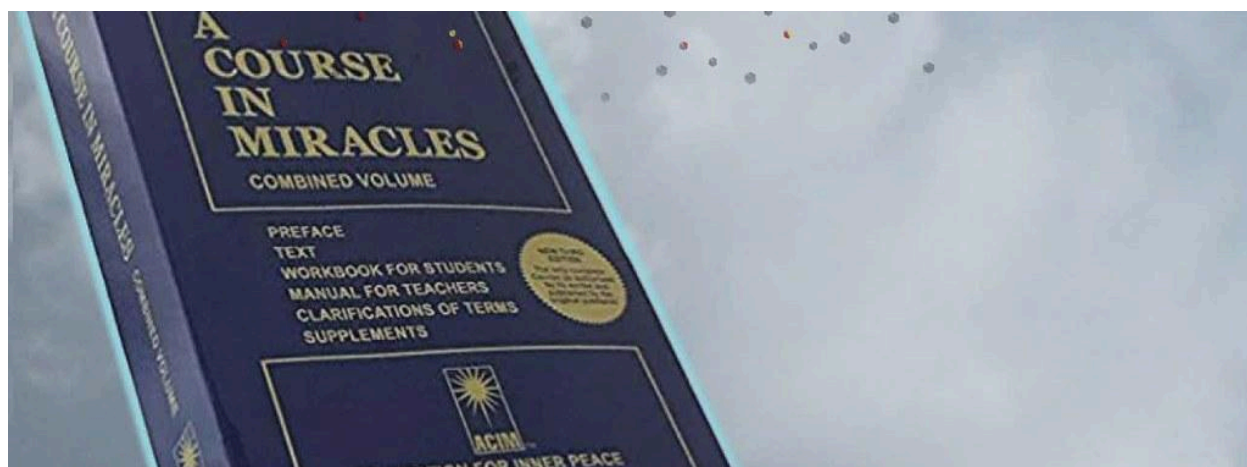
On an astonishing side note here are the parallels between Dave and I. Robin was 43 when she passed, Mary Jo was 43. They had raised two girls, one boy, one adopted; we had raised two girls, one boy, one adopted. After dating for three months, they were married for twenty years; we had dated for three 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 friend went through the same ordeal.

## **Chapter 25: 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 first married, even the way she's holding her hands. She gave me a birthday gift from Heaven. Love is Eternal. Bob



## Chapter 26: 14 Core Beliefs Of A Course In Miracles



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.

### **Prologue**



Today is 10/19/2024, I find it somewhat amazing that I had no intention of writing this short story. The first chapter is non-fiction. I'm in a

writers group called Inkitt and noticed they were running a Halloween contest, so I developed the character of Regis Raingarden. I've written about and studied *A Course In Miracles* by Helen Schucman and *The Disappearance Of The Universe* by Gary Renard for over 15 years. I highly recommend reading Gary's manuscript first. In my opinion these are the most significant spiritual truths ever written.

Scholars, poets, artists, philosophers, scientists, clergy, and educators have been searching for the meaning of life for countless centuries. Now we have it. The short prayer my parents taught me as a toddler instilled in my psyche the belief in a higher power. Dave, George and I were best friends and in our teens the subject of God came up. One of them made the comment, "Where did God come from? I don't believe any of it." I certainly couldn't answer *that* question but simply accepted God is. When looking at the insanity of this world; wars, crime, prisons, corruption, poverty, the list is endless, any logical mind must question the existence of a Supreme Loving Deity. I find the beautiful truth that God has *nothing* to do with any of this mess and isn't even aware of this world's existence absolutely amazing. This Truth in and of itself is a miracle.

Churches all over the world teach of Hell, Satan, and demons. Years ago I taught an adult Sunday school and never mentioned Hell because I didn't believe in it. How could God Who is Infinite Love create a dimension of eternal torment? Why would He? What purpose would it serve? Let's consider the extreme example of Jeffrey Dahmer. He was 34 when he was killed in 1994 and had murdered 17 between 1978 and 1991. Does a man who lived to be only 34 deserve to be in unending, increasing agony day and night forever and ever and ever? Would Supreme Love allow this? Absolutely and completely *Not*. I'm in perfect agreement with *A Course In*

Miracles which teaches that we're dreaming in Heaven and life outside of Heaven is impossible. I'm an avid reader, like my mother was, and have read from numerous sources the validity of re-incarnation. God's Mind extended incredible power to our mind, which can easily make a body. What regulates all the complex mechanisms of our body for 70, 80, 90 years without us even thinking about it? Our mind. We all have spiritual advisors who greet and welcome us after leaving time. We're all shown a loving review of our life; the good, the bad and the ugly. Our friend Mr. Dahmer would perfectly understand the horrible grief he caused the loved ones of his victims. A burden they carried all their lives. He'd be shown the fear and pain of his targets with crystal clear clarity. He'd *know* and completely understand the horror of his actions, especially when shown by *Beings* of pure love. He's offered a choice to stay in Paradise or re-enter time as a baby. With perfect understanding his response would be, "By no stretch of the imagination am I worthy of Heaven, I must go back in time and personally experience the pain and deep grief I've caused others." He then writes his own next life script with the perfect advice of his advisors. He chose to go back in time to learn how to forgive, to learn how to love, knowing the very Voice of God, the Holy Spirit goes with him. This Voice teaches him how to coo and smile when seeing his first sunbeam on the wall beside his crib. This Voice is with him as he's being tortured to death. Lesson learned. Jeff may choose to go through numerous re-incarnations and self-written life scripts. Why? To achieve the ability to perfectly forgive. Once achieving this perfection he'll enter into the Heart of God. Forever.

God Is, Bob