

The Earth Code ~ At Hand

By

Thomas V. Crowley

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Dedicated to:

Mr. Ron Malec

In hopes of helping as many lost souls, as he has.

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**Thanks Mom
Who passed away on May 24th. 2004
For instilling the morals and ethics of a Saint into me.**

**To my Aunt Lee and Uncle Joe;
Who did the same.**

To my brother Gary and his wonderful family.

To Gail: My one and only.

**Thanks to my really true friends:
My best man and my best friend,
Mike and Kathy Andrews
Jim and Linda Mc Dermott**

**Jerry:
The owner of the Prophecy and his crew.**

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Perhaps my greatest mentor.**

**To my only true friends at Carol City High School:
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To all my friends at Keystone Halls.

**Special thanks to: Chuckles, for helping me turn this diamond in the
rough, into the Star of India.**

**Special thanks to the Rockers for nurturing me to Fruition.
You know who you are!**

Thanks Billy & Thank You Jesus!!!

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Editor,

Since my intent is to have a completely unique format for my book, so I wish to have it published as it is written. I state in the story, "What a battle I'm going to have with the publisher, over miss-spelled words and punctuations." This of course is not the truth. I wish to have the chapter titles, remain as they are spelled. If you will read what I have written before you consider editing it, you will see the reasons for my concern over any editorial changes, of what and where certain strange layouts occur. Other than the chapter titles and their unique spelling and or numbering values, such as III or V, there are misspelled words I wish you not to change: "Excellerated" and the We's, Be's, ain't and were, which should be: we're, in one particular conversation, you'll know it when you see it. As for original words such as: Phazing and Trinactual, that's my point, they are original concepts and I wish them to remain. Please by all means do your job and make it an even better literary masterpiece than it is. (LOL) As you will discover, it's all in God's hands.

I could have written four times as much material, but I want to leave the public wanting more. (What a concept.) I do wish that if it is at all possible to perhaps have these ninety pages published into a book of one hundred and eighty pages. My reason for this is so I can claim to have changed the reader's perception of reality, one hundred and eighty degrees. My next book will be three hundred and sixty pages, in hopes of bringing the reader full circle.

You may or may not notice there are two forms of punctuation marks, I leave it up to you as to what will or will no be done with them. Oh yes, I almost forgot, I wish to keep that little wavy line, which is between the words, The Earth Code and At Hand. I don't know what it is called, but it looks like this: ~

Enjoy and God Bless,

William J. Demarest

AKA:

Thomas V. Crowley

INTRODUCTION

DAVE, WHO WAS THAT GUY?

As I woke up this morning on my belly, I pulled myself to the edge of the bed so I could look down at the clock on the floor. It read 5:26. I tried to recall the night before. As if in a fog or hangover state, this just didn't make sense — not the time, but the state I was in; not Florida, but the fog. I had been sober and clean for sixteen months. This is perhaps one reason I tried so hard to recall the night before. It seemed as though the only reality I could focus on was the big red numbers 5-2-6. Like a secret code, something I shouldn't ever forget. Then it hit me like a mushroom cloud of thought, something I had never experienced.

One thought connecting to two, connecting to ten, creating hundreds of thoughts, connecting to thousands, creating tens of thousands and thousands more thoughts. It was a chain reaction of thought that I could see, as if my eyes were turned inward facing the back of my head. Had I just died, with the clock being the last sight I'd ever seen?

The sensation of a near death experience was the only concept my now clear and focused mind could relate it to. Of all the thoughts in the mushroom cloud I had just witnessed, only one branded every brain cell like a bar code: the number 526. Not last night, but yesterday afternoon. That was the time I was searching for, and I know the time was 3:16:44.

I recalled sitting in the recliner, seeing the time pop up on the television screen. I had changed the TV from channel nine to channel thirty-three. Now, at least, I knew I hadn't died, because I need a cup of coffee and a smoke. As I opened my eyes, the clock showed 5:53. Now this was really getting weird. No way!

No way had twenty-seven minutes passed.

Then, as if a flashback, 553 became the initiating code and it happened all over again, the mushroom cloud of thought, the branding of each brain cell. But this time it was instantaneous. I know, because my eyes were wide open and I watched, to make sure the clock didn't leave me behind this time. It still read 5:53. I thought it should have read 5:05, because my digital clock looks just like SOS at that time. I was sure of only two things: I wasn't dead and by no means was I going to look at that clock again. No way! Not till I had some answers.

Why did I remember the channels I was changing so clearly and the time as it popped up on the screen? I could see them clearly, but decided it would be wise to get a smoke, make some coffee and not look at any more clocks. When I heard a rustle in the kitchen, I instinctively yelled, "Dave, who was that guy?" Now as a flashback, the moment I reclined back in the chair, it became crystal clear. My pal Dave was sitting on the couch and at the other end of it sat a stranger. There was a tape machine on the coffee table. But I wasn't listening to them. My attention was focused on the movie. I didn't realize my subconscious was hearing every word. Was Dave sitting with a hypnotist, trying to get help with his addiction?

"Hey, Dave! Who was that guy?"

It was, perhaps, one of the most important unanswered questions of my life. When Dave finally did reply, it was evident that he was not hypnotized, but hung over. We were vacationing in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

CHAPTER WON

YOU WHAT?

“I don’t know, I don’t remember,” was all Dave could manage to make audible. And that, my friend, was the same reply he gave to all my questions. Why was he here? “Don’t know. Don’t remember.” What did he say? When did you meet him? What was his name? Where did you meet him? “...Don’t know, don’t remember.”

It seemed useless to continue, except for a little — I don’t know what you’d call it, a little spark or twitch in Dave’s eye — to my last question. But I thought it best to not ask, to give him a chance for his first smoke and coffee. Then the question, how long was he here? hit me. Because I couldn’t remember going to bed that night. Hell, I’ll admit it to you: I couldn’t even remember getting out of the recliner last night. Considering the mental clarity I’d had just a few seconds ago, I wasn’t even sure if it had been 3:16:44 in the afternoon or morning. Then I shuddered. I headed toward the television to see if I could possibly picture the time on the screen, to see it if read A.M. or P.M.

Oh, no. No way!

I decided to take a shower and in the middle of it, the solution came to me: check the *TV Guide*, see what movie was on at three o’clock. The more I thought about it, the worse it got, you know? I couldn’t remember what movie I’d been watching, but felt sure I would know what it was once I saw the listings. Something would come back to me. It had to.

I heard the phone ring and wondered if Dave was capable of answering it. Didn’t matter, nobody would be calling us here. We had just arrived the evening before and checked into the first motel that was appealing. No one had our number, so it must be the front desk. Unless, of course, it was the stranger Dave had been talking to. You guessed it, on the third ring, I was about to break my neck getting out of the shower to see if possibly, maybe it could be the stranger. He knew our room number.

At the end of the fourth ring, it stopped. Standing soaking wet, robe half on and the door half open, I heard Dave say, “I don’t know who you’re talking about.” He hung up.

Sure glad I was on vacation. I was a wreck — no, more like a pile-up — and needed to unwind.

As I finished dressing and splashing on my Brut, I heard Dave turn off the shower. I reached for the *TV Guide* and hit the remote to catch the weather. That’s when it happened. I heard Dave yell, “Let me borrow your Brut,” at the same time the word Brut came from the television. A strange sensation, because Dave’s voice came from my left and the television was on my right, creating a strange harmonic quality for that moment. To top it off, the words *Twilight Zone* were coming into view. *Twilight Zone, The Movie*, 3:00 p.m., channel 33.

This didn’t seem to be it, so I turned the pages to 3:00 a.m. There it was. Yup, you guessed it, *Twilight Zone, The Movie*, and again I heard Dave yell, “Brut” in harmony with the commercial. As I put my hand out to support myself on the dresser, I knocked the bottle of Brut to the floor. With the sound of shattering glass still in the air, I looked down and expected to see a broken bottle. I began to whistle the theme from the *Twilight Zone* because the bottle wasn’t broken. It was standing upright, as though it had been placed there. I whistled louder, sat on the edge of the bed, put my head in my hands and looked up at myself in the mirror. At least I thought it was the mirror, because staring back at me from the television was a man raising his head from his hands, looking me dead in the eyes.

That was enough.

I shot straight through the door, saying, “Brut’s on the floor, Dave. Meet you in the car.”

I started the engine, turned on the air and stood outside. If you’ve ever been to South Florida, you know why. Standing there, realizing I had no idea of how long Dave was going to be, I decided to grab my cell phone and ring the room. The phone was on the front seat where I’d placed it when I started the car. As I reached in and grabbed it, I turned the radio on. Would you believe it? “*Twilight Zone*,” by Golden Earring, was on. Not! Just an all-time favorite of mine, *Genesis*, playing, “Don’t Lose My Number.” I dialed.

“Front desk.”

“Please connect me with room 933.”

“Sorry, sir, that room is busy at the moment. Would you like to hold?”

As I was saying, “No thanks” and disconnecting, I saw Dave walking out of the front door. How could the phone be busy if he was out here? You know, at this point, I just had too many unanswered questions and felt it best to just tool on down the highway, not a care in the world. Now, if I could just remember what world I had stepped out of, or into. I found myself whistling the theme from the Twilight Zone. A lot.

“Here’s that restaurant I told you about,” Dave said.

“Great. I haven’t seen a parking space for blocks.”

As I turned the corner, much to my amazement there was a spot right in front of the front door, one car from the corner. But there were three cars on the road ahead of me. They all drove right by the parking spot and left it for me. My Twilight Zone whistle was getting better, stronger, and louder. It was sounding more and more like the original.

In the restaurant we sat at a window table, perpendicular to the beach, admiring the sights. We drooled at the women walking to and from the beach. Some of us were drooling a little more than others.

I asked, “Hey, Dave, who was that guy with the tape machine you were talking to?”

I ended it short of saying yesterday or last night. Didn’t want to confuse my buddy.

“Who?”

“I said, ‘Who?’ That’s what I asked.”

“When?” was his reply.

Now I saw why our good friend Ron had introduced us to his girl friend as Abbott and Costello.

“Who’s on first?”

“When?”

“When he’s playing baseball!”

“What baseball? I’m talking about the first act on stage.”

“What stage?”

“The stagecoach!”

“Oh, the first base coach. His name’s Billy. Check please!”

We had never done that routine before. But it was just the way he answered “Billy,” with such authority. He wasn’t talking about the check either, it was on me and made me think. Yes, maybe. Just maybe.

As I leaned against the running car, waiting for Dave to finish his pit stop at the john, I ran the events of the morning through my head, clenching my lips so as not to start whistling again. I was never one to stand out in a crowd, you know. Besides, I never whistled at women; always respected them too much.

As I started the car and the radio came to life, I thought it sure would be nice to hear the Twilight Zone theme song. Then I ran the numbers through my head: 6:26, 5:53, the channels 9 and 33, 3:16:44, 5:05. No, not 5:05, which was a number I had thought of. But maybe in this case it fit. Then there was Brut, in stereo, twice, the Brut bottle, crashing but not breaking, standing upright on the floor. The man in the mirror. No, I mean on the television. At this point I was thinking meltdown, not mushroom cloud. *Keep focused*, I told myself. I had felt extremely good this morning, and wasn’t feeling too bad at this moment either. My clarity didn’t shock me, but it did surprise me to a degree — or one hundred and eighty of them.

“*Billy, don’t lose my number.*” How did I miss that one? Perhaps it said a little more than Golden Earring’s song. Ear-rings. Oh, yes. Then there was the phone call to a busy room 933. A.M. or P.M.? I looked at my watch. 9:33 A.M.

I heard Dave say, “Where you going?”

“I’m gonna find out who that guy was.”

Talk about being in the Twilight Zone. This was getting serious. I was so wrapped up in thought that I was completely unaware of the fact that I was driving.

“Aren’t you going to turn on the wipers?”

Like a moron, I replied, “How long’s it been raining?”

Dave only said, “Did you hear that?”

“What?”

“The song. ‘Have you ever seen the rain coming down on a sunny day?’ Credence. Well, it’s raining on a sunny day and the song’s on the radio right now.”

“Big deal!” I snapped.

Dave looked at me, his feelings hurt. “Don’t jump down my throat just ’cause it’s raining on our vacation.”

I apologized, and was about to turn around and head back to our room, but it was raining so hard that I couldn’t see where I was going. Then it dawned on me: I didn’t have a clue where we were. I asked Dave if he could see a street sign. We had both been here before, but the area was now so developed that I needed a guide. But good old Davie Crockett knew exactly where we were, Commercial and A1A. And Crockett really is Dave’s last name.

Finding the motel now became a priority. I had this overwhelming need to just sit in the recliner and veg out. Don’t know why, just an urge. You know how it is. It was raining hard, and my fun-in-the-sun time had to be postponed. I just wanted to feel safe, and chill. Then I thought, safe and warm is a dumb thing to be, considering the climate. Besides, there was something I had to sort out, as well as an interrogation to prepare.

How was I going to stress to Dave the importance of knowing who the stranger with the tape machine was without going into detail? If I told Dave about the morning’s events, his reply was sure to be, “Thought you gave up drugs.” Not that I’d ever had a real addiction, but if there was a drug with the effects I had experienced this morning, I’d have been hooked. I’d bottle it and get rich.

As we rode the elevator I found myself starrng at the red numbers changing above the door and thinking; 1-oneself, 2-couple, 3-God, 4-walls, 5-know, 6-do, 7-heaven, 8-infinity, 9-question. Then the doors opened. As I stepped out, I heard someone say, “You are now entering the Twilight Zone.”

“Been there, done that,” was my reply to the voice, which came from the group of young people entering the elevator. Not so strange, considering how often they play that movie on the same station in a twenty-four hour period. Then it happened. Just as the doors were about to close, I clearly heard someone say, “Don’t let the numbers get you!”

There is a feeling: a cold chill that goes through a person. The hair on the back of their neck stands up, they get goose bumps, their head stops in mid-air as their body continues to walk and they’re looking through the elevator door at themselves as it goes down. I had never known that feeling — until that moment. I damn near dropped to my knees. I wasn’t even sure I’d gotten out of bed after seeing the clock that read 5:26. Then just when I didn’t need it, it dawned on me: 526 is a date as well.

Now I was praying, “Please, Lord, just let me get through that door, role out of bed, and start this day all over.” An unexpected calm came over me and my thoughts flashed back to the words, which were sparked by the red numbers in the elevator. A clue with a warning: someone in that elevator knew something about the stranger. Funny, though, my best friend was a witness at the scene of the crime and he was no help. Guess I’ll just have to get out the rubber hoses. Extreme measure, I thought. This is becoming an obsession.

I decided to forget all about this morning and get on with my vacation.

I went to change into my beach attire, grabbed my towel and sunglasses, and headed to the pool bar where, rain or shine, I knew I could get a virgin — Bloody Mary, that is. It seemed to work. The sun broke through, the drink was great, babes abounded around the bar, and the lounge chair, ten yards from the surf, was just right. Closed my eyes, laid back, copped some rays and just listened to the surf. The beach was pretty empty for a Memorial Day weekend, I thought. Sure it was, the monsoon had just blown over.

My first priority was not to fall asleep — been there, done that — but I couldn't wear the T-shirt. In second grade I missed the last two weeks of school because I got second-degree burns all over the top half of my body, and couldn't wear a stitch of clothing. I had remained wrapped in towels to soak up all the water from the huge blisters covering my upper body. I listened to every sound of the surf to keep myself from falling asleep.

As time went by I realized I had never heard anything so clearly in my entire life. I considered myself to be a good listener because I was able to hear lyrics and notes in music that others could not. But never with the degree of intensity that I was hearing sounds at this moment. No fear of sleep now. My mind was wide awake.

Then it happened. Somehow, some way, unbelievably, I had concentrated so hard on listening to the surf that I could no longer feel my body. I mean, no sun on my skin, no heartbeat. Couldn't feel my chest moving in order to breathe. No hands and no feet, no sheet. —There I go again, picturing myself dead with a sheet over me. But there was no question about it: I was wide awake, knew where I was, and hadn't lost a moment of time during the twenty or so minutes I had been lying there.

It dawned on me: I had been listening so intently to the waves that I hadn't had a thought of my own. So I stopped thinking and continued to listen. After only a few moments there was a physical spark, with the snap or pop, like that of a cracked whip, just above the bridge of my nose. At that moment I realized I had separated from my body. But, where was my body? I couldn't help but think two thoughts at once, shuffled together like a deck of playing cards. The two thoughts were: Did how? I do. Open I. A get. Doorway back.

I was now using the ability of the mushroom cloud of thought. I rearranged the words. Did I open a doorway? How do I get back? To be honest with you, I didn't know if I could, or even if I could return. It seemed the less I thought, the more incredible it became.

Moments later, I tried to ask myself a few questions and realized the questions and answers were one and the same. Only one word or thought seemed to change, amplify, or hold the cloud together:

Amen. Reaching this plateau was enough for me. I still was interested in not burning. The solution to getting back was simple, so clear to me in this higher state of consciousness. I knew, regardless of where my body was, I was still connected to it. All I had to do was start shaking my hand or arm and I would simply sit up and turn over.

I shook my left arm and felt a strange sensation. I had never done it by remote control before. And I knew I would never be the same. How could I be? I was now looking at the world from the Twilight Zone, instead of being lost in it.

Simply sit up and turn over, right? No! Simply sit up and turn over, but somewhere between the sitting up and the turning over, I paused. Sitting there staring at the point where land and water meet, exchanged or shared the same space, I was fascinated. This was the origin of the sound I was seeing, it was what had triggered what I'd just experienced. How would I describe what had happened to me? I knew that every time I tried to tell someone about it, I'd get tongue-tied or lost in thought or just feel like a fool trying to relate this sensation to others. I could *see* sound.

As I began to write this book, I still didn't have the answer to that question. I just knew that if I were to start, it would either come to me or I'd give it my best shot. Well, much to my amazement, it did come to me. But I have no intention of stopping here and telling you how my writing was going.

Guess I know it's bad form for a writer to do this, but something just happened that I must relay to you. You see, as I was reliving that moment of physical disconnect, I was focused so clearly on the sensations and abilities of what I call the mushroom cloud that I realized if all the questions and answers are contained in it, why wasn't I using it now? And the answer came: lack of peace of mind is the cloud-killer. A sense of calm overcame me as I typed, and to be honest with you, the more I typed, the more I was actually producing such a cloud. The only thing that kept me from a total disconnect of body and mind was that I could intentionally continue to feel the glasses on my face.

That's right, I saw. I did in fact see sound. I'm sure Stevie Wonder will back me up on this one. But the most impressive, overwhelming occurrence was the mushroom cloud of thought. It was an

instantaneous download of information that I could access instantly. As I have mentioned, questions and answers were in the same thought. As for seeing sound, it had less of an impact on me than the ability to see and feel and actually witness a single thought turn into everything I knew and felt. It truly was a fusion reaction within my mind.

I know, I know. You probably think I've had some kind of meltdown. Nope, I'll get to that later. I haven't prepared you for that yet.

Sitting there lost in thought, trying to come up with a superlative with which to describe it, I began to burn. Spent so much time sitting and thinking, I forgot to turn over. I was now half-baked, so I lay back down on my stomach to tan my brighter side.

Question: Do I want to, or can I, get back to that place? Well, the uncertainty and the hesitation was just enough lost peace of mind to prevent me from returning. So I just continued to think about it, and then it hit me. I had completely forgotten about the events of this morning. Wow! Just a short time ago I was nearly frazzled. I couldn't believe how long ago that very short event had taken place.

It was just the opposite of what had actually happened. It seemed like such a long time had passed since I'd woke up at 5:26. But the events between getting out of bed and stepping out of the elevator seemed instantaneous. Then, as if hit by a bolt of lightning, my newfound wisdom paid off. The answer came to me. You're in the Twilight Zone, you big dummy!

In trying to get back to the place I was before, I asked, What was different? I was on my stomach, the pressure was on my chest now. I continued to find other reasons why I could not slip out of my body. When I reached the conclusion that maybe I was trying to exit down instead of up, the thought, 'One hundred and eighty degrees' entered the equation.

With my newfound clarity, these few words and numbers triggered something. Beware of the numbers; it was like one of those red light radiation symbols flashing throughout my head. So I heeded the warning and continued to ponder. I believed I could apply the cloud of download without having to

leave my body. That was the key. I was very much in my body this morning when this phase of my life began.

‘One hundred and eight degrees’ was now the catalyst that started the next chain reaction. I began to equate three numbers, representing one hundred and eighty values, and five words, twenty-five letters which represented the opposite direction. Immediately I flashed back to the sensation of looking at myself from behind as the elevator was going down. There it was, right in front of me, the red numbers. Without hesitating, I began to give the numbers the word values that came to my thoughts as I watched the numbers light up, in the horizontal position, from left to right.

Okay, this was stimulating. The following are just a few of the computations that led me to believe I was onto something big. I’ll try not to lose you, and also hope I’m not insulting your intelligence with that last sentence. Here goes!

1 = Oneself.

2 = Couple.

3 = God

4 = Structure

5 = Knowledge

6 = Doing

7 = Happy

8 = Infinity

9 = Question.

Now, if I assign a word to each of the numbers that triggered the fusion reaction in my brain, perhaps I could carry the equation further. $180 = \text{one's infinity}$. Now I realized I didn’t know what time

it was and I also didn't have a value for zero, but I had been wondering what time it was. I hadn't left my body at any time during these calculations, but I had lost track of time, and was beginning to burn.

What times is it? became my new search for an answer.

The date I was sure of.

As I walked from the beach to the pool bar, I realized I still didn't have any real answers to any of the questions, which was what had driven me to the point of frazzle earlier. But I did have a good feeling about not having to unpack the rubber hoses at that moment. This certainly had to be one of the greatest vacations ever.

Our intention had been to just pass through Ft. Lauderdale, heading north, to destinations previously uncharted. Maybe Sebring, maybe Daytona, maybe Universal Studios or Cape Canaveral. This was a complete spur-of-the-moment, get-away-from-it-all vacation. I was taking a well-deserved rest in order to decide whether I wanted to ever return to my job.

Well, as for Dave, what can I say about him? He's been there, done that, except for maintaining the wealth he had. Being a world-renowned chef, he's seen and done things I could only dream about, if I were a material kind of guy. I always found that the more I owned, the bigger the anchor became. It's not that my anchor chain wasn't long enough to let me venture far. I had led pretty much of a sheltered life, until recently. This was one of many escapade starting from Miami.

As I stepped onto the pool deck I heard Dave yell, "Hey, Tommy." And as if it were one continuous sentence, I heard a female voice saying, "It's 10:33." I thanked her as if she were talking to me, at the same moment and in harmony with her girlfriend's, "Thanks." Before I realized she wasn't telling me the time, she replied, "Thanks for what?" I turned to see an exceptionally lovely creature and her friend. The only reason I was aware of which one asked me the question was that she was wearing a watch. Being a gentleman, I simply said, "For being there." I had passed up the several smooth lines that raced through my head just to say that.

She said, "You must be Tommy. My name is Brandy and this is Trish."

Before I could ask how she knew my name, she said, “What’s your friend’s name?” This chick was sharp. She was telling her friend the time and was also aware of Dave walking towards me calling my name.

“That’s Dave.”

With this, Trish said, “Hi, Dave!” If I’d only had a camera. The expression on Dave’s face was priceless.

I’m sure he saw me get up from the beach chair, approach these women, and all of a sudden he was being greeted by such a lovely vision. I knew what was on his mind, because we both saw the same thing happen, from one hundred and eighty degrees apart. Somehow at this moment, I knew our road trip had reached its destination. Blastoff in Cape Canaveral could not compare with this! I’m sure the Universal Studios attractions didn’t have a Twilight Zone to compare with this either.

Dave said he had something important to discuss with me. I couldn’t tell if he was serious or just trying to impress the women. I had known him through most of my developmental years and half of my adult life, but I didn’t recall ever seeing him quite as he was now. It must not have been urgent, because he was in no rush to leave the company at hand. But I was about to drag him away by his throat to find out what was so important. By the throat would have served two purposes. He’s not a gentleman around women; can’t blame him, though. He’s been burned badly a number of times, which is a contributing factor to that loss of wealth I mentioned. Not that he’s rude and crude. It’s just that in all the years I’ve known him, we as a team have never scored. We were never team sport players. Once I was sure they would be looking forward to meeting us again, I made it sound as though I was on my way to discuss some important matter with him. I said it with a serious tone, of course to impress the women. But this Brandy was sharp. I could tell trying to impress her was not a good move. We parted with, “Pool bar, after dark.”

As we were rounding the bar, I looked back to see both of them sharing my former launching pad.

“Hey, Tommy, I can’t find the room’s keycard.” —Not the words I was expecting to be the important matter he had to discuss with me.

“When did you see it last?”

“Don’t remember.”

Now, my friend isn’t an airhead or a burnout. This was not like him at all. Even when under the influence, he’s always been sharp and under control. It was usually the morning after that his clouds would appear — and not of the mushroom variety.

We turned left, around the far side of the bar. I was struck by the image of a big blue moon poster and all of the events of the day flashed through my mind. As if an instant download file had been created, I decided to call the file New Moon Magic. What a completely incredible experience I had just been through. Now I was free to deal with the matter at hand.

After speaking to the clerk at the front desk about our lost keycard, the guy behind the counter offered to bring up the log of when the keycard had last been used. “No need to go that far,” Dave and I responded at the same time. He said it would be a simple process to change the key codes from his keyboard.

I said, “At least I now know the jewelry I thought had been stolen from our suite is safe.”

“No need to worry, sir, it’s in our safe. The maid found your jewelry and thought it would be safer locked up. I thought it best not to involve the police. Have a nice day,” he replied without missing a beat.

It took all of my self-control to keep from laughing. I wanted to tip him and walk away, keeping the joke going. But as I looked at his nametag and read ROD S., all I could say was, “Nice little place you have here in the Twilight Zone.”

As we turned toward the elevator he replied, “We aim to please here at the Hotel California.”

Chills went up and down my spine; I stopped, hesitating for a moment. I looked at the elevator door, it was incomprehensible. All the thoughts that had gone through my mind since I woke up this morning were gone.

Once in the elevator, all I wanted to think about were the letters B-R-A-N-D-Y, and her numbers. Couldn't imagine what the ride up in the elevator would have been like without her to think about. But I just couldn't take my eyes from the red numbers. Once we were behind the door labeled 933. racing through my mind was one fact: I had indeed let the numbers get to me!

Decided to kick back in the recliner and turn on some music.

Music was my life because so many times in my life it had been my only friend. Hit the remote. There it was, the number 33, so I changed to the radio and it was preset to Big 106 FM, 105.9. I chuckled to myself: 105.9 is awfully small; big 106. Hit volume from mute and as I'm sure you can guess, *Hotel California* now echoed through my consciousness. I had heard this song at least 999 times. The words had never made too much sense to me before, but at this moment they made perfect sense. I just couldn't wait to hear the next song to see where this free ride was going to take me.

The road was as follows: Pink Floyd's *On the Wings of the Night*. That was an intense experience. The words had the same meaning as always, but they were never so profound as they were at that moment. Next, Led Zeppelins' *Cashmere*. Goose bumps this time, I almost saw the music and nearly reached disconnect. This was so freakin' incredible, completely unlike anything I had ever encountered. And then just for good measure, The Police's *Synchronicity*. "Every step you take, every move you make, I'll be watching you."

Need I say more? Except for the statement I made earlier, nothing else could have been as appropriate. How could I ever be the same?

Dave said, "We're on vacation. You gonna sit in the room the whole day?"

Just as I was about to say, "I'm going to take the magical mystery tour for just a little while longer," the song, *Magical Mystery Tour*, began to play.

It happened with such intensity that Dave saw my reaction. “What’s the matter?”

The mushroom cloud hit my consciousness and this time it was so intense it resembled a hydrogen bomb, not just an atomic reaction. I say resembled, because even with my eyes wide open, I saw this chain reaction of thought blossoming in my mind’s eye, and for that split second it was also nearly orgasmic.

“My God!” I cried out. Dave was ready to call 911. Without even thinking about it I said, “Good God, what did you think of Trish and Brandy?” They weren’t even on my mind at the time the bomb dropped. As Dave talked I didn’t hear a word he was saying. I was focused on the music. But the best was yet to come. The next song was just what the doctor ordered, with the lyrics, “Now that I know the secret there is nothing that I lack.”

I stood up and walked to the bathroom to take a shower as if nothing had happened. After all, nothing had happened. Right?

As I stood in front of the sink, staring deeply into my own eyes, it all became crystal clear. The numbers, the letters, what this twilight zone was all about, and especially the purpose of music since the dawn of time. I just wasn’t clear about how or why I had been chosen. As for the potential of the human mind and all that lay behind my forehead, I had only scratched the surface. No pun intended. Now I was ready for the lifetime of a vacation. I could now do cartwheels in the shower. Don’t try this at home!

As I stood in the shower, with my eyes closed and the water beating on my face, I could only imagine the physical sensations I was in store for. In a matter of hours I had attained states of consciousness, Zen and other discipline masters spend their whole lives trying to attain. Wiping the smile from my face might just be the toughest task of all. Dave knew me too well. If I walked around looking like this, he might get suspicious, or just slap the silly grin off my face. Remembering this is a secret would be no problem, because if I were to tell anybody about the events of the morning — well, you get the picture.

I glanced at the clock. 12:34:56. That made perfect sense in this time zone. With all my new-found knowledge and ability, I still didn't have an answer to, "Hey! Dave, who was that guy you were talking to yesterday?"

"Nobody!"

"What do you mean nobody? With all that hot ice in this place, you just let nobody in here?"

Now finally, I might get some answers, so I didn't press for answers.

I said, "How can you be sure he wasn't a cop?"

"I could tell."

"What about the last guy you were so sure about? Which reminds me, what did you do with the handcuffs?"

"They're in the trunk."

"Which trunk?"

"The getaway car."

"You mean the one in the canal?"

"That's the one."

"You forgot to take them off him!"

"Well, nobody's perfect."

"Speaking of no body, you think it'll ever be found?"

Dave shook his head. "Nope."

"So tell me about this nobody from yesterday."

"I was talking to this chick, Jill, at the pool bar and I said her name. Then this guy, Bill, said, 'You talking to me?' With that DeNiro accent."

"You mean he sounded rich?"

"Maybe a little."

"So go on."

“Bill said to me, ‘You must be Jack.’ I told him I was Dave. Then he says, ‘That’s not very imaginative.’”

I was thinking; *I have got to meet this guy, Bill.* “So why’d you invite him up here?”

“He said he knew a fence, or was that a gateway? Anyway, Jill said she had to run. So him and me got to talking and he’s from Hoboken, too. Not the sequel, or did he say his name was Hobo Ken? What was your question?”

“I asked you, how could you let someone in here with a recording device?”

“Oh, that. He said he was a D.J. I thought he was trying to say he was Doing Jill. Then he turned it on, and I heard some music he said he had mixed. It was like nothing I’d ever heard. It was noisy at the bar so I invited him up for a drink.”

I told Dave that I remembered seeing him on the couch, but was watching the movie and hadn’t paid attention to him. Then I started getting some of the answers I was looking for. He said I couldn’t have been paying too much attention to the movie because I was dozing off. I remembered that when they came in I had picked up the remote and changed stations and kicked back, and dozed off again. I had been exhausted from my fifty-hour workweek.

This was starting to paint a crystal clear picture, one I could see straight through.

“Go on,” I said.

“Well, we sat for a while talking about Hoboken, and then he turned on the tape player, as his attention was turned to the movie on the television. He said, ‘Welcome to my Twilight Zone,’ as he turned the music up. He started talking about his Universal Language of numbers and letters. It made sense, but I thought the guy was weird.”

“How long did he stay?”

“About forty-five minutes. I know because we listened to one side of his tape”

“When did I go to bed?”

“Must have been a little past three in the morning. I heard the TV get real loud and then you must have muted it before you turned it off, because there was a long moment of silence before you dropped the remote. I remember I was praying you’d turn the damned thing off, so I could go back to sleep.”

The pieces had now fallen into place, like water filling a pail that had been dropped into a well. You know the type, the ones with the shingled little roof, the crank and rope, the one’s you throw money into and make a wish that never comes true. You walk away knowing you’ve just thrown good money away but you do it anyway. Anyway, stop wishing I’d stop with the description and get on with the story. For those of you dozing off, I’ll recap, and for those of you feeling a little pale, I’ll add some color.

Camera fades in: Tommy snoozing in recliner. Picks up the remote after being startled by Dave’s entrance. Flicks to another station so Dave won’t know he’s sleeping on his vacation. Bill and Dave sit as Tommy slips into Dream State. Now in R.E.M., Tommy dreams he’s told to get up and go through the wall. Before the command to get up fades, Tommy levitates up off the chair and goes through the wall horizontally headfirst, on the command. He’s now flying in a clear blue sky, testing his ability to change speed and elevation. Flying just above the beautiful grass covered rolling hills, he sees what appears to be a city of the future. Now flying higher and faster, he sees the crystal ships. Instantly transported back to his chair he looks at the clock for a second time. It reads the same as it did twelve hours earlier. Tommy decides to go to bed.

The pieces had fallen together like a ...well, you get the picture. Okay, now all I had to do was locate this Bill. He was evidently meant to be my mentor.

How do I get in touch with him?

—No clue.

Remember that meltdown I was talking about?

Not yet.

It was as though he cut my head off. Take my word for it, it was no fun. Anyone who has had their head taken off just didn't have the time to tell you about it. But I can tell you exactly what it feels like from experience. If you're laughing now, don't bother finishing this book, it will do you no good, and it very well may be hazardous to your mental health. This is my disclaimer. Enter at your own risk! Where's that skull-and-crossbones key?

I had my eyes closed.

You'll have to ask someone else what happens if your eyes are open when your head is cut off. As your head hits the floor, you feel the thud, but not the pain of the impact. What you are feeling, though, is intense. Starting with what seems to be one brain cell, the atom which is first smashed, as the chain reaction starts. You actually see each and every brain cell burn in a thermonuclear explosion, like a chain reaction, at real speed. Not only do you see each cell ignite brightly, but feel the pain of each and every one as it burns. If you believe only one fact in this story, believe this one. As I said earlier, do not try this at home!

I went numb, but I was seeing myself through Dave's eyes. He and I were using his voice to ask me, "Are you O.K.?" My composure returned instantly. "Sure, I'm on vacation. Let's get out of this dump." He said he'd be ready in a few, so I turned on the radio and Genesis was singing, "Billy, don't lose my number." I wished I had his number, because I was sure he had mine. Just a feeling. You know that feeling, something is going to happen before it does? Well, guess again. I had a heart attack and died on the spot. When I realized this, I went down to the pool bar and blew in Brandy's ear. Not! I'm just pulling your chain. Not funny? Still, it's not bad for a guy who's just lost his head.

On the way to the elevator I told Dave, "Point Bill out, if you see him again."

"What's your obsession with this guy, Tommy?"

My mind froze. Dave was such a down to earth kind of guy, materialistic. If I hadn't known he was from Jersey, I'd have sworn he was born and bred in Missouri. No way was I going to tell Dave the truth. So the first thing that came to mind after it thawed was. "Do you believe he was a D.J.?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, you know music is my oxygen, I'd like to hear his music. What did you think of it?"

"Not bad, didn't have a beat you could dance to but it had a hypnotic effect."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, at one point I wasn't sure if he was talking or I was listening to his voice on the tape. I had to look at his lips to see if he was talking. I remember looking up from the papers he handed me. Come to think of it, it was a strange sensation."

"What papers?"

"He handed me the introductory page to his book and a few chapters and a bunch of pages with numbers and letters on them. Sounded like a bunch of crazy talk, if you ask me."

"He's got a book out?"

"No, he said he'd been working on it for ten years, to the day. Said it was about an event that happened twenty-six years ago, something to do with Phil Collins."

"Did you believe him?"

"I wasn't much interested."

I knew if I pressed for more, Dave wouldn't understand. Still, I knew the answers were in his head. So I just repeated, "If you see him again, please point him out to me." I was getting more answers than I could have hoped for. But as usual, with every answer came ten new questions. Why me? What were those numbers and letters? What was on that tape? Was he in fact Billy? Would I ever see him again? Then it hit me. "The first time, the last time we ever met. I don't know if you know who I am, my friend, but I've seen your face before. I was there and I saw what you did. Don't worry, I remember

everything you said. How could I ever forget? Some stranger to you and me.” Lyrics, in my head as clear as if I were wearing headphones. “Billy disappeared in a blinding light?”

Now I knew where I would find a lot of answers: in music and its purpose since the beginning of time. I was going to find the answers or my name wasn't Thomas C. Crowley! If you think you know music and where this story is leading, perhaps you do. But I'll bet you missed the one clue, which had escaped me, and was about to blow the top of my head off.

“So, where we going?” Dave asked.

“You're the navigator.”

It didn't matter to me where we were headed, he had led me to Billy once.

Dave said, “First we'll exit the elevator and head west, towards your car.”

“I'd like to see if a friend's boat is at the docks.”

“What's the name?”

“Prophecy.”

“Definition,” I said, “prediction, foretelling, divination, soothsaying, prognostication.”

“Well, do you want to go?”

“Way! Ain't that the one you was the chef on last summer?”

“Yes, Mr. Word. And it's wasn't, not ain't, and were, not was.”

Oh, my Lord! Did he ever just open a door for me?

I continued, “Not ain't? Were, not going?”

“You forgot an apostrophe.”

“Does that mean we's going back to the suite?”

“No thanks, I be's on a diet,” Dave replied.

“G-O-I-C-U-R-A bit thinner.”

“God - Oneself - Infinite - Couple - Union - Relation –Amplification. Yes, I-B-1 thin dude.”

This came from Dave. I was shut down, and I always got the last word in.

All I could say was, “Yes, you are losing weight.”

“Wait for what?”

“Oh, you’ll see, it’s a surprise.” I now knew the secret was indeed locked behind that very thick skull of his.

At this point I couldn’t wait to get into the car to hear what was on the radio. I jumped in, started it up and hit the AC, but this time I stayed in the car. With my actions, Dave said, “Aren’t you going to let the car cool off?” The radio started at the end of a Traine air-conditioning commercial. I hit a radio preset button, and any button would do. My instinct was correct. Ozzie Osborne was singing, “Going off the tracks on a crazy train.” When I hit another button just to see how far into the Twilight Zone I could travel, I heard, “What’s your rush?” When I hit the third button, confirmation was received. There was a pause of dead air and then Rush began to play, *New World Man*. My chills were keeping me cool in this extremely hot locomotive, soon to become a starship.

When Dave finally got in, I asked where we’re headed. He said, “Vector 180, due south, warp one.”

As I looked carefully behind me and backed out of the parking space I replied, “We’ll have to slow down, then. We’re already at warp ten.”

Dave asked me what that silly grin on my face was all about. I wiped the smile off my face and said, “Love this song.”

We hadn’t traveled two blocks, as I looked at myself in the mirror, when something happened. I was about to look at my eyes, when I felt myself smile from ear to ear, feeling all of the muscles in my face lock to this position. My God! This felt great. I had never really smiled like this before. The truth was revealed in my reflection: my face appeared blank, but the grin of my spirit continued to grow and feel even better. I had separated my spirit from my physical body.

Dave said, “Keep your eyes on the road and your hands on the wheel.” He changed the station just to get a rise out of me, but what a look came on his face as his words were repeated instantly by the

Doors, “Keep your eyes on the road and your hands upon the wheel.” Dave whistled the Twilight Zone theme.

I replied, “Been there, done that!”

He not only was aware of the repeat of his words, but let me know he had been aware of everything we had heard from the moment I turned the radio on. He said, “I told you warp one, didn’t I? Why are we traveling at warp thirteen?”

“Anxious to see prophecy, I guess.”

“Well, slow down. The light’s green. You going to engage impulse engines or what?”

On cue, I hit the button. “Space Truckin’.” We both laughed so loud we could have woken up the Grateful Dead. Amen was the only word on my mind. I adjusted the rear view mirror so I could look into Dave’s eyes, and it seemed like he was waiting for me to do just that. There was a look in his eyes I had never seen before. We weren’t reading each other’s minds, but I could see Dave hadn’t missed a trick. I should have gotten the clue when he wanted to see the Prophecy. He now knew Billy was the key. We both reached for the radio to turn it off at the same instant and we rode the rest of the way in total silence.

I wanted to tell him of my experiences, but I knew he was thinking the same thing. Wanting to tell me about his experiences in the Twilight Zone. I could tell he was reflecting on his morning as well, so I took the hint. With this thought I got the sense that we were communicating with our minds.

“Let’s take a break and not get lost out here.”

That’s right, we both said, “EA!” in unison. The rest of the ride, you could hear that my timing was advanced one half a degree, which was not enough.

We were on our way to Coconut Grove, at warp nine. My metallic blue, ’71 327 SS-Camaro with short bumpers was purring like a contented tiger. Sure wished I was driving my ’73 Satellite with the hubcap diamond star halos. As I punched third, we excellerated (that’s right, we *excellerated*) to a star gate and jumped. We were cool!

But something was fishy. Very fishy. Might have been because we were parking in front of Monte Trainers' Raw Bar and were about to run over a parking meter lying in the middle of an empty parking space. Without hesitation we picked it up and put it in the trunk, the perfect crime.

As we walked to the end of the dock to find the Prophecy, we heard Trish yell, "Hey, guys, over here."

It was as if it had been planned. She was in a ChrisCraft. You know the kind, like the one they used in the movie, *Some Like it Hot*, made of wood. It was tied to the dock just before the Prophecy. As we approached, she said, "Welcome aboard."

We jumped on deck and she told me to untie the bow line. Soon we were headed directly toward a seventy-foot Hatteras named Destiny, anchored a couple of hundred yards off shore. I was looking at Dave's reaction, and he was as cool as the iceberg that hit the Titanic. Inside I knew we were both feeling like the Titanic, but lifting off the launch platform just a little further north up the state. You know which state, the one that looks like a penis.

I decided to write a nice family story, a fairytale you can tell your children just before they go off to sleepy land and dream of castles in the sky, rainbows and little fishies kissing their toes, and then that great big shark comes along and bites a foot off and they spend the rest of their life hunting this big white fish.

It struck me as strange that Trish didn't seem to be at all surprised to see us. It seemed too much like a set-up, as though she knew we were coming and expected us. The only answer could be Dave. So I said, "You sonuvabitch!"

He looked at me in surprise. I expected him to break out laughing, but when he didn't, I knew he hadn't set this up. We both started whistling the tune of the day. I wondered what the record for the longest sustained case of goose bumps was, because I was about to break it. It was down to Dave and I, and we were neck and neck.

We were all smiles. Trish was our way in and we knew it. Dave and I were on the same frequency. But we had to stop saying the same words at the same time. “Where’s Brandy?” I asked.

Dave gave me the nod; he was about to speak. “Just came down to visit a friend on the *Prophecy*.”

“Well, you’ve met your *Destiny*.”

Truer words were never spoken. We had been set up like ten pins at the Carol City Bowling Alley. We were cool, never letting on as to what we didn’t know! Brandy made her appearance on deck as we tied off alongside the *Destiny*.

“Welcome aboard,” she said.

I could see her aura, even though I had never seen an aura before. Neat!

“We’ve been expecting you,” Brandy went on.

I said, “Glad to be expected.”

She started laughing in a sultry way, as if I were tickling her ass with a feather. “Particularly nice weather we’re having,” I said. An old joke, yes, but I could tell she had heard it before. She replied, “Love it when it’s storming and the waves are crashing, pounding and pounding.”

Cover your children’s eyes and ears, here comes that shark. If I ever wanted to be a woman, it would be Brandy. Every man’s dream” long legs, long red hair, long fingers and a longing in her eyes that would melt that iceberg Dave was as cool as. Sure she was the prettier of the two women, but Trish was the only woman I had ever met who was almost as beautiful as Brandy. If you focused on both of them, one eye on each, you’d sure get that sensation of 3-D. Yes, I know I have to get a grip, but too much Brandy intoxicates me.

Trish asked if we’d like a drink and Dave replied, “Tom Collins.”

I was momentarily stunned. In all the years I’ve known him, he’s never ordered that.

She said, “One Tom Collins. And you, Tom?” I thought a moment and said, “Brandy knows.”

When actually I wanted to say, “What does Brandy know?”

Actually, at this point I was getting a little sick of the whole situation. I was impressed by the women and the boat but I really didn't want to be there. I wanted to be back on the beach by myself, exploring where I had been and why.

This situation was just causing me to realize that maybe I am not cut out to be on this side of that doorway I had opened. This doorway had been there long before I was ever cast through it. Perhaps it was the fear of having to go back through to the other side, before 5:26. I could just imagine that cloud turning black. Not a pleasant thought.

I knew I needed a guide. Someone. I turned my back to the girls and just gazed out over the ocean, trying to find my place in this whole scenario. I heard one of the girls say, "Make yourselves at home. I'll be back in a moment."

Dave came over to me, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You okay, buddy? You afraid to drink?"

That thought had not even crossed my mind. I was never a twelve-stepper, chose one day to clean up my act and be the best me possible. I wanted to attain what I called my PPB, my Peak Potential Best. "No, that's not it at all. I would really just like some answers as to what's going on."

He said, "You too?" Then he let me in on a little secret. When he asked for a Tom Collins he had expected me to pick up on what he was actually saying: "Tom, look over there at that autographed picture of Phil Collins."

Thinking we were still on the same frequency, he was sure I would pick up on it. I told him maybe just for that instant, I did fear the drink. I wanted to breakdown and tell him all about the doorway I had passed through. He knew. and he let me know he knew, what I was going through, because he had gone through that same doorway. He just thought I might think he'd had too much to drink. He said his plan was to kick back and chill out on the *Prophecy* and do just that, discuss prophecy. That was the phone call he had received this morning.

"All I heard you say was, I don't know who you're talking about," I told him.

“That’s right,” he said. “Jerry, the owner of the boat, asked me to stop by to meet a friend of ours some time before we left town. All I was saying is that I didn’t know what mutual friend he was talking about.”

At least now I knew I had a fellow traveler. He also said Bill might just be right about everything he told him. I let Dave know that I was dying to see what Brandy was going to bring me to drink.

“Let’s play along and see if this is all coincidence or we were indeed in the Twilight Zone.” Doesn’t matter who said it, we were digitally tuned in now. We were going to ask about that picture of Phil. A plan was forming. We kicked back on deck as we heard the women returning.

Trish was first through the door. She had Dave’s drink in her hand. Then, as if Brandy knew I was dying to see what she had brought me (actually I was hoping for whipped cream in all the right places), she made a grand entrance. Would you believe it? A most gorgeous shake and whipped cream. That’s right! The whipped cream was on top of a vanilla shake.

Okay, enough about getting what you wish for. Dave and I made eye contact as if to say, Damn, she’s good.

Trish told Dave, “You’re on a diet. No whipped cream for you!”

Oh Dave, I thought, please don’t ask her if she’s on a diet. I could tell he was cued and ready to go. When she added, “Here’s your Tom Collins,” without missing a beat he said, “I was telling Tom that you have an autographed picture of Phil Collins. We have a mutual friend.” Damn, that was smooth. He continued, “We spent yesterday evening with Billy.”

You know that look Dave and I shared in the mirror? The girls were now sharing it.

Sounding like a choir of angels, they both said, “You know Billy?”

Brandy added, “Phil’s told us so much about Billy. Said he’s the reason he became the lead of Genesis.”

I chimed in, “You know, he’s never told us about that. He’s just a modest kind of guy. That’s him all right.”

With this I’m sure in the furthest reaches of hell they heard that. No, not for what I just said, but for what Dave and I were thinking: “*NO SHIT!!!*”

We were in like Flint, The Flintstones, Yaba Daba Abacab! And none of that gay old time stuff either. It was instantaneous, all four of us started speaking only in rock lyrics, not just any lyrics, only those pertaining to those written exclusively about Billy. The girls started with, “some stranger to you and me.” We replied with some obvious ones, then the sky fell, the girls started singing Who songs, Led Zeppelin songs, Rush songs, Beatles’ Songs, Heart Songs and on and on and on. Oh yes! We were clueless. Gave it a shot and did a little, Steely Dan. I knew Jaws was on his way. Way! You could hear the girls say, “GOOOOD ONE!!!” all the way back on the *Prophecy*.

No need to mask those stupid grins on our faces, as we were doing warp 44, as we hit the third star-gate. All the way back to the suite, singing, “We Are the Champions!”

* * *

7:19 ~ Star date 527*- Opened my eyes, the clock was inches from my eyes. I had intentionally set the clock on the corner of the bed, so I wouldn’t have to drag myself to the edge of the bed in the morning to receive the day’s key code. It was as follows: Happy one’s question. Was I indeed happy! Is it ever in the timing? What a night! Who was that masked man? Oh, that was Dave, just a flashback of the evening before. Had to get on my knees and thank Jesus for all he had revealed to me the day before.

“Blasphemy!” you say. Only if you think you know what I was thanking Him for. It was a blast for me. Was it a blast for you? This was the first question I was going to ask Dave. I told you I was writing a nice little story to tell your children. Get your mind out of the gutter!

Overview: Download~Seven: One's Question. Discover one's communiqué. This was the way it was suppose to be. Keyword: Classified. Don't worry, I'll tell you all about last night, all except the secret. Not in my wildest dreams could I ever have imagined my real life getting involved with spies, agents, 007's wildest mission and discovering we were recruited for a vital mission.

Dave and I had truly entered a twilight zone. I know you may or may not believe the events that I had experienced the previous day. For those of you who might in the slightest way believe, keep reading at your normal pace. But, for those of you who don't have a clue, I'm going to have to pull you aside.

Open your eyes to a few facts. We live on a magical planet. God created it that way. Coincidence is just one of those little subtleties which can be ignored or taken seriously. Let's say you ask God for a sign, and he instantly answers you with an undeniable reply. Is that a coincidence? The point I'm trying to make here is this: let's say you are literally at a fork in the road and you ask Him for a sign as to which path He wants you to take. Well, at that very moment a large tree falls across the right fork completely blocking your way. Do you consider that a coincidence and continue to fight your way around the tree to go to the right, and a little further down the path a huge bolder rolls over you. Realize if you hadn't stopped to ask for His guidance, that tree might have splattered you. But now, you've been squished by a big rock, with your spirit being shot out of your body like a tube of toothpaste just run over by a funeral procession. Now you're a big blob of toothpaste at His feet, trying to explain why you asked for a sign and then ignored it. You've got some big explaining to do.

Well the way I see it, all of those small coincidences throughout your day, or throughout your life, are just mile markers telling you that you are or are not on the path God has chosen for you. If you can't tell good coincidence from bad, then you are lost. Stop and ask someone for directions. Well, every few moments of my day before, the signs had popped up in front of me, big red signs, which would be the mile markers as to just how far I had traveled into the Twilight Zone.

Now let's get back to the great sign at hand.

The girls were very special indeed, beautiful and light years ahead of most other people when it came to intellect and perceptiveness. They had that rock n' roll look about them, Grace Slick, Stevie Nicks, Ann and Nancy Wilson in their prime. There was one moment when I thought we might have crossed paths with a pair of witches. If so, I was ready to swim back to shore.

When I was younger, I studied the occult. My ambition was to become a white warlock, with the hopes of attaining sorcerer status. I studied the ancient Tarot, which has nothing to do with fortune-telling with cards. What has been done with the true Tarot is like playing checkers with chess pieces. I studied the symbolism of the cards, as well as ancient Hebrew and Aramaic. But by the grace of God I was rescued. I had been burned by forces much more powerful than I could have imagined.

I put my efforts towards becoming a shaman, a healer. (Please, don't squeeze the shaman!) Shortly after this quest began, I realized that the perfect vocation was to become a disciple of Christ. I had studied many religions, not because I was lost, but so I could understand and communicate with many people on their levels. Through the past few decades I had backslid so far and so often that being a disciple meant as little to me as my degree in architecture. I had no use for it, but the ability was still there.

I bring this up because when I noticed the beautiful crucifix around Brandy's neck, I quoted some scripture. When she replied chapter and verse, with something I had been missing in my life, I knew she was not the tree about to fall on me.

They were very forthcoming with what they knew. According to them, on March 31, 1975, Phil Collins and the band became aware of a young man sitting onstage in the Coconut Grove Playhouse, at a piano playing chopsticks and sort of a circus tune. Phil approached the man along an aisle from the back of the empty theatre and walked toward the stage. Two or three steps before Phil reached the stage, the young man noticed him. He turned and with a look of recognition was about to say something. But Phil didn't give him the opportunity to say anything first. Phil said, "Who are you?"

This guy tinkled a little on the piano, looked him right in the eyes and said, “L-10 John.” He then got up from the piano bench and casually walked backstage. Phil headed for the steps on his left, the ones that led up to the stage. As Phil went through the curtains at the back of the stage he was momentarily blinded by a bright light, and this guy seemed to have just disappeared into the blinding light.

Later that evening, they found the man standing in the middle of the Grove, in front of a park, making a speech in the middle of the night. He introduced himself and his words were so loud, they echoed through an unfinished high-rise, floors with no walls, three blocks away. His words rang out like a bell. What he had to say was so profound and incredible that Phil never forgot them.

Don’t worry, I remember every word he said. How could I ever forget? The wisdom and knowledge this guy was sharing was so incredible that it changed Phil’s concepts of reality and changed his life forever. But one of the most profound things he said was, “Peter Gabriel, you should leave the group and become your own enlightening angel.” Which is actually what Peter did, just four months later.

In his swan song, Peter speaks about stretching to hear every word and how could he argue with such a wealth of knowledge.

The girls went into great detail as to everything Billy said. In my opinion he possessed the wisdom of the ages and far beyond the point any person had ever evolved. He spoke of a universal language of numbers and letters, the fact that mankind was wasting the brains that God had given us. He blew Phil’s ship completely out of the water when he began to speak of how musicians were wasting one of God’s greatest tools, music. Billy was the drowning man he would not lend a hand to. The stories I’ve heard about Phil telling the media about not saving the life of the drowning man, about being his wife’s rapist or about seeing one man kill another before his eyes in the audience at one of his concerts — all of this must just have been cover stories or pure fantasy.

Phil tried to reach Billy with so many recollections of that night through his music. *Lonely Man on the Corner* is also Billy. Phil became obsessed with learning all he could about Billy. He went so far as to have every moment of Billy's life documented from that night on. Billy was the real character model for Jim Carry's, *The Truman Show*.

Until the moment he first heard, *Don't Lose My Number*, Billy was unaware of the identity of the person who asked him, "Who Are You?" This was six years after the song was released. By now Phil had totally given up on ever waking Billy up to the fact that most of his songs were written about Billy and for him. Then Billy hit the media with his revelation: Phil was singing about him. The media included all of the news anchors, Rolling Stone magazine and Phil's PR people. But the prime directive was in place: no one was to respond to him or help him in any way.

Billy's claims and promises that night were so grand that he would have to do it on his own. He proclaimed that he would, and that he didn't want anyone's help. Because others would only help him screw it up. Six months after Billy's revelations hit the media, Phil released: *I Can't Dance*, which includes, *Jesus, He Knows Me*.

Soon after that night in the Grove, Phil told friends in the music world about Billy. They in turn tried to wake Billy up by singing about his life as it was occurring. This sent Billy deeper into a visible Twilight Zone, which had many people thinking that he may in fact be Jesus returned. It turned out that their music and his experiences in the Twilight Zone, which far surpassed mine, drove him insane. Several times. But he would always return to sanity, to try again, stronger and more brilliant than ever. He was truly a messiah of sorts. Billy's claim to fame was that he tapped into universal knowledge, created what he called his Universal Language and was in the midst of witnessed miracle after miracle.

Billy himself clued everyone in to the fact that he was not Jesus, perhaps the new John the Baptist.

I didn't go into detail as to the fact that our lie about knowing him very well fell to pieces when I made the statement about him being modest. The girls said they knew him very well, but in fact had

never met him personally. But the lessons they had been taught through his teachings were what brought them to us and visa versa. Billy had proven that he was indeed one of God's greatest servants or an angel in the flesh. This is actually only the tip of the iceberg.

Billy had influenced us. The fact that we were out of the loop and the music reflecting behind our every action only proved to all four of us that we had been hand picked by God for a mission. But all was not peaches and cream from here on out. Powers of evil were very aware of his existence, and would do anything to stop him from completing his mission. This is why he had gone so far underground, to deceive Satan. He was perhaps the safest person on the planet. With his intelligence and God's help, he made 007 look like Barney the dinosaur. His only challenge was to do it on his own, as a common man, like Jesus did, but without creating any miracles.

Sounded to me like the prime directive was modeled after *Star Trek*. He was on his own, no help from anyone in the loop, what you might call a Star Chamber; a secret society, deeper and more secretive than the Masons. It dawned on me that perhaps even the Masons knew he was here — which included government agencies, foreign governments, actors, writers and musicians. His mission was to prove himself, with no help from anyone, using only his mind. People for and against him all realized this was too much power to give to one man who was not Jesus.

Certainly if he were Jesus, no one would have to give Him anything. He knew he wasn't Jesus and stressed this point very clearly to everyone. And there was no chance Billy was the anti-Christ. He was either a Saint or an Angel. He had claimed in his speech that he wanted to be nothing more than the anti-Charles Manson. To do as much good for mankind as Charlie did evil, but he was no anti-Christ. We all realized, since Dave and I were not in the loop, that Billy must have come to us so we could help. With no guarantee we'd be safe from the evil forces trying to destroy him, we vowed to help him at all costs. He in fact had lived decades longer than anyone thought possible.

He was the one that came to Dave. Whether or not it was to get to me was unknown. But my love and knowledge of music must have been a key. Through lyrics I could help unlock some of

mankind's secrets. Or maybe God had brought us all together as a miracle. Remembering there is no such thing as small miracle, just some larger than others, a miracle is a miracle. I have been aware of music's blatant broadcasting of a revolution, but was unaware that there had already been a hero and plan in the mix for so many years. Just listen to Genesis and Phil's music and you tell me if there isn't a stranger in his life he's searching for. Genesis, the first book of the Bible. Coincidence, or that Rock which is about to squish you?

Perhaps the one thing Billy had going for him was the fact that he did indeed knew the truth about himself but never tried to profit from it or get his fifteen minutes of fame. Almost forgot about his run in with the band, U2. But that's another story, hopefully someday he himself will tell you about it, because if I were to tell you, you might think I was crazy.

If you do my morning wake-up routine and use my method of creating synaptic connections in your brain through the use of numbers having subliminal messages, you may find just how much you are wasting of the brain God gave you,. The code goes as follows:

1 - ONESELF

2 - COUPLE

3 - GOD

4 - STRUCTURE

5 - KNOWLEDGE

6 - DOING

7 - HAPPINESS

8 - INFINITY

9 - QUESTION

10 - AMPLIFY

11 - BUILD

12 - RELATION

13 - JUDGMENT

14 - YOURSELF

15 - WISDOM

16 - EXPERIENCE

17 - PLEASURE

18 - LIFE

19 - THIRST

20 - MARRIAGE

21 - UNION

22 - FAMILY

23 - NATURE

24 - VOW

25 - MULTIPLY KNOWLEDGE

26 - ZEAL

The time and date at which I first awoke, 526 subliminally translated to, “Know Couple Doing and/or Know Zeal.” —Both of which are fine things to think about. Now try your birth date, house numbers, phone numbers, etc. It’s not the occult, but rather the ultimate numerology system, God given. It only creates synaptic connections or pathways in your brain you would never have made before if it weren’t for the basic ABC’s of Billy. By the way, here are just a few more definitive meanings:

One zero means to amplify, two zeros means to focus and three zeros is God’s focus to amplify. Large numbers have so many interpretations, but they all have the same relationship.

32 - Pray

33 - Jesus

44 - Blueprint/Plan

55 - Genius

66 - The Bible

69 - Doing what?

99 - Puzzlement

333 - The Father, Son and Holy Spirit

666 - Doing Bible or Bible Doing

999 - No clue

707 - Happiness amplifies happiness

101 - Isn't it obvious?

411 - Information

800 - Toll free number (Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.)

This is what is meant by don't let the numbers get to you. Never let go of their numerical value. Here's an equation for you, $6 \times 6 = 36$. Bible = God doing. It works in all mathematical equations. This has been Cosmic Algebra 101. Other courses in symbolism, such as the values of: $]$, $)$, $($, $\}$ $\{$ and many others will follow. I myself have years of studying to do before I can teach others.

After my morning download regimen, I headed toward the bathroom, to start that regimen. With the opening of my door came the aroma of coffee and French toast. Couldn't be Dave in the kitchenette. Not this early. That would have meant he had to get up early, go shopping and start cooking quietly. This was not the Dave I knew. I couldn't imagine what time he opened his eyes. As a flood of numbers was scanned behind my eyes, I decided to ask before I open the bathroom door.

I yelled, "What time?"

He replied, "5:19."

“Cool!”

Then I began to calculate. Join our breakfast chat. We will be taking turns, so you won't get lost.

“So Dave, how was your car running last night?”

“Couldn't get it started.”

“Which one was it?”

“The econo-box.”

“Good choice. Well, which car did you drive?”

“Took the bus.”

“But you did get there, of course?”

“The long way.”

“Sorry to hear that.”

“Nothing to be sorry about. The journey was worth the fare, and the arrival at my destination was unbelievable. Speaking of which, how was your road trip?”

“Filled with detours.”

“What do you mean?”

“I took my Satellite, then a plane, which was forced to land and took a boat the rest of the way.”

“Bitchin'!”

“This French toast is delicious, thank you.”

“You're very welcome.”

...Are you lost or confused? Did you miss a detour sign or two? I warned you, we'd be taking turns. Don't worry, I'll explain. You may have heard the song that mentions living two lives at once. The theory is that you can control your dreams and live a virtually different life in your dream world. The method is this: before you go to sleep and as you are falling asleep, simply picture what you want to dream about and you will. Well, I don't know how disciplined a mind it would take to do this.

Billy spoke of seeing the vehicle of your dreams as a car. If you were to drift off to sleep and wished to see your dreams as scenery from the car, you would have much more control in your dreams and remember them as a vacation from this physical world. Simply spend time, a lot of time, examining the car you imagine you're in. Lose the awareness that you are in bed by just scrutinizing every detail of a car you know very well. Its lights, dashboard, dome light, wheels, door handles, seats, etc. The more you know about the mechanism and working of an auto, the easier it is to lose your awareness of self. Be sure you're planning to start the car at some point and drive away. The car literally becomes the vehicle for your dreams. With a little practice you'll be amazed at the results.

"I said thank you."

"What's on the agenda?"

"Let's leave it up to you."

"How about a scavenger hunt?"

"Sounds good to me. What are we looking for?"

"How about the introduction to Billy's book, and the key codes he left behind."

"What are you talking about?"

"I threw them out after he left."

"You did what?" was my immediate response. I didn't lose my head this time, but I sure wished Dave's head would have come off at that moment.

"Calm down. It'll be fun, just like the shadow quest Billy mapped out for Phil that night."

"You do have a point, but I can't see it because you're wearing that "OUTLAND" hat."

The joke almost went over his head, but when he caught it he said, "It goes with that 'I'm having a Maalox Moment' T-shirt you're wearing." I indeed was wearing that shirt. No need to whistle a little tune, but we did whistle, "Whistle While You Work."

Dave could tell I was just this side of panicked, so he said, "Relax!" He told me he had already checked with the front desk. They said the trash from yesterday would not go out until tomorrow

morning. This was evidently why he took the bus last night. He was worried about telling me what he did with Billy's papers.

So as the story goes: The maid did in fact take the jewels from our room, but we know for a fact she didn't put them in the safe. Perhaps she was one of those enemy agents I dreamt about last night. You know the one. She was the reason for the forced landing. Oh, this was going to be such an adventure. Little did I know.

After washing the dishes and cleaning up the table, I changed my shirt to the one with a big smiley face on it. Dave put on his Rush Tour T-shirt. All dressed for work, he headed through the door labeled 933, so I did. "Please, Dear Lord will you help us find those papers?"

On the way to the elevator, it dawned on me that I had forgotten all about the Brut. I asked Dave if he used it yesterday and he said, "No." I knew that if it had been on the floor, I would have seen it or tripped over it in the doorway. The maid must have picked it up. This wasn't just any bottle of Brut, it was made of glass. It was my lucky bottle. I'd had it for years and only used it on vacations.

Well, let me tell you about a small coincidence. As we were waiting for the elevator, the same group of young people rounded the corner. They were discussing how much of their vacation money they were going to spend to win the Florida Lotto. I said, in a very serious voice, "Don't let the numbers get to you." Dave and I cracked up, laughing uncontrollably. So much so that they left the elevator and didn't wait for us or even say good-bye. This was a sign. If I hadn't heard one of them say that yesterday, the entire day before would have been entirely different.

I hadn't been aware of the forces around me, such as this, since I turned away from white magic years ago. But this time I took comfort in the fact that these forces were angels. I truly saw my life as the path God had chosen for me. The lyrics, "Now that I know the secret, there is nothing that I lack," rang clearly in my head. Along with the chills and goose pumps of record proportion, I was still laughing. Try that. What a sensation. I was moved enough to tell Dave about the lyrics in my head, as well as the coincidence that had just occurred.

All he said was, “Wait till I tell you my side of the story. But that’s another book.”

I replied, “I’ll wait till I can rent the DVD.”

We started laughing again. In all the years I’ve known him, we’ve never laughed so hard. Hell, in all the years I’ve known myself, I’d never laughed like this. Getting a grip at the same moment was strange, we looked at each other with straight faces and proceeded to smile with our spirits. Hopefully I can teach you to do this. All kidding aside, it’s as good as sex. Well, safe sex anyway.

As we approached the front desk, I saw Rod was not the gentleman standing at the desk.

A Mr. Steven K. asked, “May I help you?”

I chuckled to myself thinking, *Oh, this should be interesting.*

Dave said, “I spoke to someone earlier this morning about some important papers that were thrown away by mistake, in room 933, yesterday afternoon.”

Steven K. said that our maid should have been in at 7:00 a.m. He walked over to the keyboard and said, “That would be Nancy, but she hasn’t shown for work yet. She just started yesterday.”

I replied, “Would one of your experienced maids know where she might have thrown our trash?”

“That would be Rose, I’ll page her.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed two maids waiting for the elevator around the corner from the desk. I poked Dave in the ribs and pointed to them. He knew I was going to question them as to what Nancy might have done with the trash. As I came closer to one of their cleaning supply carts, I saw it. A bottle of Brut. My bottle, perhaps? I engaged the women in conversation, telling them about my dilemma, and they said they could probably locate our trash. But there was one problem: guest privacy. We could not just go looking through other people’s garbage. The girl who collected it would have to be present in order to locate it. Not necessarily to identify it, but she would have to be the one to search for our papers. I stressed the importance of finding that bag and asked if they would help. I told them I’d make it worth their while and the longer we waited the deeper it would get. They were agreeable. I asked if I could have a splash of the Brut.

“Sure!”

It was made of glass and one quarter full. My lucky bottle. I didn't make an issue of it being mine, since I felt I could snatch it later.

“Any chance the trash from yesterday could still be in this cart?”

“Depends.”

“Well, I hope there are none of those in there.”

They laughed, and as we got on the elevator I gave Dave the thumbs up sign. By the time we reached the ninth floor, I had dug deep enough to see something I recognized, an empty Q-tip box and the Lever 2000 soap box I had thrown into the bathroom trash as I was unpacking.

With a restrained “Eureka,” I dug deeper.

One of them said, “You found a vacuum cleaner in there?”

I didn't have time to laugh as I saw some type written pages and the word “INTRODUCTION” on one of them. I laughed at her joke as I reached into my pocket and asked them, “Would you like to split this hundred dollar bill or I could give you forty dollars each?”

Much to my surprise they both said, “We'll take the forty.”

I don't know, maybe they didn't trust each other.

So I said, “I'll give you a fifty each, if I can have that bottle.”

As their faces lit up, and one of them said, “Go for it.”

When we reached the ninth floor, I went directly to the room and secured the papers in one of my suitcases in the closet. Then I called down to the front desk to tell Steven K. I had found the papers we had misplaced, and to please ask my friend to come up.

The anticipation was killing me, but I was going to wait for Dave to return before I read them. After all, Billy did give them to him and we had started this journey together. Guess it would be a good time to see what the theme music for this scene was. The radio came on. “Sweet dreams are made of

these.” I decided to control my goose bumps and was doing a pretty good job until I changed the station and heard, *Love in an elevator*.

It sure was taking Dave a long time to get back. The next song was the Police’s, “Every Step You Take.” I should have turned the radio off before it came on. Dave came through the door, looking like he had seen a ghost.

“What? What? Talk to me!” I said.

“You ain’t gonna believe this.”

“What?”

“As you were getting into the elevator, a policeman approached the front desk, with a key card in his hand and asked Steve if it belonged to this motel.”

I went white as well. He didn’t have to tell me. It was ours. Then he dropped the bomb.

“Steve said, ‘Yes, and as a matter of fact, this gentleman is staying in that room.’ As the officer turned to look at me, you can’t imagine the look on his face. Hell, I wish I could have seen the look on my own face. All the officer said was, ‘Can you explain this?’ ‘No!’ was the only thing I could say, then I did some fast talking and explained that we reported it missing yesterday morning and he could check with Rod.” Both our eyes widened when he said the name Rod. The stolen jewelry!

“So tell me where he found the key,” I said.

“Wait, I haven’t gotten to the freaky part yet. While I was explaining to the cop, we heard a bellhop say to one of the maids, ‘Did you hear Nancy was killed by a hit and run driver a few blocks from here? They’re looking for an older blue Camaro.’ The officer could see I was visibly shaken.”

“Well, then what?”

“It was evident the police officer didn’t want me to know that bit of information. I could tell by the look on his face that it compromised his investigation. I wanted to tell him that if he found the card at the scene of the crime, it wasn’t your car, because I had been driving it this morning and hadn’t hit anyone. But I knew better, so I shut my mouth and waited to see what he would say next.”

The download of evidence ignited in my mind. The missing key, the missing papers, the maids in the elevator, the joke about the jewelry with Rod, Nancy our maid dead, and an older blue Camaro. We were flat guilty. All I wanted to hear from Dave was that he had seen my car and it was fine. The more I thought about the circumstances, the more I could not believe Dave was not in handcuffs as the police were knocking down the door.

Dave said, "It was a good thing you called about finding the papers, the investigation as to why we were looking for Nancy faded into the background. But the officer did say for us not to leave town quite yet. I told him that the motel knew where I lived and that if I couldn't afford to stay much longer, he could find me at home. I guess when the officer realized Nancy worked at the motel, this explained the key card at the scene of the crime."

We were casually headed to the parking lot, taking the back way, around the pool bar and the building to see if my car was there. But what if it wasn't? I took a peek down to see if my smiley face was still smiling. You can never tell in the Twilight Zone. But of course from my vantage point, it appeared to be a frown.

"Where did you find Billy's papers?"

"Billy who?"

I was following Dave's lead, and thinking of my alibis. The time I woke up, breakfast, laughing at the elevator. This was good, witnesses to the fact that we were laughing our asses off. The hit and run driver certainly wasn't in a laughing mood. As we turned the corner of the building I could see Sara's grill. She was all smiles and I was all smiles as well. I even went so far as to try my door key to make sure it was her. I looked at the reflection of the smiley face on my shirt and swear its smile grew bigger as I turned the key. Of course it did. Ever been in a house of mirrors? I was just about to hit my knees and thank Jesus when with fear and mystery in his voice, Dave said, "Now this is really getting weird! I've got good news and bad news. Which do you want first?"

"The good news, please."

“The good news is, this is your car. The bad news is, this is not where I parked it.” Dave was the only one not smiling. It looked like he was up on a murder wrap.

“Oh, Dave, it’s here, no bad news. Why are you worried?”

He replied as serious a heart attack, “I said — and I quote — ‘this is not where I parked the car’.”

“Fine, let’s get in and go for a ride and we’ll sort this out. I don’t know about you but I do feel a need to skate.”

“Fine!”

As we were exiting the parking lot, I asked Dave if the bellhop had said which direction the accident happened? He said it was at a bus stop. When we were about to pull out of the parking lot, I looked right then left, looking for bus stops or police cars, but there were none in sight. Thought about flipping a coin, decided to turn on the radio instead. “Take the long way home, take the long way home.” I headed north. At this point I wished we had packed the car so we could go home or anywhere from here. Not a chance. Dave had been told to stay available, at least until we used up the time we had paid for at the motel. After going north we headed west towards I-95 and then south to A1A. We were headed toward the *Prophecy*, to just chill.

We had been cast back into the real world but the strange thing was, we could still use music as a tour guide. It seemed to be scripted into our adventure like a sound track. Just as you might flip a coin, at a fork in the road, music hadn’t failed us yet and offered a lot more options than fifty-fifty.

An important lesson to learn: If the music doesn’t fit the situation when you first turn it on or change the station, then it might be time to re-evaluate your situation. Take just a moment to do this, or flip a coin. But never go searching with the radio tune button, looking for an answer. This will only stop your flow of motion in time and space, and cause you to be left behind, to slip out of sync.

Consider this: I’m walking down the sidewalk to a bus stop ten blocks away. I walk directly there, observing all I can along the way. I will sit and wait for the bus nine minutes, thinking about my

walk there. The bus ride takes eight minutes. I am the first one off the bus and as I step to the curb I look at my watch, it reads 12:34:56. Now let's just change a few details.

I'm walking down the sidewalk to a bus stop ten blocks away. I walk directly to the third block, observing all I can along the way. I stop dead in my tracks and count to twenty-six as I look around. Then I continue to walk to the ninth block, at which point I turn and look back for thirty-two seconds, recollecting all I saw as I walked to this point. I then continue to the bus bench. As I walk that last block I am reflecting on the previous nine and still observing the world around me. I sit and wait for the bus less than eight minutes. The bus ride takes eight minutes. I exit the bus first and as I step to the curb I look at my watch, it reads 12:34:56.

I have not changed my time line between these two scenarios. But now, because I have stopped and counted and looked behind myself, I will now recall observing a completely different world than if I hadn't stopped. Different cars, people, sounds, and yes, even different reflections in and of the world around myself.

As in life, you can only change what you are going to look back on, but no matter what you do in the future, you cannot change your destiny. So, do you want to look back on your life and see yourself searching for answers with a radio dial, or would you rather let the music move you forward to your final destination. Look back and try to break my record for goose bumps, which just happens to be your Chi. Can you see that crystal clear painting yet? Mr. Mojo Rising!

We were doing seventy-three miles an hour in a sixty-five zone. Never thought we would be heading south once we started our vacation, except to return home. Just as I finished this thought, Dave asked if I would like to stop by the house for anything since we were going right by it.

"Yes, I want to pick up my tape recorder to keep track of everything that's happened and of everything that's going to happen. Do you need anything? If not, then I won't even turn off the car. Give me your house key and I'll be right out." We lived less than three blocks off of I-95 and State road 84. It was a seven-minute detour. As we accelerated onto I-95, I hit the radio button and heard, "He

said his name was William. I knew it was Billy, Bud or Mac.” You know that song by Cheryl Crow, *I just want to have fun!* We were now doing 66 M.P.H. and dead ahead of the flow behind us, moving forward in reverse. This is where Dave and I turned on the recorder and will leave you for awhile.

CHAPTER TOO!

“NO JOKE”

We were now headed north, cruising at the speed limit. Four hours and two ninety-minute tapes later, Dave and I had slip-streamed into and out of a quantum flux. We secured our tapes in a safe place. We were now confident that Billy had been placed in our lives by God's hand in the same manner he had been placed in Phil's life. After a long discussion between Dave and me, Dave was convinced that I myself had been to the same places Billy visited. Dave let me know that if I slowed my voice a little, there were times he could hear Billy talking to him. Word for word, some of the things I told him about yesterday morning sent waves of chills up and down his spine.

I was convinced that between us and our experiences, Dave and I had both seen and done exactly what Billy had gone through at some point of his life. If he in fact had been through what the two of us had experienced in the past twenty-four hours, all I wanted to know was, what planet was this dude from? Hell, for that matter, I would have been satisfied just to know if this particular planet was in our galaxy.

One thing was certain, Phil had told the musical entertainers of the era that he had run into Jesus. Since Genesis had done, “A Lamb Lies Down on Broadway” years before he ran into Billy, or should I say before Billy ran over him, Phil certainly saw the potential of the Bible and the first book of it. It was all so perfectly clear to us, how rock n' roll was influenced by the ravings of Charles Manson and vice versa. Jethro Tull sings about Charlie stole the handle and something about there's no way to stop the train, and then, thank God, he's got the handle back.

How could such a person exist in this world without the media knowing about him? Well, the answer was simple: they do. For lack of a better term, let's say, The Star Chamber is so overwhelmingly powerful that the media was told, “Hands off or you'll never breathe on this planet again.” As for Uncle Sam, they must have viewed him as they did in the Roswell incident. But in this

case there were just too many witnesses to hide the fact that he did in fact exist. Besides, he was our secret weapon: an American boy raised on good old rock n' roll with a strap across his back. For those of you not in the know, that strap is the Bible belt. Raised by a toothless, bearded hag: Haggai, the thirty-seventh book of the Bible. Tull also speaks of the Robin Hood of Haggai.

You know, in *Jumping Jack Flash*, the movie with Whoopi Goldberg, when an agent left out in the cold contacts her. She must know the key of the song, so this agent can be sure he is in fact communicating with an American and not the enemy. This is called a criss-cross. When a song refers to a movie or a book refers to a song and visa versa. Example: My mother's best friend, Rita, gave me the book by Richard Bach, *Illusions; Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah*. In this book it speaks of rising above the din, same as Led Zeppelin's, *In Through the Out Door*. (To chase a feather in the wind.)

Look at the cover of this particular book and tell me I'm wrong. My mother's friend was my lovely Rita, pretty little meter maid. The main character in the book is named Don William Shimoda. Don: meaning Godfather, or to put on, as in scuba diving, to doff and don. Will I Am, speaks for itself. Shi~mod~A, or as I see it, shoes matter. Jesus wore sandals, Billy seemed to travel that long and winding road barefoot.

“What you gonna do once you started wearing those shoes?” or the lyrics you might be aware of, “Barefoot Billy be there.” Billy had to decide whether he wanted to walk in his Father's shoes. He must have decided to do it his way, Pop or no Pop.

Dave and I had stumbled into a world of infinite possibilities, or should I say, “The commander and chief himself recruited us.”

Somewhere, I could picture Jesus laughing his ass off.

Blasphemer! you say.

So much clarity and focus was my aim. Now I was ready to understand what Billy may have had to offer Dave and I. God made sure we had gotten the deluxe tour of Billy's world before we saw it through his eyes and read what he had written and opened the three-lock box, as Brandy had called it.

That three-lock box was locked behind three locks. We were headed back to the motel, as it was now Morrison's Motel, and not the Hotel California.

Dave and I stopped at a local C.D. Warehouse and purchased a fair amount of downloads, music vintage circa pre- and post-March 1975. Billy had evidently been influenced by the pre-, which in turn caused him to influence the post-March 1975. God saw fit to supply me with the tools to do the job before I was given the assignment. My assignment: Play the role of the young man in the movie, *The Seventh Sign*. You know that geeky-looking kid who is told at the end of the movie to write about everything he has witnessed. I may or may not have mentioned it before, but it was The Beatles, The Four Angels with Chest Plates of Fire, who first made the offer, "We'd love to see the plan." Dave and I were about to look straight down the barrel of Billy's '44 magnum of fine wine. Pretty high hopes for a pair of guys about to find treasure saved from the trash.

As we pulled into the parking lot, Dave pointed to an empty spot and said, "Park there. There's something I want to show you." As I zipped into the spot, he was about to say something, I cut him off and said, "I see it, I see it, incredible." Now I understood why he was so upset, as to why the car wasn't where he had parked it. This was without a doubt where he had left the car after shopping for breakfast. To you it might seem like a trivial detail or coincidence, but what I was looking at was a full screen view of a big "W," the same as in the movie, *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. The treasure was buried under the big W, four crisscrossed palm trees. I hit radio station, 97.3, The Coast. "Billy don't lose my number."

Dave was breathless. "It was Dave's a view all over again," as Yogi said. Dave could barely get the words out, "Been here, done this, hear what I'm saying?" I was surprised he was so surprised. I was rarely affected by goose bumps now that I had accepted this mission, and there was no need to get shook up over a sign from God. But we never did find out how or why Sarah had been moved. It was just one of life's little mysteries. Perhaps someone tried to steal her and had a change of heart, but there was no evidence of this. Perhaps it was aliens.

As we walked through the lobby door, we saw Rod. He had a big grin on his face and seemed to be dying to tell us something. He said, "Brandy and Trish stopped by to see if you were in and left an envelope for you at the front desk." He claimed it was an invitation to an exclusive party. He'd seen this particular stationery before and knew it was one of a very few invitations he had given to guests in the past. As he handed it to me he said, "We aim to please here at The Morrison Motel." This of course sent the Chi flowing. This was no coincidence, or a sign from God, or even just weird. We had to be wired. Somehow, somehow, the Star Chamber was monitoring us.

We weren't expecting to hear from the girls because, they had said they were leaving at sunrise on the *Destiny*. The *Destiny* was nowhere in sight as we boarded the *Prophecy*. As the elevator doors closed, we opened the invitation. It had a hot wax seal on it. If I didn't know better I'd think it was a symbol of The Initiators. It had a geometrical perfection to it, unlike any I had ever seen. Seemed it was emanating from the perfect point. Seemed we had been invited to a game or test of sorts. It was a cryptic clue: "Fined three ties, for parking on, Pass Go Square, move on back to squares. Your lives are in danger, too. From one, two, another. See you there when the Son sets."

My first reaction was to go back to the parking lot and examine the two parking spaces my car had been in this morning, but they are not squares.

We decided it would be best to pack first, and be ready to leave at a moment's notice. We called Rod from our room to find out if there was any news or further investigation as to what had happened to Nancy. We had forgotten to mention it when we were handed the invitation.

Rod said, "I didn't know you knew about Nancy. If I had known, I would have said something. But it's all good news. Nancy died at the scene, but was revived in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. They said she was dead for about three minutes. She'll be fine and they caught the guy driving a stolen '69 Camaro."

"Thanks, Rod. By the way, is there anything you can tell me about this invitation?"

As though he were one of the pawns in this game, he replied, "I could get fined for helping you. I know nothing, I see nothing and I hear nothing. Have a nice day."

Fined three ties, move on back to squares. At that moment I remember looking down at the floor of the lobby, which looked just like a large chessboard. Had I found the three ties? See no evil, speak no evil and hear no evil. Clue or not, this was a standard I would continue to follow. I told Dave the good news about Nancy and that perhaps I had found one of the clues. As I was telling him about the three ties I said, "Fear no evil." I thought it best to perhaps recruit our third partner.

Billy was evidently the designer of this little test. Best we see what he had in mind, so I headed for the closet to retrieve what I hoped would be a road map. I turned on the radio, right at the start of the song, "You ain't seen nothing yet!" We listened long enough to hear that, "Yet!" as it faded behind the bedroom door. Dave and I slammed and locked it behind us. After all our lives were in danger, or was that, lives in danger? Oh, this was getting chilling and mind stimulating. I pulled out the suitcase and set it on the bed between us. Wouldn't you know it? The papers weren't there. Wrong suitcase! As I got up to get the right one, I grabbed the tape recorder, which I had almost forgotten. Now seated back on the bed I turned on the recorder and read the following out loud:

AT HAND

BY

WILLIAM XXXXXXXXX

INTRODUCTION

At hand is the computer I am using in order to complete a mission I took on at the age of twenty-one, which started in March 1975. My mission was to tap into Universal Knowledge. Strange mission, you might assume. Nonetheless, it was a virtuous endeavor. At an innocent twenty-one years of age, and with the only computer at my disposal being my brain with an intellect I believed to be unequalled, I

attained a state of consciousness and a meditative state, which Zen and other discipline masters study their whole lives to attain.

My mission was to create a Universal Language with which to store immeasurable amounts of knowledge. My purpose was to enlighten mankind as to his folly, as to how he viewed himself and his purpose on this plane of existence. What is to follow is a true account of events too incredible to believe, so incredible they don't need exaggeration, but they are true. In creating the program I called Universal Language and downloading it into my brain, I opened a doorway leading to a Twilight Zone as real as any Rod Serling could conceive. Some of the adventures that follow are full of insanity, and the reasons for some of my actions cannot be justified. Nor will I try to justify them.

The fact remains that the only concept which has allowed me to maintain my intellect, my sanity and my will to help mankind out of its folly is my Universal Language. My chance encounter with one of today's most popular and influential rock stars and my influence in changing his life and his music for all time is perhaps the one event, or miracle, God created in order to keep me aware of my mission and my pledge to him.

So at hand you have a most incredible and entertaining adventure, one which will open your eyes to realities and concepts as plain as the nose on your face but as hard to see as the back of your head. You can do it, but it takes a little effort. You will be clued into one of the greatest secrets kept from mankind. The one fact that drives me to complete my mission is, as I have been saying for at least the past decade, "I created the Pentel Pentium processor for the mind." And I did not know that Bill Gates and I share the same birthday until this October 28th.

...My birthday, as well. I turned off the tape recorder. I realized I was holding the keys to The Kingdom. The Chi was flowing now, buddy, and so was my buddy's. Dave said, "I only glanced over it the other night when he handed it to me. You know how many flakes there are in this town."

"Yes, like the Antarctic in winter. That must explain the chills I'm going through. Looks like a three dog night."

There were just a few to many words in that introduction, which were mine. As I turned the many pages, the only thought that came to mind was, The Rosetta Stone, or perhaps it was Enigma. I was looking at a virus that had infected me like a bad case of the clap. The applause sign was going off in my head. Who was this guy? Didn't take me long to realize that if you were to command a computer to translate letters to numbers, numbers to letters, and distill all of the words in Earth's languages, it might indeed have created a Universal Language. Not to mention the possibility that the computer's last words might read: NEED MORE MEMORY TO COMPLETE ASSIGNED TASK. Or it just might, just keep flashing and flashing: "8 2316166 2011216 20162011214 191 21201718161916 10448323166 1920415."

There is also the possibility these words would appear as distilled. Then you would have eight two-digit numbers. Distilling words to their definitive two-digit number is a very simple mathematical process that I will explain when the time comes. Chew on that byte a bit. Six of one, or one twenty-fourth of a gross! Byte me! I could now see why the media was afraid to admit to the public that this guy existed. Everything is meant to be broken. I don't want the world to see me, I don't think they'd understand. I just called to let you know who I am. Just try breaking this code: Jesus just left Chicago and he's bound for New Orleans.

If the tape recorder had been on, it would have only recorded dead silence if it could have recorded the sound of the fusion reaction that had just gone off in my head. At this moment, I realized, the clues on the invitation were saying: "When you pass on, we'll see you on judgment day." The Star Chamber was impressed with our performance. They were waiting to see if we would run all over town trying to find the party. The party was in our own minds. Dave and I started to unpack. our vacation had just begun. We headed directly to the nearest fax machine. The faxes, ma'am. Just the faxes.

As I recall, the last radio station to receive the Billy and Phil show was a small 13,000-watt radio station in Juno, Alaska, a smooth rock station, KNOW 103.3 FM. It just so happened that when the fax was received, the new program director had sat with Billy for a few hours on a Sunday morning, sipping

coffee and shooting the breeze. Billy brought tools and gifts for three of his bartender friends. You must admit, you call a DJ as you would your bartender when you need a shot of endorphins to set the background or soundtrack for a few moments of your life. You are in fact asking him to listen to you and why he might just play a song for you and deliver the goods. The goods being some mighty fine wine, nectar of the gods and ambrosia for the mind.

As I said earlier, music was my oxygen and this was a breath of fresh air. I had always puzzled over music's purpose when the girls first told me about Billy telling Phil Collins that rock n' roll was being wasted because it was one of God's greatest tools and they were using it for entertainment. I remember hearing Jimmy Hendrix once say that if he had enough time and music he could hypnotize the world. Billy mentioned that music was a tool to uplift the spirit and communicate with angels. There have been paintings of angels as heads with wings. Sounds like what I hear in my music, voices in the wind, musicians are simply Earth angels, some good ones and some evil ones.

What I will tell you is pure speculation and circumstantial evidence as to what I know about music and the stories Brandy told me about Billy. I will put forth theories and conclusions, which should enlighten you, as my life had changed so drastically by simply being in the same room with Billy and taking lessons from his guidance to better mind maintenance. His system of categorizing and cataloging all he saw and heard was simplicity in itself. I will go through a typical day of my own, just to show you how it works and the side-effects it creates. I believe this is what a glimpse into Heaven is like.

What I found to be true is this: Revelations was now at hand. I am not going to be playing the role of Deacon Blue or a Bible thumper. I am just going to clue you in as to what has been happening on your planet since March 1975.

Dave and I took plenty of time to test track this V-10 Viper, disguised as a Little Duce Coupe with the security of a tank, a huge tank. I want to take you back to our suite at the Red Door Inn. "I see

a red door and I want to paint it black.” “In a white room with black curtains” near “a sea of joy.” “Jesus, he knows me and He knows I’m right.”

The following events did in fact happen. You will be witness to them shortly after Judgment Day. Truer words were never spoken as those of Black Sabbath’s, *War Pigs*. If you are not into or up on your rock n’ roll, then this is a lesson you should not live without. I’ll start simple and take you all the way, starting at the age of twelve.

I remember coming in from mowing the lawn. I had been listening to Ringo Starr’s, “Do You Want To Know A Secret?” Sometime during this flashback I heard the gentleman with credentials (Ph.D., Masters, with honors, etc.) on the television say, “Of course there is a code hidden in rock n’ roll music.” I turned to see and listen to what he knew. He was saying, “Puff the Magic Dragon is a prime example. Puff the magic, drag on, lived by the C, Cocaine. Frolicked in the autumn mist, in a land called Hanalei. Hanalei; being junkie heaven. It’s so easy to see Satan is behind this.” He went on about other examples, but he never did tell me what “frolicked in the autumn mist” meant.

It wasn’t until I heard the lyrics, “The boys of summer are back.” did I break that code. But I knew he was wrong when he said that Satan was behind the creation of rock music. I knew, even at that age, that God creates everything and Satan only infiltrates it and tries to make it his own. I knew God was behind the creation of the lights and warm feelings flowing through my brain when I listed to music through my earphones.

“You say Hello and I say Good-Bye.” How obvious can this be? I took this to mean you should think the opposite at the same time in your mind. Up is down, black is white, bad is good, but love was never to be hate. Guess I was just ahead of my time, thinking at twice the speed of sound. Now that’s bad!

Over the next nine years, I cataloged enough lyrics as a database as to never run out of something to say by only using lyrics. My first state of the art stereo was a Marantz 4240 quadradiol, with RTR column speakers. Believe I could go on for three paragraphs as to what a killer sound system

this was. But all I will say is, at one-third volume you'd swear there was a live band playing from eight houses up the street.

I had disseminated enough key words in order to consider myself an expert on the code. I could go on about myself, but my role is to enlighten you as to the proper method of applying these lessons.

The circumstances which brought Billy and I together are so incredible that it is too incredible to put to words. Besides, I was sworn to secrecy. Billy went literally to Hell's kitchen three times, in order to get the recipe right. He wrote me three letters and I can only try to relate to you what extremes he went to in order to assure his Earthly overlords that he in fact was not the Anti-Christ. His godly powers were so great that many wondered if he could be using the black arts.

He himself wondered at times if he was Jesus. He may have wondered many times, but he never ever claimed to be. His signs from God became so intense and so common place that people would see miracles occurring regularly around him. They just accepted Billy for what he was. (I very well could have titled this book: *The True Fairytale of Earth, which will be told throughout eternity in countless Galaxies.*) But at the same time, he no longer saw them as signs from God. Billy started taking credit for them.

With his ego on a pedestal, he used to say, "My friends tell me to get off my pedestal, and I tell them my pedestal is so high that if you knock me off it, I'll learn to fly before I hit the ground." God did in fact smack him for that one.

I did see red or is that read

AGAIN?

March 6, 20XX - 12:51:09 pm

A moment of peace of mind was achieved, a simple thing, something I have not been able to do or accept for oh, so many years, Amen. Perhaps it has been thirty years to the day since I first knew what those three words meant. "Peace of Mind." I have been on a thirty-year quest to return or capture the ability, just to head back in that direction. Many, many times in the past I have had the road map to jump back on that road to get there, but just didn't have the vehicle to sustain the journey.

Having passed so many mile markers along the journey back, it seemed I could never finish my trek by staring over from any of those I had passed in the past. Well, I approached a new sign this morning and it was red, as well as read. I had indeed seen a similar sign before, but just became aware of its significant value. Sign if I can't or Sign if I can T. A start, a simple start, the first step of a journey back to future.

CHAPTER III

MILE MARKER

Since it has been nearly fourteen years since I first became aware of Phil's Billy and several years since I could bring myself to type the heading, "Chapter III," a lot has happened in the world. For one, 9/11 happened. I was going to call this chapter, "In my own words," but they are not my words. These words belong, be they long or be they short, belong to Him.

Speaking of signs from God,

I did see red or is that read

AGAIN?

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Having passed so many mile markers along the journey back, it seemed I could never finish my trek, by starting over from any of those I had passed, in the past. Well, I approached a new sign this morning and it was red, as well as read. I had indeed seen a similar sign before, but just became aware of its significant value. Sign if I can't or Sign if I can T. A start, a simple start, the first step of a journey back to the future.

As it is so very fortunate in my life, signs from God cannot be mistaken for anything other than what they are. The paragraph which I wrote at the end of chapter Too, was to lead to chapter III. The second paragraph of chapter III, which started with the sentence, "Speaking of signs from God" was never completed, because my computer has been acting up. What occurred is, as soon as I pressed the d key in the word God, which was started at the correct indent for starting the next paragraph, those five words became centered, at the same time, the end of chapter two, appeared just where it is placed now.

After considering this just a glitch in my software I was trying to decide that perhaps it did go better where it now was. After scrolling up to see if it was moved from its original position to its new location, I discovered that it appeared in both. After reading through it, to the point at which I started this paragraph, it fit so well in both locations and it said more then I would have ever imagined.

So I start again, speaking of signs from God. One of the most overwhelming realities of my life is the time I have spent ahead of that flow. To describe it more clearly, it's like a boat going through the water. At any given moment you have no doubt that you can turn around and you will see a wake behind you. It's as concrete a law of physics as standing in front of a mirror and seeing your reflection. Except, the time and space relationships have nothing in common. In the wake relationship, the boat is moving forward through time and space, and the evidence of its past can be viewed in the future by looking back to where it's been and the evidence of it. In the mirror, you see evidence in real time, of where you are at that moment in a reflection.

The flow I speak of uses all the elements of time and space, but displaces their relationship to one another and the physical world. In the case of the flow I stay ahead of, the flow is not caused by me, as in the case of the boat wake, but it does reflect my actions, thoughts or words, as well as the actions of others around me. Certainly many call these events in their lives coincidences, but this is clearly not the case in my life, as I'm sure many who know me would testify to. A Twilight Zone, as well scripted as anything Rod Serling ever wrote. I could at will bring people into my reality if I wished to as long as

I was aware of evidence that I myself was ahead of the flow. I call it, “Phazing” for lack of a better word.

One particular gentleman threatened me with bodily harm if I didn’t stop what I was doing. I mentioned a song and it came on the radio. So he turned off the radio and turned on the television. So I went out for some cigarettes. When I got back I told him I had seen a pizza box lying upside down in the road and a dog sniffing around the box. So I kicked the box over so the dog could lick what might be inside. Well, much to both of our surprises, there was an entire pizza in the box, so the dog went to town. I could see that his reaction was not what I had expected to this cute little story. He replied, “I told you to stop it!” He was now pointing to the television and the “Pizza, Pizza” commercial, in which the dog is attacking the pizza delivery man. I could tell that the best thing for me to do was sit and not say or do anything until he slipped out of the flow.

So you might ask, what event took place in my life to cause me to start writing again after such a long period of time? Well, it sure wasn’t writer’s block that had caused me to stop. I was in an all-time low of phazing, caused by a world in which world events took center stage. I guess the coincidence of the numbers 911 and their values in my reality and everyone else’s reality just seemed to outweigh gravity itself. 911 was one of the major reasons for my not going forward with my efforts to publish.

I am currently at that proverbial fork in the road. I am torn between giving you more than several chapters of my day-to-day life phazing or simply telling you about the one event that has driven me to keep a vow I made to God. Guess if I put it in those terms, “I won’t be climbing over that tree which just fell across that particular route.”

TIMBER!

Thank you, Lord! Seems like I just got a sign, in real time, which does in every way preclude what I was about to write. In real time, I’m going to tell you about the events which just took place as an example of phazing. As I mentioned before, my computer has been acting up, the details of how and why, I will relate to you sometime later. As I was thinking about that fork in the road and writing about

it, I decided to elaborate with the tree falling. Sincerely expecting to receive a sign or see the wake of this event in the future. Also, and perhaps thinking that as you read about the falling tree you would see or hear such an event happen in your real world, which at this moment is very far in my future.

Well, back to the near past. As I placed the comma after the word route, my word program decided to center the paragraph, four above. I thought, “A SIGN?” and out of the corner of my left eye I saw what appeared to be something falling on the television screen to my left. A tree, certainly not, it was a basketball player being placed on the court by a giant hand, on his chest was the word “TIMBERWOLVES.” Okay, so I typed the word TIMBER with the period after it, and placed my hands up to my mouth and yelled, “Timber!” Then I backspaced over the period to replace it with an exclamation point and this caused my computer to freeze up. During the time it took to reboot, I got on my knees and thanked the Lord for allowing me to reach this point in my life. I also thanked my mother, who passed away, on May 24, last year.

Okay, now there is also the opportunity for *phazing* to warp into what I call, *Trinactual*. It’s when the reflection of the previous event is realized, causing you to relate it to someone as at that moment the previous two events lead to a third even more inexplicable event. I just experienced such an event as I typed the words, “something falling on the television screen.” As I typed “something falling,” I saw out of the corner of my right eye, my Mother’s Mass card fall from where it was placed.

A fact comes to mind, perhaps the most important reflection of all could be missed, the reflection of simply thinking back on the events which just passed and seeing all of the ties which bring them together after a momentary thought. My biker name is “Wolf.” God had yelled, “Timber, Wolf.”

I ducked long enough in prayer and at that moment I realized the fork in the road had just become a three-lane highway with no detours. Least of all, let me not forget, my mother jumping into the mix.

This reminds me of the time I asked, “Mom, is the word, awash, or can it be used as awashed?” She said she wasn’t sure if it could be used as, awashed. The reason I asked was because I wanted to

use the word, in my third attempt at writing this book, in 1997. Using it to say, Phil had been awashed with a blinding light. Well, moments after I asked the question, she called to me and said that she was doing a crossword puzzle and that the next word across was, “Awash.”

So back to the event which leads me to see I was back in God’s good graces. As is testified by throngs of people, many times in their lives they have picked up a Bible, opened it and the words that came into view spoke directly to them and of their circumstances. These are the words that came into view about three weeks ago:

PAUL’S VISION AND HIS THORN

I must go on boasting. Although there is nothing to be gained, I will go on to visions and revelations from the Lord. I know a man in Christ who fourteen years ago was caught up in the third heaven. Whether it was in the body or out of the body I do not know—God knows. And I know that this man—whether in the body or apart from the body I do not know, but God knows—was taken up to paradise. He heard inexpressible things, things that man is not permitted to tell. I will boast about a man like that, but I will not boast about myself, except about my weaknesses. Even if I should choose to boast, I would not be a fool, because I would be speaking the truth. But I refrain, so no one think more of me than is warranted by what I do or say.

To keep from being conceited because of these surpassingly great revelations, there was given to me a thorn in my flesh, a messenger of Satan, to torment me. Three times I pleaded with the Lord to take it away from me. But he said to me, “My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.” Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ’s power may rest on me. That is why, for Christ’s sake, I delight in weakness, in insults, in hardships, in persecutions, in difficulties. For when I am weak, then I am strong.

Thanks to the International Bible Society - New International Version

The first paragraph shook me to my core and the second explained to me why I have never felt so weak of will as I did a moment before I read it. Then I realized just how invincible The Lord has made me. As was stated earlier, I am not nor will I play the role of a Bible thumper. But I have been a Bible stabber in the past. A number of times in the past I have demonstrated the power of the Bible and my twilight zone reality by stabbing a Bible and searching for the page and words at which the tip of the knife last penetrated a page. I would have whoever I was demonstrating this to find that spot in the Bible by holding up the pages to the light and let them decide which side of the page they wanted me to read from, front or back. These words always fit the circumstances surrounding us at that moment.

One of the most incredible times was when Rita, a fifty-two year old home-bound woman I was caring for found the spot and I read, "A hole and horses." I was quite taken by the fact that, at the last page at which the knife blade made a hole, the word, "hole" appeared. Not to mention the look on Rita's face as she pointed to the horses on the television, which I was unaware of. She was watching Bonanza.

As it states in the first paragraph of Second Corinthians, chapter twelve, verses one through six, "Even if I choose to boast, I would not be a fool, because I would be speaking the truth." The incidents of life in my Twilight Zone, which I will relate to you, are so incredible and unimaginable that there is no reason to fabricate or exaggerate any of the details. In short simple words, I know how magical and wonderful this little world God created is and I will only speak the truth.

I can say with all certainty that you must truly be tired of me pointing out glitches in my Word program as signs from God. I simply saw them as an opportunity for myself to slip into a higher level of phasing in order to perhaps enter the trinactual stage and it did in fact work. I also took advantage of the circumstances to show you how easy it is to change your attitude about simple occurrences in order to change your perspective of your physical and spiritual environment. As for any more glitches in my computer, I exorcised them, by installing the Windows XP Office Word program.

The zone I speak of is an acceptance of a spiritual awareness of the magical world, not of the occult variety, which God has created for mankind. Just try to imagine the zone in which the apostles and saints must have lived in. Perhaps, now you know that mine is a spiritually enlightened reality, one which can only be sanctioned by God. My evidence of this is the fact that I am still alive. So, so many people have asked me, "Why haven't you written a book?" My reply has always been, "Since I haven't yet, I guess God just hasn't wanted me to do so yet."

Fear of turning people off with my little signs from God and a few Bible passages is now non-existent in my world, because I believe that if you have read this far there is a good chance we may have an opportunity to share a moment in the eternal.

Evidence that my world is not full of what you might call coincidences can not be denied. But, as I stated earlier, I'll let you decide for yourself. I will only state one last time, "This is the God's honest truth of what has taken place in my life in the real world."

Reaching complete and absolute peace of mind was not my goal; it just happened. Up until that time, I only saw a glimpse of it completely by accident. The glimpse took place as I was reclining on a lawn chair outside of an acquaintance's mobile home near Disney World. I had taken a bike ride from Miami to Orlando and when I arrived no one was home. As I sat and waited for someone to arrive, I closed my eyes and began to listen to a single cricket. It became quite clear and loud in my mind as I listened to and heard every vibration.

I listened so intently and had no thoughts of my own that in an instant I became aware that I could no longer feel my body and that I had indeed not had a thought of my own from the moment I decided to actually hear the sounds of the cricket. My entire being was now only the vibrations, which I could see. At this point, I realized I was indeed having an out-of-body experience, being fully awake and aware of where I was. Two thoughts crossed my mind. Is it possible to get even closer to this sound and not have to return to the physical? And how do I return to my body?

I decided to shake my left arm, a strange sensation to say the least. I opened my eyes and sat up, completely dumbfounded over what had just happened. It was about three years later, before I remembered this event had ever happened.

The reason this event came back to me is because it happened again. Seated in a recliner at home listening to music, the same circumstances and sensations occurred and at that moment I flashed back to my encounter with the cricket. This realization snapped me out of it instantly with a head full of thoughts. How did I do this? Could I do this at will? And can I teach others to achieve this state of mind? It was quite a surprise to me that I had forgotten all about that cricket. Let alone that it was a cricket near Disneyworld. What a great sensation.

So I decided to take some time and figure out if I could develop a step-by-step way to repeat this sensation. I also wanted to know exactly what part of my body was the last I could feel. Answering all of these questions did make it a little more difficult to return to this state. Your own thoughts make it more difficult to disconnect, but I persisted until the following events took place.

Reclining with the music on, trying to hear every note, I let my body settle to its lowest point, actually feeling dropping sensations, wave after wave. Letting my eyes settle to a position which seemed to let them float independent of my senses. The sealing of my mouth, with all air slightly sucked out and with the tongue filling the space behind closed teeth, making sure my entire body was in a comfortable position without any pulling or extra pressure or tension. This included folds in the skin as well as hair. At this stage, any re-adjustment was fine. After several minutes of settling, re-adjusting and relaxing my nervous system, it was very important to remain wide awake, being sure to listen and hear every vibration of the music. The goal was to put the body to sleep and awaken the mind.

My first attempt to achieve disconnect while recalling all of the steps made it more difficult. But I persisted, only to realize so many things had to take place in order to do it just right. First of all, twitches and facial muscles had to be the first to cease. Emotions or reactions to sound must not reflect in the face. Next is the awareness of your entire body as a whole, if you are aware of motion in the

nervous system, then concentrate on a part of the body which has completely settled and not moved since the start. Generally it is the feet, or perhaps a hand, in which you can no longer feel fingers touching fingers. Let this area spread, realizing how much of your body you actually cannot sense, but be aware of the fact that these portions are on their way to spreading. During this phase of the process, continue to hear the music and all of its vibrations as you take inventory of your physical being.

Once comfortable, feeling or being aware that sound and thought are not located or emanating from the region of the head and face, the sensation is that the entire physical being is the receptor of thought and sound. It seems awareness of thought and sound can be moved anywhere within the confines of your physical being.

Perhaps the most difficult task is to not become aware of your breathing and expanding chest. During my first attempt, I tried every breathing pattern: long slow deep breaths, short shallow breaths and any other combination I could think of, until I fell into a rhythm that worked. I simply did not become overly focused on it.

By this point you will become aware of sensations you've never experienced. Know you are on your way, but never stop listening to and hearing the music, delving ever deeper into all of the separate sounds and vibrations which make it up and the fact that you are truly hearing them all at once. You might even wonder, why hasn't anyone ever told me about this? Just one hint: if you ever have to swallow, for any reason, before or after reaching this point, stop and try over at a later time. It's an action of the physical which cannot be overcome during an attempt.

Then it began to happen, the moment I had been searching for, the moment of disconnection and the knowledge of which part of my body I would last be connected with. Without warning the feeling was like a very tight rubber band stretched over the top of my head, behind my ears and under my jaw. This area began to move forward with ever increasing speed, as though the rubber band were going to slip off the front of my face. That is exactly what happened. When it reached the point that an actual rubber band would have snapped off of my face, it did. But it didn't just snap off my face. The

sensation of it leaving was physical, past and beyond my face. I heard a loud snap, with the intensity of a bullwhip cracking, and saw a brilliant spark at a point just in front of the bridge of my nose.

How freaking incredible this was. I had now separated my consciousness from its physical self. I was now only the music I was listening to. But “listening,” is not exactly how someone in this state would classify it. You have to be there to appreciate it. In the simplest of terms, I was seeing and feeling it, in all of its splendor and detail. In detail which would make the virtual reality of today’s most sophisticated computers seem like a black and white television showing of *The Lone Ranger*.

I was able to reach this state reclining in a chair or flat on my back in bed within twenty minutes. But this ability was only there for a few weeks, because peace of mind had slipped away due to circumstances surrounding me. I was informed that business was slow. My company could not support me full-time and I had two weeks to train someone to replace me part-time. During this two-week period attempts to return to the higher plain were fruitless. Once I was no longer employed, the realization that I was so incredibly lucky to be twenty-one years old and living in South Florida. The odds against it were incredible. Considering how many people had lived and died before now, and how many people would do the same, long after I was gone and the environments they had a chance of living in, the odds were astronomical. An acceptance of this reality helped ease my mind, so I was going to return to the place I had been before.

I had tried every position before this last attempt with no success. So this time I was going to do my best to create the perfect circumstances for success. I spread a sheet on the day bed in the living room, making sure to lay it flat, as well as myself naked. It took a moment or two to make sure there were no wrinkles on the sheet under me, nor tugs on my skin or hair. The music was on, *Dark Side of the Moon*. All was going exceptionally well, step-by-step, and then it happened. The disconnect was about to take place, the rubber band effect started.

But at the moment I expected to hear the snap and see the spark, there was a great flash of brilliant light instead and I was viewing a sheet of the purest brilliant white light I have ever seen where I knew my body should be.

The realization that I was viewing it, not from within, but completely detached from it, did not shock or surprise me. In that instant I knew what had happened. I had separated my consciousness from my body and was now viewing my spirit. My point of view was from a point forty-five degrees and about a yard from my forehead, slightly above my face and past the top of my head. I knew where my consciousness was and where my spirit was, but I had no sense of where my body actually was. Without hesitation and for some unknown reason I began to think about my left knee. Much to my surprise, a black hole or void of light developed in this sheet of light just where my knee should be. As soon as I stopped thinking about the area of my knee, it immediately shrank and became brilliant again. I seem to have all of the answers and knowledge surrounding the reason for my existence and the purpose of my life. At that moment, knowing I had somehow tapped into universal knowledge, I began to shake my left arm.

Finding myself sitting up on the edge of the day bed, with a mission and purpose for this life, I got dressed and went for a walk. My only regret was that I had been so intent on viewing my spirit that I had neglected to look up and around to see what else was out there, and perhaps seeing who might be viewing me in this state.

I walked up the street in brilliant sunshine, on a perfect day in paradise, with a sense of heightened awareness and with only one thought in mind. The reality of tapping into universal knowledge meant that a universal language needed to be created in order to retain, catalog, recall and express all I now was privy to. In today's world I needed what might called a Pentium processor with a program for my mind. So, in the time it took me to type it and for you to read it, the following logic and code came to be.

I need a written symbol system with which to communicate in. Why not use the symbols already known? Just give them simple easy to remember values, other than their original values and meanings. I guess that leaves me with numbers and letters to use. Come to think of it, numbers do seem to have a subliminal meaning. Let me see if I can give a letter value to each number available. Still thinking and walking, without writing, I came up with the following:

1 – value of **Oneself** – Letter value = O

2 – value of the **Couple** as in, to join. – Letter value = C

3 – value of the trinity: **God**. Letter value = G

4 – “Four walls” comes to mind. Four actual dimensions: height, length, width and time. You can only have a certain height, length and width for a definitive length of time. Therefore, its value is **Structure**. Letter = S

5 – Pentagon and Pentagram, the number of **Knowledge**. Letter = K

6 – The Bible contains 66 chapters, and in order to defeat the evil 666, you must do the Bible.

The value is in **Doing**. Letter = D

7 – Sounds like heaven, **Happiness** or **Heaven**. Letter = H

8 – The symbol of **Infinity**. Letter = I

9 – Resembles a **Question** mark? Letter = Q

10 – The zero **Amplifies** the value of the one. Letter = A

11 – Onself Onself – I’ll have to think about its value later.

12 – Darn, have I just run into a snag, where reversing numbers can have different meaning.

Besides, how many reversing numbers are there to contend with between 12 and 26? Good, 12 and 21 will be the only numbers. Oneself in the **Relationship** of the couple. Letter = R

13 – Oneself before God, **Judgment** time. Letter = J

14 – Oneself structure, one’s structure, being **Yourself**. Letter = Y

15 – One’s knowledge is **Wisdom**. Letter = W

16 – One’s doing is **Experience**. Letter = E

17 – One’s happiness is **Pleasure**. Letter = P

18 – One’s infinity, eternal **Life**. Letter = L

19 – One’s question is a **Thirst** for an answer. Letter = T

20 – Couple amplified, must be **Marriage**. Letter = M Marriage in the sense that you have coupled with something, as say more deeply than just playing poker, if you are a professional poker player.

21 – The couple is a **Union** of ones. Letter = U

22 – Two genders care for two genders, a **Family**. Letter = F

23 – Couple God, I’m not sure of what letters are left, I’ll go home and write this down and see if the remaining letters fit the rest of the numbers.

As I walked, I questioned whether the values of my numbers had any relation to today’s use of them. Of course the first number to come to mind was 69. Doing Question - Doing what? - Doing how? – Doing who? Oh, I knew I was onto something, and my pace quickened towards home.

The only letters not used were: B - N - V - X - Z. I was also left with oneself-oneself, couple God, couple structure, couple knowing and couple doing. The couple doing was the first and easiest to solve. Couple structure was next. Then came couple God, then couple knowledge fell into place. That left that darn B and that oneself-oneself, which bothered me. So it became “bother” for a while and then “brother” for a while, but its true word value was not fully satisfied till some time latter.

11 – B = **Build**: One brick and another, builds.

23 – N = **Nature**: Couple God, every thing in God’s world is coupled, Male/Female - Good/Evil - Light/Dark

24 – V = **Vow**: Which is what strengthens couple’s structure.

25 – X = The letter and number with the x-ception to the rule. Twenty-five's word value is:

Multiplied Knowledge. Twenty-five's letter value = X, the multiplier and factor. Twenty-five became the number which signifies the use of this system to enhance one's knowledge.

26 – Z = **Zeal:** Couple Doing

O.K., now that I've developed this, what do I do with it? As I did on my walk home, I felt the need to see if there was any relevance or relationship to the subliminal values numbers as they are used in an accepted manner. Also, did the letters and their definitive word values hold any true value in their meanings when used in combinations to form words? But the most important thing I could do was to see if it could be easily memorized. Not surprisingly, it was so simple to recall the numbers and letters I had used that it seemed I could instantly count from 1 to 26, and say my ABC's. HA! HA! (Happiness Amplified!)

It was such a natural relationship between the values of the numbers and their word values that it was easy to memorize this newly discovered Universal Language. I spent hours, days, experimenting and experiencing the value of what was revealed to me. I spent so much time reading words with their new letter values, doing mathematical equations while utilizing their word values, creating and discovering anagrams using only the letter and word values, that I was truly convinced God had revealed something special to me so I could share it with mankind.

I must admit that within a short period of time I did separate from reality and slip into the Twilight Zone. This was brought on by a series of non-stop coincidences, which started the moment I picked up my pillow, turned on the stereo and walked to the daybed. I heard the Beatles singing, "You never give me your pillow." My mind accelerated. PILLOW: Pleasure-Infinite-Life-Life-One's-Wisdom. The equation's solution being that the pleasure of one's life is the wisdom that one rests the mind on. Events such as this went on for three weeks, seeming to grow exponentially in intensity and frequency.

During this time, I was introduced to someone who seemed to be quite enlightened, intelligent, self-confident. Perhaps I viewed him as a mentor. He was wearing a blue denim jacket with a target on the back of it. We got to talking about everything from the metaphysical to music. He suggested I read: *The Teachings of Don Juan*, *Journey to Ixtlan*, and *A Separate Reality*, by Carlos Castaneda, which was exactly what I did. These three books seemed to answer so many questions about reality in a twilight zone of existence. A little guidance was a good thing, especially after being thrust into a separate reality. The strength I drew from these books was a simple principle: I am a warrior, and in order to grow and strengthen, I must maintain a twenty-four-a-day separate reality from what is commonly called reality, while living within the realm and norms of said reality.

My separate reality consisted of a knowledge that mankind was not using the potential of the mind God gave us. Mankind had been very much aware of this fact for decades, but just didn't have a clue as what to do about it. Well, I stumbled onto something that could change all that. I opened a doorway and was cast through it into the ultimate library. As you will see, no matter how many times I exited that doorway and tried to close the door behind me, it always remained open. Let's just say I never had to knock on the door labeled 933, and that the door swings both ways.

After making my "**Statement to the Night**" I exited the Grove barefoot and walking ten feet off of the ground, as in that song, "*Beal Street*." As I walked about three miles home, there was dead silence and it seemed I was walking directly towards the moon. I reflected on the events of the past three weeks, and recounted every word I had just proclaimed, and all was good with the world.

I caught a few hours sleep and in the morning I got on my motorcycle and drove back to the Grove. I parked my bike in front of a raw bar and walked directly to the dock to my right. I walked to the end of it, sat down and lit a cigarette. I noticed a tiny island and a rainbow ahead of me. As I looked down there were tiny fish in the water under my bare feet. I was truly in paradise. I decided by the time I had finished half of my smoke that it was time to leave.

I stood up and headed back for dry land, and at the halfway point a gentleman in a three-piece suit stood in my way. He placed his right hand on my shoulder and with his left hand pulled open his coat to reveal a semi-automatic pistol. He said to me, "Who are you?" Without missing a step, I looked him dead in the eye and said, "Superman" and continued walking as I slipped around his hand on my shoulder.

After six steps I heard a gunshot. This did not faze me and without flinching I continued to walk. At that moment I knew I held the keys to The Kingdom and if God wanted to take me, well, how more perfect a day could it be?

When my foot first hit dry land, I was greeted by two city of Miami police officers. One of them said, "Will you follow us?"

I said, "Sure" and proceeded to follow them to a police car. They asked me to have a seat, so I did and we drove off. I was not frisked, interrogated as to what just took place, I was not asked my name, nor was I cuffed. We simply drove off. I thought maybe they were taking me a safe distance from the connected gentleman with the gun, connected in the sense that I could very well be sleeping with the fishes.

The owner of the raw bar owned the dock and he had a reputation. I on the other hand had disconnected at this point from the so-called real world. It was April 1 and I thought my friends in the Grove were playing a joke on me. At the time I knew some pretty influential people, a sound studio owner, the program director of a rock radio station and the news director of the local ABC affiliate.

When we arrived at the Dade County jailhouse, the officers opened the door to the car and as we were headed toward the building, one of them said, "We have a role we want you to play for us." I replied, "A model prisoner." And they answered with a simple, "Yup!"

As I walked through the door, my perception of the circumstance and reality was that of an actor walking onto a stage and I played the perfect role. I was asked all of those questions they ask you when being booked and I answered them with the utmost respect. I was then fingerprinted, photographed and

led to a holding cell. The cell was large and was full of steel bunk beds, lining the sides of the walls and at the end of this large room, as wide as it was, was the common bathroom. There were at least twenty others occupying the stage.

My perception was truly that of an actor on a stage. I was not confined behind bars. I spent much of my time studying the set I had been placed on, looking at the detail of the craftsmanship, checking welds, measuring the dimensions and playing the steel tables as one would a fine drum kit.

There was even one night when well after lights out, I decided I wanted to sit and meditate, so I turned on all of the showers and flushed all of the toilets and sat cross-legged on the floor and just listened to the water. Not one person or guard yelled or said, "Cut that shit out!"

Time passed and turned into days. Four days later on April 4, I had completely lost touch with reality. This fact became evident when I was seated in the courtroom, convinced I was Jesus, as we were all told to stand as the judge was entering the courtroom. No sooner had the door opened and he stepped in, I rose to my feet and did that cute little dance that Sammy Davis Jr. did on Laugh-In, and said, "Here come the judge, here come the judge."

Now finding myself in a holding cell behind the courtroom, I somehow knew that the play was over and I would be moved to another stage or driven home. When the door finally opened, I was escorted to a small steel room with a steel table and was seated next to a gentleman in a suit who started asking me questions. I was quite eager to answer all of those questions pertaining to numbers, addresses, phone numbers, social security numbers, etc., and did so with glee. When he asked me if I heard voices, I replied, "Of course I do." As at the same moment I'm thinking, *Well, if I didn't, how could I hear your question?* He then asked if I could hear bells. "I sure do," I said as I thought, *Sure sounds like bells around here, with all those chains and handcuffs rattling all over the place, and sure I can hear the frequencies bells make.* He closed his eyes and lowered his head like he had fallen asleep, so I ignored him.

Now back in my private holding cell, I meditated and became accustomed to my new stage. I was escorted out of the building and into a van and thought I was going to be driven home. I was driven to Dodge Memorial Hospital, where all I did was eat, sleep, walk and dream for twelve days. Dreams so real and with such great detail of the events in my life that when I was awake, I had no clue to the fact that this was the real world and not the dream. Till this day, three of those dreams are as prophetic and as real as the keyboard in front of me, eternal as my life. Two sights that I did actually see and not dream was, one, a shower stall full of wet mattresses (I had seen this same scene in the large holding cell) and, two, a piano with all of its hammers smashed and broken. Well, the time came to go for another ride in another van.

At this point, I must say in defense of my sanity, I was twenty-one and had led a sheltered life. I had no clue as to what a psychiatric ward was, nor did I know what my answers to the jail psychologist meant. Today, if I'm asked, do I hear voices? My reply is, "Of course I do, how else could I have heard your question." But no, it doesn't stop there. They ask, "Do you hear voices in your head that others can't hear?" and I say, "Yes, when I have my headphones on at a low volume." Usually their reply to that is, "You know what I mean." And my reply is the same back at them. After this little question-and-answer session they don't ask if I hear bells.

I didn't know I was being taken to a state hospital. When I arrived there the first sights I saw were a piano with all of its hammers smashed and a shower stall full of wet mattresses. All I thought was, *the joke continues*. By this time I had lost all track of time, which only drove me deeper into the twilight zone and the world of Don Juan's reality. But the joke was about to end.

That night as I was in the day room mingling with the other characters in this scene, when an old biking buddy of my walked on the stage with a look on his face like he had seen a ghost and said, "Wolfie, what are you doing here?" My simple reply was, "It's a joke." He asked me if I knew where I was and I told him the exact geographic location of the building.

He said something about it not being joke as he turned to get my chart. He returned in moments with my chart in hand and again told me this was no joke and that they thought I was crazy.

I said, "You and I both know I'm not crazy. When can I go home?"

"They won't let you leave for about seven weeks."

So I spent that time living and learning about the profession of psychology. I learned more about psychology in seven weeks than any of those doctors could in seven years of school.

The day my mother came to pick me up to take me home was a memorable one, but not for the reasons you might think. As we drove south, we were headed towards a wall of complete black, a wall of cloud and rain, the likes of which I have never seen again. It was so bad that Mom was concerned that we would not be able to make it to cover under the overpass, a few hundred yards away. We sat there in near total darkness except for the lightning bolts popping all around, at a pretty impressive rate and with the car shaking violently, wondering how long it would be until the wind turned the car over. I heard Mom say, "God must be angry at someone." I simply sat and thought, "No, Mom he's happy and celebrating for me." Guess we were both right, because He flipped quite a few planes over at the little airport across the street from the hospital.

When we arrived at her home, she told me that I didn't have to do anything but rest. Not a chance. I had to set up my killer stereo system and fix the flat on my motorcycle. My brother had gone to my apartment three days after I had been arrested to pick up my things. A mutual friend had also told him that she had seen my bike and it was parked in front of the raw bar for three days with a flat, so he put it in his van and drove it to Mom's. Seems a neighbor and friend of my brother, whom he went to school with, was a jailer and saw me at work, and he was reprimanded for contacting another mutual friend to contact my mother as to where I was. (Thanks, Larry!) Seems somebody was looking out for me, considering how many people coincidentally happened to be where they were.

The bike could wait till later. I went directly to my stereo and plugged it in. Didn't even hook up the speakers, just plugged in the headphones. No need to wonder if others could hear the voices in

my head. As I hit the power button, I heard a female D.J. say, “Welcome to the live broadcast of The Concert at Fantasy Park, the concert in your mind.”

At that moment I realized that the door I had walked away from was in fact still open. After only a short period of time, or sets of songs, it seemed that after all I had just experienced I could not walk back through that door. So I exited my bedroom and fixed the flat on my bike and went for a ride.

An entire year went by in total anguish and depression. I gained a hundred pounds, and I sat in front of the television looking in the direction of the screen as I was screaming and clawing at the inside of my brain with my thoughts or lack thereof. My mother and I got along fine. I hid my depression and found that most of the time we would communicate in a form just above that of baby talk. I spent many of my first nights at home lying in bed recalling every word of my statement to the night and every moment of the three weeks prior to my ride with the police. My intention was to never forget my fantastic journey into a separate reality, and to find an answer for the purpose of my life.

Evidently I did come out of my shell. It happened with the single thought: *See if you can remember the Universal Language*. I knew I had written it down in a loose-leaf type phone book. As I tried to recall the values of numbers in my attempt to find the book, the doorway was opening ever wider. By the time I finished going through the pages of anagrams, interpretations and distilled values, I had been hurled back through the doorway I had opened. I lost the hundred pounds, and during this time I truly discovered the value of my universal language. It restructured my perception and awareness of the world around me and gave me something to think about. I then realized its true value, as long as I could remember it, it would always bring me back to a baseline from which I could rebuild a functioning thought process.

Restructuring the nature of my brain was exactly as you would upload a new program into a computer. At times the computer might freeze, which would require re-booting. In my case, the re-booting takes place when I am hurled back out of the doorway or booted out of the graces of God and find myself in the so-called real world.

CHAPTER FOR UNLOCKING THE DOOR

Having realized that the doorway I had opened never closed and was always open for me to re-enter completely blew my mind. If I could only remember not to close it behind me when I entered. The second time I entered at full speed, losing sight of it, by venturing even further than during my first attempt. While traveling in my alternative reality I was once again placed in circumstances which could not be explained to the officers I encountered in the real world. At least this time they gave me the option, “Do you want to go for a ride in the police car or the ambulance?” Don’t have to tell you which one I chose. As the doors of the ambulance were being closed, someone asked me if I wanted to ride with the lights and sirens on. I said, “Sure, and then we’ll all turn into cartoon characters.”

Still stuck behind the door, no words can describe the effect I witnessed as the lights and sirens came on. As I awoke in the quiet room of Hollywood Memorial Hospital’s psychiatric ward, only one thought came to mind, *I screwed up again and I can’t believe I wound up back in the real world.* At least this time I knew how the game was played to open the real world doors confining me. I was soon the shining star of the ward because I was helpful and eager to please and help others, staff and patients. I was often mistaken for staff by visitors of fellow patients. It didn’t take long for me to become the model patient and leader of the ward.

For example: There were about nine of us sitting in a group counseling session, during which the councilor lit a cigarette. As I was talking to the group, he set the cigarette in the ashtray and tried to interrupt me as I counseled another patient. His effort to interrupt was fruitless, so he lit up another cigarette and began to puff feverishly on it. I pointed to the first cigarette, and his reply was, “I see you like to take control of the situation around yourself.”

I said, “Yes, I do!”

He told me that this was his group and if I wanted to take control, then I could just leave. As I stood up and walked out, all in the group followed, except for one patient who evidently was still locked behind the door which led to his alternative reality.

I enlightened my fellow ward mates as to the ins and outs of our living accommodations. They were not of state hospital caliber. They included the wealthy, the artistic and even a semi-well-known rocker, as well as those simply lost in the reflections of the real world. One perspective of reality I shared with them was this reality: “When I look at a wall, I don’t see a wall, all I can see is light reflected off of paint molecules. It is not a wall until it becomes an obstruction and even then, there is always a way around it. The only time I see a wall is when I want to hang a picture on it.”

First and foremost was the fact that this was our home and that the staff were only visitors. As guests in our home we had to make them feel comfortable and happy to be there. The fact was that we were all in the same situation and could help one another better than an outsider. This was made clear by the fact that the less the doctors need to see you, the more they know you are getting better.

Our home became a vacation paradise, filled with pool playing, arts and crafts, television and movies, all the ice cream and shakes we could eat. I showed others what a great opportunity this was to prepare themselves to return to the so-called real world with a newer and clearer perspective of the reflected light beyond the doors they must travel through. We had a lot of fun, sometimes till three in the morning. Staff actually stayed out of our hair, because they didn’t see their stay with us as work, so they too could take a break. More than a few of my friends said that I should write the story of our encounter together. We even came up with a title for it, “Eight flew over around and through the cuckoo’s nest.” Someday I just might!

My only point for going into the details of this little vacation is not to boast, but so I might relay to you another occasion that gave me the opportunity to reach and measure my peace of mind quotient. One day outside the ward, lying on my back with my eyes closed and the sun directly overhead, I saw red. My entire consciousness became bright red. Of course I knew I was viewing the sunlight through

the blood vessels and skin of my eyelids, but I had never seen this before or experienced this sensation. I immediately knew this sensation could only take place in a state of relaxed peace of mind. I have only attained this state of consciousness a handful of times. The passage previously read, stating that I saw red refers to this ability. It was this recently achieved state of consciousness that allowed me to see I was ready to finish writing this book.

Now is the time to share the epiphany with you that drives me to finish writing, which is: I'm doing this task for very greedy reasons, but not for those you may think. I'm not doing this for fame and fortune; far from it. I thought perhaps I was doing it to enlighten mankind. Jesus knew what He had to go through to achieve this task and still He didn't completely succeed. All I'm trying to accomplish is the peace of mind I had when I first opened that doorway, the Trifecta of Disconnect, which I've never been able to duplicate again. Also to have these memories fresh in my consciousness, as I am now traveling through that door again, as well as the door that leads to the eternal.

What happened to me in my past ventures beyond the doorway left me with no desire to return to this side. I tried locking and bolting it shut behind me as I entered, but the real world would not let me remain cuddled in the third heaven or Phil's "Just another day in paradise for you and me." To put another spin on it, God didn't allow me to remain, because I had to keep a vow I made to Him and had a mission to complete. My mission and vow are not the same. My vow is private and my mission is to clue mankind in on a few facts about this place you call Earth. God doesn't pronounce it that way; He calls it EAR-Th, because no one listens here.

It has finally arrived, the page at which I will give you the grand tour of the other side of the doorway which was opened to me. I turned off a tape of *Just Another Brick in the Wall* and turned on my radio, only to hear Phil Collins singing, "I was there and I saw what you did." Yes, passage through the doorway has been confirmed, even though I entered several weeks ago.

Entering in the past has been as simple as requesting to do so. One example of this is when I was standing in the shower feeling boxed in by the walls of this world's reality. I placed my hands on the

shower wall in front of me, palms flat and fingers spread wide, as if to place them on a hand scanner for clearance to a secured facility, and asked God for another chance to enter. After drying myself off, I went to the kitchen counter to turn my small boom box around, since it had been facing towards the living room. I wanted to hear it better in the bedroom. I hit the power button, only to hear the words, “Turn the beat around.”

Realizing how easy it was to step through that doorway really did surprise me. I wanted to confirm if this was true. After dressing, I placed the radio on the kitchen table and changed the station, the D.J. said, “That was, Nine Inch Nails.” I cut the cards that were on the table in front of me knowing damn well that it would be a nine, and it was. I hit a preset button and heard the words, “Tea for two.” I cut the cards again, knowing it would be a two and it was. Also having four dice from backgammon set within reach, I rolled them and three times the same four numbers came up. So I rolled them a fourth time and the same four numbers appeared. I thought, *Don't roll them again, your pushing your luck*, but without hesitation, I rolled them a fifth time and they did in fact, land on the same four numbers. Passage granted and confirmed.

This entrance and stay lasted about two weeks, until I found myself once again having to help others back from their alternative realities. I was getting quite good at this. I hadn't yet learned the lesson that doing the same thing over and over again expecting different results is insanity. Each time I would enter and exit in the same manner. Not by placing my hands on the scanner, but by simply knowing the door was always open. I would learn how not to make the same mistakes I had made in the past. I learned how to cross that thin line between genius and insanity so often that I turned it into an art form, each time giving me the ability to help others who had gotten lost behind the doorways they had created.

After leaving an entrance and exit two years behind me, my sister in-law managed to put my life on the path which led me to marriage. Six years into what started out with three years of bliss turned into the four walls of a real world elevator going down.

While at work on one particular day, I looked at the car's name that I was working on and it read HONDA. "Happiness Oneself Nature Doing Amplification" For the past eight years I had stayed away from decoding and music held no special magic for me. It seemed every time I would enter that doorway, my life in the real world would take a turn for the worst. So for an instant I weighed all of the lessons I had learned in the past and I believed I could do it right this time. The car's radio was now turned on. I heard the words; "Get up, get back on your feet. You're the one they can't beat and you know it. Come on, let's see what you've got, take your best shot and don't blow it."

This only confirmed what was going through my mind at that moment. I was instantaneously placed ahead of the flow. I was struck by the reality that this particular song was written for me and about me, and having no proof of this didn't mean it wasn't true. My connection to music and lyrics reflected the flow I was ahead of. It was proof enough. Even though I did have that run-in with the band U2, a decade or so prior to this moment, it was evident that God had created music and the influences of angels to write these words, in a muse sort of way, just for and about me.

On Memorial Day 1992, I came to the realization that my life had a purpose beyond existing in the nine-to-five world of being a responsible and loving husband and step-father to two young boys. As I looked at the world from our fourth story balcony, overlooking the six lanes of expressway below and took a glimpse into my past, I was driven to write about the doorway and my Grove experience. So I preceded to write all about it.

This visit to the Twilight Zone was more intense and out of this world than any other I had ever experienced. At that time I was spending my days changing the stations and moving ever faster and ever deeper ahead of its flow while at work. At home I spent most of my time on the balcony writing about my Grove experience, my universal language, the doorway I had opened. and life in the Twilight Zone.

My goal was to have my book published, and I knew this was an enormous task. I had to come up with a plan to pull off a publicity stunt, to get me into the media. It was part of my statement to the

night, that I would at sometime in the future pull off the greatest publicity stunt ever devised, making Phillip Petit's walk on a high wire between the World Trade Center Towers look like a walk in the park.

This plan consisted of getting in touch with a local radio station's program director and asking him if he would help me by becoming my go-between between me and the media. I needed him because my main objective was to remain anonymous. My plan was to give President Bush a thank you gift, a present from the American people, for doing what he did in the first Gulf War and getting us out so quickly. He agreed to my plan and invited me to the radio station to discuss it.

I brought with me one book from a set of "The American Cyclopedias," a set of encyclopedias published between 1873 and 1876; in those days it took several years to publish the entire set. I told him of my plan to send one book of the set to news anchors, celebrities and business leaders, so they could all hand The President one of the books to the set in a special ceremony, on the July 4th of that year. He thought it was a good plan and he was behind it all the way. We sat and chatted for about forty minutes about who I knew I was and what my reasons for doing this were. His only duty was to relay messages between the media and myself. I proceeded to send volumes of the set to Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, Ed Bradley and Diane Sawyer.

My reasons for doing this were to know I had an influence on the radio stations, which were supplying me with part of the flow I was ahead of, as well as letting the media know of my existence. Now I was living in the real world, deepening my perception of both realities, causing events to occur which brought me to categorize them as trinactual events.

As I stood on the balcony with my stepson, who was thirteen at the time, I told him about how I wasn't just an average schlep, married to his mom. I went into detail as to my Universal Language and how it came to be, my Grove experience, the book I was writing and about the stunt I was going to pull in the media.

This led to an explanation of when I stepped through the doorway which was open to me, I would exist in a world of synchronicity. He did in fact witness many such moments and thought it was

the coolest thing. Perhaps the most outstanding sign of all was the billboard across the expressway from our balcony.

The following afternoon, as we were back outside, we noticed that the billboard across the way had been changed while we were at school and work. It now had Morse code written across it. The Morse code spelled out, J and B, an ad for the whisky. I did not have to point the fact out to him that this was code and yesterday so much of our talk had been about a code.

Days were spent ahead of this nonstop flow. About two weeks after setting my plan into motion with the program director and sending the books to the media, it happened. **It;** being the explanation and rhyme and reason for my existence and the doorway which was opened to me. I had been working alongside of a new co-worker, Mike, for about a two weeks. Music and our moments of synchronicity together caused me to go into detail as to my knowledge of the rock n' roll code, my Universal Language and my Grove experience, with special emphasis on the gentleman with a gun and how I was not afraid to die because I had held the Keys to the Kingdom at that moment.

That's when it happened. Coming out of the stereo of the car he was working on were the words, "Billy don't lose my number." I stood awe struck and continued to listen. I realized this song was also telling the story of my Grove experience and what had happened that day. I asked him who it was and had he ever heard that song before. I was praying that he had an answer to my question, so that I might hear that song again if it played on the radio again.

He said, "Sure I do. That's Phil Collins of Genesis. I have the tape."

I asked him if I could borrow it for a while and he said sure. He retrieved it and handed it to me with its cassette box. The instant I saw Phil's face, I literally flashed back to the moment I was on stage at the Coconut Grove Playhouse. In an instant I turned to see the gentleman that had approached the stage and as I was about to say, "You look familiar." Damn, if it wasn't Phil. This also explained why most of his albums had a full face picture of him on them. "I don't know if you know who I am, my friend, but I've seen your face before. It was the first time, the last time we ever met."

At that very moment I heard the words, “Now that I know the secret, there is nothing that I lack” coming from the radio of my car. I told him what had just happened, and he thought that this was an incredible turn of events. I explained that the blinding light that I had disappeared into, was the opening of back stage door. I flashed back to the moment the stage door closed behind me and I was tapping my fingers on it as if still sitting at the piano’s keyboard and saying, “Cute trick.” I was now thinking that if I hadn’t made such a hasty exit, Phil and I would have had a chance to sit and talk.

At that moment coming from Mike’s radio, I heard, “You missed by a fraction, said the look of your pace.” But I must admit, I heard the words as, “You missed by a fraction, said the look on your face.” I was now overwhelmed with a reality which explained it all.

I walked to the restroom to splash my face and collect my thoughts. As I lowered my head into the large wash station, which was made of terrazzo, I noticed that the little bits of stone in it, which I was focused on, clearly looked like the number 12. I thought R - Relationship, and then it hit me, that mushroom cloud of thought, physically, actually seeing the synaptic connects in my brain. I had never experience anything like this before and it was truly overwhelming.

In a mere instant, all of the Universal Knowledge I had tapped into over the past seventeen years became crystal clear, and one statement said it all: “Now that I know the secret, there is nothing that I lack.” Needless to say, I was now fully engulfed in the Twilight Zone and a typical day consisted of the actual events that follow.

For some unknown reason I was trying to remember the name of the movie in which the actor from the movie, *The Karate Kid*, had a guitar duel with the devil for a soul. At that moment I sat in the car I was working on, only to hear the song *Crossroads* by Cream start to play. It was an instant answer to my question.

While walking across the shop toward a car with a drain tube in my hand, I snapped it like a whip. Changing the station, I heard “bull whips cracking” from the song *Southern Man*.

I asked a friend, "What song would you like to hear next on the radio?" He replied, "Rush." Dead air was coming from the radio between the song that had just ended and the one that was about to begin. Rush's song, *New World Man* began to play. He knew me and this did not surprise him, "Thanks" was all he had to say.

While pouring glue into a tube, I heard Phil sing, "There's a hole in there somewhere," so I turned the tube around, sure enough, there was glue leaking out of a hole.

At home, I used an extension cord for my headphones so I could listen on the balcony. As I was exiting through the sliding glass door, at the same moment a short in the wiring occurred. Phil was singing, "I see your lifeline is breaking."

While sitting at my typewriter writing my story with keystrokes instead of a pencil, there were an unusually great number of times that I heard the word I was typing said on the television or radio. Not just small everyday words; words one might not say in entire day's conversation.

Sitting and listing the three songs I had listened to every day at lunch on the juke box at a Pizza Hut in the year of the tiger 1975, they were: *Radar Lover* by Golden Earring, *Smoke on the Water* by Deep Purple and *Hypnotized* by Fleetwood Mac. One by one, every one of these songs was played by the radio station I was listening to.

While driving in my car, I looked at the clock. 10:33~Amplify Jesus, I turned on the radio and heard the words, "Jesus is just all right with me." The Doobie Brothers were right on cue.

Then there was the night that the Rolling Stones were playing at Joe Robby stadium, which in the music world is known as Junior's Bar and Grill, a few miles away from my balcony. A local rock radio station was playing the *Bridges to Babylon* album at the same time they were on stage. Between songs, the D.J. stated that there had been gate crashers at the concert. It was time to go out on the balcony and have a smoke, so I stepped to the railing and looked down. You're not going to believe me, but I saw a car that had just crashed into the security gate below me. It gets even better. Stranger.

Later that night, while listening to another station playing a song from the *Bridges to Babylon* album, the song about calling the fire chief came on. I was staring at a car which had crashed into the median wall on the expressway below and that was now completely engulfed in flames.

Occurrences were happening so frequently and so nonstop that goose pumps weren't appearing. At times it got so intense that I would have to turn off the radio because I did have to keep my feet on the ground and function in the real world. Countless more incidents occurred, too numerous to remember, but I would like to convey that they happened in a flow, moment after moment, hour after hour and day after day.

There were a few particular events which nearly caused me to drop to my knees, though. I was driving back from a 7-11 headed to work after lunch. Sitting at a stop sign, I looked left, then right, then left again and straight ahead. As I drove forward I heard screeching tires. I looked left to see a yellow Camaro with its brakes locked up and sliding across the intersection in front of me. About twenty yards past my front end and to my right it settled to a stop. I sat there for several long moments and wondered if I was going to see backup lights and have a confrontation. But he drove off. I took a deep breath and considered that this idiot came flying around the corner to my left, which was about thirty yards away and did not consider that someone or something might be around that corner.

As he rode away and I drove slowly to the other side of the intersection, I intentionally turned on the radio to see the reflection of this event, certain that there would be one. I heard screeching tires that went on and on and then a crash. The announcer said, "So you think you're a good driver, take the safe driver test tonight with Ann Bishop, tonight at six on channel ten." I turned off the radio and drove back to work.

The flow was so intense on one particular day that I just could not take it anymore. It just didn't seem to satisfy me and it held no answers as to why it was happening. It always seemed to lead nowhere, except helping others out of their alternative realities. I worked in a shop which always had at least five cars in it and everyone working on them had their radios turned on. I was fit to be tied, so I

turned my radio off and actually taped the trigger to my air drill on, so I wouldn't hear anyone else's radio. Didn't work.

From the far end of the shop I heard, "Since you've been gone, all that is left is a band of gold." I looked down at the ring finger on my left hand and my wedding band was not there. I trembled for an instant, jumped out of the car and ran over to the car a co-worker was about to drive off in. He was taking it back to the owner. I opened the trunk and retrieved my ring. I had given him a hand earlier in the day in order to run one of the drain tubes for the sunroof into a wheel well. I had taken the ring off so I could fit my hand into a very tight space.

Well, hell, that was when I realized that whatever the reason for this flow, it was a good thing.

Now, for just a few of the laws of physical improbabilities.

One: I was seated in a car, about to place a screw in a sunroof bracket with my pneumatic screw gun, when the screw flew off the tip and disappeared. I immediately jerked the screw gun back so as not to dent the roof which was exposed and over my head. I then looked around the seat and floor. I didn't see it so I reached for another screw to place on the Phillips tip I was using, and there the screw was, placed as if it had never left.

Two: During the process of unwrapping a single edged razor blade, it dropped out of my hand and fell to the floor. The strange thing was, I didn't hear it hit. Without moving my feet I looked down to see where it had landed, but I couldn't see it as I looked straight down and all around my feet. It was no where to be seen. Taking a step back, it came into view. Unbelievably, it was standing on end. That's right, standing on the razor's edge.

I realized while I had been looking straight down at it, looking for a rectangular shiny object, I couldn't see it because I had been viewing it as a thin straight line. I called two other people over to look at what had just happened. They knew I wasn't making this story up and they looked on in amazement.

Then one of the salesmen walked over, picked it up and set it back down in exactly the same spot and it stood there. Logic told me that it had fallen directly perpendicular to the floor, with just enough speed and momentum to tack into the deck paint which covered the floor. The deck paint was quite dry, since it had been painted when we had first moved into the shop two years earlier.

Three: For no reason I decided to see if I could flick a cigarette butt through the ceiling fan blades as they spun and hit the ceiling. I flicked and watched it ricochet straight down and appear to land directly into a red tumbler sitting on the table. I thought, *Good shot*, and went to pick up the tumbler to see if it had landed in some liquid to put it out. As I was lifting it, I saw the cigarette butt was standing on its filter end and still burning. I thought, *Neat trick!*

Four: Across the shop I heard this awful racket. I turned to hear Tony's personal cooling fan. Its fan blade was hitting the safety cage it was confined in. He adjusted it so it would stop making the racket. He looked at me and shook his head, then stood there looking at it, to see if it would remain quiet. Several moments later I yelled, "Hey Tony" and pointed to the fan as though I would make it start screaming again and it did. Twice more that day I got out of the car I was working on to repeat this feat with exactly the same results. But this was one of those cases I believe God smacked me for, because I thought I was causing it to happen, not realizing that God had simply placed me in the right spot at the right moment.

Five: The power of the finger. One stormy night while on the balcony, I shot out my finger in a gun-type fashion at the ground below. I wish had it on film, because a lightning bolt struck at that precise moment and spot. All I could do is turn away and crack up laughing. Send a bolt of lightning. Very, very frightening.

Six: This next incident led to a reality much deeper behind that doorway, a reality where the physical world seemed to be controlled by my will. This of course was not the case, but appeared to be. An example of this included my ability to stop leaves on the ground. I would notice several leaves

blowing down the street, and when I would focus on one specific leaf it would stop dead in its tracks as if instantly nailed to the ground.

This was not a sometime occurrence, it happened time after time. Let me tell you, just when you think your hot shit, God will send a whole stampede of leaves and they all will ignore your gaze. Now knowing that my will was not the force which actually was causing this effect, I developed a relationship with the wind, it became a friend. Several things happened while having the wind as a friend, such as pointing at debris in the wind and drawing a path I knew it was going to take and in fact having it follow the path I had drawn with my finger.

Seven: The most intense event was when I stepped off a bus one day and a rush of leaves approached me and stopped a couple of feet in front of me. Without thinking or realizing how bizarre my thoughts were, I had the sense of greeting a friend. About a foot away from my left foot a small branch stopped with about a dozen leaves on it. I thought of it as making a goal between my feet. I thought, *wide left*, since it was closest to my left foot. Instantly the branch was blown outside of my right foot. I considered that it did in fact travel the longer distance to miss the goal between my feet. It did in fact miss wide left, from the leaves' point of view.

My reality at this time was that the wind was a multi-dimensional force, with the ability to sense an individual's intent. Actually, it falls under the category of God knows what you're thinking and He can demonstrate His willingness to show you His presence.

Eight: Without a doubt, the most detailed and intricate event occurred while I was at the end of an incredible journey into the zone. This tour had again led to incarceration. But in this instance, it did not end with the awareness that I had gone a little too far and lost touch with the real world. Unexpectedly, being jailed did not mean an exit through the doorway.

Realizing that God had placed me in this circumstance for a reason, I felt it necessary to share my experiences with others. The philosophy of the wall and it only being reflected light off of paint

molecules was perhaps my best tool for connecting to the more enlightened souls and sharing these circumstances.

Reading was a great way to pass the time. As I read out loud a particularly interesting sentence in the book I was reading, my bunkmate exclaimed that it was a fitting reply to what he had just read. Without hesitation or a plan, we went to the common area outside of our cell and proceeded to grab a handful of books each and sit at one of the steel tables. Each taking turns, we would place a finger within the pages and read aloud what it said. Consistently, time after time, what we were reading to each other sounded as if we were having a conversation. Sometimes it was a question, with an appropriate answer, others were the continuation of a thought.

We did this for several minutes, both of us completely amazed at how incredibly intricate and detailed one another's replies had become. Then I read the words, "God sent us a cuckoo as a sign of His sanctioning our actions." At that very moment, coming from the television, a cartoon cuckoo popped out of its clock and announced to us it was there. We both cracked up, laughing uncontrollably.

As I tried to catch my breath, I had to know what book this sentence came from. The book was about a pair of missionaries traveling down the Amazon. I wanted to read further as to the circumstances for such a statement, but a guard who was standing in our cell called to me. He wanted me to tell him what my friend and I were laughing about.

I walked over to him with the book in my hand and proceeded to explain just what we had been doing. When I read the statement again, the cuckoo, once again was right on cue. As he was laughing, I decided to see if he too could have followed us through the doorway. I asked him to pick up any two books of about thirty which were in a row placed on the floor against a wall. Having chosen two books, I told him to place a finger within the pages of the first book and read the sentence. As he fanned the page and pointed to words, I said, "Look and see what they say." To the amazement of both of us, he read, "Look and see." Now being totally confident that a second demonstration could not fail, I told him

to do it again with the second book. The words he pointed at read, “Open your eyes and see.” All he could say was, “You’ve certainly opened my eyes.”

He asked me who I was and what was I doing there. I told him about the circumstances that had landed me there and told him of who I thought I might be, as well as my run-in with Phil and my Universal Language. His reply was completely unexpected.

“My father,” he said, “taught me the Universal Language when I was a kid.” —Not that he remembered it, but his father had in fact spent time with him talking about exactly the same code. But then he said he had to go do his job elsewhere.

This started me thinking about just how many people I had told my story to. What were the chances that I had actually met his father, in the couple of dozen years I had been on this path? It seemed the odds were greatly in my favor. This one event truly strengthened my resolve to continue on the path God had chosen for me, regardless of any consequences my actions might have in the real world.

Later that afternoon, I was doing some artwork to keep myself occupied when one of the less enlightened inmates snatched it from me, tore it up and threw it into the garbage. I walked up to the door which faced the observation booth and banged on it to get the guard’s attention to complain about his actions. Without hesitation, this same guard pulled the microphone to his mouth and said, “Yes Messiah?” There was no sarcasm in his voice, but this only served to anger me. I yelled back, “Don’t call me that!” With this another guard came to the door and asked me what the problem was. I explained to him what the other inmate had done and the problem was resolved with him being taken to lockdown.

As in the movie, *The Truman Show*, I had a moment of perception that altered all reality. Such as the moment that Truman hears on his radio, due to a frequency anomaly, that he has just almost had an accident and nearly ran over a woman.

With my every action and thought being replayed in music and the words of others, be they live or through transmitted frequencies, you might understand why and how I might believe that I was being watched and monitored by DJs. Even so far as believing that perhaps they had a secured website and webcam with which to view my actions. Knowing that this was truly a delusion, if only for the reason that my thoughts could not cause others to react fast enough to answer a question or thought I had on my mind. Such as wondering about the title to said movie, *Crossroads*.

There were many times when friends and people around me would be astonished at the fact that I would seem to be talking with a DJ, as I would speak to the radio and they would reply as if we were holding a conversation. Even requesting songs and having them played. After years of journeying through the Twilight Zone, I realized that only the power of God could make such occurrences happen.

One day I was zipping around the stations simply to use the words I was hearing, to make synaptic connections and create thoughts that might have never occurred to me otherwise. I hit the AM frequency band and I heard one man say to another, with panic in his voice, "He's at it again, just zipping around the frequencies. What? What? We were told that he wouldn't be monitoring these frequencies. What should we do now? It's too late, he's heard us talking about him."

And then completely dead air.

Years later, I had heard about The Truman Show, but had not seen it till several years after it was released. When I did get a chance to see it, my only interest in seeing it was purely to check out the technology to do such a thing. When I saw the scene I mentioned, it was as though Jim Carey was doing an impersonation of me, as I had reacted during my cross-frequency event.

CHAPTER V

SIGN POST

The sign up ahead reads: “REST OR STOP - EXIT AHEAD.” As your tour guide, it is my responsibility to make sure you haven’t gotten lost on any of the detours we’ve just passed, or those we are now approaching. If you look carefully at your map, you’ll notice there is a clear distinction between mile markers and sign posts. If at this time you have been measuring how far we’ve traveled by only noticing the last sign we passed, as a page number, might I suggest you STOP.

If on the other hand you have been reading all of the sign posts and don’t have a clue as to where you are, then may I suggest you EXIT.

For those of you not needing to stop or exit, I’ll point out some of the features of our highly detailed map for the rest of the tour. As for the sights and historical points of interest that your last tour guide, Billy, showed you, I hope you enjoyed taking the scenic route.

My name is Tommy and I’ll be taking over from here for this last leg of the tour.

Regardless of which of the three categories you fall in, I’ll point out a few facts. First and foremost this is not a book to be read from cover to cover and then just decide as to whether or not it was a good story or book. It’s the mystery of your own life, filled with clues and hints which will help lead you to higher enlightenment. The only similarity this thing you hold in your hand has to a book is the fact that it can be read from cover to cover. By now, those of you in the third category are aware that the placement of every number and letter of every word has been carefully plotted out, throughout. This includes the page numbers. (What a battle I’m going to have with the publisher, over intentionally misspelled words and the placement of every punctuation mark, let alone the fact when it’s published for the blind, they’ll have to use a lot less bumps.)

If you haven't taken the time to decode numbers and words in your reality, I'll demonstrate. One example of what I'm talking about is this: if you look at what is on a page with the perception and perspective of its page number value, you will find that what you've read has a deeper meaning.

Take a simple word, any word; the word "word," for example. W-O-R-D ~ Wisdom-Oneself-Relation-Doing. Do you see the value of the word, WORD? And its value is even more enhanced if you add an S to the end of it. Take the word "car" and try. C-A-R ~ Couple-Amplify-Relationship. Now ask yourself, what did the car do to amplify the relationship of the couple? Well, it amplified the relationship between men and women greatly. Shortly after the car became prevalent, a baby boom occurred. The car gave every guy and girl who had access to one, their own private little love nest. As for what the car did for the relationship between mankind and his amplifiers, need I tune to a different station?

L-O-V-E ~ Life-Oneself-Vow-Experience

N-E-S-T ~ Nature-Experience-Structure-Thirst

B-I-R-D ~ Build-Infinite-Relation-Doing

F-L-Y ~ Family-Life-Yourself

P-O-T ~ Pleasure-Oneself-Thirst

R-A-D-I-O ~ Relationship-Amplify-Doing-Infinity-Oneself

T-U-N-E ~ Thirst-Union-Nature-experience

T-I-M-E ~ Thirst-Infinity-Marriage-Experience

H-O-P-E ~ Happiness-Oneself-Pleasure-Experience

What's the purpose of this? Well, simply by decoding these nine words in a word association manner makes you think and creates connections in the brain which might have never occurred in just this manner. As for me, I can never look at these combinations of letters the same way again. HA! HA! As for the numbers, they are the amplifiers to achieving a higher state of awareness. Notice there are nine words and the first word of this paragraph started with a question. Playing this simple head game

with the time of day, with the license plate of the car in front of you (hope it's not necessary to tell you to put down this book while you're driving), you'll find that you can make sense of the words and thoughts that just lit up tiny brain cells.

By converting numbers to words and the letters of words into words, it will stimulate the brain. Rather than sitting in the doctor's office complaining in your head, "My appointment was for 11:05, and it's now 12:21:23." You may now think, "My appointment was for, BK ~ Build-Knowledge and it's now time to RUN ~ Relation-Union-Nature." Your synaptic connections can either tell you that you're hungry and it is lunch time and you'll just run over to Burger King for a moment, or you can just accept the knowledge that you're seeing a doctor and this is the nature of the beast. In any case, I certainly hope he's not the type of doctor that you would have to say, "The reason for my visit is this book I just read."

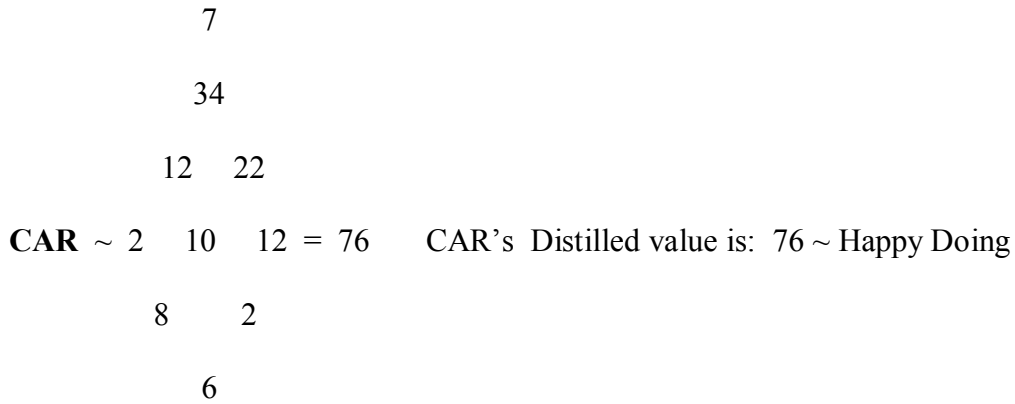
As Billy learned, it was not so much a universal language that he discovered as it was a code. He later called it, "Earth Code." Yup, seems he stumbled onto a code which was just as incredibly well planned and as deep as the "Bible Code." As years went by and he did nothing with his discovery, he could not believe that no one else had published anything like it, until he happened across the book, *The Bible Code* in a book store. At that moment he was reassured that divine intervention was the reason for what had been revealed to him.

Delving a little deeper into the possibilities that all words had a design and a pure mathematical genius about them, distilling a word's value to its finite number and comparing them with other words and simple phrases of their values, proved beyond a shadow of a doubt to him that what he had discovered was truly all by design. The design for doing this is the design of the pyramid, one triangle going up, and one triangle going down.

Once again, let's take the word CAR. Spelling it out in numbers, it is: 2 - 10 - 12. In the up direction, you add the numbers, $2 + 10 = 12$ (don't be confused by the fact that the number after 10 in the words spelling just happens to be 12.) Now, $10 + 12 = 22$, now you add the 12 with the 22 and you

get 34, now you add the 3 and the 4 and your first number of car's distilled value is 7. In the down direction you find the differences. The difference between 2 and 10 is 8, the difference between 10 and 12 is 2. Now you take the differences between 8 and 2, which is 6. You now have the second number in the distilled value of the word CAR. Its distilled value is: 76 ~ Happy-Doing.

Realizing that once a word had been distilled, it could be assigned an absolute value, designating how many letters are in it and assigning the standard number letter relationship. 1 thru 26 and A to Z. since Car's distilled value is 76, its absolute value would be: 7633. It would take a computer to catalog each and every word to see whether, and how many, words would have the same absolute value. In the case of repeating absolute values, a simple additional number could be added to the end of its value, in an alphabetical sort of way. Guess a picture is worth a thousand words, so I'll diagram it for you.



9

36

124

56 68

26 30 38

LIFE ~ 18 8 22 16 LIFE's Distilled value is: 94 ~ Question Structure

10 14 6

4 8

4

Having spent hours distilling word values by hand, Billy discovered that there was in fact a correlation between words and their distilled numerical values, as well as dates. Two words or more are distilled as one continuous spelling. Since it is impossible to add whole numbers and arrive at Zero, there are only 90 absolute distilled values for all words: 10 thru 99

Some words and values of interest:

10 ~ Key Coded - Rock n Roll - Teach - Secrets - Holy Oil - Flower - Dance

11 ~ Dios - Blessed - Shield - Born

12 ~ Body - Spirit - Partner - Genesis - Let it Be - The Word - Actor -Movie - Inspired - 1953
(1953, being my birth year.)

13 ~ Atonement - Bless - Amen - Omega - Secret - 1983 (1983; being the year of the Bible.)

15 ~ Belief

16 ~ Awake – Sea (The sea or ocean in Rock Code is all of music. Rivers, streams and the like flow to the sea. Therefore; songs can either called streams or rivers.)

17 ~ You - Shout

18 ~ Sky (Billy's convictions about the code were strengthened years later when he learned that the number 18 is the number of Life, in Hebrew. Coincidence?)

19 ~ Love

20 ~ Heaven - Hallelujah - Baptism

21 ~ Paradise - Joy - Peace - Kisses - Rock and Roll - Peace of Mind

22 ~ Holy Ghost - Gospel - Scriptures - Father - True - Living - Hero

23 ~ God - I Am God - Seven - Merciful - Friends

24 ~ My Song - Talk - Family

25 ~ Head

30 ~ Bible Belt - Verse - 333 - Parable - Repent - Clue - To hide the truth

31 ~ My Dear Lord - Lamb - Grace - Glory - Nature - Earth Revelations - Billy's code - Brain
- Growth - Infinity

32 ~ The Rock Code - Mass - Woman - Who - Always - Inspired - Freedom

33 ~ Rock of Ages - Proverbs - If - Focus - Radio

34 ~ America - Is - Cover

35 ~ Ark - Friend

36 ~ Promises

37 ~ Religion - England

38 ~ I Am

40 ~ My Dear God - Oh Lord - Or - Egg man - Promise - Truth

41 ~ Sacred Heart - Heal - Wisdom - Trinity - Prayer - Angels

43 ~ Walk on water - The - Book - Listen

48 ~ My focus

50 ~ Church - Glorious - Trust - The truth

51 ~ God is Good - Demarest- Resurrected - Forgiveness - Wealth

52 ~ Kingdom - Messenger - Child - Awaken - Phil Collins

53 ~ Billy - Infinite - Judge - Healer - Asleep - Laugh

54 ~ Quest

55 ~ Ask

57 ~ Saints - Acts

58 ~ Luke - Apostle

60 ~ Mom - Fertile - Teacher

61 ~ Messiah - The Cross - Psalm

62 ~ Christ - Holy - Word - Moral

63 ~ Water - Wave - The Seed - American - The Life - Good

64 ~ John - Paul - Pope - Door - Smile - Singer (These values created a synaptic connection which caused me to create an original joke. Where did Pope John Paul's bathroom door lead? -- It leads to a pew! LOL)

66 ~ Adam

70 ~ Jesus Christ - My God - Resurrected - The Way - Billy Shears - Sanctified - Rapture

71 ~ Free Will - Pray - Bliss

74 ~ Son of Man - Sacred

77 ~ Madonna - Rose (Just happens to be what they call Jesus's mother and Billy's mother's name.)

80 ~ Earth Code - Eve - Alpha - Revelation - Revolution - Phil

81 ~ Jesus - Most High - Praise - Artist - Beatles - Twist and Shout - Eternal - Wisdom - Healed

83 ~ Bible - Bill - Vexstar - Kneel - Heals (1983: The year of the Bible.)

84 ~ Ocean - I will - Talk - And - Play

90 ~ At Hand - A new drug - The door - Garden - Heart - Wine

91 ~ Lord - Holy Spirit - Child of God - The light - Creation Lazarus, the dead

92 ~ Key Code - Value - Plan - Collins - Truth - My goal - Archangel

93 ~ Son of God - Devine - Man - Justice - Kiss - His - Boy

94 ~ One - Life - And - Me

95 ~ Honor - Blood

97 ~ Noah

98 ~ Ghost

99 ~ Refuge - Again

The missing numerical distilled values were not deleted because the words that had those distilled values were not of a significant relationship or value. (Say that, three times fast.) They have been omitted just so you might find out how difficult it is to find words that fulfill all of the distilled values. If you look closely, you might notice two words, other than proper names, which you will not find in the English dictionary, make that three if you include Dios. One of those words is Vexstar. Vexstar is the Superhero name Billy took on as an alter ego. When his comic strip and or comic books hit the market you'll know that it is he who is producing them. That's a secret, don't tell anyone.

It seems that by breaking down all of our known reality into twenty-six definitive values in an infinite number of combinations which can be accessed instantaneously, you have just downloaded the Pentium Processor of the mind, free of charge and without having to be computer literate. (Let me worry about the trademark infringement.) The infinite value is attained by using numbers. Any language conceived by man can only have a definitive number of words in it, whereas when you interpret them with the use of numbers, this system can be called a language. Until the code was broken you merely had a means of communication. As for all of those cute little symbols I mentioned earlier:][) (} {, you decide what they represent and stick to that interpretation. They are what makes your code unique, as you are a unique individual.

It's the same way with music. Until a code was introduced into it, it was merely a form of entertainment. I believe those who first came up with the idea to put a code in rock n' roll may or may not have been aware of the fact that a code did in fact already exist in music. This was the reason for its conception. Each band in the rock world has its role to play.

When the band Genesis took on its name, it took on a role. This perhaps is the explanation for the song, "A Lamb Lies Down on Broadway." Same with the band, The Doors. It opened up many realities through which to pass. Jim Morrison said, "If you open all the doors of reality, you can see eternity." The band Rush's purpose was to deliver the news of the day. Not all band names are so obvious, but their songs and titles play a single role in telling the story of Earth's reality. Since the dawn of man and the first musical note and lyrics, all of mankind's experiences are contained within. (Sorry, even I missed that "Detour Ahead" sign.)

I don't quite understand how it happens, but this simple exercise of the brain, (B-R-A-I-N ~ Build-Relation-Amplify-Infinite-Nature) puts you in a heightened state of awareness of the world around you and makes you more perceptive. Take for example the number 8. If you think about infinity more often, it will become part of your everyday reality. And in thinking about it, you will spend more time realizing that it is a reality. In doing so, you may find yourself not so locked into, or stressed out by, the moment.

You will find that thoughts will create actions and those actions will be reflected in the world around you. The trick is to realize that you are not causing these reflections to occur; you have simply slipped into a flow. This flow allows you to know one fact: you are precisely where God wants you to be at that moment. If you've ever experienced what I have, you'll thank me for that little bit of information.

Exercising the brain with Earth Code seems to install a search engine program or a filing system in the brain. Throughout the day the simple effort of thinking about the words and numbers in the world as an opportunity to trigger thought patterns of infinite definitions enhances your awareness. This

awareness consists of the twenty-six perceptions of the world around you. Most people only see the values of a few realities such as money, work, family, sex, cars and the like, and, perhaps on occasion, God, Life and Death. Read over the twenty-six values and perceptions in the code and ask yourself, when the last time was that you thought about any of these realities.

I am overwhelmed by the values of the words, BRAIN and LOVE, and the perception of their values in code. I truly am inspired to “Build a Relationship to Amplify my Understanding of its Infinite Nature.” And to “Vow the Experience of Love in my Life.” As you may have noted, no exact way of running these thoughts through your mind is necessary, only the fact that you have created new thoughts in your brain is the goal.

Suppose you take the time to realize that the number 1812416 translates into: LOVE. You may take notice of this number some time in the future and now the simple action of seeing it causes you to think about love. This number also translates as Life-Relation-Structure-Experience. It actually can be interpreted into at least 1,812,416 values. This is my point: just think more and exercise your brain in an effort to become more perceptive and aware of the world around you, with a new sense of perception. Perhaps the most profound and outrageous statement I could make is, “I believe an individual fully immersed in the Earth Code could never suffer from oldtimer’s disease.”

I just noticed the time, big red numbers, 437, which read: Structure-God-Happy. So I’ve decided to jump on my motorcycle.

Perhaps you’ve heard the expression, “Jesus rides a Harley.”