

Record of Visions and Teachings
Guild Season 2021-2022

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There Is a River

Brad dreamed he was pushing a large empty wheelbarrow along the streets of his old hometown where he grew up:

I was following my father who was dressed like a janitor in work clothes, which was unusual because he always wore a suit. He was leading me to the bridge. As we walked down Bridge Street and came closer to the river, I noticed that the water had gone over the bridge. I wondered if there was no longer a bridge there or whether I was in another place. Then, my father confidently proceeded to walk on the water as if he was traversing an unseen bridge beneath his feet. It startled me. He next signaled me to follow him. I heard a voice in the sky speak: "There is a river."

The whole thing shocked me and I felt nervous about walking across the river. I woke up and recalled that those words were the title of Edgar Cayce's biography, written by Thomas Sugrue. It is based on the scripture of Psalm 46:4. "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High."

I knew that the Guild had moved nearer the Wigram Stream where silver trout pursue the impossible dream of catching extreme love. This is the sacred emotion of Sacred Ecstasies that sets the soul on fire and radiates being nice to others. I realized that it is natural to be a bit jittery about finding what you have been looking for, and this includes raising the ire of trickster who recognizes that real change and unpredictable holiness is in the air. I prayed for the Guild to not fear the fountain, but to cheer the cleansing and renewal its holy water offers to those with contrition and ignition, side by side in each hand.

A Final Exam

The next night Brad was sent back to Purdue University where he received his doctoral degree. He was in a classroom and was being given another final exam. It consisted of twelve essay questions, each requiring a lengthy response:

I had been writing for eight hours and felt exhausted. There were two questions left and I found it difficult to concentrate on reading the eleventh question. I was annoyed with the exam, the naïve nature of the questions, and the whole

meaningless ordeal required to pass through this final hoop. I considered not completing the last two questions because I had already done enough to successfully pass the exam. Then I was struck with the inspiration to do something different. I opened by heart and mind to plug into the vast reservoir of mystical wisdom that had been given to me when I had my first ecstatic conversion at age nineteen.

As soon as I did this, an inner voice provided guidance: “The answer is found in how you oriented your academic life: you pointed your compass toward ‘aesthetics.’ Now enact it, embody it, and perform it in an aesthetic way.” I immediately was filled with creative vitality as I worked hard to keep up with the flood of words coming down the pipeline. Hours passed and the professor was getting nervous. He commented, “The university will soon close. Please try to hurry.” I thought to myself as I smiled inwardly, “I will stay here for decades longer if that is what it takes to get this completed.”

Eventually, the eleventh question was complete and I moved on to the twelfth and final question. I didn’t have to read that question because somehow I already knew the answer was “ecstatics.” At this point, Hillary came into the room and we began to co-produce a further elaboration of spiritual engineering—not by exposition, but by performance. The Life Force Theatre burst forth in that final exam room as the room started to catch fire. I came back to myself, feeling something new is about to begin. With art and dart in play, we are walking on the river, the stream, and the dream.

A New Adventure Brings New Tricksters

A second dream followed that same night. This time we were in an old mansion filled with many rooms. We were trying to find our way to whatever lies in store for us. Along the way we met characters who gave the appearance of being innocent and benign, but we sensed something was off about them. Each of these characters, one after another, burst out of their skin to appear like demons. Without thinking, we automatically struck each of them with a deadly blow. In one instance, Hillary picked up a large rock and smashed it on top of one of the monsters. It happened with no effort, as if we were swatting an annoying fly.

We laughed because it seemed we had been gifted with some kind of seiki-like martial art skill that naturally and efficiently disarmed our enemies when needed. We then realized that the higher you go in the mystical adventure and the deeper you plunge into the river of love, the more the beasties and creepies come out to interfere. This is something we have long known, but now we did not run away from them or get caught up in an unnecessary struggle. We simply destroyed them with a single blow. We weren’t sure what to think of this and kept moving.

We prayed, “Dear Lord, tell us what you desire of us. We entrust our lives to your guidance, power, and protection. Lead us not into temptation and deliver us from all evil. Navigate us on your river, charge us with your shiver, and feed us with your bread. In your shining light, we thank you. Amen.”

Little Jimmy Scott Comes Back to Life

In a dream, Little Jimmy Scott was seen and heard singing again. We recalled how he had been in a former visionary dream where he sang to us on the deck of an ocean liner. That’s when we received the song, “They Say that Falling in Love Is Wonderful.” In this latest dream he was older and unable to walk. His life force was nearly gone and he could barely make a tone. Then his rope to deep emotion awakened and enabled his voice to resurrect and come back to life, singing like there is no tomorrow. Brad sometimes feels the same—he feels it is no longer easy to move his fingers like he did when he was younger. But when the rope pulls the sacred emotion through, the life force rejuvenates his fingers to sing again. This aspect of Brad’s life had been on his mind when he went to sleep and made his prayers and asked for guidance. Little Jimmy Scott arrived to lead him on.

After waking from the dream, we found the song heard in dream. It was from a documentary made by a German filmmaker who found Little Jimmy Scott in the last months of his life, bound in a wheelchair unable to walk and barely able to make a sound. When the film producer rented a recording studio for him, the emotion awakened and flowed within him as his voice rose to a splendor possibly never heard before. His life force, tenderness, and mastery made Brad weep again and again. It opened another door to mystery. Every afternoon for a week we listened to this song as it deeply pierced our hearts. The emotion it conveyed fed and led the visionary adventures in the dreams that followed that week. Please prepare yourself to receive this song before we move on to report what came down the rope later.

Know that Little Jimmy Scott inspired many great singers—Ray Charles, Billie Holiday, Nancy Wilson, Dinah Washington, Marvin Gaye, David Byrne, Liza Minelli, Lou Reed, and Madonna, to name a few. He had a hit record in 1950 but his name wasn’t put on the record label—credit only went to the bandleader. He also was the vocalist on Charlie Parker’s rendition of “Embraceable You,” but credit was accidentally given to another singer. Ray Charles tried to help Jimmy by producing a record that featured him singing with the best musicians and arrangers of their time. That’s when Ray played the piano for the masterpiece, “They Say that Falling in Love Is Wonderful.” But the record was never distributed until several decades later due to legal issues with the record company. Little Jimmy Scott was completely forgotten and ended up being an elevator operator, shipping clerk, and hospital orderly. *The New York Times* critic, Joseph Hopper, wrote that Little Jimmy Scott was “perhaps the most unjustly ignored American singer of the 20th century.” He was fortunately rediscovered and had a major come back in the 90’s, and was

nominated for a Grammy Award. Brad heard him perform several times in New Orleans and never recovered from the experience. Little Jimmy Scott never turned bitter about his misfortunes and those who knew him felt he was a true and profound spiritual presence. A sweet joy and tender love always radiated from his heart, something mysterious within could be heard and felt in his voice. Please soak in this special medicinal sound bath:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VwyTikxUW0Y>

Crossing Over

In a dream, Brad was standing in a room at one end of a long hallway:

At the other end of the hall was another room where Hillary sat with another Guild member. I was supposed to find a way to move myself across the hall via new mystical means. I activated my inner vibration and allowed spontaneous movement under higher guidance to kick in. Within seconds I felt five successive shifts in perceiving the reality of the space separating where I was and where I wanted to land, and in the way I could move to the other side. There was a unique geometric shape associated with each mode of movement—a dot burst, a straight-line trajectory, an oscillation between opposites, a wheel, and an Ouroboros recursion or circle entering itself. I repeated moving from one side to the other through each of these five means. Each one had a different quality of energetic excitement, and every form could shift to all the other forms. A voice then delivered a new teaching:

Use all five means of movement at the same time. Like an explosion, instantly burst that dot and launch yourself from here to there. Use the line to travel through time from beginning, to middle, to end. Build up an oscillation that creates a middle vibration to hold both sides now. Form and circulate yourself within a turning wheel. Finally, swallow the wheel to recursively generate wheels within wheels that transform the “here and there” into something mysterious that can’t be explained. Again, do all of this at the same time. This is how you cross the hall and walk on the river.

When I accomplished this multi-dynamic action in the dream, I felt the highest bliss and was aware that no description can account for what this feels like. I woke

up thinking that this was one of the most powerful visionary teachings I ever received but was left with no idea how to convey it. All that can be said is that spiritually crossing to the other side is a five-dimensional, simultaneous propulsion of every imaginable means of geometrically depicted progression. Pray and take the leap. You can't do it on your own. It is something done by the aesthetics of higher ecstasies working in conjunction with the ecstasies of higher aesthetics.

Searching for a Grand Piano

In a dream, Brad went back to his old high school.

I was there to select a concert grand piano to make a recording of a new song. My school actually had no grand piano when I was growing up. There was only a terrible sounding upright that was usually out of tune. In the dream, however, the room next to the science laboratory had several world-class instruments. I thought I was the only person in the building until I heard someone tinkering with another piano that was in another room. I somehow knew the piano I was hearing was the one I needed to bring the song out that was within me for the recording.

I went to the other room and watched the man play different doodles of improvisation as he explored the instrument. I thought I recognized him as the Israeli-American jazz pianist, Tamir Hendelman. Then he seemed to look more like the great jazz pianist from Louisiana, Jacob Dupre. He is someone with whom I had formerly discussed the different qualities of digital keyboards that try to replicate an acoustic sound. Seeing him at the keyboard seemed no coincidence—he could advise me again.

Then Jacob or Tamir, I am not sure, next did something I have never ever seen or heard. In the upper register he laid down a straight piece of metal, like a rod or bar, over the back of the keys. When he played the treble notes under that bar, they sounded like French horns. I assumed it was a new technology in development that no one had yet heard about. Even though it sounded remarkable, I only wanted to hear the natural sound of the grand piano. At the same time, I was curious as to when this new technological device would be available as an enhancement to playing and recording.

As these acoustic and engineering matters were contemplated, a rising desire to play that piano arose within me. I was hungry, if not starved, to play it. I thought I would burst with excitement as I was starting to run out of patience. I also feared I wouldn't catch the song inside me unless I could play that instrument immediately. I woke up in a wobbly mix of thoughts and feelings about the many

differences, benefits, and shortcomings found in natural acoustic instruments versus digital, synthesized sound. More than anything else, I could remember that piano's natural sound and that my competing curiosity about new developments in synthesized sound production was secondary. More importantly, I felt that a song more easily comes through the mystery-musical pipeline when you own the instrument that is a perfect fit for you.

Wobbling the Gap Between Performer and Audience

In a spiritual classroom, we learned that traveling to and communing with the other side embodies the same dynamic required for absorbing the emotional inspiration conveyed by music. The goal is to experience the locus of your identity as neither a member of the audience nor as the performer. You must be wobbling in the middle intersection of each side. There you are neither one nor the other, and you are not equal, less, or more than both. You are in the true middle: not one, not two, and not even anything these negations may be taken to mean.

The next day we accidentally stumbled upon a discussion of the jazz pianist, David Mackay, who had been the first blind student to graduate from Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut.¹ He also studied music under Margaret Chaloff, Bill Evans, and Lennie Tristano. Among the many artists Mackay partnered with over his career were Chet Baker, Don Ellis, Sonny Stitt, and Jim Hall. He recorded with flutist Lori Bell, who said this of him:

Although Dave was blind, his playing revealed a palette of colors unlike anything in jazz. It was like watching a painter create a canvas out of the lyrics of a song. His accompaniments were intricately and exquisitely orchestrated—he described to me that in his mind's eye each of his fingers played a different instrument—and coupled with a swinging time feel, a deep emotionality for every note he touched, acute listening, and utmost sensitivity and generosity to his musical partners, this resulted in performances that were unforgettable. Dave was all about letting other players cause him to react. Our performances were very conversational in nature; he even responded when I would take a breath!²

Pianist Tamir Hendelman, who Brad dreamed the night before and was likely the link to what we found about Mackay afterward, had similar words to describe Mackay's interaction with the piano:

¹<https://jazztimes.com/features/tributes-and-obituaries/tamir-hendelman-and-lori-bell-remember-dave-mackay/>

² <https://jazztimes.com/features/tributes-and-obituaries/tamir-hendelman-and-lori-bell-remember-dave-mackay/>

How did Dave Mackay touch the piano? As a painter does, with a musical smile and empathy—in his own way. When we spoke of music, he pictured his fingers as little animals, conversing with the keyboard. His heart and soul and fingers were always communicating, quietly and with fire, with the piano. It was so tactile it made you smile.³

In another visionary classroom voyage, we were given the following mystical instruction for the Guild to use, a variation of the teaching given before about wobbling in the middle between the listening audience and the performing pianist:

If you are in the audience, then get your fingers in First Creation so they are each a different musical instrument or animal. Feel the way they catch, modulate, and perform what is played on the piano. Concentrate on the middle wobble that erases the difference separating the listener and the performer of sound. Be simultaneously more of each to become neither. Do so with the five finger animals, instruments, and their varying angles of reception, perception, and conception found on each hand.

If you are performing or stepping into the skin of the performer, then get your fingers in First Creation so they are each a different musical instrument or an animal. Feel the way they catch, modulate, and perform what is played on the piano. Concentrate on the middle wobble that erases the difference separating the listener and the performer of sound. Be simultaneously more of each to become neither. Do so with the five finger animals, instruments, and their varying angles of reception, perception, and conception found on each hand.

The next night Brad dreamed that we went to Arizona to look for a place to live. It was May and the weather was already too hot. We looked at each other and said, “This is why you need to also live in Santa Fe where it’s cooler in the summer.” We laughed as we realized again that it takes two opposites to overcome the limitations of each side alone. We wondered what the middle wobble between Santa Fe and Tucson would be. Then we were thrown in the dream to an unusual spa. The interior looked like it was in Santa Fe, but the outside geographical features were more like southern Arizona.

Inside the spa, we waited in a small reception room. A couple came out and the man told me to follow him, while the woman told Hillary to follow her. I was taken to a shower that had mud rather than water coming out of the faucet. It also came out of the side of the wall rather than

³ ibid

from overhead. The man tried it first to make sure it worked or perhaps to give himself a treatment before it was my turn.

I was carrying a beautiful handsewn, light brown leather briefcase, so I asked where I could put it. The man seemed to not hear what I had asked. I put it on the hook in front of me and shouted out to Hillary, "I sure love this leather briefcase. Have we always had this? Was it in storage? Or did we just get it? It seems familiar but it also seems new."

As I leaned closer to the wall to hear her response, I noticed there was a small kitchen that was devoted to making fudge, like a concession stand. The chef was a black woman and I felt she was about to say, "Would you like some Mississippi mud fudge?" but I was distracted by the man mentioning that the mud bath was ready. I felt I was in between fudge and mud, yet both were mud of different kinds. One tasted sweet, likely too sweet. The other was inedible, but spreadable on the body, perhaps too spreadable and gooey. I woke up feeling I was in the middle of the two muds, the wobble between Arizona and New Mexico and the crossroads of the southwest and the deep south of the United States.

The edible mud fudge and fried soul food is found near the Mississippi River, while the more easily spread mud and goo is available in the spas of Santa Fe and Tucson. Are you hungry for holy bread or wanting to be among the spread of the well fed? Likely there is a time and place for each, but to be ready for both you must find the middle passageway that links them both.

This double muddy middle is the same kind of "in between" dynamic found in the wobble that is not stuck in the either/or of listening versus performing. Act in order to be more engaged with the First Creation transformative instruments that are also the changing creatures of the fingers. This arithmetical, mystical "5 times 2" equals more than what hand movements and ear drums can play alone or imagine combined. Use all five ways in a higher dot, line, oscillation, circle, and recursion way to get from any here to any there, doing so in a doubling listening and performing way.

When you feel you are neither your "self" nor "the other," and neither old nor new but more a wobbly interaction of all your space-and-time relations, then peace and joy arrive. This is not transcendence of any form. It's the soulful imminence of embodied mind that circulates all differences that make ongoing differences come to life. Jump in with fingers already holding onto whatever First Creation offers in its grand piano concert of concerted participation with the keyboard of creation.

Here's David Mackay's arrangement of "Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lj6e6ljqS1M>

Postscript:

We later received this letter from Sabrina, a longstanding Guild member:

Hello!

Looking forward to guild season! I had a dream this summer that continues to come up and I felt the need to share it. I found myself in a large indoor gathering of people, dancing and making music. I was standing the front of the stage, enjoying the scene. The line separating performer and observer was wavy, but there was an obvious director present who was passing the microphone to people as the band played throughout the crowd. Two women, one of whom was my sister, stepped forward to sing upon the director's request. Their improvisational sounds infused together, making the most beautiful sound of a flute. The crowd was moving in rhythm and unison as they emitted their resonant flute music.

I stepped forward to sing as the director handed the microphone to me. I opened my mouth and attempted the same sounds of the flute, but nothing came out. This lasted for some time until I let go of my attempts to make the same style of music as the last performance. Suddenly a burst of music erupted from my throat in a different kind of way, but still beautiful and full of emotion. The many different variations of sounds resounded like a violin playing inside my throat. As this was all happening, an image of a violin appeared and I heard myself say, "My voice is like a violin." I looked up and saw Hillary smiling within the crowd.

Opening Ritual for This Guild Adventure

Here are the instructions for the opening ritual. Recall that you have been gifted with a First Creation grand piano! You can print out a photo of any piano you like—it can be any brand. Perhaps a Steinway, Steingraeber, Bechstein, Blüthner, Mason & Hamlin, Baldwin, Bösendorfer, Fazioli, Kawai, or Yamaha. Or you may draw a piano. Or use one of these images of our Steinway C, now hanging out in New Orleans:



You are invited to imagine playing your piano like Dave Mackay approached his keyboard. Close your eyes and walk your fingers into First Creation so they each become a different musical instrument, color, or animal – your choice. Or have

your fingers sing whatever you musically hear. Or simply *feel* you are the pianist when hearing another pianist perform. When you listen to ecstatic tracks or music that charges your soul, use your keyboard for a special finger seiki workout.

Congratulations, you are now a First creation pianist with a grand piano. Enter the middle wobble that erases the difference between you, the musician on a recording or live performance, the piano, and your fingers. Own the feeling for the Sacred Ecstasics musical keys that open the door to ineffable mystery.

The Opening Ritual

Here are your instructions. First, print out a copy of this visionary art, made by Hillary after a dream Brad received in 2019 of [Sister Gertrude Morgan](#) in our living room (picture):



Make a special modification on the drawing by adding “yourself” to the art. This is a special means of “boarding” this season’s spiritual transportation. Do this by signing your name or drawing your face on the drawing. If you want to add some more mojo, then cover the art, from top to bottom, with a coil. Regard this as a Tesla-doctored coil designed that provides higher conductance between earth and heaven.

After the art has been the prepared, you are ready for the second part of the ritual launch. Hold it in one hand and, with eyes closed, build up sacred emotion until you tremble, feeling the intense energetics of higher mystery nearby. You may want to do this during any “hot part” of an ecstatic track, or while listening again to the instructions in Track 1. Or build up sacred emotion with any simple prayer line such as “Help me,” “Do it, Lord,” “There is a river,” or “Thank you!” When you feel like you are going to burst and need to shout an ecstatic release, pretend to throw the art high into the sky, as if you are throwing a dart all the way to heaven. Do this without letting go of the drawing.

With eyes still closed, imagine your inner eyes seeing a second version of the art fly all the way to the sky village where the ancestors reside. This is when you feel there are two drawings—one seen on earth and another unseen thrown to heaven. The latter is thrown high into the sky so it leaves a trail to the other side. Throw your holy mojo art like it holds an unseen but felt dart so you connect to both worlds at the same time. There is no need to make any specific prayer request—the Creator already knows what you need better than you.

One more thing: when the sacred hookup and mystical connection are made, the unseen drawing you hurled into the sky will be thrown back to you. It comes back altered by the other side. Do this at least three times this week—this is your launch into this next Guild adventure. Welcome aboard!

Rocking Back and Forth Across First and Second Creation

Brad dreamed he and I were performing a Sacred Ecstatics ecstatic track live for the Guild:

As we started to cook, our improvisation came forth with pure spontaneity. Then something happened that I had never experienced before. After saying a line in the dream, I’d wake up and respond to it while awake. Immediately afterwards, I’d fall asleep again and dream the next line. This kept happening back and forth as if I were rocking or bouncing between First and Second Creation. While it is possible that I was dreaming of this alternation, it felt like I was entering dream

and then fully waking up within a second. I was in an alternating current that carried me in and out of dream without losing a rhythmic beat.

Even odder was that my waking response did not simply repeat the dreamed call, but instead the words changed. For example, after I said, “your rare air” in dream, I woke up to respond with “your atmosphere.” There was a change of words with each crossing between unconscious dream and conscious mentation. It didn’t feel like a translation or interpretation; it was more like adding another metaphor to extend the evocative emotion and meaning.

The next morning, it dawned on us that Brad was never solely asleep or awake but rocking on the fulcrum between the two. Here again we find ourselves in the middle wobble that oscillates to advance the circular momentum of a call and response wheel. This vision is yet another recursion of the teaching presently in play. In the middle wobble atmosphere is found the rare air. There the five dynamics are in a multi-leveled call and response, taking you back and forth across both sides of creation.

Two Wings and Charlie Jackson

Who you really spiritually are is found in the wobble between the art and dart ropes that rock you back and forth in the Life Force Theatre. Here you perform in the middle of the lineage you come from and what you are becoming to extend that line. This lineage refers to the spiritual cooking engineering chops and the refrigeration (goofy loop) habits you acquired from all the contexts of your life from family to peers, school, culture, and mentors. For us, our ecstatic chops are inseparable from the intertwined multi-ropes led by the Japanese, Caribbean, and Kalahari styles of cooking. That is blended with stylistics from many praise houses, juke joints, salsa clubs, tango houses, concert halls, lecture halls, and jazz clubs, to name a few of the ingredients that spice up our act.

We aim to free ourselves daily from the habitual goofy loops that we learned from our families and modern-day culture to be thrown deeper into the roots of temperature changing ecstatic spirituality. Or as we have recently put it, we are aiming to be “arty 17obert17” on the performance stage of life, charged and guided by the creative force behind our whole relational ecology. We host the spirit house of Sacred Ecstasies, the outlier station for maverick seekers of this alternative way of living. Welcome to our juke joint for ecstatic hungry hunters in need of the heating that comes from meeting higher mystery.

The Sacred Ecstasies pantheon of saints inspires our everyday. If you wonder how any saint cooked in the past, then check out their offspring. When the latter are wobbling in a performance middle, the echo or reverberation of their mentor can be experienced. In the past we did this with William Seymour. We checked to see which preachers he anointed and discovered that

Bishop Mason from Memphis was his spiritual progeny. The films of Mason in his “Yes, Lord” ecstatic action enabled us to catch the feeling of what transpired at the Azusa Street Revival. In other words, when Bishop Mason is spiritually cooking, he embodies the lineage that includes Seymour and those that came before him. Now we can feel closer and mystically see more of William Seymour.

We decided to do the same lineage research for Reverend Utah Smith, also known as Reverend Two Wings. We wanted to have a better sense of how he used his electric guitar to accompany his preaching. His records don’t catch his preaching style because of the need to satisfy recording requirements, so we looked for someone he had mentored. We found Reverend Charlie Jackson, a barber (he calls himself a “hair trimmer”) from New Orleans who is said to carry on the same fire as Two Wings. He composed a song that became an underground sanctified hit among the ecstatic outskirt praise houses down here, entitled, “Wrapped Up, Tangled Up in Jesus.” Have a listen: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jl0gnd-iBBg>

Here he is performing it on an Irish television show, during the only concert tour he ever made in Europe:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QFUhgIYDSMs>

Now for the use of his guitar while giving a talk at a school:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rlqszeCirHw>

Listen to him in church:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xfgv2woecYI>

Here’s a celebration of him in church to see how this lineage rope continues to extend:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=okcuDHu40J8>

For your cooking pleasure, here he is with Laura Davis, singing “This Old Building”:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u7V8IAaLNKs>

Here’s his testimony:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cHdRxPt3awo>

Finally, one more lagniappe serving with this old gospel number, “God’s Got It”:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sUGfBP5nza4&list=PL3Bfjj542P70HbdIjRtacVceFB2fPuTlp>

Follow the Ever-Peal

We prayed with all our hearts to receive guidance for our life with Sacred Ecstatics. As Brad prayed, he received the advice to not pray with words. “Pray as you used to years ago—with music.” He switched to hearing his inner piano play, fell asleep, and a dream arrived later in the night:

In the dream, I saw Hillary walking with a small boy along the streets of an old city in the dark of night. They were lost and weren’t sure which street or direction to take. An older man was ahead of them, checking to see what lay beyond the street on which they were traveling. He seemed lost as well. Hillary shouted out, “What direction should we go?” The elder in the distance may have responded, but it couldn’t be heard. Then she and the boy heard a voice from on high guide them: “Follow the ever-peal.” Upon hearing the word “peal,” they also heard it echo back in changing forms as “zeal” and then “field.” Perhaps it was “evergreen” I thought in the dream, reminded of a former spiritual classroom in which Hillary dreamed of a pinecone.

After waking up, we pondered the meaning of “peal,” usually associated with the sound of a ringing bell. This is a common sound in St. Vincent among the spiritual mothers and fathers who receive the anointment to ring it. But the odd addition of “ever” to make “ever-peal” reminded us of Sister Gertrude Morgan’s Everlasting Gospel Mission, the name of her home sanctuary and prayer room. She shouted through a painted megaphone made of paper with a voice that rang out loudly. She may not have had much mass appeal back then, but she had “ever-peal” that can still be heard today.

We looked up the definition of “peal” and found it means a loud or reverberating sound of thunder, laughter, or bells. It originally referred to the bells summoning people to a church meeting. In “campanology,” the official word for bell ringing, it has a more specific meaning. An official peal requires a sequence of at least five thousand changes on more than seven bells. A typical peal takes three hours to ring. The tones, time intervals, and rhythms are memorized and must be perfectly timed. This musical tradition that dates back centuries in England is called “method ringing” or “change ringing.” It takes great concentration on the part of the bell ringers, who stand in a circle facing one another, to make it come together in the right way.

We realized that we are being reminded to follow the “ever-peal,” the everlasting ringing bells whose music calls us to cook in the big room. Peel away whatever blocks you from hearing

the peal. Respond to the call to come out of the small room and into the holy cathedral. Your big me may try to venture far out on a limb to scout unknown territory, but keep walking next to the little me child who can still hear the call of the wild. The bell that marries the contraries of heaven and hell already tolls at funerals, weddings, victories over adversaries, and on important anniversaries. Follow the ever-peal, it will lead you to the utmost zeal found in the field of the Almighty. Let it be heard forevermore in the everlasting mission of the Spirit House of New Orleans.

In the Tunnel

Brad dreamed he was in a metropolitan city near the sea during a time when his son was young:

It was an old and worn city that looked like a blend of New York and New Orleans, with more elements of the former than the latter. I sensed that a major flood and calamity was coming and that it was time to seek safety on higher ground. I could see that the sea had risen and yet a baseball stadium was in the distance with its lights glowing in the night. People had no idea what was about to come. Suddenly I was in a building that looked like a blend of Penn Station and the New York Public Library. I felt safe there and was delighted to find that it had a fine restaurant on its balcony floor. This would be a great place to shelter during the turmoil outside. I could study and write and live in another world free of the turmoil and chaos outside.

Then I realized that my son, who was a child in the dream, was living on “the other side.” There was a wide river dividing the part of the city I was in and the urban area where he was residing. I immediately left to find him and assure his safety. To my chagrin, the city had already been shut down and there were no roads leading out due to the emergency. The bridges were also closed for safety reasons. I went back to the library and train station, unsure what to do. There I noticed a door to an old tunnel underneath the ground. I only found it because I just happened to notice someone dressed in raggedy clothes come out of what looked like a wall. When I pressed on that same space it surprisingly opened.

Into the tunnel I went. It was old, dirty, musty, and vacant, though occasionally I’d pass someone moving in the opposite direction who looked desperate to escape. This made me wonder whether I had made a mistake choosing to go in the tunnel. I was flooded with the intuition that there was danger if I went back or even looked behind me, so I kept on walking. Hours later it was clear there was no exit. I wondered whether I would eventually plunge into the bottom of the sea if I continued because I seemed to be descending rather than ascending. Or

perhaps I was headed to hell or Hadestown, awkwardly smiling at the remembrance of the Broadway musical play Hillary and I so adore. At the same time, I felt even stronger that going back assured my instant death and that my son would be tragically left on his own. I was stopped in my tracks, realizing I was caught in the middle with no way out. I could not go forward or backward. There was no escape in either direction.

In this moment of hitting the bottom of my existential empty bowl, a powerful teaching poured into me. An inner voice, whose source of wisdom was way over my head, spoke with a force whose tone made me feel I was not alone:

When truly stuck in the middle, where advancement and retreat bring no liberation, turn to the surest means of exploding the entire reality. Pray to destroy the world, the tunnel, and the either/or dilemma of no obvious direction. There must be enough frustration to light the prayer fuse and enough desperate longing for a loved one to resist surrendering to death. You must choose to break through the middle nodal point, finding entry to a newborn life, vaster place, and ecstatic reality. Pray to create the explosion whose fire and light open the higher door to supreme joy, the road to a new home.

I woke up trembling as I felt the utmost “no exit,” paralyzed on the borderline of life and death. This is something more perilous and mysterious than facing the inevitability of your own death. It is born of fearing that you are unable to save the ones you love. In these moments the border between worlds is felt most strongly, along with a desperate desire to reach across and pull more love through the veil. In my crossings to the other side, I experience varying degrees of this “panic” and hesitation to proceed or recede because communion with the other world requires remaining in the wobble between life as we presume to know it and death of our familiar reality.

The more I have traveled between the worlds over the years, the more that the dizzying gate to multiple reality oscillations and reverberations has come knocking on my door to shake my ground floor. This spirit-born anxiety is unsettling, a true encounter with the awe-inspiring *mysterium tremendum*. To ease the passage through the middle, remember that words alternately hinder and make you tender while music enables movement through time and space. The prayer for getting through must be sung in order to ignite an explosion of incendiary emotion. A prayer bomb and a song balm are the Sacred Ecstatics

means of answering the call to dream the impossible dream—to be in the stream with every trout who belongs to the rippling current, whirling pools, and changing tides of extreme love.

Creode

In a visionary classroom we were shown the mysterious divine workings behind finding your destiny and living a fulfilled life:

Brad was surrounded by teachers from the other side. They announced that they would reveal the mystery driving and guiding the mission each of us is chosen to enact. They went on to explain how this higher knowledge would be conveyed: “First, we will give you the secret to understanding the natural unfolding of a human being’s life mission. It is held in one word. Then we will show you what has happened to your life and how you are fulfilling your mission.”

A voice on ligh then spoke one word, “creode.” It was said again so I would hear it correctly. I woke up and wrote the word down on a piece of paper I keep on the bedside table.

I fell asleep and later entered a second dream. Hillary and I were at a conference filled with the many of the renowned therapists from the past, people who were Brad’s colleagues in his early career. We somehow had a different kind of higher vision that enabled us to see their life force and inner truth. We were astonished to discern the extent to which these revered teachers were the walking dead whose personal ambition had thrown them off the anointed trajectory that would have been filled with vital life and creative energy. We recognized a woman Brad had worked with long ago. She was sitting on a couch in the conference center lounge. Hillary and I had previously written about how she perpetuated numerous fallacious ideas and epistemological errors that plagued the profession of family therapy. We did not miss how fitting it was that she was seen lounging on a couch—she behaved more like a gossip columnist who works the social scene rather than like a disciplined artist found on the main stage.

We looked closer and were shocked to see that the woman, like many of the other teachers, had no soul. By our side was Peggy Papp, another colleague of Brad’s whom we both have befriended over the last couple of years. Peggy smiled and said, “I told you so,” reminding us how she and her best friend and colleague, Olga Silverstein, both disliked this woman’s feigned humility and clueless exposition. Before we could be further sidetracked by these past memories, the Brazilian healer, João de Carvalho, swept through the room and whispered, “Yes,

she has no soul. You are seeing who these people are. Now move on.” I woke up grateful that I had left that profession and removed myself as far as possible from its soulless politics that blocked any opportunity for the spirit to move, cook, and transform lives, including my own.

I fell asleep and had a third dream. This time Hillary and I were in South America at a conference of contemporary healers, coaches, and innovative thinkers. These speakers were also as lost, creatively dead, and soulless as the ones in the dream before. However, the audience brought something different to the scene. We now saw some Brazilian friends of ours with whom we have previously shared Sacred Ecstasies. Our joy in seeing them washed away the irritating presence of the non-inspiring speakers who had come to display their wares.

As we walked down the hall, we ran into Eduardo from Brazil, the man to whom Hillary first gave seiki. He introduced us to his new girlfriend. I spontaneously hugged both of them and gave his girlfriend seiki right there in the hall. As the transmission came through, she began gently speaking a traditional prayer. It made us feel at home and we felt overcome with joyful celebration.

The dream scene shifted, and we were sitting at a lunch table across from Humberto Maturana, who recently passed away. It seemed he had come back to earth to complete some unfinished business. Rather than speak, he focused his attention with complete concentration on how I was interacting with others at the table. I was wearing a beautiful azurite-blue coat that was elaborately decorated, something fit for show business. I smiled at Hillary because we were both dressed up in blue to fulfill the role the ancestors and gods had chosen for us to perform.

We were then interrupted by a young Mexican woman who came up to our table. She wanted to meet us so much that she couldn’t wait until we had finished our conversation. I told her to sit down next to me and spontaneously administered the sacred vibration, something that comes as naturally to me as everyday speech. She wept with appreciation and could not thank us enough. I turned to see that Maturana had absorbed the entire experience—he, too, had felt the truth of the vibration behind Sacred Ecstasies. He smiled and said his last words, “That is it, truly it, Brad. Thank you.” Then he dissolved from the scene and went on to his next destination. João walked over again, like he had in the dream before and said, “I told you long ago that you were like me. Now you know.”

After waking up, we looked up the word “creode” and found this definition:

Creode or chreod is a neologistic portmanteau coined by the English 20th century biologist C.H. Waddington to represent the developmental pathway followed by a cell as it grows to form part of a specialized organ. Combining the Greek roots for “necessary” and “path,” the term was inspired by the property of regulation. When development is disturbed by external forces, the embryo attempts to regulate its growth and differentiation by returning to its normal developmental trajectory.⁴

C. H. Waddington was an extraordinary scientist who taught at the University of Edinburgh. Brad recalled that he admired Gregory Bateson’s work and offered him a professorship at his university. Gregory turned it down and instead chose to be resident sage at the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California, something he felt benefitted his family more than his career. That was a decision he often regretted. C. H. Waddington’s invented term, “creode” essentially points to the force behind a cell’s destiny—becoming part of the organ for which it was designed. Perhaps Bateson, in his elder years, drifted from his creode, but only the gods know for sure.

Waddington’s early mentor was the genius of chemistry, E. J. Holmyard, who introduced him to the “Alexandrian Gnostics” and the “Egyptian alchemists.” Later, Waddington claimed that those esoteric works gave him a holistic outlook on systems and prepared him to receive the cybernetics of Norbert Wiener. As a biologist, paleontologist, geneticist, embryologist, and philosopher, he laid the foundations of systems biology. In addition, he was a poet and painter.

We each have a destiny—a creode pathway our inner nature is doing its best to find and follow. In the dream Brad was shown that, despite past interferences from other disciplines and professions, he was always returned to his destined path where the life force, with all its creative fury and divine glory, guides the way. He also envisioned our teaching the Sacred Ecstatics Guild about the creode. We told one Guild member about it in particular—he was seen in the dream classroom, soaking up our words. An early recipient of the sacred vibration, we heard ourselves say, “he has not yet enacted what it means to be an owner of n/om, but he has a creode waiting for him to spring into action and do the Sacred Ecstatics work rather than solely rely on a past nail that long ago gave him a weekend introduction.”

The creode is the grail you are looking for, but perhaps you do not yet understand that the looking should stop so the cooking can start. In the big room with a soul set on fire your life trajectory is revealed and the transportation needed to progress is provided. The azurite geode and the life creode go hand in hand, a sacred pair ready to be held and led by the aesthetic and ecstatic ropes.

⁴ <https://dbpedia.org/page/Creode>

The Holy Mojo Throw

Brad dreamed we were sent to a spiritual classroom where a special means of communing with the other side would be given to the Sacred Ecstatics Guild:

We were in an archive of sacred visionary drawings. It was a vast collection of what people had formerly drawn of their visionary dreams. All of Sister Gertrude Morgan's work was on display as were Hillary's drawings that illustrate visionary teachings from the Sacred Ecstatics spiritual classrooms. Before we could look closer to see what the other artists and art displayed, a teacher spoke:

When a vision from on high is caught and depicted by an artist, it is then available as a mystical bridge to those who have sanctified their life to make their soul ready to travel. Procure a copy of the art—the original is to be held in safe keeping. A certain modification must be made on the drawing. When you are ready, add “yourself” to the art so you board its means of spiritual transportation. Do this by signing your name or drawing your face on the drawing, but more importantly, cover the art, from top to bottom, with a coil. Rather than consider it a kundalini snake or transformative spiral, regard it as a Tesla coil designed to provide higher conductance between earth and heaven.

The conversion of the drawing to mojo for personal use should be done in a big room accompanied by prayer and song. This is critical for its proper operation. The same is true when you use it as a means of getting through the veil. Here you hold the doctored copy of the art in one hand and close both your eyes, building up sacred emotion until you tremble, feeling the intense energetics of mystery nearby. When you feel like you are going to burst and need to shout with ecstatic release, make the arm movement that enacts throwing the art high into the sky. Do this without letting go of the drawing. With eyes still closed, imagine your inner eyes seeing the art fly all the way to heaven where the ancestors reside. Remember that there are two drawings—one for earth and one for heaven. The latter is meant to be thrown high into the sky so it becomes a ladder to the other side.

Throw your holy mojo so its two sides enable you to feel both worlds in the drawing's flight and stretch. Do this with any Sacred

Ecstatics drawing of a visionary teaching or with any other sanctified artist's depiction of a holy reception. Please refrain from making any specific personal requests for help or setting any intention for the fulfillment of a desire—the Creator knows what you need better than whatever you can specify, recognize, or comprehend. Focus and concentrate entirely on making the holy mojo throw. Tinker with how you perform this mystical action until you catch the feeling of making the numinous connection. The sacred drawings were brought over to help sincere seekers find their way to the source and force of what your second eyes are looking for: the cooking your soul needs to receive the holy bread.

One more thing: when the sacred hookup and mystical connection are made, the unseen drawing you hurled into the sky will be thrown back. This time it will be altered by the other side. Though you can't see it, know that it may have been signed, another face or image drawn, a second coil added, a song attached, or it may have had something done to it that can only be felt but not perceived with everyday senses. Whatever it is, you will feel it and know it without being able to adequately convey what has come back. This is how it is in the back and forth of making, throwing, and receiving holy mojo art, another means of climbing the ladder.

First Creation

In a dream, we found we had moved to an old, large house or commercial building—we weren't sure which:

The kitchen looked like an old grocery store with high ceilings and wood cabinets filled with many kinds of art supplies as well as food, sundries, and technical things. The main room, used for our Sacred Ecstatics performance work, was a mix of a classroom, church, ballroom, and small theatre. On the wall was a gigantic new piece of art that had just arrived. It was done in a southern folk art style with radiant bright colors, much like Sister Gertrude Morgan's paintings. It depicted a magical place. When we looked more closely at it, we realized it was a painting of the house or building we were standing in.

The painting depicted the kitchen in a way that we had not perceived it before, so we walked back to the actual kitchen to take another look. Sure enough, we

now saw the kitchen as it was depicted in the painting. With this altered perception, we then went back to the main performance room and to our surprise, the artwork had changed. It now looked like a Grandma Moses painting of a village with a separate store, church, town hall, field, and other buildings. We quickly re-entered the kitchen and now it felt different after seeing the last aesthetic depiction of it as a separate structure.

Back to the main room we went again, and this time the art had become the entire floor, covered in a clear, thick glass that enabled us to walk on it. The image was a huge painting of the creation of the world made by the former New Orleans folk artist, Nilo Lanzas, whose work we admire in a gallery on Magazine Street that is run by his daughter. Seeing the animals and the garden he depicted, we immediately knew that we were living inside the painting, the art, the house, and the changing of First Creation. Its style, imagery, feel, space, place, songs, and movement were constantly altering. As we moved from room to room and function to function, it felt as if we and the room were born anew each time.

The changing art of Sacred Ecstasies is required to throw the ecstatic dart that transforms reality when your heart is struck and made ready to climb. The folk artists who catch the feeling of a visionary place have fulfilled their mission of offering you a bridge to its First Creation space. Be moved by art and less fixed in any rendition of any tradition. In the movement from one room to another with senses made different by re-presentations of former evocations, one benediction leads to the next entry procession. Art to dart, dart to art, heart to heart: hear, see, and feel the sacred vibration. Catch the train, plane, boat, and car, the shifting modes of transportation found in the painting that holds First Creation changing. Crossing back and forth from wall to floor and kitchen to performance room, take another look to cook the way you look next time. Then hear to be here, there, and everywhere. Don't forget to smell the oddities and the goddities, and enjoy tasting the holy bread, seiki sushi, and n/om meat. It's all here except when it isn't because then it has already become another offering. Welcome back to the Spirit House of New Orleans. Our gallery is a prayer room, healing clinic, praise house, spiritual cooking theatre, and an art show for the ancestral folks who made earth as it is in heaven.

Pick up your brush, throw some clay, tune that guitar, or blow your comb, kazoo, or empty bottle. Make a joyful noise, a colorful mark, a wild brush stroke, an unexpected notch, a trickster-tripping etch, or a paradigmatic leap for the Lord. If you have a gift and are not using it, then you, dear friend, are a dead mackerel in need of moving to another room. Take a look at the wall—there's the trout in the Wigram Stream. Jump in. If you think you don't have a gift, then, you, dear friend, are a dead mackerel in need of moving to another room. Take a look at the floor—there's the trout in a First Creation dream, holding a gift in its fin. You are not *finished* yet, so

take another walk and have another look in the other room, this time for the very First Creation time.

How to Live

Brad prayed directly to Jesus, asking for instruction that could be given to the Sacred Ecstasics Guild: “Please show us how to live in a way that brings us near your extreme love. Flood everyone’s heart in the supreme visionary experience that initially made me new in you. How should we live to become the creatures of your sweet love, mystical light, and divine joy? Guide us each day and lead us toward feeling immersed in your utmost sacred ecstasy. Yes, Lord. Thank you, Lord.” Two dreams came that night in a response:

Hillary and I were taken to a fire station in the French Quarter of New Orleans. The firemen were all sitting outside with the fire station doors wide open. This is a sight we have often seen before, especially when we lived on Dumaine Street in the Quarter. The firemen were casually dressed, cooking all kinds of delicious treats that included grilling some meat. Laughter bubbled everywhere and it felt like the happiest party on earth. The dedication of these firemen to staging and producing this joy felt like the highest form of prayer. Before sleep I had asked, “How to live?” The dream answered, “Have a fire station party.”

The most glorious sensation of the dream was hearing the firemen play music. We didn’t actually see anyone with an instrument, nor did we see anyone sing. But the music, like extreme joy, was powerfully heard and felt in the atmosphere. I woke up in a state of wonder and exhilaration. I marveled at how powerful joy can be—a force that clears away any interference with feeling near the epiphanies, theophanies, and hilarities of divinity. Joy is the beginning, middle, and end of climbing the ladder. It is neither frivolous nor superficial—it is the highest fire, flood, mud, and wind of sacred ecstasy. It brings the grease that fries the soul and the chitlin’ power that awakens the spirit. This bliss is born of the extreme love that erases every conceptual dividing line.

I expressed my gratitude for this revelation at three-thirty in the morning and later entered into a second dream. This time Hillary and I were inside the fire station. Our eyes and ears were riveted on the sight of a piano and the old man playing it with all his heart. It was João, my spiritual father from Brazil. He played with the kind of mysterious passion that reverberated every cell of our mind and body, in the same manner we felt Jimmy Scott could administer. In the fire station, João didn’t have to sing his vibration; he could convey it on the keyboard. He

smiled as he turned to face us. I knew what he would say before he said it. “See, we are the same.”

I woke up feeling incredibly grateful to have João as a father, friend, and saint of Sacred Ecstasies. He often said that Jesus lived in his heart. The smallness João achieved—becoming no bigger than a small pebble—enabled Jesus to come inside his heart and radiate in every direction. In the dream, he showed us how the heart of the fire station only needed one person making and soaking in music, the love song of songs that longs for the holy fathers and mothers. This is enough to strike the match, start a wildfire, and enable a party to break out on the outside where grilled meats and sweet treats are served. Celebrate the glory of life that rises again from the former absence of joy, loss of faith, and forgotten spark. Join us as we party like Ouroboros born-again dragons at the spirit fire station of New Orleans. It only takes one song and one piano in your heart to get the joy in motion. All aboard! Your little me is ready to travel again with Little Jimmy and Little João, heading toward the Sacred Ecstasies party that welcomes every arty darty.

Years ago, João told Brad what it felt like to do God’s work. He replied, “With each cure and success, I felt a joyous party in my heart. It brought me great happiness to help relieve the suffering of others . . . With God in your heart you can become fully human. Although there are many angels and spirits, Jesus is the most important spirit. He is the Saint of all saints. . . it is enough to have God in your heart and to be a good brother or sister to others.”

The Conductor and the River

Brad dreamed we were standing next to a river:

We wondered whether it was the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Danube, or another great waterway of the world. Or was it the Wigram Stream of First Creation? On a platform next to the river stood someone in a white suit. He was holding a baton and making the arm and hand motions of an orchestra conductor.

A voice spoke:

Do more than seek a specific answer to your practical questions. Don’t ask where you should live, what you should do with your life, what solution is needed to fix a problem, or what is needed to make you feel fulfilled. Those are Second Creation ways of hunting for a static name, whether it is the name of a place, social role, status,

or abstract definition of your purpose. Above all things, make sure you face the river and are moving toward it, only seeking to take the leap into its current. As importantly, follow the lead of the conductor. Don't do it on your own. The river and the conductor are the two sides of the big room. Together they provide the movement and direction needed for you to find and enact your part in the whole of creation.

In a flash, the scene we had just observed morphed into a painting on the wall. The river and conductor in a white suit had been perfectly captured by a master painter. I woke up stunned by how vividly the dream scene, both alive and painted, portrayed the need for higher guidance and how the numinous river that constantly moves, modulates, and changes everything within it constitutes the big room dynamics of life. A "room" per se implies a place too static and unchanging, while the notion of a "river" better captures the First Creation current that washes, alters, and carries the names away. Let's go down to the river to pray. Don't ask for the name of the river or where to enter, what to wear, what to say, or what to do. Look to the conductor and wait for the instruction for your conduction. Then follow it as the surest means to reach the river.

The self-centered orientation of contemporary psycho-babbling times has thrown many of us completely off course. Self-help for self-healing, self-awareness, self-esteem, self-actualization and all the rest recreates a Ptolemy solar system where everything revolves around the individual. Even the mention of "all our relations" too often masks a New Age prayer for individual fulfillment. Each spiritual lamb needs a shepherd to bring it back to the herd of humanity as it is in divinity. Anointed preachers, priests, rabbis, and the like are here to conduct communities seeking to give praise in concert. Doing this alone is not the same as the concerted interaction of more than one person seeking communion with the source and force of the river, stream, and vast sea.

The conductor of spiritual traveling is often seen wearing a white suit in the visionary adventures of the Caribbean shakers. In Brad's dream, he appeared the same but not in an airport control tower or as the captain of a ship. He was on the podium with the baton used to direct an orchestra and any dancers moving in synch with the music. Divine communion is always ecstatic and requires music and a moving body. You need the skillfully guided wild improvisation of changing tones, rhythms, and movement to find yourself nearer the river. All the ingredients of sacred ecstasy must be coordinated, led, and blended with those of others. The conductors are here to help the diverse instruments blend and make

the kind of praise that will raise the ceiling and server while razing the towering babble of the observer.

Another dream followed. This time we faced a gigantic painting in an art museum. It was at least twenty-four feet or eight meters tall. The entire canvas depicted clouds from a perspective high in the sky. They were huge clouds that seemed capable of a mighty storm, yet they also appeared soft and gentle. Rays of sunlight poured through them, reminding us of an old Biblical image of angels and the Lord coming down from above. As we bent our heads back to see the top of the painting, we felt we were climbing to heaven. We ascended into a place of mystery where reverie cooked us with ecstasy.

Afterward, when awake, Brad realized we didn't not look away from the painting. We didn't turn to see who was in the room or check to see who painted the image, nor did we look for a placard to read about the artist's intended meaning. Our eyes simply followed the painting as it led us up to the top where we entered the river, stream, and sea of higher dream. In this manner, we climbed the rope to heaven, led there by a beautiful work of art.

Don't just gaze and be amazed by beauty. Feel the muse of emotion that inspired the original work of art as you recreate it within, that is, follow what Charles Henry formerly advised. Climb the sky as it is painted again by your second eyes in First Creation. Meet the dart by climbing the art. The river carries the current of change, helping you create and recreate the art. The conductor helps you enter the water. There is a river and there is a conductor. Be in the middle between them both—that's the medium of conduction, the source of instruction, and the force of construction.

Reminder

Brad dreamed we were in a gathering with others who came to bear witness to something that was about to take place:

An elder walked to the podium and asked Hillary and I to come forward. He announced that we were being given a special gift that would help every member of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild progress with their spiritual development. He said, "The gift is *reminder*." This awkward sentence confused us and didn't make any obvious sense. We wondered if we were supposed to remember something previously given or whether "reminder" was a cryptic name for the gift. Then the man pulled out a small palm-sized painting that had the same image we saw in the dream the night before. It depicted clouds high in the sky, with heavenly sunshine pouring through. We bent over to view it more closely and wondered if we were

supposed to remember the previous teaching in order to understand what was going on.

Before we could ask the man for further clarification, our son, Scott, rushed to the stage and grabbed hold of the small painting. He pinned it to his shirt directly over his heart and walked away, ready to go back to work in his everyday life. We were stunned by Scott's certainty and instantaneous action that set the gift in motion. In that moment, many forms, dimensions, and realities of the gift poured through us. It was a gift designed to implement action rather than accumulate knowing. "Action mind" is different from "knowing mind." Action mind acts in order to re-mind the knowing mind to re-mind itself. Each of us needs re-minding to act in order to set in motion this latter kind of action mind. Reminder: re-mind your mind for action.

The next dimension of the gift pointed toward not forgetting what we were recently taught. There is a tendency to wait for a new experience while letting what previously came to fade before it is implemented and embodied. We must be reminded of the previous teaching, for the next one is a variation or transform of the former truth. Without remembering the former teaching, a subsequent teaching is dismembered. Re-minder: re-member rather than dis-member or tear the links of mind further apart.

The clouds in the sky were a reminder that we should find our way each night and day by following the ever-peal. Follow the singing and ringing source and force on high—the song line rope that pulls us upward as binary oscillations become creative tensions and reach for sacred vibrations of jubilation. Re-minder: re-mind, re-member, re-pond to the call from over your head. Follow the sun that shines through the clouds, inviting you to climb as you concentrate on its light with no interference in sight.

As one teaching after another was unwrapped from the "reminder" gift, I fell asleep again. A second dream arrived. Hillary and I were now outside with Scott and other Guild members. There was tremendous excitement in the air. Somehow the gift of "reminder" was igniting mystery all around us. Then, without warning, a beautiful fog came amidst us. It was barely above our head—it looked like a mist, yet it was far more than this. It also looked like smoke, but it had no disturbing smell. Then we began to feel something awaken within.

A miracle took place: With all our senses we realized that this mystery mist or misty fog was the cloud above seen in the paintings coming down to meet us. It awakened a higher sense we did not know we had. We experienced the mystery cloud in a way that is beyond sight, sound, smell, taste, and touch. All I can say is that it felt wonderful and beautifully incredible. It reminded us that the big picture

or big room is only experienced by taking action with a smaller version of it, held near your heart. Wear this cloud, and act in order to meet it. This is re-minding, re-finding, and re-vising what it is to climb the rope to God. Don't forget and don't only remember. Act to re-mind yourself to unwind the coil that sleeps in the deep heart. Wear what you are reaching for and do it without hesitation. The clouds are rolling, the bells are pealing. What are you going to do about it?

Reminder: Another Gift Has Arrived with Instructions for Action

Recall the vision of the elder man who announced we were being given a special gift that would help every member of the Guild progress with their spiritual development. He said, "The gift is *reminder*." He also pulled out a small, palm-sized painting of clouds high in the sky, with heavenly sunshine pouring through. We learned that each of us needs a reminder to act in order to set our spiritual gifts into motion. The big picture, big room, or big river is only experienced by taking action with a smaller version of it held near your heart. Draw or print out such a cloud and wear it. This is re-minder to do more than listen or read. Take action—follow the instructions for experimentation.

Our Primary Cornerstones

Each Guild adventure brings new teachings that come down the visionary pipeline, generating a series of "cornerstones" or primary building blocks upon which our new spiritual reality will be built. Please keep a list of these ongoing metaphors and lines; turn them in your mind during the day and night. Keep them in your field of attention. Here's some of the primary cornerstones that are now in motion.

There is a river, let's walk on water
First Creation grand piano
Follow the ever-peal
Creode
Throw the art to catch a dart
Keep your hands on the plow, hold on
Have a fire station party
Follow the painting
The gift is "reminder"
Only look at the stream, stare until you hear it sing
The megaphone is here
The mind only proves its own convention
Wade through the water, but do not check your shoes

Other metaphors and lines from the ecstatic tracks provide secondary and tertiary building blocks for our ongoing reality construction. The more you use these words and phrases, the more they can become the room, muse, and fuse that lights up your inner Life Force Theatre.

Only Look at the Stream

Brad dreamed he was in a room with a large window:

The walls, floor, ceiling, and window frame were made of the same type of exquisite wood, stained medium dark and beautifully weathered. I then looked out the window and saw a winding river below, surrounded by a lush green forest. As I gazed at the scene, I felt I was “hearing” it through my eyes. I could still see the river and forest, but more prominently I heard them as musical tones. This perception created an instant rush of heightened emotion, and the experience of combined senses was so shockingly different that I wondered if I had become another kind of creature. I was stunned at how the sensory enhancement of combining the acoustic and visual could so easily and readily transform my sense of identity and make me question whether I was even human. At the same time, I felt I had become fully human for the first time.

As I marveled at the ecstatic blend of sight and sound, my emotions continued to rise and I became even more disoriented. I could not figure out where I was standing in the room and wasn't even sure I had a body. I then looked down to see if I had a torso and noticed a wood structure. It was almost like a rectangular box but curved at the end. Immediately I recognized the shape of a concert grand piano. Somehow, I had become a musical instrument. More accurately, my body had become the wood resonator of a concert grand piano—I was a Steinway. I started to laugh and turned to Hillary to say, “We really are resonators. Charles Henry was absolutely right.”

I looked out the window again and heard the stream and woods joyfully sing as a full orchestra. This wild musical marvel silenced my inner thoughts, giving me an introduction to what it means to no longer divide the senses. In the whole, unbroken connection of sight and sound, along with touch, smell, and taste, reality becomes a song. Here we naturally resonate with creation, with bodies that readily receive the beauty of vibration. This leads directly to the jubilation of sacred ecstasy whose music fills the celestial spheres and Ouroborean atmosphere.

Becoming an instrument in full communion with the world requires all the senses of you combined so your heart can rise. Nothing is as grand as a wooden piano body resonating with the woods from which it came. The sight of the forest and stream awaken the vibration that reverberates with no need for translation or interpretation. The view heard is the holy bread felt.

I woke up singing praise for how the dream had raised me from the dead. I resolved to never let vision take precedence over audition. Let's get moving with the wind, ringing with the strings, and freeing the body piano to strike, blend, and mend whatever has been torn asunder by any mind that forgot how to play its body instrument.

Later in the night I had another dream. Hillary and I were driving across the country, and we came to a rest stop and shop on the edge of a gigantic canyon. We went inside to fetch something, and the attendant said we should go next door to find it. Adjacent to the shop were two gigantic concrete buildings, monstrously drab and ugly. They looked like military bunkers for alien invaders. I couldn't bring myself to enter either place, so Hillary bravely chose the one that looked like a Walmart because it was closer and not as spooky looking as the Costco next to it.

I walked over to the edge of the canyon and looked down. There were gigantic electrical power line towers and an electrical company below. What had formerly been a vast river and big lake had dried up. I realized I was looking at Arizona and seeing how the presence of short-sighted profiteers had soaked its beauty dry and scarred the earth with two ugly franchises, an electric company, and a gas station with a shop that didn't have what you needed. I trembled with disgust over what went wrong with the human race that it could so arrogantly erase natural perfection for the sake of soulless exploitation.

I then saw Hillary come out of the building. I shouted for her to come over and take in the sight below. When she was next to me, I looked more closely. This time I noticed a small stream at the bottom of the canyon. It was beautiful, as were the rocky bluffs surrounding it. Nature was still alive, though harder to hear amidst the horrific sight of concrete, steel, and prefabricated design. I whispered to her, "Only look at the stream. Stare until you hear it sing. Only this awakens the higher dream that pulls us through."

A Master Class in the Aesthetics of Change

On the afternoons of June 16th and 17th, 2021, we held conversations about the evolving nature of our work. We felt clearer about what was unfolding as our next major development. In this buzz of excitement, we again recalled how Sacred Ecstatics was formally launched years ago by

a two-week course offered in Budapest. It was called “A Master Class in Healing,” and every night a dream would arrive that gave us metaphors to help explain what we were doing in the live clinical sessions conducted each day. This resulted in our first book on Sacred Ecstasies. It was an ironic twist that the first full articulation of our spiritual orientation arose from conducting therapeutic sessions. Yet it was obvious from the onset that our sessions are radically different than what you find in psychotherapy and other talk-based approaches to change. What we do takes place in a different kind of performance room that is less a clinic or consultation office and more a blend of a theatre, ceremonial ground, storefront church, and cabaret. In Budapest we realized the critical need to first explicitly articulate the nature of the whole room hosting our approach to spiritual transformation before specifying the techniques inside it. Otherwise, the room would not be seen, heard, or felt, leaving our action scene misperceived by its observers. To meet our radically different work and experience its ecstatic heat, step into its room. Our first master class and the book that followed it were all about building the unique room of Sacred Ecstasies that subsequently enabled describing and embodying the action taking place inside it.

Ever since then, the first step of Sacred Ecstasies accentuates building *the room* to assure that our client or focus of change is the whole system, rather than any isolated (cut out) participants, props, actions, or interpretations. We are more a room changer and less a people helper, fixer, or healer. In this sense we are on the same maverick trail Brad started on, that is, treating Ouroboros (aka cybernetic) systems rather than individuals, couples, families, or cultures. We aim to heal, transform, and alter the room so that any other changes follow naturally as the dynamics of transformation ripple throughout the ecological connections. It should be no surprise that many of the visions after the master class in Budapest concern moving to different places in the world. This is a metaphor for emphasizing *the room* which we also regard as First Creation, the place of changing time and space.

During these recent afternoon conversations, we also discussed how this past year frequently brought dreams that called us back to the kind of session that launched our work—working with people whose suffering led them to request help from a therapist. We laughed at the madness of our longstanding professional dilemma—trying to avoid entrapment in the rooms associated with therapy, counseling, coaching, and even healing. They too often restrict rather than support or enhance our work, and even more so for the trainees and colleagues who observe it. When the room’s primary importance is missed, everyone remains clueless that they are room-less. Yet these same problematic rooms are where you typically find the clients in need of our help. Clients, too, go to the wrong room that shrinks rather than expands their life, but know not where else to venture. In this regard, professionals and their clients share an equal need for a different room, the systemic change that matters. This wholeness paucity, contextual disparity and double room calamity left us not knowing what to call our sessions—therapy, healing, coaching, cooking, conducting, or something else.

We have largely lived with a dualism we invented ourselves—one side of our work requires going through the “creative therapy” door while the other side is entered through the “spiritual cooking” door. At the same time, we place both sides in the same universe of Sacred Ecstasics. Nonetheless, we respect that people come to us with different desires, needs, and expectations. While the operations of Sacred Ecstasics—room building, cooking, and prescriptions for altered daily action—apply to both sides of our work, the main difference is the range of temperature that typically emerges. Creative therapy is usually warm whereas spiritual cooking is often sizzling hot. The former is more suited for word play; the latter leaves talk behind in favor of spontaneous sound making and movement. We find value in both zones, and we find our lives and work are enriched when we are free to experience variations of temperature along with changing rooms, names, and a diversity of frames.

Even when someone comes to us through the creative therapy door for help with a particular problem, we usually find the session goes far beyond into spiritually transformative territory that surprises everyone, including us. On the other hand, we have conducted numerous sessions with Guild members addressing the kind of family problems one might typically go to a therapist for help with. Ideally, we would not call our work anything and just allow the temperature to rise or drop as it is guided by higher hands on the thermostat. In practice this is what we do, but we still cannot avoid being influenced by how the name of the session or gathering plays a part in activating the degree of heat reached. When we are conducting sessions at clinics and training programs around the world, creative therapy and its inventive simmering are activated. However, when we are called to conduct a Sacred Ecstasics gathering, the flames quickly throw us past that kind of improvised talk as song and dance bring the whirlwind that further spreads the fire.

From the beginning, we grasped how spiritual temperature is inseparable from the name of the room and the sessions it hosts. Only more recently did it become vividly clear how both sides of our work involve the same two primary vectors—aesthetics and ecstasics. Recently we have called these the “art” and “dart” of Sacred Ecstasics. More specifically, aesthetics is our performance art side (the writing, speaking, dancing, singing, and drawing) and ecstasics refers to the spiritual cooking that began in the Kalahari where Bushmen throw darts, arrows, and nails of n/om—a reference to installation of the sacred vibration. In today’s conversation, we appreciated how the warm temperature of creative therapy leans toward aesthetics while the hot fire-in-the-bones of spiritual cooking leans toward ecstasics. This does not mean that art and dart are exclusive. Both must be in play for each side of our work or else everything goes dead. It’s a matter of different ratios—with creative therapy, there is more art. With spiritual cooking, there is more dart. Aesthetics cannot soar without ecstasics, and the ecstatic fire for spiritual cooking cannot be lit without the aesthetic performance of rhythm, tone, and movement that lights the match and keeps the flames burning.

In this conversation we had an epiphany about the next name of what was formerly called creative therapy, ecstatic healing, and the like. We envisioned a “Master Class in the Aesthetics

of Change.” The historical recursion of this term did not escape us—it’s a return to the title of Brad’s first major academic book, *Aesthetics of Change*. Later when Brad shifted from a focus on theory to its performance in sessions, he called his work by numerous names including brief cybernetic therapy, improvisational therapy, resource focused therapy, and more recently, creative therapy. Now it is time to return to a name that has always pointed beyond the psychotherapy and to emphasize the dynamics of transformation: “A Master Class in the Aesthetics of Change.” As soon as we spoke this name aloud to one another, we immediately knew we were ready to re-launch the second side of Sacred Ecstatics. A discussion ensued as to where in the world should we host the comeback of the aesthetics of change.

That night Brad had a dream:

We were walking the streets of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and came across a curio shop. Looking in the window, it appeared to offer a scattered mix of flea market items, a few antiques, and mostly worthless junk. I then recognized a therapist I knew from the past who is a big fan of Ericksonian hypnotherapy. He ran out and greeted us, inviting us in because he owned the place. He still looked like a hippie, dressed in a tie-dyed t-shirt, though his long hair had departed and left him with a bald head. As we looked at the items in his shop, nothing caught our eye or interest. It was like a cheap pawn shop with no rare mojo or beautiful art anywhere. He then invited us upstairs to his apartment. It was an old adobe structure and this we immediately noticed and appreciated.

His home furnishings were classic tokens of the 1960s—lava lights and old vinyl records strewn about. He also had a great stereo setup, so we decided to play him a recording of a healing session we conducted at the Budapest master class. He enjoyed and celebrated every line he heard, saying cliché lines like “cool, man,” “digging it,” “far out,” “yeah, man,” and the like. We had no clue whether he was really listening or only robotically reacting. I felt a certainty growing inside me that he was going to go get a joint and invite us to get stoned with him—getting high was obviously his primary cornerstone. In that moment we realized the extent to which we prefer the higher emotion of Sacred Ecstatics, even if it comes from listening to a recording.

I stood up and announced before he could make his invitation, “We need to step out and get some fresh air.” We went outside and saw that his neighbor lived in an adobe mansion with a courtyard that rivaled the Pope’s garden in Vatican City. A couple was sitting outside on the porch wearing designer clothes that gave the impression of being casual and extremely wealthy at the same time. They waved with a sappy smile. We turned and looked at each other, feeling that the whole place felt fake and contrived. It wasn’t odd enough to be aesthetically

surreal or exciting. The whole city was just plain dumb and numb to whatever past art and culture it pretended to be inspired by. I recalled how I once summarized Santa Fe to my students when I taught at an art school there, “It’s a pretty stage with nothing on it.” It no longer has any dart in its art and is missing any awareness that there even is such a thing.

We went back to my former acquaintance and mentioned it was time for us to go. We added, “We live up the street.” Then we said, “We didn’t know where to move so as we traveled through we randomly thought, ‘let’s stop here.’ Then we rented the first place we found. We left our former home and furnishings—they are just sitting back there.” We walked away from that therapist, knowing how pleased he was to hear about our mindless decision to move there. We did not return to the rented place. Instead, we left Santa Fe and went back home.

The next morning, we discussed how we have not been able to settle into a summer home during our Guild off-season, a place where we can revive our focus on sessions. New Age art towns like Santa Fe have a lot of people who claim to be interested in out-of-the-box healing and spirituality, but when we conduct intensives for these audiences we usually find they have no ecstatic dart in their art and are too self-inflated to spiritually thaw. At the same time, when the main rope is fully plugged in, something valuable always manages to happen despite all of our limitations and misguided cultural conditioning. The experience of neither fitting inside psychotherapy nor the New Age contributed to our bouncing back and forth inside a dualism between creative therapy and spiritual cooking, while knowing those two doorways mask a more complex blend found on the other side where names disappear. We felt the need to go further back in time, reaching for the old majestic cathedrals and acoustically magical concert halls. We asked where such art and dart were co-born. That’s where the aesthetics and ecstasies of changing can welcome back the two sides of Sacred Ecstasies.

Welcome to our reborn classroom, salon, and broadcast station. What happens here shall remain unknown, free to climb up and down the spiritual thermometer. Welcome back the aesthetics of change whose ecstasies are felt but not always seen. The aesthetics and ecstasies of Sacred Ecstasies are back with a better tuned art and a more sharpened dart to make sure the change gets through.

The Megaphone Brings the Wakeup Call

We prayed for further direction that would help evolve our work. A dream arrived:

We were back in a shop that was both similar and different to the one we recently visited in the dream about Santa Fe. There was a long counter with two sales

attendants standing behind it. It looked more like a pharmacy with potions on the wall. A woman we recognized, who is a dancer and New Age spiritual coach, came over to us. She offered us some unsolicited advice: “Make sure your speech is phrased in a rhythm with an odd number of beats. Don’t be in any rhythm that ends in an even number. It has to end in 1, 3, 5, 7, or 9.” We found this advice surprising coming from her because her style of dance and musical preference have virtually no syncopation or offbeat rhythm.

Before we could reply, the other attendant spoke. He was the same hippie hypnotherapist we had met in the dream before. Picking up on what the woman said, he elaborated what she meant to communicate. “It’s all about working with trance. When the hypnotic work is done, make sure you bring them out of the trance. 1, 2, 3, wake up.” We laughed when we heard him say this because we remembered telling a conference of psychotherapists in Puebla, Mexico that our work is different than most approaches to hypnosis. We told the two attendants, “We don’t want anyone coming out of our kind of trance because it involves waking up a higher dance.” In that moment, we were flooded with the realization that neither the New age dancer nor the hippie hypnotist had a clue that the room, rather than the client, must be *odd* (beyond the familiar) and *awake* (not in a zombie-like trance). This is the difference that makes a difference between looking and cooking.

In the dream, we experienced and more clearly noticed how these two attendants, one representing art and the other therapy, took some cutouts from Sacred Ecstasics and used them within their former, unchanged rooms. Without stepping into our room and its vaster reality blaster, their cutouts brought a dance, trance, and wake up that entirely missed our sought change of heat, expansion, and creative vitality. Cutouts alone miss the point of any whole teaching and do not point toward the big room. I then began to sing the Lord’s prayer to a rhythm ending on an odd beat, counting how many words various lines held. “Our father” had three beats and “which art in heaven” had five beats. Together they totaled 8 beats—which was an even number. While tinkering with this beat counting, I learned that it did not help deliver the heat. While it might exercise performance chops, such instruction must eventually be thrown away, allowing a higher force to move the words through. That higher force, the inspiring source of creative performance, is only felt in a big room. Change the room and the force will come, along with whatever needs to change. That’s how we rearrange realities.

I began to spontaneously chant the prayer and this time I felt it cook with no need of the odd rule about odd beats, nor concern whether I was tranced, danced, or awakened. While Sacred Ecstasics encourages similar experiments with atypical

instructions and uses contradictory metaphors that alternate trance and dance, along with odd over even, this is only meant to help trip you out of old habits and habitats. When a goofy loop is busted, it takes a big room to throw you inside a virtuous circle that is an Ouroborean ecstatic generator.

I began to chant in the dream, “Odd beats, even beats, let the purposeful rhythmic beats go. Trance, awake, let the purposeful state of consciousness go. Let the purposeful woman and man go.” I shouted, “Go ahead and dial God up. Get that phone call and powerful creative force through. Make the mega-phone call, for only this kind of prayer gets on the main line, aligned with higher power and clearer conveyance of alternating electricity.”

I went back to the Lord’s prayer with fire, wind, and electricity in my bones. I envisioned Sister Gertrude Morgan shouting through her illustrious megaphone. She never spoke, prayed, or sang without using her paper cone megaphone. She even used it in the prayer and healing room of her home. Her megaphone helped wake up the room, calling it to become New Jerusalem. Inside that holy space, anything could happen. This was Sacred Ecstatics in action—we are room focused and voice amplified to convey the vibe of divine creation.

In that moment I felt that her megaphone must reside within our New Orleans room, a constant reminder to go further than art and dart. Sacred Ecstatics is destined to speak to the room, shout to the whole word, change the entire reality. Like Sister Gertrude, use that megaphone even if you are sitting next to someone asking for your help. Commune with the room they are in for it must change to alter any inhabitant’s condition. Sister Gertrude had come to remind us that wherever we are, we must use the megaphone to call on First Creation where New Jerusalem’s Big Room wakes up eternal time and infinite space. Go past dance and trance; do what it takes to really wake up the room. Use the mega-phone and make a mega-call to mega-God.

The next morning, a miracle took place. We received a megaphone—it had belonged to Sister Gertrude Morgan and was used as a tool of her ministry. Only one other of her megaphones is known to exist, and it is exhibited at the High Museum, the leading art museum of Atlanta. Today we literally found that another megaphone made by Sister Gertrude was being hand carried to our home in a few days and would live in the New Orleans Spirit House room.

Say Amen, somebody. Better yet, shout amen to the big room! Then make a mega-phone call to the higher operator. Ask that God change the room as you forget trying to change any part of you. Big room, kaboom, make room for higher intervention that surpasses every earthly convention. This is the electrical connection that enables mega-phone communication, the

ecstatic climb and ride of cooked prayer communion. All aboard, the Sacred Ecstatics art flat and dart house have a megaphone that owns God's number.

Christine Enters Another World

We received a letter from Christine, a Guild member from Australia:

This morning I told my husband, Frank, that last night I felt like I entered another world. I thought I'd also share my experience with you. In the dream I saw a black woman who was chanting or praying over and over as she rocked. She seemed familiar, like one of the St. Vincent mothers, though not anyone I recognized. I was so captured by her movement that I couldn't focus on her face—I only perceived the blurring motion of her ecstatic expression. There were a lot of people moving around her and I heard someone comment, "This is the call and response." Her chanting was indescribably mysterious. It was as if she was moving sound as sound simultaneously moved her. Every now and then she would shout, "Pompey, Pompey!" Each time she called that name, I would feel the sound of the name pounding throughout my body. I heard some discussion about the "price" of this kind of experience, specifying where and how to get it. I then woke up with the acoustic vibration of "Pompey, Pompey!" surging within.

I don't remember what I heard about how to catch this experience. Every time I try to recall, I'm thrown back into hearing and feeling the chanting woman. As soon as I reported the dream to Frank, we both broke into singing Mother Pompey's visionary song, "I Stand on Zion Hill." We've been singing it all day, over and over.

We wrote Christine:

We celebrate your hearing and answering the Pompey call to climb Zion Hill with a song in your heart! Yes, there's always a price to pay for receiving spiritual gifts (time, effort, commitment, surrender, etc.) but the exact details don't matter because the call of the song is louder and stronger than trickster mind's desire to know. We're so happy you and Frank are hearing the angels sing.

Changing Rooms

In a dream, Brad was shown how a change of mind does not necessarily bring a change of room. As the great therapists and healers have known since the people-helping profession began,

“insight” typically fosters blindness to the dynamics of systemic transformation. The way to work with someone seeking change, including yourself, is to avoid the pursuit of understanding. Instead, launch uncommon action that is outside the box that has become the residence of a person’s everyday existence.

As artists of reality deconstruction, construction, and reconstruction, we believe that diagnosis—knowing what’s wrong—is trickster gnosis, a mind-binding hypnosis that advances psychological trance over an ecstatic room dance. We don’t believe anyone can adequately understand another person’s situation, though it is practically possible to expand, heat, and alter a room. Inside the latter, spontaneous calibration occurs for those who catch its radiant emotion. This is equally true for clients, therapists, healers, students, teachers, shamans, and mystics. The first step to getting on a higher track is to get over yourself and make the whole room the focus of change.

In Brad’s dream we were attending a large conference and overheard our former academic students discuss their therapeutic work. Though they had become professors, researchers, journal editors, and leaders in the field, they were so tightly bound in the world of talk-and-thought that they had lost touch with how to evoke room change for themselves or others. This is true for anyone who lives outside the aesthetics and ecstasies of spiritual cooking—here the world only fights for the story that brings the most glory, missing the beauty and fire that burn and turn the wheels of change.

Our Sacred Ecstasies emphasis on action that changes the room gives no importance to the difference between either education and therapy, or spirituality and healing. Anyone seeking change is regarded as the ambassador of a room. They represent the room’s request for change. This request is far beyond the mind’s ability to comprehend. It requires surrender and connection to higher guidance that is more ineffable than textual, more numinous than narrative. Mystery must arrive to thaw and inspire awe.

The next night, Brad had another dream that continued this teaching about changing rooms rather than people:

I was with my son who was a small child in the dream. He entered a box like it was a toy house. He could no longer hear or see me—he was in his own world. Another man went into the room and my son reported his experiences to him. That man only listened and did not say a word. He represented one of the fantasies of every child—to have an adult be their audience rather than a parent, teacher, or coach. Wondering what I could do that might get through to my son, I placed the entire box on wheels. I then moved it all over the world, constantly alternating its movement from slow to medium and fast. I also changed the trajectory from straight lines to zig zags, curves, circles, and more random designs. Any smooth

motion was interrupted by some jerky commotion. There was no way for him to predict how or where the movement would next go.

I was a dad transporting the boxed-in world of my son. Finally, I was flooded with the realization that this is all that any parent, teacher, coach, therapist, or healer can do for another person. You can't really enter their world (though some fantasize this). To be a viable instrument of change, you must move their whole room—the box they are in—so they feel a movement that is outside their reality. Instill the experience, awareness, and curiosity that there is a mysterious dynamic around them that can only be felt rather than seen or heard. Move the room and wait for them to catch and own the feeling for whole room movement.

As this higher understanding flowed through me, a man who looked familiar walked into the dream. It was Miles Davis, holding his trumpet like he had been assigned to replace the Angel Gabriel and his horn. Mr. Davis stared at me with his fierce eyes and spoke slowly, hiply, and authoritatively, "The mind only proves its own convention." Those words were so strongly and soulfully spoken that there was no need to repeat them. They woke me up, and I could not forget what I heard: "The mind only proves its own convention." This is another way of saying that the room, the world, and the reality you construct is forever self-verifying. Once you have established and defined your preferred conventional way of living, any new future thoughts and perceptions, familiar or unfamiliar, will be used to maintain it. The mind cannot change your situation—it only proves its own convention.

I laughed at how the night before we had attended a convention where we observed former students stuck in their paradigmatic frame. This dream showed how my son had built his world and how I, as a father, existed in it only to the extent that I fit his mind's conventional understanding of my role. The only higher change I could bring was moving the whole room, doing so unseen from the outside. Again, this applies to anyone given the responsibility to foster the growth of others.

I fell asleep again and entered a second dream. I found myself viewing our present living room at night. I was surprised to see that only one lightbulb was lit in the entire room—the single light of one chandelier. It startled me. I woke up feeling a lot of joy. Somehow the vision had conveyed that we only need to turn on one light. The rest is in God's hands.

The night ended with a final dream. All I could see was a poster on the wall. It was a photograph of all the chiles in the world. As I stared at them, I turned to Hillary and laughed. We discussed that, past the movement of the room and lighting up one light, we must always make sure the cooking is hot.

The Place of Everywhere

In a dream, we were in Budapest looking for an apartment:

We made an offer on an apartment near the Franz Liszt Academy of Music. We were thrilled to be so close to its great concert hall where we could absorb the incredible sounds of the world's great musicians. We then walked a block away and found ourselves in Tucson looking at homes we had inspected in the past. On the next block, we were unexplainably in New Mexico looking at old adobes. Soon we were in Old Mexico, and after that, we walked past every place we had ever imagined living including Baltimore, Hot Springs, Eureka Springs, Bisbee, and Hollywood. Finally, we were on a street I recognized as the neighborhood where I grew up. It was the street next to my father's church—where a former dream found Dominique looking for his buried treasure. The homes, however, were now historic townhomes like the ones in New York City. I turned to Hillary and said, "We have entered the place of everywhere."

In that moment we realized that First Creation's changing forms are a reliable indication that we have arrived in the big room and vast universe. Here any part is also the whole and any place is everywhere. You exist in every dimension and level of multi-realities. During the last block of this visionary walk we noticed that Sabrina and other members of the Guild had joined us. We were together looking for a place to cook.

I closed my eyes and remembered what it felt like on the afternoon preceding the most powerful vision of my life—the initial installation of the sacred vibration and the flood of extreme love that engulfed me. I thought, "This is the feeling to recapture." In other words, the place to look for is the pinnacle sacred emotion rather than a geographical location—something felt rather than seen, named, mapped, or concretely found. Follow the music that leads you there, for only it can guide you to your true home. That's what I did back then and what we aim to do now. In the singing and dancing of Sacred Ecstasies, we find everywhere in any place as we feel the rising vibration of First Creation. In this jubilation, all our relations are made one, two, and three in Thee. We are looking for God, a mystery only found in the sounds of cooking.⁵

⁵ Brad's dream is similar to a vision Hillary formerly received where she experienced herself in a neighborhood that was a blend of all the places she has ever lived. At the end of the street she received a mystical tambourine. See "Hillary is Given an Anointed Tambourine" in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 2*.

Robert Stead

The recent downpour of visionary advisement encouraged us to pour more sacred emotion into our life, making sure our room was optimally buzzing with the spiritual electricity and invigorating inspiration of divine mystery. In this adjustment of our Sacred Ecstasics thermostat, we conducted a divination, and what came up was Hillary's first drawing. It was an illustration for this quote from Lakota medicine man, Robert Stead: "Nobody's sacred on this earth. No one is sacred. It's only the Big Holy who is sacred. Through Him all things are possible." These words confirmed the theme we had been discussing minutes before, emphasizing that the room, rather than any individual, is the transmitter and the receiver of spiritual change. The person who helps this process take place is more like a janitor, plumber, electrician, or piano tuner.

Years ago, Brad was told by medicine elders that Robert Stead was one of the holiest medicine men of his time. His life, like other sacred teachers we had met over the years, took care of the room of their work in an exemplary manner. We were inspired just thinking about them. Hillary decided to repost her drawing and quotation on our Facebook page and almost immediately afterward, we received a message from Robert Stead's niece, Ellen Scott: "That's my uncle. I want to learn more about him, I was adopted and did get to meet him in Marty, South Dakota in 1981. I attended a ceremony and he was so happy to have found me. I wish I knew more. I wish I knew more." We told her how to find a recorded interview of her uncle held at a university near where she lives and mentioned a chapter he wrote for a book about his culture's sacred medicine ways. She was grateful that we had provided some new links to her uncle's relationship with the Big Holy.

To catch a sense of Robert Stead's healing ceremony, read the following report from Scott Quimby., Ph.D. He witnessed Robert Stead's healing ceremonies during the late 1970s:

In 1976 I secured a position as a college teacher in the Human Services field at Sinte Gleska College (now university) on the Rosebud Sioux Reservation in South Dakota . . . I had the good fortune to be responsible for organizing and facilitating one of the courses the college began to offer titled Lakota Medicine. Members of the group came to class to give to give talks and led students on field trips to find medicinal plants and other natural things used for rituals and sacred purposes . . .

Most of the healing ceremonies or lowanpi's I attended were held by medicine man Robert Stead at his house out on the prairie. The person seeking help and requesting a ceremony would have first gone to him, presented a sacred pipe, and asked for help . . .

On the evening of a ceremony . . . I would arrive early so we could participate in the sweat that the medicine man and helpers did to purify themselves. When this was concluded it would be dark, and we would go into the house. Everyone

else, typically 15 -25 people, would be there in the main room of the simple Stead home. The altar would be set up consisting of what looked like fine sand placed on the floor in the form of a circle maybe 16 inches in diameter. Strings of tobacco tics would be placed around it. Four cans with sticks with attached colored materials would be placed surrounding the altar to represent the four directions. The medicine man's sacred materials including his pipe would be placed in a certain way. If a medicine was required, typically it would be in a container next to the altar. Blankets would then be put over the windows to keep out any possible light and the door would be locked.

The medicine man and helpers would then begin praying and singing songs of welcome to invite the spirits in. Robert's spirits were wanagi, spirits of former medicine men. What then occurred was the help seeker would explain his/her situation and request aid. The medicine man would consult with his spirits and follow their direction. The "doctoring" was done by the spirits. They might give the medicine man instructions to pass to the person. Other people in attendance would then in turn have an opportunity to ask the spirits through the medicine man for general guidance if they wished. When this was completed, more songs and prayers of thanksgiving would be offered, the spirits would leave, the lights would be turned on, and the ceremony would be over.

Afterward Robert would typically go around to those present and talk to them about any advice the spirits had for them . . . I remember when attending my first ceremony I was quite nervous. Once the lights were turned out the room was in pitch darkness, and everything took place in the Lakota language. Shortly after the initial praying and singing ended there was a very loud rap on the wall right above my head. A bit later the medicine man's rattle could be heard shaking in various places in the room. It came very close to me, right in front of my face, and I could have reached out and touched it, but I was much too scared. While this was going on there were no other sounds in the room.⁶

Robert Stead said this about the spiritual gift and destiny he was born with:

I have had this spirituality within me since I was about eight, nine years old. Everything I do, whatever I concentrate on, whatever I attempt, it always turns out the way I want it. When I was a little boy, I abused my spiritual power, even in school . . . But when the time came that I had to go up on the hill, I was scared. I was very scared. I didn't want to go . . . but I had to, because they brought about

⁶ <http://afterlifeinquiry.com/spirits-shamanism-and-lakote-medicine-men/>

eight medicine men to dissolve that sacredness or whatever it was that I had within me. They told me I was a chosen one, that I had to go up . . . My path to the sacred hill was rugged.⁷

We smiled when we read Robert Stead's words because when we privately discuss Brad's background, he says something similar. Brad found early on that he could easily achieve desired outcomes with his inborn spiritual gift, and he also delayed accepting his higher calling. His path to the sacred hill was also rugged and filled with errors of the non-resourceful kind. In the end, however, he learned he must get in the right room and not drift away from it. This took many years of learning from elders who had acquired the spiritual engineering, aesthetic chops, and practical know-how for handling ecstatic darts, arrows, nails, and spears. Yes, he also could call the spirits, as well as shake and bake with them.

Together we renewed our vow to devote ourselves to keeping the room big and ever expanding with no excuses. This requires that sacred emotion flow through our lives like the river that began this new visionary adventure a month ago. In conclusion, there is something more important than remembering to say our prayers, focusing on the sacred cornerstone, turning the mystical key, practicing our art, or sharpening our dart to better hit the target. Above all else, we must make sure the atmosphere crackles with numinous electricity as our hearts rise to feel that God is near and on the line.

Wade in the Water, Begin Again

Brad dreamed we were walking through a forest:

We enjoyed the sound of the wind through the trees and the birds singing along. Then we were startled to hear some people talking in the distance. We eventually came across some children who at first appeared quite nice and sweet. Then they became demanding, as children are capable of doing without notice. When we replied that we must move on and could no longer stay and play, they became angry. We ran away from them, fearing it was no longer safe to engage in more talk. I heard a stone land near us and realized they were throwing stones at us.

I spotted a narrow path along the bottom of a hill that was made by a tall tree that had fallen from a lightning strike. We carefully traversed it like a tightrope walker. We heard the children run by above us. They fortunately did not see us below. As if guided by invisible hands, one hidden passageway after another was revealed in the forest. We were both worried and delighted because we were

⁷ Robert Stead, "Traditional Lakota Religion in Modern Life," in Raymond J. DeMallie and Douglas R. Parks (Eds.), *Sioux Indian Religion*, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1987, pp. 211-216

seeing things formerly hidden that were only revealed because the emergency awakened new perception and direction. Finally, the end was in sight.

At the edge of the forest was an unusual building, a masterpiece of modern architecture. We looked for the entrance but there was no door. On one side, we found that the wall had been removed and the floor was a pool of water that covered the entire ground. It was less than a foot in depth, so you had to wade through it. We walked across this water and into the center of the building. There we found guides dressed in white, pointing people to the next direction they needed to travel. I wondered whether my feet were wet so I reached down to open the side of my right shoe, checking whether my socks were still dry. Noticing this corrective action, one guide pointed to me and directed, “Do not adjust anything. Now you must go back and enter again. Wade through the water but do not check your shoes after you are through.”

We went outside and could see that the children were getting near us. At first, we were worried and thought we should hurry, but something within reined in our panic. We calmly went into the building again and this time surrendered all worry about either our feet or the children. Seeing us arrive, the guide announced, “Now you are ready to begin again.” The children were then immediately behind us, but no longer angry or upset. They, too, were ready to begin again after they had waded through the water and received direction from on high.

There is a time to check and correct, and there is a time to trust and leave things alone. Don’t check to see whether you’re wet or dry—that’s when you will sink like Peter walking on the sea. Keep all your attention focused on the next direction and instruction from higher pointing guidance. This gets you and all your relations through to begin another mystical life adventure. Don’t look back, don’t check a thing, and don’t wait. Wade through the water and begin again. To the middle, please. There you find the pointing and the anointing that prevents your life from sinking.

Sister Gertrude Morgan Returns

When we initially contacted Sister Gertrude Morgan in vision, strange phenomena frequently took place. It began when Brad served as a medium between First and Second Creation. Several of the Sacred Ecstatics saints, especially Sister Gertrude Morgan and John B. Valmour, would seem to mysteriously flicker the living room lights when they came through. It even happened when we discussed them in a webinar. Yesterday, we watched a panel discussion of Sister Gertrude’s art held by three curators online, and the lights flickered in the London apartment of

the host throughout the show. At one point he teased that Sister Gertrude must have been responsible, which pleased us very much to hear.

Flickering lights, exploding light bulbs, and all kinds of unexplainable electrical activity have surrounded Brad ever since his mystical conversion experience. As we mentioned in earlier reports, he has also been a magnet for sacred objects—he doesn't call for them, they just come. Recently, the art of Sister Gertrude Morgan literally started flying onto our wall once she stepped into our daily lives and nightly dreams. The more recent reception of a megaphone she used in her prayer room really shook us up and made us take notice that something was happening that we could no longer ignore.

We used our spirit hotline and asked what was next in store for us. We received an immediate answer and specific instructions for our next assignment. Hillary's next little book will feature the mystical and ecstatic life of Sister Gertrude Morgan. This special saint's art and dart filled the room of her life, and now our life, as she also serves as inspiration for the entire Guild. The next little book production will include Hillary's drawings, along with photographs of the art she created that has come to us, including the megaphone. Sister Gertrude Morgan is back in the house to shake you up and wake you up!

Check Under the Hood

Brad dreamed we were given a race car:

The man in the dream who gave it to us advised, "Check under the hood. See if the oil is fine. Then get on the racetrack." Something seemed wobbly about the situation. When we analyzed the man's words, our minds were excited and wanted to believe that this was a gift to accelerate our spiritual traveling. But we also wondered whether the situation was a trickster temptation to take a short cut to spiritual victory. This was partly because I recognized the man as someone I knew who was sincere and honest, but also did not embody Sacred Ecstasies in his life. Brad answered, "I don't want to mess with that oily engine and risk cutting my hands. These hands are for playing the piano." We looked at that race car and track, wondering whether it had the right kind of "grease" needed for soul power. We also prayed to be on the straight and narrow road to God in the old-fashioned sure and pure way. Then I heard Sister Gertrude sing through me, improvising "The Lord's Prayer" in the most extraordinary musical arrangement I have ever heard.

You are transported to First Creation or New Jerusalem with prayer and song that move the body along. Hearty emotion, soulful expression, and a fire in the bones together create your

higher means of transportation. Don't open the conventional fast car hood. Instead, head to the big room neighborhood and get in its race. Here the Sacred Ecstatics saints help you cook to change the way you think, feel, and act. They do so by changing the track and the vehicle. They offer the kind of racetrack and hotrod that get you to heaven in no time flat. Yes, there is a race car waiting for you. Its vehicular name is "prayer" and its track sings you into high gear. Sister Gertrude is ready to change your oil and fill you up with ecstatic power. In addition to her former anointed roles, she is now God's gas attendant. She's already checked under your hood so go ahead and rev up your spiritual engine. It's time to get back on track.

The next day we received a self-portrait that Sister Gertrude Morgan made of herself as she looked in 1954. She handwrote these words next to her image: "This is the Lamb's Bride. She's waiting for the time to come. She's a faithful little follower. She got in the race and how she did run." She then added "Hebrew 12" referring to this scripture:

. . . let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles. And let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us, fixing our eyes on Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of faith. For the joy set before him he endured the cross, scorning its shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God.

We ecstatically invite the Sacred Ecstatics Guild to throw off everything that hinders and entangles, and to run for your life. Let's get in that race and set a record.

A Mystery in the Making

In a dream, a voice announced, "There is a mystery in the making." We then witnessed an extraordinary performance that went beyond sight and sound, filling us with incredible excitement over its ineffable splendor. It was something not of this world. After Brad woke up, he found he could not remember anything we experienced. A second dream followed later in the night.

In the dream it was daytime, and we were working at our desk. Someone knocked on the door and I said to Hillary, "Don't let anyone in yet. They want to see what has come to us." We felt that someone knew about the recent arrival of Sister Gertrude Morgan's tools of ministry—they had drawn the attention of the spirit world. When Hillary went to the door to say we are not ready for anything to be seen, she noticed they were three children. The oldest and tallest child had red hair and looked like Hillary when she was a girl. They were disappointed but understood as they walked away, hoping to come back later when we were ready.

In a third dream we received a spiritual gift. We were in our living room and a piece of music floated into the room. Brad immediately examined it and found something strange after the first measure of musical notes. The second measure had a mysterious kind of notation we had never seen before. It was a blurry mix of dots, wavy lines, and geometric shapes. It drew us into another reality where we were flooded with sacred emotion. We were reminded of past mystical maps we had received that were related to visionary mourning instructions, sacred sand paintings, spiritual travel maps, and the like. Brad then noticed some fine print written above the mysterious drawing. It was one word in parentheses: “moaning.” We instantly knew that this was hand made on the other side to indicate a particular musical expression. The image was so strongly mysterious that it made you feel inspired to make that kind of sound. It was not a score of notes; it was a figure of evocation for awakening the feeling of crying out to God through song. The feeling was so strong that it woke Brad up, filling him with spiritual electricity and inspiration. We were ready to make a new kind of record for the new muse that had come down the line.

The night before Brad had this dream, Hillary had been listening to Sister Gertrude Morgan’s music and contemplating her art. A phrase popped into her mind, “Sister Gertrude and her megaphone moan.” Usually when we think up these rhymes we say them aloud to one another, which fills our home with daily wordplay. But in this case, something made Hillary stop short of speaking the phrase aloud to Brad. Instead, she pondered what Sister Gertrude sounded like when she moaned—a sound we don’t get to hear on her record. Though Sister Gertrude was known for her exuberant songs and public preaching through her megaphone, we are certain that she moaned. It’s an old sound that came from the country churches in the Deep South and proliferated when she was alive. When Brad told Hillary about his dream the night before, she instantly remembered her rhyme: “Sister Gertrude and her megaphone moan.”

The New Manhattan Project

Brad dreamed we were inspecting a house built in the early 1940s, a small residence located somewhere in New Mexico:

The realtor in the dream, a young man with a moustache who looked a bit like Hillary’s father, decided to take us to a community meeting to get to know the local folks. Something like this also actually happened in the past when we were looking at a property in Hot Springs, Arkansas. The realtor took us to the Rotary Club meeting where we sang a song with the group, ate dinner, and met the local entrepreneur who was spearheading an effort to bring the town back to life. In the dream, we were at an informal gathering in a town hall. The couple selling the house went to the podium and began to speak. They suddenly broke into an argument about their marriage. It was embarrassing for the audience and when

they stopped talking, no one knew what to do. In that uncomfortable silence, I stood and spoke like a creative therapist. I chose the most interesting metaphor each had used in their talk and found a way to build a different “room” for holding their relationship, this time connoted resourcefully.

The whole reality and its surrounding emotion changed as if time and space had been bent to bring a radically different experience of reality. The town hall felt creatively alive and electrically vibrant. We, the couple, the audience, and the realtor completely forgot why were there. More strangely, we forgot we had been looking for a new house. Even the realtor seemed to forget what he was doing there because he got up and walked away. We were unsure whether he was upset because we no longer expressed interest in the property or whether he was behind the whole thing, arranging a situation for us to find that physical rooms are less important than the experiential rooms we build. The next day I wondered where I had seen the realtor before. I could not remember, so we filed the dream away.

The next night, I dreamed the man and the same place again. We discovered that we were looking at a house in Los Alamos, New Mexico, site of the Manhattan Project that built the first atomic bomb. This was interesting because throughout my life I used to quip that I am happiest when working on a “Manhattan Project.” This had two meanings that pleased me: the intensity of focus found in New Mexico’s historic experiment and the vast aesthetic range of performance found in Manhattan—code name, NYC. Tonight’s dream revealed the realtor as a very young Albert Einstein, who did resemble Hillary’s father. Einstein had arranged for us to experience the existential side of relativity—how time and space can be bent to make more room for another way of experiencing the events of interacting inhabitants, travelers, and observers. Our work with others, building big rooms wherein former impoverished story lines and frozen dramatic trajectories become new arcs, ecstatic sparks, and circular flights of space-time alteration, was shown to be more significant than we ever imagined. This changing of First Creation is based on whole reality rearranging, done by bending the lines of time and expanding the space—ripping open, digging deeper, and tripping beyond the previous encapsulation. In this manner we accelerate and celebrate the process of transformation and reformation.

A second dream followed. Hillary and I were eating in a mid-century cafeteria, sitting at a table in the middle of the room. At another table against the wall sat an old man who looked familiar, but I could not place him. He was talking with former ambitious students of mine and looked in need of rescue. To my surprise, I hopped up and walked over to him and said, “We’d like you to know that Hillary

and I are innovators of recursion and we've done some work you'd find interesting." He smiled to indicate that he already knew this. I went back to our table and noticed that he was still smiling. He then got up with a giftwrapped item and started coming toward us. He announced, "I made this for you. It's a gift of my appreciation." When we opened it, we found a large drawing on canvas of rectangular boxes, each one embedded within the others to indicate infinite recursion. The way the boxes were nested made their geometric lines look alive and ready to bend, pulse, alter, and energize the empty space inside them. The same single word was written in the middle of each box's border line—four times for each box. This word must have been repeated hundreds of times in total because when the canvas was unrolled it was at least three meters in length. We were stunned and the man radiated joy and delight witnessing our surprise.

Upon awakening, all I could remember of the drawing were the embedded bent box figures, and how the whole of it evoked a sense of change precipitated by recursive process in motion. I realized I had not looked to see what the word was because the field of all those bent lines had caught my primary attention. I felt disappointed that I had failed to catch that word and wondered whether I missed the entire teaching or whether the visionary old man was illustrating how it is better to catch the entire field rather than reduce it to a single named part. I prayed hard to be led to what was behind his pointing and what it meant for Sacred Ecstatics.

A third dream arrived, and the elder man introduced himself as Werner Heisenberg. He did not look like how I had seen him in other historical photos. However, I don't remember seeing him in his elder years. Later, after I woke up, I found that he looked exactly like the man who gave us the drawing in my dream. This time he spoke the word we missed seeing before: "hulse." We had never heard that term and wondered if he was trying to say "house." That made sense because a young Einstein had previously tried to sell us a house. I woke up, praying again to go deeper.

A fourth dream arrived and this one was the most pleasing and ecstatically exhilarating. We met Charlie Parker who played us a bebop riff. Then he handed me his saxophone and I was shocked to find that I could play what he had played, a fast bebop improvisation. I immediately experienced what I had intuited before—that the originality of bebop was as intellectually complex as theoretical physics, whether it was the theory of relativity that sought a unified explanation of a universe of continuous and deterministic events, or a quantum field that always leaves you uncertain where or when you will jump. Rather than express these higher points in a visual medium, bebop explored the bending of space and

time acoustically. This brought energized emotion that surpassed the physical laws of motion. The jazz giants were the acoustic explorers of unified streams and discontinuous leaps that were not settled in any form including a staccato particle or a legato wave. Meet the recursion of jazz encircling and jamming with the jazz of recursion.

As I dissolved into Parker's bebop, I switched to the piano pyrotechnics and ecstatic rhythmic pump of Errol Garner. Here I realized that the unified melodic renderings of Garner were like an acoustic Einstein, whereas Charlie Parker's long improvised runs were more like Heisenberg. Of course, this outlook is also relative, and with a paradigmatic leap you could land in a room where space and time are bent as music is sent differently. Erroll, after all, was a master at bending time and changing the feeling of a song, piano, room, and audience. Altering reality one way or another requires bringing in the room construction, fire tending, and vibrational changing dynamics of Sacred Ecstatics.

The next morning, we looked up the word "hulse." It is a German term for shell or container. Heisenberg's gift was acknowledging that we had contributed to the pragmatic understanding of how reality is constructed and transformed. In Sacred Ecstatics there is more than something unified, complementary, or disjointed. Here there is more wobble, bobble, and bebop—something best conveyed by music.

As a side note, scholars still debate who was more correct—Einstein or Heisenberg. Each camp believes it has proved the other side wrong. We humbly suggest that the room of observing, rather than observer or observed, determines what is seen as the main theme of physics. Those who like the law and order of continuity prefer Einstein as their main frame. Others, more fascinated with a hop to another vantage top, order Heisenberg as their main course. It's sort of like the difference between preferring your peanut butter smooth or crunchy. (We strongly prefer crunchy!) Whether you like your system characterized by smooth relativity or quantum crunchiness is a matter of aesthetics. Whether it lights your world, like it did with Einstein's "happiest thought," is inspired by your ecstatic joy. Einstein, the violinist, and Heisenberg, the pianist, found their muse in music and their fuse in physics. No matter their differences, both are peanut butter which is better found in the kitchen.

Where will host your next search for the mission of your life? You are invited to join or rejoin our Manhattan Project. We are going to blow up former ways of knowing and live in a changing reality that knows how to vibrate the violin and piano strings of theory and practice. Say "Hello, Hi, Hi," to Einstein and Heisenberg. They are now in the hulse with us. We have both kinds of peanut butter. Are you hungry for more?



Heisenberg

In a dream, we faced a table with a mysterious object on it:

From one angle it appeared as a small robot, an advanced mechanistic device that seemed ready to spring to life when given a wakeup call. When we looked at it from a different direction, it was not a recognizable form. As we moved about in relation to its resting or moving position, the object could appear as either material or ethereal—it changed the more we studied it. We were not sure if it was old or new, from earth or another universe. It felt like it pulled us toward it, but sometimes it repelled us. We were sometimes sure it was meant for us to find and then we thought we had stumbled upon something we should not have discovered. We were simply uncertain about what mystery we faced.

An elder man walked into the room who looked more like a scientist than a spiritual elder. He spoke these words: “When you say the name, ‘Heisenberg,’ a sequence of events will begin that will seem impossible to stop. This chain reaction is triggered by calling on ‘Heisenberg.’ Then what you see on the table will reveal its mission, even as it is changing.” The man stood and carefully observed what we would do with this information. Though we wanted to say the mentioned name and discover what would happen, we were hesitant to set in motion what to us was an unknown road to an uncertain future. We discussed whether thinking rather than saying the name would start the chain reaction, but obviously it hadn’t because nothing seemed altered. Then we wondered if everything was already changing and that saying the name only enabled us to perceive it. We knew we were at a crossroads—whether to say the name “Heisenberg.” I woke up puzzled by the dream, unsure what adventure was ahead of us.

I remembered that Heisenberg's uncertainty principle was typically misunderstood and conflated with the "observer effect" (even Heisenberg sometimes blurred them). The latter considers how an observer's observing influences, shapes, creates, or even invents observed percepts.⁸ Heisenberg would emphasize that what happens after you say his name is unpredictable. He further argued that no matter how much you know about the present moment, spoken or not, both the present and future remain unknown and uncertain. Heisenberg essentially annihilated the naïve idea of causality in 1927 when he wrote this in the now classic paper that forever changed the world of science:

In the strong formulation of the causal law, 'If we know the present with exactitude, we can predict the future.' It is not the conclusion, but rather the premise that is false. We cannot know, as a matter of principle, the present in all its details."⁹

I fell asleep to dream again. This time we received a letter. It described in greater detail what we had heard from the elder man in the dream before. It mentioned how the object we had seen would alter its behavior when we attempted to study it and render its mystery further unknown. As we read the letter, we realized that we had already spoken the name "Heisenberg" before the mysterious object appeared on the table. We had been discussing him following the dream in which he awarded us for our work on recursion. A chain reaction had begun, and we were in the middle of being uncertain where all this was going. We felt the future to be more unpredictable than before and that even the name "Heisenberg" was changing as we spoke it, enacting both the uncertainty principle and the observation effect. We also examined these two notions of physics within the cybernetic view of how action and perception are recursively related, enmeshed in a network of boxes, rooms, and houses that alter dots, lines, and circles to appear, disappear, return transformed, and make us re-formed in the process.

Sacred Ecstatics was born after the utmost experience of sacred ecstasy was named. It started a change reaction that is affected by how we name what is happening or not happening. And how we perform that naming or choose to not

⁸ The observer effect was most dramatically illustrated by Edwin Schrodinger's famous cat, but was noted by Einstein years earlier.

⁹ Über den anschaulichen Inhalt der quantentheoretischen Kinematik und " *Mechanik, Zeitschr. Phys.* 43 (1927) 172-198.

name the ineffable influences the ongoing performance's spoken lines and its call and response circles. We have met our Heisenberg and received his gift in First Creation vision—it is a map of the infinite recursion of rooms that house, hulse, holse, and host our lives. The more we say anything, the more it changes and alternates between appearing and disappearing. Say it!

Heisenberg, early on a talented pianist, became more interested in science as an adolescent and left behind a promising musical career. He reminds us that the key to the piano, the periodic table of elements, the quantum mechanics of theoretical physics, and the dynamics of creation and destruction is the chain reaction that follows the action of naming. Call the name that evokes mystery while knowing that your perception, subsequent action, and future naming will change while the present remains inaccessible to knowing. To melt your spiritual iceberg, heat the room with names that rise higher than the nuclear reactivity of Heisenberg as you whirl amidst the cybernetics of recursion. Call on the hallowed names that melt prior knowing and give rise to a heart that is feeling rather than explaining mystery. Go ahead and say this name and do so with the right alteration of tone, tempo, and movement. Ignite the chain reaction that is already in motion, for you have no reason to think you have not heard of Heisenberg, sacred ecstasy, and the room wherein everything changes. Do this in the name of the Creator whose changing creation includes the experiment that is your life.

Postscript:

After dreaming of Einstein and Heisenberg, we received this dream from Sabrina, a Guild member:

Last night I had a dream visit from you and Brad. I was in a classroom conducted by Hillary. She was sitting at the front of class administering a final exam. Upon looking at it, I realized there were mathematic word problems and algorithms that I did not recognize. I immediately felt the high caliber of Hillary's teaching and felt the need to pay closer attention.

Then Brad and I were walking up a grassy hill and he was talking about his recent vacation to Galena, Illinois. He said it inspired them to write a new paper on electromagnetics or something close to this topic. He excitedly continued discussing the paper when I noticed we were standing in muddy grass, our shoes almost completely submerged. We then arrived at the top of the hill and met Hillary at her classroom.

Big hugs to you both and hope you're enjoying your summer vacations,

Sabrina

Inside the Megaphone

In a dream, we were back in the house that was on the site of the New Mexico Manhattan Project, facing the same table as the night before:

Instead of the gadget that we previously observed and studied, the megaphone of Sister Gertrude Morgan was sitting there. We immediately noticed that it never changed how it appeared no matter the angle of observation. We wondered how the megaphone had landed there. As we looked around the room, we noticed many packed boxes and realized we had completed our experimental task. There was tremendous excitement in the air. We felt we must have discovered a world beyond the gadgets, grand theories, and mathematical equations of Heisenberg and the other great minds of science, mathematics, and engineering.

I picked up the megaphone and rather than speak through it, I placed it next to my ear. I heard Sister Gertrude Morgan shout, "Power!" Hillary tried it out and heard the same word. We smiled and knew that past the atomic bomb is the prayer bomb, and beyond the measurements and understanding of science is a higher power that this dedicated street preacher, musician, and outsider artist could reliably call upon. This force is not meant to be seen, nor harnessed and controlled by any privileged group. It is designed to be heard and felt by the meek, weak, sick, and weary—those broken and feeling the need to be made whole. This power has no gadget that is a trickster changing form, revealing whatever the mind desires. Instead, it has a handmade cardboard cone that is an experiential link to the divine, a rope to God, a telephone line, a power line, and a song line. It helps you own the feeling it transmits. Listen again, for Sister Gertrude Morgan is shouting and singing of its power. "Power, Lord, give me power!" This higher power has a sacred vibration that can destroy the small rooms that imprison the soul as it offers a vast prayer room without ceiling or walls.

We sat the megaphone back on the table and blended our voices with the sound of her prayer song. The more we felt her emotion flow into us, the smaller we felt. At the same time, the megaphone seemed to grow larger. A chain reaction had begun, and an explosion was soon to come. Carefully guided by her shifts of rhythm, sound, and word, we were led to the heavenly gate. To our surprise, it was the mouth of the megaphone. We jumped into its open portal and took the

plunge into the phone. There we found the whirling colors, the starlit sky, the symphony of spheres, the fireworks display, the ecstatic explosions, and the bebop, hop, and leap of the utmost joy that is beyond comprehension.

In the cone of the megaphone we felt hurricane-like winds moving everything around a circular vortex. It lifted us up to the widest circumference and then threw us to an even higher ecstatic dimension. The world exploded around us as the heavens knocked down every barrier that separates mind and body from the vast universe of God's love for creation. The Creator was truly a creator with the art and dart needed to help mortals climb the immortal ladder. We each knew what the other was thinking without saying a word: "We'll take Gertrude over Heisenberg and exchange every earthly gadget for the megaphone that has God's number." We came back to ourselves and knew that we had done more than split the atom. We had joined earth with heaven with painted cardboard, prayer, and song.

The next morning, we discussed how we are in hurricane season, a seasonal part of life in New Orleans. When a storm forms in the ocean and heads toward the southern coastline of the United States, meteorologists show a weather map that is marked with a "cone of uncertainty"—showing the zone where the hurricane will most likely hit the shore. We joked that this is a good time to discuss the Heisenberg uncertainty principle. However, we are grateful that no matter how many storms come and go, we own the cone of certainty. Literally, the megaphone of Sister Gertrude Morgan towers over our desk where we write up the visionary teachings that come down our higher mystical telephone line.

Throw the Dust

In a dream, we were teaching the Guild how to use a special kind of dust:

We were surprised because after years of pointing out the importance of spiritually sweeping and cleaning a room, we were now giving instruction in throwing dust. We realized that this dust was a mojo powder made of earth that had been spiritually blessed to do its work. Since we live in New Orleans, we were also aware of the so-called "goofer dust" used by hoodoo practitioners to cast a spell on someone. This was usually a hex but could be reversed to create a protection from the same dark force. For the latter, some dirt from a cemetery is mixed with salt and pepper. In the dream, our dust was meant to awaken the spiritual light in a room and to prepare it for spiritual cooking and mystical adventuring. Though it felt like fairy dust—the magical sparkling wonder powder

of a fairy tale—it was plain looking dirt that had somehow been made mystically potent.

I woke up and prayed for further instruction. Soon I fell back to sleep and was sent to another visionary classroom. This time we were not teaching. Another instructor was showing us how to make the mojo dust. You start by randomly selecting a page from a Sacred Ecstatics book or visionary report and copy a paragraph onto a piece of paper. Then you chop up what you wrote as finely as you can—making the smallest pieces possible. Mix these cutouts with soil obtained from land near where you live. Place it in direct sunlight on a bright and sunny day, making sure you pray over it at least twelve times. Say the Lord’s Prayer and as you do this, close your eyes and imagine heavenly sunshine turning the dirt of earth into the gold dust of heaven. The next day, place the mojo dust in a special bag and use it when you need to feel its magic tingle. Throw some dust in the air over your altar and anywhere in need of being spiritually lit. It will both protect you from the dark and attract the light that sheds its high mystery over you.

A third dream arrived that showed us leaving a retreat center’s classroom to head to another place. Some Guild members weren’t in a hurry to leave; they liked the room they were in and had grown accustomed to it. I shouted to Troy, a longstanding Guild member, “It’s time to go, buddy. We don’t want to linger.” We felt we had already stayed too long because that teaching session had been completed. When it’s time to go, it’s better to immediately depart and not miss the next start.

There’s a new adventure in the air. Make some mojo dust, get ready to throw it in the air with a charmed prayer, and get on with the journey. Make sure you feel uncertain about everything and cannot even begin to imagine the next mystical locale of Sacred Ecstatics. Prepare to jump into the megaphone. The ancestors and gods are calling us for another mission. Einstein, Heisenberg, and Sister Gertrude are on the line, as are the other visionary teachers who have already made a house call. Know this: God has something in store for the Guild that will be copacetic, fantastic, and ecstatic. Start by throwing some dust as God throws you anywhere.

Experiment One

Here are the instructions for the first experiment. Please remember that you already have been gifted with a grand piano and a “reminder” to act. In addition, you have received an initiation ceremony for entering this Guild year by throwing the art. Do it again and again if you wish—the more art is thrown, the better the odds a dart will be caught. Brad dreamed the heart of this

experiment. It asks you to do something special when you are lying in bed going to sleep and to do something else special when you first wake up in the morning.

Let's start with the morning. It involves using your grand piano. When you wake up each morning, do this once-a-day big performance act: envision your piano. Then hear yourself playing 4 musical notes on it accompanied by these words, "Walk on water." You can experiment playing/saying this line with different notes, rhythms, and melodies. Do this until you hear and feel like it is ringing the ever-peal. The morning activity prepares you for the evening show. It is the call for the evening to respond.

Now for your unique nighttime action. We are delighted to announce that you have received a new gift to use—Sister Gertrude Morgan's megaphone. First, we have posted several photos of the megaphone below, taken at different angles. Either print out one image or all of them, in any size (or draw a replica). Attach it to a wall over your bed, or lay it on a table, or turn it into an actual cone megaphone. The whole Guild will have personalized versions of the Sister Gertrude Morgan original cone of certainty, the megaphone that is a telephone that only dial's God's number. Second, when you are lying in bed on your way to sleep, envision yourself getting smaller and smaller—the size of a pebble. (Downsize to the preferred measurements of [João](#).) When you have become small—less than a foot or 30 cm long—imagine that your version of Sister Gertrude Morgan's megaphone is suspended over your head, floating in the air. See your little me is now also floating near it and eventually enters the the megaphone. When you envision and feel this has occurred, say these words like you mean them: "There is a river." Go ahead and repeat these words until you hear and feel them ringing like an ever-peal. In the morning you are called to walk on water. In the evening, you become small and light enough to enter Sister Gertrude Morgan's megaphone. Inside its cone, you hear and feel that there is a river.

Question: What does this experiment mean?

Answer: It means we have instruction from the other side.

The call: "Walk on water."

The response: "There is a river."

Call with your day and respond with your night. This is how we walk on water!

The Megaphone:



We recently sat down and created a more nuanced depiction of what has come down from the other side so far. You'll see that there are in effect two primary cornerstones laid in the first vision (in which Brad's father invited him to walk on water), and everything that follows extends from there. Some visions brought new "building blocks," and some brought gifts or instructions. These lists are mainly created as a medicinal Second Creation hoodoo mind spa treatment for those who enjoy a glimpse into the process of cleaning and preparing the visionary fish (translation: taking the mystical visionary material caught in dream and bringing it over into the everyday realm of language, thought, and action).

What came over from the other side — in temporal order:

Primary Cornerstones:

Walk on water
There is a river

Building block: Aesthetics and ecstasies

Gift: First Creation grand piano

Instruction: Play your First Creation grand piano (like Dave Mackay)

Direction: Follow the ever-peal

Building block: Creode

Instruction for Beginning Ritual: Throw the art to catch a dart

Direction: Keep your hands on the plow, hold on

Direction: Have a fire station party

Direction: There is a river and there is a conductor – be in the middle of them both

Direction: Follow the painting — don't look around the room

Gift: The gift is “reminder”

Instruction: make a little cloud

Direction: Only look at the stream, stare until you hear it sing

Building block: Megaphone

Building block: The mind only proves its own convention

Direction: Wade through the water, but do not check your shoes

Direction: Get in the race

Building block: There is mystery in the making

Direction: Use megaphone as a telephone

Building block: Manhattan Project

Building block: Recursion

Direction: Choose your Hülse wisely

Building block: Smooth and crunchy peanut butter

Building block: Heisenberg chain reaction (ecstatic life changes the more you study it, interact with it, and enact it)

Building blocks: The cones of certainty and uncertainty

What came over sorted by category

Primary Cornerstones:

There is a river

Walk on water

Other building blocks that extend the cornerstones to build the room:

Aesthetics and ecstasies

Creode

The mind only proves its own convention

There is mystery in the making

Manhattan Project

Recursion

Smooth and crunchy peanut butter

Heisenberg chain reaction
The cones of certainty and uncertainty

Gifts:

Grand Piano
Reminder

Directions:

Follow the ever-peal
Keep your hands on the plow, hold on
Have a fire station party
There is a river and there is a conductor – be in the middle of them both
Follow the painting – don't look around the room
Only look at the stream, stare until you hear it sing
Wade through the water, but do not check your shoes
Get in the race
Use megaphone as a telephone
Choose your Hülse wisely

Instruction for action

Play your First Creation piano
Beginning ritual — throw the art to catch the dart
Little cloud reminder
Experiment one

Note that other building blocks and directions were presented that we may come back to at any time rediscover, re-indicate, extend, and build upon. For example:

Little Jimmy Scott
Use all five means to get across
Explode your reality
Walking back and forth between rooms
Hearing the forest
Be both odd and awake
You only need one light bulb
Chile peppers of the world
The place of everywhere

Tips for Enhanced Ecstasies in Your Daily Action, Reaction, Reflection, and Immersion

*Repeatedly bring yourself home to the cornerstone

*Carry a list of construction stones and directions – they are your reminder of what builds this year’s Sacred Ecstasies reality

*There are many rooms inside our reality mansion construction project: make sure any particular room is remembered rather than dismembered from the mansion or whole reality.

*Catch the sacred emotion that music was born to convey—flood its liquidity on the floor before you walk your daily life.

*Our experiments aim for embodiment—enacting the reality rather than only observing it. If you want your body to come along, then conduct the experimental action. A cognitive reaction alone renders you unwinged and unable to hear any real mystery knock on your door.

*If you think you understand, be more uncertain that you do.

*If you think you don’t understand, be more uncertain that you don’t.

*The magic is found in the altered tones, building stones, reset heartbeats, and circular room re-entries.

*Forget your “self” and your psyche, personality traits, and self-centric names, claims, frames, nouns, pronouns, and questioning whether you are profound. Stare at the room until you hear it expand, warm, and sing.

*Reminder: The river current is felt in the body, and it reverberates with the metaphors and directions sent from above.

*Aim to awaken, express, and further refine your art and dart. *The art*: how you act in creation. *The dart*: how you catch the sacred emotion or muse of creation.

*Soaking in the ecstatic tracks is the Sacred Ecstasies voodoo hoodoo spa for saturation. Doing this with seiki movement helps catch the vibe. Reminder: Saturation → vibration.

*Have a check list of daily tools: grand piano, cloud, megaphone

*Rather than pronounce that you know or don't understand, stare at the river and its bounty of offerings until you hear it sing and fling you as the work of art.

*Reminder of the mind of reminder: Walk on water because there is a river.

Doe's Quantum Jumping

In a dream we were listening to a recording of Sister Mother Gertrude:

Then a knocking sound interrupted the song. We turned around to see Doe, Brad's grandmother, smiling behind the glass of the front door. Before we could get up to let her in, she opened the back door and entered our house. The recording turned off by itself and all we could hear was Doe cackling with laughter. We were more shocked than anything and before we could gather our wits, Doe became serious. She wanted to hear what we have been up to. We obliged, filling her in on the latest developments in Sacred Ecstatics. We then experienced something Brad always remembered about Doe—when she listens, she shouts. Brad recalled her listening was so strong it was like hearing a cheerleader hold you up with praise. Yet she did this with little fanfare or noise—she just sat quietly and radiated extraordinary interest. We decided to forego talking about ourselves and ask Doe about her spiritual life. She responded as if she had been asked what she had last eaten for dinner. Her relationship with God was natural and matter of fact. But her realness had every bit as much power as the ecstatic tambourine and street shouting of Sister Gertrude Morgan. We became confused as we realized that Doe was an anomaly—she could wake up a room by doing what seemed like very little at all.

Doe then suddenly expressed excitement about a Kringle pastry she had brought with her. I never remember her every serving a Kringle, the pastry from Racine, Wisconsin. But now she acted like she had a long-established familiarity with it. We noticed a pattern: Doe paradoxically changed often yet seemed to remain the same. In other words, an observer could not see the dynamics leading up to any transition. She was completely unpredictable. Out of nowhere Doe could jump to a different mood, facial expression, conversational theme, energy level, or temporal frame. It confused us even more because she seemed to defy the principles of Sacred Ecstatics. The way she changed a room was nothing like Sister Gertrude Morgan and our other ancestral spiritual mothers. It was less obvious and you couldn't see it coming. Doe was an enigma. Perhaps it was this quality

that caught everyone's attention and made them want to be near her. For example, the church fought over which age group would get her as their Sunday School teacher. She finally had to teach the entire church in the main sanctuary. She cast a spell on those around her without a wand, incantation, or any indication of a mojo potion.

How did Doe generate so much spiritual power without the expressive tools of ministry found in Sister Gertrude Morgan's approach? In the dream, we remembered that Neils Bohr had developed the idea of the quantum jump, later popularized and misconceived as the "quantum leap." It was about change that was discontinuous, that is, transitions that did not appear to build up gradually and smoothly. Bohr pointed out the sudden jumps to another energy level, a more discontinuous situation. Realizing Doe was more like the latter we lovingly joked in the dream, "She's a quantum woman of God." "Yes, more like Neils Bohr and Heisenberg than Einstein," we went on.

We got busy studying the spiritual engineering of Doe's radiant effect on others. We made a list of the obvious: she had extraordinary, unbending faith; a clearly defined cornerstone and well-built existential room; she liked to spontaneously break into hymns; nothing made her happier than music; and she was the strongest spiritual person in any room in a way that went beyond faith alone. These were also characteristics of Sister Gertrude Morgan, so we wondered what made these two women different. Doe had little overt rhythmic swing (but good musical timing) and she seldom sang the lead, preferring to harmonize; she maintained a steady emotion in her singing with no escalating rise; she never threw evangelism at you—you had to first ask why she was so peaceful, strong, and happy; she never mentioned the world being a sinner's den but more a Garden of Eden despite evidence to the contrary. Doe was not a shouting street preacher; she was a living room quantum jumper, equally in touch with God as any ecstatic saint.

Doe would pray if a healing was needed, but you had to ask for it. I once did and she followed up without question and with no need for further commentary. She never painted or drew, as far as I knew, but she loved to make her own clothes and sewed for her granddaughter, my sister. She was a seamstress, harmonizer, and unpredictable ambassador of the Lord. Most importantly, she would cackle with laughter, though you never knew when it was coming or ending.

That giggle was how the dream began and that's how it ended. Doe was again tickled to see we were stymied over how she lived her life. We asked her to explain one more time and she simply replied, "I have a personal relationship with Jesus

and all my needs are taken care of as I rejoice in Thee.” Then she started to laugh and asked if we would like a slice of pie.

I woke up marveling over how she could expand a room and set a fire without fanfare, fan, or fair. Ask and she delivered. Don’t ask and you’d never notice that she was the sister of Sister Gertrude Morgan. Doe and her quantum jumping had more in common with theoretical physics than we had ever noticed before. She left us so confused in the dream that it unexpectedly lit our ecstatic fuse. A tambourine recording unpredictably jumped forms into a cackle at the door, and a silent shout became the Kringle pastry tingle of jubilation. In First Creation heaven, every earthly expression is converted into joyful noise for the Lord. In this way, the den of sin again becomes the den of ecstasy or Garden of Eden. Doe followed Sister Gertrude’s call to “eat the bread” of Jesus. She also owned the baking know-how that enabled her to make it and serve it to others.

Flight

Brad dreamed we were teaching in a room while sitting in the middle of a medium sized Persian carpet:

As we became more excited and the spiritual temperature rose, we began to tremble and shout. Our speech flowed effortlessly and we felt our bodies become lighter, a good sign that strong n/om is on its way. Then I started to hear music inside of me that radiated outward until it sounded like it was in the room. It dawned on me that I wasn’t sure if I was actually playing the piano or internally in my imagination. It felt the same either way—if I was playing inside, it felt no different than playing a real piano, and vice versa. What I was absolutely sure about was the music being played—it was Erroll Garner’s renditions of several songs that I adore. Soon the music broke into his version of “Where or When” and I found I could not only play it like his original recordings, but I could alter it like he would if he were alive playing. It was pure bliss of the musically inspired kind.

As I played, I’d sometimes pause and say a few words, going back and forth with Hillary’s spoken teaching. At first it was a natural bounce and exchange between spoken word and piano music. Next, I began to relish accompanying Hillary more than speaking myself. Within minutes it became more difficult to return to any kind of speech because the music was pulling my concentration further into its tones and rhythms with less room for my words to interfere. I finally gave in, fully surrendering to the force of music that was coming through me. I found that the more I concentrated and allowed music to absorb all of my

attention, the more powerful the creative force surged as my aesthetic enjoyment intensified. I decided to go further and reach a degree of absorption that is far beyond any norm. I seemed to cross a new threshold of musical appreciation and performance. In this higher acoustic atmosphere, the carpet began to lift off the floor. We found ourselves suspended halfway in the middle of the air sitting on a floating magic carpet.

There was no pulling back now as the energy within and all around amplified further. As it did, the carpet turned into a cloud and took us through the ceiling and into the sky. We were flying, moving vertically like a rocket. Something deepened our concentration again, and we now felt like we were riding the top of an explosion, a mushroom cloud that had thrown us on a straight ascent to the heavens above. I found I could not stop playing the music or change the song. We were riding it, breathing it, and becoming the wild force of nature that drove Erroll Garner to play. I woke up and the music was still going on.

I fell back to sleep inside that song and later entered a dream where we were again on the cloud with the music powering us along. It woke me up and afterward, the whole cycle repeated two more times—the music was fully present while awake and asleep. Each time in dream we were flying on a cloud beyond the reach of gravity. When I came back to myself as the morning sunrise woke me up, the song left me dizzy as it continued. Fortunately or not, the music had begun to recede and allowed thought and reflection to return. I had previously wondered, even with some concern, if I would ever come back to earth the same.

I didn't come back the same person I was before. We had learned that Sacred Ecstasies is a flight beyond earthly time and space. It is powered by music and amplified by musical concentration and absorption that does not distinguish between *little me* or *big me* performance. Get lost in a visionary song and long for spiritual cooking, being nearer the creative source and force that is waiting to take you to the heavens on an old Persian mystical tradition where poetry, song, and dance weave a magic carpet and then whirl it into a cloud. In this chain reaction, a holy explosion of bliss never misses the journey toward the highest destination of supreme jubilation.

Use Your Best Stuff

In a dream, we were performing diverse forms of our work for a committee. We weren't sure what we were auditioning for, whether it was becoming students, teachers, healers, or performers. We showed the committee academic papers we had written, poems, recordings, illustrations, and how we work the spirit with sound and movement. We emphasized the cutting

edge of our work, showing what was most unique about our approach. When the committee asked us some questions afterward, I spontaneously threw in the remark, “We also have worked with families.” This statement caught the interest of one committee member who interrupted to respond, “Now that is something of interest.” We recognized it was R. D. Laing, the former anti-psychiatrist hero of family therapy. He went on to add, “Working to change a family system is far more interesting than the boring talk concerning altered states of consciousness.”

We laughed because no one was a wilder adventurer of the mind than R. D. Laing who ran an experimental community that allowed almost anything to happen, from ingesting psychedelics and whiskey to never-ending discussions of all sorts of topics. Celebrities mingled with intellectuals, artists, and those taking a journey through so-called schizophrenia. It caught our attention that Laing was most interested in the phrase, “we have worked with families.” He and the committee, a group of experts from diverse fields, then indicated that we had passed their test. Dr. Laing spoke for them all when he finally advised, “Make sure you use your best stuff. Don’t try to show how clever, skilled, or creative you are. Emphasize whatever is your best gift—the one that opens the hearts of others.”

In that moment, we realized that this teaching is true for everyone in the Guild. Ask what forms of creative work best come through you. Accentuate your best stuff, though occasionally add some variation by extending what you do in novel directions—but not too much or too little. If you are a natural comic, make sure you serve up some humor. Consider throwing some deadpan in the frying pan if it helps feed a crowd. Can’t sing? Then hum. Don’t worry if you can’t play the drum because you might be able to clap, shout, moan a beautiful tone, hold someone’s hand, comfort the sick, carve a stick, build an altar, or pray in a touching way.

Finally, remember that your “best stuff” is not necessarily what you think will most impress others, that is, what makes you look especially arty, smarty, or talented. Don’t do your best to impress; use your best stuff to touch others’ lives. You’ll know what that is by how it makes you feel. You’ll feel your heart open when you open the hearts of others. This is the kind of stuff that goes past the fluffery and puffery of public adoration. Your best stuff is the right stuff for making the room bigger, warmer, and sparkling with life.

João Comes Back

Brad dreamed he was in Campinas, Brazil:

This was the last city where the great Brazilian healer, João Fernandes de Carvalho, lived before he passed on at 99 years of age. It is also where José Carlos Gomez lives, the nephew of João. He is a psychotherapist and friend of mine who first introduced me to João. In the dream, José and I were in place that was set up for spiritual healing. I was in an examination room and José was dressed in a white

coat, appearing as a doctor. He rubbed my arm with cotton that had been dipped into a solution, and then left the room. I watched him walk down a hall where an old man was sitting and waiting for help. José had him stand and proceeded to give him a vibratory hug like I used to in the past when I applied “shaking medicine” to others in the manner of healing taught to me by the Kalahari Bushmen. The old man began to weep. His expression, formerly filled with sickness and suffering, turned into a broad, joyful smile.

Then José came back to examine my arm. To my surprise my skin had changed, and many spots had appeared. I was surprised and confused as to what this meant, but I was more curious about how José had changed. He was becoming a healer and that included administering a diagnostic examination of me. In that moment, I felt the voice of his uncle, João, come through me. He spoke words of guidance to José that I knew were also meant for me and the entire Sacred Ecstatics Guild. He said,

Only learn how to say the Lord’s Prayer. That’s all you need. If you say it correctly, there is no need to know or use anything else to find and fulfill God’s mission for you. Say it in a way that makes it feel alive, so it administers its higher power through you. Only then can you know who you are and what you must do.

I wanted to smile with joy like the old man in the hall who had felt the electricity of shaking medicine penetrate his heart. I looked at my arm and could feel it was still changing. I looked like a leopard. I also noticed that José was feeling the presence of his uncle in the room, and that his mind would try to understand more about what was going on and what the instruction meant. João spoke through me again, “Don’t think about the Lord’s Prayer. Just say it correctly so you feel it wake you up. That’s all you need to do your job.” As this was said to José, I felt a great peace come over me. I remembered how being with João always made me feel I was in my truest home. I felt that this is the place where I belong. I noticed that Hillary was now by my side. I laughed and said, “We found our home.”

In that moment, I woke up from the dream and wondered whether we were moving to Brazil, until I realized we had been traveling in First Creation. I then tried to analyze why my skin had spots on it. Was something wrong with me? I then remembered that I used to be known as the “leopard” to healers in southern Africa—it was my sangoma name. I had forgotten that name and that truth about myself. In the dream we learned that when José saw who I was, he also noticed who he was called to become. More importantly, he was able to hear spiritual

instruction. In all this changing, João arrived to remind us that performing the Lord's Prayer with all your heart is the only medicine, compass, and energy needed to carry on. Saying the prayer like João brought us home.

In the background, as I lied awake, I could hear the old gospel song, "Precious Lord." I then remembered I had sung it before going to sleep:

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on through the light
Take my hand, precious Lord
And lead me home

The Spider and the Odd Couple

Brad dreamed we were looking at an apartment to conduct our Sacred Ecstatics work and live in:

The place was empty and ready to move into, but we had not yet signed the contract that would transfer ownership to us. We looked at the room from every angle and imagined how we would set up our equipment and furniture. To our surprise, something odd was attached to the surface in the middle of the main room's wall. It was covered in cobwebs, so we were unable to discern what it was. The object was stuck on the wall and would not budge, so we slowly tried to pull away layer after layer of the cobwebs to at least find out what it was. The more we removed the outer wrapping, the more unsure we were about what we were dealing with. Finally, we realized that it was some kind of nest and that the cobwebs were a part of its interwoven structure.

We said to each other, "This thing has to go." I then grabbed hold of it and with all my strength tried to yank it off the wall. It still wouldn't move, but a giant spider angrily suddenly came out of its inner chamber and lifted an oversized stinger. It came at me ready to attack. I jumped to avoid it stinging my arm and woke myself up. My arm felt pain as if I had been stung—though I had only twisted it in an uncomfortable position. All I could think was how there was no way to get rid of that spider and its nest—it was in the middle of the main wall, a barrier preventing anything or anyone else from establishing the space as their own.

I contemplated how there are resourceful middles, like the middle way of the Tao and middle wobble of Sacred Ecstatics. On the other hand, there are less

resourceful middles, like a nest with a stinging spider in the middle of a room, stubbornly resisting every effort to remove it. This spider, portraying trickster, arrives to defeat any attempt to extinguish its presence in the middle of everything – including the idea that there are two kinds of middles.

I prayed for help in addressing how to better relate to the nest, spider, and stinger that lies in the middle of every main room wall. Another dream followed. This time Hillary and I were visiting Lawrence, Kansas, a beautiful college town near where I grew up. As an adolescent I attended science camp there and even spent time in a nuclear reactor. In the dream, I wondered whether the chain reaction of Heisenberg was somehow back, but then I remembered something odd and often forgotten about my science experiences from long ago. The truth was that I didn't really like science all that much. Instead, I thought I was supposed to like it and therefore it was my responsibility to do it and act like I liked it.

In the dream, after recalling this, we decided to leave the town but found ourselves completely lost. We had no map, and I could not remember how the town was laid out. Out of the blue, I recalled my favorite moment in that summer of my adolescence. I had skipped the laboratory one afternoon and walked to the downtown movie theatre. There were no more than a few people there and I didn't even look to check the name of the movie—I just wanted to get out of the lab. I sat down and the movie began with a song that captivated my attention. I became absorbed in its melody and the whole room, town, and universe instantly changed in front of my ears. It was the theme song from "The Odd Couple," and as I watched the movie, I paid more attention to the musical soundtrack. Its haunting melody had caught me. I left humming the tune and the rest of summer had a soundtrack that made a difference in every room I entered. I still quote that song when I play on our audio tracks.

I didn't know it back then, but I had learned that life without a musical soundtrack is like living in a room with a stubborn stinger that won't get out of the middle of the action. With the right melody, the room changes with all interference washed away. Such a change is not derived from thought or strategic action based on logical intervention. It comes from the flood of emotion that only music can convey. It also helps if the spoken lines are delivered as a comedy and the characters are truly odd. Since that time at the University of Kansas, I have known that everyone needs to get on board a higher soundtrack—only it can transport you to the big room and remove any stubborn distraction, barrier, veil, and wall that is stuck in the middle of your life.

The dream ended with our driving by that old theatre where I had watched Walther Matthau and Jack Lemon portray "The Odd Couple." We laughed as we

drove out of town—we, too, were an odd couple in need of an uplifting soundtrack. Only sound can make the room right and change a bitter stinger to the sweet ringer of an inspiring melody.

Green Paint, Starburst, and the Hammer

Brad dreamed we were getting ready for a Sacred Ecstasics event in a German speaking country:

I realized that we were missing something vitally needed for the performance. I immediately ran to rent a car and drove outside the city to a mall where they had whatever it was we required. Hillary stayed back to prepare the room. I managed to quickly find the place, which surprised me because I had never driven that road before. When I went in, I was given what at first appeared to be a security check. Before long I realized it was an advanced form of assessment with futuristic or other worldly technical devices that were waved over me. The man in charge finally signaled that I had passed the test. I was sent to another area where someone with a brush painted part of my forehead green. Other people who had been selected to be painted were resisting and protesting, but I accepted it like it was completely natural. They painted the area on my head associated with the “third eye,” along with the top part of my nose. I had no clue what this meant.

When this procedure was done, I lost track of what happened next. I assume I must have been admitted to the store to procure what I had come for, but I don't remember retrieving the item. The scene shifted and I was back outside looking for my rental car to hurriedly return to the event. I hadn't noticed before that there was snow and ice on the ground. Maybe I'd been in such a hurry that I never noticed, or the weather unexpectedly changed while I was inside the shop. As is usually the case for me, I forgot to check what kind of rental car I had been given so I had no clue which car was mine. And I always forget where I park. I hit the electronic key to see which car lights would come on and every car in the lot flashed its lights. I was completely frustrated and afraid I'd not get back in time. Then I had two incongruent worries at the same time: “we'll miss the show” and “we'll miss our plane back home.” It had to be one or the other, but somehow the show began in twenty minutes and the flight departed in twenty minutes as well. Just before I entered total panic, the head man from the shop came to offer his assistance. He took the car key and hit another button and the car's engine started. The rental car turned out to be the smallest vehicle in the lot and it was sandwiched too tightly between two other cars to get into it. Since the pavement

was covered in ice, the man and I pushed the car out so we could open the door and get in.

I then drove toward the exit and disappointedly found that it was blocked. I backed up and saw there was no way out. I was stuck in the parking lot, unsure what to do. Time was passing quickly and I felt confused over whether I was going to miss the show or miss the plane home. I woke up and was confused all day by the dream. I only knew my third eye and nose were now painted green. No matter how many times I tried to remember if I had received anything else in the shop, I could not recall.

The next night I prayed for guidance about the mysterious dream. What teaching or gift did it contain? I had two dreams that responded to my prayer call. In the first visionary adventure, Hillary and I were in a large room, the kind of place where we would conduct an intensive. It may have been our living room. I wasn't sure because all our attention was on a drawing that was magically floating in the middle of the room. It was a black and white sketch. We weren't close enough to discern what it portrayed but were spellbound by how it defied gravity and was suspended midair. I then remembered that my third eye and the top of my nose were painted green, and for some reason this inspired me to take a closer look at the drawing. As I did this, the illustration came alive and a burst of colors, like an astronomical starburst, exploded from its center. This dynamic cluster of colors then floated just in front of the black and white illustration. The original piece of art then changed and became three-dimensional—it had the shape of a rock, or perhaps a meteorite. The swirling dots, line, circles, and other multicolored, geometric shapes dancing in front of it were breathtaking. We had never seen anything like it. What struck us most was how this piece of art opened another sensation that went beyond the five senses. We were seeing differently. We felt a joy and wonder that was both familiar and unfamiliar. It was stunning and we felt our life would never be the same.

I woke up in a daze from staring at that starburst. I prayed for further guidance and specifically asked what gift was received at the shop the night before. A dream later followed that placed me in a strange kind of time. I simultaneously felt like a child, an adolescent, and young adult. I was at the campground of a national park where I tried to take a shower, but the water barely trickled from the shower head. As I tried to get a few drops on my face, I discovered there was an odd, white collar around my neck that I couldn't get off. Frustrated, I gave up trying and just wanted to leave and get on with my life.

The scene immediately shifted to the gift shop next to the exit from the park. I was with my childhood friend and neighbor, Rex, the son of the local electrician.

We had ordered something to eat and sat down on an old wood bench to wait for it. Behind us on the bench was what I thought was a large chunk of petrified wood—it was there for decoration. Against it, I felt the white collar rubbing uncomfortably on my neck, so I again tried to remove it. As I lifted it off, a hammer fell to the ground. It had been attached to the collar and hung over my back. When the hammer was released, it accidentally hit the petrified wood behind us, which rang like a bell. I thought I had misperceived that it was ancient wood when in fact it was iron. Or maybe it had metamorphosed from one material to the other. The sound reminded me of a former visionary experience where a piece of vibrating petrified wood by my bedside (it still resides there) enabled my grandfather's voice to come through and direct me to a new home.

The sound of that bell flooded me with the realization that I had again received a hammer. The first time was when I worked with Walking Thunder, a Diné medicine woman in Two Grey Hills, New Mexico. I dreamed of a bear's tooth set in a base with a circle of stars painted around it. She and her medicine society called that vision, "the reception of the hammer." In the dream, I immediately knew that J. B. Valmour had given me another hammer—it enables whatever it hits to sound like the peal of an iron bell.

A flood of other mystical understandings about the previous dreams also poured down, including the teaching that we all have very little time left—it's both time to perform your mission and time to go home again. They are the same in eternity. Home is performing your mission. The mission of Sacred Ecstatics is to color the world and awaken higher mystical sensation. Drop the white collar of professional and clerical concerns over spirituality, life, home, and purpose. Attached to every annoying earthly constraint is a spiritual gift. No more black and white thinking; let the colors burst forth, bringing higher excitation and sensation beyond comprehension. One of the hilarious things about my visionary white collar was that the back side of it held a bib for dining—the hammer was wrapped inside it. Never forget that we, the Guild members of Sacred Ecstatics, are hunter gatherers, hungry for n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit. We meet, heat, and eat with the whole of creation.

It only takes a drop or two of sacred emotion to launch a difference that makes an ongoing cascade of life-changing differences. Color your sight and scent green to experience the life force in action. Follow the evergreen and the ever-peal, whether it appeals to others or not. The hammer works with every kind of nail, all the medicine ways, and turns whatever it strikes into a bell that calls people to gather in prayer.

Experiment Two: Making and Throwing the Mojo Dust

You start by randomly selecting a page from a Sacred Ecstasies book or visionary report. Next you choose a paragraph or a few sentences to copy onto a piece of paper. Then you chop up what you wrote. Slice it as finely as you can, making the smallest pieces possible. Mix these cutouts with a pinch of soil obtained from land near where you live. Place it in direct sunlight on a sunny day and pray over it twelve times. Say the Lord's Prayer and as you do this, close your eyes and imagine heavenly sunshine transforming the dirt of earth into the magical dust of heaven. On the next day, place the mojo dust in a special bag and use it when you need to feel some magic spread around your space. Throw a very tiny amount of dust in the air over your altar and anywhere in need of being spiritually lit. Believe and imagine it will both protect you from the dark and attract the light that sheds its high mystery over you.

Tips for Performing the Lord's Prayer

A Guild member, trying to follow the instruction offered by João to pray the Lord's Prayer, wrote us: "I want to learn and pray the Lord's Prayer more. I still get stuck at the "Lead us not into temptation" part. What is the best version?" We responded as follows:

The easy answer is to convert the word "temptation" to something that evokes less Pavlovian salivation and hopefully leads to more salvation from locked-in interpretation. For example:

"Lead us not into explanation . . .

"Lead us not into soulless recitation . . .

"Lead us not into refrigeration. . .

"Lead us not into the goo and pooh with you . . .

Or experiment with oddly pronouncing "temptation" (tem-tah-sheun). Or start to ponder that "temptation" is almost the word "temperature." Then interrupt that thought and say out loud, "I decree that it is about the right degree." Then say "Lead us not into . . . (instead of saying the word, substitute three hand claps). Do a cha, cha, cha along with it to be more aligned.

Word changes or complete retranslations, while they have their fun and pun contribution, may miss the opportunity to make a holy room change rather than stay in the same room and only alter its parts. Changing the words to please the mind, after all, only maintains presence in the room everyone is in need of expanding.

REMINDER: spiritual cooking is not primarily about meaning, interpretation, and explanation. It aims to rise above the words where tones and rhythms with body moves make you a performance hooper rather than an ideological looker. Let's get that ideo-log out of the eye and go further to change the splinter to be a sprinter in the race. Easier said than done. In fact, better not said and preferably undone with expressive tinkering until the mind is tripped and the heart is risen.

One way to step into a room change is to imagine you are seeking serious help from the great Brazilian healer from whom this instruction came. You are desperate and he tells you to pray the Lord's Prayer in a soulful manner and that this will provide the cure. In his room it is less likely anyone would be fussy over words, phrases, and meanings. You would trust the healer's instruction. (If he told you to record his words in Portuguese and memorize them without telling you what they meant, it would be the same.)

Do everything that aims to transform the room with you all the way in it. Try stepping into the visionary dream before saying the mystical prayer instruction. Go ahead and change the word that has a stinky habitual association for you. Then say the word differently. Or say it in Portuguese or French or Navajo or Swahili. Then be an actor asked to convince an audience that you feel the words, knowing that must personally feel it to pull this off. Search for the right tone, rhythm, and movement to feel it at a different elevation rather than remain stuck in dictionaries, translations, definitions, explanations, commentaries, ideologies, and word preferences.

Sometimes Brad finds that he spontaneously replaces the word "evil" with "boll weevil." We don't know why but it makes us giggle and that helps us wiggle and rise above theological contemplation in search of ecstatic ignition.

Our DaDa with a Hot Mama, the Darlings which art and dart in heaven, hollow our names and hallow our empty bowl. . . Lead us not into the entangled knots of preferential knowing but deliver us from the sticky bowl of weevil that prevents our upheaval and retrieval of our relations with tone, beat, and movement heat . . .

Next pray the Lord's Prayer to please João for it strengthens his rope to God and you can lean on that relationship with full certainty.

Postscript:

The Bushman see two sides of God—one the certainty of the Creators' love and the other the uncertainty of trickster games mediated through the mind. An elder Bushman professor would regard "Lead me not into temptation" as asking God to not let its trickster side mess with them too much.

The Gypsy King of Hollywood

Brad dreamed we were walking down the sidewalk in front of our former bungalow house on Lexington Avenue in Hollywood, California. He was dreaming, though he felt like he was wide awake:

At the end of the block where Lexington meets Wilcox Street, we found a small group of Romani men, around three of them. They clearly lived in the old “gypsy” traveling way. They had just about finished settling into their corner at the intersection. Old, weathered, and torn furniture were carefully placed, while aged boxes overflowed with odds and ends, and various sacks of this and that were semi-neatly strewn about. What struck us most was the lack of color in their objects and clothing. Everything they have brought with them looked gray. There was no black or white and also not a hint of colored tint to brighten a single possession.

As we stopped to observe the latest settlers of our Hollywood neighborhood, clearly one elder man was the star of the show. He didn’t sit but constantly walked around with a body choreography that made us think he would break into Anthony Quinn’s “Zorba the Greek” dance routine. But he never quite moved in a way to be considered a dancer in any familiar sense. He didn’t speak but had magically discovered how to awaken music within others. His movements made you sing inside yourself. We swore we heard him sing, but it was always us singing inside, with a bit of humming occasionally coming through. Furthermore, a burst of a song line would intermittently come through me and I’d sing aloud, “Hurray for Hollywood!” Outside of those musical starbursts, Hillary and I were only hearing our own internal music as we were captivated and inspired by the old Romani man who almost danced but didn’t. He was a character unlike any we had encountered before, whether in everyday life, cinema, or literary fiction.

Soon a younger man, likely his assistant or son, came with another sack of random things they had collected. He made room in the center of their main pile to place it there. As other things were moved away to create a new clearing, our eyes caught what we had not noticed before. It was a large glass jar, the size of the kind of dill pickle jar you’d see in the kitchen of a diner. What made it fascinating was its content. The jar was nearly filled, maybe three-quarters full, with stone balls. They were exactly alike—the size of the large marbles I used to play with as a child. And they were all the same shade of gray, but more white than black. They were definitely not precious gems. More like concrete or common gravel, they all looked plain and the same. We couldn’t stop staring at

those round stones and wondered whether the son had staged their presence as the prelude to something theatrical that would now commence.

The elder Romani who made us sing inside was clearly excited by our reaction. It showed in the bright shine radiating from his eyes. He then upped the ante of his movements, taking them even closer to the edge that might topple into full blown dance. This resulted in two surprises. First, the music became enhanced inside us and secondly, we were flooded with the sound of hearing him speak even though his lips were not moving. At the crescendo of this escalation of speech and music, perfectly in synch with his improvised body movements, his assistant or son spoke, “He loves it here. He is the gypsy king of Hollywood.”

There was no doubt that he was a king who mysteriously owned Hollywood. Despite this grand revelation, both of us felt our attention more drawn to the large jar of stone balls that resembled gray marbles. We were intrigued as to why they were all gray, plain, and the same. The more we observed them, the greyer they revealed themselves to be. Then, in the corner of our visual field, we noticed a bright green color flickering nearby. Turning to face it, we saw the old giant ficus trees that lined our block. They were brilliant green as if painted by a master. Then we saw flashes of red, yellow, pink, orange, and purple—the colors of the flowers planted next door. We had taken all this color for granted before. But somehow those grey stones awakened us to see them as if for the first time—beholding the wonder and splendor they embodied.

We heard the elder Romani speak inside us, as Hollywood became a Garden of Eden.

My gray is not black and white. It is the canvas that is more white than black. The color is already here. Hear it in the music inside. See it in the dance outside. Feel the trees and flowers sing their color and I, an old gypsy traveling man, dance for them. That’s why I’m a king and own Hollywood.

Another Romani man entered the scene. He was plumper than the others, squeezed into a white silk shirt and wearing a large gold necklace. He pulled up an overstuffed chair and sat down. Next, he pantomimed he was a baseball player wearing a catcher’s mitt. He pounded his fist into an invisible glove as if getting ready to catch the next pitch. One of the Romani clan explained what was happening, though we are not sure which one spoke. “He is ready to play catch.” We wondered whether one of those grey stones would be thrown toward him like

a baseball. Who would throw it? Would it leap out of the jar by itself? Would there be a batter? Were we meant to hit, catch, watch, hear, feel, or play?

I turned to Hillary and said as I started to feel the tug to wake up, “He is truly the gypsy king of Hollywood.” Then we noticed he was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared. It was as if he had dissolved into the whole scene. Only the music was heard, along with a stream of thoughts that made the world dance. We felt this king’s presence everywhere and marveled at how he made gray stones become extraordinary stones, just like he changed our neighborhood.

A House Big Enough for Everyone

Hillary dreamed that we went to Alabama to look at a special house that was for sale:

It was a famous southern Victorian mansion with many rooms. The house was in a small town, owned by a wealthy white couple with many children and grandchildren. Everyone in the town had been to the house for parties and knew the family. We were considering purchasing the mansion to host all our Sacred Ecstasies work there. To celebrate our arrival, a sacred ceremony was organized. It was a longstanding tradition and the whole town participated. The mood was very joyful, and the entire place bustled with activity.

The ceremonial preparations lasted all day. There was going to be a big feast and celebration held at the mansion later in the evening, which is when we would finally tour the home. We noticed that both black and white people participated in the festivities equally, which is uncommon in the racially segregated South. Following tradition, however, men and women were separate for most of the preparations, which made the event feel like getting ready for a wedding.

Brad went off with the men and I stayed with the women as we were led through various activities. Several times throughout the day we would see each other passing by on the street, and our longing to be together was so strong that we would run toward each other and steal a kiss or embrace. All the townspeople were charmed by our behavior and playfully teased us about it. Since we are always physically together, our brief separation made the magnetic force between us even more palpable.

At one point, I was being driven down the town’s main street in a car full of women. I saw that Brad and the men were gathered under a large covered outdoor patio. They had just exited the sauna and hot baths—which were for the men only—and were seated on benches wearing white towels, cooling off. Brad

was entertaining the men with his stories, and I felt such a powerful love for him that I felt my heart jump.

An important part of the ceremony involved giving all the women in town beautiful flowers. I went with the women to load up the car with the many bouquets which would be handed out later in the evening. Interestingly, it was tradition for the men to cut the flowers and arrange the special bouquets. It was such a sacred responsibility that only the most prominent men in the community were tasked with flower preparation. The women told me that several famous, wealthy hip hop stars who had boyhood connections to the town had made some of the bouquets. I was surprised but clearly understood that these men—who in real life are entertainment moguls and extreme macho, money-driven patriarchs—experienced a reversal when they came back to their hometown to participate in this ceremony. They became flower handlers—kind, soft-hearted men of wisdom. I rode along in the car filled with the bouquets, pondering this interesting dynamic which made the whole day feel even more sacred.

Finally, it was evening. Brad and I were reunited at the mansion for the tour and festivities. I don't recall seeing a view of the whole home upon arrival, but it was painted yellow with white trim. The man of the house came out to greet us on the lawn, and there many family members and other townspeople gathered to enjoy cocktails outside. Waiting for the tour to begin, we stood in the garden and caught a peek at two parts of the mansion. The first was a small office and library that was attached to the main house but set apart in its own wing. It had French doors leading to the front garden where we stood, and we only got to take a quick look at its interior. Every inch was richly decorated with antiques and art, and we were amazed at the quality of the woodwork.

Right next to the office was a very small guesthouse. It was surrounded by flowers and looked like a Victorian dollhouse. Some of the owner's friends and family were staying there and were sitting in chairs out front, laughing and talking. They greeted us warmly. I noticed that there was a large desk set up in front outside, so that when you sat at the desk you faced the guesthouse window, looking in. It was a beautiful antique wood desk, and I wondered how they protected it from the rain.

The door of the guesthouse was open, and we could see inside. Oddly, the front door opened directly into a narrow, steep, white-painted stairway that led to an upper room that was glowing with light. We were both charmed and stunned by this little house that only held one stairway and one illumined room at the top. We remarked to one another that it would be perfect for one Guild member in particular to stay in during intensives. Brad and I stood in the garden, eagerly

awaiting to tour the rest of the mansion. We discussed how it had enough room for the entire Guild. Then I woke up.

The next day we discussed that the big room, mansion, house, or “hulse” everyone seeks is paradoxical. To the common senses it appears physically spacious and ornate, but to the uncommon mystical eye it is seen as a small illumined upper room. Its gateway is a desk from which sanctified words are created to open the path to higher ascent. The emotion inspiring Sacred Ecstasies and all crossings to the other side is the special and rare love that longs for equalized fellowship and true communion, fed when community togetherness erases differences that have no place in the heart of creation. No matter what color, class, title, or position you hold on earth, there will be a reversal when you come back home to the big room. The entry to heaven is for those seeking to be small so the tiny guesthouse will feel big. Join the celebration! Let us climb the stairs and convert power to flower as all opposites become changing composites in God’s mansion with enough room for everyone.

Meeting Szukalski

Brad dreamed we were sent to the mystical library on high:

An old man came over to us dressed in work clothes. He introduced himself as Stanislav Szukalski. We were excited but not surprised—it seemed natural to meet him in this special place. Brad responded, “I recently dreamed you and I discovered you are also Copernicus.” Upon hearing these words, Szukalski looked delighted. He then turned to someone else in the room and said, “They know who I am.” We looked to see who he was addressing but saw no one. Then Szukalski spoke again to this unseen other, “Perhaps they’d like to know that we are also related to Beethoven.” In that moment we realized he was talking to his double, or the other side of himself, who was Copernicus. He (or they) told us that they have a kinship with Beethoven.

We realized that these three characters were true revolutionaries, a word first associated with Copernicus due to his postulation that the earth orbits around the sun, in contrast to Ptolemy’s earth-centered view. Beethoven revolutionized classical music by infusing it with a special kind of drama and unresolved tension. Szukalski, the creator of what has been called “disturbing outsider art,”¹⁰ agitated

¹⁰ Steve Sailer writes: “. . . while the art world talked a good game about demanding “disturbing outsider art,” Szukalski works are mostly too grotesque to furnish a corporate lobby. . . Szukalski dared the world that his stupendous talent would make it forgive his megalomania, obstreperousness, obsession with vicious apes, general

social and cultural norms, disrupting every relational and institutional orbit with his extremely provocative comments and the exaggerated features drawn and sculpted in his artwork. We looked more closely at Szukalski now that we were aware of his multiple personages. His fingernails were long and made of metal, curving in an arc until they touched the floor. Like his portraits and sculptures, he looked like a creature from another world, which he was.

Szukalski picked up on our fascination with his appearance but responded as if we were only curious about his work clothes. “I work here as a kind of carpenter,” he teasingly explained. We remembered that after he moved to California, he worked part time designing scenery for movie sets in Hollywood, a job made possible by his former friend, Dill Pickle Club associate, and Academy Award winning screenwriter, Ben Hecht. Perhaps Szukalski was now creating scenes on the other side. We contemplated how his carpenter’s hammer must be associated with his long metal nails that swept across the floor.

Then we blurted out, “We have all your books and illustrations and have been fascinated with your life and genius.” He showed no reaction to this announcement. “We also have a few of sketches from your ‘zermatism’ study of the ‘yeti’ that we enjoy very much,” we added. This caught his attention and he wanted to know how we received them. We replied, “Take us to a computer and we’ll show you the man who gave them to us.”

At this moment, a young adult named Mark walked into the room. He is the brother of the childhood friend I recently dreamed when receiving the hammer. His father was an electrician and his family lived a block away from our church and parsonage—their house was directly across from the high school. Now Mark was an assistant to the mystical librarian. He had arrived to help us find information on the man who gave us some drawings of Szukalski. We soon found that the computer had no access to the internet. It was strictly set up for holding the reference numbers of the material found in the mystical library. It was clear that the information of earth was not needed to cross reference, define, or deepen the knowledge of any heavenly matter. This fascinated us and we started to discuss it.

Our thoughts were interrupted as we felt we had been struck by spiritual lightning. We absorbed an instantaneous teaching that can be readily summarized but not easily grasped outside the mystical high school library:

The deepest bolts and jolts of emotion organize how you experience the world. Whatever emotional peak you hit during the

craziness, and exquisitely bad manners, the way it had forgiven Beethoven, Wagner, and so many other artistic heroes. It didn’t.” https://www.takimag.com/article/mad_man/

day will determine your nighttime journey, which in turn, will be the guiding direction for your participation in creation the next day.

After receiving this visionary teaching, Brad started to wake up from the dream. But before he did, we caught a glimpse of Szukalski smiling more than ever. His face conveyed so much vibrant, energetic emotion that it seemed to spark, ignite, and speak words. It was as if he was shouting, “Go for the peak emotion! Then watch how you speak as you find what you seek.”

Johannes Kepler and the Well-Tempered Piano

In the dream where Stanislav Szukalski revealed his double or doppelganger to be Copernicus, a powerful visionary lecture was downloaded. Much of it was over our heads but we here try to articulate some of the salient points as accurately as we can remember.

The move from a geocentric to heliocentric universe was marked by the contributions of Ptolemy and Copernicus, respectively. Questioning that the earth may not be the center of the universe has always been controversial—it got Galileo arrested by the Catholic Church. “Ptolemy” has become a Sacred Ecstasies metaphor for self-centered behavior—acting as if the universe revolves around you. The Ptolemaic self-centricity of contemporary spiritual thinking is just as difficult to challenge as the old notion of a geocentric universe. The emphasis on personal story, well-being, self-healing, success, and prosperity take precedence over resourceful contributions to ecological relations. No matter how much the New Age pretends to be linked to ancient traditions and wholistic mentality, it ends up promoting personal power and individuality. In general, this Ptolemaic approach infiltrates numerous fields from psychology to healthcare, government, economics, and business. While Szukalski’s Copernicus reached for the sun and its creative fire, this did not assure that systemic relations took precedence over any idealized nation and *big me* fixation. The more spirituality advocates for individuality, rather than surrenders to the whole of eco-community, the more it falls into the same inflation of self-adoration.

We learned that both Ptolemy and Copernicus were wrong about a “circular” orbit, whether it was the sun or the earth doing the orbiting. It took Johannes Kepler (1571-1630) to show that there was no geometric circular orbit—it was more an ellipse where the planets move faster when they are nearer the sun and slower when further away. Kepler, whose mother was nearly burned at the stake as a witch, had the extraordinary idea that the secret to understanding planetary movement was to be found in understanding the musical ratios determining intervals (the distance between separate notes). He had to first revolutionize musical sound production before addressing the orbits of the solar system. Suffice it to say that he found that 2,000 years of thinking about music was erroneous—Pythagoras and those following his footsteps falsely based their computations of these “intervals” on rational numbers. Kepler discovered that the

errors regarding calculation for planetary orbits was the same error that took place in music theory. He was able with one mighty conceptual blow to correct both astronomy and music at the same time.

This led to changing how string instruments are tuned. Well-tempered tuning was born, along with Bach's compositions, where formerly troubling key changes and intervals in a composition could now occur without dissonant interruption. Before Kepler, musicians had to stay on the same musical scale and use the intervals that the instrument had been tuned to harmonically express. Otherwise, certain tonal combinations sounded so awful they were called a "wolf interval" to mark their comparability to nuisance howling. The new music system of Kepler tuned stringed instruments not by making them more in tune but by calibrating them to be a little out of tune in a special way—the notes are tuned (or detuned) a little sharp above middle C and a little flat below middle C (called "stretching the strings"). Soon came the pianoforte, and the Romantic composers were able to compose differently. The howling wolf intervals and other irritating tonal anomalies were eradicated. Bach and Beethoven were not possible without Kepler, and even the latter was not able to advance music or star gazing without Copernicus. Each change led to the other, as it is in a universe that needs paradigm-breaking individuals, fire-centered relations, and visionary songs that long for higher cosmic elation.

Kepler not only computed unique ratios for each planet, but he found two scales when he compared the ratios to one another. The whole system of planetary ratios corresponded to the modern major and minor musical scales. Kepler threw away the Pythagorean theory that all musical tones are separate from one another in the way the singing voice performs, with some marked as melodic and others as unmelodic. Kepler reinvented what was possible for music that went beyond the former Greek theorist's construed connotations and preferential restrictions. The whole Romantic period of music was ushered in with Kepler's musical solar system. It invited the tempered tuning of the piano. Fred Haight highlights the frequently overlooked importance of Kepler to music's evolution: "Kepler, without having composed a single measure of music, may be the greatest musical revolutionary, and that Bach's breakthroughs, would not have been politically possible, without Kepler."¹¹

Yet let us also celebrate and honor the historical contribution of the serious study of musical intervals (the space between musical notes that creates harmony) that began with Pythagoras. As Boethius tells the story:

Pythagoras was walking by a blacksmith shop one day, and "noticed" that the different sizes of hammers hitting anvils produced different tones. . . Boethius, in his fifth century "De institutione musica," states that intervals can only be

¹¹ <http://lymcanada.org/the-well-tempered-system-kepler-vs-ptolemy/>

represented by rational numbers, as they are the best. How could an irrational number, which is not precise, represent something as specific as an interval, he asks?

. . . Kepler, on the other hand, goes for the throat on this point. He acknowledges the use of incommensurables, preferring the Greek term (alogoi), which he translates as “inexpressible,” to the Latin term irrational (which can mean without reason, as well as without ratio). In Book One he elaborates their “degrees of knowability.” Everything beyond the third degree of knowledge is an “inexpressible.” What a beautiful concept: the incommensurable is ordered, in a knowable way! From Book One: “People are always molesting inexpressibles, by trying to express them – as numbers!”¹²

In a review of Jorgenson’s scholarly study of tuning, Sigerson argues:

The well-tempered system is part of the natural ordering of the universe, an ordering which has been discovered with increasing accuracy over the course of the past 2,500 years. Our knowledge of this grand display of natural beauty will doubtless arrive even closer to the truth as we begin to grasp the full implications of an array of scientific investigations which are under way today in the realms of the harmonic ordering of the elements and of plasma structures ranging in size from the subatomic to the astrophysical.¹³

Only a few today know that how a piano is tuned and tempered, and how a piano is designed and built to be tuned and tempered, is inseparable from the loopy trajectories and changing attractions of the planets in relationship to the sun. Today the notion of “tuning a piano by ear” is nothing like what it meant in past musical history (which is how most people still assume it is). Formerly, every note was perfectly tuned as you only listened to each note melodically. Now only middle C is tuned and after that, intervals are calibrated as you listen harmonically. Specifically, you “count and compare the beat frequencies (interference patterns caused by slightly out-of-tune upper partials) of various tempered intervals.”¹⁴ In the 19th century and before, no one listened to the beats. When tuning by ear, the first note was never sustained while the second note was played. Intervals were not heard during the tuning.

This shift was revolutionary and made ripples throughout human thought and behavior— the duality of consonance and dissonance no longer determined what was “smooth” or “harsh” like

¹² Ibid.

¹³ https://larouchepub.com/eiw/public/1991/eirv18n31-19910816/eirv18n31-19910816_065-reviving_the_lost_science_of_wel.pdf, p. 3

¹⁴ Ibid., 66.

lamps versus wolves. Polyphony entered the scene along with relativity and the curvature of spacetime. Furthermore, over a hundred ways of tuning burst into the world, each offering different seasonings of temperament and coloration. What is found aesthetically pleasing is, of course, always dependent on the relationship of the ear with the mind and the whole sensorium. The mind's laws are based on either the eradication or utilization of flaws, or some variation whose complexity advances musical creativity and audience reactivity, all in a universe governed by the relativity of musical sensitivity.

Might some of the same wisdom that advanced piano tuning hold for human experience and the pursuit of the utmost spiritual treasure of sacred ecstasy? Kepler was already aware of the importance of extending his musical and astronomical discoveries to human experience. In Book Three of his *Harmonice Mundi*, he proposes:

Friendships are given life by harmonic tempering. For what concord is to proportion, that love, which is the foundation of friendship, is to the whole compass of human life . . . Although friendship cannot survive frequent injustices, yet it rejects laws (strict rules), and refers everything to the sound and sober judgment of love, dispensing now equally, now proportionally, and when neither, always dispensing what seems to be in the immediate situation to make for the preservation of love, which is also goaded on, as harmony is by discords . . . by a few injustices, and receives its strength by free forgiveness of them.

Previously, Sacred Ecstasies worked with three altar strings representing the three main lineages of our work. We were aware from the onset that ecstasy-inducing tones, rhythms, and movements benefit from being a little off—not too much nor too little—in order to be soulfully turned on. This year, the Guild begins with a piano—far more strings than before. It must be well-tempered to host the melodic inventions, embellished improvisations, and harmonic coloring that lift our heart to climb the ladder to sacred ecstasy.

As always, value the errors, the differences, the mistakes, and even the injustices that enable life and its relations to forgive and give unto others. Become as well-tempered as a masterfully tuned grand piano. Past Ptolemy, Copernicus, and Szukalski are found Kepler and Beethoven, with many other extraordinary artists and dartists in between. Let us revolve around the sun, reaching for the fire of ecstatic emotion that sets all the planets and musical tones in motion. Past the dot, line, and circle, we pray we never eclipse the reentry of earth as it is in heaven. The aural bridges and changing beat ratios allow us to walk on water. There is a river, and it has as many strings as a piano. We don't know about you, but we are tempering our Steinway and tinkering with our tones, rhythms, and moves. Past the either/or of dissonance and consonance lies polyphony, harmony, and cacophony—another trinity for the art of improvising life as the creation of jazz.

Pollination

Hillary dreamed we were standing in the woods on a beautiful sunny day:

We were somewhere in the world with a group of people, having just conducted a Sacred Ecstatics intensive. Our hosts brought everyone to swim in a large lake which was on the other side of the woods. We were almost at the lake when we came to a crossroads on the trail. There two ways to get to the shore. We could either continue walking on the footpath, or there was a smooth, sandy trail that cut through a meadow of wildflowers. The sandy trail was actually a slide—you were supposed to lie down on your back and shoot quickly down to the lake on the smooth sand. Brad is not fond of roller coasters or any type of carnival ride, so he decided to remain on the trail. I, however, was drawn to the flowered meadow and adventure of sliding down the sandy trail, so I told Brad I would meet him at the lake.

I looked ahead and marveled at the beautiful site of tall green grasses and wildflowers swaying in the breeze and sparkling in the sunshine. I saw many bees, wasps, and butterflies moving from flower to flower. Then I proceeded to lie down on my back on the sand. The moment I did, I began to slide quickly and smoothly down the trail. The sandy path was mostly flat, so this exhilarating movement seemed supernatural. As if on a roller coaster, I raised my arms straight in the air out of excitement and joy, sliding through the tall flowers on each side. I then thought perhaps I should lower my hands because the insects might confuse my fingers for wildflowers. The moment I had that thought, I felt two large flying insects land on my fingertips—one on each hand.

I felt their legs wrap firmly around my fingers as if they were large bird talons. I decided to remain calm, after all I knew they meant me no harm and were only looking for nectar or pollen and would soon leave once they realized I was not a flower. Then I remembered someone once told me I had pollen in my blood, and I became nervous that the insects would smell the pollen inside me. The moment I had that thought, I felt the insects begin to inject their sharp tubes into my fingertips. I knew it was too late to stop them and so I braced myself for the pain, surrendering without fear. Just as they pierced my skin, I abruptly woke up.

All paths lead to the big lake. Jump into the adventure of First Creation where life is akin to the relationship of a flower with a bee, all parts inseparable from the whole of nature that includes you and me.. In this joyous whirl, the life force takes all forms from blood to nectar and pollen. You are hunted and sought for food as you seek higher nourishment as well.

While a bee is primarily visiting a flower to seek nectar, it incidentally attracts pollen to its body by electrostatic forces, then spreads this pollen to other flowers and the hive. Thus the bee contributes to the continuing stream of life by feeding its natural hunger. The bee not only receives nectar but transmits the pollen way. This dynamic is as true for you as it is for the bee. Feed your natural hunger for sacred ecstasy which will send you careening down an unexpected path of joy and exhilaration. With hands spontaneously raised in the air, you inadvertently attract, feed, and share the pollen, nectar, and gifts of life with the whole ecology. Surrender without fear to the pierce of an insect, the grasp of an eagle talon, or the shot of a n/om nail, feeling your intimate participation in the whole ecology of life.

The Big Room in Flight

In a dream Brad envisioned we had settled comfortably into a big room:

I said to Hillary, “This is really a great living room. It has everything we need. We can finally settle down.” There was a Steinway grand piano, comfortable chairs, a desk for two, and all the electronic devices for computing, recording, and broadcasting that we use. In addition, there was a large screen television monitor on the wall. I had just sat down in the cozy couch and was enjoying a scan of the room.

Then a voice announced, “Fasten your seatbelts for a landing.” We looked out the window and were shocked to see that we were in a gigantic jumbo jet and had been flying across the sky. As we landed with only a few gentle bumps, I realized that the Sacred Ecstasics big room is always on the move. After all, we live in First Creation where change is cozy, gently bumpy, and rarely grumpy. We were excited to discover what the next destination would bring. All aboard, we are ready to deboard!

Start Again

For two nights in a row Brad had a repeating dream. On the first night he had the same dream at least eight times. He heard a voice shout, “Start again.” Usually nothing happened in the dream before this announcement, but the words never failed to immediately wake him up. Once, however, Brad was given some technical advice about recording the ecstatic tracks. The next day we found this consultation led to improved audio quality of a recording.

The identical visionary announcement continued during the second night. It was obvious that a grand reset and “rébut” was in store for us. That night the dreams revealed a glimpse of the aesthetic and ecstatic exploration that lies ahead. In vision we experienced how the highest floor

of sacred ecstasy gifts us with access to a bliss than doesn't miss the utmost joy! One of the main teachings specified that while rote memory has a part to play, memorization alone leads to the drone of an uninspired tone, the stiff rhythmic beat bearing no spiritual heat, and the still body that chills any possibility for soulful excitation. Improvisation is the remedy for trickster memorization that locks in a routine as it blocks any unpredictable change. To energize, improvise a well-tempered revolt against what has been memorized. Not too much and not too little of a variation better assures the climb to higher tuned elevation.

In addition, scat singing made a comeback appearance. Brad dropped his familiar prayer lines in favor of jamming on tones and rhythms with no need for either semantic or melodic recognition. The vocal jazz of scat singing goes past words and uses nonsense syllables, rendering the voice a musical instrument. "Scat" is itself an odd choice of term, for it also means to "go away quickly," as if sending words on their way. (Start again, this time telling words to "scat.") And the term can refer to animal excrement, the poop we wish to avoid handling. When the music room is hot with jazz, however, even crap can change to become the tap, zap, and flap of the ecstatic owl's wing, swing, and folk art fling.

At the end of these two dreaming nights, we learned that the key spiritual cooking action of Sacred Ecstatics is found in the restart—each new start provides an opportunity to remember what was learned from prior experimentation. Take action, please. Then remember what you learned when you return to start again. Go past fixed memory and vary your tone, rhythm, and movement with the performance expression and circular call-and-response blending of these ingredients inspired by the muse of sacred emotion. Build the big room with metaphors that radiate mystery—these are the numinous hallowed cornerstones that come alive when there is enough empty bowl, hollow bone space for them to circulate. When the changing of creation is whirling, everything and everyone is in the middle wobble jamming with scat, tap, and zap. The big room becomes the big show of the big river. There is a singing river. Wade in its luminous water. Enter the big Wigram Stream. Start your art and dart again. This is climbing the rope, mountain to the field and stream of jazz-baked dreams.

Celebrating the Art and Dart of Sacred Ecstatics

Brad dreamed we were in an apartment overlooking a city:

It looked like the penthouse where my mother used to live in Kansas City, Missouri. In the center of the living room was the Baldwin piano I grew up playing. I assumed it was out of tune because my mother rarely had it tuned. While the setting looked familiar at first, it felt different and my mother was nowhere to be seen. Hillary looked out the window and we were surprised to see New York City all lit up at night. We stared and admired our favorite city for the performing arts.

Soon it became clear that we were at a visionary gathering of people celebrating our work. The champagne was flowing and trays of special treats offered both the savory and the sweet.

The last guest to arrive was clearly the matriarch of the party, the apartment, and the entire city. It was Peggy Papp, one of the pioneer founders of the family therapy profession. A former actress who had been married to legendary theatre producer, Joseph Papp, we recalled how we had visited her a few months before the coronavirus pandemic began. It was a trip that inspired us to further underscore the importance of aesthetics in everything we do. The latter metaphor and orientation had been a hallmark of my career—I had long contextualized therapy as a theatrical art and the title of my first book was *Aesthetics of Change*. It was published when I worked in New York City where Peggy Papp was my senior colleague.

Peggy came over to us and started to shower us with praise, indicating her delight with the work we were doing. I was overcome with emotion because she felt like a mother. While my biological mother made me feel special as a child—a one-of-a-kind person who would grow up to accomplish great things—her definition of success fit her more than it did me. Being a medical doctor or a multi-millionaire were the only outcomes she valued and other pursuits missed the mark, especially the performing arts or venturing on esoteric trails. In the dream, Peggy Papp was a visionary mother who saw both Hillary and I for what we are—the inventors of creative therapy and Sacred Ecstasies—and she celebrated our work as an art that deeply touched her heart and soul.

I sat down at the piano to play a song for Peggy. Hillary and I soon broke into a cabaret improvisation for her in the Sacred Ecstasies way. She loved it and went even further with her praise and support of our mission. She then went over to a small suitcase, opened it, and retrieved a letter: “Here, use this when you open your practice in New York City. It’s my letter of recommendation. Don’t sell yourself short. Go all the way and compromise nothing. Be the real deal because you are.” Peggy proceeded to ask us for our photograph, adding that she wanted to take it with her. We offered to drive home and get one and asked, “Where are you going?” She replied, “My mother passed on and I am going to pay her a visit.” That statement confused us. Was she visiting the other side in the Sacred Ecstasies way? Or was she herself passing on?

Peggy smiled and glowed with pride, like a mother proud of her children. The gift of receiving her maternal praise based on seeing, hearing, and feeling who we really are was overwhelming. I felt such joy that I began to weep and woke up flooded with emotion. As I started to fall back to sleep and re-enter dream, I

remembered how Peggy and Joe Papp never compromised. They stood up to the Joseph McCarthy investigations when the Republican Party acted like a terrorist organization during the 1950s. She had no fear of taking on the psychiatry profession and he had no fear of staging any kind of radical theatrical production from “Hair” to “A Chorus Line” and “Shakespeare in the Park” where classic plays were restaged with wild imagination. They belonged to New York City and that utmost city of art belonged to them.

First Creation New York City is one of our spiritual homes. “If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere.” The New York state of creative mind and performance body is the big room whose Broadway calls for more art in the everyday. The best aesthetes, like the Papps, also have the ability to discern what brings forth change. Without needing to name it or explain it, they know when art has dart. In the dream, Sacred Ecstasies was called to begin again, living in the theatrical, ecstatic New York of the Papps where art and dart flourish for discriminating tastes that do not waste life on fear or humdrum mediocrity.

After waking up from the dream, I remembered that Peggy Papp’s seminal book came out around the same time as mine and was entitled, *The Process of Change*. What she always loved about our work is how it evokes palpable change—she could viscerally feel it. And she sensed that we drew upon the expressive arts rather than psychology or other ideology. Peggy never spoke about n/om, seiki, or the holy spirit. But she could smell change and immediately know a good performance whenever it took the stage. If there was art and dart in play, she recognized and celebrated it.

Awake, I thanked Peggy and Joe Papp for the splendid way they had lived in defense of their aesthetic truth and passion. I then prayed with scat tones as I improvised requests that our next project be led by the gods, saints, mothers, and fathers whose art and dart bring both the muse and fuse to aesthetically and ecstatically ignite our lives. Soon after, the first page of Hillary’s next little book appeared in my dream:

Hello, I am Sister Gertrude Morgan.
I’d like to share the story of how I lived.
I hope it inspires you to change your life.

A new adventure has begun. The story of the artist and dartist, grande dame, spiritual mother, and “lamb bride” from New Orleans will soon be on stage in a First Creation New York City production. The show is about to begin!

Reverse Course

Before going to sleep we soaked in two recordings of gospel music performed in the film, *Say Amen, Somebody*. Though he has heard these songs many times, this time Brad seemed to have “supersonic hearing” when he listened—he heard and felt the music like he never had before. He expected it also might be a ticket to ride on a visionary adventure. It was, and he later dreamed:

I had a phenomenal epic adventure filled with a tremendous gift for the Guild and couldn't wait to write it down. It was too early to get up, so I went back to sleep not thinking I needed to write some notes to remember it. Unfortunately, I forgot it all except for the strong emotion it elicited. Hillary also was sent to a visionary classroom where she took a sculpting lesson with Stanislaw Szukalski, but she, too, could not later remember what was taught.

Later in the night a second dream arrived. Hillary and I were at a major city resembling Cape Town, South Africa. We were scheduled to present at an international conference on psychotherapy. We walked into the main auditorium and found a cheap and broken keyboard lying on a table, supposedly there for my use. Our request for a keyboard had not been seriously respected. They halfheartedly procured one, but it was inferior and would hinder our performance. The host arrived, a man who had made his own career by organizing big conferences on hypnosis and brief therapy. Other presenters also started to arrive to check the stage and the venue. We immediately knew these were the last people on earth we wanted to hang out with. They were soulless and clueless about the art of evoking change, even insulting us with a cheap and inferior keyboard that had no legs to stand on. Without hesitation we walked out of the auditorium, got in a car, and drove away.

Once on the road we realized we were, indeed, in Africa and were heading far away from the city, toward the wild outskirts. It was late at night and we had driven all day. As we pulled into a place where we could sleep before continuing in the morning, we realized we were heading home. We were driving in the direction of the Kalahari, the experiential birthplace of Sacred Ecstasies with its n/om arrows and nails waiting to spiritually cook with music and dance. We weren't sure how the rental car we were in would ever make it there. That vehicle wasn't made for rough road driving. Then we realized we were riding on a song—the gospel music we heard before we went to sleep. We were traveling in reverse—returning to the source and force from which our means of spiritual transportation was born.

I woke up startled at the former dream's trajectory. Most of my professional life traveled from places like the Kalahari or Amazon to psychotherapy conferences where I conveyed, with or without words, what I had learned from older traditions of healing. Now I was traveling the opposite way—leaving behind psychotherapy that seemed hopeless, incompetent, and unresourceful for a homecoming where all the resources needed to cook were readily available, respected, and appreciated.

In a final dream, Hillary and I were in Mexico. Some students we remember from the past were eager to see us. We were walking down a hall when three young men came up and one of them said in a serious tone, "This work is the most important thing in my life. I still must provide for my family and do my job (as he pointed to his wallet). But I am devoted to what you are teaching to feel alive and fulfilled." Though we usually would tease someone for speaking that solemnly about our work, we chose to express deep gratitude for his recognition of Sacred Ecstasies' importance. I woke up happy to be reminded of the many years in which we helped Mexican therapists travel in reverse and find their home in the heart of older healing ways. They still made a living but did so while feeling more alive and aligned with mystery.

The next morning, we remembered the music that ignited our soul the night before. One of the main characters of the gospel documentary, *Say Amen, Somebody*, was Mother Willie Mae Ford Smith, a pioneer of gospel music. In the documentary she described what singing gospel meant to her:

It's just a feeling within; you can't help yourself . . . It goes between the marrow and the bone. It just makes you feel like you want to — you hear me say I want to fly away somewhere? I feel like I can fly away!

All aboard, everyone! Let's fly in reverse, using the hot cooking songs to travel back in space and time to the source of the force that feels like home. It's time to go back to the beginning and start again. Put on your travelin' singing and dancing shoes and catch what "goes between the marrow and the bone." Let its emotion take you somewhere. Say Amen, somebody!

Meeting Chick Corea

In a dream Brad met Chick Corea, the legendary jazz pianist who passed away in 2021:

We were sitting in his music studio's main room. There were two concert grand pianos side by side. Chick played an improvisation on one piano and nodded for me to play something on the other. It was in the key of C, so it was easy for me to invent something based on rallying an emotional inspiration and letting the music spontaneously happen. Chick smiled and played something else. We went back and forth like this for a while, and it was exhilarating to let the music come out without knowing what I was doing.

Chick then led me to another room. On the way he said, "If you'd like to know more about melodic emphasis, go to North Texas State University. The professor of jazz piano there is an expert." I had no idea who he was talking about. He smiled again and invited me to sit at a small desk with a computer screen. There was a pad of paper and a pencil next to it. When I looked at the screen, I saw a black and white sketch of a rugged large boulder with many irregular sides. He asked if I could draw. Before I could mention that I did not have that skill, he handed me the pencil and said, "Catch it's shape." I realized he was giving me some kind of test, so I did my best to concentrate on seeing the boulder and trying to reproduce it in a sketch. It surprised me that my image looked rather accurate. I wondered if I had a hidden gift that I had never recognized over all the previous years.

Then I looked carefully at my sketch and noticed that the pad had many dots. I had only connected the dots like I did as a child. I tore off that page and examined the next page to make sure it had no dots. I drew the boulder again, wondering what the real result would be without assistance from a "connect-the-dots" pattern. The figure came out excellent like before and this made me even more excited. However, with closer examination, I again noticed there were dots on the paper. Chick Corea started laughing as he said, "Great! You can connect the dots. It's better that you go to Tucson."

Before I could ask him what that meant, we were suddenly back in the piano room. He held up the drawing of the boulder and said, "Finish the song. Improvise anything, as long as it is in the key of C." Without hesitation I followed his instruction and enjoyed playing a pure improvisation that caught the feeling of the boulder. Chick seemed please and replied, "The dots are now all connected. Let's put it all together and listen to what we composed." He had recorded all our previous music and now with the boulder improv as a finale, he patched all the pieces of music together. As we listened, I felt pure bliss discovering how a few

rounds of call-and-response, a boulder, and concentration on the irregularity of nature's sculpted beauty are the three main dynamics of making music. Composition involves more than inventing melody. You have to "catch the shape" and connect all the dots, pieces, and dynamics.

I woke up while listening to the music I had made with Chick Corea. The next morning, I quickly looked up the jazz study program at North Texas State University and found there is one professor of jazz piano—Dave Meder. I had never heard of him before but read that he has already achieved critical praise as a leader of the future of jazz performance and composition. We were astonished at how the visionary meeting with Chick Corea led us to discover the work of another pianist.

At first we were bewildered about how connecting the dots recreated the image of a boulder and led Chick Corea to suggest we go to Tucson, Arizona. Then it struck us—one of our favorite landscape sights is Texas Canyon in the Dragoon Mountains, just outside of Tucson. It consists of an outcrop of extraordinary stone boulders. The Dragoon Mountains, also near Bisbee, have long been mined for copper and azurite. In an instant we were feeling former mysteries, for here Edgar Cayce had searched for minerals that would amplify his connection to the other side. We wondered what now lies waiting for the Guild. Of this we feel certain: a cornerstone will help us connect the dots and make the leap, finding the next whole composition arise out of former improvisations. "Seeee" with Cayce's mystical sight and sound, a process made clearer with Chick Corea's teaching clues about call and response, a boulder, and concentration. Connect the dots so lines, circles, and irregularities bring the music back to life and make life whole. Go past melody alone and feel the ecstatic piezoelectricity born of irregularity.

The Changing Sunglasses of Glasgow

Brad dreamed we were walking across a parking lot in an old foreign city.

Hillary noticed an old man sitting behind the steering wheel of his car. He appeared to be asleep or else he was in some kind of medical trouble. We walked over to him but he didn't respond—we wondered if he had passed away. Hillary reached into the car and touched his chest but felt no presence of life in his body.

We noticed that our car was parked behind the man. We weren't sure what to do. Should we call the police or an ambulance, or were we in a magical place where something else beyond practical reason was supposed to happen? Soon we heard sirens and saw the police approach. We went and sat in our car. One of the officers shouted to the others, "Look what I found!" It was a large pair of

sunglasses that I recognized as belonging to Hillary. I quietly said to her, “You left your sunglasses. They must have fallen into the car when you checked on the old man.” This development left us in another quandary. Do we get out of the car and tell the police what happened? Or would it be better to say nothing and slip away quietly? We rationalized that even though Hillary’s fingerprints were on her sunglasses, she had no criminal record that would lead them to her. Before we could decide what to do, we found we had already acted. We were asking the police to see the glasses, mentioning that they looked like Hillary’s. Without any questioning, the police handed them over to us.

In that moment it dawned on us that we must see the world differently or we’d be forever stuck in impossible situations and dire circumstances, only creating impoverished outcomes. With all our might and concentration we stared at those sunglasses, knowing our lives depended on seeing them differently. As we looked at them they began to magically change form. At first, the glasses morphed into shape of a small whale, resembling the one Hillary drew of one of her former vision of meeting the sperm whale. We continued to stare, allowing nothing to interfere with our concentration or the unfolding mystery. The whale started to smile and as its teeth were exposed it looked more like a shark, and then it went back to looking like a friendly whale. Other forms then emerged—this was clearly a First Creation changing fish.

The police were no longer present and the situation had changed. We were clearly in a numinous realm. We had journeyed from danger to mystery, doing so with the help of a pair of glasses that were also a changing fish. Before we could ask the meaning, teaching, or pointing of the visionary experience, a voice spoke a single word loudly and clearly. It was also written in the air so we’d be sure to remember: “Glasgow.” It came as such a surprise that I was awakened from the dream.

In times of stress and distress, the temptation is to flee or give in and be conquered. The higher call is to act in order to bring forth a change in the way you view the ongoing spectacle. Remove your sunglasses and stare at them until the spectacles themselves change. This changing brings reality rearranging. A whale, shark, salmon, trout, or mermaid may arrive to bring you mystical sight, esoteric knowledge, spiritual flight, and reignited life.

Glasgow, like all of Scotland and every area of Celtic influence, has a long history with mythical creatures, including, fish. The early Scots and Irish revered and sought the mythical Salmon of Knowledge that was believed to hold all the wisdom of the world. They believed that whoever caught and ate this fish received its infinite gifts. Like other salmon, it lived in two worlds, swimming in both salt and fresh water. It was a perfect intermediary for mystical communion.

When it was finally caught, so says the Irish Fenian Cycle legend, it was found that the entirety of its wisdom resided in one drop of its oil. A single drop was enough to own the infinite well and vast reservoir of mystical knowledge. In related mythologies, the salmon appears as an otter, serpent, and a dragon, to mention a few of these numinous conveyors. We once again learned that when it comes to seeing the world more clearly, it is most important to perceive the changing rather than a particular form.

The old man in the dream was perhaps Fionn mac Cumhaill, the legendary adventurer and pursuer of the original magical fish. The man may also have been the poet Finn Eces (or Finegas) who actually caught the wisdom fish. Or maybe he was Saint Mungo of Glasgow who performed four miracles—bringing a bird, tree, bell, and fish back to life. Finally, the man in the dream must have also been William Butler Yeats again pulling a silver trout from the stream, using a hazel wand and berry. Because of this vision, we can no longer hear and understand Yeats' poem, "The Song of Wandering Aengus," in the same manner as before. Now we know that the original changing Salmon of Wisdom was reborn with infinite knowledge when it fell in a well where nine hazelnuts fell from nine hazel trees around it. Mother Catherine of New Orleans, who previously marked us with the number nine, had already prepared us to re-encounter these changing fish and fisher kings. After seeing Hillary's sunglasses in First Creation, these ancient seekers of mystery came back to life as did mystical Scotland, Ireland, and the fish of both worlds.

On a final note, the etymology of the name "Glasgow" is wobbly. "Glas" originally meant grey¹⁵ and then later was described as "grey-blue, grey-green." Today its meaning leans more toward "green." Whether gray, green, or blue, its uncertain color resides in the hollow or "cöü." To see the world differently, stop looking at the world and start looking at your sunglasses. Notice what rays are filtered out and what scenes and themes are emphasized. Heisenberg's uncertainty partly arises from being unaware or unsure about what spectacles you are using. Furthermore, the recursive changes that feel like a chain reaction are released whenever you look more closely at what you are looking at rather than what you are looking through. At the same time, observing your observing is even more recursive and change-able, but you are now more responsible for the spectacles used to shape observation.¹⁶ Lean over and reach into the mystical vehicle where the old archetypal man in the parking lot of Glasgow waits for you to bring your relationship with mystery back to life.

It's Not Personal, Theoretical, or Practical; It's Heretical

¹⁵ William George Black, "The Derivation of the Word 'Glasgow,'" *Transactions of the Glasgow Archaeological Society* Vol. 2, No. 3 (1883), pp. 219-228

¹⁶ Here we find the co-presence of ethics and aesthetics advocated by Heinz von Foerster's cybernetics of observing systems—you are ethically responsible for your aesthetics and aesthetically responsible for your ethics. We would add that how you act determines the art and darts of your life.

Brad dreamed we were sitting at an airport next to a gate, waiting to board a plane:

Next to us, on our right side, was a teacher of psychotherapy from Europe who recently became interested in Sacred Ecstasies. He formerly partnered with a leading figure in the European brief therapy world. Over the years we had fervently opposed his kind of practice and training that reduce therapy to a few heuristic notions and overly simplified, replicable set of techniques. That approach to therapy, in our opinion, dumbs down the practitioner and the profession, sucking all complexity and creativity out of the healing arts

On the left side of us in the waiting area was another therapist and friend who had also been associated with that same brief therapy orientation. He had long ago rejected its method and often voiced strong objections to the personality of its main founder. He got up to take a walk just before the other man mentioned the brief therapy leader's name. Before continuing his sentence, the man on our right paused to see if we would react uncomfortably. Mass-marketed therapy models used to be a topic that would ignite our irritation and passionate objection. However, in the dream, we felt no emotion. We felt nothing other than it is a waste of time to give any attention to healing that has neither art nor craft. I spontaneously replied, "That man was very nice to me during the two or three times we met. I have no objection to him personally. Our critique is not personal, it's heretical. We are ecstatic heretics whose outskirt position renders such matters unimportant these days."

Upon hearing this, the man said, "You know the strange thing about that founder of brief therapy is that I have never known him to change in 30 years. He sits behind the same desk in the same way, in the same room, and still does the same thing. He's remarkably unchangeable." Hillary and I did our best to not laugh because that was the best way of voicing our critique of "change agents" who claim to change others while enacting the absence of change in their work.

When we looked to the other side of us in that airport gate waiting area, we wondered whether our other friend had not heard what we said. We also pondered whether his former objections to brief therapy's European leader was triggered by mistaking our critiques as personal, rather than a heretical rejection of an entire room, world, and universe. We realized in that moment that the objections of a heretic are susceptible to being misunderstood. We immediately grasped that feeling and expressing no sign of emotional upset helps avoid conveying such misunderstanding to others. We had not chosen this as a strategic tactic; it was how we now naturally relate to the profession of therapy. Our

reflection in the dream was interrupted when the man on our right reached over and said, "I value you both. Thank you."

What do we think of static approaches to change? We don't think about them, nor do we appraise their interlocuters. We prefer evoking the ecstatic that is inseparable from the room of changing. It's more heretical, and it's always more musical, mystical, and hysterical. Let's get on board that plane. It's ready to take us to the furthest uncommon means of transformation. In the outskirts, whatever was trendy and in style is already out of date and out of its former place.

Blue Calling

Brad dreamed we had finished giving a presentation somewhere in New Mexico:

We were taken to a hotel for the night, presumably before catching a flight the next day. In the lounge I saw a former colleague, Dr. Norm Katz. I spontaneously called out to him, "You have something to tell me." He responded, "Yes, I need to take you somewhere and there I can tell you." We hopped in his car and took off down the highway, He turned on an old dirt road and approached an open gap between two hills. When we drove through this opening, a large body of water was visible. It looked like the sea and was brilliant blue. Norm said, "Here I can tell you." I was so surprised to see the vast blue water in the desert that it woke me up.

I found I could not stay awake for long and re-entered the dream where I was laughing with Hillary over how we were following these kinds of visionary "callings" on a daily basis. This term is from a cheesy television series called "Manifest" about plane passengers who mysteriously disappeared on a flight and came back five years later to discover that they now hear and see visions, referred to in the show as "callings." All remained well if they followed the visionary calling, but havoc and danger would commence if they didn't pay attention to its mysterious instruction and direction. Though we found the writing and acting of the show to be sophomoric, we also mused that we are living a similar life. We disappeared from our former academic lives to be led by instruction from mystery flights to the spiritual classrooms. Our callings ask for action and when we follow through, we are taken further into mystery. The whole Guild, in this sense, has been on an unprecedented spiritual journey led by unpredictable ineffable callings.

In the dream we continued to laugh and commented, "Of course none of this is normal. We just met Norm again, though now he's called Dr. Blue." Later in life,

Norm adopted that name as he explored altered states of consciousness as an Ericksonian hypnotherapist and counter cultural trickster. He had something to say to us now and had already shown us the blue sea. Where this was going, we did not know. We decided in the dream it was time to reach out to Dr. Blue and hear what he had to say. As we considered this, the image of a peacock burst onto my screen of consciousness. In its feathers I saw an eye of green and blue color. The outer ring of color was the same green painted over my third eye in a former visionary dream. The inner circle was the blue of the sea we had just seen with Dr. Blue. The sight of the blue green eye woke me up as a reminder and calling to write a letter to a friend from the past.

Postscript:

After sharing this dream with Dr. Blue, he wrote back:

Thank you for sharing, Brad! I just spent three daze dancing and shamanizing in the Taos, New Mexico Forest with 200 crazies. And I no longer need my walker or cane!

It Requires a Unique Blend to Spiritually Cook

Brad dreamed it was decades ago when he used to frequently conduct ecstatic gatherings in many Brazilian cities and countryside retreat centers. Together we continued this tradition after we met, several times returning to shake and bake with our Brazilian tribe. In the dream, Brad was thrown back in time to when the work there was just beginning:

I recalled how the early work with ecstatic evocation began with no predetermined idea of what would happen. There was no structure, model, guidelines, or specified orientation. We just jumped in and let it rip. It was as wild and free of form as anyone could imagine. Unrestricted commotion, however, did not assure that things would either spiritually sizzle or fizzle. Over the years we found that raw and improvised expressive freedom does not determine the quality of aesthetic expression or ecstatic excitation. Something else determined the difference between a high vertical climb up the ladder and a horizontal excursion into far out trickster land. Today, we are more cognizant about and resonant with the importance of making sure that two dynamics are in play—our art praises the dart as our dart raises the art. They are mutually required as a coordinated pair to soulfully raise the temperature and the heart.

In the dream, we were experimenting with how to bring better spiritual engineering into the wild experimentation of long ago. When we approached this purposefully and strategically, it backfired every time. In one dream scene we emphasized tinkering with aesthetics. I envisioned a digital piano not sounding good through the small speaker being used. I shifted to an acoustic upright piano sitting in the corner of the room. Though it was out of tune, it felt better to play. I then oriented myself to play in concert mode, announcing I'd demonstrate some Erroll Garner. Though a lot of energy came through and reverberations of Garner's style were captured, it fell short of what we expected of ecstatic room dynamics—no spiritual heat was evoked by only improving the aesthetic performance.

Next, in another dream scene, we tried to talk about ecstatic engineering before we lit the fuse—laying out basic principles and trying to make them as clear as possible. The clearer we became, the more we thought we needed to add further explanation and the colder the room temperature plunged. We next invited everyone to perform some spontaneous movement, but that very request interfered with their achieving any meaningful spontaneity. Everything we attempted that sincerely aimed to help awaken the sacred vibe backfired.

We were flooded with the realization that we have never had any issue lighting our own fire. The challenge was how to spread the blaze to others. In former times, we would simply light the match within ourselves and then let whatever happened to others occur without trying to orchestrate any influence. Later, we started experimenting with how we could arrange the room climatic conditions to make it more likely that lightning would strike. In the dream, we revisited the many ways that did not work before. Better art did not necessarily send a dart and more exposition about the dart did not improve its transportation. Even the idea of including both art and dart was not enough to spread a fire among a community.

We re-experienced hitting bottom with the frustration of how challenging it is to spiritually cook those unfamiliar with numinous heat. This was further compounded by how readily others naively thought they were cooked when they were barely lukewarm. As has happened repeatedly before, we were at a loss for how to achieve what seemed impossible—thawing human ice and boiling spiritual water. We left the room to find a private space. Hillary and I confessed in prayer that we had no idea what to do and asked for higher intervention to take over. We even

surrendered to accepting the absence of any spiritual cooking if that was God's will. After emptying ourselves of human intent, we felt ready to let God completely take over. This scenario was not an unfamiliar experience for us. The dream reminded us of how this plea for help is a continuing part of our work.

We went back to the room and surprised ourselves with some spontaneous sounds of praise. I shouted, "Hello, hello! Let's begin again. Drop your expectation and get amongst the sublimation. This is a day the Lord has made to help you find the stream that goes in and out of dream." The room started to cook and in that wild frenzy there was also holy order—a higher pattern that emotionally connected us with Thee. I also noticed with remarkable perception that I am not really a musician, a teacher, a preacher, or a shaman. I sometimes play the keys, say some words, pray and shout, and change the ecstatic gears, but with no design or protocol of my own nor with any preoccupation with a named occupation. My gift is being full of n/om that blends with tones, rhythms, and movements that venture in and out of words, music, and dance. To express any kind of art that helps wake up the dart, we learned that we must be solely under the administration, filtration, and concentration of higher supervision.

The thrill of cooking woke me up, longing for the art and dart that expands and heats the room. I was puzzled by one word I heard in the dream— "sublimation." I wondered if I had mispronounced the term, "supplication," the form of prayer where you make a humble plea or petition to God. However, when I first typed that word in this report, I accidentally misspelled it as "subluxation," referring to a slight misalignment of the vertebrae, regarded by some body workers as the cause of health issues. We finally looked up the word "sublimation." It comes from science, indicating the transition of a substance directly from a solid to a gas with no middle liquid state. This only occurs at special temperatures and pressures.

In a flash, we realized the three terms pointed to a powerful trajectory of spiritual cooking: subluxation, supplication, and then sublimation. When you feel misaligned with the rope, vine, or spine to God (subluxation), you need to make a sincere prayer for help (supplication). What follows, if you fully surrender, is a direct phase shift from solid matter to holy steam power (sublimation). The spiritual classroom news is this: there is no need to pass through the middle liquid melt if you are perfectly inside God's

blend. This is truly a high art—staying within God’s mix throws you beyond the betwixt and between of earth and heaven. Walk on water. You can do so by beginning with a solid surrender that results in a direct ascent to the tender cloud that is over your head.

Be careful, for doing your own thing and pretending to be a wild thing is usually more of the same tame game that has no art or dart. We left shaking medicine for Sacred Ecstasies because the former too easily assumed shaking alone was enough and needed no art and dart. Walking on water, hearing the stream sing, and feeling the visionary dream are impossible unless your mystical senses are opened with aesthetic expression and ecstatic action aligned with utmost mystery. To not sink, you will always need ecstatic spiritual engineering to deeply sink in. Rather than extrapolate or exaggerate any cutout, let every ecstatic dynamic blend. This is even true for your God-given gifts. Waking them up for proper use requires a higher helping mixer. To reach the higher Sacred Ecstasies party, get your art and dart to follow the line of sublaxation, supplication, and then sublimation.

When Brad first began shooting ecstatically charged darts, he did so naturally in contexts familiar with n/om, seiki, or holy spirit transmission. It’s been a long process finding how to lead others unfamiliar with spiritual cooking to the Sacred Ecstasies kitchen. Simply setting a fire within does not necessarily lead to fire reception by others. The room must be made ready with a divinely handled combination of art and dart. Many of our earliest transmissions took place in Brazil and they occurred because people’s hearts were ready to rise, minds were able to surrender, and souls were tender enough to be pierced and ignited. The authentically felt need for Thee is what makes you ready for the art and dart of spiritual cooking.

Georgia, 8, and 88

Brad dreamed he was shouting a prayer while pulling a rope:

So much energy passed through me that I started to feel a little queasy. The force being exerted became stronger and stronger and I knew it would not stop until whatever was on the other side was successfully pulled across the veil. Then I felt a sudden release and popping sound as a voice announced,

You pulled through Georgia, the country that intersects Eastern Europe and Western Asia. And you pulled through the 8 that has now turned into an 88. Now you are able to pull over more than a

saint or mystic; you can bring a whole country, culture, and its numerical mysteries all the way through.

I had no idea what this meant. I also felt that part of the dream was missing and that perhaps something else had been pulled through that I could not remember. Later Hillary woke up and mentioned she had a mysterious dream:

I dreamed you were telling me about a vision you had, which I now don't recall. After you finished, we went back over all the dreams from this summer to figure something out about your vision. I don't remember any details. Then, and I'm not sure if it was at the end of the same dream or a different one that came right after, I saw the Spanish words, "la nieve," which means "snow." I have no memory of the context. I only remember seeing the words suspended in front of me, which then woke me up.

When we looked up the mystical history associated with the country of Georgia, we found that Gurdjieff formerly came to its capital city, Tbilisi. There, between 1919 and 1920, he set up his "Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man" and held the first demonstration of his "Movements." He also investigated the law of octaves, based on how the musical scale progresses from one note to another along eight notes. He applied this paradigm of musical scale ascent and descent to other domains of experience, especially soul development. We previously had dreamed of Gurdjieff and the law of octaves and now it came back after retrieving the whole country where he once lived.

Since "nieve" means "snow" in Spanish, pulling Georgia across the mystical veil surely includes a passage through snow. Tbilisi is fascinating because around its boundaries much snow falls, yet it rarely snows in the city—it is a winter oasis amidst vast snow. We next followed Hillary's visionary advice and looked back at past summer visions. That prompted us to remember what we had learned about tuning the notes and octaves of a piano—the 88-key instrument that is one of the spiritual gifts granted to each Guild member this year. We assumed that the musical octave, 8, referred to tuning an 88-key piano.

We continued looking back over the summer visions and after seeing the entry on "Robert Stead," Brad recalled the missing part of his dream. Before pulling through Georgia, 8, and the 88, he had pulled the Yuwipi man, Robert Stead, across the liminal border. Earlier in the summer we had been inspired by his words: "Nobody's sacred on this earth. No one is sacred. It's only the Big Holy who is sacred. Through Him all things are possible." Applied to the visionary dream, we're reminded that God does all the

pulling—we are only an instrument that, when tuned, can serve the divine ropes. We also marveled that a Yuwipi ceremony often involves finding lost objects, and Robert Stead had helped us find what Brad had forgotten from the vision.

On a final note, we remembered something that happened several years ago in New Orleans. We met an antique dealer who was a retired professor. For no obvious reason he told us a story about how he had toured Georgia in the past and was invited to visit a cave in Vardzia. There a group of people sang songs in the classic Georgian polyphonic style. He added that before they sang, the men stood in a circle and placed one of their hands on the shoulder of the person next to them so they could feel the vibration of the other's voice while the sound was also amplified by the cave.¹⁷ He told us this after we had dreamed of Charles Henry directing us to tinker with haptics that included bone conduction—mechanical vibration synched with acoustic vibration. Our meeting with that retired professor ended with our purchasing a glass bottle that has a tiny sculpture of Jesus in the manger and Jesus on the cross inside it. That sacred tiny altar is also from Georgia.

The Assyrians started monasteries and temples throughout Georgia, including Tbilisi. Many were founded by the “Thirteen Assyrian Fathers,” monastic missionaries who came to Georgia in the sixth century. W. A. Wigram, one of our Sacred Ecstasies saints, was a renowned scholar of the Assyrian Church of the East. In a previous vision, he instructed us to listen to “Syriac sacral music.”¹⁸ That led us to a recording we sent to the Guild of an Assyrian girl and priest who sang The Lord's Prayer to the Pope: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=locW-9S00VU>. At the time, we gave no importance to the fact that the performance was recorded in Georgia.

Uniquely Georgian chants and polyphonic singing are based on a musical octave that is tuned differently than the well-tempered piano. It produces “a slightly compressed (compared to most European music) major second, a neutral third, and a slightly stretched fourth. Likewise, between the fifth and the octave come two evenly spaced notes, producing a slightly compressed major sixth and a stretched minor seventh.”¹⁹ This kind of tonal compression, like that found among Mississippi Delta blues singers and the moaning of sanctified black churches, touch the mystical cords of the soul.

The following example of Georgian singing mimics the duduk, one of their musical instruments. Listen to the unique sounds that come through their different kind of scale: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9HXvhQ4Sr2k>. The mystical quality of Georgian

¹⁷ Nana Mzhavanadze, an eminent ethnomusicologist from the Tbilisi Music Conservatoire, proposes that “Georgian polyphony played a traditional role in daily life as healing rituals to ensure the welfare of the individual, family and the village group.” <https://www.britishgeorgiansociety.org/the-healing-power-of-georgian-polyphonic-music-nana-mzhavanadze-24-february/>

¹⁸ See “Three Knocks, Eight Tones” in *Climbing the Rope to God Volume II*.

¹⁹ [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Music_of_Georgia_\(country\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Music_of_Georgia_(country))

song influenced Gurdjieff's own musical compositions with the Russian composer, Thomas de Hartmann. Hartmann describes their method of transcription:

Mr. Gurdjieff sometimes whistled or played on the piano with one finger a very complicated sort of melody—as are all Eastern melodies . . . to grasp these melodies and write them down in European notation, required a kind of tour de force and very often—probably to make the task more difficult for me—he would replay it a little differently.²⁰

The law of octaves was proposed by the English chemist J. A. R. Newlands in 1865. He discovered that the eighth chemical element resembled the first element, like the eight notes of the musical scale. This was a foundational step toward creating the periodic table of elements. Gurdjieff heard about this law in the early twentieth century and made it a cornerstone of his own mystical philosophy. He believed that everything in the universe was like music, created and sustained by vibrations. This included thoughts, emotions, and the advanced formation and realization of the soul. The idea that everything we experience is due to vibration was later advocated by Edgar Cayce who went further and declared the God of all creation to be a vibration. In our own work, we have always regarded the sacred vibration as the dynamic behind communing with Thee, climbing the ladder, and sacred ecstasy.

Gurdjieff proposed that another law is a more elementary companion to the law of octaves—what he called the law of threes. It determines the quality of each tone and the intervals between them—the basis for tuning a scale. The law of octaves then concerns how vibrations develop, interact, and change. For Sacred Ecstatics, these laws point toward ecstatically journeying on the rope where each step up or down is a movement from one interval to another. Some intervals require a greater leap with an additional boost of vibrational force to make the climb—what Sacred Ecstatics calls an ecstatic gear shift, used to ascend the higher degrees of spiritual temperature. Furthermore, as Gurdjieff and others before him found, every note contains another octave at a different level and that other note also contains a different octave. This recursion of octaves makes the repeating musical scale an Ouroborean wheel. Finally, the body piano, as a multi-string mystical instrument and resonator of sound, can conduct and convey all notes, intervals, and octaves that carry the sacred emotion of beautiful melody and haunting harmony.

Georgian vocal polyphony, variant tuning, 8, 88, the law of threes, leaps across the intervals, and the law of octaves resonates with the spiritual engineering of Sacred

²⁰Thomas de Hartmann, *Our Life with Mr. Gurdjieff*. San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1983, p. 142.

Ecstatics. Every step of ascent or descent on the rope reverberates through all the other steps. In this way you are on earth and in heaven, and everywhere in between, below, and to each side. To cook and climb, tune the intervals between el fuego and la nieve. All this is felt when your body instrument is appropriately tuned and aligned with the vibration of creation. The river you seek to cross is comprised of vibrational currents. Walk on its reverberations with all 8 notes of the octave and your 88 keys in motion.

“There Is a River” Comes to Us

The evening before, when our dreams were in sync, we each had considered sleeping on our chunk of lapis lazuli. We didn’t tell one another what we were thinking and neither of us placed the stone underneath our pillow. We remembered the former Guild experiments that followed our dreaming of Edgar Cayce and his drive to Bisbee, Arizona to find the lapis that strengthened his link to the other side. Then, after dreaming Georgia, 8, 88, and all the rest of it, we admitted to one another that each of us had thought of the lapis before sleeping. Just thinking about it, we mused, was enough to start a visionary chain reaction.

The next day we found a new mojo object was coming our way. A first edition of the biography of Edgar Cayce, the only one authorized by him, was being sent to us. Titled, *There Is a River*, this copy was one of the first books off the press, and it had been signed by him. Cayce personally gave it as a gift to one his main supporters back then. He inscribed the book as follows: “God of our fathers be with us yet lest we forget.” Please welcome back Edgar Cayce. He has returned to the Spirit House of New Orleans to make his mark.

The FBI Is Coming

In a dream, Brad heard an announcement: “The FBI is coming!” It was so startling that it woke him up. He wondered if he had politically done something in the past to warrant their investigation. It had been over fifty years ago since had written a controversial college newsletter that criticized the Vietnam War and the politicians hellbent on linking Christianity with nationalism, capitalism, racism, xenophobia, sexism, ecological ignorance, authoritarianism, and anything else that was bad for life on this planet. Brad worried whether the FBI had finally caught up with him. He prayed for the Lord to lead us through whatever storm lay ahead. A second dream arrived later in the night:

I was in my former childhood house, the parsonage next to my father’s church. A man knocked on our backdoor and when I opened it, I noticed that he had stepped into a pile of dog poop left by Princess, our pet cocker spaniel. He hadn’t noticed where he had stepped so I said, “Hold on, please,” and went to fetch a paper towel

to clean his shoes. After removing his shoes, I cleaned them only to notice that he stepped again into the poop, this time with his socks on. I patiently cleaned his socks and then invited him in. It was obvious that he was sincerely curious about the world but unaware of his inability to notice what was occurring around him. To put it kindly, he was ignorant in the most embarrassing of ways, even walking in poop without a clue about the mess he was leaving behind.

I was a young boy in the dream, but I had the mind I have today and was seeing the past through years of accumulated knowing. After cleaning up the visitor's mess, I noticed he looked familiar. He was Michael Harner, the man who made his version of "shamanism" a popular New Age practice. Over my professional years I had learned to see him as being rather clueless about shamanic experience, more a businessman promoting a product than either a scholar or spiritual teacher. I used to feel angry that he had essentially assured no one would ever be able to discern real shamanism due to his naïve accounts of it, something he voiced with an authoritarian manner that few dared to challenge, except scholars. Like the literalist Christians I ideologically fought in college, he was a literalist New Age leader equally authoritarian, capitalistic, culturally blind, and epistemologically unaware of the poop he was walking in.

I was surprised to find that I felt no anger toward him when I welcomed him into my childhood home. I only saw him as someone who might be eager to learn and explore. His shortcomings were more like those of a child who never learned to clean his shoes before entering the house. I invited him to our kitchen where food was being prepared on the stove by my mother. There was steam in the air from green beans cooking and the room was hot because there was bread in the oven. I pointed to the window over the sink and said, "Look outside. What do you see?" He looked and there was a huge tornado in the sky moving toward us. He was speechless so I replied, "It's a mighty wind and we must go to a place of safety." He didn't understand what he was supposed to do and hesitated, completely lost and not prepared to act. I picked him up and carried him like he was an infant who had no idea that a tornado meant it was time to head to the basement. There were two other small children in the house, so I grabbed them with my other arm and took everyone to the basement.

When we were down below, I found I was no longer a child but a grown man. I realized that's why I could carry those boys. Next, I noticed that Michael Harner was extremely confused and completely uncertain as to what was going on. He had previously looked at the sky from the middle of the kitchen and now was below the ground. He was about to panic when I said, "Let's go to the Kalahari. Let me show you what you are curious about."

In a split second, we were at a Bushman dance. I invited him to come inside the circle, but he only observed and wanted to know when he could ask some questions. I threw myself into the dance and felt its tornadic wind carry me to First Creation. I forgot about Michael Harner in that middle intersection where First and Second Creation are in complete interpenetration. In the changing, there are no names, methods, or explanations. There is only the sacred vibration, a mystery whose jubilation spontaneously brings forth music and dance. Here touch conveys the tremble that converts suffering into ecstasy and the dark into light. In this ecstatic heat of the Kalahari night, observation yields to somatic excitation and multi-dimensional transformation.

After the dance, Michael asked his questions: “Did you go up into the sky? Did you go below the earth? Did you go in the middle in between up and down?” In that moment I realized he had not experienced the wind of n/om, nor felt the journey between First Creation and Second Creation that wobbles in the middle. He only knew how to ask questions that, no matter how they were answered, would legitimize his beliefs about shamanism, especially his simplistic core model—a journey to upper, middle, and lower worlds that is facilitated by a monotonous hypnotic rhythm. He hadn’t even heard the polyrhythms he was immersed in all night, nor been kinetically moved the songs that inspired them. Everything was screened or filtered through his theoretical lens or model of the shamanic world he imagined and fantasized.

I felt no anger in noticing the futility of taking him to the Kalahari. No amount of field work can get the sensory experience and participatory action through if a model of theoretical certainty stands in the way. I recalled how this occurred when I took a crew of renowned rock art scientists to dance with the Bushmen. They were never somatically there and instead, remained at home in their university heads. I also met this same kind of blindness, deafness, and numbness in the fundamentalist Christians I early battled in college, and the fundamentalists of every psychotherapy denomination I later challenged in academic teaching. A fixed paradigm, theory, and model make you lose all your senses—you don’t see that you don’t see, don’t hear that you don’t hear, and don’t feel that you don’t feel, thereby blocking all sensory difference that can evoke a conceptual change. As I realized this in the dream, I recalled the announcement that the FBI was coming. Perhaps, I wondered, I was the one conducting the investigation for a higher bureau.

Before I could ponder any further, I was sent to another room filled with many elders. I recognized many of them as the ones we today call the “saints” of Sacred

Ecstatics—former wisdom keepers of diverse traditions and ways. They had me stand in the middle of the room and proceeded to tell me who I am:

You were sent to many places and you never thought that you fully understood what you beheld. Even when you briefly pondered whether you grasped it, you soon recognized it was only part of a vaster mystery. You opened yourself to the force of creation and realized that the numinous power behind every spiritual pursuit, including a shamanic odyssey, occurs in the changing. It took repeated trials to accept that anything learned today may change tomorrow. Mystical learning and ecstatic burning never end nor do they ever stop altering. Yet over time you found that some things remain the same even as everything changes. This is especially true for the highest love conveyed by the rope that is a bridge to its divine source and force of creative change.

The visions of Sacred Ecstatics brought down by you and Hillary do not permit a simple reduction that offers a popular marketing seduction. Your recipe is also changing, and this includes its metaphors, directions, dimensions, dynamics, and realities. It's over your head and you accordingly have surrendered to this uncertainty, allowing your hearts to rise with each numinous surprise. In the rising of the heart, as every Bushman knows, comes the song and dance that enable the ecstatic spiritual journey to commence. Here you may see the wind, hear its song, and be moved to any floor that has no concern for whether it's high or low because the middle tremble, wobble, and vibration are felt within and radiate to others. This is what it means to shake and wake up the world.

I woke up hearing the final teaching from the other side continue to pour through, a message likely to only be heard and received by a few. I realized that while many are told, few can hear and even fewer will be moved to act. We invite you to take off your spectacles of former knowing and its illusory certainty. Now catch the uncertainty vibe of the Sacred Ecstatics chain reaction tribe as it was articulated in the early morning hour from the mystery side:

The n/om, seiki, and holy spirit you seek is a wind. It is too strong and powerful for you to know, hold, or control. It comes to blow

everything away, especially whatever you cling to as self-validating, especially presumed personal traits, social roles, and lists of achievements. Head to the lower ground and close your eyes. Hear the wind sing, for this is how it rings the bell for your heart door to open. Then rise again, this time feeling like you can fly. In the middle, the sky above cares not whether it brings sunshine or storm. Nor does the sanctuary below care whether you observe, know, or serve anything at all. In the middle is found the eternal return with no beginning or ending, and no upper or lower. In the middle of every contrarian vector of tension your soul is held in suspension, free of gravity, gravitas, and psychological gravy. Here there is only the vibration of creation whose jubilation conveys what it means to be held in the palm of the Lord.

The FBI is coming. Do you want to know what the higher federal bureau of investigation will find out about you? Are you in need of the mighty wind that sends you underground? Welcome the whirling dervish and singing spearfish of the mystical outskirts where somatic kinetics and audio stereophonics rise above every visual production. As the seed of song is planted deep within, it sprouts into higher spinning wheel action, taking you up the stairs to find yourself spun home again. This time you are made more ready to sing and dance, leaving all thoughts behind other than knowing it's a good day to be alive in this misfit tribe with its mystics of old and new. Our FBI offers no Fickle Bamboozle of Initiation. It offers a Fellini Bowl of Iridescence. And our ecstatic piezoelectricity alternates its current in the middle of all things, including the utmost absurdity and equally potent blissful profundity.

Postscript:

Two days following this dream about a tornado, we received the news of a tropical storm forming in the Gulf of Mexico. Several days afterward, we evacuated from New Orleans in the middle of the night as Hurricane Ida made its way toward the city.

Assyria

Guild member, Agnes, sent us a report from Budapest following the hurricane:

Last night in a dream I was struck by lightning on the Grand Boulevard of Budapest, close to the Danube in the 9th district. Brad and I were walking together because he wanted to see the traces of old cafés from the early 20th Century. I showed him the buildings and then he went off to an ice cream parlor nearby. As Brad ordered

an ice cream, I remained outside and noticed the surroundings had turned into a grand, healthy rain forest. The air was humid, and the trees were dark green.

Soon a strong wind arrived from the Danube. Brad came back and pointed his finger up to the sky. Immediately, a lightning bolt struck me and threw me down to the sidewalk. I thought I was dead, but I experienced myself shaking. This ecstatic vibration went on through the rest of the dream and even after the dream. Before waking up I saw an old black rotary telephone on the other side of the street—it was lying there without a phone booth. I was standing in the middle of the Grand Boulevard on the tramway rails, still focused on the rotary phone. Brad was still behind me and said, “Pick it up.” The phone wasn’t ringing since the handset was dangling from the cord in the wind. I followed his instruction, walked over to the phone, and picked up the handle. I heard a voice distinctly say the word, “Assyria.” I couldn’t understand the other words because the man was speaking in a language that sounded like Arabic or Persian. I woke up shaking.

After receiving Agnes’s visionary report, we recalled that years ago Brad dreamed that W. A. Wigram advised us to listen to the music of the Assyrian Church. This visionary advice had followed a dream where Osumi Sensei taught us how to use eight tones with eight cards in a haptic way, thereby opening the door to high mystery. In Agnes’s dream, lightning delivered a seiki jolt and this was followed by mention of Assyria. The dream points to the Wigram Stream and how it can be crossed in dream, accomplished with the art of Assyrian music and the dart of a seiki lightning bolt, among other possible aesthetic and ecstatic combinations. Even hearing about these visionary dreams can trigger you to tremble and become more receptive to following the instruction and direction of a pointing finger. God’s rotary (circular) phone and Sister Gertrude’s megaphone cone are together calling you home: “There is a river; walk on water.”

Hurricane Sessions

Brad dreamed we were giving a demonstration of our transformative sessions:

The audience included well known therapists eager to observe and “borrow” the techniques and theoretical advancements of our latest work. In the past, we often reined in our performance to keep its temperature and metaphors within the observers’ range of familiarity, whether they were psychotherapists or contemporary seekers of spirituality. In this dreamed demonstration, we decided to let it rip and not hold back without worrying about disturbing others’ comfort level.

As we raised the spiritual temperature, we noticed one teacher of Ericksonian therapy start to uncontrollably shake. He previously had assumed he understood energy work, but his face showed the shock of realizing how little he knew. He shook and trembled, clearly wondering whether or not to let go of his past habits of knowing and surrender to the ecstatic flow. We next recognized a popular teacher of brief therapy, a man who has an apostrophe in his last name like the name O'Brien. He was looking around the room, making sure that others saw him as fully understanding what was going on. He dared not appear that he had no clue to avoid looking lost at any cost. We paused and looked at him as we intervened with doubly bound evocative and provocative absurdity, the only medicine he'd likely be able to receive. We advised:

Procure a felt pen that marks with the color gold. Then write your name with a regular black ink pen, but make sure the apostrophe in your last name is marked in gold. This assures you remain golden whenever you are in the dark.

This pleased his conscious mind to see his name marked with gold, though his unconscious mind was not sure whether to test or protest the intervention. His deeper unconscious, on the other hand, smiled and giggled, something it had not done for a long time. He sat there smiling liking a bobbing doll, content that he was golden though not yet beholden to mystery.

So far, in the demonstration, we had barely warmed the room. Yet it overwhelmed the renowned therapists in the crowd. We looked at each other and shouted, "Enough of this holding back. Let's cook like there ain't no tomorrow." We both began to spontaneously move and make ecstatic sounds. Seiki took hold of our bodies as the Kalahari nails started to fly and the holy spirit rain began to pour. Soon the room rocked and later spun as a great wind gathered inside and outside the walls. We were astonished to experience that spiritual cooking was also creating a numinous hurricane, a spiral of ever-increasing and amplifying wind.

In this visionary experience we discovered that Sacred Ecstasics not only sets your soul on fire, but it also resets you via a hurricane whirl. The megaphone of Sister Gertrude is here to do more than make a phone call and shelter you in the storm. It has come to blow the wind that creates a First Creation hurricane that is outside the grain of the conventionally educated brain. Its force field is aligned with the holy train heading to the higher plane. "Blow, Gabriel, blow!" This horn of plenty abundantly spills the music and dance that changes every talking cure that is

unsure of what's over the human head. Deep in the heart, you meet the heat and the wind—the soulful hurricane that changes lives, rooms, and realities. When the hurricane cone of uncertainty meets the megaphone of certainty, earth becomes rearranged as it is in heaven.

Before we left the Spirit House of New Orleans to escape Hurricane Ida, we decided to leave Sister Gertrude Morgan's megaphone in the middle of our kitchen along with all her other art. We preferred the mojo value that would come from this meeting of two cones, not knowing whether its material worth would remain. When we received word that our house was unharmed and that even most of the flowerpots had not even been overturned, we wept and laughed at the same time. Mother Nature's Ida was no match for Sister Gertrude Morgan's loud and wild relations with higher nature. The spiritual cone of certainty had circumscribed and held the earthly storm at bay. Even if the house had crumbled and tumbled away with only one piece of cardboard left from that megaphone, the spiritual outcome would have been the same. The music and dance that comes down the power line and through the cone marches on with all the saints of Sacred Ecstatics. This is not something materially observed or measured—it can only be heard and felt in the cooking and blowing of the horn of ecstatically plenty.

Ripping Open the Ectoplasmic Sheath

In a dream, Brad was shown how strong a conductor he was from the very beginning of his ecstatic work:

Even in the earliest days, I felt like I had a strong electrical cord to God's higher power station. Back then I never tempered its intensity, always letting it run at full blast. Since that time, I have learned to allow higher regulation to also step in and modify the form and intensity of spiritual electricity for any given situation. In the dream, I recalled how Hillary and I are very aware that "too much juice" in the room may result in some people putting on a *big me* self-display with no holy ray. Feeling power in the air, some folks cannot resist wanting to show they are powerful as well. That's when a Sacred Ecstatics event can become less like a Kalahari n/om fest and more like a New Age free-for-all with neither art nor dart. Hitting the sweet spot of not too little or too much electricity requires anointed skill different from raw power line transmission. While sometimes less is more, there are occasions when the room and atmosphere need a Category 5 hurricane with a lightning storm to clear the air and open the door to the other side.

As I dreamed, I recalled the vision from the night before when we didn't hold back the spirited electricity as an audience of therapists observed. That visionary classroom taught us to not be automatically timid if we see someone is frigid. When it's time to let it rip, we need to get all restraints out of the way. If

incongruent responses from others follow, then we can choose to intervene strategically which includes an absurd recommendation to someone soulfully off who pretends to be ecstatically on. In other words, Hillary and I shouldn't forget to recommend the gold marking pen so an altered apostrophe can help avoid a big me catastrophe. So sayeth the O'Keeneys.

The dream replayed several events from long ago when I conducted the high current in a New Age spiritual event and caused widespread pandemonium. At a national conference of spiritualists held in Minnesota, I started to spiritually cook as numinous electricity ripped through the air. This resulted in half the audience fleeing from their seats. One woman screamed out, "Run for your life! He ripped open the ectoplasmic sheath!" The other half of the audience that remained had the cookout of their lives. Suffice it to say, I was never asked back to keynote that conference, though many of those who got cooked wanted more.

The dream next took Hillary and I to another classroom. There we were shown how our spiritual electricity is not only non-subtle, but it has a high degree of megavoltage. The n/om shared in the old days of Kalahari Bushmen cooking is its most comparable reference measure. In this classroom we were told that a new stage of development in Sacred Ecstasies would commence. A voice announced, "Do not fear ripping open the ectoplasmic sheath. Everyone will feel something in the air, whether they are ready to own this feeling or not. Once this soaring heat begins, a chain reaction will follow—especially within the two of you."

Without warning, we noticed that the walls and roof of the classroom were dissolving. Overhead in the sky was a moving object coming toward us. As it came nearer, we recognized it was an extraterrestrial spacecraft, a vehicle from another universe or reality. It came closer and closer until it was directly over our head. The loud hum of an energy accelerator could be heard building up until super-strong bolts of electricity shot out of the spacecraft into the crown of our heads. An observer would assume that we were being electrocuted, but we only felt the pure, raw, exhilarating energy of the life force familiar to us as n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit—our favorite metaphors for this uplifting supercharge.

We trembled and shook with bliss, recognizing that this was the boost we needed to go further with the Sacred Ecstasies work. As the electricity continued to pour in, looking like a scene from one of Nikola Tesla's experiments, we recognized we were holding on to one another and moving together in a powerful seiki choreography of kinetic spontaneity. We recalled that we had shared a milder version of this kind of coordinated seiki motion every night during the past week before going to sleep. It had automatically seized us when we held each other for our goodnight embrace. Now it was further amplified in dream as an alien

spacecraft shot electrical bolts into us from the sky. We knew we wouldn't die; it was obvious we were being born again to fly higher in our mission.

In this extraordinarily high electrical voltage, old patterns of resistance involving reluctance to provide conductance to others dropped away. We felt no more irritation with the shortcomings, miscalculations, misgivings, fakery, or connivery of anyone, whether they were therapeutically or spiritually oriented. It is time to again be more open to the strong current and its wild and sometimes irrational expression and exposition, not worrying how others might respond. This is now what the gods and ancestors want from us, something beyond our understanding. Our responsibility is to hand the voltage over to higher control. This, of course, does not mean that the voltage will always knock our socks off. It only points toward our need to get all the way out of the way.

The dream woke Brad up and moved him to pray for further guidance as he shook and trembled in the middle of the night. He felt excited about the news of a forthcoming development in releasing increased Sacred Ecstatics excitation, in whatever form would bring it forth. Another dream arrived later with further instruction:

I was in a large room with worn walls and floor. It was the home of a curandera located somewhere south of the border. It could have been in Mexico, but it felt more like Paraguay. In the corner of the room was my former colleague, Dr. Charles H. Fishman, who had directed the Philadelphia Child Guidance Clinic after being mentored by the founder of structural family therapy, Salvador Minuchin. Seeing him, I remembered the dream from the night before when two other therapists observed our work. Charlie was different because he had some serious therapeutic chops and could execute a masterful family session, which requires greater interactional skill. At the same time, his expertise was not in the higher spiritual temperature zone or in the realm of healing's higher order cybernetics. Charlie smiled and I took this to mean that he had brought me to meet a healer and he wanted to watch my interaction with this person.

An old woman dressed in white entered the room. She started to doctor me with a prayer as she sprinkled some liquid on my body. Her mood soon changed because something happened that she did not expect. She nervously asked her son for assistance, "Hand me the white wrapped box." He looked puzzled and did not know where it was. At that moment, I noticed small insects were crawling over both our bodies. The curandera's interaction with me had somehow produced an outpouring of insects. When the son assisting her could not find what she asked for, she ran out of the room in a panic. I looked around and saw the insects were

also coming out of the wall. Turning to Charlie, I saw that he was shaking in his chair, unsure of what was going on and what to do. I smiled to assure him that all was fine.

The old woman came back to the room with a foot-long narrow box wrapped in white cloth. She handed it to me. I immediately opened it and found two photos inside, one on top of the other. The first image was of a spiritual mother dressed in white. It resembled many of the mother saints of Sacred Ecstasies, especially Sister Gertrude Morgan. The photo was a blurry composite of different faces rather than a clear image of any one person.

It was obvious, at this point, that the curandera did not know what she was doing and was surprised to find what had been found in the box. She stumbled for words and tried to appear like she was being helpful. Then she blurted out, “You should learn from this person.” I did not tell her that I already had learned from those in the photograph. Eager to see what the next photograph was, she invited me to take another look. Underneath the first card was a clear photograph of Little Seagull Man, the Guarani shaman from Paraguay. Now she more enthusiastically shouted, “Go learn from him.” This time I replied, “I did. He’s my friend and I wrote a book about his life.”

As Charlie still shook in the corner, the woman now began to tremble. She realized that she was being doctored by her interaction with me. I felt less sure that this was the case; it felt like everyone in the room was receiving a healing orchestrated from on high. More accurately, the entire room of her practice was being cleansed. Like I had been shown by Little Seagull Man, this resulted in little insects being pulled out of the treated vessel. The Guarani conception of healing sickness appears as insect extraction, comparable to the Bushman notion of removing a dirty nail. Healing was *pulling* out sickness—Guarani insects or Kalahari dirty nails. Furthermore, whatever is pulled out of one person is simultaneously pulled out of everyone in the room, especially the healer.

In the dream, I looked again at Charlie and appreciated that he was a therapist I had long respected, and that he was typically careful to not pretend that he knew what he didn’t know. At the same time, I realized he could not possibly understand or perhaps even notice what was happening in the room. It didn’t matter. He had fulfilled his mission, and this included bringing us to the visionary room. I then looked at both the photographs again, accepting that they were a spiritual gift along with the words the curandera had spontaneously offered. As I stared at the photographs, the former teachings of both teachers began to converge, forming a newly blended lesson.

I fell into a dream within my dream, envisioning Little Seagull Man shaking his medicine rattle as he used to do. At the same time, Sister Gertrude Morgan, along with the other spiritual mothers of the Caribbean and New Orleans, began to voice the Lord's Prayer. I joined in and began doing this myself in the dream with a rattle shaking in one hand, as the Lord's Prayer was said with different tones and rhythms. Hillary was then by my side, doing this with me. This excitation of praying spiritually awakened the strong mega-electricity that had come through in the former dream. The power was so strong that it woke me up from the dream, but I continued to hear and feel the rattle and prayer going on within. In this flood of emotion, I appreciated that another gift had come through for the Guild.

Here are your instructions: procure a rattle and use it while reciting the Lord's Prayer. And do so with a photograph of Little Seagull Man and Sister Gertrude Morgan. The vision specified that the Guild should use a child's rattle. Ideally, obtain the plastic egg shakers sold at a music store. Any color will do. This little egg, rather than a more serious looking medicine rattle, will help you not pretend you are an Amazonian shaman, and it keeps you more like a child who is readier to enter mystery without any burden of pretension. However, as is the paradoxical nature of all numinously charged mojo, you must doctor the unprepped egg to make it a more serious spiritual instrument. Write the initials of Little Seagull Man and Sister Gertrude Morgan on its opposite sides: LSM and SGM. This brings you two M's that Are also two W's, creating a well-balanced spiritual tension between the men and women of God. Finally, keep your egg shaker in a small frying pan or a drawing of one. This reminds you that your shaking egg must not only crack open in First Creation; it must also get cooked.

Gathering Food for the Feast

On September 7, 2021, Brad dreamed we were driving in St. Joseph, Missouri on our way to visit my grandparents:

We stopped at a commercial building that offered all kinds of food and it was clear that Hillary wanted to gather some special items for a feast at my grandparents' home. She planned to celebrate our forthcoming reunion with Grandmother Doe and Grandfather PaPa. When we entered the shop, we magically found ourselves in Paris. The place was a grand Parisian food parlor with every kind of delicacy imaginable displayed behind long glass counters. Hillary pointed to one dish after another to an old woman who was clearly the head person in charge of the operation.

The french Woman, dressed in white, did not smile and was rather snobby in her tone and countenance. We were reminded of a former trip to Paris where a friend gifted us with a reservation to a very famous restaurant. The manager and co-owner, husband to the chef who was very warm and gregarious, had an international reputation for being an extraordinarily difficult person to interact with. A food guide had even mentioned that famous chefs from around the world visited this place to taste their miracles but found the man irritable, rude, and “never had anyone seen him smile.” When we went to that restaurant, I told Hillary that I would get him to smile. It was my destiny to do so. We will save that whole story for another time but for now we only mention that at the end of the meal, the man came over and asked if we enjoyed ourselves and did so with a smile. We returned several more times with his blessing.

Now we were facing an elder woman with the same kind of disposition. Whatever Hillary ordered, she gave a look that indicated disinterest in us, our choices, and the entire universe. It did not deter Hillary from continuing to order whatever she wanted and to specify how she wanted it. Hillary even rejected several of the chef’s recommendations of how to serve something. Finally, Hillary pointed to a whole smoked turkey and some homemade mayonnaise scooped from a huge tray. I was hungry observing the shopping adventure.

When we made our way to the dessert section, Hillary offered the woman a phrase in French. Hillary has a talent for learning languages and her ear can catch the nuances that sometimes convince others that she is a native speaker. She also took many years of French so she would dare not say any phrase she didn’t know how to enunciate correctly. Not surprisingly, the old woman acted like Hillary had made an error and repeated the phrase as if demonstrating how to say it correctly. She did not notice that she said it exactly like Hillary until she had spoken it. In this moment all the other food attendants and chef assistants gathered near to see what would happen. They had seen that nothing the woman did could throw Hillary off course and that the old woman had been caught in a mistake.

Without thinking, I spoke for the first time since we had entered the shop. Looking at the old woman and all her staff I announced, “Perhaps you should paint this side of the room black and paint the other side of the room behind the counter white.” Unable to resist the surprise of this suggestion for a room modification, the old woman smiled. She said something to Hillary in French, as if being respectful while at the same time testing to see if she really knew the language. Hillary responded in French and the old woman smiled again and replied, “The girls will help you get any dessert you want.” The whole scene was transformed

into merriment and glee. The young women behind the counter were laughing and bubbling with a newfound, liberating joy.

One of them shouted to Hillary, “It must be your birthday.” While it wasn’t the day of her physical birth, I responded, “It is her birthday.” The young woman, now even more excited, replied, “Wonderful! We have special birthday cakes that are not shown out front. Let me bring you one to see what you think.” Soon she returned and set a chocolate cake on the countertop. Another girl held a tray holding other cakes. With a knife the attendant cut the cake in half, doing so laterally. She lifted the top off and laid it down so we could see the inside of this delicacy. We were surprised to see that each half of the cake had a different middle filling. On one side was a light chocolate cream and on the other side was a red raspberry cream.

We were as stunned as the old woman had been when I suggested painting the room two colors. The elder in charge started to laugh as we, too, did not know what to think or say when we discovered that she already embodied the wisdom of a different color for each side—in her case, a cake that would make us smile. In this startling meeting of Paris in Missouri, smiles, and cakes, we forgot where we were and why we were there. We were just excited to celebrate Hillary’s birthday with a special cake in a room that brought everyone an endless smile, the kind of smile that is a gift to every grandparent who wants to please their grandson and granddaughter with sun-rising, surprising double red and brown cream sweetness.

Before that raspberry and chocolate color and flavor could remind me of other joys in my earlier life, I woke up, ready to celebrate Hillary’s new birthday. She is now reborn as a master hunter and gatherer of the ingredients that make a spiritual feast. Let’s celebrate and pledge to never understand what all this means and instead, enjoy the fine dining at a higher plane that is over our heads.

Cedar Walton Plays a Typewriter

Brad dreamed we were in an old, dilapidated shack. The walls were barely standing and there were cracks that let in the light, rain, and wind from the outside. None of that mattered to Brad, for inside this place were two keyboards with master pianists giving a lesson:

One instrument was missing the strings and wood case—it only consisted of a row of 88 keys. On it was an old timer from the blues and stride days, Jay McShann, wildly playing it with his fingers though no physical sound was produced. I could catch the emotion that inspired his performance by watching his fingers move and how it affected the way his face expressed what he felt. And, more importantly, I

could hear the music, and so could he. As I focused on the keyboard, I recognized it had been placed in a homemade rectangular black box, lying on a vinyl-covered dining room table from the 40s or 50s. I was amazed at how the old man could bring a whole piano back to life and make it play. Then that man changed to another pianist and became a more contemporary player of bebop, Billy Taylor. One jazz pianist after another took turns playing that keyboard and as I looked at them move, I caught both the feeling and the sound.

To the left of that bodyless keyboard was a very small multi-row keyboard that somehow floated in the empty shell of an old upright piano. Behind it was the great jazz pianist, Cedar Walton. I immediately recognized him because he played one of the most memorable sessions I ever experienced at a club. This took place at the Artists' Quarter in Minneapolis decades ago. Music poured through the band as if it came straight from heaven. It was one of those rare nights that bless everyone fortunate enough to be in the room. Everything musically magical came together just right, as if plugged into the source of musical joy. I never recovered from its impact. Now in the dream Cedar Walton was sitting at a keyboard that looked impossible to play and he was next to every significant pianist who ever played jazz.

Before I could further observe and analyze the scene, Cedar broke into some riffs of improvisation. He was playing with someone I could hear but did not see. A saxophone would offer a line and Cedar would, in turn, create a response to its call. I looked more closely to see how he was doing this and was shocked to see that he was playing an old-fashioned manual typewriter. In the middle of its mechanical body was one unlit candle. This surreal sight made me feel dizzy, but not like Gillespie. I was in the whirl of First Creation. Reality itself was being improvised. Then the saxophonist started to materialize. It was Dexter Gordon who had years ago been accompanied by Cedar Walton. Now they were in a musical mojo shack with impossible instruments creating otherworldly music with an unlit candle radiating the light and life of jazz.

I again stopped trying to figure out what was going on and just let the music pour into me. As I heard Cedar make that old typewriter sound like the best Steinway I ever heard, I saw piles of vinyl records and old sheet music stacked on the floor underneath it. There were even paper sacks overflowing with record albums that had not been opened. I realized that Cedar had studied all the great pianists and that when he played, any of them could come through. Hearing a master play is listening to the whole history of music perform.

Cedar suddenly played one extremely fast and complex line that jarred me. It was unlike anything I ever heard on earth, and it felt like he gave me a sonic

glimpse and jolt of jazz heaven. I woke up and couldn't get the sound out of my head. I rushed downstairs to do an internet search on Cedar Walton, hoping to learn more about the man who played the visionary typewriter with a single candle in the middle. The first item that showed up was an interview with Cedar Walton conducted by Ethan Iverson, a pianist and professor of jazz at the New England Conservatory.²¹ When he began the interview, he told Cedar, "You were the first great jazz pianist I saw live, at the Artists' Quarter in Minneapolis in '86 or '87. Kenny Horst was on drums and Billy Peterson was on bass. . . I thought it was the greatest thing that ever happened to me." I immediately wept for he, too, had experienced the same magic from the same musician at the same club.

In Iverson's interview, Cedar Walton discussed how much time he spent studying the records of other great pianists and that he carefully memorized many of the musical passages he admired. He also passionately studied musical transcriptions and all the sheet music he could get a hold of when he earlier learned how to improve his musicality. As he described this, "I'd grab up everything possible." He also said it was not possible to catch someone's improvised performance by listening alone. You had to watch them do it, like I had watched him in the dream. As Cedar put it, "I was a fanatic, trying to absorb all the material off the records, but you could only get to a certain degree. You had to see someone playing this."

Iverson and Walton discussed how different stylistics of the historical keyboard giants came through his recordings, including Erroll Garner, Red Garland, and Art Tatum. While he held their tracks in the deepest part of his musical soul, he also evolved his own way of extending these lineages. He explained that the old masters gave him personal advice that profoundly steered his musical life, with this moment being the most memorable: "The strongest in my memory is Thelonious Monk, who talked through his teeth a lot. He'd say, 'Play your own shit.'" He stood on the shoulder of giants, enabling him to reach his arms higher, as he left a new floor for others to climb.

Finally, Cedar Walton was no stranger to terribly voiced and out of tune pianos. He too often had to perform a gig with a horrible instrument. One piano became famous for its mediocrity—the piano at a club named Boomer's, located in Greenwich Village during the 70s. As Walton describes it, "It's awful! That Boomer's piano is particularly funky, even by jazz standards." Yet he could make it sound beautiful. Even an album was recorded on it, entitled, "Live at Boomer's." Perhaps it is no stretch of the imagination to suggest that Cedar could make a typewriter sound like a well-tuned piano.

In a mojo shack—another metaphor for the Sacred Ecstasies big room, big river, and big show—anything can happen. A board of keys alone can make music if you feel and move with it

²¹ <https://ethaniverson.com/interview-with-cedar-walton/>

in the right way. A typewriter with an unlit candle can sound like a Steinway and light the world if you sit in relationship to the saints and pointers who are next to you. Listen to the ecstatic tracks that have been left for you to absorb and memorize, and be ready to perform any cherished line in any room with any instrument. When you own the history of our lineages, the next evolution of your soul will commence. Thelonious Monk, speaking for your inner Thelonious Monkulous, will not open his mouth but you will feel and hear him say, “Play you own shit.” This means use your gifts, the ones you were anointed to offer the world. Be careful, for you must stand on the shoulders of others to reach and grab hold of what lies in store for you. This is the rope to God—the braided lineage strings that enable every human being to be a part of and add to the megaphone’s stereophonic line to heaven.

Room Diligence

At the start of our August evacuation from Hurricane Ida, we sheltered in a small city that only had one room left available—a cheap, filthy, and potentially unsafe motel room. It was not the kind of place you’d imagine ever wanting to stay. Yet we were full of cheer because our excitement about Sacred Ecstatics is the real room we live in, the home of our heart, mind, and soul no matter the physical conditions surrounding us. In our 3am escape from a colossal storm, this experience affirmed the importance of remaining in the big room and having your spiritual ratio favor uplifting ecstatic soul dynamics over trickster downdrifts. Such “room diligence” is the daily responsibility of every true spiritual seeker, including dedicated Sacred Ecstatics Guild members.

No one was better at exercising careful and persistent work in readying the room for life force circulation than Osumi Sensei. During the hurricane disaster, we thought of her dedicated room diligence, something we want to improve for the Sacred Ecstatics community. What most stood out about Osumi was the way she could draw a social boundary and maintain it. When Hillary went shopping for a feast in a previous dream, she acted like Osumi—nothing took her off aim or rattled her cage. Osumi used to teach Brad that it was also important to learn how to be “socially rude” and not let pleasing others override doing the right thing, which may include excusing yourself from a non-resourceful situation. This teaching has become our Sacred Ecstatics outcry against “placation,” the act of telling people what they want to hear rather than offering a pointing that is as likely to deliver a sting as it is some honey, or both.

Of course, Osumi was still very human and would sometimes, but not often, make a mistake in misjudging a person or a situation. But once she noticed the error, she quickly corrected her conduct and made sure the room was clean and expansive enough to again host the seiki wind. It was rare for her to give a complement and she did so only if it was for something authentically performed with seiki. Inauthentic expression, trickster fakery, and action not born of the ecstatic bakery never has any creative life force. Osumi could feel when a room had no art and no dart.

While either art and dart can be imitated and postured, her whole body and its sensorium could discern what was ecstatically real, that is, distinguish whether something rocked with the hot seiki vibration or was simply cold, stale air.

We pledged to make the Sacred Ecstatics performance room the kind of place that would make Osumi Sensei smile. She was as tough as the chefs in Paris and not just anyone could evoke a smile from her. Her room was all business, but when seiki came through she was as excited as a child beholding endless wonder. We prayed for guidance in how to enact better room diligence. A visionary dream arrived:

In the dream some folks we know invited the Guild to their new country home for a Sacred Ecstatics gathering. We felt reluctant to go because we didn't feel these hosts had ever demonstrated healthy room diligence and were missing appropriate social manners, did not take good care of guests, and did not own the required conductance skills and anointment. We chose to go only to avoid upsetting anyone's feelings. The journey getting there was long, disorganized, and exhausting. When we finally arrived, we knew we had made a mistake. Everything felt off even though there was high hope and excitement brought by those who came to cook. I thought about reaching out to the host and saying something that might make them feel better but hesitated after I remembered Osumi Sensei would never placate and would already be considering a plan to evacuate. I also recalled how people were shocked when she drew a social boundary like that because they were incapable of noticing a room was unfit to host a robust ecstatic shaking fit. Most people lack both room diligence and room discernment.

Soon we were taken to a cramped room where everyone sat in a circle on the floor, which is physically very difficult for me. We were seated next to the hosts. It felt like we were squished in a mackerel can, and it was difficult to breathe. No longer able to tolerate the situation, I walked way for some fresh air. Hillary stayed behind and when I was halfway across the room, I turned to see her reach over to touch one of the host's arms, as if assuring them that everything would be fine. In a flash, Osumi appeared and pulled back Hillary's hand. It was made doubly clear that neither Hillary nor I should reach out to uphold what should not be upheld. Pleasing and comforting is not always good for room expansion, but sometimes further shrinks things. We both had almost reached out to placate the hosts in different ways, thinking that by making them feel good it might improve the situation. Osumi intervened to keep our Sacred Ecstatics room clean.

In the dream Osumi asked us to follow her outside to see what lied behind the house. The hosts had just acquired the place as a second home. Its furnishings inside were strikingly soulless and depressing and the whole place smelled aesthetically and ecstatically stale. Osumi now took us to the backyard to see where the house was situated. She pointed to two narrow streams that appeared as dugout trenches rather than natural waterways. They were filled with a dark fluid that looked like it might be sewage. What was strange, however, was how these two streams of

sludge were shaped like a “V.” They appeared like half of a “crossroads” but when they came to the crossing point, they lead to nowhere. The trenches just came to a stop. Osumi spoke when we noticed this:

Even this crossroads is not a real crossroads. Nor is this room a big room. Room diligence includes not being misled; don’t placate anyone just to please and put them at ease. If the path, entrance, room, and backyard smell stale and feel unnatural and canned, leave the room even if it appears socially rude. Stay inside the big, clean room where seiki abounds. Caring what others think will only result in finding another stink. Practice room diligence. Seiki begins and ends with cleaning the room. Entering and exiting, the broom sweeps as its movement takes you closer to the alternating current. There the seiki typhoon lifts you off the earth and takes you somewhere new.

Before the dream ended, a seiki wind came and blew the entire place away, like Hurricane Ida had recently done in New Orleans and southern Louisiana. High in the air, Osumi continued to teach, providing the instruction we had prayed to receive:

Sacred Ecstatics requires daily room diligence. If any Guild member has questions or personal testimonies to share about the work, this should be addressed in front of everyone in the online forum. Rather than leave that room and enter another private communication space, bring it to the community gathering place. Enter your words carefully, after you have given them thoughtful consideration and careful housecleaning and editing. Keep the room clean, as you are in relation to the whole space hosting everyone. Trickster will do everything it can to invite you to visit a small room, whether it is a past room or a new place that is separate from the Guild room built for this work. To be in the big room, stay in it. That’s room diligence. Only this can get your rat128cstating more seiki than fakey.

Brad woke up and remembered that before the dream he had prayed for guidance in helping people who drift in and out of Sacred Ecstatics work. He asked, “Should we reach out when we feel someone going astray? Help us know when to reach, teach, and preach to others and when to refrain. Help us make the room right and bright. Guide us and help us bring this work to its highest peak. Thank you, Lord.” The dream arrived and made clear that we will only reach out to others when directed by higher direction. Our job is to maintain room diligence and allow Osumi and the other saints to intervene whenever we are tempted to follow trickster and please and ease rather than tease away such placation dis-ease. Let’s all stay in the big room where anything that needs to be said is heard by everyone. One for all and all for one, with each part playing its part for the integrity of the whole. Resist the invitation to reenter old familiar

haunts. This is the year for a new adventure and to get on board, stay in the Guild room, for it is also the means of spiritual transportation and soulful excitation. All aboard, this train is a clean train. And it has room for all of us, no matter our shortcomings and drifting manners. Reminder: practice room diligence, for this helps make life glorious.

Uhuru

Brad dreamed he was back in his early childhood home, the parsonage next to his father's church:

A woman was in the kitchen and tried to pull a dish out of the oven. Her hand was immediately burned, and it seemed obvious that she did not know anything about cooking. Upon further inspection, I noticed that she had moved the oven to the wrong place in the kitchen and disconnected it from the electrical power source. She was unexplainably burned even though the oven was not hot. I recalled that earlier in the day she had tried to apply shaking touch to a workman who was cleaning the yard. The man played along but clearly thought she was just trying to make an impression while not aware that her actions were out of place and came across as foolish.

I stayed in my room and avoided engaging, only periodically looking down the hall or looking out my window to check what was happening around me. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. I intuited that someone had come to see me, so I opened the door and greeted a nerdy looking young man who identified himself as a messenger. He announced, "There is an experimental group of researchers who'd like to see your work. They heard about Sacred Ecstasies and want you and Hillary to make a demonstration." He then pointed to art objects he saw in the living room and kitchen, adding, "I can see you are a perfect fit for them. They'd really like that statue with the tilted and oddly connected head on top."

I replied to the messenger, "Please wait while I change my clothes and get ready." I went to my closet and selected a pair of jeans and a formal white dress shirt with a starched collar. This combination surprised me and I paused, wondering if I should change. I looked again at other shirts I might wear instead but stayed with the same pair of relaxed jeans and stiff white shirt. I then noticed that half an hour had passed and that I had embarrassingly left that young man waiting. He had already gone outside and looked frustrated. I shouted, "Wait, I'm ready. Where are we going and who are we meeting?" He responded, "They are at the high school. I cannot remember their whole name, but their main name is Uhuru." I asked, "Isn't that an African name?" After saying that, I woke up and came back to myself.

“Uhuru” is the Swahili name for “freedom.” It is also the name of the highest mountain peak in Africa, found on Mount Kilimanjaro. Finally, it refers to a reggae band in Jamaica—Black Uhuru. I laughed because their music was the only reggae album I ever purchased, and I bought it in South Africa when I lived with medicine elders. In the dream I felt that the researchers wanting to meet us were experimenting with the art and darts that grow out of the African continent. It was no surprise that they wanted to witness our work, given our deep roots to African doctoring ways. Sacred Ecstasies knows how to spiritually cook—our oven is always plugged in to a higher power and we use it in the right time and place. We seek to climb the highest African peak of bliss, with music and rhythm leading the way. At the pinnacle peak of sacred ecstasy, you are entirely dependent on the love and grace of God. That is where the ultimate freedom is found.

Sandwiches and Muffins

In a dream we found ourselves outfitted with a different kind of kitchen:

It resembled an old-fashioned café from the 40s or 50s with one glass case filled with sandwiches and another longer case filled with delicious homemade muffins, including our favorite one—the morning glory muffin. Hillary announced, “We are ready for a road trip in case another storm comes along. There are enough sandwiches and muffins for everyone in the Guild.” I was excited that we were well prepared for anything to happen, ready in a most tasty manner. Remembering how much I relish morning glory muffins, I woke up desiring one.

Falling asleep again, a second dream arrived. This time Hillary and I were in the visionary Chrysler Imperial with the Guild. We were on a road trip. I asked for a muffin. Hillary looked puzzled and replied, “I think the muffins and sandwiches are songs.” Hearing her words, I instantly knew she was correct. We are equipped with an enormous bunch of songs, ready to hit the road and travel to any spiritual classroom. I woke up more excited about music than I formerly had been about food.

A third dream arrived to complete the night’s trilogy. This time I was at my former high school and was opening my locker in the basketball gym. I recalled how hard I practiced basketball, getting up at 5am to run and shoot baskets. I climbed stairs and lifted weights, trying to jump higher and higher until I could dunk the ball. I finally did and was proud of that athletic achievement. However, I did not have the natural talent to fulfill my dream of being a collegiate basketball player. I realized this sometime between sixteen and seventeen years of age. No

matter how hard I worked, my basketball dream was never going to come to fruition. That's when I turned to science and music, pursuits more attuned to my natural gifts.

In the dream, I pulled something out of my locker. I am not sure what it was, but I felt it was a gift not ready to be opened. When I came out of the locker room, I met Hillary in the hall. We walked around the school and noticed a long line of people waiting to see a professional basketball star who was visiting the school to sign autographs. I looked and saw it was Kobe Bryant, the former NBA star with the Los Angeles Lakers. In the dream, I went up to him and said, "You were on television last night with our son, DJ Skee." Years ago, California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger appointed our son to be the first official hip hop ambassador for the state of California.²² He worked with Kobe Bryant's afterschool sports initiative. In the dream, Kobe lit up with a smile and said to his entourage, "Hey everybody, this is Skee's dad. He's a real champion. He never encouraged his son to be a preacher or teacher. He let him be who he naturally is. He's the number 1 dad in the world." Hearing these words, I felt I had leapt onto the basketball court and made the best long shot of my life—fathering a son whose business is wrapping together professional sports, music, and show biz.

These three dreams point to what is needed to feel the glory of life: a song that moves you to travel through any kind of existential weather, finding and developing your own natural gifts, and working hard to take the leap and make the dunk. Your initiatory baptism begins by placing yourself between two slices of holy bread. That sandwich becomes a sweet treat with a prayer than transforms into a song. Then comes the glory of the morning, a new day that is ready for your climb toward sacred ecstasy.

In Poland, the Piano is a Fountain and the Sound Is Water

In a dream, Brad was at the hospital clinic in the town where he grew up. He had completed a checkup and was waiting for the results when he saw Dr. Arch Spelman, the doctor that took care of him as a child. Oddly, Dr. Spelman was dressed in a white gown like a patient rather than in a doctor's coat. It seemed he also had received a checkup.

I then overheard his doctor, someone higher up in rank, tell him, "You are at stage four and have very little time left." My former doctor then looked at me, and I felt the entire Guild was also in the room waiting for their own test results. Dr.

²²<https://allhiphop.com/news/dj-skee-named-as-hip-hop-ambassador-to-governor-schwarzenegger%C2%92-charity/>

Spelman, who always spoke in a hypnotic kind of manner that cast a healing spell, announced, “Why waste time waiting for a diagnosis? It is ultimately always going to be the same—‘you have very little time left.’” I didn’t wait to hear my own test results. I turned to everyone and shouted, “Let’s live like there is no tomorrow.” As I exited the hospital, I woke up.

Lying awake in the darkness, I prayed to be led toward a maximally fulfilled life with not an hour wasted. Another dream followed. I immediately noticed I was in an old city in Poland. I do not know how I knew this, but I felt it without any doubt. It was twilight, and Hillary and I walked down a cobblestone street. A voice from the sky announced, “In Poland, the piano is a fountain, and its sound is water.” The words struck me like a lightning bolt, yet I felt I had always known that the piano is a fountain that conveys a flood of emotion. I have known this all my life. The piano is unquestionably the aural bridge that has carried me to the world of mystery. In the dream, I wondered why we were in Poland. I then remembered Fryderyk Chopin, the Polish composer whose classical music I admired as a child. I woke up astonished by the words I heard and was hungry to know more about what lay in store for us in Poland with Chopin and the piano fountain.

The next day we discovered that there literally is a piano fountain in the Old Town area of Krakow, Poland. It is called “Chopin’s Piano Water Fountain,” designed by Maria Jarema (1908-1958), a contemporary of Stanislaw Szukalski, and made by Wanda Czelkowska (b. 1930).



Though treasured as a Polish composer, Chopin moved to Paris as a young adult and there he became known as a poet-musician who preferred to play in intimate salons rather than large concert halls where his improvisations awakened great emotion. Berlioz writes about how he and his piano could enchant a room:

His playing gave rise to such emotions! In what ardent and melancholic reveries he loved to pour out his soul! It was usually at about midnight that he gave himself up with the most abandon; when the great socialites of the salon had left, when the political question of the evening's agenda had been dealt with, when all the gossipers had come to the end of their stories, when all the traps had been set, all the treacheries accomplished, when all were tired of prose, yielding to the silent prayer of a few beautiful and knowing gazes, he would become a poet and would sing the Ossianic loves of the heroes of his imagination, their chivalrous joys and the pain of the absent native land, his cherished Poland, always ready to conquer and yet always defeated.²³

²³ <https://www.claviercompanion.com/article-details/chopin-and-pleyel>

Like Stanislaw Szukalski, Chopin longed for a mythopoetic Poland, a place he left and mourned. He chose France not only as his home, but he also chose the French piano, the Pleyel, as his musical companion. He was inseparable from it and would not perform on any other instrument. The Russian musicologist Wilhelm von Lenz, comments: “Chopin played a Pleyel, an instrument with a light action on which one can more easily create nuances than on an instrument with a luscious sonority.”²⁴ Chopin taught his students that they “must sing with the fingers” and the Pleyel enabled this to occur more effortlessly than other pianos of his time. Liszt also fell in love with Chopin’s Pleyel and said that its sound was “the marriage of crystal and water.”²⁵

Chopin’s Etude Op. 10 No. 1 was dedicated to Franz Liszt and was later known as “Waterfall.” Water was a common metaphor in Chopin’s musical life. His Prelude in D-flat Major, Op. 28: No. 15, called “Raindrop,” was inspired by a waking dream at the keyboard in a monastery located in Majorca. “According to George Sand, who interrupted the composer’s reverie when she returned to the monastery during a rainstorm, the composer saw himself drowned in a lake, while heavy drops of water fell in a regular rhythm on his chest.”²⁶

When Bartolomeo Cristofori built his keyboard instrument in the workshop of a Florentine palace, it was the first time a musician could control keyboard dynamics. Hence, the name—pianoforte, originally called the “gravicembalo col piano e forte” when manufactured in 1711. From that time onward, “the sound [could] be controlled by the player who is able, at will, to make the instrument bring out a sound that is either quiet or loud, passionate or objective, melodious or barbaric, brilliant or smooth, erotic or indifferent . . .”²⁷ The use of the pianoforte to convey emotion was pioneered by a Polish woman pianist named Madame Szymanowska. According to reviews, “her playing was full of expression and emotion: her soul was present in every touch of the keyboard and she was able to pass her momentary visions to the listener so he could understand them wholeheartedly.”²⁸ Chopin attended her concerts and caught the emotion poured forth, along with the musical means to do the same with his own work.

George Bernard Shaw declared that “the pianoforte was as much a milestone for mankind as was the 1455 publication of the Mainz edition of the Gutenberg Bible.”²⁹ Whereas the written word provided the cornerstone for making meaning, the pianoforte gave us the means to powerfully convey the highest emotion. The piano lit a fire in the soul and could ignite social hysteria in an audience, as Liszt found in his concerts. Lisztomania was later replaced by Paddymania, inspired by the modern Polish concert pianist, Ignacy Jan Paderewski. His performances were described as follows:

²⁴ Ibid

²⁵ <https://www.fortepiano.eu/pleyel-1830/>

²⁶ Anatole Leikin, *The Mystery of Chopin’s Préludes* (London: Routledge, 2020), 40.

²⁷ <https://culture.pl/en/article/polish-piano-tradition>

²⁸ Ibid

²⁹ Ibid

Each recital was a spiritual event. He excelled in the art of producing beautiful and varied tone colors never before dreamt of in a piano—from the lightest and most sparkling to the most violent extremes, which sounded almost orchestral. He was known for having perfected the touch that could literally make the piano sing. His pedaling was also perfect and his musical renderings, no matter how different, were the fruit of profound and serious study.

Even though he was criticized by some for his excessive use of *tempo rubato* and for vertically uneven playing of chords, such expressive devices were common to the Romantic era pianists of whom he was one of the last. Some musicians acclaimed him as the greatest Bach exponent of his time. Some of his Beethoven interpretations cannot be surpassed. He was considered the best Chopin player of his time and no one could play the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodies as he did.³⁰

The other reason Paderewski moved audiences was that, like Chopin, he had a special piano. It was the Steinway Concert Grand piano that had been invented near the end of the 19th century. The modern Steinway took the piano far past the evocative power of the early pianoforte and likely even further than Chopin's Pleyel. Paderewski refused to play any other piano and his refusal to do so at the Chicago World's Fair is what made Steinway the household name it is today. From pianoforte to Pleyel to Steinway, with many other forms in between, the mechanical keyboard that allows fingers to sing has given the world a fountain whose music pours like water from heaven. Finally, we were led by our post-visionary exploration to this first creation blend of Chopin, piano, fountain, and gospel. It's the medicinal treatment for the incurable diagnosis we all share—having too little time left to live: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ahYjliKdZao>.

Postscript:

Brad was introduced to the piano music of Chopin when he watched the Liberace television show as a boy. Liberace, another pianist of Polish descent, started his career as a prodigious concert pianist who featured the work of Chopin. He even received high praise for performing Liszt's Concerto in A Major with the Chicago Symphony when he was twenty years old. Earlier, when he was eight years old, Liberace met Paderewski who later became a family friend. Hearing Paderewski perform changed Liberace's life: "I was intoxicated by the joy I got from the great virtuoso's playing. My dreams were filled with fantasies of following his footsteps . . . Inspired and fired with ambition, I began to practice with a fervor that made my previous interest in the

³⁰ Polish Music Center, "Ignacy Jan Paderewski," Polish Music Center, 4, 2018, <https://polishmusic.usc.edu/research/composers/ignacy-jan-paderewski/>.

piano look like neglect.” The economic depression of the 30’s tanked his classical concert career and forced Liberace to make a living playing in cabarets and strip clubs. There he applied the emotionalism of Chopin to arranging popular songs that evoked a contagious joy in his audience. He left behind the formal expectations of classical concerts and became an over-the-top Las Vegas showman, something that earned him both criticism and praise. Few today recognized that it was the Polish piano star [Ignacy Paderewski](#), who originally inspired the kind of “dramatic and, literally, spectacular playing” associated with Liberace. Paderewski earlier “favored technical sparkles like hand-over-hand maneuvers, unnecessarily large lifts—and not only at the end of a piece, where they often appear—and an almost slap-like approach to large chords.”³¹

Brad remembers the television show he watched in the 1950s when Liberace introduced him to Chopin via Liszt. Watch it yourself and discover why the candelabra was always on the grand piano of Liberace: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b2RrkUF2224>.

If You Don’t Own N/om, You Own Nothing

We had a client who was undergoing tremendous personal suffering. Her identity was in crisis and her body and soul felt weary and exhausted. She was on her way to being existentially broken. Prayers led us to invite her to use a three-word prayer key: “Send me home.” We sang it together in many melodies and rhythmic variations, accompanied with spontaneous seiki movements. We did not explore the meaning of “home,” preferring to evoke the tone, beat, and movement that feel like a deeply replenished spiritual home. We also prescribed she pull on a piece of string when she used this three-word prayer key before going to sleep at night. We added that she should feel she is tugging on the saints from the other side to come through and guide her home. In addition, we promised to use the string and prayer key to join her in this spiritual intervention.

Several nights later, Brad woke up worried about our client, feeling she needed an extra boost of spiritual help from the other side. He pulled on his string and prayed harder. A dream soon arrived:

I found my grandmother, the one I called Doe, in our room. She looked like she was 150 years old. Frail and barely able to move, she was also in a lot of pain. Doe said, “My head hurts and I feel pain all over my body.” I rushed to put my hands on her and administer a gentle vibration. When I tried to lie her down, she replied, “I am unable to lie down.” In that moment, I felt totally helpless and unsure how to help relieve her overwhelming suffering. I burst into tears and just held her in

³¹<https://slate.com/culture/2013/05/liberace-movie-behind-the-candelabra-was-he-a-good-pianist-video.html#:~:text=What's%20certain%20is%20that%20W%C5%82adziu,social%20activities%20to%20practice%20instead.&text=This%20is%20where%20Liberace%20and%20serious%20concert%20pianism%20part%20ways>.

my arms. In this weeping flood I felt another crossroads—to either indulge in hopelessness about her suffering and sink further into despair, or to utilize that suffering to sing a hymn from the greatest depths of my soul. I sang her a hymn and prayed like Bishop Mason for her to have peace. “Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord. Heal her tonight. Heal this suffering tonight. Yes, Lord, Yes, Lord. Thou has made a way for us. Send the rain, Lord. Send the rain. Wonderful Savior, wonderful day. Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord. Thank you, Jesus. The hand of your will on tonight. The hand of your will do tonight. Give help tonight. Peace. Peace. Peace. The Lord make peace. Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord.” The tone was the same as that sanctified preacher from Memphis, a pastoral brother of William Seymour who founded the Azusa Street Mission. In the dream, I was shocked at how it took this degree of helplessness, weeping, and suffering to wake up the tone of his two-word prayer—“Yes, Lord.” In the singing of a hymn, Doe and I both felt a peace that surpassed all understanding.

I woke up drenched in tears and continued to pray and sing in the church that Doe had brought to me through her physical suffering. I thought of our client and wondered how to help her channel her own suffering to awaken more numinous tones that would help her cross the bridge and feel help from the other side. In a reverie I wondered whether we should hold back and allow the string to sometimes pull us, rather our pulling on it. I hoped I had not yanked my grandmother back to this physical world where she no longer belongs, causing her suffering she otherwise would not have to experience. I prayed to let God decide whether I’d pull, be pulled, and to what extent; it is over my ability to discern and I felt further need for guidance. I prayed again for our client and all our Guild members, asking that Hillary and I be led beyond the limitations associated with any naïve assumption regarding helping others. A second dream came in the night.

Hillary and I were in a room that felt scary. We were invisible so others could not see we were there. The people in that room clearly had sold their souls to darkness or had made a deal with trickster than made them fall out of alignment with holiness. They were bringing body parts they had stolen from other people who were defenseless against them. These body parts were put in a gigantic cabinet that stretched from floor to a ceiling that was at least twenty feet tall. I noticed that the entrance to the room was like a vault with a thick door preventing others from discovering the grisly scene. Hillary and I realized we were seeing behind the scenes of the evil political movements in the world who pose as spiritual, God-loving people. In truth, they are stealing the parts of what makes each of us human, including freedom of choice, women’s rights, open boundaries, global stewardship, and all the rest. These merchants of life destruction use

misinformation and propaganda to create a cloud of confusion to hide their true destruction. We were shown how they can no longer be ignored nor excused. Anyone helping others who suffer must face these menacing presences in the room, or risk allowing more body parts and souls to be stolen and hidden.

I woke up praying for more instruction regarding how to help those entangled with agents of destruction, whether in their workplace, neighborhood, or home. A third dream arrived that showed us supervising a group of people helpers. In one case we demonstrated how it is not always necessary to engineer a complex communication or advanced intervention. There are times when you simply need to serve as an old-fashioned priest, quietly holding the client and providing a sanctuary for speaking in a safe place—the way my grandmother often did with others in critical need.

When I woke up from that dream, I again thought of our client. I prayed, asking whether we needed to offer ourselves as priests who listen and hold her with our tears, as I had done for my grandmother. Or should we warn her that sinister forces are real in this world and that she should not underestimate the darkness of it. I confessed in prayer that it was again over our ability to understand, and we needed specific instruction for what to say. A final dream came that night. In a spiritual classroom, a teacher from on high spoke to us with specific instruction: “Tell her this—‘If you don’t own n/om, you own nothing.’” It was voiced so directly and powerfully that it woke me up.

These words apply to all of us. Above all else, aim to own the feeling for the holy love, song, and vibration of n/om. Psychological well-being, physical health, or material success mean nothing without n/om. The world is filled with suffering and menacing forces of darkness are everywhere, masquerading as the rescuers rather than revealing they are the perpetrators of hate. Pray “send me home” to the room where n/om abounds. Owning n/om allows you to see, hear, smell, taste, and feel more fully and ably. Feeling n/om is what sends you home to the other side where the saints and grandparents can hear you sing as you hold the string.

Postscript:

Several weeks later we received this letter from our client:

Dear Hillary and Brad,

I dreamed I was driving up a mountain road on a sunny day. There were beautiful pastel peaks and skies, extending far into the distance. When I came

over a mountain pass, before me was a vast, sparkling lake. Without hesitation, I flew the car off a high cliff and into the water. I dove deep down and kept driving, through the deep water. I was so happy the car kept going. When I reached the far side of the lake, the engine was still running underwater. There I joined my husband on the shore, and wondered how we were going to pull the car up from the water and steep embankment.

Thank you both for all the support to send me home, and the incredible start to this year's adventure. Praying, with music!

Mourning Reception

Brad dreamed we were in the basement of his grandparent's church in St. Joseph, Missouri. That underground part of the building was used as a social hall, outfitted with a kitchen and large open reception area.

We were there for a ceremony to celebrate that someone or a group of people had completed a prayer fast and visionary pilgrimage. We weren't sure who had gone through what is called "mourning" among the Spiritual Baptists of the Caribbean. Perhaps it was us, or an individual or a group from the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. The ceremonial words and actions were overshadowed by a single emotion—a complete sense of peace and calm that made me think this is surely what is meant by "blessed assurance." Surprisingly, this peace seemed to come from a work of art that was hanging from the ceiling. It radiated a warm energy that calmed as much as it stirred an exhilarating wonder and indefinable mystery. The sculpting was an abstract, modern-looking mobile and the top part was made of long metal strips. Beneath it were white cutouts of a soft material that moved in the air. It took our breath away and charged the room with holiness.

I woke up pondering the art and trying to remember who had mourned. All I could recall and still feel was the deep peace that had been instilled. I expressed my gratitude and fell back to sleep. The same dream later returned, almost exactly like the one before. This time, I paid even more attention to the mobile hanging in the air. As a result, an even deeper installation of peace was delivered, and I again woke up stunned by the mystery of the post-mourning celebration. I prayed to be taught more about what was taking place in the visionary classroom.

A third dream amazingly sent me back to the same room to re-experience the ceremonial celebration. As I further analyzed the mobile art, searching for any clues, I started to wake up. Before I came back, I caught a glimpse of what it was.

The metal part on high consisted of a collection of intersecting lightning bolts aimed in every direction. Underneath were white clouds of peace that softened the people standing below, making them more ready to be pierced by the bolts above. A song was then heard in the background as I came back to myself. It was the old gospel hymn, "In the Garden." It made me feel that my grandmother Doe was nearby. Somehow she was now at peace and no longer suffering. She seemed thrilled that the completion of mourning for those in need of higher intervention had been completed in the holy room owned by my grandparents. In that church, my grandfather hurled bolts of fire when he preached while my grandmother remained calm with an expression and demeanor that radiated the peace that comes after lightning is allowed to strike.

Bushman Dreaming

For three nights following the visionary mourning reception, Brad dreamed of past relationships that had been left behind. Most dreams involved former colleagues, teachers, and students in the people-helping professions. In the dreams he felt embarrassed about the extent to which these occupations were so interactionally ignorant, diagnostically iatrogenic, and lacked an anointment of any significant healing tool, skill, song, or vibration. Brad also recalled the extent to which one of his mentors, Gregory Bateson, regarded medicine, psychotherapy, social science, and New Age healing as medieval thinking run amok with personal ambition that was tragically paired with no ability to discern its lack of discernment. In the dream, these people, their room, and lineage of ignorance were finally released.

The fourth night resulted in a simple dream. Brad was served three large slices of fried potato wedges. One piece was twice the size of the others while the other two were equal. They had been perfectly fried, seasoned, and were ready to eat. Before Brad could take a bite, he woke up from the excitement of what had been served. On the fifth night Brad returned to the same dining room as before. This time he was given a plate of grilled brisket. The outer part was charred crusty and black, the way we like it. Again, before a bite could be taken, Brad was awakened due to his culinary excitement. He was hungry all day for those three large fries and that plate of charred brisket. At the same time, we wondered what the dreams were trying to convey.

On the sixth night, Brad dreamed the answer: these were Bushman dreams. For these hunter-gatherers, the main foods are tubers (like potatoes) dug from the ground and with luck, some meat from a successful hunt. He was shown that after emptying his bowl of former ghostly relations, all that remained for him to catch was the bounty obtained from gathering and hunting. The largest fried potato is the Kalahari lineage that is the main cornerstone of Sacred Ecstasies—the hunting, cooking, dancing, singing, and sharing of n/om. The other two smaller fried potatoes are the lineages of the Caribbean ecstatic shakers and Japan's seiki jutsu masters. These bring

the variations that make the meal tastier and more pleasing to the chef gods, ancestral line cooks, and dining beneficiaries. Finally, the charred and blackened brisket is straight from the Creator's firepit—the meat of n/om. This is how a Bushman dreams, thinks, and eats.

On the seventh night, Brad dreamed we had climbed the highest mountain ever found. Its peak was way above the clouds. Here we were surprised to see we were also at a port on the edge of the sea. These double altitudes of sea level shore and high atmosphere mountain peak comprised the opening to the First Creation earth-and-heaven intersection. At this port new adventures begin, fueled by the peak emotion of sacred ecstasy. As this wisdom was taken in and digested, we heard and felt music and dance ignite around us, but it was impossible to know whether it came from inside us or from an outside stage. At this First Creation intersection of sky and sea, were directly fed the deep-fried dance and musical meat that feed the deepest spiritual hunger.

Postscript:

We received this letter from Sacred Ecstatics Guild member, Joe Hart:

I dreamed I was in a literal classroom with you and Brad. It was complete with chalk boards with lots of spiritual cooking formulas written on board. You were also cutting up and cooking a tuber of some sort that looked like a sweet potato. There was a lot of cooking and singing. Thanks for visiting and instructing last night!

Meeting Edgar Cayce When He Was a Boy

Brad woke up in the middle of the night and wondered whether he was still dreaming—not because he felt blurry but because he was in such a heightened, expanded, and amplified state of wakefulness. He was feeling tremendous joy over our discovery that Edgar Cayce had the same cornerstone for his life as the one granted to us for this season's Guild adventure— "there is a river."

After Cayce's signed biography arrived in the mail, we found that there were several times in his life when he felt gripped by fear that others might not see him in the right light. As a child he had spiritual experiences that were so non-ordinary that he felt cautious about telling others. As a young adult he feared exploring any spiritual matters outside his comfort zone, especially when it involved esoteric topics not mentioned in the Bible. Later, he feared both bankruptcy and legal charges for giving medical advice without a license to do so.

Several times Cayce even questioned whether his gift was from the devil. When he was eighteen years old, living on a farm, he lost track of the family cow and went looking for it at

dawn. He came to a river and there a man was sitting on the bank in prayer. It was the renowned evangelist Dwight L. Moody, a hero to both Brad's father and grandfather. Young Cayce and an older Moody struck up a conversation and agreed to meet in the same spot for several mornings while Moody was in town that week to preach. They each shared stories of their spiritual experiences with one another, and this gave each of them a boost of faith. Cayce was especially encouraged to continue his spiritual odyssey, for it was now recognized by an ordained and anointed man of God. The young Cayce told Reverend Moody about his visions and how he had read the Bible eighteen times—once for each year of his life after taking a vow to do this when he was a child. Cayce was in love with God, nature, and mystery. He met his match in Reverend Moody, who shared his passion for religion.

Years later, after Cayce started doing medical readings, an educated man asked him to do a reading on himself to discover why he was given this rare power and what mission lay ahead. Reluctant to do this, Cayce, who was visiting the man in Ohio, needed a night to pray and ponder whether to conduct a reading on his personal life. That night he left his hotel room and took a long walk. He came to bridge over a river and stood in the middle, alternating between looking up at the evening stars and then down at their reflection in the shimmering water below. After some time, an old man dressed in dirty work clothes came up and asked Edgar for a match. That man, with alcohol on his breath, then lit his cigarette and walked away. In the trail of smoke, Cayce heard a voice tell him his mission: "Feed the sheep . . . Love God and love others . . . In my mansion there are many rooms." He went back to his hotel room and opened the Bible that was next to his bed, finding this passage from Psalm 46:4 staring at him: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God . . ."

Twice Edgar Cayce found direction at the river, and this particular passage from Psalms became the title of his biography, written by Thomas Sugrue. As Brad felt the excitement pour from the way this verse touched Cayce's life and our Guild, he felt transported to the riverbank where Cayce visited Reverend Moody. There, in visionary time and space, Brad caught the sacred emotion flowing through their conversation. He felt he was there with them:

I unexpectedly was thrown back to Cayce's first discovery of a passion for the Bible. It was when he heard a black field worker discuss the strength of Samson. The young Cayce immediately went home and asked to have a Bible so he could read more stories like the one he heard in the field. He fell in love with reading the Bible from beginning to end and then repeated it again and again. Everyone, including Cayce, thought he'd be a preacher or missionary, but that wasn't the mission specified by his God-marked creode. In the vision, I read the Bible with Edgar Cayce when he was a boy and felt the joy move through him like it had for me as a child hearing those stories in church Sunday School.

Every night for a week, I found myself in and out of vision with Edgar Cayce as a boy, remembering what it was like to love God and religion when I was young. I, too, thought I'd be a preacher or a missionary, but it also was not my destiny. I felt extraordinary joy in these nightly meetings with Cayce and we seemed to travel together through his childhood and adolescence, finally returning me to his meeting with Reverend Moody. I grew up surrounded by preachers like Moody and evangelists and missionaries who stayed with us when they preached their revivals. I had also felt the fear of following my mission and had to stand in the middle of one crossroads after another. It is not easy for anyone to accept the destiny God has in store for us. We tend to underestimate its worth and misdirect our attention. Cayce felt inadequate because he had no high school education and no opportunity to study in a seminary. He had a different link to knowledge. I had a lot of education but only learned it largely offered misdirection, especially in matters of psychology and the professions concerned with helping others. I also had to find a different link to a wisdom, born of standing in the middle of the sacred vibration that created whatever emanation and liberation was needed for a given situation.

At the end of this week of catching the joy a young Edgar Cayce had for God, Bible stories, preachers, and religion, I had an unexpected dream. I was in Switzerland at a doctor's waiting room. The doctor invited me back to his office where he proceeded to ask questions and explore the meaning of my dreams. I fell asleep and woke up with no memory of what had been said. In that moment, I felt like Edgar Cayce. I felt a deep sadness for the way he had to cross the river by falling asleep, but I understood it was the only way to block interference from the kind of educated thinking that explains the working of every psyche and any presumed psychic. In the dream, I felt very wobbly and found it difficult to walk. I finally walked out of the doctor's office like someone too groggy to follow a straight line. Somehow, I made it back to the reception room. There I thought I woke up, though I was still dreaming. I felt as if something had struck my body and soul to remind me who I am.

Next, I recognized the doctor as Carl Jung, a founder of a therapeutic method that values the psychological interpretation of dreams. I felt a sadness for him like I did for Cayce. He had missed the sacred ecstasy that awakens and fires up the soul in favor of trickster head trips. An unseen force spoke what I immediately forgot but would later remember: "Jung needed Edgar Cayce to take him on a river walk where he'd learn how to pray. Cayce needed to fall asleep to avoid hearing anyone like Carl Jung lead him away from the Psalms, river, and crossing to the unconscious depths of holy communion."

Still dreaming, I recalled how Hillary and I had discussed the sad irony of how contemporary spirituality adopted Edgar Cayce, often portraying him as the father of New Age spirituality. He is often called a “psychic” though Harman Bro, who attended Cayce’s Sunday School class, reported that Cayce never encouraged anyone to be a psychic, medium, Akashic record reader, or New Age spiritual seeker. He only advised “love and service, guided by prayer and heartfelt devotion to God.” This made him more like a Bushman doctor than a seer, medium, or psychic. He coached people how to pray and according to Bro, was responsible for over eighty people becoming missionaries in the state of Alabama alone. He strongly insisted he had no relationship with discarnate spirits. He was only filled with the Holy Spirit and saw in the “sunlight of divine care and wisdom”³²

The multitudes interested in Edgar Cayce’s extraordinary gifts usually ignore or are blind to the room and river he frequented. Only preferred cutouts are extracted, like mention of reincarnation or Atlantis, or a certain kind of medical treatment for a disease. Few ever bother to look at what should be the higher and vaster emphasis—how Cayce lived his life, that is, the room he lived in and the river he tapped into. We invite you to catch his love for holiness and realize that he fed on scripture as holy bread. In Brad’s visionary walks to the river with Edgar Cayce, there was only love flowing from that body of water. All else was secondary and relatively unimportant by comparison. Come on, let’s walk to the river and pray with and like Edgar Cayce. Feel the sacred emotion wash away all interference, removing whatever gets in the way of your having a relationship with the force and source of creation. Be a water walker—doing so in action rather than by talk alone. There is a river, and to feel its holy shiver you must be humble like Cayce, desiring only to love God and be of service to others.

“Tell Hugh Lynn It Is Now Aligned”

Brad dreamed he was in a vast concert hall, theatre, or lecture auditorium. The room was dark, but he heard the reverberation of ambient sound like in Carnegie Hall. He woke up startled by the striking sonic atmosphere of the unseen big room. He later dreamed he was taken back to the same mysterious place. This time the light was on, but the sound quality was still so extraordinary that he did not bother to look anywhere in the space. He threw his whole attention to hearing with heightened reception. A voice spoke, “Tell Hugh Lynn it is now aligned.” Hugh Lynn was the name of Edgar Cayce’s son who managed the institution built to conserve Edgar’s

³² Harman Bro, “Why Edgar Cayce Was Not a Psychic,” intuitive-connections.net, 2004, <http://intuitive-connections.net/2004/caycenotpsychic.htm>

readings, the Association for Research and Enlightenment in Virginia Beach. The spoken words were immediately understood in the dream. Recently emphasizing the room and river of Cayce's life, rather than any extracted part of it, led to an alignment of his readings with the source and force from which they came. His readings arose from a life of deep religious devotion. The sound of Cayce's voice in his prophetic sleep then rang through the air, "See." The acoustic jolt woke Brad up.

In the third and final dream of the night, Brad was sent back to the same room, and this time he took a close look around—he was in the mystical library. All kinds of numbers were floating in front of him in midair, felt to be references associated with Edgar Cayce's readings. There was a pervasive sense of peace that everything was rightly sorted and housed—the readings had been aligned with Cayce's sacred emotion, room of devotion, and higher exploration.

Set the Bookcase in the Fountain

Brad dreamed we were teaching psychotherapy like we did in his past. The dream started in a small video technology room where we studied a filmed session conducted by Salvador Minuchin, a pioneer of family therapy. We carefully observed it numerous times until we clearly identified how he had created a new room for the life of the family. We left that observing room ready to teach a class about effective reality construction.

We then entered another room and inside it was another pioneer of family therapy, the most revered practitioner of his time—Carl Whitaker. Minuchin and Whitaker were close friends and Brad worked with each of them in the past. Before we could begin introducing our analysis of Minuchin's case, Lynn Hoffman walked into the room. She, more a theorist than a therapist, started asking obtuse questions, interrupting what we had come to present. It proved to be a big distraction and waste of time. We felt caught in a theoretical battle she was trying to provoke. The consequence was diverting all attention away from the action performed in a session. We waited for Lynn to leave the room before explaining to Whitaker that we had come to discuss an interesting case of Minuchin. He shook his head and mumbled something about how theory is too often the distracting tool of impotent, ineffective, and incompetent agents of change. He also winked because he had always respected Brad for his theoretical mind and ability to discern what was important in any session.

The scene changed and we were at the university where we last worked. Our office had been moved to the highest floor of the tallest building, next to the university president's chambers. We had just moved in one small bookcase that was approximately four feet wide. It contained the books and papers we had written with the ancillary references we leaned on. We unexplainably felt quite strongly that the bookcase needed to sit in the base of a fountain that was filled with clear water. Brad and two graduate assistants went off to a hardware shop to gather something that could hold the water. They returned with a plastic fountain base. It was

neatly folded up in a box, so Brad and our assistants started to unpack it. To our shock it was much larger than the bookcase. It was large enough to surround the entire building. We started laughing and couldn't stop. Brad ended up on the floor with convulsions of laughter.

In the first part of the dream, we were reminded of something Brad and we together have always emphasized as practitioners and teachers of healing: performance and action are primary. Disembodied theoretical talk and abstraction must be secondary. But this pragmatic and aesthetic wisdom, even when placed on the highest floor, is not enough to get past the distractions of theory and never-ending debate over ideological preferences. A base of emotion must be poured and everything set on this foundation. Not just the bookshelf or room, but the entire building, and perhaps all the campus, needs to be situated in this fountain foundation. The emotion inspires and guides the nature of whatever transpires. With the right sacred emotion, every trajectory of performance or analysis leads to the river of ecstasy. With lesser emotion, all trails lead straight back to proving the mind's own convention.

We realized again the vital importance of including all four ecstatic ingredients where tonal and rhythmic expression (music) are aligned with body movement (dance), inspired by the right emotion that remains primary. All words, lyrics, and texts are secondary to this emotionally stirred soulful blend. The common emotion underlying most everyday narratives, from business to academia, spiritual pursuit, and the performing arts, too often only stems from the desire for power and the inflation of self-importance. Pour the right-for-flight sacred emotion before reading, writing, talking, or acting. Only this keeps the bookshelf, texts, room, stage, building, campus, and community wisely aligned with the fountain on high.

The visionary material from the other side comes in many expressive forms, degrees of temperature, and kinds of function. These gifts include cornerstones, building stones that vary and extend the latter, sacred emotion conveyed by music, ecstatic fire administered by a raw mystery beyond description, specific guidance, orientation direction, and instruction for altered creative action. When we present visionary material to others, whether through a live performance or a recorded ecstatic track, we must constantly pour emotion through tone alterations, sound improvisations, new and old melodies, all with changing beats, tones, chords, and smooth as well as abrupt transitional passages. Here the sonic background is the primary conveyer of emotion, enabling the verbal message to walk across its bridge. Dare we say that music is the river holding up spoken words in need of soaking ecstatic energetics and walking across the current that swirls, rises, and falls below. A conductor of Sacred Ecstasies shall always be a hooper of many hats, costumes, instruments, genres, and temperature regulation. This is God's show business, a performance theatre of the art and craft that care the least about what you confess or profess. It is all about walking on water to feel there is a river.

Mysterious Keyboard Message

In a visionary Life Force Theatre, soulfully charged music shot joy in every direction. There were also multiple swirls of color in the air like an other-worldly fireworks show. Brad sat down to play a well-tuned Steinway grand piano whose tone was wonderfully beyond anything he'd ever heard. Then he noticed that a message had been written on the keyboard "dashboard" just above the black and white keys. A voice announced, "This is a very important teaching." As excited as Brad was to read the mysterious message, he was so taken by the sounds coming out of the instrument that he could not pull his attention away from the music long enough to read the words. He only noticed that the teaching was written in English. Brad woke up unable to recall anything about the mysterious message. However, he continued to feel felt the jubilation of the musical celebration radiate throughout the room.

All day Brad hoped he'd either remember or be later returned to the teaching he had failed to retrieve. The next night Brad was back in the same visionary setting, sitting at the Steinway grand piano. He saw the message was still there, and this time he intensely focused his attention on what it said. The words were no longer in English—they had changed to unfamiliar symbols. It later reminded us of the vision that Guild member, Larry, received as a young man about encountering a mystical stone with indecipherable markings. In this dream, Brad asked out loud, "What does this mean and why did the language change?" The voice from on high answered, "For the truth to remain the truth, its message must forever change. You asked to see the holy message again, so it was altered to ensure its truth would be conveyed." The music then re-ignited and, rather than ponder what had been said, Brad was absorbed in the joy of music waking up his heart and giving rise to a rope climb. Within seconds, an abrupt reality shift took place:

Something happened that I knew I'd never forget, otherwise I'd have gotten up and written it down. Later in the morning, I regrettably did forget. Perhaps what happened had to do with a song that came through, an profound expansion of the room, a transmission beyond words and symbols, or something involving higher sensory perception. I don't know for sure whether it was any or all these things, but I do recall that my body felt the vibration of sacred electricity. In this surge of ecstasy, the voice returned and announced,

There is now little interference or separation between the two worlds. Care less about what the words mean and attend more to the tonality and rhythmicity of sound that washes away whatever stands in the way of spiritual transportation for higher importation and exportation. Do not waste another moment—join the fire

station party where extreme joy, fellowship, and music are freely shared among all.

I woke up with such exhilaration that I didn't want the excitement to stop. Greedy for more, I went back to sleep, crossing my fingers that I'd return to that spiritually wild party on the other side. I did enter a dream but this time was sent somewhere else. Trickster had gathered menacing characters to host a small room event with no music or heavenly sunshine. I felt bummed out over how often high times are followed by low dips, as if the universe is trying to keep an equal balance of hot and cold. Then I remembered that any small room is just a fleeting construction to maintain the mind's convention. I also recalled the previous visionary directive to blow up any room in need of emergency expansion, or to theatrically resituate oneself in a room so vast that small spaces shrink to mere particles of dust. I followed these prescriptions and soon I and the ecstatic party were back on track.

Music transforms trickster irritation from heavy girth to lightweight mirth. I woke up with this *reminder*: dissolving the veil between heaven and earth takes place when the right action is taken at the first hint of a dent in the vessel. Are you experiencing a disappointing fender bender of the heart or is your mind bummed to find you are dumber and number than you thought? If so, then immediately and abruptly shift gears and head deep inside your soul's mojo shack. There the party goes on for eternity with a fraternity of saints who march with a higher brass band. Constantly resituate all trickster irritants inside the fire station's holy juke joint party. This is what extinguishes any cold blast from the past, present, or future.

Be thankful, like our saints are, for every challenge that reminds you to spiritually cook. As the Bushman elders told Brad years ago, the ancestors send physical sickness and social problems as a reminder that it is time to sing and dance. As Hillary pointed out, the previously dreamed gift of "reminder" to wear a cloud over the heart has two sides. On the one hand, beautiful clouds pierced through with light draw our attention upward to God, inspiring us to live on earth as it is in heaven. At the same time, clouds gather to rain on our parade, bringing a downpour of sorrow. That, too, is a reminder that it's time to gather at the river for a musical walk on water. Look at clouds from "both sides now" and you will always be reminded that it's time to throw a fire station party.

What was the mysterious message on the keyboard? We are unable to say because the party room won't stop heating and changing before we can freeze-frame any part of it. Be blessed and

assured that the delivered guidance most likely had to do with a nudge to walk on water. Stop staring at the piano dashboard and get those fingers to walking and flowing in the anointing. Doing so makes the room a vibrant part of the river party. As always, this requires action that is felt as something over your head and under your feet. “There is a river.” Forget the dust particles that make you sneeze. Turn it into mojo dust and fly with the holy breeze. “Walk on water.”

Pointers for Experiment One

1. Some of you may find it is not easy to visualize anything at the bedtime hour, especially a small megaphone hovering over you with a tiny version of yourself inside it. You may give it your best attempt and then soon fall asleep or forget to do it altogether because you assume that “imagination” is not your strength. Here some responses from the saints on the other side:

Please attach a string to the ceiling over your bed with a small megaphone on the end of it. Place an even tinier sketch of yourself in it—tape, glue, paperclip, or staple it. It can be a drawn stick figure, a dot for a truly tiny version of yourself, or your signature folded up and squeezed in the cone. With this setup you don’t need to exercise imagination. Just stare at it before turning off the light and then keep staring at it in the dark even though you can’t see it or can only barely see it. Just *sense* it is there. As you do so, marvel that there are people who are certain that they can truly envision they are little and inside a hovering small cone of certainty. If you are not one of these people, then you may be more accustomed to being inside a cone of uncertainty where mystery is assumed to be unseen. This only means that you are naturally crunchy. What does this mean? Don’t ask or else you might start a chain reaction.

What to do about a crunchy relationship with your imagination? In addition to the prescription above, the shamanic medicine for you is to become more nutty in order to imagine and feel what it is to smoothly float as a wee one inside the megaphone’s cone. To facilitate this transformation of perception, place two nuts (any kind will work—peanut, cashew, almond . . . in or out of the shell) underneath your pillow. As you retire from your day, ponder for a moment how you are lying in the middle between two nuts below and a cone with a version of you inside hovering above. Care not how you imagine or feel about this. Just accept that this is the kind of mind and body tinkering that shamans, mystics, ecstatic cooking shakers, and healers conduct on a regular basis. It’s mystical territory inviting you to find your way in.

2. Others may think it is difficult to “feel” any special kind of emotion while conducting the experiment, whether in the morning or evening. Or more generally, some of you are unsure whether you have ever experienced “sacred emotion,” or find it challenging to bring it back. Rest assured that you have a body and that your body feels everything including the sacred. If you think you aren’t feeling this, it only means your mind refuses to accept what the body is feeling.

Assume your body IS feeling sacred emotion and your mind is filtering out your conscious knowing of it. What to do? What shamanic treatment is in store for you?

Start by shushing the mind that keeps checking whether its socks or shoes are wet. No looking at whether you are heating, cooking, feeling, cooling, freezing, emoting, receiving, or conducting an emotion, a force of magnetism, or a current of electricity. When it is time to feel sacred emotion, immediately shortcut your trickster mind diagnosis and analysis, and say “thank you” to your body. Reminder: your body is feeling it, no matter what you think. In addition, marvel at how every shaman, mystic, ecstatic shaking cooker, and healer operates with the activation and circulation of sacred emotion. Marvel at that. Wonder how wonderfully different this is than whatever you have assumed spiritual pursuit and healing are about. Let that marveling and wondering grow like a child’s excitement over playing in the wild forest with imaginary friends. Hello, hi, hi, there’s always a way in.

3. For those of you needing musical help in the morning, grab hold of your First Creation Grand Piano and listen to any ecstatic track, especially recent lagniappes that call for the river and its water walk. Catch a phrase from Mari or from Anjali. Or sing any four notes when you play your paper piano. Then repeat with your four words aligned with those tones. Walk on water.

4. For those who think they have a strong imagination, feel mystery, and are walking on water, be less certain. And for those who are certain they aren’t imagining or feeling it, be more uncertain. Remember Heisenberg’s uncertainty principle!

5. *The mind only proves its own convention*, and this includes every assumption about what is real, imaginary, unimaginable, felt, unfelt, melt, certain, uncertain, uncooked, and cooked. Less abouting and more shouting, please. Act in order to enter this river room wherein change is real.

6. Everyone who has a mind will inevitably drift, so what spiritual engineering actions help when you find more static drifting than ecstatic gifting? First, you can always follow the advice of contemplative traditions (east and west) and simply not worry about the drift and return your focus when you notice it go astray. That can work, but you can also follow the ecstasics’ advice and tinker with your inner (or outer) tone, rhythm, or movement in order to catch a single drop of emotion. Nothing is gonna stop trickster drifting until your sacred emotion faucet is unclogged. We previously called this principle, “[pour the base emotion](#)” before you get your performance rolling. If you are dead as a mackerel, an African drum beat might knock you out of it. But then shift the gears so melodic tones enable the heart to rise. Otherwise, you’ll get entrained and entrapped in a loopy that soon becomes goofy. Tinker with your stinker until you feel the ocean floor go deeper.

7. We personally have discovered that empowered visualization and internal audition don't easily come to either of us unless emotion has risen higher (and is more powerfully expressed) than mind's incessant narration. Because Brad dreamed being small inside the floating megaphone, he owns that feeling. Dream this dream with him to catch the feeling. Lean on your conductors to catch the vibe and muse that lights their mystical fuse—that's the old school way climbing to the fire together, in synchrony and symphony.

8. Reminder: There's more of you involved than your limited conscious thinking wants to admit. Your *little me* or spiritual self is always hanging out with your *big me* trickster mind fantasy projections. *When big me* looks and concludes that you are doing it or not doing it right, both are equal fantasies. It may observe the body or the mind, their relation, association, or disassociation. The body knows differently. Its mind feels. It is in the river, it is the river, it is the shiver. Except when any part of you is either too certain or uncertain about any other part or the whole. That is not a personal issue. That's an invitation to change the room.

A Classical Performance on the Steinway

In a dream Brad walked into a building to attend a concert:

The auditorium was a blend of concert halls I have attended throughout the span of my lifetime. It partially resembled the Music Hall of Kansas City where, as a young boy, I heard many of the world's great pianists including Horowitz, Rubenstein, and Gilels. It was also a bit similar to the concert hall at a liberal arts college I attended. And finally, there was something about the main room that reminded me of Carnegie Hall in New York, the city where I held my first major professional job. I was at the visionary concert hall to hear a famous Russian pianist perform. I believe it was Sviatoslav Richter, but I wasn't certain.

When I went to the entrance, I realized I had no ticket. I was confused whether I was a student or a faculty member of the music program sponsoring the event, because it hadn't occurred to me that I would need a ticket. I went over to the ticket booth and they handed me a ticket and mentioned that the concert was free. I noticed several people I know enter the orchestra level. I was annoyed because I knew they had no aesthetic sensitivities and had only used their power and influence to get a better seat, which would be wasted on them. My ticket was disappointedly in the highest balcony overlooking the stage, so I began climbing the stairs. When I finally reached the top tier, the usher asked what row my ticket indicated. I replied, "G." I laughed to myself because I was so high in the air that it must be God's row. (Later we wondered if it was Gurdjieff's row, because he is

often called “G.” in his students’ books about him.) Then the usher advised, “Sit wherever you’d like.” I decided to sit in an open seat in a lower place located on the first row, right side, but an architectural pillar blocked my view.

Without thinking, I hurried down the stairs and found another seating area that was in the middle, suspended between the balcony and orchestral levels. I confidently walked past the usher without asking if I could sit there, though I wondered whether I’d be asked to leave. I noticed that this seating area had old seats from the past, with some of the upholstery innards exposed after years of use. No one was there and it felt like I had entered a portal to another dimension or reality. I chose the best seat and then noticed that an old man was also taking his seat. I didn’t turn around to see who else had come in, but it seemed they were ghosts or ancestors from the past.

I gazed at the Steinway concert grand piano and felt excitement begin to stir. I couldn’t wait to hear its sound. Then the Russian pianist, dressed in a tuxedo, walked across the stage, sat down to adjust himself before launching into the opening notes. He began with a burst of piano pyrotechnical mastery that was beyond anything I had ever heard before. It involved a lightning-fast chromatic scale up the keyboard. He repeated it again. I didn’t know whether I was more moved by the tone of the piano or the fast motion of his fingers. I only knew that I was being given a peek of musical heaven. No human being could ever play like that, though a few Steinways on this planet produce tones that come close to the sound I heard.

Lost and absorbed in the performance that evoked sacred ecstasy, I mysteriously found myself seated at the same keyboard. It felt natural to be there, so I played to hear and feel the vibrations of that magnificent instrument in that incredible acoustic hall. Since this was no ordinary place, I went ahead and attempted the impossible, playing what I had just heard the Russian maestro demonstrate. I let it rip and sure enough, the same notes flowed like the current of a powerful river. I spontaneously shouted out loud, “Walk on water!” I said it again and the music became even more dynamic and remarkable. “Walk on water” was repeated as the music answered back with thunderous evocation and revelation. All this wild commotion finally woke me up, but I held onto the emotion and kept saying the words, flooded with how powerful the mojo is in our first experiment. I heard words pour into me that are meant to be shared with everyone:

Enter the concert hall and head to the highest level. Take an eagle eye’s look at the whole room. Then head to the middle mystery

floor where the ancestors have gathered. Listen to the master play the Steinway concert piano, absorb its beauty and power, then step onto the stage and play like you are in heaven. This is walking on water. Therefore, say it again and again: “Walk on water! Walk on water!”

The next morning, I looked up what I could find about Sviatoslav Richter. Some regard him as the greatest pianist who ever performed. He was said to have “possessed a technique that conquered almost every obstacle, a sound that commanded the colors of the rainbow and an intellect and imagination that permitted an authoritative grasp of possibly the largest repertory in pianistic history.”³³ Yet he never planned to be a concert pianist and received no training from a conservancy. He learned how to read the notes from his father, who was early on murdered by Stalin’s forces. Richter’s sightreading skills were so extraordinary that he could play a composition at first sight. He was encouraged by friends to visit Moscow and introduce himself to the most famous piano teacher of his time, Heinrich Neuhaus, who had taught Gilels and other notables. Steve Wigler³⁴ describes what happened:

Neuhaus reluctantly agreed to hear him, though the young man had no formal training and at 22 a career as a pianist seemed out of the question. Nevertheless, what Neuhaus heard astonished him and he took Richter on as a pupil at the Moscow Conservatory. Richter “treated each composition like a vast landscape,” Neuhaus recalled, “which he surveyed from great height with the vision of an eagle, taking in the whole and all the details at the same time. He played like no one I had ever heard, and there was nothing I could teach him.”

We invite you to appreciate the importance of looking at the stage from on high—to get a bird’s eye view of the whole. Then it is important to come down one floor at a time, catching more details with each level of view. Make sure you feel the ancestral saints of art and dart nearby. Feel what they feel and act like they act to make themselves ready for holy reception. When you catch the heightened emotion, play with total passion and set the prayer line in motion.

³³ <https://www.npr.org/sections/deceptivecadence/2015/03/19/393778706/sviatoslav-richter-the-pianist-who-made-the-earth-move>

³⁴ *Ibid.*

Postscript:

Filmmaker Bruno Monsaingeon made a documentary of Sviatoslav Richter (he also made a film on Glenn Gould and Yehudi Menuhin). He concluded:

Of all the great instrumentalists with whom I have had the privilege to work, few have created the impression of “dematerializing” music as forcefully as Russian pianist Sviatoslav Richter. Like a cannon that could fire without recoiling, like a plane that could take off vertically, he was capable of varying colours ad infinitum, of alternating the most delicate pianissimo and the most volcanic fortissimo with complete ease. In the exhilaration of hysterically virtuoso pieces, his fingers seemed to push back the limits of the possible; in the extreme slowness of adagios he could, like almost no one else, impart a sense of complete immobility.³⁵

Monsaingeon also described the experience of making a film about Richter:

I had to adjust to the peculiar time pattern of a man who obeyed the archaic laws of nature. “Kuda oni spechat vsie?” he would often wonder. “Where are they all rushing to?” He was a man who rejected the telephone, hated aeroplanes and loved walking enormous distances. Aged well over 70, he had spent six months travelling by car from Moscow to Japan and back, performing concerts in every little Siberian village on the way. If he’d had to, he would probably have happily done the whole trip on foot. Later, when his health was in decline and his heart began to trouble him, he fantasized about giving only free concerts—that way he would be playing for those who really loved music. To cover costs, he would put a big black hat on the stage for people to contribute. Was that madness? Or the ultimate expression of wisdom?³⁶

It seems Sviatoslav Richter preferred playing for the people in the cheap balcony seats and the unseen saints on every side of reality. Furthermore, he was a true outsider who defied convention. He and his Steinway were an odd couple par excellence.

³⁵ Bruno Monsaingeon, “The Wild Man of Classical Music,” *The Guardian*, March 16, 2001, https://www.theguardian.com/friday_review/story/0,3605,452239,00.html.

³⁶ *Ibid.*

Ready to Bring Heaven Down to Earth

In a dream, Brad was sent back to his childhood church:

I was walking around the outside circumference of the whole church. When I came to one side, the right side of the building facing the sanctuary, it seemed like it was the first time I had ever viewed the church from that location. I could not remember if I ever walked down that street before. I next went inside the sanctuary and played both the piano and organ like I used to do as a child and teenager, playing alone in the main room. I also walked the halls and visited the Sunday School rooms where I used to spend a lot of time. In addition to attending every church event—I had no choice as the preacher’s son—I often chose to spend time alone there. I was revisiting these experiences in the dream.

I soon became aware that three men dressed in black were looking for me. I knew I should run away from them and not get caught. They were trickster agents who have chased me in other dreams, especially before some landmark spiritual occurrence was going to occur. I ran rather than walked around the building and finally hid in a Sunday School room. I heard a voice advise, “Go outside and get in the vehicle you parked on the nearby field of grass.”

This instruction resulted in my remembering what I had forgotten: I have spent a lot of my life either alone inside holy places of the world or in a vehicle driving around the globe, avoiding contact with real-life trickster agents. The spiritual fire within me was never wholly revealed but left more concealed within my inner sanctuary. Then the voice proclaimed, “It is time to drive into the world rather than away from it.” When I found my vehicle, I was shocked to see that while the wheels were on the ground, the rest of the body was very high in the air, so high that I could not possibly climb into it. The voice returned, “Get in because the tricksters are after you.” I turned to see the three men coming after me again, so I took one step toward that vehicle and was automatically thrown inside behind the wheel.

Before I started the engine, I recalled that I had not filled the vehicle with fuel. I had previously taken so many trips that I burned up all the fuel and the gas tank was now on empty. Without thinking, I reached down and turned the key. It started automatically and I mysteriously realized that I had all the fuel within me to operate the vehicle. This was a higher means of transportation and it did not operate under the laws of science. It obeyed the thermodynamics of art and dart performance.

Off I went, leaving the tricksters behind. Hillary was now by my side and as we left the church grounds we drove straight into the sky, shaking, singing, and laughing as we flew. Paradoxically, we experienced that going higher into the atmosphere was also our means of going deeper into the earth. I woke up excited about whatever surprises, prizes, and high rises are in store for the Guild. It is time to bring heaven into earth. How? By walking, running, driving, and flying on water. There is a river that connects ground and sky.

Postscript:

The next day Brad remembered when he had last walked down the forgotten side of the church building—it was in a previous visionary dream when he did so with Dominic, a Guild member, who found his compass buried in the back of that church. It is the only time Brad can remember ever walking down that street in my entire life. Suffice it to say, this is all that needs to be remembered. We are now in the sky, heading for another reentry into earth with the Guild compass pointing us in the right direction.

Reach for the Tendrils!

In a dream, Brad was ecstatically shouting some spirited words to the Guild:

Noticing my grandfather smiling by my side, I realized that I was spontaneously preaching in an old-fashioned revival. As a spiritual whirlwind possessed the room, the walls collapsed to the ground and the ceiling was blown away. In this fury of energy, I felt no difference between the spiritual cooking of the n/om-seeking Kalahari, the holy spirit-seeking Missouri, and the seiki-seeking Tokyo. All those roads lead to re-entering the fire of First Creation. Behind the words of each lineage lies the possibility for the emotionally excited energy of sacred ecstasy. When the latter's enthusiastic jubilation is sufficiently heightened, all names, meanings, and ideologies dissolve as the radical transformation of sound, rhythm, and movement commences. In the dream, the whirling wind started to show itself as a mighty display of streaming colors as if the Creator was ready to paint in the sky. Then a voice boomed from above, "Reach for the tendrils!" In that moment our house alarm went off. We were shaken with panic as we jumped out of bed because something had set off the motion detector (there was fortunately no intruder in the house). The alarm erased my memory of what had been revealed in the dream. I prayed that day to later return to the visionary classroom and this time to remember its teaching.

The next night, Brad was sent to the same place of high jubilation. Once again, his dream was uncannily interrupted by the house alarm going off. Equally shocked by the alarm, he could not remember what had been said in the dream. The next day we discovered that the alarm company registered that there had been movement downstairs on both nights, yet there was no sign of any intruder. Brad prayed harder that day to be sent back one more time. A third dream arrived:

This time I was with my son. We witnessed the same great stirring of the mystery atmosphere as I had the night before. However, not a word was spoken. The walls and ceiling of the room had already been removed so the energetic dynamics just naturally burst forth. When I looked upward to the sky, I witnessed the stars of the galaxy. My son unexpectedly shouted, “Reach for the tendrils!” Like the night before, these words startled me awake. This time I remembered to write them down.

The next morning, we tried to unwrap the gift that had arrived. We found that “tendrill” is a botanical term for a stem or leaf with a threadlike shape that enables a climbing plant to grow upward. The earliest study of tendrils was conducted by Charles Darwin in his book entitled, *On the Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants*, published in 1865. He invented the notion of “circumnutation” to describe the circular motion of growing plant stems that involves “two sections of counter-twisted helices with a transition in the middle.” In other words, the tendril generates a dynamic coil that grows and moves as a circular oscillating pattern around its main axis. A climbing plant also has a special perceptive means of discerning what to intertwine itself around, avoiding any laterally competing plants.

We immediately recognized that a climbing plant is a wonderful metaphor for the spiritual climber who must learn to climb a straight line while moving in a circle, transitioning step by step via middles that are amidst an oscillation. Discernment is needed to assure that the climber stays on the main line and does not get entangled in competing lateral distractions.

We next remembered what had preceded the launch of these two visionary dreams. It began when Hillary read out loud a document at bedtime. It was a historical report on scholars debating the birth date of Bishop Charles Mason, the founder of the Black Pentecostal church, Church of God in Christ (COGIC). Most historians conclude it was either 1864 or 1866. Whatever the case, in between those years is 1865, the year Charles Darwin discovered how plants climb. Our reading about a major ecstatic rope climber, Bishop Mason, led us to biological knowledge about rope climbing in general. One more thing—we were both deeply touched and pierced that night when Hillary read about the last personal meeting of Bishop Mason with Reverend William Seymour, primary founder of the famous Azusa Street Revival, which is considered the birth of

Pentecostalism. The encounter was reported by Ithiel C. Clemmons, the first official COGIC historian:

My father [Bishop Frank Clemmons] took William J. Seymour to East Orange, New Jersey, to the home of Elder James Wells, Pastor of the Old Tabernacle Church of God in Christ. There my father witnessed the moving scene of C.H. Mason and W.J. Seymour weeping on each other's shoulders and praising God in power and glory. This was in the early 1920s (1921—1922); Mason and Seymour were close.³⁷

In that embrace they, like Bushmen n/om-kxaosi of old, climbed the main vine to God. Reach for the tendrils and evolve your spirituality to focus on a double helix turning around the vine that enables you to climb the line to God.

N/om Lightning Rod

In a dream Brad stood outside and looked to the sky. There was a small gathering of people around him:

I lifted my arm and pointed straight up to the heavens. Within seconds a colossal lightning bolt came down and struck my hand, sending electricity through my body. Bolts of energy then radiated outward in every direction. I later thought this must look like an historical image of Tesla being electrified by one of his engineered contraptions. Hillary was next to me in this dramatic scene and she, too, began conducting the electrical power coming down from the sky. We smiled at each another as we were filled with great wonder about the mystery taking place.

A Guild member shouted out, "What does this mean?" Others joined in with similar questions, "Please explain what happened" and "What is the meaning of this electrical storm?" I did not intend to answer because I did not feel the need to name or understand it. It was enough to experience the complete exhilaration of being naturally aligned with the whole of nature. I was shocked, then, to hear myself spontaneously respond, "It means this is who I am." My words startled everyone even more than the lightning bolt display.

In the dream I repeated once again, "This is who I am." A remembrance of the visionary meeting with João's nephew came to mind. I had told him to see who I was so that he could see who he was becoming. After that dream, in a vision I

³⁷ Smith, Raynard D. *With Signs Following: The Life and Ministry of Charles Harrison Mason*. CBP. Kindle Edition.

received a third eye and a second nose painted green—I was an odd leopard for the poly-wobbly-gods who serve the singular force of creation. Now Hillary and I were being seen by the Guild as lightning rods, straight and narrow conductors of spiritual electricity.

Hillary and I were hit with a profound respect for how our vision-delivered metaphors change, as do our identities, roles, rooms, cultural and geographic locales, and instructions that come down. Tonight we are lightning rods while yesterday we were megaphone flyers and water walkers. Our big room has become a river on the move whose current takes you under as the next tide readies to throw you higher and then return you to shore. The teachings that come through Sacred Ecstatics are slippery and not always easy conceptually grasp. They invite us to stand unsheltered under the sky so holy spirit lightning can more readily strike and make more visible the green mystical life of the unknowable wild.

We shake from the sacred emotion that awes and thaws every preconception of mind's convention. We are awakened by ecstatic electricity rather than any trivial pursuit of therapeutic release at the cost of establishing another gang of trickster police enforcing the ice. We are unlicensed conductors of the *mysterium tremendum*, an anointment that cannot be bought as a social appointment or memorized segment of cemented technique. Our deepest care is to dare others to climb the stairs as a singing and dancing hooper ready to feel like an eland rather than own more land and accumulate whatever has no n/om.

In the dream we were moved by how God's electricity flows from emotion, not random commotion. Sacred Ecstatics, in other words, is a return to what originally turned Ezekiel's wheel. To walk on water and feel the river, remember the reminder of what lies behind each cloud. There a lightning bolt with jarring volts awaits those who have been truly softened and heartbroken by the truth of their human shortcomings. We invite you to receive God's electrical conduction, doing so without a speck of you being involved. Less of you and more of the universe, please.

I felt another even wilder fire rise within until it burst forth and shot through my fingertips. I was like a flame throwing soldier in the army of the Lord. I aimed the fire at those lost in a trickster stronghold. "Burn away the deception," the fire seemed to shout. Soon I was holding a fire hose spraying a torrent of water to clean the debris away. "Clear the way for reception," it announced. As I came back to myself, I felt that each of us is in constant need of not only being cooked, but repeatedly being burned to ashes. This is truer for a n/om lightning conductor than anyone. Where do you think the leopard got its spots? By being struck to the

ground many times, falling and rising again to hunt for every dot and dash of n/om. I woke up recognizing the need for a fire that renders us ash before God can get to the clay and play of our higher relations. Stare at the river until you hear it sing. Then stare with us into the leopard's eyes until you feel how green you are and in need of being cooked.

Rearrange the Room Before Messing with the Power Station

In a vision, we were inside an old library in a 19th century mansion in New York City. The floor was made of wood with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves along each wall. We noticed that one small corner of the room had an exposed wall with no shelves. That area was painted a dull gray and begged to be spruced up. Brad went over and painted it a dark purple color, and this surprisingly changed the vibe of the entire room—it felt re-awakened with newborn life. When the paint dried, we proceeded to hang framed images of the ancestors we value most for guidance.

We did this while a group of people sat around a long conference table. They were there for their weekly meeting and though they noticed we were in the room making changes, they were determined to focus on the pursuit of personal ego maintenance, social rank, success, and business concerns. We shook our heads and shrugged our shoulders as we realized how no one could strongly feel the extraordinary life force transformation transpiring in the room. They were blocking the natural, unspoken invitation to change along with it and let it start a fire of creative emotion within.

As we were in the middle of wrapping up our room alteration, a young man eager to get ahead and be seen as important ran out of the room and went to the attic above. He wanted to show that he could control the electrical power generator located there and increase its voltage along with his own power. We knew this would result in a backfire and mishap. Sure enough, within minutes, we heard him scream for help. When we went up and discovered he was lucky to be alive. He didn't know what he was doing and almost electrocuted himself. The power in the building also had gone out so we replaced the fuse and made the needed repair.

When the young man came back to the library to rejoin the meeting, we announced to everyone, "Rearrange the room before messing with the power station." We realized that the library is where metaphors and cornerstones are held for room construction. For this place to come alive, add the right color to wake up the atmosphere. Feel the creative life force circulate and move with the change in play. Then set up a reminder of the ancestors whose wisdom know-how can best guide you to extraordinary adventure as your life mission springs into action. And be in a hurry to run to the attic and take charge of the power supply. There you only will be shocked to find that you haven't yet rearranged your room. Grab a paintbrush and some images of the Sacred Ecstatics saints—redecorate that corner in the library of your mind. And don't be in a hurry to put your fingers in the socket when you're still keeping God in your pocket.

João Grades Our Paper

In a dream we are sitting in a classroom and heard that João was on his way to see us. We weren't told the purpose of the meeting, but were excited to reunite with this pure healer and spiritual teacher once again. A young girl next arrived and introduced herself as João's granddaughter. She placed an old brown briefcase on the right side of our desk. She announced that it was a gift from João. "He graded your paper," she added. The briefcase was the one Brad used when he was student many decades ago—it has showed up in previous visionary dreams³⁸ and now it held something from one of our most revered ancestors. We opened it to find a paper we had written. After each paragraph, João had responded with words written in red ink.

We sped through the entire document and were both surprised and not surprised that he agreed and cheered everything we had written. It felt like the final confirmation we needed to move forward with no concern over who is thrilled or chilled by what comes down the spiritual hotline. The paper was a summary of Sacred Ecstasies and it included pointing out how our lineage wisdom traditions radically depart from and often contradict, correct, or outright reject many popular conventions of spiritual teaching.

One point that stood out in the paper was our conclusion that though the lesser known João and the widely known Edgar Cayce had a similar spiritual origin story, they ended up in opposite rooms. Each had been early on visited by an angelic presence and anointed to heal others, followed by a life of healing thousands. Cayce did so while asleep and João made his hookup while wide awake. Both men valued the Bible and the teaching of Jesus, though Cayce ended up placing these teachings in a New Age package through his "life readings" that emphasized reincarnation and diagnosing people's past life dramas as explanations for present life circumstances. Cayce also aimed to build an institution to house his work that included a fire-proof vault to protect his psychic readings. He made his life room and its readings a place to accommodate more and more of the new-fangled ideas popular during his time (and which are still appealing today).

João, on the other hand, had no inspiration to build an institution. His evolution of healing moved from pharmacological treatments to prescribing a glass of water he had prayed over, to prayer alone. The more he threw away spiritual materialism, the more room he made for the spirit to invisibly do its work. Multitudes of books have been written about Cayce, all maximizing his psychic abilities and minimizing the early religious experiences that opened him to mystery. João only allowed one person, Brad, to write his story and only if he promised to make it the smallest book he ever wrote. João lived more like Jesus whereas Cayce became a celebrated father of the New Age movement. Sacred Ecstasies honors the young Cayce who sought to follow

³⁸ Reference vision of Brad receiving his Ezekiel's wheel classroom

God and received a gift from the other side, but tragically took the wrong turn at the crossroads. We unashamedly celebrate the whole life of João whose room got bigger as he became smaller. As his son and mathematics professor, Tadeu Fernandes de Carvalho, said of his father (and we paraphrase his words), “He taught the value of becoming small as a pebble—this was his utmost teaching and the secret to his power.”

In the vision, when we looked to read João’s comment about this conclusion in our document, we felt him in the room. We turned to see if he was there. What we saw was a different room; our location had changed. We were no longer students in a classroom. We were teachers in an office at an unspecified higher place of education. On our desk were two open briefcases, exactly alike. Each was situated at a 45-degree angle, one at the left and the other at the right corner of the desk. The same document we had written was in each, with the confirmatory evaluative remarks by João. What caught our attention, however, was the middle of the desk—the area between the two briefcases. It was completely empty and clean. There was nothing there to distract us from the briefcases and the documents they contained.

In that moment we realized that an alignment of trickster mind and sacred mind had taken place. Before we could further ponder what any of this meant, someone announced that Brad’s grandparents were coming to see us. We looked out the window and saw them formally dressed as if they were going to church. Soon we felt them in the room. We did not see them. We only deeply felt that they lived in the same room as João, as did the two briefcases on our left and right. The emotion of this meeting of all these complementary sides on the other side brought celebration that honored big rooms and small pebble occupants.

Postscript:

When Brad told Hillary about the dream the next morning, she replied that before going to sleep she had prayed very hard to Edgar Cayce asking for help and guidance with a physical ailment, but felt his rope was not strong. It had been weakened by his attraction and intoxication with the pursuit of psychic feats at the cost of spiritual defeats. Immediately she felt instead the presence of João whose rope to God provides a swift and steadfast hookup to higher grace and mercy. Hillary prayed to João, requesting he visit us in the night to provide a blessing. And he did.

Sophocles and Walking Through Fire

In a dream, Brad walked through the Kalahari Desert:

I felt my life was on the right track, following the narrow foot path made in the African wild by my Bushman friends. I used to always say when I arrived there, “This feels like my spiritual home.” Later in the dream, I noticed that I could see another reality in the distance. There was a luxury hotel with wealthy tourists

dining on the veranda. I identified one person I knew from the past who thought she could purchase anything she wanted, including spiritual gifts, wisdom, and power. I also knew she was expecting me to guide her to the magic and make sure she received her fill. I turned away from that view and stayed on the trail, never looking back in that direction again. Finding real spiritual gold requires walking on the narrow trail rather than sitting where you are comfortable and having the gifts delivered to you by express mail. I felt relieved that I would never venture away from the old Kalahari trails no matter how trickster might try to persuade me to bring the old travelin' ways to those who want to have it all without sacrificing a thing.

In a following dream, Hillary and I were given an unbelievable gift—a large theatre that also resembled a concert hall. It was located in the middle of a higher institution of education. The place was packed and ready for an evening performance. I recognized one of the special guests in attendance—Carl Whitaker, my earliest mentor in family therapy. He was dressed in flashy dress clothes, unusual for him, but clearly he was dressed up to honor the occasion. We greeted him with a hug and said, “Welcome to our new home.” He was as shocked as we were that we owned this magnificent performance space.

I then ran to the stage and started to play the Steinway piano. With no plan for what would happen, I spontaneously performed one song repeatedly, forgetting where we were as I became absorbed by its haunting melody. I even felt like I was playing it as a duet with Horowitz. On and on the song reverberated in the room until the tones and melody made me feel I would burst with emotion. It was Robert Schumann's “Träumerei.” It gave my heart wings that enabled my soul to fly. I appreciated, like I always have throughout my life, that music is the means of ecstatic spiritual transportation—the old shamanic traveling way that gets the mystical wheels turning. I remembered how this is a bedrock truth in the Kalahari. Before words were written and fossilized, more importance was granted to tones, rhythms, and movements. When music and dance connect you to the high emotions, thoughts follow that are uplifting rather than drifting.

We were reminded amidst this musical bliss to tell everyone to first pour and absorb the sacred emotion, and then the wisdom thoughts will come. Lead with the body's moving emotion and the mind will follow. As I traveled on my Steinway, fueled by Schumann in that vast concert hall, I was unexpectedly launched into another dimension where Hillary and I arrived at the mystical library in the sky. An ancient and large manuscript was opened for us as a finger pointed to a sentence: “Sophocles and fire walking.”

The next morning, I found several academic articles on Sophocles and fire walking. They were about the most famous character in Greek drama, Antigone, who mentions the old Greek proof of telling the truth—walking through fire (and water). In the classical play, Antigone offers to walk through fire as proof to the gods of her truth. As soon as I read this, I remembered an evening dance with /Kunta, an old Bushman n/om-kxaosi. At the ecstatic height of the ceremony, the fire was made stronger with flames reaching over a foot high. He led me into that fire where I stood and danced before slowly walking out. I was so filled with n/om that I didn't think about what was happening. I just followed his dance path and felt the electrical love circulate within and all around. Later, after he passed on, his wife and friends used to enjoy remembering how much he loved seeing me dance in that fire. "Only the old dancers could do that," he would say. "It proved he owns the old way."

The old travelin' way is the old song and dance way with deep roots to the Kalahari bush. It moves through the fire and walks on water on the hallowed ground that morphs between the Kalahari dance circle, the Steinway in a grand concert hall, the mystical library that takes us back to Sophocles, and the fire-walking means of proving to the gods that you are ready to walk on water.

Postscript:

On the 200th anniversary of Robert Schumann's birth, pianist and composer Rob Kapilow was invited by National Public Radio to discuss Schumann's "Träumerei," often translated as "Dreaming." He emphasized that in this piece, Schumann spoke in "big emotional phrases" and that it "stakes everything on one moment of epiphany, and it's so beautifully set up." Kaplow calls the "opening musical idea of the piece" a "four-notes-and-then-something." He continues his analysis as follows:

"The first time the pattern is heard, the notes gracefully ascend. The next time, that fourth note is even higher. Then Schumann repeats, to make sure we get it in our heads . . . Yet a third version shows up, too — and it's the very last time the pattern appears that is the clincher. . . It's the same leap as the first time . . . but now it's harmonized completely differently, with a chord that's partly wistful, partly expectant. . . And that kind of epiphany, that kind of slight change — the one telling chord, the one moment that sums up all the emotion — is what's so perfect about 'Träumerei.' It's the last step of dream world before you come back to reality. . . it's an exquisite moment carefully contrived so that one leap has all the emotion of a great symphony. There's a wonderful quote from Yeats that goes: 'Any object properly regarded can be the pathway to the gods.' And any chord, set up as beautifully as this, can somehow have the same value of radiant epiphany as a huge symphonic masterwork."

<https://www.npr.org/2010/06/08/127211553/165obert-schumanns-childhood-dreams>

The Cabin and the Candle Store

We received two dream reports from a young man, partner to one of our Guild members:

The Cabin

We started off walking through a swamp. It was dusk and we came up to a rickety cabin underneath large swamp-like cypress trees hovering above. The cabin itself wasn't run down, but well used. We walked up a couple short steps into a big room with Brad sitting on a large leather tufted couch. He said to me several times, "It is time to take her to the home". I didn't understand at first and he followed with, "but not Lake Forest" (a town in Illinois where I grew up).

We walked out and soon it was incredibly bright, like early morning. As we continued walking the brightness intensified. Suddenly we were in the Bahama's wandering through trails that I often explored as a child. It takes a long time to walk through these trails until you get into town. Once you reach town, everything is full of color. At the edge of town is the old church I attended as a child. It's not the nicest, a little run down with a dirt floor. In the dream we arrived at the church and found it full of people inside. I saw them all moving in a large circle clapping their hands and singing. My girlfriend joined them in the circle while I watched for a bit. Then the circle moved around me. She began clapping her hands and fireworks began shooting out of them. The fireworks would shoot to the sky and then come back down, straight into her hands. This occurred many times, not just once or twice, but many times. It was lightning up the whole sky. It felt like something was coming down with it each time. She then had a glow to radiating from her face.

The Candle Store

It was misty as I walked down the street of long buildings with patios on the second floors draped with ferns and vines but empty of people. The sound of the ocean was in the distance and the smell of salt wafted through the air. The glow of gaslight lanterns on the exteriors cut through the mist. My attention was caught by a small quaint building tucked between all the buildings and balconies painted blue with yellow trim and a green door poked out of the dreary street of muted pastel buildings. Clouds gathered overhead while I walked up to the windows and peered in. I saw a man in a black robe with large round glasses and a colorful headband organizing items on the shelves of the store talking to my girlfriend who had very short hair, a headband, glasses well-worn and rounded, and a colorful robe.

I knocked on the window, and the man beckoned me in. I twisted the large doorknob in the shape of an octopus, the door opened to a large sign with the word, “Renewal” painted on it. The one-word sign hung from the clutches of another octopus which was attached to the rafters and beams of the old house turned into a small store. The man approached me as I walked in—he was Brad. He took me to the side of the store, shelves of candles in front of us. My girlfriend approached with a large hand kerosene torch to light a candle. Brad grabbed a candle off the shelf with a stark white background labeled “Tampa” in bright blue letters. My girlfriend read the label out loud and lit the candle. A bolt of lightning came down through the roof, leaving no damage or harm as the candle was lit.

An African American man appeared. He wandered around the store. Brad lit a candle that was labeled, “Mahalia.” This resulted in a woman named “Sister Mahalia” riding a bolt of lightning that came down to the floor. She immediately started singing and Tampa started to sing and blend in with her. Brad lit another candle that was labeled “Thomas.” Another lightning bolt traveled down and resulted in Thomas Dorsey immediately singing. Everyone was dancing and singing until Thomas clapped his hand one time loudly and said, “It’s time to find the others. We must go to the streets. We must wander to Mr. Sellers.” In a line we all went to the street. The mist was gone but the stars were bright. The balcony was now full of people dancing and waving. We made our way through town, going through the winding and narrow roads to a large dock in the center of town. A large Banyan Tree stood at the edge of the dock. Thomas stood on the roots of the tree and said, “Now you go to Mr Sellers.” That’s when a large bolt of lightning came down from the sky and delivered a rowboat.

After I woke up, I remembered a play my grandmother took me to see when I was a child. It was called “Tambourines to Glory” and had music written by Brother John Sellers. I also recalled that “Tampa” was likely Tampa Red, a Chicago blues guitarist. I thought I should send these dreams to you. Their mystery moved me.

After receiving these letters, we invited the young man to join the Guild. We did not tell him that he had the kind of dream that is a call to mourn with a candle. This might come in due time.

Crocodile Thrower

In dream, we were taken to a visionary classroom in old Africa:

An elder sat behind a table that had a very large wood crate on it. He said, “This is a gift for you. Look closely.” We saw that there were two emerald-green crocodiles painted on the top edge of the box. When we stared at those images, words appeared underneath them: “Crocodile Thrower.” The old man told us to

concentrate even more. Suddenly the thought arrived that the box held a weapon to defend ourselves from crocodiles in the African bush. We wondered whether the device worked by throwing those dangerous creatures out of our way. Then we realized our minds were drifting and we had not enacted sufficient concentration. So with all our might, we brought our focus back to the gift in front of us. Like an electrical jolt, we immediately saw the gift differently, this time with clear mystical vision. The box held two crocodiles that were meant for our protection. Whenever we host spiritual work, we are granted permission to use this device, which looks something like a rocket launcher, to shoot out two First Creation crocodiles whose job is to guard the entry door to our work.

Brad remembered how he had long ago entered the African spirit world through the visionary mouth of a crocodile. Later, after serving as a medium for the ancestors in a traditional ceremony, he had been instructed to find a whole set of crocodile teeth. In a trance, he walked to a village, entered a muti (mojo) shop, and pointed to the top of the shelf as he asked for the crocodile teeth. The owner understood that the teeth which had been hidden in the shop were meant for him. From that day onward, Brad was owned by Africa as much as he spiritually owned its gifts. In this latest visionary dream, the crocodile came back—not one, but two were gifted. Their present job is to guard our mission of sharing the spiritual cooking ways born of the mother continent.

The old man in the dream then opened the box and told us to look inside. We saw a portal to another world. Sucked in by its numinous wind, we flew inside a rope as if it was a tunnel. There we were given the truth about our spiritual roots:

Sacred Ecstatics primarily comes from the original source and force behind every later means of ecstatic cooking. You know this as the Kalahari Bushman n/om-kxao way. All other ancestral lineage threads are held inside this main line. In particular, the St. Vincent Shakers, along with other singers and dancers of the African Diaspora who celebrate the radical love of the mystical Jesus, created new n/om songs that make the rope vibrantly strong. The soul-fired African pyro-stylistics of gospel hymns praise and raise the recreated carpenter, the one who had n/om nails and embodied the message of luminous love electric.

Jesus never carried a gun and always encouraged sharing rather clinging to the politics of selfish economics. The crocodiles are here to keep hardened and cold ideology away from your door, including meanness masquerading as morality. Frozen religion and anti-

religion are equally missing both art and dart. Pure seiki sweeps away all that does not belong in the house of Africa so you can better catch its songs. Sweep away the entire room with seiki, sing with the syncopated and embellished hymns of praise, and raise your heart with the oldest Africans who gather around the inner fire.

After traveling inside the holy rope, we were taken to another room. There we faced an altar with a crocodile on each side. In the middle of the altar table was the rope to God—it alternated between a rope and a ladder. In the middle wobble of these two images, it also appeared as a stairway. Our eyes followed it from the bottom to the top, watching a climbing guide constantly change form. The higher this climber rose, the more it changed its appearance. In this changing we felt the old travelin' way truth. The one historically named Jesus is also a mermaid, a spiritual mother, a seiki word-sword bearer, a song and dance hooper, a gypsy king of Hollywood, a n/om-kxao, a holy cow T-Bone with a grilled tone, and an Eland of wonderland. This higher changing must be felt before its gifts can be received. It requires multiple lineage threads to make the one rope that carries you to the original source and force of creation.

Our room is Mother Africa and we are fire starters who leave the static behind. There is an ecstatic, electric river. Be aware of endless talk that misses the water walk. Act in order to disorder trickster interference and ready yourself. The two crocodiles are for every guild member wanting to walk on water. Place them on the left and right corners of an altar table. Drop every fable you've heard before. Let every static protocol fall—it has neither call nor response for generating friction, spark, and fire. Elands, come home!

Don't try to understand this vision; just accept the gift of the Crocodile Thrower. It doubly reminds you that we are not here to look. We are here to cook and grill like there's no tomorrow. Why? Because there is a river of fire, and it is way past time to get walking on water. Step into the changing way of higher creative invention that has no need for any kind of n/om-less institution or profession proliferating the agents of spiritual materialism. Let's be radical heretics serving the flame of African ecstatics. Every flame thrower needs a warrior crocodile thrower to protect the fire.

The Portal Opens with the Shift from Causality to Circularity

In a visionary conference, we were asked to make a final presentation. We had been listening to speakers awkwardly try to define and explain the paradigmatic shift away from simple, naïve

causality to an awareness of more systemic complexity. It was all a theoretical mess and the more that abstraction was compounded, the further the promised tectonic change slipped away. We closed our eyes and reached deep within for the words to come through that would help us stir the pot in the kind of way that opened the door to another means of perception, cognition, and action. Brad spoke, “We must move from linear causality to circular causality.” Then he stopped and we both knew that this statement, something we have spoken many times before with other cyberneticians and ecosystemic thinkers, was not quite correct. We immediately changed our statement and said, “We must move from causality to circularity.” Hillary then made it a command, “Move from causality to circularity.”

Upon voicing these words, a portal in the air opened and we were pulled into a passageway leading to another dimension. While walking, we experienced that causality only exists inside the invention of linear clock time. Circularity belongs to eternity, where simultaneity and spontaneity host the ongoing changing of innovation. You are either thinking like a straight-line snake ready to take a bite out of creation or you are acting like an Ouroborean dragon ready to feast upon the circulation of a creative fire. The moment we arrived on the other side, we could feel that a spectacular, otherworldly musical was ready to begin. It was so exciting that the overture woke Brad up. However, he only found himself thrown deeper into a full-blown waking dream. It felt like the show lasted many hours though it may have only been an hour or two. He lost track of time and it felt like the longest dream of his life. Brad wondered whether he’d stay on this ecstatic track throughout the night or if it would go on forever.

Every musical song ever written was ringing in the air, along with reinvented lyrics casting the metaphors, cornerstones, and cooking instructions of Sacred Ecstasies. In one moment, Stephen Sondheim came through and then came Jonathan Larson, followed by George and Ira Gershwin, Cole Porter, and new compositions never heard before. A cascade of emotions burst forth, comedy to tragedy and everything in between, fostering an escalation of magnetic intensity that attracted the perfect tones, rhythms, melodies, movements, dances, and scenery to each changing feeling. Moving from “causality to circularity” threw us into the finest, highest, and most thrilling Life Force Theatre performance beyond imagination and fueled by First Creation. More importantly, it cooked with the most potent vibration and electrical sense of connection that reverberated throughout all our relations.

Brad then fell asleep again and the command came back: “Move from causality to circularity.” The portal reappeared and was now guarded by the two crocodiles received as a gift the night before. Their skin constantly changed color from light to dark green and back again in a way that both repelled you and drew you closer. Through this ancient African gate to the old traveling way, causality was dropped to give rise to the song and dance of eternity. Passing through this portal is like climbing the rope in a Bushman dance. If you aren’t singing, you can’t dance this dance. If you aren’t dancing, you can’t awaken the song.

No causes and effects are allowed to pass through the gate. Every idea that even remotely suggests that “this causes that” must drop away. No more blame is permitted to explain human violence toward people and planet. Only the eternal eland song-and-dance hoofers that have surrendered their explanations and ideations make it to this village theatre in the sky. In its mojo thunder and lightning atmosphere of ecstatic theatrics, all dividing lines are washed away by abundant affirmative action rather than cheap talk. No rooms that support any kind of inequality remain standing. No eye-for-an-eye vengeance is allowed to mask the truth of our interdependence.

Don’t let your trickster mind too easily accept this portal-opening imperative; moving from causality to circularity should feel as impossible to you as walking on water. But you must aim to do it anyway because there is a river and you were born to be circulated, reversed, and removed from any former curse in its current.

Brad recalled that he had been to the Life Force Theatre in dream several times before, but this time it was a waking vision with almost overwhelming intensity. He thought it might permanently and dramatically alter his everyday senses. It became louder, clearer, and brighter within, drawing him deeper into ecstasy. He felt the musical had flipped him inside out. The outer world was now hidden on the inside while the visionary theatre had become the whole outer hulse or room holding reality.

Near the end of the dream, Brad looked up at the rope hanging between the two crocodiles just as it had the night before. Again, he saw changing forms climb the rope. These images also went in and out of multiple dimensions of changing. This wild kaleidoscope-like poly-reality threw him back into the Life Force Theatre where every dot, note, melodic line, circle, and boulder shape were alive. This is what eternity must feel like. Everything is fully present all around you, ready to spring forth the instant it is felt and called upon. There are no cutouts separate from other cutouts, and no preferences or rejections. The crocodiles protect the room from anyone not wanting to change with the changing that constantly rearranges both part and whole. This is the fountain of creativity, eternity, and divinity. It is the river and water walking of sacred ecstasy. The green eyes of the leopard that see the mystical light of night await your entry past the crocodiles who doubly dial the megaphone cone telephone that is as certain as it is uncertain whether you’ll get through.

Bear

For three nights in a row, Brad dreamed a Life Force Theatre musical extravaganza that especially featured the music of Stephen Sondheim. It was such a strong experience that Brad worried whether its intensity was too much to bear. After the third night, he placed his bear paw medicine bag on top of an old African drum that is located next to our front door. Hours later we heard the news that Stephen Sondheim had passed away. Having felt so close to his music and at times

even possessed by Sondheim’s musical soul during the last three nights, Brad burst into tears. That night he dreamed again all night of Sondheim’s music, this time weeping as he heard it. His pillow was soaked and his eyes swollen when he got up the next morning. But before waking, another dream came through:

Hillary and I were at a major institution to deliver some important news. We were unsure whether it was a large university or psychotherapy institute—it wobbled between both. We made a peculiar announcement to the director: “We have discovered that institutionalized boys who escape become bears.” The man looked completely bewildered when he heard these words. At that moment we noticed Carl Whitaker, Brads’ former psychotherapy mentor, coming out of a lecture hall. I turned to the director and added, “Ask Carl Whitaker. He knows that institutionalized boys who escape become bears.” Carl saw us and was in an anxious hurry to leave the place—he looked like he was trying to escape. A young Native American woman who resembled a former student of ours grabbed Carl’s hand and spoke, “Brad and Hillary asked me to take you to the airport. Let’s get you out of here.”

Everyone seemed confused about what we had said and had no clue what was taking place. Hillary and I were also very puzzled over the cryptic message we had delivered. Then a young woman walked up to us and explained, “We are doing our best to help boys escape these institutions and turn them into bears.” We recognized the woman as A.O.C., Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, one of the few politicians we respect in Washington, D.C. I turned to Hillary and asked, “Do you think she is here because A. O. C. holds an ‘O’—an Ouroboros— in between the A.C. or alternating current?” We said this while feeling a hopelessness about how the institutions of our time, including education, health, religion, and government, are being destroyed by anti-democratic forces. A.O.C. is one of the few rays of sunshine left, a warrior fighting the demons of anti-democracy. While this consideration of her initials and the condition of our historical time caught our curiosity, we remained uncertain and more inquisitive about the mention of a bear.

The Sondheim music I had heard all night soon came back as if drifting in from the woods. It roared as we mourned. Our hearts were opened again and this time I remembered placing the bear medicine bag at the bottom of our stairs next to the front door. The dream suddenly shot a bolt of clarity into our minds, a reminder that becoming a bear changes your life to hunting for trout while standing on water in a stream. Furthermore, the bear is the creature whose nose finds the natural medicines of the wild. Native Americans of long ago observed

what plants the bear used as a means of learning where the medicines were. I also remembered that Hillary's nickname for me is "Bear," partly because I hunt for where she has hidden food in the kitchen.

A final heightened wave of the emotion conveyed by Sondheim's music washed over us before we could ponder the dream any further. This strong river of moving sound gathered every note, line, and harmonic circle until it had grasped hold of Sondheim, the musical theatre boulder who evoked the widest irregular range of musically conveyed emotion. All of this musical mystery, now a wind, was thrown into my bear medicine bag. There the river songs now live as a medicine to feed bears who have left former institutions to hunt for trout as they walk on water. At the end of the dream, we wholeheartedly welcomed Stephen Sondheim as a living saint of Sacred Ecstasies. He now lives and composes in the broadest Broadway ever envisioned.

Postscript:

The next morning when Hillary was editing the visionary report above, she gasped when she read the part about "institutionalized boys." The night before while reading all the news about Sondheim's life and passing, she came across something he said to biographer Meryle Secrest about his childhood after his parents' divorce:

I don't remember my mother at all during those years... I don't think she was around. I don't think she cared. I think my father wanted to share things with me; I think my mother did not. I have no memory of my mother doing anything with me. And my father, it was only on occasional Sundays that we would go to ball games. Otherwise I was what they call an institutionalized child, meaning one who has no contact with any kind of family. You're in, though it's luxurious, you're in an environment that supplies you with everything but human contact. No brothers and sisters, no parents, and yet plenty to eat, and friends to play with, and a warm bed, you know? And a radio.³⁹

The quote above comes from the first chapter of the book entitled, "An Institutionalized Child." We celebrate that Stephen Sondheim was able to escape the institution and become a bear that could sniff a melody and a lyric out of thin air, delivering the world a medicine that will last forever.

³⁹ "Stephen Sondheim." n.d. Archive.nytimes.com. Accessed November 27, 2021. <https://archive.nytimes.com/www.nytimes.com/books/first/s/secrest-sondheim.html>.

We Have a Revelation

In a dream, Osumi Sensei came to Brad:

I told her that Hillary and I believed that seiki jutsu by itself does not have enough dart to serve as the highest ecstatic art. It misses the song and dance that generates the hottest spiritual heat. Being from an authoritarian samurai culture, she was at first upset and declared that she would assign the custodial role she gave me to someone else. I didn't care whether I had that role or not, and then I realized that the lineage itself, not one person, chooses who helps oversee the tradition. In other words, I own seiki and it owns me no matter the shortcomings in the lineage, myself, or Osumi Sensei. The same is true for Hillary who is also anointed to hold the teaching of this ancient Japanese practice. We discussed what can be wisely said about seiki to others, with a bowl as empty of words as possible. This is what came down about what is critical to teach when we introduce seiki:

Seiki practice is the art of being spontaneous. Not too much, and not too little. Let movement freely begin, and also rein it in. Find the middle wobble that shifts the performance gears. It will feel out of your control, though gracefully under higher control. Seiki frees the body to express natural movement without any importance given to either fine or gross motor movement. It values the unseen stirring within as much as the visible typhoon. It is more real when you feel you are less important than you were before you expressed its force. Seiki is the art of holding an empty bare bones cup, serving a tea that is the sea, and bowing before the whole lineage, circle, and sphere as you dissolve into being a part of mystery. Don't claim it; embody it. If you are excited to show seiki to others, then pause and question any certainty, knowing this is usually confirmation that you have too little seiki. If you are reluctant to share seiki, be uncertain. Ask for the guidance of someone who can discern a cup from tea and differentiate the sea from *Big Me*. Accept their instruction. This is a revelation. Seiki has come back freer to start and spark another revolution.

In a second dream, Hillary and I were at a reception in Mexico. We saw an old keyboard and I went over to play it but found the keys were missing. I then saw

another keyboard nearby. The host, an old friend of ours from Mexico, mentioned that lightning had destroyed it. I tried to play it anyway and attempted to play the blues, but no sound could be heard. A feeling within then swelled up until it burst through my heart. When I tried again to play the broken instrument, I heard the song “Precious Lord.” I began singing it in a bluesy manner. Turning to my right I saw an African American preacher, his wife, and other church members listening. They were smiling with tears in their eyes. The elder woman with them said, “Why, this man has a revelation to share with us. Praise the Lord.” I continued playing and singing and felt the emotion further rise. We somehow were elevated to a balcony above the floor where we had been before. I saw another piano keyboard without a body hanging upside down from the edge of the balcony. I went to it and found I could play it upside down lying on my back. The instrument or direction of orientation did not matter. When the inner fire rose, the whole world became a piano ready to cook a song and share whatever revelation comes down the line.

I woke up feeling grateful for the reception of two revelations. First, we learned that seiki exercises the surrender to a force and source greater than personal will. Second, we were taught that going higher and hotter requires the belly energy to rise and burst open the heart, and then traverse to the throat where song is born on a broken instrument. These two revelations point to the original cooking spirituality of the Kalahari. They early on knew that switching on the heat requires being natural and not forcing it. Let the force of the creating source grab hold of you and take you on the old travelin’ way. Its singing and dancing bring the utmost joy.

Gifted with an African Staff

We were in the visionary Kalahari with some members of the Guild. There we confronted the extreme physical poverty and equally vast spiritual wealth of the oldest living African culture. Brad had found the home for his soul in this desert place whose ecstatic cooking Bushman elders could climb the rope to the sky village of heaven. As we met old friends and asked how they were, an old Zulu woman unexpectedly walked into the scene and invited us to her ceremonial ground.

We entered a small room with mud walls and a thatched roof. The woman had us sit in front of her. Next, she asked an assistant to go bring her things. The situation was like earlier Zulu tests I had gone through—a wisdom elder tests whether you have reached another level of development. This former feeling was in the air. The assistant came back with a collection of carved wood staffs or walking sticks and

placed them against the wall behind us. Without thinking, I spontaneously got up and grabbed hold of a staff that pulled me toward it with a strong magnetic force. It was my height and had the head and horns of an ox carved on its top. There were other carvings beneath the horns, along with stones attached. At neck level was a black cloth that draped over much of the staff below, like a skirt. It was filled with beadwork and colorful embroidery of mystical signs and symbols. There was a tag on the object that had the number “67” on it. I didn’t know whether that was a price or the date the object was made. However, I was certain that the staff had been made by Credo Mutwa. It radiated his aesthetic flare.

I told the elder Zulu woman that I wanted this cane, “the one made my Credo Mutwa.” She replied, “There are others in the back that he made. Perhaps you’d like to see them before you decide.” I had no interest in seeing them because this staff had pulled me to take hold of it. I asked how much it cost. The woman smiled and laughed as she answered, “It belongs to you. It is a gift. You are its owner.” I was not surprised, though deeply grateful, for I knew that the staff had come home to me as I had come home to it. We were destined for each other. By this I more accurately meant that it had come to Sacred Ecstatics and that Hillary and I were its custodians.

We then closely examined the artwork on the cane. Near the bottom, just below the edge of the skirt were two natural openings in the wood not made by human hands. It resembled the base of a tree trunk that has an opening that looks like a portal to another world. In fact, I felt for a moment that I was holding such a tree. My thoughts were interrupted by the woman’s laughter. I asked, “What are these two openings?” She had been waiting for me to ask this question and took a breath before carefully pronouncing her words, “Two cocoons have been opened.” The words started to echo as if we were hearing them shouted on top of a mountain. The ecstatic energy of Africa was in that staff, and so were her words. The power of it woke me up.

The ox on top of the staff is the main symbol of power and leadership among the Zulu and many other African cultures. The “cocoons” near the bottom of the staff were located where the Bushmen men place cocoons around their ankles for making percussive sounds when they dance. The skirt, worn by both African men and women, covers the middle. There outer symbols and signs evoke the inner unseen mysteries.

Many years ago in his late thirties, Brad was recognized as a spiritual medium, healer, and wisdom keeper in several southern African traditions, especially among the Bushmen and Zulu. Now those roles have come back for both of us—two cocoons opened for passing from one world to the other, made possible by a

newborn metamorphosis. After dreaming this upstairs in our bedroom, Brad announced, "It's time to go downstairs and live in Africa." We knew that the world of visionary travel is no longer confined to the sleeping chamber upstairs. With the gift of this African staff, which includes the spirits and ancestors who are now on staff in Sacred Ecstasies, there is another portal open downstairs in our living room. Welcome the new entry to the oldest travelin' way.

Burial Time

One of our Guild members sincerely expressed his hope to be touched by sacred emotion and have his suffering transformed. Brad wrote him a letter:

Dear Brother,

Last night I made the mistake of looking at the news to read the latest reports on what the terrorist cult formerly known as the Republican Party is up to. My former professor at MIT, Noam Chomsky, calls them the singular most evil group of human beings in history, largely because no group has ever threatened both the entire human race and the planet like these spooks. Chomsky was likely being kind with his assessment. I think they are more likely possessed by demons. I was so worked up with anger about their outrageous lying, mind-melting propaganda, hypocritical talk of love while peddling hate, and all the other forms of yeti toxicity they embody . . . that I felt I might never go back to the big room again. I had to get on my knees and pray for help. I really felt I was losing it, brother.

I prayed like this: Dear Lord, clean me. I am so full of irritation that I am no longer able to be of service to you. Clean me for I cannot make it through another day with this latest news of the evil around us. Help me Lord, clean me as only you can . . ." Then I marched on to repeating the Lord's Prayer and all the other prayers I know, over and over again, until I could feel my hands tingle (that's when I know I am starting to cook). I also vowed to only pray to God and Jesus the carpenter. No middle agents for this desperate kind of roto rooter job, whether they be saints or angels of any form. I used the mainline hotline and called on the top plumber because I had become dumber. I fell asleep and had a dream:

I was with my family of origin. We were all in grief because someone had passed away in our family. My father was in his former role as the pastor of our church. He was making the arrangements for the funeral. He asked me to contact my grandparents on his side. I called my grandfather to tell him that my father (his son) had died. It did not strike me that there was a contradiction here: my father

was alive and arranging the funeral and yet we were burying him. I did not realize this impossible situation until after the dream. In the dream I wept with my grandparents over the loss of their son and my father.

As soon as I woke up and came back to myself to note the double nature of my father in the dream, I realized I had been cleaned by an ineffable answer to my prayer plea. When I pray, I pray like it is the last moment of my life. I do not do it half-assed or without full steam. I pray like there ain't no tomorrow, no hope, and nothing a human being can do to sort out the manmade shit on earth. I make my plea for a higher hand.

This morning I was also filled with the realization that we need to bury the big me characters in our lives—including those of our fathers or mothers. We do so by asking God to clean us as only the Creator can accomplish: burying our own big me. When we rise again, we come back smaller and softer than before, tenderized by the mourning and grief. Let us smile when we feel we cannot walk another mile to be touched by sacred emotion. That's when the alchemy is ready to begin.

No hocus pocus, no hypnosis, no fancy talkin' gnosis. Only old-fashioned defeat that gets us nearer the heat when we feel the need for higher intervention. The only thing blocking this heart and soul opening is the mind's homeostatic convention. I pray you find your road to prayer and receive the car wash that will enable you to travel to the peace and joy that rearranges all former rooms of irritation. Know that the truth about the nasty and mean crap in the world does not erase anything—those nasty critters and culty creepies are still out there. But now we can relate to them in a big room which may be more rebellious than before, or possibly more contrarious. I don't know what the rope will drag us into. It's over my head.

The next day our Guild member responded:

I truly don't know what to say in response to your generous openness. I feel like you just let me in to pray beside you and with you. I will do my best to follow the threads I can receive until I catch a rope. Thank you!

Upon reading this, Brad felt he had not been generous. He had only been obedient as he explains in his letter back to him:

Dear Brother,

There was a reason I shared what I did. I had not written down the dream I reported to you — yesterday I gave myself a vacation from that chore. After I read your entry in *Mighty Mouse*, the voice of guidance within me said, “Remember the Brazilian case with the psychoanalyst where you shared a dream about your grandfather. Report last night’s dream to your brother in the Guild.” I immediately sat down and fulfilled my responsibility this request to report it to you (and ended up writing up the dream after all—ha, ha, no rest for the weary!). Praying for you and every guild member to come through the veil and meet the big room.

After sending this letter, Hillary shared an old Dr. Watts gospel hymn that had come to her, “Shine On Me.” It caught the sacred emotion that had given rise to the Brazilian session long ago and the recent dream just reported. Here are the lyrics as sung by Rev. James Cleveland:

Shine on me
Shine on me
Let the light of the lighthouse
Shine on me
I heard the call of Jesus say,
Come unto me and I’ll give you rest
I went to a meeting one Tuesday evening and while I was sitting there on the mourning
bench I heard something whisper in my ear and say,
“Lay down thy weary, thy weary head Lay down
You can lay your head,
When the storms of life are raging,
You can lay your head,
When the enemy is all around you, you can lay your head
Ohhh on my, my, my, my, my,
Good God all mighty I came to Jesus and I prayed
From there I give
And as soon as I took one drink, my thirst was quenched, oohhh, my soul, my soul, my
soul was revived
And right now, right now, right now, right now, right now,
I live In Him, I live in Him

And when the devil gets after me, and dark clouds cover my sky, I steal away in my secret closet, and I get down on my knees, and look up to the hills, from which cometh my help, and say,

Shine on me

Shine on me

Let the light of the lighthouse

Shine on me

When the holy light shines, it reveals the menacing darkness that has been hidden. This lighthouse is a clean place, ready to welcome you home renewed in the truth. Prophets come to announce what runs against popular convention, shining the light on how people have been led astray into cults of hatred that claim to be agents of peace. The holy light never claims that every political, spiritual, or cognitive belief is all right. It does not pretend and ignore that some ropes are tragically bent backwards and their owners possessed by filthy cornerstones that have no ever peal, To be crystal clear, every big me must go past the mourning ground and head into the burial ground. Its false supremacy must be overtaken for the soul within you to step on stage and perform your creode mission. The impossible dream of a spiritually cooked life is not a deal made with trickster manipulation of words and incongruent claims. Into the ground you must go to be planted as as a seed. Nothing less can feed the reaching tendril to find the higher blossom.

Whether you are consumed by darkness and claim to be in the light, or you see the darkness and can't find the light—you must get on those second knees. Go past being righteous because you think you “understand” or know right from wrong, left from right, or up from down. Step in the light and be nearer the lighthouse. There, in prayer, you feel the warmth of the holy ray. Pray to tingle and sizzle the dark away. Be careful, for even this body sensation can be hijacked by trickster. Back on your second knees again, this time even more in need of Thee. There is a mourning bench and a burial ground in First Creation. Make sure you are in it. Then feel the old gospel song shine its tonal light on your soul. Don't for a second think you know what this means. It's over your head. Only trust that you need higher hands and guidance. The rest takes place spontaneously, a seiki storm will comes to reform how you perform all your relations.

Cyclone Dreaming

Another Guild member, Liz, wrote us:

Dear Hillary and Brad,

I'm one of those non-seiki therapeutic shakers, and it's been great to lie in the floor and let my spine way Steinway carry me along in a river of shivers. Sometimes I find that my fingers have joined in and are also playing along.

I had a lucid dream where I wanted to fly, and I looked up at the sky to see that it is covered in grey cloud. I heard a crack of thunder, and a circle was becoming visible in the middle, like a cyclone, and a loud, menacing voice calls out: "I'm coming for you!" In response, I said, "I love you." The cyclone continued to reach down from the sky toward me. The voice repeated, "I'm coming for you!" I said again, "I love you." I don't remember how many times this happened, maybe five or six, and each time the voice said the same thing, and I answered in the same way. It wasn't always easy to get the words out, but I said this each time. Somewhere along the line, the cyclone changed from grey to peach and pink and orange, with the texture of something that had been painted onto something white that had cracked or shattered, like mosaic tiles. I don't recall the process of change, but I remember being struck by the beauty of the colors. Then I notice that by my left side there was a brown shape. I looked and saw a deer; I could see it only from behind, just its shoulders and the back of its head. It didn't have any antlers, so I thought, "it must be a doe".

See you Saturday. Thank you for so many things and much love.

Meeting the Holy Spirit

Sabrina, a Guild member, shared the following dream:

Last night I had dreamt something...I was experiencing some difficulty with uneasy relations/feelings from my past when everything melted into a completely dark room with no apparent walls or ground. I was facing a glowing blue and white eye, resembling the Egyptian Eye of Horus. Brad's voice echoed and said something like, "When you meet the Holy Spirit it reorients your life." Now the eye transformed into blue/white glowing lines that resembled a railway map or veins that led to a center glowing circle. He continued, "It will transform the uneasy foundations of your life and give you a new one." I felt the warmth and possibility of being renewed and reborn within this other worldly entity and woke up. Uneasy ground, is it up or down? Nevertheless, open my heart dear Lord.

We responded: "Sabrina, that's a calling. Second knees on the ground!"

Please Don't Go

Longtime Guild member, who we affectionately call Space Lady, sent us this dream report:

The other night in my dream I saw you and Brad on stage at an outdoor concert event. At first I was happy and very excited to discover you were performing, but as I came closer I noticed that something was rather off. I had this strong feeling that you were not you, that you were trapped inside these doppelganger bodies. Suddenly I became very sad and terrified that I might never see the real you again, and others wouldn't either. I felt that I needed to do something, so I rushed on stage and interrupted. I was so confused as you looked so much like yourselves but behaved so differently. Without hesitating I grabbed the microphone and announced that whatever I would now do might not work but I simply had to try. I started singing the ballad "If You Leave Me Now" by Chicago, and my voice felt so incredibly loud and powerful that it really shocked me. I sang as if my life depended on it. Suddenly a small hurricane and thunderstorms formed above the stage and as I touched Brad's doppelganger body, from its belly the real Brad and you were freed with a big bang. I felt utter joy and then I woke up.

As ever, I am not sure about dreams, but I did wake up sobbing and realizing how much having you and the Guild in my life means to me. As silly as it may sound, I never felt so dedicated and sure in my life as I did when I sang these lines in the dream: "If you leave me now, you'll take away the biggest part of me. If you leave me now, you'll take away the very heart of me". I am so grateful for the guild and to be a part of this water walking.

We responded:

We are moved by your powerful dream. Being a true-blue Sacred Ecstatics numi conductor on stage, rather than just an audience-pleasing doppelganger, is made easier when someone from the audience acts to convey their love and joy for the performance. It helps stir up the seiki hurricane and big bang thunderstorm that bring joy and realness to the whole room. We are deeply touched by your words, feel your heart, and are grateful for your presence in the Guild and on this water walk! In other words, we're thrilled to have you in our lives.

Love
Hillary and Brad

An Unexpected Shock at the Mystical Library

We were sent to the mystical library on high, our name for what others have called the Akashic records. There we were taken to a rare manuscripts room and handed an oversized book, the largest text we'd ever seen. Brad opened it and began reading.

It sounded like our style of writing, but the authors had advanced their ability to evoke the art and dart mystery of sacred ecstasy. We realized we were reading our own work, but it described things we have not yet experienced, thought, or written. We were hearing the future development of Sacred Ecstasics as it had already been written in the big mystical text. I surprised myself by suddenly closing the book as if I didn't want to hear anymore. However, to my surprise I continued reciting the words that were in the book. I no longer had to read it because the words were spontaneously coming through. Hillary and I were shocked. We looked at one another and realized that Sacred Ecstasics had entered the next period of its evolution. The ineffable world of high mystery was now able to come through in a more direct manner, with no need for a nighttime flight to the other side. The future has already been written, read, caught, owned, and made ready to perform in the present as it pours into us in another dimension where eternity erases all lines drawn by clock time. We were extremely excited and radically shaken by this revelation, held in a closed book that remains open to be edited by this ongoing Sacred Ecstasics chain reaction in motion.

The next morning Hillary reported that she kept dreaming throughout the night that we were taken to various places where something happened that was so surprising that it abruptly shocked her awake each time, as if being pierced or touched unexpectedly by some unknown force. The excitement was so strong that each time it erased any memory of what had taken place. The only detail she remembers is one dream in which we were both in her childhood bedroom. A large new heating and cooling appliance had been prominently installed on the wall. Puzzled by its presence, when she reached out to touch it, she was immediately jolted awake. Hillary felt that we had gone back in time to witness the installation of what would later become her destiny as an adult—handling the spiritual thermostat. Brad shared his dream and it underscored again that we are altering the past while performing the future now, without remembering how it has been written, understood, and recalled. Even though the numinous remains over our heads and is beyond conventional understanding, it comes through in everyday action downstairs and nighttime vision upstairs. There is no stopping the creode momentum once it has been set in motion because in its inception it already contains the blueprint for what will later come to fruition.

A Downpouring of Word Exposition

The next dream moved from the mystical library to our living room where we were conducting a live broadcast to the Sacred Ecstatics Guild:

As we were talking on air, I felt the same surprise and shock that had taken place in the mystical library before. Words just came through me without my having previously conceptualized them. While this has taken place in small ways in the past, I was now experiencing it as a grand downpour. I then started to spontaneously compose lyrics for songs as well as invent new melodies. In past visions I have experienced musical composition, but not with words and music going back and forth with such fluidity. Curious in the dream, I explored moving across diverse forms of verbal performance from academic lecturing to soulful preaching, theatrical voicing of different styles of poetry, Broadway musical lyrics, and even the peppy discourse of rap. We laughed in the dream because my rapping was fast and furious like it was in a hip-hop rap battle our son had taken us to years ago in Los Angeles. I woke up and found the same ability continued. This went on for at least an hour until I fell back to sleep. The next day we again realized that a shift was taking place between how we tap into the vital force of creation, as mediated by words and music.

Soulful Praying Launches a Mystical Adventure

Brad dreamed he was awake but getting ready to go to sleep:

I started my prayers and was overwhelmingly shocked to hear that my voice sounded exactly like that of Sister Gertrude Morgan. I was lucid and completely aware of how I sounded in the dream. The acoustic clarity of the experience was more real than if I had been awake—I heard Sister Gertrude Morgan’s tonality, rhythm, and style come through and express the Lord’s Prayer. It was so effortless and enjoyable that I kept repeating it. I didn’t ever want it to stop. After some time I then wondered if I could switch the modality and also sing like her. Sure enough, it happened spontaneously. I sang, “I am the living bread, I am that bread . . .” I went back and forth between song and prayer, and each time the prayer became faster until it felt like a fast wheel spinning around and around.

Next I was curious whether I could “change the channel” to St. Vincent and catch the sound of Archbishop Pompey. This time I wasn’t surprised that he came

through my voice loudly and clearly. I never knew praying could be so much fun. It involved no hard work, and my only concern was that this chain reaction of ecstatic prayer and song would be impossible to stop. Truly, this was a living bread feast for every part of me—mind, heart, body, and soul. While I have felt this same joy when preaching in visionary visits to the old sanctified church, it was a heightened version of my own voice coming through. This time, however, others' voices took hold of mine so I conveyed their exact tone, rhythm, style, and emotion. I woke up in ecstasy, continuing to pray in whatever voice came through the pipeline.

I fell into another dream, again feeling I was awake. I entered ecstasy in a manner that I cannot fully report—it is beyond description. I can say that this visionary space enabled me to realize that I had been pierced during the day by a drawing that Hillary made of Sister Gertrude Morgan. She depicted this Sacred Ecstatics saint shouting her words with a sousaphone player next to her. The image was so striking that it ended up feeding my rope and seeding a visionary supersonic adventure. In this second dream of the night, Hillary and I were sent to a new kind of heaven whose gate of admission requires complete submission to being eternally present and freed of any restriction imposed by observation and evaluation. There is a heaven, and it's a place where the spontaneity of swimming in the holy stream is the highest dream of extreme love. The fountain is love, and the liver is love. We live in an ocean of divine multi-grapevine love. The leap, walk, swim, dive, flight, and musical dance are entirely found everywhere in the field of love. Its current, tendrils, and boulders have no regular boundaries, nor does it ever reach an end. It is a time for eternal love. I woke up feeling reborn with the vital life force.

A third dream sent Hillary and I to a wilderness lodge that felt like we were either in Africa or Australia. We weren't certain where we were. A woman knocked at the door and then she walked in without waiting for us to greet her. She talked so quickly that it was difficult to follow what she was saying. It reminded me of the way Osumi Sensei spoke to me when she felt excited about seiki. The translator would stop because he or she could not keep up with her speech. However, this woman who entered before we could respond seemed older than Osumi Sensei. When she walked into the room, we had somehow been thrown from the wilderness lodge in Africa or Australia into an ancient time and place in Asia. This new place felt like a blend of Japan, China, and Tibet. Suddenly, one wall began dissolving until it revealed another room on the other side. Parts of the wall were like a silkscreen or thin paper veil, but most of it had been opened enabling us to see and hear whatever might occur in the other room. The elder

woman walked toward the other room and as she did, her clothing transformed into traditional looking robes. She had become a spiritual teacher from long ago.

She asked me to sit in the middle spot where the wall formerly had been. There she spoke a word I have never heard before or, if I have, I do not remember. It was a two-syllable word that sounded like either “tummo” or “teisho.” She wanted me to say the word like she expressed it, implying that this would provide a transmission. I found I could not purposefully honor her request—I couldn’t reproduce her tone or accent. And I was not sure what the word even was—tummo or teisho. I thought to myself, “I have to let it happen,” but then immediately thought, “such a notion—just letting it happen—actually says nothing and provides no useful instruction.” I gave up trying, but then I must have said the word correctly without be aware of it because the elder nodded her approval. I was bewildered by the ongoing interaction and felt confused and totally lost because she spoke no English. Everything she said and that I was supposed to repeat and remember required a different means of conveyance, transmission, and reception beyond my ability to comprehend or perform.

The woman next opened a small scroll and handed it to me. On top was the symbol for the word she had said and to its right was a box-like arrangement of four Chinese or Japanese characters, I am not sure what language it was. She pointed to the four characters and instructed, “Watch it change into a hexagram,” or at least that is what I guessed she was saying because she was still speaking in a foreign language. The four characters became magically kinetic and transformed into six spokes or rays, though at times they appeared as five or eight radiating lines forming various alternating symbols.

The elder then pointed to another symbol on the second line of the scroll. She spoke another word. At first it sounded like “niyama” but then it also sounded like other words. What I do remember clearly is that she explained, in what now seemed like perfect English, that the four directions indicated above must turn into six force fields that reach out and catch whatever needs to be caught. This is what had happened, she explained, when I caught “tummo” or “teisho.” As soon as this downpour of clarity soaked into me, I noticed that the rest of the scroll had the smallest print I had ever seen. I couldn’t read most of it, though I was relieved that it was written in English. There was so much further detailed exposition that I felt the whole teaching so far over my head it was impossible to comprehend. I took a closer look at the bottom of the scroll and one sentence stood out: “At the end of the instruction and its performance, serve a sweet treat.” I looked up and saw the woman smiling, almost ready to laugh. I felt both completely lost and

totally found, sitting in the middle where everything changed. Yet, I trusted that a sweet treat would soon be served.

The next morning, I looked up the two words I had caught in the night. “Tummo” is a Tibetan word that refers to the yogic practice of generating body heat. One of its most renowned practitioners was Milarepa. The word “teisho” is a word I have heard Hillary use, referring to the Japanese name for a Zen roshi’s Dharma talk. It translates as “to take in hand and speak out,” because the teaching of a roshi is meant to be pure, direct transmission with no gap between teaching, teacher, and receiver. The word “niyama” refers to the second part of the classical Ashtanga Yoga of Patanjali, the life regulations or disciplines needed to spiritually develop. They vary in number from five to six, eight, or more. They include cleanliness, contentment, austerity, study, and attunement.

The middle-wobble way requires surrender to the impossibility of catching and expressing the force and source of creation. This otherworldly transmission comes after many years and perhaps decades or lifetimes of hard work and practice. Tremble before the indecipherable scroll that holds the keys to playing your body piano. The fire-born heat of spirit-body ecstasy awaits with a sweet blissful treat, especially when you admit defeat and feel eternally unsure while sure that walking feet make you a part of the river.

N/om-Kxao Rocket Ride

Brad dreamed he was in a large rocket ship:

There was a crew of twenty or more and we had already traveled far into outer space. I was amazed at the size of the rocket. It felt spacious like the lobby of a hotel with multiple levels for various activities. Everyone had been partying and I suddenly wanted to get away from the celebration and find a private space. It felt like I had been feasting and was on the verge of seriously over-indulging—I was going to burst at any moment. I stepped away from the table to find a place where I could relieve myself. I found an entrance to some stairs that led to an area beneath the towering quarters above. Down I went, all the way to the bottom. This basement was not meant for human occupation—it housed the rocket engine and all the technical equipment for operating the ship.

As I started to sit and find relief, I was shocked by the sound of a mighty explosion. The rocket had ignited a reservoir of fuel causing a major blast. Simultaneously, the floor beneath me opened for the flames to escape. Rather than immediately perish, in a split second I was sucked into that fire and shot back

down to earth. The power was so strong that I was not burned, and it happened so quickly that no oxygen was needed for breathing. Within a few seconds, I was hovering over the earth. A parachute I didn't know I was wearing opened and I landed safely. I woke up from the dream, totally stunned and still trembling from the energetic blast and heat from that rocket ship. More than anything, I was shocked at how fast I had been sent back. I did not understand the dream. Its energetics were too powerful to make sense of, so I didn't ponder it any further.

The next night I had the same exact dream. Far away in space I traveled in the same rocket, with the same feast and gathering, the identical escape to the engine below, and the now familiar blast that sent me back to earth. Again I woke up from the visionary roundtrip journey stunned. The next day I realized that this was a Bushman n/om-kxao's way of spiritually traveling. Climbing the rope in this dream was experienced as a rocket ride. When I went up high to receive as much teaching and n/om as I could possibly hold in my body, I was sent back to let it all out. The moment of return was an explosive blast of fire as powerful as the original launch. I had been fed on high by the ancestors and Sky God. Now I was ready to return and share what had been gathered.

The gifts from on high arrive are shared on the earthly plane as the remains of fully metabolized n/om. That's how a n/om-kxao experiences, understands, and enacts the receiving and sharing of this mysterious vital energy. It is a vibratory force powerful enough to launch you into outer space and send you back home in a blaze of heavenly glory.

Ancient Little Red Book

Brad dreamed we were dining at a long wood table in London during the 1800s:

I had been searching for a rare manuscript—a small, red leather-bound book filled with what I assumed were magical symbols and mystical teachings from Africa. I previously asked Chris, a Guild member, for help in finding it and he introduced me by phone to a retired British officer from the Zulu war days. We met the retired soldier later at the feast. He sported a wild mustache and brought the book. It contained some of the symbols I had seen on the African staff formerly received in vision.

I started playing a small keyboard that sat on the dining table. It brought music in the air and the old 'oldier's wife started to shake wildly. She and the old officer were sitting across from us. Both Chris and Diana were sitting next to me and took delight in all of this. I started to wonder how the keyboard could make any sound

because it had no strings or resonator. It didn't matter whether I understood it because I felt something extraordinary taking place. I then threw myself more wildly in the music as shaking broke out throughout the room. We turned old London into older Africa.

The next day I remembered that one of my spiritual mothers, Mama Mona, had an ancestor who had been a famous Zulu chief. Her great-great grandfather, we discovered, was killed by the British in an historic battle that wiped out his tribe. We wondered whether we had traveled back in time to help that fierce Zulu chief and spiritual wisdom holder spiritually defeat the British colonialists. To the old soldier's surprise, he and his wife opened their mystical eyes to see previously concealed symbols that opened the gate to African mystery. As I provided the music that warmed the atmosphere, arrows were shot that pierced heart. This brought forth spirited life among young and old without time being a barrier to a reborn world that serves all relations originating from the source and force of creation.

Mama Mona and her ancestors are reaching out to us in mysterious ways. Let us rejoice even if we do not understand. Rejoice especially if you don't understand. Mystery is to be felt so we stand upon its emotion rather than contain within cognition. The past is now present through the ancestors, now shooting one another in every geographical locale—with us in the middle—as African spirit power that transforms hearts with old travelin' way darts.

Postscript:

We later found the ancient little red book seen in the dream. Its cover was exactly what Brad had dreamed. It turns out to be the oldest intact book in Europe that is now housed in the British Museum. It is about 5 inches by 3.5 inches in size and its content is the Gospel of John written in Latin. It is also called the Stonyhurst Gospel or the St. Cuthbert Gospel since it was discovered inside the coffin of that hermit monk, who died in 687 CE. Mystery abounds—the seen ancient little red book hosts the well-known Gospel; the other unseen side of the ancient little red book holds Zulu mystery symbols. In their interaction both come alive.

Departing

We both went to sleep praying for guidance for our work as conductors of Sacred Ecstatics. Brad specifically prayed that one of us be given a dream that would offer direction for our lives, and Hillary's life in particular. He has only done this a handful of times before. Just like in the past when Brad made this prayer, that night Hillary went to a spiritual classroom:

I was back at the Zen Center of Los Angeles where I lived for several years in my late twenties and early thirties. I was in the garden sweeping around the buildings, footpaths, and some of the small statues. Then I heard Roshi coming out of one of the buildings with her attendant. They could not see me because they had not yet rounded the corner to where I was working. She was giving a teaching on the essence of Zen. A thought popped into my mind, “I hope that soon the teacher will give me the next words to deepen my practice.” I was referring to giving a student a word or phrase to focus on day and night to facilitate penetration of the dharma. Some religious traditions refer to this as a mantra, prayer key, or password that keeps a spiritual practitioner focused or aligned.

As soon as I had that thought, Roshi spoke a sentence aloud as if she had heard my thoughts and was answering my call: “I am departing.” I immediately knew she had just delivered me the words I sought, and its enigmatic truth pierced me, snapping me to attention. In the dream I understood the phrase evoked the departure of ego or self. And of course, impermanence.

The teacher then reached the area of the garden I had been sweeping, and the attendant stepped away. We both paused to look at the work I had just completed, and I noticed I had nicely swept and tidied around several small statues of various sizes near the temple gate where people enter and exit the compound. One statue was Jizo Bodhisattva, the other was the Buddha, and the other statues were the founders of the temple and lineage.

Then the teacher spoke again, “I would have been so excited to receive that sentence when I was young in this work.” I realized she said this as part of a general lament—and caution—about how spiritual practitioners are often lazy and take spiritual opportunities and teachings for granted. I was again penetrated by the words, ringing through me over and over, “I am departing, I am departing, I am departing...” Sometimes the words changed to “I am leaving, I am departing, I am leaving...”

A flowerpot appeared next to me and I began pulling the old, dead stems and leaves of the plant out of the soil. I heard an inner voice say, “This departure is not something you can explain with regular speech. If you say something about this teaching, it must be done in verse.” The words of a poem began to appear in my mind’s eye, and then I woke up.

I am departing.
When I am sweeping,
I am departing.
Weeding, pulling, cleaning—

I'm leaving.
Coming and going through the temple gate,
I'm departing each time.
Every day, little by little, I'm going away.
I'm leaving,
Like those who left before me.

Hillary sent her dream to her former teacher, Roshi Egyoku. She responded:

Dear Radiant-Vow,

I love your dream and all that it speaks.

Do you know that I have left the Zen Center after all this time? I first arrived there in 1978! About a week ago, I moved to Seattle to live with my partner Eb. There is a terrific new leadership team. I will commute to ZCLA now and then.

I am inspired to offer you this poem in return:

I am departing.
Like those who left before me,
I'm leaving.
Even as the temple gate knows no coming and no going,
I am departing.
Laughing, singing, praying —
I'm leaving.
The ancestors are dancing around me,
I am departing with each turn.
Every day, little by little, this body is passing away.
I'm leaving,
Even though there is nowhere to go and nobody who is going.

All love and blessings to you,
Egyoku

Getting Off the Ground

Hillary and I were scheduled to speak at a visionary conference on the other side. It was held in the chapel of a college. Behind us sat Gregory Bateson who appeared different—he was wearing a fancy blue suit. It didn't look right on him. He was missing his usual calm demeanor and was noticeably irritable and upset with the way his ideas had been simplified for popular appeal back on earth. He was also frustrated trying to comprehend the conference discussions about mystical phenomena, something with which he had little personal experience.

When we looked around the conference to see who was attending, we realized that the attendees were lost in trickster space—either unable to discern that they were stuck in a cognitive muddle or had no clue that higher experiences of the numinous were possible. Everyone was in need of clearing trickster interference with a mind sharpened and alert rather than dulled and asleep. We deeply felt that it wouldn't help to stand up and tell the gathered crowd that their hearts must be opened wide enough to feel an extreme love that neither placates nor vacates others. No matter what we would say they would continue acting like they already knew, while taking no action to embody that knowledge. It was a lost cause to specify the requirements for what it takes to build a soulful enduring reality that interrupts a corrupted spiritual fantasy with no circulating ecstatic electricity.

We looked at each other and knew what we had to do. We jumped up and fled the conference room and ran outside. There an old airplane was waiting for us with an older woman as the pilot. Her son seemed to be a child and you could tell he was undisciplined, likely more trouble than helpful. We climbed into the airplane as she asked her son if he had checked the flight equipment. He nodded that he had but we could tell he had done nothing. She started the engine and off we went.

With an engine sputtering we barely hovered above the ground, only rising about ten feet in the air. It was clear that our pilot knew the old travelin' way of spiritual transportation but that her son and his generation had lost the know-how and discipline required to conserve the traditional ways. There was no door on the side of the plane, so I let my leg fall outside to feel some air movement. To my surprise, my foot touched the ground—we had landed back on the ground.

We noticed there was a slow-moving truck up ahead and recognized we'd crash into it unless we could lift the plane back up into the air. With all our might we tried to encourage and support the pilot to exercise her gift. We barely got off the ground and I woke up from the dream. Awake, I still felt we were in that plane

and in need of lifting off and going higher. It was our destiny. I prayed and we climbed a little higher, but it was too much work to keep the airplane in the air for long. I started making sounds that had fewer words and this seemed to give us another lift. Then I imagined Mama Mona praying, followed by Sister Gertrude Morgan shouting with her tambourine. Both saints gave us a noticeable power Boost. But it was still taking a tremendous amount of hard work to keep the plane above the trucks below, and we needed more power to remain in flight.

Then I remembered singing with the women in the Kalahari. I had long ago been accepted, spiritually and socially, as a member of both the Bushman men and women's healing ways. However, it was the way the old women n/om-kxaosi sang that came flooding back to me as I lied awake in the dark. I began to sing in their way. That's when I remembered the strongest Bushman healer I ever met, an old woman from Namibia who no one dared mess with. She loved for me to sing and dance with her in the woman's gwa dance. She would often say that I sang like her grandmother. In this moment of remembrance, I realized I was no longer awake but dreaming again. The plane was now effortlessly flying high into the sky. The surprise of our effortless rise woke me up again—feeling the ease of flight with the ecstatic delight of the old Bushman travelin' way. I continued to sing the plane to fly higher in the heavens. It was a new day and we had recovered our Kalahari wings.

One Beam Underneath

Hillary and I were attending a visionary reunion with some folks we had met over the years and felt we had familial relations with.

There was a piano in the main room and one of the guests asked if I'd play a song. Before I could get up, another person ran to the instrument and fumbled around on the keys. Then an adolescent started to sing along. While they conveyed a sincere eagerness to perform, it soon went on far too long. Others followed and the event became like an amateur talent show. Tired of the exaggerated displays, we tried to leave but someone insisted that I play. I sat down and decided not to entertain anyone. Instead, I'd serve the gods of improvisation and perform for those artists unseen—the jazz saints on the other side. I felt their lineages of music come through and move my soul but before I could finish the tune, another man and his adolescent daughter started to perform their number in the middle of the room. Their interruption was so jarring and their sound so dreadful that Hillary and I left—we had experienced enough.

The dream then changed and transported us to a motel where we had to spend the night next to the airport. Our plane was not scheduled to depart until the next morning. I couldn't sleep and mentioned to Hillary, "Let's go to the airport now and just wait there." We packed our suitcases and, before we could leave the room, a voice announced over a loudspeaker, "Please stay in your rooms and do not leave the building. Someone committed suicide and the police are investigating the scene." We looked out the window to see that a large section of the motel lawn had been dug up. It was the ground directly in below our room and extended as far back as we could see. In the hollowed-out earth we saw piles of new lumber that seemed had been hidden for the future construction of another building. I opened the window to look more directly below our room. There was only empty earth and one single wood beam below us. We were shocked to realize that our room was now supported by only one beam. Yet we also discovered that this was enough to feel we were standing on solid ground. We had mysteriously landed in a room with no need for more than one beam underneath.

As I woke up from the visionary journey, I wondered whether we had returned to the origin of Sacred Ecstasies. We built our creode mission on n/om. All else that has served as a foundation is a complementary tributary of our African lineage line and river current. Perhaps we were in the process of resetting Sacred Ecstasies to first and foremost hunt and gather n/om, with seiki and the holy spirit, as well as other vision-delivered contributions, as bridges to this wilderness rather than equal ground-supporting beams. In other words, the one-beam foundation of Sacred Ecstasies is made of Kalahari timber, the camelthorn tree whose needle is ready to pierce those soft enough to feel its heart and soul sing for the dance of eternity. There is more complexity than this, for as soon as the visionary police depart we will be on our way to the airport to depart on another adventure. Whatever lies in store for us, however, will not be able to erase the memory of our encounter with the single most important beam underneath our home place. We are becoming a n/omastery built on the tree, sunbeam, and single line of n/om.

Esther, Alabaster, Blaster: When the Night Became the Day

Brad dreamed of Esther two nights in a row. 'e didn't tell me until the second day after I shared my own dream with him. He dreamed we wrote the Guild a note celebrating Esther's exemplary way of conducting and reporting her experimentation with prayer. In the dream we discussed that she may be about to receive a gift from on high, perhaps a mermaid anointment, remembering how

she performed being Glasgow, the mermaid, in an ecstatic track we previously recorded. As my dream repeated itself the next night, Hillary dreamed that Esther led the Guild into our home. Everyone arrived after we had just gotten back ourselves from a long journey.

In Brad's dream we celebrated and shouted, "Esther Alabaster!" or something like that. The next day we discovered that Solomon's Temple was partly made of alabaster. Perhaps the Gods were also trying trying to say, "Esther Blaster," the one who blasts through sloth to be like a moth in metamorphosis. To this we add a new Sacred Ecstasics exclamatory metaphor coined by Chris, "Fintastic!"

The oddest thing about these dreams is that they did not feel like dreams. They were experienced as being wide awake doing our everyday work downstairs. It subsequently dawned on us that the night and day had switched places – we were dreaming downstairs in the day and wide awake doing our work in the night. The downstairs and upstairs had changed places. Changing was taking place all over the place. Esther, alabaster, and blaster were a part of it all as was the entire Guild. More changes are on the way—we can feel it in the air.

A Zulu Chief Brings the Ancient Law of Spiritual Ownership

Brad had the same dream twice in one night:

Hillary and I were in a lawyer's office reviewing a detailed contract that granted us legal ownership of Sacred Ecstasics and its house. Wanting to share ownership with others, we had invited students, friends, and colleagues to sign the contract as well so Sacred Ecstasics would be a community property. Before we signed the paper, a Zulu chief from another time stepped in to intervene. It was Mama Mona's great-grandfather, Mhlonhlo, dressed in full traditional Zulu attire. His appearance and voice cast the strongest authority in the room. No one would dare contest his rule. Mhlonhlo took hold of our hands and said, "This is not for you to give away in the manner of names, claims, property, and things. Spiritual ownership is under higher law. Be wisely and fiercely responsible in receiving, holding, and sharing." We felt shocked and confused by what he said. It woke me up and I prayed for further guidance.

The same dream took place again, but this time we were not shocked when the Zulu chief intervened. We were ready and asked him to elaborate. He replied,

Higher law is not for any human being to understand. Signed names, paper titles, and inked contracts do not transfer spiritual

ownership. If you clean your inner kraal, two kinds of gifts are waiting for you. The highest gift is sacred emotion—this gift arrives first. It satisfies your deepest longing. The old ones would say, “Begin with learning to pray, for this is how you catch sacred emotion.” When you catch it, don’t try to hold it for only you. Give it away—radiate the prayer rays of sacred emotion through your everyday interaction. This completes the cycle and starts the next round of cooking and the sharing of holy bread.

Once you can easily and naturally catch sacred emotion, the next kind of gift arrives. This is the gift that makes you a unique conveyor of sacred emotion, doing so with encoded expressive tools granted to you at birth. They must be awakened, developed by practice, and constantly recharged with sacred emotion. Handle both these gifts—the gift of sacred emotion and the gift through which you will uniquely convey it. The first gift can be freely given to everyone. The second cannot be given away—it belongs to your creode and is under the protection and authority of our ancient law whose crocodiles, warriors, and chiefs guard its property rights.

Before waking up, I could feel Mama Mona present. She was still a great Zulu healer and spiritual teacher on the other side, now working with her ancestors as they looked down below. They were ready to intervene into the affairs of their spiritual familial relations. She and other ancestors of old African travelin’ way then infused us with an ancient teaching about the law of natural spiritual order. Here’s what we remember:

Every human being is the same in the most important way. We are each in need of prayer that strengthens our intimate relationship with the Creator. We were all born to receive sacred emotion. Your first spiritual anointment is to become a receiver, and your first mission is learning how to catch the emotion sent from on high. Forget thinking about any other role you might be chosen to perform later and avoid trying to see the whole of your mission. Your first and most important responsibility is to be a receiver of sacred emotion through the act of prayer.

When you master using your receiver, you will no longer desire anything else—previous trickster fantasies about spirituality melt away. Only then are you ready for the next anointment. It comes in

God's time, always after you have become a well-tuned and fully operational receiver. When your particular gift is revealed, you feel happy to pay back the Creator for the joy brought to you in prayer. The next gift is what makes you unique in Creation. You are taught to convert sacred emotion into a form of expressive action that radiates the sacred to others. Perhaps you will become a taxi driver with a three-word song or a scribe who writes thousands of words. Or perhaps words will drop away, and you'll make a joyful noise that ignites a sanctuary. Be assured that the Creator has a part for you to perform inside the n/omastery. To catch it requires first being able to catch sacred emotion. In prayer you are prepared to become a unique ray of heavenly sunshine.

Owning a Kalahari Vision: A Spiritual Prescription

The third week of the January n/omastery we traveled to the First Creation Kalahari. After sharing with the Guild the previous visions inspired by the Kalahari, including the single beam of n/om, we assigned the following spiritual prescription:

Here is how you will experience the Kalahari this week. It's time for you to feel you live over one beam: the sunbeam of n/om. Th's week's prescription has a morning and evening component. The steps are numbered below.

The V'sion: "God Took Me To th" River"

You are being given a Bushman vision. It was long ago dreamed by an old powerful n/om-kxao. Here it is:

God came to me and asked, "Why is it that people are singing, yet you're not dancing?" He took me and we left together. We traveled until we came to a wide body of water. It was a river. God took me to the river. The two halves of the river lay to either side of us, one to the left and one to the right. God then made the waters climb and I lay my body in the direction they were flowing. My feet were behind, and my head was in front. That's how I lay. Then I entered the river and began to move forward. My body began to move with waving hands, going up and down under the water. I travelled like that (undulating in the water). My sides were pressed by something mysterious. Yes, something felt attached to my side. In this way I traveled forward. I was stretched out in the water as the spirits were singing. I became longer as I was stretched by whatever had a hold of me. Then I

saw the ancestors dancing. I joined them in the dance. What happened next is beyond words to describe.

You have been granted permission to borrow this vision and own it for a week.

1. Listen to our posted morning audio track

2. Each morning you will read the vision above out loud and record yourself.

Do so after you listen to the brief morning audio track we post. When you record, perform as an actor who does your best to convince others, including yourself, that you truly experienced it. No one else will hear this recording, only you and the Big G'd. (it's okay if your partner or children hear it, of course.) Record this script 2 or 3 times and select the recording that sounds the most real. Do this in front of your receiver.

3. Every night, watch the film clip (below) of a Bushman dance. Anticipate the dance all day as if you lived in the Kalahari, but do not watch it until you are ready to go to sleep. As you watch and listen to the dance in front of your receiver, voice your prayers. Concentrate on those prayers as they are flooded by the Kalahari n/om river. (*N'te: It's likely best to voice your prayers internally, especially if you tend to pay too much attention to how you sound.*)

4. At the end of the video, listen to the recording you made in the morning. Then go to sleep.

During that week, several Guild members went to the spiritual classrooms. But first, Brad received a dream.

Ice Breaker

Brad prayed hard, asking God to lead us in breaking through the ice that surrounds our modern cultural ways. While it is easy to send nails of n/om to the Kalahari Bushmen whose way of life has made them soft and ready to receive them, working with contemporary people is often like encountering concrete. Their habits of refrigeration interfere with the reception of numinous gifts. Later that night Brad dreamed we were at a bar with a rowdy group:

I recognized an old friend, Jim, who was an ordained pastor and community activist. He and everyone were drinking and telling jokes. He grabbed hold of me

and introduced himself to a man who wouldn't stop talking about himself. Jim requested while he was tipsy, "Brad, shake this man. He needs to feel what your work is about." I didn't want to because the man was too full of himself, and this was not the right atmosphere to share n/om. However, I recalled how for many decades I would shoot n/om or seiki into others whether they were hard or soft and without concern for the context. I just did it without any caution. Later the Kalahari women n/om-kxaosi taught me to not give n/om to someone whose heart isn't soft and open. In the dream, I felt so frustrated with Jim's insistence to shake the man that I caved in and did it like I used to. I gathered so much energy that it caused my arm to ache and my heart to have a pain. I woke up with an arm cramp and a heart pain that made me wonder if I was having a heart attack. Prayers calmed me down and I vowed to forever follow the Bushmen women's advice to not force a transmission.

I reviewed my past when I had sent nails and arrows of n/om into others by sheer strength. While another person might receive a volt in the moment or later in the night, the arrow or nail of n/om usually fell out afterwards, became dirty, or just dissipated. I then recalled that in the dream the man had kept talking as I placed my hand over his chest. When I increased the strength, the nail went through as he wildly shook and was unable to speak. I have seen this many times before. Likely after he cooled down, however, he would go back to being the same—he'd use the experience as a way to boast and never learn to spiritually roast.

I prayed to be led again. This time I dreamed that Hillary and I flew to Minnesota to visit Esther, one of the Guild members. When we entered her house, we immediately felt her softness and open heart. The dream felt real. We hugged her and gave her a small kiss. We said, "We love you." Without fanfare and drama, the n/om easily went through. Feeling the tenderness of that encounter and filled with love, we floated in the air and visited all the guild members. We radiated n/om via love to everyone. We found that if their hearts were hard and cold, we were lifted by higher hands to hover higher in the atmosphere. At a certain height we were able to radiate Big Love without interference. For those soft and open, we came closer to them—either over their roof or inside their room.

Guild Members Visit the Spiritual Classrooms

After the Kalahari immersion began and Brad dreamed of radiating n/om to everyone, several Guild members visited the spiritual classrooms. Below are a few of their reports. Likely also

inspired by the previous week's soak in the Zulu kraal with Mama Mona, many of the Guild's ancestors were present in the dreamtime.

Last night, after watching the Bushman video and reading aloud the Kabi right before bed, I dreamed. I was at a large gathering of family relations – parents, grandparents, great grandparents, young and old ones. Some I knew and some I did not know. We seemed to be in a large, old farmhouse kitchen that reminded me of my Great-Grandma Gentry's kitchen, but many times larger. Sturdy wooden tables and benches throughout the room were filled with happy children and adults. I was very happy to be here. I slid in on the bench next to Grandpa Gentry – right up against his side – and slipped my arms around him for a hug. His body felt warm and strong, as it did in life. It was so good to see him. He was a man adored – all – a farmer, mechanic, and inventor who also worked for the telephone company installing new lines, both above and below ground, in the 1930s-60s. He seemed startled I hugged him so closely, and made a teasing comment like he often did in life. Soon after, I departed.

Next I was on the roof of a skyscraper in a large city, with Brad. We were up so high we could see past the other very tall buildings around us, to the horizon. It was nearly dark, with heavy, low clouds of dark blue and gray. At the far horizon there was a patch of bright yellow sun, surrounded by dark clouds except that one spot. It was very windy, and we stood right at the edge of the building. There were three large circles in the sky, all the exact same size, in a horizontal row. They were not orbs, but were disc-like in shape, with the perfectly circular face being toward me. The circles were different shades of dark blues and grays, like the clouds, but the colors seemed to shift. It seemed you could nearly see through them to something beyond but it was impossible to tell because they blended so closely with the sky. Their positions seemed to change, also. Sometimes they were far off, with much of the city between us. Sometimes they were above the building right across from us. Sometimes it seemed there were two, rather than three. They gave me a magnificent feeling and I did not want to stop looking at them. Brad and I stood right at the edge of the roof, with fierce winds hitting us, and no fear – as if we were getting ready to fly. I woke up after this, with warmth in my heart.

Much love, Shari

That same night, Sabrina had a dream:

I had a very simple dream last night. I was in a classroom, participating in a writing lesson. The teacher was in the front giving individualized writing instruction to each student as the rest of the class was working on their own projects. I was sitting nearby some childhood friends, quietly talking and enjoying each other's company...clearly not getting anything done. I decided to move to the vacant row of the desks in the far right to have better concentration. I wrote down two sentences that naturally came out without extraneous effort or thought. I didn't even know exactly what I wrote. I can only remember the first few words which said, "God has thlight..." In the corner I drew a little doodle of a lightbulb with little rays coming out.

I was trying to continue but still felt distracted by the presence of my friends and teacher. Despite the distractions, I continued to try to come back to the simple sentence and drawing in front of me. I decided to take a break and get some fresh air when I woke up.

Upon waking, I felt the reality of my distracted tendencies and sacrifice of precious communion for meaningless social meandering. That page in front felt more natural and true than the other wonderings and wanderings in the room. Remembering Saint. Nicolas of the Flue's prayer and feeling the need for a razor's edge mind in order to cut through the BS that always seems to keep us away from that little light. Send me home!

Johannes also went to a spiritual classroom:

We were in a Motel with all the Guild for a Sacred Ecstatic event. I arrived a bit early and went to my room excitedly waiting to meet everyone and for the gathering to start. When I left for the meeting I heard Brad say that close to the Motel there was a lake where his favorite kind of fish for eating was living.

Three of us men went out for fishing and I and someone else caught a fish. I went back to the Motel to prepare the fish so I could gift it to Brad and Hillary. I started with the preparation immediately without really knowing how to prepare this fish and ended up with two beautiful and rather small pieces of fillet.

Later I saw how the other people who had more experience with this fish had prepared the two other fish. Sitting on a plate where the two fish heads nicely cut on all sides and ready to be cooked or fried.

In the next scene I was in a small room which felt like a sanctum or crypt. I was facing a narrow and high cupboard in front of a wall. The cupboard seemed antique and was made of wood. The drawers were in pairs on top of each other and painted in different colours.

Then I saw like in a slide show many large pictures of landscapes one after the other before me. These different landscapes were extremely beautiful and altered with colours like in a master painting. Through the colours the natural beauty of the earth was even more enhanced.

After this vision of natural sites and colors I realized Brad was standing behind me and a little to the right. He was praying "Our Father" out loud. The sound of his voice was so beautiful and sincere. I thought to myself, "this is how I want to pray" and with this thought I woke up.

We responded to Johannes:

Thank you, Thunder Shock! That was the prayer Brad said while we radiated light and love over you. Those who "appear" "to know" missed gathering the little filets. They only prepared the head. Don't be misled by precision-guided knowing that misses what lies below the head; better to trust what happened spontaneously in the midst of prayer. Throw the head in a soup for a cold winter day. When it's spiritually hot, fry the filet.

The gifts are found in every First Creation landscape as it moves from one drawer to another. The drawers and painters gift us with the changing hues that celebrate the natural beauty of the earth as it is in the master's heavenly studio.

Several other Guild members dreamed of their parents or grandparents on the other side. Then Bob had an extraordinary dream. Note that the week prior while still inside the Zulu healing way, Bob received the name Bulu:

Bob, the Zulu ancestors of Mama Mona have given you the Zulu name, Bulu. The old version is Bbulu. Bulu is one letter away from both Zulu (exchange B for a Z) and Bob (round up the circle O). That's quite a wobbler for your name. We just discovered that *bulu* is also the name of a sweet, round bread of Sephardi Jewish origin. Congratulations, Bob! Mama Mona just cooked you as holy bread.

A week ago, Bulu reported the following:

Speaking of dreams, mine have been intense all week. Last night, I was with my deceased wife. She was looking to buy a bunch of rosary beads to give as gifts. What's odd is that she hated all things spiritual and on top of that, she was Jewish. I'm not going to even try to make sense of this.

We responded on behalf of our African lineage ancestors:

Bulu,

Since you are now a Zulu man, you must follow our custom and find that rosary. Own it like you are related to Africa. Our ancestors rarely gift us like this, and we value it more than gold. Congratulations!

Yours,

Mama Mona, Credo Mutwa, and the Kalahari Bushmen

Mary Was a Jewish Mother

What Bob did not know when he dreamed that his wife was gathering rosaries was that days before, Brad entered a visionary classroom to be told something about Jesus and his mother. He was told, "People need to know that Jesus was a Jew and that his mother was not a Catholic—she was a Jewish mother!" When we heard that Bulu had dreamed that his wife – who was also a Jewish mother – was gathering rosary beads, it made mystical sense. The Catholic church regards Mary as the inventor of the rosary. Since we now know that she was a Jewish mother, it makes sense for Bulu's wife to gather rosaries.

After reading Bob's dream, Amy S. wrote:

'Recently I've been reflecting on my grandmother who had a devotion to the Virgin Mary and prayed the rosary (and offered up Novenas) always. And how close to the sacred she lived. I have a drawer filled with rosaries.

The following day she sent this message to Bob:

I received the gift of the rosary. Your dream woke me up to my grandma's rosary devotion. And I pulled my mother's rosary out – and it pierced me. I can hold her in my hand with these beads – it draws me close to her, to my grandmother, and to the fire. Thank you.

Welcome to New Jerusalem! Anything can happen when you say your prayers with my megaphone!

The Two-Headed Snake is Out and the Multi-Sensory Wheels are Turning

Brad dreamed we were visiting a place far away from home:

We were staying in a motel room and in the corner was a large glass case that went from the floor to the ceiling. In it was a big two-headed cobra snake. It was resting and the sight of it was jarring because we had not noticed it before. Suddenly, the seiki master, Osumi Sensei, walked into the room wearing traditional Japanese attire. She started making a lot of commotion and it was waking up the two-headed cobra. We did not want her to further excite that creature because it seemed the situation was getting out of control. Oddly, we thought she didn't fully know what she was doing and was mistakenly waking up something that was better left alone. Then the snake started to stand up and reach for the ceiling. We had not noticed that there was a vent over its cage. With a mighty force it lunged up out of the top of the glass case and popped open the vent covering and slithered into the ductwork. We were shocked and frightened, for now the two-headed cobra was circulating all around the room and the entire building. There was no way to know where in the room it was. It could lunge forward anywhere, at any time.

We knew that we had to flee the building. Our main thought was, "This room and building are too small; there isn't enough space for everyone to move about freely and without fear." We knew there was no time to waste. We grabbed our laptops and passports out of our suitcases and left everything else behind. We ran as fast as we could out of the room, down the hall, and out of the building. We were running for our lives.

As soon as we got outside, the scene changed as if we had gone through a portal. We found ourselves in a big art studio. There was a large black and white painting on the wall. It was a complex array of modern abstract figures juxtaposed and sometimes overlapping with one another. On the lower right side was a mechanical knob that looked like a small wheel. It was there for us to turn. As we turned it, the painting changed from black and white into color. I said to Hillary, "Look, it's a color wheel." The more we turned the knob, the more variations of hue appeared in the painting. At the same time, we heard music in the air that also changed when the colors shifted. I shouted with delight, "This wheel is also a circle of harmony!" In the middle was a bright crimson red color, accompanied by joyful music, that we felt was most striking. We continued to turn the knob out of curiosity and when the painting began to appear gray and the music somber, we

reversed the knob's direction and settled it at the spot there the optimal crimson red flooded the center of the abstract imagery, along with a joyful song.

I woke up feeling the power of that crimson red and jubilant music, and how their beauty and wonder removed all fear of the former two-headed cobra and its unpredictable movement. In contrast, the crimson red and joyful song left us with a blessed assurance that we owned a relationship to their coupled power, based on beauty and wonder rather than fear and shock. I woke up in ecstasy.

Later that night I dreamed we were with the Guild celebrating this breakthrough with the painting, the control knob for adjusting color and sound, and more than anything else, the extraordinary power of its crimson red. I felt the strong longing to play the wildest piano music I have ever played but felt that the mechanical keys were an impediment to playing as fast and furious as I desired. In that moment a new kind of instrument appeared in front of me. It had no keys. The strings were exposed with nothing in the middle between me and the stretched cords. I wildly struck them like I was playing drums. The music 204cstatican ecstatic wildfire in the room—it was the most exhilarating praise music I had ever performed or experienced. When I woke up, I wanted to go downstairs and play that new instrument again. We are still looking for it and we feel it is somehow mysteriously here.

Visionary Smell

For one week, Brad dreamed we were in the Kalahari. He could smell it in his dreams. While music and dance were happening in the visionary realm, the most dominant experience was smell—the smoke was in the air. A week later when we turned our attention to Sister Gertrude Morgan, Brad started dreaming we were with her in her old New Orleans house. More than anything else he could smell her place. He caught the unique smell of her home, as he had done in his Kalahari dreaming. Throughout the day, remembering that smell threw him to feel he was inside her home.

Only Pray to the Singular Rope to God

Hillary went to sleep one night praying strongly for guidance for our work and lives, asking to be led by God and not by any trickster means. That night she went to a spiritual classroom:

I dreamed that Brad and I were at home, working. As usual, we were discussing and planning for what teachings to share with the Guild and how best to present them and in what order. Our home had transformed into a large, loft-like

workspace that resembled both an art studio and a former school, as if we had converted a school into a home. There were two main rooms connected by a hallway. One room was our office with desks, and the other room looked like a classroom for children that also served as our music and broadcast studio. While there were no chairs, there were brightly colored decorations and posters on the walls and a large blackboard and bulletin board. It reminded me of my mother's classroom when she was a first grade teacher – exploding with texture and color.

Brad and I were discussing all the many big, strong visions that had come down to both of us this year that we have shared with the Guild. Just like we do in real life, we talked about how we never know whether the visions will stop or slow down. That's why we never know what teachings we will share next. The moment we plan ahead, it often gets interrupted by another vision that calls us to change course.

For some reason, I had the thought that I should make a special effort to bring down another vision myself. I felt an earnest desire to make a contribution to the job of catching teachings from on high. Pacing back and forth in the hallway (which is what we do at home for exercise and discussion), we both thought it sounded like a good idea. Brad went back to the office and I went into the studio room to prepare the blackboard for bringing down a vision. I erased the notes we had previously written and proceeded to cover the entire blackboard with thick, golden honey. It seemed the inspiration for this action had come from something we had dreamed in the past.

As I spread the thick honey over the board, I saw, heard, and felt in my mind's eye the arrival of a bee attracted to the honey. Suddenly I became filled with a strange, eerie feeling. I realized that by purposefully spreading the honey to bring down a vision, we were unintentionally also inviting in all kinds of spirits, entities, and insects that we might not want to come into our home and work. A cloud of uneasiness seemed to descend upon our entire home, and I went into the office to tell Brad that I thought we were making a mistake. When I saw him, Brad was already feeling it and said, "Yes, on second thought let's abandon this idea. It's starting to feel dark and icky. We don't want a bunch of bees and crawling things in here. Ew!" We both chuckled and shuddered at the same time, and I went back to the studio to clean the honey off the blackboard.

The moment I started cleaning off the honey I was filled with a blast of light and powerful teaching that filled me from head to toe:

Only pray to the single, main rope to God. Do not try to make anything happen yourself, otherwise you risk filling your room with

unwanted things you can't manage. Don't invite in all that clutter, mess, trouble, and distraction. All spiritual effort should be directed at staying inside this singular source and beacon of pure light. Any good and useful gift or direction can only come from this main rope. Trust and obey this rope, and have faith that it brings you what you need.

In the Sweet By-and-By

Brad dreamed he met Lance, a guild member, in a dream. He wrote him the next day:

Brother Lance,

Last night I dreamed I sang you an old hymn—"In the Sweet By and By." We were face to face, weeping as the song came through.

Lance responded:

That particular song is very special to me. I requested it be sung at my mother's funeral and they did a superb rendition a cappella. As the old saying goes, "there wasn't a dry eye in the house." Whenever I hear that song it brings the rain and I am flooded with sacred emotion!

Here are the lyrics:

There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blessed

And our spirit shall sorrow no more
Not a sign for the blessing of rest

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore

In the sweet by and by
In the sweet by and by, oh

A Rope Above and Moths to the Light

Just after our January N/omastery month, Hillary had a very short dream:

I dreamed Brad and I were at home, sitting at our desks. It was evening and the only light in the room was coming from the antique chandelier above our heads. For some reason I looked up and noticed there was a deep blue colored string hanging down from the chandelier. I had never seen it before and couldn't figure out how it got there. Staring at the string, something began to slowly pull it upward. This startled me, and I thought there must be a very large insect in the chandelier to have such strength to lift the string. I assumed it was a spider. I said nothing to Brad but got up from my chair and stood back from the chandelier a bit so I could get a better look at the whole situation. That's when I saw that many large moths had gathered at the top of the chandelier. They had come to be near the light.

The next morning, I told the dream to Brad. He reminded me that recently we told the Guild: Your crossroads is this—you can be a sloth, or you can be a moth that flies toward the light. In other words, you can stand still or you can take action and grab hold of the rope that pulls you upward. We marveled that the rope in our room appeared as azurite blue, the numi-inspired hue that reminds you what you've got to do.

Spinning into Flight

Brad dreamed we were traveling on a school bus with the Guild:

The yellow school bus was driven by “Cotton,” the man who drove the school bus for special events when I was in high school. Rather than rows, the seats were mounted along the walls, enabling everyone to face one another. Startled by a loud crashing sound, we looked up and saw that a large tree had fallen on the bus roof, tearing a hole through it. A branch had poked through into the center of the interior. Esther was concerned that the ceiling might collapse and insisted that we should pull over and take care of the situation. As Cotton was smiling and assuring everyone that it would be all right, Bob reached up and pushed the tree off the bus. It landed in the middle of the highway, and we all held our breath to make sure that it didn’t cause an accident. Fortunately, we continued on with no harm or threat in sight. More importantly, everyone could feel there was now something different and special about this adventure.

I sat quietly for the rest of the trip, praying over whether I should tell the Guild more of the truth about my personal spiritual life. While some might argue that I shared the full story of my launch into mysticism before, I had not revealed some experiential details regarding how I have personally held it in my mind and heart. Lost in consideration about what I would share, I barely noticed that we had arrived at our destination. It was a campground and large cabin in the woods, built near the side of a river. The main room for gathering was also the dining room. The sun had almost set and a beautiful canopy of stars began to shine in the night sky. I noticed Lance standing outside and went over to tell him what it felt like when I dreamt of singing him the song, “In the Sweet By and By.” He broke into tears, as did I, because the palpable holiness was more than we both could take.

Hillary and I decided to call everyone inside and begin the event. After praying for guidance on the bus, I had decided to disclose what I had anticipated would someday be shared with the Guild, but not this early on. I knew I couldn’t hold it any longer because the news was ready to come forth. Hillary and I stood in front of the Guild, yet I still wasn’t sure how to convey the depth and breadth of the cornerstone truth of my life. How do I describe what it was like to meet Jesus face to face, and that it was nothing like the experience of a dream, a waking vision, or a transient hallucination? I was always cautious about how to confess this in public. There is likely no believable way to say that as a young man, I met Jesus and communed with him through the whole of the night. And he returned night after night for months afterwards. This continued for the rest of my life—awake

and in dream he was seen, heard, and felt. It was the surest, purest, and strongest experience in my life, sustaining me through every trial and tribulation as well as inspiring me in every aesthetic and ecstatic performance. I wanted to share the sacred emotion of this experience with the Guild and mention that my subsequent study and field research of the lives of saints, mystics, shamans, and spiritual wisdom teachers was to see if they had similar experiences—not only in content but in their experiential quality, duration, and impact.

At my present elder age, I felt it did not matter whether words might again fail to convey how real Jesus is to me, that he is an absolute numinous, luminous certainty. My only uncertainty in life has been how to share the light and love I received and have held over all these years. Nothing was ever able to interfere with my inner fire and access to this higher power. My life story in a nutshell is this: I found it easy and natural to supernaturally commune with God, and nearly impossible to communicate and teach this kind of spirituality to others. I also remembered that since the day Jesus walked into my life, I knew the time would come when I would feel more ready to better convey this mystical reality to others. In the dream I knew that moment was right now at this stage of development in Sacred Ecstasies, taking place at campground in the dream.

I prayed for how to begin and surprised myself by saying nothing. Instead, I stood on my tiptoes like a ballet dancer. This used to happen when I danced with the Bushmen. I became weightless and could dance on my tiptoes. However, this time something else happened that I did not expect. I started to twirl. It was no ordinary turning motion. It appeared supernatural but felt natural. I spun around and around, slowly and surely. As this went on and on, everyone soon realized this was neither a dance nor a trick—it was a movement not meant to be understood.

I then stopped spinning and started to talk, but again no words came through. So back up on my tiptoes I went and this time I leaned over while spinning, almost perpendicular to the floor. I bumped into some chairs and the Guild had to move them back to make more room. I then spun vertically, then alternated between leaning up and down. It was miraculous and stunned all of us. I suddenly felt compelled to spin faster. The moment I had this thought I instantly began spinning like a cyclone, so fast I became a blur. Then I slowed the movement down. This is when I felt my feet lift off the ground. I started to levitate and fly. I flew back and forth over the room like an angel hovering over a child's bed, flying in a way that would be pleasing to their pure sense of wonder. In this moment words finally came. I shouted, "Thank you, Jesus." I repeated this nonstop. Sometimes I would shout, "In the name of Jesus. Thank you, Jesus."

Guild members were in shock. Some were trying to reason whether they were hallucinating or if some explanation could account for what they were seeing. One Guild member, Dezsoe, threw open his arms and I could see his heart mystically burst with particles of light shooting out. With tears flowing down his face and his head shaking from side to side, he started shouting with me. The intensity of this dream finally woke me up, though I still felt like I was dreaming. A jolt of panic hit me, for I thought I might levitate above the bed and would not know how to come back down to earth again. I decided if this happened, I'd immediately wake up Hillary. The thought of how startled she'd be to see me hovering overhead made me laugh and as I did, I reentered First Creation, this time awake and not in dream. I was flying above our house and could be instantly transported to the home of every Guild member. One by one, I flew to every Guild member and baptized them in the light and life force I felt was pouring through. I shouted, "In the name of Jesus. Thank you, Jesus" over and over above everyone. I did this for all my family members and friends, and then returned to give a few Guild members an extra boost. I don't know how long this lasted. I only know that it was the most intense praying I ever experienced in my lifetime. My body electrically tingled all over and my mind surrendered to the primacy of sacred ecstasy, as my heart burst and my soul soared. All I could say at the end of the night was, "Thank you, Jesus."

Postscript

The week before we reported this dream to the Guild, Brad told Dezsoe that he had experienced perhaps the strongest dream of his life. Brad gave him no clue what it was about. After reporting it later, we received this email from Dezsoe:

Last week an elder ballet dancer master came to visit me (Ivan Marko) and told me about the most important experience of his life. Before he went on stage in Philadelphia, he felt a terrible cramp in his legs that continuously intensified. He could barely walk and felt hopeless and miserable. Seeing him, a female colleague offered to treat him with a special healing ointment. After the curtains opened, he could feel that he is not only able to jump higher and to spin faster, but also move effortlessly, as if could stay in the air forever.

The Lord works in mysterious ways. Dezsoe heard an internationally renowned ballet dancer tell him about the most important experience of his life. At the same time Brad was visioning how he would convey the most important experience of his life, in an experience resonant with that of Hungary's famous ballet dancer, now an elder like Brad. One more thing: that week, Brad was

also experiencing leg cramps due to extended recording at the piano with its demanding pedal action.

We next received an email from Esther after she read the visionary account:

Your dreams and experiences have sustained me. Thank you from the core of my heart for sharing them. I thought you'd be interested to know that not once, but twice, a tree has fallen on the roof of my car and busted the roof of the vehicle thoroughly. But even more stunning was that I also dreamed of dancing. I found my leg swinging up high like I once was able to do. I was very surprised that I was able to do that! Then I was suddenly gloriously dancing ballet in the dream with way more skill than I had ever had in life during my dancing days. I was dancing with flight in a manner that echoed how my heart felt as I danced. I dreamed this joy even though I was never very skilled in ballet. It was so amazingly lovely and light as I leapt through the air with my feet barely touching the ground before taking flight again. This memory of the dream has stayed with me over these last days. I was stunned to hear your dream and to 'ead Dezsoe's report.

After hearing this visionary teaching, Chris wrote this account of what happened to him:

Lying in bed this morning in the darkness I listened to your account of the vision again. I found my tears running down my face and pooling in my ears. I was praying with all of us by the river in campground, watching and feeling Brad's miraculous angelic flight. I fell asleep and met an old man. He told me that he'd lost all fifteen of his children. I could feel his steadfastness in his eyes as he looked at me. I could feel the way he held fast to a rope that anchored him to the love streaming through from the other side. Through his suffering he held on and it made his heart sing. He shared that light with me. Thank you, Keeneys! Thank you, Sister Gertrude Morgan and the Saints! Thank you, Jesus!

Guild member, Bob, summed up the mysteries being felt in our community:

I am happy that Brad has shared the mystery of his relationship with the mystical Jesus. The Kalahari ever changing form of extreme love. The emotion that causes him to rise on his toes and whirl, charging the room with wordless mystery. I think the Guild has just experienced a gear shift. May everyone in the Guild move beyond belief and unbelief and experience a baptism in this sweetness and awesome power, whether called n/om, seiki, holy spirit, or Jesus. Amenvoot!

A New Prescription: Call On Me

After sharing the previous two visions with the Guild, we launched a new prescription:

First, hang a piece of blue string above or somewhere near your receiver. Feel free to add a moth or two. As you go about your day, from time to time remember there is a blue rope to God above your head. It's being tugged by all the moths that have gathered to be near the light, knowing that azurite makes the room right.

The second part of the prescription has two parts—morning and night:

1. Tonight – and every night before you go to sleep – lie in bed and feel that we are all gathered at the campground by the river. The room has been filled with the hottest, holiest, strongest, most super-charged electrical extreme love anyone can imagine – the single beam of n/om. Once you feel even a drop of longing to catch this extraordinary emotion, hold up one hand and say, “Call on me.” Repeat this as many times as you wish, keeping your hand raised. You are asking Eland Jesus, the strongest Kalahari heart of the spears, to come doctor you in the night. Say it again, “Call on me, call on me...”

All you have to do is raise your hand and say, “call on me.” The Heart of the Spears is always hovering in the sky and will never pass you by. As you get ready to drift off to sleep, you may lower your physical hand while knowing that your unseen, little me hand will remain in the air while you sleep.

2. When you wake up in the morning, before you get out of bed, raise your hand again and say, “Thank you, Jesus,” which was Brad’s prayer in the dream. Give thanks to Eland Jesus for doctoring you in the night. You can add Brad’s other prayer, “In the name of Jesus, thank you, Jesus.” For those of you still unable to say this name, you may say, “Thank you, Eland Jesus,” or simply “Thank you, God.” Or, go outside your comfort zone and, feeling Brad’s rope, say “Thank you, Jesus” in gratitude for the cornerstone that made it possible for us to create Sacred Ecstatics. To us, all names are the same if they call on the highest, holiest beam of n/om that alone can send us home.

In summary: Every night, raise your hand and say, “call on me.” Every morning, raise your hand again and give thanks for being baptized in the holiest extreme love and light. And anytime you need to feel a single beaming n/om ray in the middle of the day, just raise your hand. Eland Jesus will always take notice.

Call on me,
Thank you, Eland Jesus,
Take my hand,
Lead me to the river,
Like a moth toward the light,
An azurite rope makes the room right.
In the sweet by and by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore
On that campground by the river, our hearts shall be filled evermore.

Sojoprings is the Middle

The sacred emotion felt from encountering Jesus led us the next day to remember the powerful impact of a former dream. Years ago, Brad dreamed a misspelled word—“sojoprings.” An internet search led to one result: the verse of a forgotten English hymn writer from the 1700s, Reverend Joseph Hart. The word was from a hymn he wrote for holy communion:

The blest memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings [mistyped “sojoprings”] of thy death,
We come, dear Savior, to receive . . .

On February 14, 2022, seven days after the twirling and flying dream, Brad envisioned this written on a blackboard:

Suffering → *sojoprings* → reception of sacred emotion

We previously discovered that the dreamed word contained two words that provide a mystical pointing: *Sojo* is the Greek word for the wholeness that heals, making you whole and holy, and *pring* is the old English word for the sound of a ringing bell. Last night we were reminded that together these old words create a First Creation word, *sojoprings*, indicating the whole-body expression of bell ringing, the ever-pealing joy of communing with Thee.

When suffering comes your way, head to the inner prayer room and throw all of yourself (nothing less) in the ecstatic worship that makes a joyful noise for Thee. When you throw yourself and lose yourself in this whirling-like heightened excitation of prayerful exaltation of God, having no expectation or self-examination, you find that experiential suffering may be forgotten and forgiven as you move toward the reception of extraordinary sacred emotion. *Sojoprings* is the dynamic of the Sacred Emotion Receiver. One might even say that *sojoprings is the Receiver!* Pray ecstatically until you feel you are whirling in the middle of the Mississippi River. Lose yourself in

this kind of heated commotion of communion and, if you keep it real, you will catch sacred emotion as you are reeled into the transformation of earthly agony into heavenly ecstasy.

Passing through this whirling gate requires more than ideological belief or righteous action (Hart's "Pharisaic zeal" and "antinomian security"). However, we learned in the spiritual classroom with the blackboard that this does not mean that you progress on the narrow path with no need for belief and action. When aligned with sacred emotion, the productions of mind and actions of body help you turn the most important key for mystical entry into mystery. More than anything else, you must whip up a storm of praise that is wild enough to awaken the dead. Not any kind of celebration will do—you must exercise faith in the river and perform the well-tuned instrumental action of walking on water. With a fire station party within, outward thinking, talking, and walking follow the aim of the utmost divine flame. The fire we speak of includes palpable spiritual guidance that exercises higher inspiration and regulation of how we think and act. As Hart summarized this nearly impossible dream adventure, "it is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen; and none can show it us but the Holy Ghost." Above all else, catch sacred emotion—the unseen though wholly felt love of the all-loving Creator. Then be inspired to get your house and its thoughts and deeds in order.

This middle passage is the divine eye of the heart-piercing needle—only the small and meek pass through. The residue of too much self is the log in the seeker's eye that interferes with what otherwise would be a natural and easy transition. In the whirling middle of middles, the spinning Ezekiel's wheels within wheels, is found the intersection of suffering and joy. This is the cross, crossroads, and crossing of the mystic's utmost journey. Here is found the embodiment of God's love, the incarnation of spirit and flesh whose transition glorifies Jesus becoming the light of reborn life. In the sojoprings of his death, we come to the middle to receive sacred emotion, the elixir extraordinaire. Jesus lives there as a Sacred Emotion Receiver perfectly designed to help you catch God's infinite love. To quote Hart again:

The blest memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings ["sojoprings"] of thy death,
We come, dear Savior, to receive . . .

Postscript

The next morning, Hillary was astonished to read Brad's dream report. While Brad was dreaming, she had woken up in the middle of the night, her thoughts ping-ponging back and forth about various topics and decisions. She marveled at the futile absurdity of such an exercise and immediately began to fervently pray. Instantly she remembered Brad's former dream when a voice gave her a directive for times like these when she isn't sure which path to take: "Follow the

ever-peal!” It’s truth rang through her like waves of joy and peace. Hillary knew we should remind the Guild as soon as possible of this exhilarating teaching.

Letting Go of Time

Owen, a longtime Guild member, had a dream:

Last night I lay in bed and raised my arm and said, “Call on me.” I fell asleep and dreamt. My son was going to die, would die, had already died, and I was pleading, “Anything but this, not this,” and as I repeated the words I was sobbing. The reply came without words in a way that was neither coming from outside of me or inside of me. It was as best I can describe, a complete felt sense, that we all must die. And I was told I needed to let go of this thing called time. Understanding this I felt no less sorrow, yet something had been lifted. And I was free to fully grieve. Amen and thank you.

Cinnamon Coffee and Bushman Women Rhymes

On the night of February 20th, Hillary went to a spiritual classroom:

Brad and I were in Africa, staying at a large home that also functioned as our office and headquarters for a research project we were conducting. There were many other people there, and I felt the presence of some of my relatives. I realized the project involved the Bushmen when our interpreter, Beesa Boo, arrived at the house. He sat down next to Brad at a computer, and together they began looking something up online. It was morning, so I went to the kitchen to get some coffee.

I asked Brad to see if Beesa would like some coffee, but he declined. Then I spontaneously decided to make Brad a special cup of coffee with warm milk and cinnamon, something I have never done before. Excited to surprise Brad with a special treat, I prepared the ingredients and kept tasting it to make sure the milk, coffee, cinnamon, and honey were in the proper proportion.

The next thing I remember from the dream is staring at a page in a book that we had written on the Bushmen. Perhaps I had zoomed forward in time to the final result of our project. On the page was a list of short phrases in the Ju/’hoan Bushman language. Though I couldn’t understand the words, I knew that they were rhyming verses spoken by women, mainly to children. Specifically, they were a playful way of teaching children to handle unwanted insects, such as swatting at

flies or flicking away dangerous scorpions. Inside myself I saw and heard the Bushmen women musically saying these phrases while kicking, flicking, and brushing away troublesome pests in a way that made children laugh and feel unafraid.

Postscript

The next day, when we were taking our afternoon nap, Hillary had a dream that she was cooking dinner. She called Brad over to the stove to show him something frying in the pan, as if asking for his advice. Just in that moment, Hillary was awakened by Brad, who was napping next to her, saying aloud, “That will work fine.” Startled, Hillary said to him, “What did you say?” Brad woke up and said, “I don’t know, did I say something?” Hillary explained that he had just answered her in her dream. We now had no doubt that we should venture back to the Kalahari in the Guild.

New Prescription: Receiving God’s Water

After Hillary’s dreams we decided to randomly open our book of interviews with the Bushmen and see what the gods would select for us to present. To our surprise we found the Bushman women serving the Guild a cup of coffee with cinnamon, milk, and honey. It’s a story from an elder Bushman woman doctor we both danced with and adored:

I like remembering my grandmother because she had that special tortoise shell that she used to collect God’s water. It did not appear to be any different than any other tortoise shell that the women healers use. But when her nails of n|om were hot, she held up her shell during a dance and she would receive this special water. The sky would rain a fluid into her shell. Not a drop fell anywhere else. When we drank it, n|om flowed down the inside our body. It was stronger than the touch of any healer.

When she first gave me a drink of God’s water it instantly gave me powerful nails. It is a powerful medicine. It first tastes like cool water, but it makes you hot inside. If we drink it we become a strong healer—we then no longer have a choice about healing. When I drank that water I was forced to become a healer. The water simply made me do it because it gave me a medicine that was meant for sharing. It is the strongest medicine.” All the healers would drink God’s water when it was available in her tortoise shell. “It seems that all the people who drank it became very kind and wanted to help others. It changed our lives when we drank it.”

After my grandmother passed away, she still brought me the water in my holy dreams or kabis—I am still able to drink the water; it tastes the same as it always did. God gave her this special gift and it changed my life. If someone was sick, she would remove the sickness from the body and put it in her hand to show the person. I was only starting to learn from her when she died. When she was alive my grandmother travelled to the sky on a very soft rope; she would tiptoe on it. Now she comes to me at night and we ride a horse that goes up to the sky. We go up God's rope on a horse— she travels like the wind going up to the sky.

There is a white rope attached to my hip. It brought me up to meet the Sky God. He touched me and gave me the strongest nails of n|om. When God touches a person, she is turned into a specially empowered healer. I also met God's children and was touched by them. I usually meet my grandmother in the sky village. She teaches me new songs and continues to give me more nails.

Whenever I become ill, my grandmother always visits and pours me a little of God's water. When I meet her in a kabi she usually tells me that I need to get a little bit of that water and then she pours it on the middle of my head. This is how my grandmother is still teaching me. She will wake me up in the night and tell me to get up because she has something to give me. She also tells me when Brad is coming. That's when I tell everyone that he is going to arrive so we can prepare to dance and receive some new nails from him.

Brad is like my grandmother and we see that he receives God's water. It's great when he dances all night and never falls. We have seen him bring and deliver this water. The ancestors and God give it to him. It means that he is clean and there is nothing bad in his heart. His nails are the hottest. He has a lot of giraffe and gwa nails inside of him and they are all clean needles.

Recently I had a kabi in which the ancestors told me that Brad was coming and that they want to dance with him. They reported that he can see what is happening around the world. God brought him here. We are happy he was given the drum. It was put in his belly so he could give birth to it. This is the old way of receiving the drum. He owns it. This is how God told him that he must play the drum. He must also use the music of other instruments to wake up nails.

Inspired by the visions and testimony, we delivered the following new prescription to the Guild:

This past week you've been raising your hand every night and praying, "call on me." Now we invite you to join us in the Kalahari as we follow the mothers and grandmothers. This time, you will raise a cup into the sky and pray that it be filled

with the liquid love that has been pouring down from above, from the Sky God to Eland Jesus to the Kalahari healers, to Brad, and to many other cooked saints throughout time.

Find yourself a little cup for this purpose and keep it near your receiver. Hold it up morning and night, and as often as you can throughout the day. When you hold it up whisper to yourself, "Please fill 'er up, Lord." Then act like God poured exactly what you need into the cup. Don't look because it's not meant for earthly eyes to see. Close your eyes and drink whatever form of love potion God brought to you. Do this with faith, hope, and a longing for the love that is born of mystery.

Remember: you receive a drink of this love to become a better radiator of "just be nice" in your everyday. Others, Lord, others – be a cup that receives in order to give.

Come on, let's rhyme because we are almost out of time.
Let's climb the mountain and go to the fountain

Begin by getting clean
Drop and mop whatever makes you mean

The Kalahari grandmothers will teach you with rhymes while you swat Big Me flies away,
Be an empty cup lifted toward the sky
Let's go up, up, up, up, up

Have a glass of milk straight from Mother Jesus
It's the sea of love made for all of us

Have a cup of Hillary's cinnamon coffee
It's the ocean of love that makes you wobbly

Have a turtle shell of God's water
It's the singing river of Bushman vision
It brings a reminder of our mission

Walk on water
There is a river
It's time to climb with a newborn shiver

Postscript

After launching the new prescription, we received this letter from Patricio, a Guild member from Santiago, Chile:

Dear Brad and Hillary,

I want to tell you about a dream I had a long time ago. When you were here in Santiago I was about to tell you, but something happened and now the dream came again with the recipe that we are practicing.

In the dream I was in a house that had a glass roof, and I could see that a big storm was about to break out outside, it was electric. The house was next to the sea and when I looked at the horizon, I saw a large golden symbol on a rock that was an island. Suddenly the island and the symbol moved away at great speed into the sea.

I turned to look inside the house and saw myself, but only my head floated in front of me. I got very scared and told myself: "Breathe that fear . . . that you see." Starting to breathe calmed me down.

In the next scene I was sitting at a table where a bowl of soup was served. I took the spoon and, at the moment of swallowing the soup, I felt that all the energy/electricity that was outside preparing the storm was entering my body with the soup. It was so strong that I felt as if my body could not sustain such intensity, expanding in all directions.

I woke up crying with emotion

Lots of love
Patricio

Sojoprings is Found in the Kraal

Brad envisioned something new on the mystical blackboard last night:

Suffering → sojoprings in the kraal → sacred ecstasy

Underneath that line of progression was written:

lament of mourning → praise of celebration
weeping and moaning → leaping and shouting
sojoprings rides the musical train and track with shifting rhythmic gears

In a flash he realized that sojoprings is the musical dynamic embodied by the shifting musical form underlying the sanctified black church experience as well as the traditional New Orleans jazz funeral. You come filled with sorrow and moan on the mourning ground. The lament is a blues-like melody and slow rhythm that catches the feeling being down and unable to lift yourself up. When your emotion is fully on board this train, the conductor carries you deeper into the emotion conveyed by music. At the right moment the train starts to increase its rhythmic tempo and the melody starts to feel peppy and uplifting. This is the musical means of transforming suffering into joy. Thoughts must depart so emotion can fully hold your spirit, enabling you to board a train heading for glory. In the jazz funeral, the slow walking and body swaying movements first accompany the gospel hymn, "Just a Closer Walk with Thee." Tears still flow as loss is mourned in the medium of music and dance. Then the trumpet or clarinet makes the call for change, pointing to celebration. The parade starts, second line joyful dancing breaks out, and the music becomes festive and wild. A fire station part commences as everyone feels joy flood the streets and lift their eyes upward to the heavenly skies.

In the manger where the cattle find food and water, the ancestral light and Jesus are born and reborn. This is something that must be felt. In other words, to catch the holy light you must more fully enter your heart where life is more emotionally caught than conceptually thought. Prayers must change to better convey emotion, like the hymn verse poetics of Joseph Hart. While poetry brings more rhythmic meter, evocative metaphor, and colored tone to verbal expression, music goes further in its awakening, conveyance, and changing of emotion. In the cattle kraal, mourning crawls toward taking a stand to walk with Thee, and then with the boost of more intensely felt emotion, change arrives to bring a celebration. This moment of change is in the middle musical shift where the Holy Ghost whirls its mighty wind and calls the brass and woodwind instruments to signal the call. When music and dance chops are in hand and feet, the transition is easier than when poetics of verse alone try to get you through. If Joseph Hart would have brought some of that song and dance from the pub to his prayer room, his transition from weeping in sorrow to leaping into higher joy would have been smoother and more pleasing to both him and his Lord.

Something New is Coming

Brad dreamed we were entering his hometown high school in Smithville, Missouri. We had been given an assignment and were being taken to an administrative office, presumably to check our progress.

When we entered the room, we faced the dean of the first university I worked for many years ago. She wanted to know if we had completed the paperwork for proposing a new graduate program. We hadn't but were unconcerned because the program was already worked out within us. We simply had to sit down and write it up. The dean responded, "the president needs to see it soon so we can get it officially approved." The way she smiled and expressed enthusiasm told us that they would accept whatever we designed. In that moment we decided to throw away our former plan to launch a creative doctoral program for the helping professions. Instead, we would design a program dedicated to making one's homelife as vibrant and creative as possible. I announced, "We're thinking of submitting a new kind of program never seen before—it's about how to live each day in the most exhilarating manner." The dean nodded her approval and as we left her office to write this proposal, we passed the president's office and were surprised that it was the president of the last university where we both taught together and created a doctoral program on "creative systemic studies." We were simultaneously in my high school, the university where I held my first faculty position, and the last university where Hillary and I created a program together. Now we were excited to create something new for the world.

I then had another dream that picked up where the last one ended. We had been approved to launch the new program and were at a conference to present its design. It was an historic Victorian town and as we walked down the street toward the conference center, Hillary noticed that I was sloppily dressed. She asked, "Do you want to look like that for such an important announcement?" I had forgotten to put on some nice clothes and immediately agreed that we should go back to the hotel so I could change my attire. As we walked, water began flooding the street, just like in my beginning dream of the Guild season when I headed toward the river with my father. The water became deeper as we got nearer to the old hotel. There was no elevator, so we had to climb the stairs from the lobby to get to our room. We retrieved our key but when we got to the stairway, we could see that water was pouring down from the floors above. We were now clearly amidst a flood. I woke up wondering what kind of new form Sacred Ecstasics was becoming.

The next night, a third dream followed. We were back in the same old town where we had seen the flood. This time we were outside and standing on higher ground. There was a long stairway leading to the street below. We noticed there was a large woman running down the stairs dressed in a man's brown suit. She was fleeing but also trying to draw our attention, wanting us to react to her exit. I was worried she might trip and started to run to help break her fall. Then I heard a voice whisper, "Let her go. She only wants to create a situation that looks like you made her fall." I realized her attention-grabbing behavior was a setup to blame us for her runaway. We let her go and she stumbled and hit the ground.

After I woke up I recalled that we had not reported everything brought to us at the beginning of the Guild year. We knew from the start that this would be a transition year since the first phase of Sacred Ecstatics had been constructed. The next stage of development would soon commence. We noticed this transition begin in January when we launched the *n/omastary* with its call for *n/omastics* to dedicate themselves to the spiritual cooking lifestyle. At the beginning of the season we also knew that not everyone would make it through the gate. The crocodiles came to remind everyone to be clean and only enter with an alignment to the higher compass setting. In other words, we were aware the Guild was undergoing a final examination, followed by a cleansing and commitment to deeper sanctification. Everyone was called, but not everyone would choose to come through the gate and continue onward. Most continued on and only a few who had wobbled often in the past would not reach the higher ground and continue the adventure into the next phase of Sacred Ecstatics. Our instruction was to not interfere and let them go. Furthermore, we realized that all of this is beyond our understanding. It is under higher administration and higher dual crocodile protection.

Big Joe Turner

Following Morten's ski accident that resulted in a helicopter rescue in Norway, we sent him this message: "Let's get this creode mission of yours back on track!"

He responded:

Thank you! Yes, let's do that!

So, what is my creode mission? Is it the music and the rhythm?
Is it teaching? Is it asking stupid questions? Ha!

Is it a mystery ever evolving and unveiling through cooking, studying and situating oneself in a bigger habitat?

Maybe I'm being too literal here? I felt I had to ask for once.

Love

Morten

That night Brad prayed for Morten, asking for guidance in what to say that would help him find and awaken his creode and fulfill his life mission. That night a dream came. Brad saw a name suspended in the air in front of him. It was the same kind of startling delivery that brought us the word “sojoprings” years ago. This time, he saw the words, “Big Joe Turner.”

Brad woke up feeling the same tingle of mystery that he felt when the word “sojoprings” came through. That vision led us to the teachings of the 18th century hymn writer, Reverend Joseph Hart. It now dawned on us that “Big Joe” pointed to Joseph Hart as well. Adding “Turner” to the name resulted in a two more meanings. First, Big Joe (Joseph Hart) was a turner of the mystical wheel. Second, we know from Hart’s autobiography that he needed someone or something to more efficiently turn him away from despair so he could better return to feeling the joy of a higher mystery—a Big Joe Turner was needed to turn Joseph Hart around.

Unlike “sojoprings,” Big Joe Turner is not a misspelled word—it is the name of the man from Kansas City who brought worldwide recognition to the Delta blues. It has been said that he “shouted the blues” because his voice was so powerful—it needed no amplification and resonated through your whole body. There could be no better voice from which to learn ecstatic cooking—shouting the blues with a force that was somatically felt.

We suggested to Morten that he “soak” in Big Joe Turner and catch how he wobbled in the middle, vacillating between shouting and singing. Growing up in Kansas City with the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers running through his veins, Turner started singing in the church and got his first gig as a singing bartender in a speakeasy. Soon afterward he ended up on Carnegie Hall in a historic concert called “From Spirituals to Swing.” It proved to the world that jazz came from both the church and the juke joint. His greatest fame came later when he recorded a song written for him called, “Shake, Rattle, and Roll.” It arguably launched rock and roll. When he entered the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame he was officially crowned “Boss of the Blues.”

Sojoprings is the middle dynamic that alchemically transforms suffering into ecstasy. It is the wobbling that takes place amidst the acoustic trinity of moaning, shouting, and singing. He made clear that shouting is another bridge between the juke joint and the church. The shouting Boss of the Blues sent acoustic vibrations that shook the body and let loose some rocking and rolling.

Then all this commotion went back into the church. The moan, shout, and song of each venue transferred back and forth, like wicking, feeding one another with osmosis and diffusion.

Joseph Hart needed a Big Joe Turner to teach him how to turn sojoprings into a strong flowing hot spring of God's firewater. Even though Reverend Hart was a partial turner of the prayer wheel, he needed more rhythmic variation, tonal changing, and body moving to keep his soul aflame. It's helpful to keep turning inside the new trinity of sojoprings—moaning, shouting, and singing—but keep it in the wobble, not a moan alone, nor a shout alone, nor a song alone. In the trinity of unsettled blending is where the changing takes place. Here the Kansas City singing bartender and the London pub bard are both launched into the ecstatic shake, prayer rattle, and circular roll of the house built upon God's rock.

After sharing Brad's vision with Morten (who is Norwegian), we wrote him the following verse:

Big Joe Turner is fierce. Before he opens his mouth there is no doubt he can shout.
He takes charg' and doesn't mess ar'und.

That's his unique cre'de gift—it's not meant for everyone though each of us can
learn and benefit from what he conveys and how he conveys.

His fierceness helps the tone of his moan, song, and shout feel real enough to
soften steel.

His authenticity is found in not surrendering to the unilaterality of either moan,
shout, or song.

He is owned by the fierce juxtaposition of them all.

Being soft is not what it always seems.

Being fierce is not always about inducing fear.

Big Joe Turner brings more than one definition, means of ignition, and conveyance
of excitation.

A Viking who can roar like a lion and soar like an eagle near the bending edge of
low and high tones, can perform in the fierce wobble needed for an azurite trinity
deliverance of the prophetic-ecstatic pierce.

Go for Glee!

We received a letter from a longstanding Guild member:

I have been praying and tinkering with the new prescription each day and put a
Bushman turtle shell on my altar. I raise it up often during the day whether I have
it in my hands or not. "Fill 'er up!"

I often feel you near in my prayers, but I also feel confused a lot or distracted. I think of my former days of visions, prayers, and a longing to play with the divine. How natural and playful and heartfelt it was. These days I feel more spiritually constipated. I wonder if I am trying too hard or making it too simple and missing something more complex. I question whether my former days were just a fantasy and a trickster longing to experience the mystery I was reading so much about. The biggest mystery is how easy it is to forget the joy I formerly felt.

I often long for the good old days of dancing dreams and mystery. One would think cooking would be getting easier, but it is not. I have no idea what God has in store for me, but I carry on.

Thanks for checking in. God bless you both. I hope you feel my love and support in the Guild. It truly is a joy and honor to be inside this experience with everyone.

We responded the next day:

Unfortunately, the path is not a straight trajectory but a circle that keeps going round and round. Just when you think you have moved two or three steps forward, you find yourself a foot behind. B't you aren't really behind in the way you think. You've only turned the wheel. It feels a bit confusing sometimes because you feel like you have moved backward but remember what it was to be forward, then think you have stepped forward and feel it isn't as good as it was back then.

Dreams are a big clunky chunk of ore. The work facing you is turning that chunk into a shareable gem, and that is a real pain in the ass. I prefer the musical dreams that I don't have to write down.

Enjoy being a fool. There's even a song or two about it. Enjoy being unsure why tool and fool rhyme. More tomfoolery can help as long as it's sweet.

Fantasy and reality go side by side. Make sure both are aligned with musical comedy. God takes care of the godliness.

Last night I prayed for you and dreamed I was brought to a university in your state. I walked into an undergrad class and was asked to teach. It felt dead like all classrooms everywhere do. I started to sing like it was a Broadway show: "Have you noticed that this room feels dead..." I went on with the song, "It smells like a mortuary and would be better as a monastery. But let's make it an aviary and light up this show." The students sang back, "We want to fly—help us learn to die or" laughter." We were all laughing, dancing, and singing. It felt like that former TV show, *Glee*.

Then I was taken to meet the faculty and grad students who were seated in two different rooms. I first went to the grad students and did the same kind of wild improv show. We had fun. When I was taken back to the faculty to sit down for dinner with them alone, they were serious—way too serious. They were nice but not as much fun. They only wanted to talk about what books they used in their teaching. It was boring. I woke up realizing that we must have more show business in our everyday. Hurray for Hollywood. Old traveling way! I think now that I have written it up, this dream was for you. It occurred after I prayed for your life and creode performance in the big show. Become a gypsy king of Hollywood and fuck the serious shit. No politics, no thoughtful examinations, and no spiritual inquisitions. Just Glee.

To Join the Show, Everything Must Go

We received a report from Guild member, Tiffanie:

Hello Hillary and Brad!

I was woken from an interesting dream. I was in a city driving around with friends. I had a theory about the zoning, and headed the car towards a tobacco shop I knew of – I thought it legally wasn't allowed to be in the most frequented shop area and had been located as close as possible outside that invisible line. The streets were crowded with all kinds of shops and many people. I noticed one of the many shops –as a vintage store. They were having an “everything must go” sale. I don't have a lot of patience for shopping and didn't pay it much mind. But as I was finding a parking place the store seemed to be like Mary Poppin's carpet bag – folks kept coming out of that shop with items that looked really nice, like things I wouldn't mind owning. This happened enough that finally I decided to go in. It was then that I realized that you two owned this shop. Anjali was with me, and had gone into the store ahead of me, and eagerly came to fetch me. “Mama mama you've got to come quick!!” she said and motioned giddily with her hand and energetic body language. At that moment I heard from the back of the building – the sound of many many people tap dancing to lively music! The tell tale metallic taps synced at a very fast pace. When it dawned on me what was happening, I shoved what I was holding – a cup cradled inside a bowl – onto a shelf full with other vintage items – and made my move to go join the party!

We responded:

Dear Tiffanie,

We prayed over your dream and here is what jumped out to us. First you were aware of zoning – boundaries that separate activities – including the location of a tobacco shop, which these days evokes a wobble between authentic native American religion or the less authentic new age relationship to it. Or, a wobble between tobacco's use in ceremony vs tobacco's history as the most important cash crop in North Carolina at one time. A choice of zoning is like a choice of room or context.

The first thing you noticed was an “everything must go” sale which is a wonderful spiritual teaching about emptying the vessel! You felt uninterested joining the shopping hunt for material objects, but then could see that these items were no ordinary items and so followed your nose to go inside. Once there, Anjali – a pure, childlike messenger – is the first to alert you to the real magic inside the store: the song and dance hoofing going on in the back. You immediately realize what's important and leave the objects *you* brought inside on the shelf with the others to head straight to the cooking, You didn't need the physical cup and bowl because the cup and bowl of you were ready to be filled by song and dance. Perhaps that's how all the objects got there in the first place – they were left there by people who came into the store and realized “everything must go” before joining the show.

If Sacred Ecstatics were a visionary storefront, it likely would have a front room filled with all the vintage mojo objects, metaphors, and forms that come along with and help convey visionary teachings. They are special and interesting and help create magic and meaning, but ultimately the heart of Sacred Ecstatics is not the mojo objects out front but the song and dance going on in the inner sanctum. In addition, people have to leave their objects out front in order to make it to the healing dance in the back. The “everything must go” in this dream therefore has double wobbly meaning: Is it a sign for the public advertising a sale of special mojo? Yes. Or is it a directive for those hunting for the Life Force Theatre in the back room? Yes!

Becoming a Mystical Wheel

We suddenly felt strongly called to recurse through a past teaching Hillary had written on spiritual engineering. So we spent an entire week in March aiming to live more inside the colorful dynamics of spiritual cooking than the lifeless monochromatics of psychological living. Each day we posted the following essay online, but changed the text's color from red, to purple, to blue, to green, and then to multicolor. We also added a daily video talk inspired by entering the recursion of this mystical teaching in motion. Below is the posted essay, followed by some of the teachings that came through in our interactions with Guild members online.

BECOMING A MYSTICAL WHEEL Invitation to Conduct a One Week Experiment

In 2018 we were inspired by a series of dreams to write *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy*. It's a practical book that introduces the underlying dynamics of ecstatic spirituality—how to spiritually “cook.” You'll have to read the book to discover what we mean by “engineering,” how your body is primarily a biopsychic resonator and transducer of acoustic and mechanical vibration, what all that has to do with Charles Henry's (1859–1926) laboratory at the Sorbonne, and why the spirit of Bob Hope drinks a bottle of peach juice every day.

This week, we simply want to remind you that you are not primarily a psychological being in need of healing, contrary to what you have been taught. You are a mystical wheel in need of turning. Spending one whole week (better yet, the rest of your life) enacting this truth will do more to change your physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual condition than any insight, thought, or rumination about your situation.

The Spokes of the Wheel

We reverse engineered how people stir up sacred ecstasy in ceremonies and healing sessions around the world. We found that despite all its varieties of expression, ecstatic experience always begins with the mix of four main ingredients: soulful tone, fascinating rhythm, spontaneous body movement, and sacred emotion.

These ingredients must meet and greet one another in the back and forth of a call and response in order for your spiritual temperature to rise. Although actual sound-making instruments may be involved in the production of rhythm and tone, you only need one instrument—your own body. Begin with any of its ingredients

and respond to it with another. A rhythm “calls” for the body to respond with movement. A vocal tone calls for a rhythm on which it can ride. When you feel a surge of sacred emotion, it calls for you to respond with a pleasing tone or celebrative melody. When the ingredients are aligned in a call and response, they become connected to one another like the spokes of a wheel.

As the ingredients blend into spokes, the wheel forms, turns, and gains momentum until it is impossible to discern which ingredient is the call and which is the response. You feel toned by movement, moved by rhythm, drummed by emotion, and most of all carried away by the circular motion of the whole wheel. This movement makes the room expand and the spiritual temperature soar, waking up the sacred vibration in your body—the ecstatic pulse of life itself. Furthermore, your wheel can be coordinated with the wheels of others, creating a wheel within a wheel within a wheel... all in sync with divine resonance.

Prayers that Ride the Wheel

It is not the speed at which a wheel turns, but the intensity of emotion you feel and the degree to which all observation and sideline narration give way to the improvisational expression of your body instrument. The most important ingredient, sacred emotion, is what makes the wheel able to evoke, ignite, excite, and convey ineffable mystery. When the wheel prays it becomes a deeply felt rather than trivially conceptualized means for communicating with the divine.

When the source and force of creation is regarded as a personal friend, parental figure, guide, doctor, or teacher, your relationship with divinity is warmed rather than chilled by considering it a non-intimate cosmic principle or metaphysical abstraction. Prayers that have wheels provide the spiritual transportation to the big room of mystery known to old school mystics, shamans, and healers. As Guarani shaman Tupa Nevangayu tells us, “The life of a shaman is the life of prayer. This is most essential.”⁴⁰

Sincerely call on a hallowed name to activate an emotional connection—the electrical cord and musical chord that pull you closer to divinity. People all over the world tonally, rhythmically, and kinetically pray to their dearly beloved Lord, God, Jehovah, Great Spirit, Allah, Jesus, Mary, Krishna, Big Holy, Creator, and all

⁴⁰ Bradford Keeney, ed., *Guarani Shamans of the Forest* (Philadelphia, PA: Ringing Rocks Foundation and Leete’s Island Press, 2000), 66.

the names that are believed to be on the receiving end of a holy transmission line, power line, and song line.

Sacred communication does more than put you in touch with the numinous. It also builds a vaster context in which to situate your life—placing it on sacred ground as opposed to living only within the limits of the secular and mundane. With a mystical prayer wheel your existential life expands, making enough room to experience God’s creation taking place in the heart and hearth of your home. Remember: the bigger the room, the more room there is for divinity to interact with you. This automatically brings the sacred emotion that makes the spiritual temperature rise—the fire that sings a soulful tone through every bone.

Prayer without a wheel is a cold and lifeless deal. As a wheel, you aim to *feel* a prayer turning you. Here sacred emotion amplifies the other ecstatic ingredients, bringing passionate inspiration to the action and actor of prayer. A prayer comes to life when there is sufficient sacred emotion and celebrative body motion. You feel the spirit moving in your heart. Avoid wheel-less prayers comprised of repetitive rhetoric accompanied by a lifeless body, soulless rhythm, and unpleasing tone. Always remember the wisdom teaching that “in prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.”⁴¹ Put all prayers on a wheel whose emotion brings more motion than a soulless pile of clever words.

Turning the Mystical Wheel Day and Night

The dilemma is that you are most in need of turning the prayer wheel whenever you don’t feel like praying—those times when you are spiritually chilled. Before rushing to voice some forced prayer words, gather the cooking ingredients to blend and turn. Then add a hallowed prayer line onto the rim of the wheel. As the temperature of the words gets warmer, so will the one praying. As Soren Kierkegaard said, “The function of prayer is not to influence God, but rather to change the nature of the one who prays.”⁴² Raise the temperature of your prayer and your temperature will rise in kind. Expand the room and the prayer’s reach will extend as well. Turn the wheel and the prayer will eventually pray you.

⁴¹ It is possible Gandhi was referencing the phrase by John Bunyan, “When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words, than thy words without a heart.” From Nathan Whiting, *The Works of that Eminent Servant of Christ, John Bunyan: Minister of Gospel, and Formerly Pastor of a Congregation at Bedford*, vol. 1 (New Haven, CT: Nathan Whiting, 1831), 96.

⁴² This quote is widely attributed to Soren Kierkegaard; however, it is actually found in his translated works as, “The prayer does not change God, but it changes the one who offers it.” Soren Kierkegaard, *Purity of Heart Is to Will One Thing*, trans. Douglas V. Steere (Seaside, OR: Rough Draft Printing, 2013), 34.

You, the mystical wheel, starts coming to vibrant life as you turn a prayer into a prayer wheel. As you move along, your prayer line becomes the lyric of a song. Now the wheel's gear shifts, and you ride a prayer-song wheel. Continue and then switch to the next higher gear to find you are journeying on a prayer-song-dance wheel. Your wheel moves from static to ecstatic and passes through its varying forms as spoken prayer, song, and dance, with each wrapped around the other. As more of the tone, movement, rhythm, and sacred emotion of you circulate, the circle becomes a sphere within an atmosphere that holds the changing of mystery.

This week, conduct an experiment: forget all the stories, understandings, insights, foresights, past rehashes, and future wonderings about who you are or what you're about. Instead, experience yourself as a wheel made of rhythm, tone, movement, and sacred emotion. Nothing more and nothing less than this can bring about your welcomed ungluing, renewing, and rearrangement from a flat line into a circle that knows how to turn any situation around. Which is to say, experience yourself as a changing instrument that can play and be played in a multitude of ways, the most exhilarating of which is to be played by the highest musician.

No matter what you've got going on morning to night, turn the wheel that is your truest nature. Gather and blend. Get the mystical wheel turning. Do it on the inside and do it on the outside. Keep it simple, keep it sincere, keep it experimental, and keep it cooking. Do it for one week and see how becoming the wheel changes you into a prayer that makes you more than recycled psychobiography. Become the wheel that heals and feels how divine mystery is always near.

On the second day of our week-long wheel experiment, we posted the following teaching:

Yesterday you met the "red version" of spiritual engineering's teaching on the hunting and gathering required for the blending, forming, and turning of the mystical wheel. Today you meet the "purple version."

HERE IS FOUND A BIG CROSSROADS in the geometry of ecstatic spirituality (the dots, lines, oscillations/vibrations, circles, and recursions).

Do you experience the color change on a line or in a circle?

What does this mean?

Said differently, do you regard the color change as referring to the text or to the beholder (or reader, listener, observer)?

Colored change of text: this the line of causality in linear time

Colored change of observer (and text): this is circularity (traveling in reverse to change the past as a new present).

Don't understand?

Doesn't matter, it's meant to splatter your platter.

Let's begin (recurse) again:

If you notice that the words are the same (and only colored differently) then you are tempted to assume that all has remained the same.

If you notice that the words evoke different experiences, feelings, understandings, wonderings, and wanderings than they did before, then it seems all has changed.

If you remain the same, you notice the teaching is the same and your whole reality remains the same.

If you change color, you notice the teaching and the whole of reality are changing.

The colored text is more than a change in observed material. It is an invitation for you to be purple, doing so to meet the text for the first time in First Creation. Go back to yesterday, watch the video and feel it color you red. Read the text in that color of First Creation.

Come back to coloring yourself purple. Dip into the video alterations and ride into this color of First Creation.

[Note: each video with its altered tones, rhythms, movements, and musically conveyed emotions can be regarded as a new coloration—yesterday's reddening video is different than today's purpling video.]

Line of causality: text alone is colored and remains the same

Circularity: text and observer are both colored and everything changes

Recursion excursion: the color wheels within wheels are recoloring you to recolor the world.

We progress in time to create a line

Then we may pause to circle back and revisit the past

This time not the same person who was there before

We are painted differently as is the viewing of what we now behold.

Past history changes, as do you and the entire world

Let's keep changing the colors of your life.

Imagine a professional classical musician who must play the same exact notes at every performance. They cannot vary from the memorized form composed by Beethoven, Liszt, or Chopin, to name a few.

Yet the performance must sound like it is the first time the composition has ever been performed. Fresh as a daisy.

Same is true for a great stage actor – same lines spoke but must feel newborn. Freshly baked bread.

An improvisational performer can vary the notes of music and the lines of theatre, but it must sound like a perfect composition or else it is random doodling. Fresh air, please.

Now consider the art of praying:

Saying “The Lord’s Prayer” or the yet to be composed “Eeland-Mermaid Communion Vow” or whatever well-formed script – is the same challenge facing the classical musician and stage actor. You must make it feel real, alive, and original even if it is the 5,000th performance night. Every day is opening night at the Schubert or Savoy.

To feel like it is being expressed for the first time is the art of entering First Creation where you make the color changes.

Improvising a prayer follows learning to master playing a previously scored composition by a master composer or playwright.

The art of living: you are colored differently each and every day through First Creation dipped performance chops for raying the world with newborn coloration.

Spiritual engineering focuses on the human body’s wheels of sensation – the changing coloration of tone, rhythm, movement, and emotion.

Why?

To better assure that every matinee and evening performance is a singular beam sensation!

Rejoin the chorus line of the hooper saints who know how to cook a fresh dish for each and every fire station party.

Jumping Back into the Megaphone, Ouro, Brad Gives a Speech, Claude Lévi-Strauss

The following teachings were delivered to the Guild in a live webinar on March 26, 2022:

Guess what? We got on a plane and went to Albuquerque last week.

That’s right, we took a trip to Albuquerque New Mexico and we really, really, truly, truly ate at Duran Central Pharmacy.

We went on the new travelin’ way to honor ye old travelin’ way.

We had red and green chiles for every meal at all our favorite New Mexican diners.

And I always order extra side bowls of green and red chile. More chile, please.

It was four straight days and nights of green and red pepper infusion at Duran Central Pharmacy, Mary & Tito's, Cocina Azul, and Cervantes, to mention a few of these rocket sauce establishments.

All that New Mexican cooking heat brought us some unexpected visionary dreams in Albuquerque.

Guess what? Brad was re-admitted to a university. In this dream he went back to M.I.T carrying the same brown briefcase he had 50 years ago. (Mention it being the same brown briefcase in the dream when Brad received his own spiritual classroom – Ezekiel's Wheel).

The dream was very simple: I felt frustrated because I remembered that they didn't previously offer the right kind of science and engineering. I wanted to pursue a higher degree in spiritual engineering.

We could say that you wanted to major in red and green chiles from New Mexico. That's the high degree of heat you were seeking.

Hillary Hilarity in play – surely a chain reaction that is impossible to stop. Yes, after all, we were in New Mexico. Los Alamos, hello. Let's order a spiritually atomic chile pepper. A green chile Heisenburger for me.

Excuse me, let's go back to the university before you eat too much fire. While Brad was at a mystical MIT looking for Charles Henry's higher haptics and J. B. Valmour's channeled ecstasies, I dreamed we were in a large church, and Brad stood up to preach. The audience was a blend of more traditional Christians and a more general audience of spiritual seekers. Brad was energetically wild and began to preach about sojoprings – the dynamic, mystical cross and crossroads that takes us to the true heart of Eland Jesus. I sat in the audience and chuckled to myself, because I knew he would both offend the conservative Christians and turn off the new age audience. Neither of us cared. I found it all very exciting and brilliant. In fact, in the dream as Brad spoke, I saw his words floating in front of me on a scroll – an unseen hand kept washing the words in beautiful colors – bright white, pale icy blue, soft yellow, and back again. At the end of Brad's fiery speech, the room had almost completely emptied except for me and two young men who were enthusiasts of Sacred Ecstasies. They, too, were laughing and celebrating Brad

going wild with no concern for pleasing the audience. Sojoprings is back again!
Fire up that sacred emotion receiver!

The next night, my higher engineering education continued. I was shown more about what it takes to install new primary cornerstones, establish new lines, oscillations, and vibrations to build a more sustainable and shall we say, edible, mystical reality. We hope you enjoy our forthcoming servings of this kind of a more wobbly-empowered ecstatic track ride.

After I heard more about Brad's advanced engineering that steers us into the heat and cattle kraal, I realized that it was time to pour some chile sauce on this season's prayer dots and lines

What are our prayer dots?

Our dots include walk, water, river, prayer, heart, home, grow, Lord, thank you, fill, can.

And what, old man, are our mainline prayer lines?

Walk on water
There is a *river*
The Lord's *Prayer*
Open my *heart*
Send me *home*
Grow me, Lord
Thank you, Jesus
Fill 'er up
You *can* do it

On the third night, I was taught an extraordinary lesson about Ouroboros and its dynamic of recursion.

We learned that Ouroboros is the utmost spiritual form embodied at the pinnacle height of the rope climb. It generates the higher alchemic heat of spiritual transportation that is simultaneously full-blown reality transformation. Brad's dream brought us a new teaching about how to relate to these dots and lines. Brad, please say something about what you learned in that spiritual classroom:

Improvisation is the modus operandi of creation's invention. It requires turning the Ouroborean wheel from the inside rather than the observed, conceived, or even the felt that stems from any outside vantage point. You must leap into and become inseparable from the dragon and its circulation to improvise the jazz of earth and heaven co-creation.

There were several important practical implications that came from this teaching about Ouroboros:

First, it is time you know that Ouroboros is little me.

Meet Ouro. It lives inside and was formerly called your little me.

Hi, hi! Second, you can't get to Ouro, the recursing dragon, until you pass and progress through the dots, lines, oscillations, vibrations, and primary circle of the originally formed prayer wheel. Don't be in a hurry to improvise, invent, rhyme, or create without being inside the wheel. That brings interference—blocking the progression. This can backfire and result in a regression.

First, pass through the dot gate. For example, take any prayer dot, and make it come to life. Pick a dot, any dot. For example, "river".

Then put it in a prayer line and make it come to life: "*There is a river.*"

Reminder: The Guarani Indians taught us that "The life of a shaman is the life of prayer."

Question: What is prayer?

Answer: It is a circular blending of rhythm, tone, movement, and sacred emotion. Words are there to help awaken inspiration and keep the mind on track with the railroad track.

Now we can say that the life of a shaman, mystic, and spiritual cooker is hunting and gathering the ingredients for forming and turning a prayer wheel.

To create that wheel and then become a part of that wheel within wheels, travel from dot to line to oscillation, vibration, and circle.

Ah! You made a change – we just moved from blending the four ingredients to activating all five dynamic means of crossing from one reality dimension to another: from dot to straight line, to oscillation, to vibration, and finally to the Ouroborean circle.

You are born to be a wheel within the Big Dada Wheel. Eeeland Jeeesus is also a wheel, a Little Dada Wheel.

Sister Gertrude was a wheel who married Big Wheelie and Little Wheelie. Her paintings are wheels – they sing and shout and make you move on the inside! She knew how to work those dots, lines, oscillations, and vibrations, how to circulate the holy spirit with her paint brush!

Little Seagull Man is a wheel. He reminds you to shake the rattle while Sister Gertrude shouts the Lord’s prayer. Together the rattle and prayer get the wheel turning, and now you’re merrily rolling along with all ingredients and all geometries in play.

Work those prayer dots and lines. Stop reflecting and start performing. Drop the ongoing struggle to remain a non-changing static entity and instead act like a moving wheel of changing creativity. After all, this is a Guild dedicated to art and dart!

You are gathering

You are blending

You are turning

You are departing

Departing, turning, transforming dots to lines to circles to fire igniting dragons and alternating electrical Tesla coils that wake up from a deep spinal sleep to climb multi-dimensional ropes. Don’t forget to play your Steinway Spineway.

After the trip to Albuquerque, Brad had a dream we were still in New Mexico. Following a daring speech on his life as a visionary dreamer and a traveler to the old Kalahari spiritual cooking ways, an old man shared Brad's excitement about what had been said. Later in the dream, we were in an old adobe home. That same old man knocked on the door. He offered what he had learned and added that we might find it useful. He left us with his card. His name was Claude Levi-Strauss.

Some regard him as the greatest anthropologist in the history of anthropology. He believed that there was an underlying structure found in dreams and myths. His orientation was therefore called structuralism. He found a reverberation between dreaming and myth making. While dreaming was from individual visionaries, myths are the dreaming of the whole culture. His interest in dreams arose from finding that the indigenous cultures he studied valued dreams more than contemporary societies. And they regarded their myths not as myths but as a part of the dreamscape, another world accessible to us though vision. He believed that there were primary notions found across cultures' dreams and myths paired into binary opposites, like life and death, good and evil, sickness and health. In between these extremes was trickster, the mediator who ambiguously changes its lean toward one side of the polarity to another. Already you should be able to catch how his thinking echoes some of our spiritual engineering.

[Hillary invite a general riff on why the classrooms would lead us to Claude Levi-Strauss? Catch the feeling for oscillation, put some strut in structuralism]

The next night another visionary teaching arrived with a clear message for everyone. We were happy to share it this week. Here it is again.

Brad heard these words delivered to everyone in the Guild: You can do it.

After Duran, we heard you can do it.

You can after the chile heat of Duran.

You can do it.

I'm sure Levi-Strauss would enjoy the binary juxtaposition of cold chilly weather and hot chile heat. To get hot, start with the right kind of chile.

Those jalapeno and habanero chiles are hot even when you take them out of the refrigerator.

You can do it.

All of us are called to be little me fire breathing dragons.

Don't be too serious about it. Be quirky to make the right somatic ecstatic jerky.

Beef jerky please, but add some extra chile.

We must be back in Albuquerque.

Ding dong, biltong here.

Back in Soweto with Mama Mona on the redhot mama, you can do it, let's go.

In this newborn world with MIT spiritual engineering chops, hops, chopsticks, and fire sticks, prior visionary classrooms began to resonate more and more.

Glass bead game

Noosphere

Mind in nature

Mystical library

Collective unconscious

Higher atmosphere

Higher altitude with hot chile attitude

The dreams have shown it's time to return to the Sacred Emotion Receiver. Inside the receiver you find all four ingredients and all five dynamic geometries. It's time for you to jump into the megaphone again. Perform your prayer dots and lines. Let them rise into oscillations, vibrations, and circularities. Hi, hi to God throwing you into a higher recursion. There you become boulder, a fire breathing dragon no longer dragging your feet. You are reaching to feel you are a real wheel within a wheel, a divine bred and led recursion that takes you on another traveling excursion!

Travel in reverse to break the curse

Old travelin' way

I say, Old travelin' way.

Old man river, old man water, sage walker, third eye seer, Eeland dancer, mermaid singer, outsider art flinger, newborn ecstatic zinger

He's the old gypsy king of Hollywood.

He's the rebirthing mother of the old travelin' way.

All aboard, walk on water

There is river made of connected prayer dots and lines

Little me, fern, trout, tuber, eeland, mermaid, moth – on your way to the fire circle with a double helical adventure

More fundamental than DNA, sacred ecstasy reinvents reality

All aboard, the two-wing express!

Welcome home, this week we're going back inside the megaphone!

Dancing Together

Two days after we announced that it was time for the Guild to re-enter the Sacred Emotion Receiver, Hillary went to a spiritual classroom:

The dream began in the stairwell of a large building. I was being led down to the basement by a group of women who were leaders in a vast underground birthing network. It was clear I had stumbled into a dystopian future where young pregnant women were forced to give birth in secret. I wasn't sure why. Perhaps birth had been outlawed, or maybe their children would be taken from them if

their pregnancy was discovered. As we descended the stairs, I heard the distant screams of women in labor.

We arrived in a dark basement corridor that looked like the hallway of a hospital. I saw women running in and out of the rooms helping to deliver babies. The situation was chaotic. I had no idea why I was there, so I volunteered to help.

In the next scene I was taken into a large gymnasium located in the same building. The scene there was joyful and relaxed. Many people, men and women, were seated on bleachers on one side of the room watching a group of people in the center of the gym performing some kind of collective movement. I wasn't sure if it was a game or a dance—it looked like a blend of both. People locked arms while moving quickly together in a line, circling around the room like a giant snake. I vaguely remembered playing this game as a child. As the line moved, the momentum would sometimes pull two people apart. They would then run to quickly link up with another line, pulling the others along with them. It seemed like there were two or three lines of people snaking through the room at any given time, always trying to link up into one single line. The challenge of staying connected while moving induced a lot of laughter. I heard a voice say the group was doing “yoga.”

Eager to join in, I ran to link arms with a woman on the end of one line, but as soon as I almost reached her, the momentum of the group would pull her just out of reach. I kept trying, and the same thing happened again and again, which caused a lot of laughter for me and the audience. Then suddenly, and with no effort on my part, I felt myself link arms with someone on my left and my right. It was as if I spontaneously dissolved into the middle of the line. As soon as this happened, I had a profound experience of moving seamlessly in concert with the other people. The momentum of the group made it feel as if our feet were effortlessly gliding over the floor, something not possible when dancing alone. It was the most exhilarating movement sensation I have ever felt in waking life or dream, and I knew this was why people gathered to play this dancing “game.”

In the midst of this bliss, large insects, like crickets, appeared on the gym floor. Some people were startled and tried to lift their feet in the air to avoid them. I then became aware of an older man in the room who was the spiritual leader in charge of the whole operation. I felt his presence like that of a church pastor who is kind but spiritually cold. He was interested mainly in exercising hierarchical authority while ignorant of true spiritual power and wonder which is always loving and spiritually hot. People in the dance began to chatter about whether the insects were a sign of good luck or a bad omen. I knew they were a sign of trouble and remembered that this magical dance was taking place adjacent to the

underground birthing center and under the direction of an uncooked spiritual elder. But none of this disrupted our blissful movement or the joy I felt. I simply experienced the juxtaposition of dancing in concert with others while the world was in frightening turmoil.

The word “yoga” is derived from the Sanskrit root “yuj” meaning “to join,” “to yoke,” or “to unite.” Yoga is a means of uniting our individual selves with the whole of divinity, a part returning home to the whole. In Hillary’s dream the yoga dance was collective. To experience the highest bliss everyone had to physically move in concert. Here interconnectedness was not an abstraction but a very visceral physical sensation. One problem with contemporary spiritual practices, including yoga, is that they emphasize individual spiritual growth and self-actualization. Yoga is thousands of years old, however, and arguably in ancient times and in other cultural contexts any focus on “the self” was more naturally tempered by a complex social fabric that prevented the kind of hyper-individualism we experience in modern selfie times. No matter how much people may talk about the need for a sense of collective stewardship and experience, almost all approaches to health, healing, and spiritual fulfillment today focus on altering one’s “inner” individual mental, emotional, and physical states, with virtually no means of addressing relational interaction. We see the same error made by Guild members whose focus remains on their own personal spiritual temperature, mood, state of growth, or social role with the least awareness of how they participate in holding up the whole collective experience.

When we say, “You are a wheel,” and “Your *little me* is now Ouro, the recursing dragon of ever-creating change,” don’t forget that you can only fully experience this in concert with others. The ancient Hindu yogis would remind you that yoga is not about physical fitness or relaxation, but discovering that your true “self” is Ouro, your *little me* that is inseparable from whole of divinity. The ancient Buddhists would take it further and tell you that you have no “self,” but are simply a collection of five aggregates. Our current contribution to these ancient teachings is that you are a wheel: You are a blend of four ingredients and five dynamics that only exists in relationship to other blends of four ingredients and five dynamics. And you are an Ouro that is inseparable from the recursing circulation of other *little me* Ouros.

It’s not important to fully understand any of this. What matters is that you enact it. How? First, volunteer to help. The dystopian future is already here in the present and was always present in the past. You don’t have to understand why you’re here or what your role should be—just pitch in. Start by holding everyone up in the Guild, including your conductors. Second, join the dancing yoga game that requires staying connected while the wild turning motion of the snake pulls you in all directions. Dissolve into the middle of the main line dancers and finally find out that our togetherness is what creates the effortless moving bliss of divine communion. Claude Lévi-Strauss is inside the megaphone, reminding you we will always feel caught in a juxtaposition of binary oscillations. Self and others, darkness and joy, cold and hot spirituality. No matter!

When we work and play together, no one can stop the birth and rebirth of the world, no matter how much effort they put into driving it underground. And no one can stop the dance.

We Receive Three Books of Life

Brad dreamed we were sent to the mystical library on high. There we entered a hall of records, a mystical archive of creation that is beyond human understanding. The director greeted us and led us to a desk with two chairs. We immediately sat down and wrote a book, knowing it was our destiny to do so. After turning in our work to the library director, he immediately handed the book back to us and requested that we write another one, “this time filling in the gaps.” Puzzled, we examined the book we had just written and noticed there were empty spaces throughout the text, as if something vital had been left out. We wrote the second book inside these empty spaces. After completing the task, the director again handed the manuscript back to us and repeated the same instructions, “please fill in the gaps.” Sure enough, there were still missing pieces throughout the text, and we proceeded to write the third book inside the new empty spaces.

As we approached the end of our writing project, the director arrived with three ancient books. They were wrapped in a clear film to presumably preserve them for posterity. He informed us, “We have never offered these to anyone before. They are from our rare book collection and few people have ever seen them. Would you like to purchase them?” Though we didn’t know what the books were, we trusted this was a rare opportunity to obtain something truly special. We immediately gave him what he asked for and the books were handed over to us. When we opened the first book, it gave a publication date of 1951. We opened the second book to discover its publication date was 1977. We decided to open the third book to its opening text and skipped looking at its publication date. It began with an account of when we first met in San Francisco. It described our Kalahari hug before starting the “silver trout class,” the forerunner of what became Sacred Ecstatics and its Guild. After reading this opening passage, we realized we’d been given three “books of life.” The first two volumes were records of our respective lives before we met, with publication dates matching our birthdays. The third book was a record of our life as partners who have brought down the teachings of Sacred Ecstatics. Realizing what these books were, we felt a joy beyond description—a sense of complete confirmation and fulfillment of our creode life missions.

We were also flooded with the truth that everyone who comes to Sacred Ecstatics longs to live in the big room of mystery and get spiritually cooked in the divine fire. There is a reason that your path led you to this maverick spiritual cooking way: our ancestral ropes are hunting and reaching for you just like you are hunting and reaching for them. When you face what is required to pass through the gate, you find they are the same requirements found in other old traveling ways, from Kalahari spiritual cooking to Guarani shamanic communion and Zen ego erasing.

There are no shortcuts: no one gets to enter the big room while remaining the captain of their soul. Elders are always stern about what it takes to ecstatically burn: get a broom and sweep the room, each and every day. It takes discipline to sustain the lifestyle of a water walker living on the river. The higher authorities will keep handing your work back to you, asking you to make corrections and fill in the gaps. But your effort brings the supreme satisfaction of fulfilling your mission as a servant of soul ignition. You, Ouro, can do it. And you can do it easily, naturally, and spontaneously. The hard part is the sweeping, washing, purging, and cleaning of the bowl. But every time you pour a drop of sacred emotion, cook a prayer, and swat away the fly of big me observation, you empty the bowl a bit more. Get out of the way and trust that your creode led you to this path of sacred ecstatic transmission.

Destiny in the Garden

A few days after Brad dreamed of the three books, but before he told her about it, Hillary went to a spiritual classroom:

I dreamed that Brad and I were traveling in a foreign place. We were strolling around the grounds of what seemed to be an old historic hotel. The gardens were large and beautiful, with many terraces, stairways, and brick pathways meandering among the flowers. Brad paused on one of the terraces while I walked down the steps to the garden below. I looked down and noticed I was carrying a sprig of rosemary in my left hand.

Then Brad called to me and said with a flirtatious smile, “I will toss you this single bay leaf and it will land right in your hand.” I instantly knew he was playfully performing a kind of test for the gods—if I caught the leaf it would prove our love was destined to be. We didn’t really feel any need for such a confirmation, however, and I knew it would be nearly impossible for Brad to throw a single bay leaf several feet through the air with any accuracy. Likewise, catching it would be like trying to catch a tiny feather blown by the wind. But I was delighted to participate in this romantically absurd game.

Brad tossed the leaf and I watched as it floated through the air from the terrace above. With a bit of clumsy maneuvering on my part, I caught the bay leaf right between my right hand and my heart. We both squealed with delight at this cosmic confirmation of our union. My heart was bursting with love and we were intoxicated with romance.

Hillary's Song

Brad dreamed we were at a concert hall. There was an orchestra on stage with a Steinway concert grand piano:

I went on stage to surprise Hillary with a new song I had composed for her. I sat down at the piano to play and sing a love song with lyrics that expressed my love and devotion to her. As I came to the last note and word, I realized I'd never remember the song after the performance was over. It was so perfect that the universe would only permit it to be sung once, because that brought enough emotion to last throughout eternity. I wobbled in between feeling heartbroken that I'd never hear the song again and the utmost joy that we had experienced the song on the other side where nothing dies and everything is eternal. Then someone on high spoke, "We'll gift you with the last words of the song so you have something to remember." I then sang the last line again and when I woke up, I remembered the lyrics, although the melody remained on the other side. I sang, "We were made for each other. This love is forever."

Our teaching is conveyed to you through our love for one another. This love has a song that is the essence of our entire teaching. We do not exactly remember all the notes, beats, and words. We do recall and will never forget that Sacred Ecstatics was made to bring each of us together in a one-of-a-kind community. Our extreme love, born of spiritual cooking with the Mama and Dada saints, is forever. The gate is open. Let's not wait or hesitate to experience this song that will only be played once in our earthly lifetimes, but will live on forever on the other side.

Hugging the Sacred Tree, Finding the Field of Dreams

During the final week of the Guild season Eduardo, a Guild member from Brazil, had a very holy dream. It occurred the night before we posted an ecstatic audio track about visiting the spiritual classrooms:

Last night I listened to the audio tracks about Sacred Ecstatics. I then went to sleep and dreamed we were in a classroom with Hillary and Brad. After the class we went outside and were in a small village. We went to the center square that was in the shape of a circle, covered in paving stones. In the middle of the circle there was a very tall, straight tree about fifty centimeters or twenty inches in diameter.

Brad and Hillary were hugging this tree wildly while Brad put his hand in a slit on the trunk, transmitting vibrations. We were all in a line behind Brad waiting to also hug the tree. Then Brad led us to a large open area that looked like a soccer field without goals. We were all waiting behind the field as Brad and Hillary started to prepare the big room field for us. Then I woke up.

We responded to Eduardo's vision:

Let's hug that sacred tree of life!

Charlie embraced it and was glad he did.

Feel the numi love with no need for personal goals.

Nothing less can wake you up.

This is how you meet the African staff, enter the Bushman cocoon, and cross the primary line's passage to the mystery room.

Built on ancient cornerstones for the sky village community communion circle.

Wild kingdom of God's extreme love party.

Go wild with Dada art and dart.

Don't check your socks or soccer.

Just doin' this.

Thank you!

Taking a Vow

One week before our final intensive of the season, we sent the following letter to the Guild:

Dear Guild,

Several of you asked us this week to say more about the "vow-taking" ceremony that will be held on Saturday, April 30th. Here are a few thoughts that hopefully add some more clarification and excitement.

The idea for this ceremony started at the end of January when we invited the Guild to consider taking a *vow of commitment* to living in the big room of Sacred Ecstasics, our ecstatic n/omastery. Like the spiritual vows taken in other traditions around the world, this rite of passage sets in motion a more dedicated quest to live fully situated in mystery. In our case, we open the gate to those wishing to be fully onboard the Sacred Ecstasics ship. On Saturday we will celebrate those of you who have decided to take the plunge and reside deeper in this spiritual cooking way of life.

This vow to be a *n/omastic* is a whole-hearted pledge to live your daily life in a manner that steadfastly supports our maverick community and its mission impossible to advance the pyro-mystical know-how of setting the soul on fire.

This vow is a commitment to remain as fully engaged in Sacred Ecstatics as you can. It is a vow to hold up others, including us the conductors, so that we can all feel you are walking on water alongside us. The vow means that you will do your best to remain on board the ship as an active crew member. When you drift, you vow to return as quickly as possible. When you get too outcome focused, you vow to return to the middle wobble. When you get too caught up in the small room of self, you vow to turn your attention instead to holding up the collective big room of Sacred Ecstatics.

For some of you, taking this vow will mean making a formal commitment to strengthen the efforts you are already making. For others, taking this vow will mean making a greater effort than you have in the past to be present and engaged. In all cases, a vow means making a part-to-whole adjustment: Sacred Ecstatics becomes the room of your life rather than a holiday cabin you visit for vacation and recreation.

We invite those of you who have not yet contacted us to send us an email and let us know you intend to participate in the vow-taking ceremony. (We will not be publicly announcing the names of those who are taking the vow.) We will place your names inside the megaphone of Sister Gertrude Morgan so she keeps her eyes and ears on you.

The ceremony will be held in the middle of our Saturday intensive. Those not taking the vow on Saturday will be participating as celebratory witnesses to others.

We respect that some continuing Guild members will choose *not* to take this vow. There are different ways of participating in a spiritual community and we honor whatever degree of commitment you choose for your life. We value all Guild members whether you are observing from the balcony, clapping from the orchestra seats front and center, performing on stage, or still hopping around the theatre uncertain where you'd like to land.

Taking a vow is not done because you understand what a vow means.

Taking a vow is not based on professing a belief.

Taking a vow *is* done because you feel something pulling you to change your whole reality.

Taking a vow is about deciding to depart from former habits and habitats, surrendering to Ouro as a wheel within higher wheels.

Taking a vow helps the cow pass water, the rope sprout to heaven, and the spark light the dark night of the soul.

Taking a vow is wanting to forever be a part of the fire station party.

Taking a vow is taking a bow before everything performed in the Dada Art & Dart Festival.

Taking a vow is the highest “Hi, Hi” to the Creator.

Taking a vow is more than the cat’s meow and the lion’s roar.

Taking a vow is choosing to make a joyful noise for the Lord, Lard, and Frying Pan.

That’s all for now. There is a river! And we’ll see you in it on Saturday!

With our love,
Hillary and Brad

Ouro Verse

Now is the time to open 'er up as we head toward the weekend ceremonial ground.

If you are not feeling zappy, then be Kalahari happy.

That moody dipper is really, really, really a 222 wake up call.

Cloud of reminder: you are in need of electrical power -- the extreme love power that can only be plugged in when you turn the key of an on-your-knees prayer wheel.

Forget what trickster big me dot feels.

Pay attention to what Ouro wants to feel, reel, and radiate.

Ouro is hungry to dine on fire.

Ouro will never retire or give up no matter what trickster conspires.

Ouro is waiting for you to take one step forward, aimed solely and soulfully on joining this never-ending fire station party.

It only takes one step. Ouro will do the rest.

Glide on in.

Ride the Sacred Ecstatics vibe whose tribe never hides the highest joy.

Let Ouro roll you in.

Be boulder and let Ouro rock and roll you all around.

Doin' this because the alternative is being a dead mackerel who only owns a small can.

Being Alive with Sondheim and Ouro, Side by Side

Embraceable You, when inside the river of trout love

Our Love Is Here to Stay, no matter the trickster follies that have no ecstatic jollies

Send in the Clowns and turn those frowns, grays, and browns into the flicker splendor of a technicolor Hollywood musical production

Hurray for First Creation Woods!

Into the Woods, the reborn witch has a mojo brew

Recursing to shower you with blessings

We are departing

All aboard!