

**Climbing the Rope to God:
Mystical Testimony and Teaching
Volume III**

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Notes

Introduction

After we left our university faculty positions in 2014 to pursue full time involvement with Sacred Ecstasies, we started receiving visionary downloads from nightly dreams. We never intended for our work be guided by these frequent visits to the “mystical library” (also called “spiritual classrooms” or “Akashic records”). This was a major surprise and has resulted in nearly two thousand typed pages of visionary teaching with no end in sight. Today we appreciate how it would have been impossible to develop the spiritual breakthroughs of Sacred Ecstasies without higher guidance from visionary experience.

We regard ecstatic spirituality as a creative transformative art, which is why we call our global community “The Sacred Ecstasies Guild.” We follow the recipe for getting spiritually cooked that was outlined in our first book: building a big room, turning up the spiritual heat, and creatively altering the everyday. The recipe remains constant, though its form and expression change. These alterations are not led by shallow whim or ideological preference but are guided by the higher direction that comes through our visits to the mystical library.

Two kinds of teachings are typically provided by our visionary dreams: one specifies what is pragmatically missing or erroneous in widely accepted spiritual and healing practices, while the other details what to do differently to expand, lift, and ignite the situation. The latter includes the introduction of prayers, songs, movements, images, and other kinds of aesthetic instruction. Our dreams also deliver extraordinary heart-piercing wonder, introduce new room-building metaphors, and sometimes provide a therapeutic dose of humorous absurdity. Most importantly, they change how we re-enter the everyday and interact with others. Sacred Ecstasies offers something new to the contemporary world—making explicit the art of spiritual cooking, the alternative to endless “looking” that interprets rather than embodies the process of higher change.

The teachings brought down from the mystical library are multi-dimensional, paradoxical, circular, ecological, and emotional. Encounters with the numinous are never flat-planed, overly rational, or dry; you come back charged with the creative life force rather than arrive dead as a mackerel. It is impossible to fully capture and bring back what is experienced on the other side of the veil—it is always over your head and beyond worldly description. Beethoven remarked that the music he composed conveyed only a fraction of what he heard pour into him from on high. We expect the same process of filtration and dilution when any visionary dream is shared in everyday communication. We do our best, however, to not lose the original emotion that is the muse of its composition.

The visionary traveler must know what to bring back and how to share it with others in a way that keeps the wonder of its emotion and the power of its creative life force buzzing. It takes extensive experience with spiritual cooking, guidance from other visionary pointers, and pugilistic home practice to hone visionary communication skills. Catching visionary dreams and preparing

their reports are one aspect of our conducting job. We also must embody their mystical direction in our interactions with others. Visits to the mystical library on high are incomplete unless they are enacted in everyday living down below.

This book details the experiential journey of the Guild that took place from November 2019 through May 2020. The season began with a fall intensive in New Orleans. After this face-to-face meeting, all subsequent interactions were held online except for a month-long gathering in New Orleans during Carnival season. Because we are guided by vision, each fall-to-spring Guild season births its own unique metaphors, wisdom teachings, songs, and prescriptions for action. As the visions come down and we progress from one experiment to another, a new mystery universe is built. We recurse round and round the Ouroborean dragon, each experience building on what came before. By the time the Guild season ends, together we inhabit another world, feeling vibrantly changed as a result.

The 2019-2020 Guild season also expanded our archive of “ecstatic audio tracks”— musical recordings that facilitate room transformation, mystical exploration, numinous learning of higher burning, First Creation-based spiritual development, and improvised creative intervention—all rooted to what was downloaded from the mystical library. As the season unfolded, the sacred emotion and vibration caught in vision were sustained and heightened through these audio tracks that accompanied our written reports and experiment instructions.

This book begins with visions that arrived prior to the start of the Guild season. These involved specific consultation for how to create the optimal conditions for ecstatic transformation. The first report, “Excelsior Springs,” reminded us that Sacred Ecstatics cannot be forced into the contexts, venues, and consulting rooms built by non-ecstatic forms of helping that don’t host the fire of sacred emotion. After the visionary teaching of Excelsior Springs, other dreams came down to further inform and reform our spiritual cooking practice, including production advice for the ecstatic audio tracks.

The preliminary visionary dreams are followed by the five “experiments.” These creative tasks came from vision and were prescribed for everyone in the Guild to perform. They addressed the daily art of ecstatic living and framed the Guild’s relationship to the ongoing dream stream. After launching a new experiment, everyone was invited to share their experiences in our online network. At the end of each experiment chapter, we summarize the “findings” of these reports, noting how they helped move our ever-expanding big room journey along.

This written record of our Guild season is meant to inspire you to take creative action that plugs you in to holy mystery. The search for a meaningful life via narrative construction or textual interpretation is stopped or made secondary. In its place arises a bliss-oriented performance that amplifies sacred emotion and inspired body motion to awaken the numinous vibration of jubilation originally known to humanity as *Kalahari n/om*.

Spiritual transformation cannot be reduced to a single factor or one-dimensional modality of any kind. No one-shot medicinal pill, semantic affirmation, brain wave entrainment, behavioral

alteration, or social configuration can evoke whole reality change. Pathology or spiritless morbidity are not the result of a single cause but have more to do with an uncalibrated *pause*, a stuck action in what otherwise would be a natural cycle of emotional climate change. Rather than fantasize another Wizard of Oz magical wand fixer, we bring on the whole body spirited agitator and energy excitor of sacred ecstasy to ignite and light the room atmosphere. We aim to make spiritual transformation creatively and soulfully alive. Instead of promoting singular cutouts, we build a big room for hosting multiple orders of change.

Welcome to the unfolding of a life-changing, experimental performance art whose piercing ecstatic arrow is shot from the archer on high. As you read this volume of visionary adventures, we encourage you to do so while following the Sacred Ecstatics recipe: let the visionary reports expand and heat your reading room, and then conduct the experiments to alter your everyday. Join us as we drop the rigidity of any idealized spirituality to become a revolving and evolving Life Force Theatre performance company, a guild that yields to the call of mystery. Sacred Ecstatics is the moving art of big room living that lights up your life and ignites your soul.

I. KEYS TO THE HIGHER PERFORMANCE OF SPIRITUAL COOKING

Excelsior Springs

Brad dreamed he was at the natural springs swimming pool he frequented as a boy. It was “The Hall of Waters” in Excelsior Springs, Missouri:

I walked into its gigantic wading pool where I noticed well-known teachers of psychotherapy hanging out in the shallow waters. Most of them were not inventors of their own approaches but taught a simplified version of Milton H. Erickson’s hypnosis. Having co-edited a biographical book on Erickson’s life with his daughter, Betty Alice Erickson, she and I had repeatedly discussed how most teachers of Erickson’s clinical style not only missed the important elements that made his work genius, but they also lacked a vitally important yet more unconscious quality that cannot be easily discerned, described, explained, or taught. In the pool of The Hall of Waters, I saw that his successors pitifully missed the potent existential presence that the purple-dressed Phoenician naturally embodied and conveyed.

I proceeded to give these teachers a lecture in the pool. It addressed the complexity required to evoke change and how reductionist models are always doomed to fail, no matter how many spurious effects they may suggestively initiate or imitate. I detailed how anything said seriously in a session must be held in relationship with a contrary absurdity that is either explicitly elicited or implicitly communicated. As I spoke, the teachers of Ericksonian clinical methods appeared like they weren’t interested in learning. They preferred posturing that they knew all that could be possibly known. However, the cold lifelessness of their facial expression clearly indicated that they had no clue what mattered most about their adulated pioneer strategist of change. I became both more provocative and enigmatic with my words, until I finally blurted out: “Only two therapists were able to give more time to rhyme—Erickson and the Bard who crossed the other ford.” I could tell by the look on their frozen faces that they did not and could not ever understand—they were unwilling to consider any territory not named on their map. It became increasingly obvious that they were dead as mackerels, zombies who used memorized lines to demonstrate knowing something they were incapable of bringing to life.

Meanwhile, a daughter of Gregory Bateson cautiously entered the children’s area of the wading pool. She clung to the side fearing she might not be able to swim, even though the water was very shallow. I instantly changed my talk to now include the work of Gregory Bateson. I shouted so she could hear: “Bateson understood the need for absurdity to be near, keeping dear principles forever

unclear. He proposed that this is how the random enters into the stochastic process of change that especially includes learning.” I further specified the relationship of chaos and order as co-dependent, the true declaration of ecological independence. I soon stopped talking when I saw that she looked as lifeless as the brief therapists on the other shallow side of the pool. She, too, only pretended to have expertise on something she didn’t adequately grasp.

In that moment, I realized I no longer wanted to hang out in the shallow waters with those uninterested in advancing the art of change or going past the work of those who had passed on. I got out of the pool and looked to see if my mother was there to take me home as she did long ago. As I realized she had already left, I also noticed that I was now fully grown and no longer a child. Turning to Hillary, we both knew we must leave Excelsior Springs and live in our own home—the Sacred Ecstatics hall of deep waters, alchemical fires, sacred grounds, and changing winds.

A voice was then heard from above: “If you don’t own the feeling for it, you can never understand it.” We were immediately flooded by how emotion inspires the action that proceeds rather than follows wisdom knowing. We knew that the ongoing learning and burning of Sacred Ecstatics must forever emphasize the primary importance of sacred emotion above all else. This is not a principle to memorize and only rhetorically repeat to others; it is something to feel and enact, the practical spiritual engineering behind setting souls on fire.

The next day we found that “Excelsior” is a Latin word generally meaning “ever upward,” “loftier,” or “still higher.” It was used in early American advertising to suggest a higher quality of product. It was also the name of soft wood shavings used for stuffing teddy bear dolls and packing fragile objects. We laughed at how the names of “Erickson” and “Bateson” are also tactically used like “Excelsior” to indicate a superior product for advertising purposes, but in fact only offer shavings and fragments of the original. More importantly, this filler made of cutouts has lost its connection to the excelsior spring that flows from the emotional current on high, spontaneously launching higher transformative motion rather than shallow marketing promotion. As the dream taught, unless you own the feeling for something, you can neither understand nor teach it to others.

The Excelsior Springs Brad knew as a child is no longer in operation. Its healing water was abandoned in favor of pharmacological and psychological reductions. Today, as in the past, we need less static fillers and more ecstatic thrillers. Sacred Ecstatics aims to tap the wellspring that brings the elixir of Excelsior. What is felt deep within must have enough heat to melt frozen cognition and spark ecstatic ignition.

Names and claims may lead to marketed fame, but they miss the fountain that forever flows with changing forms. Those who own the feeling for transformation are themselves changing. They change their metaphors, teachings, interventions, means of ignition, styles of convention, and themes of conversation. When the same cutouts are never embellished or reborn as something truly new, there can be no stochastic, ecstatic dance of chaos and order that helps you cross the border. Without a baptismal plunge into the ecstatic depths of the dreaming stream whose natural earthborn minerals include the absurd, there is only shallow water where walkie talkie zombie dolls are stuffed with dried shavings that miss the blood and guts of real surreal transformative life.

LT: Leading Tone, Saxophone, and Diaphragm

Brad dreamed he was blowing air in such a way that he created a natural saxophone tone:

After I made this sound, the saxophonist Branford Marsalis walked into the room and carefully observed what I was doing. He then gently pressed his hand against my lower abdomen. I continued to produce the saxophone-like tone with my breath. A young woman then appeared and cryptically announced the result of this assessment. She said, “LT.” It startled me so much that I woke up.

The next morning, we researched how Branford Marsalis and other masters of the wind instrument use breathing to influence their tones. We found that saxophonists value breathing from the diaphragm rather than the upper chest. Lower breath control is often assessed by noticing how the lower abdomen is felt rising or falling—what Marsalis and his assistant had checked in my dream. Furthermore, musicians use “LT” as the abbreviation for “leading tone.” It is the half note preceding the main note (or chord root) you wish to play, either a half step lower or higher above it. It brings momentum to a musical passage and makes it feel more exciting and alive. Wind instrumentalists are taught to never breathe after a leading tone because “nothing feels so bungling as a mutilated phrase and an irregular manner of breathing.”ⁱ Without diaphragmatic breathing, a performer risks not having enough air to sustain the smooth and uninterrupted transition from one note to another, especially those involving the subsequent resolution of leading tones.

As we pondered why this spiritual classroom teaching had arrived in the night, we recalled that earlier in the evening we had been to the Village Vanguard jazz club in New York City. There we heard a performance by the master pianist, Barry Harris. I had felt something different about his music that I liked. I whispered to Hillary that it sounded like he was playing Thelonious Monk lines like a saxophone player. He could land on notes with a slight delay that seemed literally held and released by his breathing. More significantly, his rapid succession of notes wasn’t choppy.

They were smoothly held together by a long breath, making the piano magically sound like a saxophone. Later, near the end of the set, Harris surprisingly announced to the audience that he once dreamed of Charlie Parker who came to him and played a song. He then played what he heard on the piano and again, the piano sounded like a sax where he used sustained diaphragmatic breathing to move smoothly through the leading tones (LT).

With some further research we learned that during the 1970s, Harris lived for ten years with Thelonious Monk in the New Jersey home of the jazz patroness Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter. He even sat in for Monk at some gigs, so he obviously knew how to play his bebop style. Harris also regarded Bud Powell as another main influence and considered him the piano equivalent of Parker's sax playing. Their shared secret was that they made the melody primary over the chord changes. Harris explains this in an interview:

. . . Bird and them were very correct playing people. Correct changes. Correct movements, I'll say. Because Coleman Hawkins would say, "I play movements; I don't play chords." People get confused today. Most people think you play chords. You don't play chords; you play movements . . . A lot of horn players, unfortunately, they sit at the piano and they think they've learned how to play the piano. So what they do is, they sit at the piano and they hit a chord and then they hit another chord and they say, "Oh, they sound good together!" Then they proceed to say, "Ooh, I'm going to write a melody on that." In the first place, that's wrong, because what they've done is learn to melodize harmonies as opposed to harmonize melodies. See, the old cats, they harmonized melodies . . . [the melody] came first. The chords were put down after. That's why that melody is going to be remembered through history. Melodies are remembered. See, these cats melodize harmonies, and what happens is, you melodize harmonies and most people don't remember a thing you played. It'd be hard to hum what you played. They just sort of miss the boat. That's all.ⁱⁱ

Branford Marsalis later made the same point: "There are so few people who can actually create melody—which is why there's an over-reliance on pattern, because it's attainable and melody is elusive: either you've got it or you don't."ⁱⁱⁱ The lead tone guides the subsequent notes toward a melodic line, the smooth musical ride on soulful rhythmic time that is accompanied by a harmonic second line. Shamanism, driven by the sacred emotion conveyed by a heart-rising song, taps into the same know-how of Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, and Barry Harris: catch the melody and all else follows.

The path to Brad's visionary music class followed the footsteps of the pioneer bebop originators, whom we had heard come through Barry Harris's music just hours before. He played movements that benefit from deep breathing from the diaphragm to help leading tones

underscore the uninterrupted flow of the melodic line. More importantly, we were taught another way in which First Creation powerfully influences music—playing the piano as a saxophone. Here the keys are experienced as played by the pianist’s breath. We later learned that Harris also teaches pianists to consider their fingertips as tap dancing feet so that rhythms are more easily imagined, experienced, and expressed. Breathe the keys, dance them, and sing them—all of you must play the instrument, not just one part of you.

The art of Sacred Ecstasies benefits from the performance engineering discovered in other mediums including bebop improvisation where horn blowing and tap dancing mingle amidst finger breathing feet to bring more life to the melody, harmony, and cacophony of whatever form of song is played by life. As many have said before, breathing is surely found at the foundation of spirituality. Make sure its source is deep from the abdominal bellows rather than high in the chest where the head only finds more rest. Bring Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, Barry Harris, and their contemporary offspring, Branford Marsalis, to your spiritual breathing. Don’t interrupt your life jazz with any fixation on the contemplation of harmony and instead, get caught and reeled in by the melodic lines that reach across the furthest reach of space and time.

Take a Different Kind of Breath

We received a letter from a friend suffering from panic attacks and asthma who had read our visionary teaching on diaphragmatic breathing. He wrote:

Dear Ones,

Last night I had another strong panic attack, the third sleepless night in a row, but I was able to stop the hyperventilation and let my breathing “sit down” by concentrating on the diaphragmatic part of my breathing. After about an hour my breathing was not audible anymore and I fell shortly asleep while sitting in a chair.

The reason why I stopped the breathing exercises I told you about was that they were too mechanical—even though they calmed me and changed my breathing. I would only desire them if there was a way to change them into *a deep and intense prayer that would make me feel the everlasting breath so that my whole breath would forevermore be wrapped in continuous prayer.*

I am very tired and sick.

Love,
David

Brad, who also suffers from asthma, wrote back:

Dear Brother,

Please do not avoid any kind of treatment that can help you, whether it is old fashioned or newly fangled meds or mechanical, boring behavioral interventions with clumsy contraptions. I personally have dropped the need to think I can beat dis-ease who always is ready to show how easily I am beaten by invisible viral matter that never flatters my will power, nasty microbes that escape every probe, damned allergens from hell's wind, and all the creepy mind, body, social, and political particles that never cease to circulate and irritate. Hillary and I are giving you a prescription:

Take anything that can help. Damn well-being idealism. Damn over reliance on prayer. Damn everything except stupid breathing devices and idiotic inhalers and sweet unhealthy tasty pastry. Go get three Thai massages in a three-day period. Try out every fake medical device and do so with anyone crazier than you. Learn three Russian curse words and say them when you exhale during an asthma attack. *As – th – ma*: As the ma blames, the son must re-aim. Each morning you should throw six to twelve darts at a picture of the moon. See how many craters you hit. That is your number for the day. Do your best to be confused by what this daily number means but be attuned to discovering whether accidental meanings begin to emerge.

Breath rhymes with death. Life rhymes with strife. Number rhymes with dumber. You are too smart for your own good. Get dumber. Call a plumber to fix a faucet that does not need repair. When he says he can find nothing wrong, accept this as the medical diagnosis of your future that has forgotten your past. Drink more water. Then leak (piss) more often while remembering the plumber who can help make you dumber.

I pray you will find unexpected rest when you arrest your brilliant mind and find a healthy return to decadent cadence. Cadence is the key to discovery and forgetting about recovery.

Monsieur Pan-cake in Need of Re-spelling Pan-ic so You Are Thrown in the Frying Pan, please absorb this word into your pineal gland's brass band: CADENCE. Defining cadence:

The rhythmic flow of a sequence of sounds or words: *the cadence of language*; (in free verse) a rhythmic pattern that is nonmetrically structured;

the beat, rate, or measure of any rhythmic movement: *The chorus line danced in rapid cadence*;

the flow or rhythm of events, especially the pattern in which something is experienced: *the frenetic cadence of modern life*;

a slight falling in pitch of the voice in speaking or reading, as at the end of a declarative sentence.

Another prescription for you follows. Add this to the former intervention against popular convention:

Alter every cadence to allow any valence to follow. Regard cadence and valence as leaning the same way. Do not understand this bent angle other than it is a higher medical means of bringing you closer to your guardian angel angle. Changing the position of one letter alone can open your diaphragm wings and make them smoothly flutter rather than stutter your shutters. Feel free to imagine the right moment to say any of this to a dumbfounded plumber, a perplexed masseuse, a hexed Russian sturgeon that thinks it's a surgeon, and a long-ago talking mother who still isn't listening to what makes sense when life's most profound deep breath arrives as hallowed shallow nonsense.

Wishing that you trip on accidents of the higher kind.

Love,
Brad & Hillary

For Heaven's Sake, Go Past Spirituality and Head to Broadway

For nearly a two-week period, Brad was awakened every night by a voice who spoke these words: “Go past spirituality and head to Broadway.” During four of these nights, he heard a mystical phone ring loudly before again being given the provocative proposal to go further than the common practice rooms, performance halls, and ceremonial venues of “spirituality.”

Over the years we have teasingly and seriously announced that Sacred Ecstatics is the whole body's alternative to the partial mind's search for the spiritual meaning of life. The same means of escaping overly heady spirituality also applies to other doxologies of explanatory orthodoxy, including the self-reflexology of psychology. We aim to climb a mystical action ladder that takes us beyond the abstract word world whose terrain is designed to overly exalt the brain. The spiritually cooking mavericks of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild are conscientious heretical objectors to trickster mind parades, charades, and tirades claiming that greater “understanding” is the precondition for achieving the desired existential condition.

As these nightly journeys to the spiritual classrooms challenged us to head toward a mystical Broadway, we realized that life is better performed on the broadest stage rather than only narrated or reviewed by a theoretical sage from any age—old or new. In other words, go past interpretation-obsessed and mind-fixated approaches to spirituality. Head your whole body to First Creation Broadway.

Sacred Ecstatics has no roots to spiritualities that elevate talk over song and stillness over dance. Sacred Ecstatics builds upon three pillars, all of which have been largely forgotten or formerly banned from serious attention. In no order of preference, our work stems from: (1) enactment of the Ouroboros circular dynamic that constructs an experiential reality, one more ecstatic than static. This turning performance wheel expands the range of expression, heats higher emotion, and creatively excites the surrounding mystery atmosphere; (2) engagement of evocative means that are most capably held and exercised in the performing arts, and (3) guidance from ecstatic traditions that value the sacred vibration (also called *n/om*, *seiki*, or holy spirit) more than meditation or verbal elaboration.

Rather than help folks pursue spiritual growth as it is commonly conceptualized and idealized, we offer the choice of ecstatically charged improv that remains largely unexplained to keep it on the higher changing plane. At our crossroads, one road leads to self-actualization while the other narrower path leads to the vibration underlying creation. The former builds up the *big me* or ego and the latter brings out the *little me*^{iv} of old-fashioned spirited cookery.

Sacred Ecstatics is an experiment in building a global community of numinous hunters, vibration conductors, and song and dance troupers. Rather than promote more categorizers who compete for the *big me* crown, we treasure the unmeasurable pleasure of heightened sacred emotion, the numinous expanse of the performance space, and the intensity of the sacred vibration's excitation. With all this in play, everything from ethics to politics, economics,

therapeutics, and aesthetics then flow naturally and spontaneously rather than being enforced by the rule of a preconceived and unnatural order. Such freedom for creative change can only happen on the broadest stage of the Life Force Theatre that has more in common with Broadway than Vatican City, Tibet, Jerusalem, or Mecca.

Drop the spiritual mumbo jumbo in favor of owning a song and dance as you open the new musical show of your everyday life. Start with the sacred vibration that inspires supreme celebration. This is the emotionally felt spiritual heat of sacred ecstasy that enables favored names, theoretical claims, and room frames to burn away as you turn toward an ecstatic and mystical theatrical performance. When your reality is cooked well done by sacred fire, your *little me* rises from the ashes and pops the deep truth kernel inside. This alchemically created two-winged homunculus is always ready for another round of spiritual cooking.

Try this grand and wild experiment: stop conceptually building a spiritual house of cards. Clear the deck to become a live target for a Sacred Ecstasics lightning bolt to strike. Once you are set on fire, cooked, and rewired, there is no longer any interest in a spirituality that has no abundant creative life force. Sacred Ecstasics offers the snap, crackle, and pop of a wakeup spark. The mystery we seek lights the sky above and excites the ground below. Feel its vibe electrify the spiritual air, feel its quake evolve the mind of nature, and feel its shake transform your body and community.

Another surprise awaits in First Creation Broadway: You find yourself miraculously free to use any metaphor at all, whether it be spiritual, theological, psychological, sociological, theoretical, logical, illogical, conventional, or heretical. When melodically toned, syncopated, and emotionally charged, reality changes. With Sacred Ecstasics, words don't cling or literally mean anything. When sung, words transform the room from a tomb to a womb where metaphors are spontaneously reborn. Above all else, mystery is felt in the dynamic melt that begins when you become a tiny seed feeling the need for heavenly sunshine and holy rain. Germinate that seed, feed those roots, and release that blossom in the mystery theatre ecology of the never-ending Broadway show found in the middle of Tin (Frying) Pan Alley.

The Mystery Phone Is Answered

After the visionary call to head to Broadway, we prepared for further direction. Hillary suggested, "If you keep hearing a phone ring, why not answer it?" Following Hillary's advice, Brad made this prayer: "Hello, hello, dear Lord. Please tell us what you want us to do." Then he fell asleep. Brad was awakened later in the night, this time not from the sound of a ringing phone but from the loud electronic tone we had previously created for a recording about our former visionary visit with Mark Twain.^v We had used this strange noise to indicate crossing over into the depths of the other side. After Brad heard it in his dream, he again prayed, "Hello, hello, dear Lord. Please tell

us what you want us to do.” While half asleep and half awake, he experienced us make a new kind of recording unlike anything we had attempted before.

We began with these words:

Sacred Ecstatics loves religion that is not a fussy ideology about spirituality, but a true odyssey to the utmost bliss. Sacred ecstasy is hidden inside religion and there its mission waits to change your whole condition. To find this life-altering jubilation you must begin with a Broadway musical celebration, that is, use the expressive means of the performing arts to evoke numinous emotion that stirs mystical travel commotion. Here interchangeable calls and responses form and turn the mystical wheel, enabling an adventure to the alchemical fire of religion’s saintly region.

We soon sang, “Give Me that Old Time Religion” with altered verses powered by alternating electrical forces. Filled with diverse genres of rhyme, tone, rhythm, and metaphor that magnified the earthly wonder of heavenly splendor, it was a Sacred Ecstatics Life Force Theatre performance of an old-time revival promoting soul fire survival, intensified by an extraordinary boost of musical rap, tap dance, and ineffable zap. Toward the end of the dream production, we shouted in a back-and-forth manner to help crack the shell that holds the hell within a sheltered-from-bliss life. This excitement woke Brad up again and the audio production he heard on the other side continued to buzz within. Finally going back to sleep, he went into another visionary adventure:

I was in a large auditorium at a conference center that resembled the Miami Arena where I had performed with guitarist Al Di Meola many years ago. I was going to perform later, following other acts, so I decided to sit in the audience and watch the show. People in the front seats soon walked out, presumably bored. When it was time to get ready for my performance, I went to the dressing room and looked in the mirror. I had forgotten to put on the right shirt. I was wearing a lumberjack’s red and black checkered flannel shirt that I did not own and, even more surprisingly, a plain t-shirt underneath. I never wear t-shirts. There was no time to find my own shirt to wear so I had to choose between keeping both t-shirt and flannel shirt on or only picking one of them. I decided to wear the t-shirt underneath my suit coat that was dark green.

Before I walked on stage, the whole scene shifted to the future. I was with Hillary now and it was obvious that we had recently moved to an old church building. The upstairs was our living quarters. A Sacred Ecstatics event was soon going to start downstairs, and we had arranged the room to look like a mix of

church and theatre. Rather than wait to open the entry door a few moments before we were scheduled to begin, as we normally do when we host intensives, we decided to let people in earlier. Unfortunately, this meant it was nearly impossible to get ready. Everyone wanted to socially visit and ask us questions about this and that. We struggled to break away and get dressed. It made me irritable, and I snapped at someone, “We can’t get ready unless you give us some time and space to do so.” I went upstairs to decide what to wear, but a woman came up asking if she could use our bathroom. I woke up determined to never again open the door early to any spiritual cooking event until we were ready.

In spite of these challenges, Hillary and I remained more excited than frustrated about the mystery and change in the air. We deeply realized that the art of spiritual cooking requires practical wisdom and disciplined skill for juggling both a wild openness to helping others and the careful gatekeeping of time, space, entries, transitions, and exits. We understood that this crucial lesson should never be forgotten or else we would again face the risk of self-refrigeration triggered by unregulated kindness. Good timing is as important as anything else. The when, where, and how of opening and closing doors point to another back-and-forth vibration that is required to ignite, sustain, and intensify ecstatic elation.

Mark Twain once advised, “The secret to getting ahead is getting started.” When should you get started with the adventures of spiritual cooking overseen by the Sacred Ecstatics saints on high? Why not now? Or if you prefer, how about launching any time before another five minutes have elapsed? Make sure you are appropriately dressed for fire tending and don’t open the door too early for distracting social chitchat. This is equally important in making the room ready for the kind of main rope concentration that brings down the sacred vibration.

It’s interesting that this dream sequence began with hearing a sound we had created in our musical production for Mark Twain. No other Sacred Ecstatics visionary saint is as exemplary for careful and discriminate gatekeeping of the mystical door as Mr. Clemens. His religious life was essentially hidden from the masses. He was known as a literary satirist who exposed the absurd nonsense and outright hypocrisy and idiocy of spirituality and religion in its many varieties. Yet in the right place and moment, he took himself and those near him to church with a soulfully sung rendition of an old spiritual song. Let us also not forget that he was very fussy about anyone being in his private office where his creative writing, cigars, swear words, and gathering dust felt at home and wanted to be left alone. And so it is that an alternating tone, morphing attitude, and changing altitude are required to aesthetically, somatically, and ecstatically answer God’s call to get to work on your mission.

Your Future Depends on What Is Packed in Your Suitcase and Following the Right Time

Brad dreamed he was preparing to fly home from a mystical transportation terminal in Asia that appeared like a blended mix of the airports found in Tokyo, Singapore, and Hong Kong:

With only one suitcase in hand and a few minutes remaining before departure, I had to quickly choose what to take on the plane. Later, after arriving at my destination, I opened the suitcase and noticed I hadn't packed any clothes, valuables, or daily supplies. However, I did pack some recordings that had been made of ecstatic elders throughout the world, along with some recording equipment and electronic devices. In addition, I had carefully packed our own recent recordings and writings. Finally, a few mojo objects that seemed both familiar and unfamiliar were found tucked away inside. I realized I only brought what was essential to conserving, continuing, and further evolving our work.

Then suddenly Hillary was with me and we were whisked to a party room where a gathering of people had assembled. A beautiful Steinway grand piano had its lid open, ready to play. Madonna, the pop singer, walked in and everyone turned to see that a celebrity was in the room. She was holding a bright red manuscript that looked like a score of music, clearly something just composed and not yet recorded for the public. As she came nearer, I saw the title of the song spelled out as one word, "Annie." In an instant I realized we were in the past and that no one knew this musical score would become a Broadway musical hit. She handed it to me and asked me to play so she could sing it.

I went to the piano and started to play. Madonna quickly interrupted and said, "Play it a little faster to bring more energy." When she gave that advice, every cell in my body knew she was wrong. I looked at Hillary and we rolled our eyes, remembering the time we heard a Broadway touring cast perform "Annie" in Tucson, Arizona. The conductor had sped up the tempo and the whole musical sounded off. We had seen numerous productions in New York and were familiar with the original cast recording so there was no doubt that the hurried pace was different and did not work well. We even joked that the cast must have been in a hurry to get the evening over with. Now at a visionary party, Madonna was making the same error, explaining that she thought a faster tempo would make her sound more energized. After the dream we discovered that most pop music rhythms, including Madonna's hits, have 100-120 beats per minute, the same pulse as CPR. That kind of non-changing rhythm may physically restore a heartbeat, but it does little to touch the soul.

The fast track to popular success too often follows cliché advice that misses the aesthetic wisdom required for a master performance. Here you are instructed to make it faster, louder, or carry a more outrageous wardrobe in your suitcase. Sacred Ecstatics prefers conserving the ancient truths of performance that evoke soulful n/om rather than titillate popular excitement with hyped energy on a stage having little depth. Pop music and pop spirituality offer pleasing platitudes and sappy attitudes that surely draw attention but have no match to set souls on fire.

Just before waking up from the dream, I heard these words: “The future depends on what you now have packed in your suitcase and making sure you follow the right rhythmic time.”

The “right rhythmic time” refers to both the historical period of the lineage roots that lead to your expressive fruit, as well as the present tempo of your life performance show. Throw away anything nonessential and carry the ecstatic musical tracks that are in sync with the soulful, unrushed heartbeat of a divinely sourced melody. Pack your suitcase to be well suited for Sacred Ecstatics.

Years ago, the elder shamans of the Guarani Indians in Paraguay left Brad with this advice: “Follow the thoughts of your rational mind and you surely will become lost. Follow the spirits of the forest and you will be guided through.” Today we say: “Follow what’s popular and you will be lost. Pack your suitcase right and follow the tempo of ecstatic mystery and you will always be right on time.”

Flying Lesson and Prayer is an Alternating Current

Brad dreamed we were taken to a medieval university in England:

It was late at night, and we were at a sports field located near a cluster of stone buildings. I chanted loudly: “The earth shakes and quakes below as I rhyme my song.” As I repeated these words, I began to rise above the ground and was soon flying in circles around the four corners of the stadium’s field. Hillary was on the ground below and I watched her go back and forth between being a teacher and a student.

As I flew overhead and shouted the magical incantation, the words began to change as the rhythmic chant turned into a melodic song:

. . . the earth, the home hearth, and the heart of the body harp
bellows below with a low singing tone to shake, quake, and quiver
the string as the headlight rhymes in altering time and makes this
flight climb higher into the mystical sight and sound of the luminous

night . . . around this field we yield to the song that crosses and enters the well, the veil, over every ascending hill and descending valley of heaven and hell . . .

As I felt the vibratory energy within swell and further rise, my head felt like it was expanding inside. I began to fear my mind or even the whole world would explode. Out of concern, I cooled down and came back to the ground.

Hillary, now in the role of a teacher, authoritatively pointed to the sky and the chant began all over again. Up I went into the circular flight. I looked below and saw others from the Sacred Ecstatics Guild had joined Hillary on the ground. I recognized Esther with her hands waving both hello and goodbye, which I understood to mean “I, too, want to fly!” Higher I ascended until fear of explosion and losing my head again brought me back to the ground. Hillary then tenderly pointed upward again and quietly told me, “Have no fear; the beat will defeat any fear of the heat.” When I was again high in the sky, I allowed the pressure in my head to further increase, remembering that I had forgotten something previously experienced in all my years of ecstatic cooking. The head sometimes experientially explodes to boost the temperature and launch you into a higher, hotter atmosphere.

Now the chant came back, even wilder than before. The fire inside me blazed even hotter and bells began ringing throughout the night sky. There were both little bells and giant chimes clanging in time with rhyming words and melodic tones. Any fear of self-erosion gave way to blissful explosion. I was not prepared for the next surprise. Without warning, the sounds within became shockingly loud, even louder than my voice or the bells in the air. It was as if I was hearing the pure, unfiltered, and undampened sound of the entire cosmos.

Then the bells answered back, even louder than exploding dynamite, while the rhyming went beyond mental comprehension as newborn contrarian tension threw me into an even higher suspension between the heavens above and ground below. A symphony and choir entered the scene to perform these lines of an old Broadway song:

When he goes away, that's a rainy day
But when he comes back, that day is fine
The sun will shine

I recognized them as lyrics from the Jerome Kern classic, “Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man.” The song continued in the dream, accompanied by the heavenly bells:

Fish got to swim, birds got to fly
I got to love one man till I die
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine
Tell me he's lazy, tell me he's slow
Tell me I'm crazy (maybe I know)
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine
When he goes away, that's a rainy day
But when he comes back, that day is fine
The sun will shine

After a time, I finally came back down to the ground. I embraced Hillary and celebrated forever being by her side. I knew in that moment that I had caught one of our songs, because we can't help loving each other and the extraordinary numinous mystery that brought us together and continues to guide us.

As I dreamed this dream, Hillary dreamed as well. She envisioned us together in deep conversation, discussing the essential nature of prayer: "It is surely more than the memorized recitation of an unfelt incantation. It is heavenly levitation that paradoxically sinks us into the deepest heart well, freeing us from loveless hell. Here pinnacle jubilation swells and explodes with the utmost joy." At the end of her dream, she heard me conclude our discussion with these words, "Prayer is an alternating current." Those words woke her up at the same time I awakened while hearing the Jerome Kern song.

Let us say that prayer has many forms, but when it really cooks it becomes an alternating current that rises and falls like a n/om-kxao spiritually cooking under the night sky. Here Nikola Tesla meets to electrically heat his friend, Mark Twain. Remember that Twain's *Book of Life* taught us "it's all about electricity" and "above all else, make sure God is on the line." Have no fear of the heat generated by the chants, beats, and impossible flying feats. Get out of your brain, let the music rain, and God will teach you how to fly.

A Hot Air Balloon Rises Toward New Jerusalem

Brad dreamed he was assembling a work of art:

I was holding a framed painting that looked like a collage made by the outsider visionary artist, Reverend Howard Finster from Rome, Georgia. He was led by vision to turn his property into Paradise Garden, a kind of folk art park. He

numbered every painting because God told him to create five thousand paintings, a number he readily surpassed. In my dream, there were words mixed in with various images in the painting that offered some kind of teaching or instruction.

I next covered the painting with a transparent sheet of plastic, something Finster occasionally did, and decided to paint a second layer over the image underneath. To my surprise, the top of the painting I made looked like a version of Sister Gertrude Morgan's paintings of New Jerusalem. It was bright red with a hotel-like building in the sky. It made me doubt that I had painted it—I assumed she must have painted it when I was not looking. However, in the lower corner of the art was something I did paint—the image of a hot air balloon sailing upward. The balloon was tilted due to a strong wind.

After the whole work was completed, my mother arrived. I was excited to show her what had been created. I began to pull off the top layer that I painted, but it started to wrinkle so I stopped and left it intact. I then remembered that before I went to sleep, I had prayed that guidance be delivered for Hillary and I from Sister Gertrude Morgan, Mother Ralph, Archbishop and Mother Pompey, John B. Valmour, and Jesus, among others. I noticed that these spiritual mothers and fathers were somehow sending a message through the veil, conveyed as a composite work of art—its images and words were a collage of holy mystical bread. My job was to add the balloon transportation to the sky city where the spiritual classrooms are found, coming back to share the teachings with others. When I awakened from the dream, I could no longer remember what words or images had been on the first layer of the painting. I recalled Sister Gertrude's image of New Jerusalem, and more clearly remembered the hot air balloon I had added.

Several days later I woke up in the middle of the night recalling a dream I had decades ago as a young man. I envisioned being in a hot air balloon that went high into the sky. As I floated upwards, I eventually hit the curved edge of the sky and found it was a fragile eggshell. It cracked open and I soared far beyond into the heavens, rising further into the mysterious cosmos to experience the unknown. I was haunted for many years by that dream until it finally faded from my memory. Here is an illustration Hillary made of my experience:



In this latest dream, the balloon returned and showed me that the destination of that earlier flight and all subsequent journeys was New Jerusalem, the mystery city that inspires visionary artists to create. Sacred Ecstatics uses endless varieties of transportation from ships to planes, Chrysler Imperials, spinning Ezekiel wheels, and even a hot air balloon to take you up toward the ineffable space on the other side. Get your creative work in motion on the ground, wait for the holy wind to blow, and God willing, you will rise to that beautiful city in the sky.

The Beauty of the Moon and the Horror of the Storm Are Not Primary

In dream, Brad envisioned we were in a skyscraper apartment somewhere like New York City. It was surrounded by full length windows so we could see far in every direction:

As nighttime approached, we looked out the window and were shocked to see that the moon had come so close to earth that it filled the entire sky. It was the most beautiful scene we ever beheld. Hillary and I wept with joy, so overcome that we were unable to say a word. We just stared out the window, stunned in awe and wonder. Then we started to think about how this was possible—how can the moon look that big? What scientific explanation could address this seemingly impossible phenomenon? As we started to discuss and analyze the mystery we beheld, the moon started to melt like it was made of the same plastic I used in the previously dreamed two-layer painting. The moon finally melted away as if it had only been an illusion, even though it originally appeared miraculously real. A voice then said, “All is impermanent.”

Still in the dream, we went to sleep and woke up the next morning to find another unexpected scene outside the window. The most horrifying tornado was coming toward us as we witnessed buildings being ripped apart. We started to head toward the basement and along the way met a cleaning woman in the hallway. She said there was no basement. Hearing that, we went back inside our apartment. We then fell into a conversation about another topic that absorbed us so much that we forgot about the storm. We didn’t even look out the window again but stayed focused on the excitement of our work. The same voice spoke again, “All is impermanent.”

The next day we discussed what these images were meant to convey—the rising balloon, New Jerusalem city in the sky, the skyscraper apartment, beautiful moon, horrifying storm, and the plastic second layer that would wrinkle or melt—like the moon— if handled or analyzed. We only knew that we must stay mission-focused, fully absorbed in the work at hand rather than gaze out the looking glass at one impermanent form after another, wondering why it is there as our emotions rock between joy and fear depending on the image seen on the reality screen of an always changing scene.

Leap Out of Your Body to Better Experience Embodiment

For one entire week after a Sacred Ecstatics intensive, Brad dreamed each night that we were still spiritually cooking with our Guild. Each time he woke up unable to remember any details, even though the visions delivered important new teachings on better spiritual engineering. One dream Brad remembered vividly because it addressed working with haptic devices, something we had begun tinkering with since the dreams of Charles Henry started coming down in recent years. In this dream, we were in a Sacred Ecstatics laboratory trying a new experiment:

I was trying out two haptic vests, one over the chest and the other behind my back. We played one of our recorded ecstatic audio tracks while each vest sent separate mechanical vibrations associated with the varying rhythms and tones. While I experienced this vibrational-sonic arrangement, an authoritative voice on high advised: “Leap out of your body.” I imagined doing this and immediately found that the intensity of the ecstatic experience was profoundly amplified the more I could imagine the leap and feel the absorption into the surrounding vibrational field.

I then understood that we had been given a strategic intervention for plunging further into ecstatic experience. Namely, remove the distractions that come from dabbling with the abstract meaning of either “ecstatics” or “somatics.” Clinging to a notion like “the body” risks excessive contemplation, reflection, and narration that weigh you down and further distance you from conducting the sacred vibration. Jump out of the mind’s notion of the body and its named somatic conditions to leave more room for feeling the vibration. Less mind abstraction and more body absorption.

The instruction to “leap out of the body” should not be misconstrued as a prescription for some kind of “astral projection.” The advice had more to do with leaping out of *the idea of* the body. This also invites you to be more inside and in-between the oscillation between the two haptic vests and the surrounding sonic atmosphere without interference from tangential ideation and mentation about being a receiver, container, owner, observer, interpreter, or subject. The wisdom suggestion to envision leaping out of the body helps you leave the distraction of unnecessary abstraction behind, enabling a more emotionally concentrated and less cognitively filtered focus on the Sacred Ecstatics experience of synchronized sound, vibration, and emotion.

In the dream I let go of having any interest in the construed locus of experience and was flooded with how psychological description and explanation are an impediment to the ecstatic climb of inspired and amplified sensory-motor interaction. I could almost hear Osumi Sensei say, “Less psyche, more seiki.” Reifications or the false concretization of your skin-bound containment burden you with unnecessary baggage whose self-promoting labels choke the life force. Here sensory-motor activity and its conjoined perception-action duo performance are diminished while the abstraction of self is inflated and exaggerated, drawing more attention to the frame than the extraordinary art within.

In the dream I was able to automatically drop the need for framing my experience as happening to and through a “self,” “body,” or vessel holding,

guiding, describing, or explaining it. I sank deeper into unframed raw experience—the non-substantive stuff of First Creation’s undifferentiated, multi-sensory whirl.

The spiritual classroom taught how disembodiment, the separation of mind and body, is perpetuated by abstracting the body from *its* experience while redacting the experience itself. Experience, including that held between two haptic vests in a sonic field, has no need to be mentally fenced in by any hypothetical explanatory construct that has no capacity to conduct numinous electricity.

In the dream, a voice spoke again:

The tragic error of humankind is perpetuating a false sense of localized consciousness, including its relationship to any “inner” versus “outer” dichotomous space. Spiritual experience thrives in the unframed, vast numinous sea that is empty of names. This is the house of mystery, the big room of Sacred Ecstasies. Drop the notions of the body, the self, the frame, and even the room, house, and sea. Drop a name to crack the outer categorical shell. Then exit the hell of that fantasized upsized cell where a bounded self is soulless, pious, and dead. Head for the fire of infinity that has no need for dividing humanity and divinity. As flames erase every name, song and dance arrive to convey the electrical excitation of creation.

Go ahead and put that hot air to good use: ignite a fire and fill a hot air balloon that aims for the sky. There the abstracted body and its psychological mate die so *little me* can fly onward to the pinnacle height. Ask the holy wind to send you through. Meet New Jerusalem where the sonic and somatic vibrations pulse you into the utmost concentration of ecstasy. This is what dissolves the unnatural divide between earth and heaven.

After All Is Said and Done, Let ‘Er Rip

Brad repeatedly dreamed through the night of being in an intensive, this time one that seemed to last for several weeks:

As we neared the end of the intensive and things started to cool down, we began discussing the wonderful things we have learned over the years about spiritual cooking. Then someone shouted, “We only have one more day left. Let’s go all the

way!” Hillary looked at me and said, “That means we have to go to church and set the hottest fire.” I smiled and replied, “Let ‘er rip!” The fire of heaven soon burst forth as gospel music and dance filled the room.

Hillary and I then looked at each other and smiled but didn’t say a word. In that glance was held more shared understanding than any words could ever express. Divinity is always more readily found amidst a bent blues note with honey covered cornbread than in a monotonous tone served on an unsweetened gluten-free bun. At the end of the analysis and the paralysis induced by all that can be critically said and purposefully done, simply drop the chatter of the voice box. Then jump out of the text and ideological stance and let the fire of sacred emotion spread through inspired song and dance. While aloof critics and status quo observers may fear to ecstatically tread where angels let ‘er rip, the gods hang out where old fashioned religious emotion, motion, and commotion cook all of creation.

Lame Deer and the Sacred Pipe

Brad dreamed we were conducting an intensive in an unfamiliar city. At the end of the day, we were approached by a privileged man of authority who wanted to experience sacred ecstasy:

The man said bluntly, “I want you to give me n/om.” He asked for a spiritual experience like he was ordering a cheeseburger at a diner where I was a waiter hired to serve whatever his appetite desired. It was like hearing him say, “I’d like a double n/om-burger and please hold the hot sauce, onions, and chile pepper—make it mild.” I replied, “It doesn’t work that way. I’m not able to give you a spiritual experience as if it’s fast food and furthermore, it comes hot or it’s not n/om.”

Hillary and I walked away and headed back to our hotel. Just before we entered the premises, my cell phone dropped out of my pocket and fell to the ground. A stranger behind us picked it up and started to hand it to us. I then realized that he had been following us and was likely sent by the rich and powerful man who had asked for n/om. Worried that the man might wish us harm because we didn’t give him what he wanted, we rushed inside the building and left the phone behind. We wanted no more contact with that kind of person.

After entering the hotel, we discovered we had left more than the phone behind. We had somehow traveled back in time to what seemed like the late 1960s or early 70s. A hotel attendant came up to us and announced, “The old man is waiting for you. He’s in a room down the hall.” Without hesitation we headed

in that direction and found the Lakota holy man, John Fire Lame Deer, sitting behind a table.

He looked at us and said, "I'd like to buy your pipe." He then held up a beautiful old Lakota pipe from the 1890s whose bowl and stem were both made of catlinite. I recognized the pipe because I had seen it for sale many years ago and truly coveted it, but out of cultural respect I never purchased it. Yet strangely, this holy medicine man spoke of the pipe as if it were mine. Before I could think of a response, Lame Deer raised the pipe to his mouth like he would smoke it, even though no tobacco had been placed in its bowl. After taking a puff, he looked at me and offered his evaluation, "You have a good pipe. I want it. I'll give you sixty dollars for it."

In that moment I experienced many contradictory feelings all at once. Since the pipe was sacred, I first wondered why Lame Deer, of all people, would treat it as a commodity that could be exchanged for cash. Furthermore, he offered an amount far below what the pipe was worth in the marketplace. However, I did not actually own the pipe. Because it was not mine to give or sell, I felt no temptation to exchange it for sixty dollars or any price. I knew Lame Deer's offer had to involve more than a test for resisting the temptation of "green frog skins" (Lame Deer's term for dollar bills). Clearly, he was asking me to make a sacrifice. But again, I did not own the pipe, so there was nothing for me to give away.

Amidst this confusion, one thing was clear: What I felt most strongly was that the pipe came alive after he smoked it. Lame Deer, now an ancestor on the other side, had filled the Lakota canupa with a mysterious holiness. I felt its spiritual power in the air, flowing from his breath, through the pipe, and into me. He did not take the pipe. He simply held it in the air between us. I woke up uncertain about what had happened and dizzy from this visionary experience that I strongly felt but did not understand.

It took two days to realize what happened in the dream. I remembered my friend, Richard Erdoes, who wrote Lame Deer's famous biography. That's where I first learned that Lame Deer was a heyoka medicine man—a "contrarywise . . . upside-down man".^{vi} Pete V. Catches, a medicine man and son of the great medicine man, Pete Catches, later noted that "Lame Deer was the last true heyoka . . . which means that you literally say and do things backwards in a humorous manner."^{vii} We now understood that when Lame Deer asked to buy the pipe it was actually a heyoka means of giving the pipe. This was his way of saying that I now owned it.

Hillary and I also know that there are two worlds of exchange. One is the world of green frog skins and the things it can purchase. This world is governed by the

attitude that someone can take whatever they want with no intention of sharing or using it to benefit others. This sense of entitlement was expressed by the man in my vision who expected us to provide him immediate, “on-demand” spiritual experience. The other world views ownership not as owning physical things but as owning sacred emotion—a pipeline to the Big Holy.^{viii} Inside its medicine lodge you find wisdom keepers whose pipe, tobacco, fire, smoke, and holy exchange are not perceived by nonspiritual eyes and ears. Here the sacred is given away in order to be received, shared, and felt.

For Lame Deer and other medicine people of his time, the sacred pipe was considered the missing half of a human being that was spiritually needed to make you whole. Its value is therefore worth half of your life. When a representative of the Big Holy asks you for your pipe, release it for whatever amount they propose. Know they are asking you to give up any serious concern for earthly materialism. They may offer you a ridiculous price, like Lame Deer offered us, just to lampoon the very nature of our green frog skin world that thinks paper matters more than feeling closer to the Creator. Hand over your attachment to money and instant gratification in exchange for placing greater value on access to the mystery world.

After my vision Hillary and I now own the feeling for that old pipe, its tobacco, fire, smoke, prayer, and the old heyoka man who gave us the pipe by offering to buy it. This mystery is held in the unseen world where song-filled spiritual electricity abounds and is beyond the reach of a personal request or selfish quest. Greater than silver and gold, prayer and its holy instruments are forever priceless. It is the owner’s world that must be given away in exchange for another world whose pipe and pipeline are aligned with higher power. Lame Deer describes this feeling of mystery: “You feel that power as you hold your pipe; it moves from the pipe right into your body. It makes your hair stand up. That pipe is not just a thing; it is alive . . .”^{ix} He also reported:

I felt my blood going into the pipe, I felt it coming back, I felt it circling in my mind like some spirit . . . It suddenly came to me that if I mingle my breath with the sacred smoke, I would also mingle it with the breath of every living creature on this earth, and I also realized that the glow in the pipe was the sacred fire of the Great Spirit.^x

We would like to purchase your pipe. It’s a good one. We’ll offer you sixty dollars or the first sixty years of your life, the time that passes before you enter elderhood. Know that the transition from any small room—including those promising wealth, stature, prestige, health, and

longevity—to the big room of change reverses everything. Here, among those precious and Deer, you will discover how refined materiality has less value than raw spirituality. Reach out and be touched by the numinous pipe, fire, and smoke that are owned only when shared through prayer.

II. THE EXPERIMENTS OF SACRED ECSTATICS

Experiment One: Planting Mystical Seeds

Instructions for Experiment One

On November 23, 2019, we began a series of mystical experiments with the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. These were posted in our online network. We prayed for guidance and waited for directions for each experiment to come down the visionary rope. The first experiment instructed everyone to plant seeds in an uncommon manner:

Choose a flower, a vegetable, and a fruit that represent “the feeling” for who you hope you are becoming. Consider these the three mystical forms of your utmost future blossoming, enriching contribution, and ripened fruition.

Now go visit a local garden store or shop online. Purchase the three kinds of seeds that you selected for your life (re)germination. Don’t carelessly relate to them; welcome them like you are meeting formerly lost and recently found soul sisters and brothers. Make them feel they are truly at home.

Prepare a small First Creation bed out of a small Second Creation box that can fit either underneath your bed or reside on a table near where you sleep. Next, cover the box floor with flour. Consider this sacred ground. Plant your three seeds into this flour bed—one seed for the chosen flower, one seed for the chosen vegetable, and one seed for the chosen fruit.

Seal the box with tape so it will not be opened again. Perhaps you’d like to wrap it like a gift box—such action provides an extra boost of wonder working power. Finally, write down and then read this prayer out loud, doing so with just enough melodic tone and rhythm in your voice to awaken authentic emotion:

May these unseen seeds
break through and make new this sacred ground,
flower into a shower of holy love,
and deliver ecstatic ignition.
I welcome this germination, vegetation, and fruition.

Again, make sure to both write the prayer and speak it aloud. Do this with conviction and then caringly set the seeds and their living quarters in their new home near where you sleep. Each night you must remember to imagine hearing, seeing, and feeling that the inner contents of the sealed small box have been alchemically transformed and transplanted within your whole being. The mystical

seeds, their sacred ground, and all the Sacred Ecstatics dynamics involved in their growth are taking place within you and in your surroundings.

Your new job is to magically water these seeds and assure they receive radiant sunlight each day and night, doing so with a cooked prayer. Not any way of praying will work. Blend your tone, rhythm, and movement with at least a drop of sacred emotion. Use the three prayers provided in Hillary's guide, *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*, one prayer for each seed: "I need Thee," "do it Lord, and "just be nice." All the operations and prayers are in this book which you may now consider your handbook for growing your inner garden. Let us begin!

Gardening Advice: How to Begin Your Experiment

After posting the experiment instructions, we shared the following teaching with the Guild:

How you conduct the experiment is what matters—you must do it with numinous gusto to feel the seeds grow and glow. Don't halfheartedly go through the motions without feeling that mystery is close at hand. Perform this experiment in a manner that makes you feel and think that this the most mysterious exploration you ever launched. In other words, get all of you to participate—your conscious, unconscious, toes, fingers, ear drums, funny bones, tones, rhythms, movements, as well as both high and deep emotion. Focus, concentrate, saturate, and marinate in ineffable wonder.

You must steadfastly and continuously work on building the room that holds this uncommon action, that is, build up the feeling that mystery is present. Never enact it in a small box; always do it in the big room. Your prayers, expressed with good spiritual engineering, are what help expand and heat the room. Emphasize feeling mystery rather than understanding the experiment or interpreting your actions.

At this moment you should be considering how to acquire a box, three seeds, and some flour (and perhaps some giftwrapping material). Let's take a shamanic look at each item.

The Box: Again, make sure you are deeply rather than shallowly relating to the experiment. Don't mindlessly grab any box. Don't select a box because it's convenient or easy. Ask what kind of box evokes a feeling of mystery. Is it already waiting in your home? Did it belong to a grandparent or friend? Do you need to visit a store to find it? Or a flea market or antique shop? Will it be a big or small box? An out-of-the-box box? Old or new? Wood, paper, ceramic, metal, or other? Should you drive to another town or neighborhood and search for it? Do

whatever helps you feel surprise, mystery, and an ecstatic tingle about seeking the box. When you find a box, ask its permission to be obtained, but only if it increases the sense of mystery rather than feels like a rule you are supposed to follow. Or take the box on a walk and carefully explain its new mission.

The experiments of Sacred Ecstatics are your training ground for learning to act in ways that build a more ecstatically mystical, shamanic, and spiritual room for living. The experimental instruction per se means less than how you perform it. Your altered action is the experiment—did you evoke mystery and sacred emotion? How can you do it better? Find the box as soon as possible. Waiting too long breeds too much analysis and conscious purpose, interfering with feeling the unknowable essence of mystery.

The Seeds: Unless you overnight mail your seeds with an online order or find them locally at a store, consider other ways of mysteriously yielding a seed to get your experiment moving along. You could print out a photo of a seed and plant it in the flour—this gets you immediately started. Then when the actual seed arrives, tape it to its photo. Please don't draw a picture of the flower, fruit, or vegetable because you would then be missing the growth process—jumping ahead of the stages of development that include planting the seed, nourishing the soil, germination, breaking through the ground, reaching toward the sun, and final fruition.

It's very important to choose seeds that stir sacred emotion, mystery, curiosity, attraction, or childlike joy. As always, spend enough time but not too much time thinking about this. Here is some personal commentary from Brad on his seed choices:

I personally chose a banana as my fruit. Why? Because as a child it was my favorite fruit. I was often sick as a kid (at least 3-4 times a year in the hospital) and my grandparents (Doe and Pa Pa) would always bring me a sack of bananas. I sometimes ate all of them at once. Today I have at least one banana a day. Also, when I was in St. Vincent, I dreamed of a part of the banana as a medicine for my spiritual father—it helped cure his sickness. I want to bring forth more banana fruition in my life—delivering sweet medicine to others in need of an antidote to the existential bitters. While a banana has many seeds, today it is often not grown from a seed—I like this perplexing nature of its complexity.

Next, I chose the sweet potato as my vegetable. For many years, I called myself the “King of Sweet Potatoes” because I relish

an old advertisement image that depicted this phrase. I formerly carried copies of this ad with me and used them as my business cards. I don't like to eat sweet potatoes that much, but my son loves them—they are his favorite food, along with peanut butter and acai bowls. Hence, that spud is my veggie seed—which is technically called a *slip* rather than a seed. This slip reminds me of slipping on a banana peel and that tickles me even more.

Finally, my flower is the orchid, although I almost chose a rose. An orchid is nearly impossible to grow from a seed and that is “me” for sure. I chose it because Osumi Sensei's greatest passion was growing orchids. Every orchid reminds me of her living presence. I want to become one of the orchids in her garden.

When you choose your seeds, don't worry or give a hoot about whether it is really a seed or a slip, a shoot, or whatever. Also don't worry about whether your vegetable is really a fruit or be concerned over any other categorical confusion or argumentation. Just proceed to seed your mystical garden.

The Flour: We're sure you can find a mysterious way to select flour. This can even include how you choose the bag of flour at the store. Perhaps select the one most hidden in the back of the shelf, or one that is separate from the other bags. You are also free to choose one of the many anti-flour flours on the market today, including those made from nuts—why not accept that it's a nutty world.

The Gift Wrapping: Wrap the box so it feels like a real gift is inside. Make mystery you can feel as you conduct every step of this experimental walk into the big room. Do it sooner rather than wait until later. In the wrap is found another rap. Do it now, for you are a fruity tooty in need of *muti* seeds that feed the need to root and hoot for the ineffable sweetness, vitality, and beauty of your sacred garden.

More Agricultural Advice:

- With your garden box, flour, and seeds in place, remember to water them with the three-word prayers from *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*.
- Soak in an ecstatic audio track as you interact with it tonally, rhythmically, and kinetically.

- For each day you have missed caring for your seeds, do it more often on the following days to make up for lost time. Double or triple up anyway to better dare and care to prepare for the journey into mystery. Remember: you are watering the seeds of a sacred ecstatic comeback of your *little me*.
- Flood your mind with an ongoing awareness of this experiment. Your garden and prayer weather system should occupy more of your thought than political news or worldly views. Be “odd-sessed” (far more interesting than “obsessed”) about your experimental participation and mystical precipitation.
- Don’t forget that your *little me* is the seed within the seed within the seed ad infinitum trying to germinate and illuminate widespread vegetation, beautiful flowering, and incredible fruition of the ineffable kind.
- Along the way, you may be inspired to change your mind about your choice of box or seeds. No problem, just make sure you make up for the lost prayer days by having a heavier rainfall for a day or two.
- Allow your mind to imagine alterations and variations of any part of this experiment, but also rein yourself in from going too far out on a limb. For instance, imagine other ways the seeds could be found, made, alchemically reformed, or spiritually renamed. You could plant buttons that are considered seeds. Or use marbles, foreign words for the seed’s name, and so forth. But please don’t go further than planting these seeds. It’s not yet time for roots, stems, fruit, and flowers—there is a process you, as a seed, must go through with your other seeds. First tend to the soil and plant until germination calls for awakening from incubation and hibernation.
- You are using the experiment to plant yourself in the dynamics of cooking prayers, learning how to kickstart the natural rise of spiritual heat.
- One more time: how and how often you immerse yourself in the experiment determine whether you mystically germinate with your seed team.
- Happy planting, all you seedies in needies of the horti-cultural and spiritually vertical veggie and fruity flower goddie who atmospherically and circularly presides over its *little me* buddies wanting more ecstatic huggies.

Fine Tuning the Seed Experiment

After a week of conducting this experiment, we received many inspiring reports describing how people felt the ropes connect them to mystery and bring everyone closer together. In addition, people shared photos of their decorated seed boxes. We responded to these experiment reports with the following teaching, which included recommendations for further fine-tuning of the experiment:

Every person's contribution speaks for a vital part inside each of us. This includes the contribution of saying nothing or being "missing in action" in the online community—there is still a communication when nothing is said. There is within each of us both a desire to go all the way and a persistent resistance to change that includes building a bigger room for living. The experiments of Sacred Ecstasies are about utilizing everything as a resource, including resistance, for learning how to better gather, blend, turn, build, burn, and return renewed and readier to be a changing participant in creation.

As for us, we both threw ourselves into this prayer experiment, planting our seeds together in classic wheat flour in a special ceramic vessel that was a gift from dear friends. It has a butterfly on top. We have been delighted and excited by the way this experiment concentrated and focused our prayers, something also experienced by many of you.

Our homegrown seeds also led us to four spiritual classroom visitations that each brought down more teaching. They comprise the next entries of this book:

- (1) Everything is a Middle
- (2) Regard Everything as a Middle Act
- (3) Dance to Release the Holy Water
- (4) A Gift from Mexico.

We also received the following mystical direction to summarize and fine tune the first experiment. By now you should more experientially appreciate that you and every part of your experience is a seed, not one seed but many. The garden is another metaphor for the room in which the seeds of your wonder-bred potential reside. There they either lie dormant or are made ready to germinate and steadfastly grow to fruition. The seeds of Sacred Ecstasies reach for the brightest heavenly sunshine and thirst for the purest water from the holiest fountain which is inseparable from the vastest sea. What matters most when you step into

mystical gardening is that you work and play to make sure your garden is well cared for daily.

For the forthcoming days, try something different each night with your prayer gardening routine. What follows is a guide to help you implement endless changing, all inspired by the outcomes of your experimentation.

Simple Variations:

- Add or replace seeds (Brad has already added chile, apricot, and mango seeds)
- Add another garden box or start all over again with new soil and garden space
- Say all three prayers for each seed separately or for all seeds at the same time. In other words, feel free to experiment with how you deliver the prayer lines to the seeds.

Prayer Line Alterations (careful, not too much):

- If you have any God allergies or religious dysentery, alter the first prayer line from “I need Thee” to “I need mystical polyphony” or “I need a theophany” or “I need to feel divinity.”
- For the second line, instead of “Do it, Lord,” try “Do it, Frank” (Saint Frank of Assisi or Mr. Fools Crow, it’s your choice), or “Do it, High Mamas and Papas” or “Do it, C.M.C.”^{xi} The experiment here would be to use these as middle names—bridges that carry you toward the other side of the river where you will eventually feel warm enough to say, “Do it, Lord.” You can also use one of the other names for “Lord” that means the same thing such as, “Big God,” (Bushman) “Big Holy” (a translation of the Lakota name for God), or just “God.”

Deejaying While Praying:

Brad dreamed this variation a couple of nights ago in the forthcoming visionary teaching, “Receiving the Music Box.” This way of praying uses a particular song associated with each of the prayer lines in Hillary’s *Pinnacle Prayer Book*. Here you pray aloud while singing a song inside yourself. Choose the song list beforehand using melodies you can easily play in your mind.

Here's how Brad did it: Start the prayer line, "I need Thee" while hearing the hymn, "I Need Thee Every Hour" inside. When the prayer line changes to "Do it, Lord," switch the inner music track to "See Me Through" from St. Vincent. Finally, play Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" to the prayer line, "Just be nice." This mix brings a higher power to prayer, generated by the rhythmic changes that are inspired by the call and response between background music and spoken words. You can also do this experiment by listening to the actual music, saying the prayer lines in your head while you listen to each song.

Add a Visual Component:

In addition to praying for your seeds, you can pray for a person, but do so in a special way: Envision planting that person in the ground as a seed, seeing them placed alongside other spiritual seeds. Imagine yourself planting seeds as you pray for this seed-person with the prayer lines, moving with the rhythms and changes that feed sacred emotion and creative experimentation.

Practical Tactical Minimalism:

This alteration was inspired by a directive we gave to someone who had difficulties getting their experiment started: *Do the least to bring the most yeast.* Start with one dot on the palm of your hand. Pray for one seed dot to assure a singular, concentrated focus on one seed at a time. Add another seed dot to your hand when you're ready while remaining unsure whether you can accurately discern your readiness to act. Allow the Creator to connect the dots in holy time and space.

Impossible Fantasy Maximalism:

Also inspired by a directive to another person struggling with procrastination, here you fantasize wildly impossible and impractical ways of fulfilling the prescribed experiment. For example, imagine hiring a 500-voice choir with a 1,000-instrument orchestra to accompany you parachuting over your town, distributing the seeds in the world's most spectacular sky performance. Or envision painting three sides of your house with the giant image of each seed.

Secretly Starting a Garden for Others:

Prepare a secret garden and plant seeds for others—loved ones, critters, and even the biosphere and stratosphere. Pray for them as a gardener of the seeds within them. This was inspired by one Guild member’s visit to his daughter’s neighborhood feed store to procure the elements for his experiment.

Implementing a Wider Range of Seed Forms:

- Broaden the range of people planted as seeds, now including those presently alive or from the past. Involve the saints, as well as those notorious *ain’ts* whose valuable gifts are in still in need of coming to fuller fruition.
- Plant quotations, poems, scriptures, or holy metaphors that inspire divine adoration. You may also plant a joke or two.

Alternative Calls and Responses:

Engage in a call and response with the seeds inside their box garden. Take turns having them be the call or the response. For example, hear one seed say, “I need Thee,” after which you respond with, “Bring me glee,” and so on. Remember that the *call and response* is a rhythmic bounce—the swing of an in-sync soulful back and forth. When there is a strong bounce, the call and response together feel like they pull each out of the other. That’s how you know the prayer wheel is turning.

Everything is a Middle: The Dynamics of Ouroborean Cybernetics

Prior to dreaming of *Lame Deer* and the pipe, Brad had been dreaming every night of new kinds of musical arrangements for our ecstatic track recordings. This musical higher education took place for nearly a month. The pipe arrived just before we launched the first recording of the Guild season. Soon afterward, Brad made a prayer request to be sent to a spiritual classroom for instruction, but specifically the kind of teaching that would involve words rather than only music so we would be able to enjoy writing up a report the next day. That night Brad dreamed he was making something with his hands that would highlight some critically important theoretical and practical principles:

I dreamed I was making a simple collage consisting of several written phrases drawn on a poster-sized canvas. Above and just to the right of the center I placed the image of *Ouroboros*. This mythical dragon or circular serpent that tries to

swallow its tail was used by one of my mentors, scientist Heinz von Foerster, to symbolize the basic self-correcting cybernetic dynamic of change. Next to it were these words, hand painted: “The Ouroborean circularity of recursion.”

Underneath that image and its accompanying words, and further to the right, I added another image, that of a theatre stage and curtain. The following words were hand painted next to the image in a variety of colors: “Different action brings the difference that makes a difference.”

Finally, in the dream, I tore out an irregularly shaped piece of thick brown cardboard that was taken from a discarded cardboard box and laid it upon the left lower side of the collage. Before gluing it on I wrote this quotation on it: “‘Honor thy error as a hidden intention’ – Brian Eno.” I then hesitated to attach the cardboard and its words, thinking it was a *repetition* of the directive to enact a difference.

But then I realized that it was a *recursion* (not a repetition) of the former statement and therefore brought something new to the performance stage: inspiration to alleviate the inaction that comes from too much fear of making mistakes. Instead, one recognizes that what initially appears as an error may be corrective guidance from the unconscious. The latter points beyond the limitations of conscious reason and leads to higher systemic wisdom. Such action only appears irregular, chaotic, and erroneous to the status quo logic of a habituated conscious mind that cheers familiar fragments and fears the unfamiliar, incomprehensible complexity of the greater whole beyond its grasp.

As I proceeded to attach the piece of cardboard to the collage, I realized that every image and quote was a transform of the other—a circular reentry of a previous form. Furthermore, the last quotation that came from Brian Eno did not have an image. Its form was a cardboard cutout to remind me that all things conjured by the mind are operationally nothing more than cutouts from the whole fabric of reality. Their truths are partial and situational. What matters is whether these cutouts lead to another action whose difference matters, that is, keeps the creative work in progress. In this way even presumed “errors” can bring you closer to a higher purpose if they are “honored,” that is, creatively utilized. I then heard a voice whisper, “This circular recursive art is a balm to uncalm the norm, an antidote to the germ that spreads the fatal disease of linearity.”

Pleased with the collage of three messages that embodied a variation of two messages that was, in turn, a variation of one message, I framed my creation as if it were a work of art ready to be hung on the wall. I then said to Hillary in the dream, “We need to remember that Ouroboros must come through us and allow differences of a different kind to link one transformed form to another, and that

all of this must be set on fire and brought to life with sacred emotion and the soulful force of creation.”



From inside the recursive circling of Ouroboros, a voice began speaking in the dream and continued as I started to wake up:

The beginnings, middles, and endings you experience in linear time only exist as cutouts construed by mind, momentary punctuations in the ongoing circular stream. Like sunrise and sunset, changing seasons, and rites of passage, these marked differences are what enable you to experience the seamless circling of life.

But the more encompassing truth is this: There is no such thing as a static beginning or final ending. There are only middles that sometimes also serve as beginnings and endings. Creation is made up of a series of middles, the dynamic bridges that connect one form to another, like a seed on its way to becoming something else. Meaningful, non-trivial change requires mysterious and wildly alive middles that host the back-and-forth oscillations of creative excitation, generation, regeneration, propagation, circulation, and percolation of the jubilation vibration.

Our linear culture does not live by this kind of change-based, dynamically steered wisdom. It is obsessed with static outcomes based on simple cause-and-effect thinking, only paying attention to the beginning cause and desired end outcome. No matter how attractive and acceptable the notion of circularity and ecological thinking may seem, it is wise to assume you and others will often get stuck in habits of linearity and most of the time won't perceive how circles within circles organize your life. Even if you have dedicated many years to the practical art of cybernetics, you will still witness your own relapse into action that is not guided by recursive process-oriented wisdom. Remain less certain about whether you are living in accord with the Dao of circular know-how. Such uncertainty helps you act differently rather than lazily claim a theoretical name while behaving the same.

Remember: *Different action brings the difference that makes a difference.* Every action contributes to a middle that can be used to move you to the next middle, which may bring forth a needed ending or the beginning of something new. These "middles" build the room of life. Honor thy true-blue errors as well as any presumed non-errors. Use them to inspire and guide making a more interesting, creative, mystical, n/om-filled difference that will lead to the next creation.

One more thing: the previous day while Brad was making a musical recording in another room, Hillary was preparing an email reminder for the Sacred Ecstatics Guild about our upcoming webinar. She neither showed nor told Brad anything about the image she chose to disseminate. Imagine Hillary's surprise when Brad reported his dream to her—she had sent out the same quote by Brian Eno, depicted on a cardboard background. Don't just marvel at the

magic but let this coincidence coincide with your planting this visionary teaching deeper into your life garden so it may come to fruition through action.

Regard Everything as the Middle Act

After Brad dreamed the teaching on “middles” and the recursive nature of experience, he woke up in the middle of the next night hearing these words spoken: “Regard every moment, every situation, every action, every thought, every emotion, and everything experienced as the middle act.” He remained awake considering how what he heard was related to the three-step recipe of Sacred Ecstatics. We often refer to these steps as “acts” to signify the trajectory of a simple theatrical performance that moves from a beginning to a middle and an end. Brad fell back to sleep and had a dream that elaborated the new message received:

Hillary and I were teaching others how to conduct a Sacred Ecstatics session. As we have taught before, the first act, or first step of the recipe, builds a big room. With sufficient expansion, the door opens to act two where spiritual cooking and higher transformation take place spontaneously. The final act sends everyone home with directions for a creative, spiritually charged task to perform in their daily life. In this manner, your experimental action helps keep the numinous alive in diverse situations and among all your relations. In the dream, we were being supervised by an unseen wisdom teacher who gave us a message to share with the Guild, one that would also advance our own teaching on the importance of the middle act:

People suffer because they are caught in thinking there are only beginnings and endings, also called antecedent causes and subsequent effects. You think you are either causing something to happen later or that you are now experiencing the direct result of some cause that occurred before. The middle act—the transition from one momentary experience to another—is then ignored or forgotten. Instead, you find yourself in a vicious cycle of diagnosing causes (beginnings) and assessing outcomes (endings) while missing the opportunity to experientially experiment with the dynamics of change that take place right now in between.

It is more generative to regard each moment as a middle that is full of transitional forms and themes. Be empowered by the dynamic of life-as-change rather than remain tricked by the mirage of an achievable, long-lasting, solid state of being. Regard

everything as a middle—a process of change rather than an original cause or final outcome. This is what it truly means to follow the “middle way.”

One clear sign that you are caught in the ping-pong between illusory finite beginnings and consequent endings is a tendency to declare, diagnose, posture, or measure yourself against your arrival at some final condition, destination, or outcome. These static-state achievements can be positive, negative, or neutral. Here are some examples:

“I’m a spiritually attuned being”
“I’m a healer”
“I have a Type A personality”
“I know”
“I’m an extrovert”
“I’m a hopeless case”
“I’m a failure”
“I have no rope to God”
“I can’t pray”
“I am not a shaman yet”
“I have Linear Causality Syndrome”

It’s not the particular subject, noun, or metaphor that leads you astray. The issue is forgetting that every experience, named or unnamed, is the middle of a transitional, morphing situation that feeds on change. For example, diagnostic labeling, whether psychological or spiritual, readily inhibits transformation. It is based on the illusion that there is some underlying fact, factor, trait, pathogenic traitor, or therapeutic insight about yourself or the universe that, if better understood, can help you achieve the outcome you desire. Wisdom of the circular kind, in contrast, maintains that insight and understanding should be handled with extreme caution. It too easily hardens into a framed box or closed room that feels finite, limited, solid, and predictable rather than vast, fluid, and full of unpredictable possibilities.

It’s not enough to only change the way you think; you must *act* as if every moment is a middle. Abandon outcome-based declarations, good or bad, and get on the dance floor with *the process of change*. Embrace improvisation. Make a performed difference or contrarian variance where unforeseen error doesn’t bring terror but is welcomed as a messenger. Its surprise helps confuse, loosen, and trip you free from scripted encapsulation.

Prayer is an Ongoing Middling

In the dream we taught the Guild how to make prayer “an ongoing *middling*, rather than only a beginning that is a means to an end.” We also advised that after wrapping up a prayer session, or any spiritual practice, avoid launching an outcome study. Don’t check to see whether you feel better, are pleased with how you sounded, had a big epiphany, solved all your problems, cured an ailment, feel less anxious, or whether any condition improved or not in any way. Doing so maintains your causality habit and converts prayer into a pill, vitamin, or magical treatment plan that motivates you to do it to cause a particular chosen outcome. Observing “prayer effects” already is a sign that you were “looking” more than cooking and that your prayer was taking place in a small, self-centered room.

If you find the act of praying unsatisfying in any kind of way, you may be tempted to declare, “I am a person who is unable to pray,” and then proceed to invent reasons why this may be so, from childhood experiences to personality traits or even chemical imbalances. Alternatively, experimentally treat prayer as a middle and ask, “what can I change about the way I pray?” This is not an abstract trick question, it is a direct pragmatic invitation to alter your tone, rhythm, movement, or the words or song you are singing until an uplifting difference is felt. Don’t drift toward psychological profiling, self-centered observations, and static non-ecstatic evaluations. Stay focused on the ingredients^{xii} of your prayer expression rather than have a confession or a profession of belief or disbelief.

There are endless ways to infuse the act of prayer with creativity, and this is one of the main experimental pursuits of Sacred Ecstasies. Cook a prayer to create and experience a vibrant middle—the enactment, expression, and communication of your hunger to be in relationship to divinity. Cease and desist all outcome assessment.

Allow enough room and time on stage to experience a holy odd accident, a surprise uprising incident, or even a vital tidal wave of error that can make a rippling difference. When you pray, keep tinkering with your praying until you feel expansion, heat, and creative change. Stay up all night if that is required to enter the big room—awake or asleep. Better to go through a saint’s ordeal than a zombie’s long sleep induced by a small room deal. Treat your night of prayer as a middle rather than a means to another dead end. It’s opening night after you turn off the bedroom light! In other words, pray to foster the exhilarating alchemical performance of praying—the sweet middle for catching a prayer wiggle.

There is also a useful side to the logic that a middle cannot exist without a beginning and an end. The middle here is better conceived as the *modus operandi* transition that bridges *this* to *that* and links every *before* and *after*. When prayer is revered as the middle that hosts creative freedom, you begin each prayer by doing what you can to strike a match and end by dedicating your life to remaining near the warmth of sacred flames, sharing its fire-setting sparks and heart shining light with others. Moving round and round this three-act performance is how prayer becomes the room in which you live each partial moment inside the whole of eternity.

Our mystical, spiritual, healing, and shamanic experiments involve exploring how the Creator can become the true center—the middle—of your life. Prayer is the enactment of communing, communicating, relating, interacting, participating, and co-creating with the source and force of creation, so get amongst it! Prayer takes place on the border between heaven and earth, the crossroads for every crossing into higher mystery.

The middle act is analogous to the germination of a seed. What starts as a seed begins to open into another form. Its shell cracks open for the cycle of growth to begin. You, too, are a seed in need of becoming a prayer bud with a numinous buddy holding your hand. When you blossom, it will not produce a final, non-changing outcome. Instead that blossom will decay, enabling another seed to launch the next recursive cycle of life.

Don't be in a hurry to be seen as a flower or a fully ripe fruit. It is the growth process—the changing—that matters. The middle welcomes the hard-shelled seed and invites the softening required for embryonic germination, growth, reproduction, pollination, and spreading the beauty of everything involved in the never-ending and always beginning middling and circling of life.

Welcome to the process of an ongoing mid-life crisis that delights in being out of stasis. You are the seed of the vegetation deity whose light calls you to reach upward. At the same time, allow the dark soil to pull down your deeply planted roots. Pray to be brought down, up, and through the surface to grow, deepen, and shine in the middle between the heavens above and the earth below.

Postscript 1: Enter the Big Room Theatre of Change

Everything must change to keep reality rearranged with the life force circulated throughout. This practically means that there will be moments to pray loudly and other times to pray quietly. There is also a time to pray without words or pray without any sense of prayer. When you get too pious and think the best of you is only found on higher ground, that's the time to invite another round of nonsense to loosen the pretense.

The secret to fruitful and unspoiled ecstatic living is to have good timing regarding when to make the gear shifts and when to plant, harvest, and share the fruit. This applies to the gear shifts of prayer and the alternating nature of the prayer room. Here you go up and down the spiritual thermometer and are ready to move in any direction—toward mystical flight, creative work, room building, and absurd liberation from the frozen conceptualization, stuck deliberation, and heavy consternation of prayer constipation.

Be forewarned: you can pray or spiritually cook too much and shockingly find yourself feeling cold and stale in a tiny shrunken room. You missed making the gearshift to come back and help someone else in need. It is not uncommon for shaking ecstasies to sometimes feel the jitters

within, as if their physical innards are going haywire. This means you ate too much holy bread and are having a bout of spiritual indigestion. When you are full, push the plate away. Then immediately head in another direction for creative work, mind sharpening, or hilarious play.

Stay amidst the changing, which is another way of pointing to vibrational life in the middle. Otherwise, any constantly maintained form, including prayer, will eventually backfire into its opposite and turn a blessing into a curse. Once again, rather than sort, name, and blame what is a cause and what is an effect, accept that you are always in a middle where anything before or after is also a middle. Here the ecstatic jitters help you avoid the bitters, and the absurd giggles reset the wiggles. This makes you a creative agent who helps others recall that they can be reborn as a member of the big room theatre of change where the ingredients, directions, and prayers are constantly re-sorted. Be in the changing middle and get over where you're from and where you're going. You are already there which is always here, so transform each passing fear with tears and cheers to forget where you are and set a fire that never tires of making room for change to perform and reform.

The problem at the core of every problem is the constant punctuation of beginning causes and ending effects at the expense of erasing the middle where creation is always at work. When life is faithfully lived in the middle, every moment is an experiment inviting creative tinkering. If the middle is abandoned, you find yourself obsessively assessing, naming, and blaming. This only leads to seeking a solution that needs such a problem to exist. Unfortunately, this dichotomous pairing automatically excludes the middle's means of transforming any situation in the theatre of existence.

Consider this desperate last chance experiment: Allow the Creator to be the alpha and omega, the designing force behind the beginning and end of you and the universe to which you belong. Now step into the middle of this and be a subject in a creation experiment. Your mission is to tinker with God as God also tinkers with you. When the two of you are aligned, expect never-ending surprising uprisings, along with intermittent pit stops, pratfalls, and crumbling walls.

You are like a unique one-of-a-kind light bulb in Thomas Alva Edison's laboratory of olden times. He tried thousands of experiments to find which filament would burn the brightest and for the longest duration. The Creator needs your help to find what filament is best for your temperament. Experiment *with* the numinous and stop trying to be a deity when you're really an absurd hilarity.

You are not the beginning and end of anything, including yourself. You are the middle, at the center core of an experiment with creation. Appreciate this truth until it helps you tremble with glee and makes you never want to flee from the middle! Don't allow balcony observation and critical understanding to be an excuse for not getting on stage to take, make, and bake some action. Act now—rather than filibuster, change the filament. Transform how you become a

better subject in the divine experiment that seeks to spotlight your performance. Go break a leg and then don't look to see whether it needs to be fixed. Lights, curtain, action!

Postscript 2: Three Dreams

Immediately after writing the above visionary teaching, we spontaneously decided to take a road trip and drive north of New Orleans for a visit to Mississippi. We had not been out of the city for months, so we drove nearly four hours to see the countryside. We pulled into Jackson, Mississippi to spend the night. We had a meal at a restaurant where we further discussed the importance of living in the middle, that is, residing on the fulcrum of change.

A Lyft driver took us back to the hotel and Brad asked him out of the blue, "How's the Mississippi Mass Choir doing these days?" He replied, "We're doing great and just finished recording an album today." We were delighted to find he was a member of the choir based in Jackson and told him how much we and our friends appreciate their music. We then asked him if he would sing for us, adding that nothing could make us happier. He then sang, "His Eye Is on the Sparrow." We sang with him as we drove along. We thanked him and Hillary added, "Now I can say that I sang with the Mississippi Mass Choir."

We asked him one more question, "Who taught you to love God?" He did not hesitate to answer, "My grandmother. And she just recently passed. She told me before she left us, 'Do not worry. Life is only a transition. We are all just passing through.'" We were stunned by his grandmother's teaching: life is a middle. Don't worry about death. It, too, is a middle. The Creator's eye is always on every part of creation. The driver then played us a song he and the choir recorded. It was called, "Declaration of Dependence."

That same night Brad had a dream that some of the Sacred Ecstasies Guild members were stuck in a rut: some were caught up in feeling too much pride about their ecstatic performance chops while others were feeling too down about how easy it was to become derailed and no longer feel the wild glory of sacred emotion. Brad prayed for them, especially one man who we knew was feeling the blues. He had written us earlier in the day that his ecstatic praying had made him feel like he had the "jitters," so he held back his spiritual cooking practice and this led to a frozen funk. He even thought he might have something medically wrong with his body. In the dream we said to him, "It's your choice: do you want a case of the ecstatic jitters or the psychological bitters?"

In a second dream, Brad watched a medical doctor from his past tell a roomful of people that she was perfectly healthy, only to find out soon after that she needed to have surgery that night and may not make it through another day. He was reminded that even with sound medical knowledge, we are always vulnerable and control very little of our fate. Brad again prayed for the Guild, especially the man with the blues.

He imagined planting three seeds in the ground while cooking the three prayers in Hillary's *Pinnacle Prayer Book*. He then fell asleep and went into another dream:

I planted the man with the blues into the fertile ground of the Mississippi Delta. In the dream, Hillary and I watched the soil carefully as three green stones soon broke through the ground. One was large, another medium, and the third one small. I picked the stones up from the ground and invited the man to see what had happened. I told him, "You just came through the ground as three different green stones of varying size. I will 'throw these bones' and we shall perform a divination for your life."

I then threw the stone bones and they scattered in different directions. What stunned us was that there were three rays of sun shining on each stone like a theatre spotlight. I told the man, "This is a miracle." We walked in a circle around the stones. No matter the angle at which we looked at them, the stones were spotlighted from above. I finally said, "God's eye is on every part of you. You are now under the heavenly light and ready for the middle act."

Perhaps you want to join us and take the Mississippi Mass Choir declaration of dependence. That's the fertile soil and holy ground in which to plant yourself. The Creator is already casting a shower of blessings upon you. Allow every part of you to rise and come through the earth, hungry to receive the light from above.

Dance to Release the Holy Water

Hillary dreamed that we were being hosted by a new community of people, introducing them to Sacred Ecstatics. During the break a woman, who was one of the hosts, invited us to her home so she could ask us questions about our work:

It was clear that this woman was regarded by the community as a spiritual teacher because she had several assistants, like an entourage, bustling about her home. However, she seemed more like a modern-day fake than a true holy person, though she was sincerely interested in what we had to say. The woman turned to Brad and asked, "What is the most important thing for me to know about holiness?" Brad immediately replied, "Dance." I instantly knew he was referring both literally to dance as physical movement and metaphorically to the way holiness requires us to "dance" with constant change. As a dancer of both forms, I was delighted by the wisdom of his response.

The woman then turned to me and asked me to describe how we conduct intensives. I told her, “One of the most essential things we do is first fill the room where the intensive will be conducted with water. We fill our house in New Orleans with enough water so that it covers the floor and rises just above the ankles.” As I told her this, I saw an image in my mind of our home filled with water and everyone’s feet moving through it.

I realized from the surprised look on the woman’s face that this was a very wild and irrational thing to do—to a flood one’s home on purpose—and briefly marveled that it had become a normal thing for us. For a moment I couldn’t remember when or why we had begun that practice, and then I immediately recalled that we have had numerous visions over the past five years in which we were told, “The water has been released,” and “the flood has been released.” I felt a wave of sacred vibration come through me in the dream, accompanied by an exhilarating joy and certainty that igniting the spiritual fire and healing dance requires first flooding the room with sacred emotion, then wading into that holy liquidity with no hesitation.

A Gift in Mexico

Brad dreamed we were driving across a cactus-filled desert in our visionary white Chrysler Imperial^{xiii} with other members of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild:

We stopped for lunch and a young woman said she was ordering cactus paddles or *nopales* for dessert, something another woman had just finished as her main course. Both women were pleased to show others that they had eaten an exotic dish. They asked me if I had tried it before and I answered, “If it is served in Tucson, then I have eaten it because I have eaten every dish in that town.” In fact, in the dream I had forgotten that Hillary and I had eaten a cactus paddle (nopal) salad in Mexico years ago when we were teaching there. Its texture is like okra though it tastes more tart. I personally found it lacked the kind of spice and heat I prefer and therefore I typically head for chile-fire items. Hillary found that nopales are a difficult plant for her to digest. She has since avoided eating that plant.

We all got back in the car and drove further until we were on the backroads of a very isolated region far away from any city. We came across a small shack out in nowhere and our drivers, recognized as former guides of mine in Africa, went in to get directions as the car was refilled with fuel. I recognized the place as the outskirts of Oaxaca City where I had formerly spent time with the wood carvers who were known for making remarkable *figuras*, also known as *alebrijes*, which

are creatively designed and wildly painted animal figures whose shapes are usually fantastical.^{xiv}

When I went into the shop, the front part had a pronounced sloping wood floor. It seemed it originally had been a front porch but later enclosed as part of the shop. On the right side was the owner, an older Mexican man dressed in white linen standing behind the checkout counter. On the opposite wall was a shelf that held many carved figuras. Behind this room was a larger room so I opened the door and peeked in—I saw it was packed with tourist jewelry. I immediately knew there was nothing worth seeing there so I closed the door and remained in the front.

It was clear to me from the onset that I had gone into the shop to acquire a gift for Hillary and that it must be chosen from that shelf. Each of the figuras was unlike any I had seen before. They were more complex, yet they were paradoxically simpler. Each carving did not try to impress with an exaggerated shape or color, yet the design was way beyond the norm. One figure attracted my attention—I could not help but stare at it. But because it was totally unlike the folk-art genre I had hoped to find, I considered not getting it for Hillary. I was worried it was not beautiful enough. Within a second of having that thought, however, I was flooded with the urge to purchase it for her. I was there to get her a gift and this was the obvious choice because it was the only thing that caught my interest.

I grabbed hold of the object and went to the man to pay for it. Our two guides were on the way out the front door and they teased the owner as they departed, “Be careful with his check. It usually bounces.” When I heard this, I felt I was really there rather than dreaming because that is exactly the kind of thing they’d say to tease me. They laughed and left me alone with the owner. He smiled as I started to reach for my cash, but the moment I started to make that motion I was already back in the car handing the gift to Hillary. The gift was the size of an old-fashioned milk bottle but it glowed, exuding a white luminous fog so no clear outline of its shape could be perceived. On top of the bottle there was a carved head of some kind of cute childlike animal, but I wasn’t sure whether it was a dog, bird, a hare, a person, or an unfamiliar mythical creature. Near the bottom of the luminous white body was a protrusion that originally confused me in the shop. It looked like either a tail or a snout, I couldn’t tell which. I later discovered it was a spout that when pulled would release the inner contents of the vessel.

Later that morning when I woke up, I realized Hillary’s gift was a numinous, luminous bottle of n/om. Made in First Creation, it can be used to flood the room every time a session of Sacred Ecstatics is ready to begin. I heard a voice whisper:

There is a shop on the outskirts of Oaxaca. There you can find a vessel of light ready to bring back life and nurture spiritual growth. This gift belongs to Hillary who learned its function the night before: use it to flood the room whenever it's time to spiritually cook.

Receiving the Music Box

Brad dreamed we were sent to a large classroom in an old university resembling Oxford:

A large rectangular box sat in the middle of the room, draped in fabric. It was nearly as tall as the ceiling and as wide as the whole space. After the university faculty and staff gathered to premiere its official demonstration, the cloth was removed to reveal a mechanical contraption that looked like an old nickelodeon or extremely large music box. It had many different compartments that were covered with glass to reveal the inner mechanisms.

It was clear that the university researchers created this device as a gift to us. The room became quiet as the director of the project turned on the machine. It began to play the old hymn, "Oh, How I Love Jesus." It produced the sounds of many musical instruments including a pipe organ, flute, horns, and xylophone. It sounded like a blend of the music machines of old and a live orchestra.

What surprised us most was that its moving parts were not producing any musical notes but were profoundly vibrating, shaking, and moving with each tone. Whenever a musical sound was sustained, the machine would display a fast movement of its parts that was dizzying and exciting to watch. This was most obvious when a pipe organ tone performed a bass note. The lower right side of the box also displayed a huge rod oscillating back and forth. It, too, did not produce any sound but provided an accompanying visual form in sync with what was heard.

We realized that the university researchers had extended our experimental work with sound and haptics to include a visual dimension. Here the vibrations of sound, physical touch, and sight were aligned. To our delight, the whole sensory experience was significantly enhanced. With this gift, we learned that when other senses are involved in the reception of vibration, increased jubilation is felt. We were grateful for the spiritual gift from the university on high and were equally wonderstruck to hear again one of our sacred songs, this time with acoustics, haptics, and visuals synched in vibrational, rhythmic time.

Later in the night I dreamed again, this time about a party we hosted at a large venue. The grounds contained every house I had ever lived in starting with my earliest childhood parsonage home in Faucett, Missouri. The party was celebrating a newfound way of praying with songs based on *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*. The celebration ended in a large garden located in the center of the property.

When morning arrived, folks were cleaning up the mess left in each of the homes. Hillary and I were standing in the garden by ourselves. No one came to help us clean it up. We were unsure whether to call others over, but we decided to let them be and leave the broken stems and flower petals on the ground. Whatever trash and bottles were left behind we would pick up ourselves. We were so happy about the way prayer and song had lifted our spirits that it did not matter that the ground was not exactly as it had been before.

The new way of praying celebrated in the dream inspired the experimental directive we gave to the Guild earlier. This involved blending a song with each of the three *Pinnacle Prayer Book* lines. The songs are heard within while praying out loud, or the prayer lines are worked internally while listening to a recording play. This was performed in Brad's dream as we added an additional visual component. Then we again received the instruction to pray for someone by envisioning that person planted in the ground as a seed. The Guild was invited to do the same while praying with music and moving with the rhythms that encourage experimentation with holy germination. Include every moving part in the whole performance of praying, like an Oxford music box that serves a multisensory gift of uplifting inspiration.

Sabrina Sings in the Twinkling Night Sky Stadium

Sabrina, a member of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild, sent us this dream report of her visit to a spiritual classroom:

I was in a classroom with the Guild where Brad and Hillary were standing in front of the room, and I was sitting in the back. For some unknown reason, I was wearing pajamas. I felt extremely tired, ornery, and mostly embarrassed that I was not properly dressed. Nonetheless, I was trying very hard to concentrate. Suddenly, Brad pulled out a microphone and handed it to me. He told me to sing. I was shocked and nervous as I felt the eyes of everyone turn toward me. I cleared my throat, and nothing came out. I looked at Brad and Hillary and said, "I don't know what to say."

Brad immediately wrote on the board, "Doin' This." The oddity of the statement struck me in a strange way, and I began to sing the words. Suddenly a

melody was pouring out. I felt like I was no longer singing but being sung. “Doin’ this” became, “let’s do this, Lord,” “doin’ this with the Lord,” and other variations. My voice was changing tones and melodies that sounded somewhat sad, but also sweet. I finished with a deep sigh of relief and sense of peace. I said “thank you” into the microphone and began walking home.

While walking I realized that I was now fully dressed in a black and white pant suit that looked like it came straight from a 70s vintage magazine. I found it quite entertaining since it was something that I have not worn before. I turned around to look back at the lecture hall and saw a glittering stadium in the night sky. I realized that I might have been singing in a large outdoor stadium like the ones Luciano Pavarotti and Andrea Bocelli used to perform in on PBS specials. My late grandmother (the one who gave me many buttons) and my sister came running toward me, expressing excitement and surprise about the performance. I didn’t know what to say, so we all just laughed. And then I woke up. Doin’ this with the Lord, every step of the way!

We responded to Sabrina and everyone in the Guild with this teaching:

Sabrina, you had yourself a vision, a truly anointed visitation to the spiritual classrooms. As elders from all the pasts and in every reality, time and space would ask, “What are you going to do about it?” As importantly, since a true vision is a gift for the whole community, our question to each of you is, “What are you each going to do about it?”

Let us first celebrate and hold Sabrina up because now her calling is more serious, with less pajama games and more proper dressing and adornment that suits her anointed role of serving as an owner of song and vision. Her life will become both easier and more challenging. Now she knows that feeling down, tired, or not knowing what to do or say is no excuse to not garden with a prayer-song. When she needs to sing and doesn’t feel ready, she must remember that she must “just do it” or else she will start to rust rather than trust the higher way. “Doin’ this!”

You are also subject to being tired, ornery, and embarrassed about your appearance, tempted to sit in the back and hold back what needs to be up front. No one really knows what to say. Go ahead and say something anyway, then pray and sing with good spiritual engineering—altering tones, rhythms, and movements like a master chef mixing ingredients and adding spice until it comes together as a tasty splendor.

In the beginning of her visionary adventure, even with human flaws and the need for a spiritual thaw, Sabrina “tried to concentrate.” This is the first teaching. Start with a focus that concentrates on the Sacred Ecstatics performance being staged. The more you saturate your life in the ongoing experiment, the more a room is built for the fruition of its gifts.

Concentration takes effort that is worth trying—it is the key for turning on the ecstatic ignition. Yet, there is a part of us that wants to stay in our pajamas and not get on with the day. When Sabrina was asked to sing, nothing came out. She then concentrated and avoided any posturing of pseudo-success and refused to wallow in despair over any error. The difference that made a difference was the blackboard message: “Doin’ This.” Her description of her reaction to this prescription carried another important teaching: “The oddity of the statement struck me in a strange way, and I began to sing the words.” It is this *oddity* of the unexpected, delivered in the right proportion, that strikes, pierces, trips, and opens. Here you find a hidden secret behind our mojo medicine and mystical prescriptions: they are odd for God—that is, they bring a difference that breaks down the walls separating the lackluster mundane from the high-octane domain.

When Brad handed Sabrina the microphone and told her to sing it was like the time Osumi Sensei’s aunt first asked her to transmit seiki. Sensei had no idea how to do such a thing, so she simply did it. The same happened to Hillary the first time Brad asked her to give seiki to a client. When a teacher asks you to act, it is often done in a way that requires you to go past all presumed understanding, and simply get on with “doin’ this.” The Sacred Ecstatics odd way follows what is on the laboratory blackboard right now. Concentrate and (re)start the art of “doin’ this.”

When Sabrina felt a song coming through, it conveyed seiki spontaneity as the prayer line was rearranged with altered rhythm and melody. She caught the feeling for what it is to be in the middle: just doin’ this and holding the polyphony of spice including sweet and sad. Then all that remained to be said was, “thank you,” as she returned to the everyday ready for tuned action.

While Sabrina was in the middle of change, she also noticed the gift of her new formal attire—a black and white suit. She is now dressed to address the world differently. Looking back, she was reminded that this had been a visit to the big room, a First Creation glittering stadium in the sky where anointed singers perform. The gods also made sure she felt connected to the Italian song maestros enjoyed by her family lineage. Her beloved grandmother and sister came to celebrate and marvel at what Sabrina had expressed. Wisely, knowing she didn’t need to know what to say, she laughed and shared the joy.

Finally, the gift above all the other gifts was clearly and loudly sung: “Doin’ this with the Lord, every step of the way.” We advised Sabrina to keep that feeling alive. Even when she forgets what she said or how she said it in the dream, remember the words on the blackboard. Now Sabrina can at any time become realigned by the black board and white chalk surprise that helped her song rise. We suggested that she find either a photo of that black and white suit and photo shop herself into it or dare to explore a vintage store and see if she could find one. Perhaps its label has a clue for what’s coming in her next adventure.

In the old school way of mystery radiance and conveyance, this vision was dreamed by every Guild member. All your concentrated gardening helps make the ropes strong and aligned to the rope on high. From time to time someone brings down a teaching gift for the community. *Doin’ this* together is how you improve the odds of finding the road to the heavenly stadium where extraordinary Italian opera singers bring the “pop” of the next spiritual error’s era. Let’s head to the pop-era! Pop! The champagne flood has been released.

Removing the “Joncalvinest” Within and Celebrating a Revolutionary’s Homecoming

Brad dreamed we moved to another city and were welcoming the Guild for an intensive:

Johannes Gritsch and Dezsoe Birkas had arrived at the airport, and Hillary and I were waiting in the park to meet them. I was excited to show them some special statues placed along a trail in a place that resembled New York City’s Central Park with its hills and varying landscape features. I wanted to show Dezsoe a statue that proved how welcome Hungarian people were here and how much the arts had been influenced by Hungarians. In the dream, we stood waiting before the sculpture of a towering man with two other sculpted men at the statue’s base. I wondered whether to immediately point out what this sculpture meant or wait to see if Dezsoe would notice it on his own.

Then we saw Johannes and Dezsoe coming up the street. We immediately took them on a tour of the city as I pointed out sculptures, paintings, poetry, music, and other aesthetic works that were examples of what the Hungarian soul had inspired. Before we returned to see the sculpture of the towering man with his two associates below, I became so excited that I woke up.

Later in the night I had a second dream. We were at the same city park. I looked at Dezsoe and spoke very seriously to him: “I need to remove the *joncalvinest* from you,” saying it with an odd accent and emphasis on “vin.” I also saw this term spelled out on a piece of paper when I uttered it. Without hesitating,

I proceeded to spiritually extract whatever this named thing was and woke up confused about the meaning of the word and my associated action. Soon it hit me that I had said the word in such a manner that it obscured the correctly spelled and pronounced word: John-Calvin-est.

John Calvin was the theologian behind Calvinism with its beliefs in “predestination” and the “sovereignty of God.” He is generally misunderstood as having originated these ideas. In fact, they were earlier conceived by Augustine and later refined by Martin Luther. Furthermore, over the years endless critics typically misrepresented his theology, trivializing it as meaning that God selects who receives salvation and who doesn’t, leaving human beings with little involvement in the matter. A closer reading reveals that Calvin emphasized how the holy spirit is at work in all things spiritual and that it can intervene at any time to make anything happen, including the transformation and redemption of a hopeless life. It must be added, however, that Calvin’s own writing did little to curb others’ overly dualistic interpretation of his ideas. Here’s the classic line that drew generations into theological debate:

All are not created on equal terms, but some are preordained to eternal life, others to eternal damnation; and, accordingly, as each has been created for one or other of these ends, we say that he has been predestinated to life or to death.^{xv}

Pulitzer Prize-winning writer, Marilynne Robinson, writes that almost everything we are told about Calvin is not correct. This especially includes the way his ideas are taken out of context. He is often incorrectly portrayed, she argues, as “a prude and obscurantist with a buckle on his belt, possibly a burner of witches, certainly the very spirit of capitalism.”^{xvi} But Robinson argues that Calvin’s doctrine of predestination was meant to comfort rather than terrorize. He essentially advised us not to allow doubt and fear to rule the everyday. Professor John Hesselink summarizes: “You don’t worry yourself to death because you know, you are certain, that you are in God’s hands.”^{xvii} Calvin likely felt this was true because his faith had to carry him through the loss of his beloved wife. In addition, he was burdened by sickness: “From his late 20s on, Calvin suffered from many physical infirmities: impaired digestion (he ate only one meal a day), migraines, lung hemorrhages, perhaps tuberculosis, chronic asthma, kidney stones, hemorrhoids, frequent fever, and gout,” writes Steven J. Cole.^{xviii}

In the dream, Brad had mispronounced and misspelled John Calvin’s name as a way of indicating that his theology was grossly misunderstood. It was this misunderstanding, present in many forms for all human beings, that needed spiritual removal. Rather than see our lives as unalterably cursed or blessed by some pre-determined action or decision, we can choose to be comforted when we experience everything as being held in God’s hands. This approach evokes

greater empathy, deeper healing, and higher transformation. As our previous visions on “middles” taught, we do not have to remain stuck in the final ending of any predetermined cause. Any overly literal interpretation of predestination can lead to the tragic swing between gloating over happy endings or pouting about sad finales. Both exalt the self as the center of everything. When we instead reside in the middle of God’s palm, we hand over all our experiences, good and bad, to be handled by the ecstatic creative dynamics of the Creator.

After the dream, Brad searched for the statue and park he had seen. He found that the dreamed statue exists and is located near Central Park in New York City on Riverside Drive. It was designed by the famous Hungarian sculptor, János Horvai (1873-1944), and was a tribute to Lajos Kossuth (1802-94) who led the struggle for Hungarian independence in 1848. It was sculpted out of Milford pink granite as a larger-than-life figure towering over two other persons at the base: a revolutionary soldier and an aged peasant, exactly as Brad had envisioned in the dream.

When Kossuth visited New York City, he was celebrated as a great patriot. *The New York Times* wrote in 1851 (page one news) that his welcome was among “the most magnificent and enthusiastic ever extended to any man in any part of the world.” Horace Greeley, the famous contemporary American journalist said of Kossuth: “Among the orators, patriots, statesmen, exiles, he has, living or dead, no superior.”^{xix} Even Abraham Lincoln called him a “most worthy and distinguished representative of the cause of civil and religious liberty on the continent of Europe.”^{xx} The report from *The Sun* shows how enthusiastically New York City welcomed this Hungarian:

Thus immediately previous to the Christmas of 1851 New York City underwent a period of Kossuth mania, and it affected the holiday presents. Every New Year’s gift associated itself in some designation with Kossuth and Hungary. Restaurants abounded with Hungarian goulash, a savory dish of boiled beef and vegetables, strongly infused with red peppers; and there were Kossuth cravats (formidable bands of satin or silk wound around the neck, with ends liberally folded over the shirt front), Kossuth pipes, Kossuth umbrellas, Kossuth belts and buckles, Kossuth purses, Kossuth jackets, and Kossuth braid and tassels for wearing apparel . . . The American Museum on Broadway was literally covered with paintings and flags. One, a portrait of Kossuth, in the folds of Hungarian and American flags, with the words at the bottom: ‘Kossuth, the Washington of Hungary.’^{xxi}

This was what Brad wanted to share with Dezsoe and Johannes in the dream. As mythically symbolic ambassadors of Hungary and Austria, respectively, they are now close friends even though in the past their countries had been enemies, with Kossuth leading the independence of Hungary from the Austrian monarchy. Now we were welcoming a revolution even more exciting: placing the whole of history, the present, and the future in the palm of God’s sculpting hand.

There is a place in New York City that gives the heartiest welcome to those who are ready to be free of narrow interpretations and predictions about beginning causes and future endings. True independence is found inside higher dependence. Here the tragedy of Calvinist misunderstanding—fate itself—is replaced by living in the palm, balm, and song of God. “Jesus hold me in the palm of his hand,” as Brad used to hear the old church mothers of St. Vincent sing. Declare independence from every beginning and ending. In the middle, you declare your dependence on being in the middle of God’s hands. This kind of handheld, hands-on spirituality does not sit still to interpret and debate theology; it acts on behalf of a higher democracy where we are all equally in need of being moved by feeling divinity.

Summary of Findings for Experiment One

After one month, we invited the Guild to share their experiences with the spiritual gardening experiment. We again found that we could experience each person’s report as a teaching meant for everyone, and shared this with the class:

Whatever anyone reports or receives is meant for a part inside each of you. Here the whole of each person mirrors the whole of the community. Even those who don’t offer a single word are ambassadors for that part of you that doesn’t know what to say, whether to say it, or is uncertain about what proportion of your life should be involved in transformation. We accept and rejoice every submission, omission, reception, rejection, and transmission.

When one person catches a gift, we regard that individual as having involuntarily volunteered to grab it for all of us. When another person jumps track or is lazy or hazy, such an error was a sacrifice made for everyone to learn from, for it likely also happened to you sometime during the week. Let us celebrate rather than rate the importance of every silence, noise, and clear signal. Anything, everything, and even nothing offers a contribution.

We especially honor precious mystical gems when they arrive. More concentrated involvement in Sacred Ecstasics is required to own their treasure. For those given spiritual gifts or who have received a transmission of the sacred vibration, this should be taken as the green light to give Sacred Ecstasics your all. Remember, it’s never too late because there are no inevitable endings or guaranteed beginnings in Sacred Ecstasics. It’s always the middle act and the persistent question remains, “What are you going do about it?” The “it” here is the dynamic of change, not the continued naming, framing, and explaining that distance us from the garden.

There were several phrases that struck both of us in the reports and we will make them a part of our repertoire. These include Diana's reference to her "whizzing around in the washing machine of life" and Morten saying that "listening fully to the ecstatic track with the whole of me created a hole in me." Everything each of you said or didn't say moved us and encouraged us to be delighted by how we are truly a historical mystical community, tribe, and Guild bringing down jewels from on high. There has never been anything quite like this and we are now priming ourselves for kicking it up a notch.

We also want to mention what Evan thought about this tinkering. He suggested that when you throw yourself into the experiment, you follow your "nose" rather than your "knows." The cooking prayers lead you from one middle to the next, discovering that this is how mojo objects are made. This isn't a trivial pursuit of absurd and meaningless levity. The Sacred Ecstatics Guild is one of the only living shamanic labs on earth today where cooking and zapping happens. What really matters is putting increasingly more of you into conducting an experiment, because this is what helps you feel the mojo yeast rising, on its way to baking holy bread.

As pointers, we pointed out to the Guild that we primarily respond to how a report relates to the experiment. Anything else is considered driftwood and ignored. If Moses was in the Guild and reported that he recently went for a hike and discovered two stone tablets written by God and met a burning bush that spoke to him, we would reply, "What does that have to do with the seed experiment?" Or "please relate this gift reception to your seeds, prayers, and their alterations." While this is not entirely true—we'd want to read the tablets and hear what the burning bush had to say—it still makes the point: stay on track, focus, and concentrate. The seeds have been planted and the prayer lines have been cooked. Get ready to go deeper and farther into the middle where more changes await.

Experiment Two: The Pray-Ear Closet Altar

An Altar in the Closet

Brad dreamed he was with Chris, one of our long time Sacred Ecstatics Guild members. What they envisioned launched the second experiment:

We were in an old house where I led Chris to a special room, mentioning that I wanted to show him something. Against one wall were double doors leading to a closet. I opened the doors and said, “Look at this, Chris.”

Behind those doors was an altar unlike anything we’d ever seen. The altar items were attached to the wall, hung above the clothes and shoes that were now nearer the floor. In the middle of the wall was a row of beautifully framed icons of saints, other spiritual heroes we admire, and a few illustrations made by William Blake. Below those framed paintings and drawings were two overlapping rows of paper plates that had been hand painted to depict a variety of seeds. Some of the seeds were the familiar kind for planting fruit trees, flowers, and vegetables. The other painted seeds were sacred words, prayer lines, and sentences taken from the writings of Sacred Ecstatics. Like the art made by children, yarn was attached to the left and right sides of each paper plate and hung on a nail high above the middle row of icons. The very top of the altar wall surprised us the most because it consisted of only two paper cutouts that depicted human ears—one was on the left side and the other on the right.

As Chris and I stared at this whole mystical assemblage, I remembered how some religious altars include a depiction of the divine eye centered on top. Here there were instead two ears. As I stared at the ears hovering over all the seeds, a voice spoke in a teasing way, “This is a pray-ear altar.” Chris and I both laughed at this word play and it made us want to pray.

I also knew this gift was not only for Chris but for every member of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. We each were being invited to make such an altar in our home. I woke up thrilled to announce the vision to Chris because it was Christmas Eve and I could not imagine delivering a greater holiday surprise.

I fell asleep thinking about the altar. Another dream later arrived in which I was preparing a wall for the altar to be built. The room was in an even older historical place and the wall revealed several kinds of electrical wires that had been formerly used and replaced over the years. The wall was made of very old wood and covered with many nails. Some were ancient and black while others appeared new and silver. They were of all kinds of thickness, material, and size.

I had a pair of pliers and one by one I removed every nail from the wall. This was done spontaneously without thinking. I just started doing it and then later I thought to myself, “Shouldn’t I be giving nails rather than removing them?” Then I laughed as I remembered that a Kalahari Bushman n/om-kxao both gives and removes nails. When nails get “dirty” (usually from the emotions of selfishness, jealousy, or hate) they cause sickness, whether it is manifested physically, emotionally, or relationally. The n/om-kxao then offers the ecstatic shamanic treatment of removing the dirty nails.

Taking out a nail is sometimes called “cleaning a nail” and this is not clearly distinguished from “giving a new nail.” In the dream, I remembered what I had learned over the years about the nails, arrows, and thorns of n/om. It struck me that the ecstatic nails of n/om belong to “the middle”—they are the conveyors of God’s electricity, songs, love, and life force. Nail removal, cleaning, and the administering of a new nail happen simultaneously because spiritual transformation is a circular process involving constant transition. The mystics, saints, shamans, and healers of old also work circularly in the middle, mediating between earthly experience, heavenly change, and mutual exchange.

The altar of prayer that reveres the ear is now ready for construction. It, too, is in the big room where nails are removed and cleaned while simultaneously gifted brand new. The seeds of every sacred kind are ready to break through the ground, come to life, and become today’s spiritual vessels who live and work in the middle. Out of the shell each seed must come, rooted deep and reaching high. The ropes to God pull each seed up from being stuck under the ground. These ropes are not ordinary ropes; they are attached to nails of n/om that come from on high. As all this takes place, your electrical wiring is replaced and made ready for another performance where the previous visionary teaching of Mark Twain is found to be true: “It’s all about electricity, my friends. And above all else, keep God on the line.”

When I woke up to write a letter to Chris, I found that he had already sent me a letter. In it he mentioned: “William Blake is dancing with us. Diana and I went to the exhibition at the Tate Britain last week.” He attached Blake’s sketch in his letter, much like what we had seen in the pray-ear altar. As Chris later pointed out to us, Blake depicts Jesus speaking into the ear of God as the latter’s holy hands are gently placed on the sides of the stretched body that reaches for heavenly ascent. Here n/om circulates throughout every part, providing the lift toward the whole of ecstatic glory:



Plant the seeds of you deep in the ground and make them ready to grow and someday be served on a plate for others. You must be attached to the ropes and pulled toward the numinous nails that are high in the sky. You are not meant to forever exist in the shell of a seed, dormant and not yet alive. Nor should you be in a hurry to get to heaven where the cost is wearing a crown of n/om thorns and nails. In the middle between a seed (s)hell and the blossoming of the heavenly garden is found the eternal transitional middle. Here you build your altar over your daily work clothes and walking shoes, remembering that prayer is for ears who spiritually hear that in between is found everything.

Instructions for Experiment Two

After reporting Brad's pray-ear altar dream to the Guild, we gave them the following instructions for Experiment Two:

You are to build the altar brought to us from vision. This altar has four different levels: on top are the Creator's ears that hear and feel everything below. On the next level is found a row of nails on which hang the ropes to God. They reach all the way to the lowest level way down under the ground where seeds are planted deep inside the soil. In between the planted seeds and the higher atmosphere is found the middle row. Here the saints, mystics, shamans, and healers reside. It is the intersection of low and high, earth and sky, mortals and gods. This is the level where spiritual fruition performs—the full blossoming of spiritual seeds that feed the world with beauty, hope, healing, and higher power change.

Sacred Ecstatics has a pantheon of saints—these are the mystical teachers found in our spiritual classrooms. They include poets, musicians, scientists, and literary writers, as well as classic saints and spiritual teachers of many traditions. You can find them identified throughout our book series of visionary teachings, *Climbing the Rope to God*, volumes I and II.

In this second experiment we want everyone to make a connection with three of our patron maternal saints. We have selected spiritual mothers from the three main lineage ropes of Sacred Ecstatics: the Kalahari Bushmen, the St. Vincent Shakers, and the Japanese seiki jutsu tradition. Please welcome Mother Osumi, Mother Ralph, and Mother Twa.

You will need to gather some string or yarn, three nails, two paper cutout ears, and some paper plates. Your altar can be as small as a piece of paper, or it can be full scale and set up in your closet like the one Brad and Chris encountered in the visionary dream. We will provide you with images of the three patron mother saints for you to print out in whatever size you wish. After you gather them, line them up to form the middle row. Above the patron saints you will need three nails, either nailed into a closet wall or taped onto your sheet of paper. Above this will be the highest row—two sacred ears on the far left and far right (but not too far).

At the bottom you will place your seeds in the ground. Draw a line to mark the boundary between earth and sky and place your seeds in a row below it. Each seed will either be drawn on a paper plate or a small paper circle cut out to look like a miniplate. Draw the former seeds you chose for your garden or glue those actual seeds to the paper plate. Arrange them as the bottom row. Attach string or yarn to each plate and hang it on the nail above.

Your altar is meant to grow—add more saints and more seeds with more nails and ropes. Make sure they come from the pantheon of Sacred Ecstatics saints. Don't drift into other territory, because we want to remain in the same big room where we are aligned with one another. You are also invited to add another row of seeds, as we saw in the dream. This row of seeds, also written or glued on paper

plates, will be “sacred words, prayer lines, and sentences taken from the writings of Sacred Ecstatics.”

Below are some of the altars that were built. Some people built them inside an actual closet in their home, and others built them inside a container and included their seed box in the photograph:









Telling the Utmost Truth

Brad had five dreams, each a transform of the one before it. This visionary journey led him back to the mystical library to receive a book by Alan Watts, and then to a Boston church to discover that book's primary teaching. But first, the journey began with a single sheet of paper:

I experienced myself as a young undergraduate student again, but this time I was thrilled because I had captured the deepest, highest, utmost truth of life. I wrote it down on a single piece of paper because no lengthy exposition was needed.

Though I expressed it in my own way, it seemed this truth had been said before, but I could not recall where, when, or by whom.

Then, suddenly, the paper disappeared as if the wind took it from my hands. I could not remember what had been written. For a moment I wondered if it had been a story I wrote long ago called, “Timothy the Butterfly.” It depicted the brief life of a butterfly from cocoon to metamorphosis with outstretched flapping wings, delightful flight, pollination, and reincarnation as each stage of life transitioned into the next. I wrote that story after my first ecstatic awakening in a Missouri chapel.^{xxii}

I then wondered if what I had written on the piece of paper addressed the circular wisdom of cybernetics, a topic I studied both prior to and after my night in the chapel. With that thought, I suddenly found myself in the library of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) where, as an undergraduate student, I used to read the archival letters of Norbert Wiener, the principal founder of cybernetics. I now felt more certain that I had written a single page summary of cybernetics, done without mention of its name—a tale of embodied cybernetics. It surely must have been something about moving from one transitional middle to another, enacting the means of keeping the circles of life unbroken.

I woke up pondering the dream and asked to be sent back into vision because I felt there was a vitally important teaching in motion. After praying myself back to sleep with the three-word prayers of *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*, I dreamed again. This time I was in Boston and on my way back to the previously visited library. It dawned on me that it was the mystical library. I had only imagined it was MIT because I was among the stacks pertaining to cybernetics.

Unlike the first dream in which I was instantly sent there, this time I carefully traversed the streets of Boston. It shocked me to discover that the car I was driving consisted only of the front seat. There was no engine, no back seat, no body, no chassis, and no tires. The seat was on the ground and the steering wheel was missing. Perhaps the gods were making a cosmic cybernetic joke about “steering” that was beyond my grasp. Whatever the case, the car moved on its own. I worried that I might not be able to reach my destination because a car without a body meant there was no visible license plate. I might get pulled over by the police and miss my chance for another library visit.

I fortunately arrived at my destination the moment I crossed the bridge from Boston to Cambridge. I was taken to a different room where a small, thin book was handed to me. Instead of opening it and reading the words, I closed my eyes and felt its contents. I somehow knew it was written by Alan Watts and

immediately woke up, disappointed that I had not checked to see if my intuition was correct.

Lying there awake, I thought that surely the page I first dreamed had been my way of sharing the most important spiritual experience of my life. When I was nineteen years old, I went into a university chapel in Missouri and had a full blown, initiatory mystical experience. Flooded with extraordinary sacred emotion—a great, fiery love made my body tremble and shake— I was afterward bathed in a numinous light for over a month and the world of mystery has been accessible to me ever since. It originally left me speechless, unable to adequately describe it.

Immediately after that experience I went to the university bookstore and a book about the life of Gopi Krishna and his kundalini awakening jumped off the shelf, a story I have written about several times. However, another book leapt into my hands that I have not mentioned to others before. It was the book, *Cosmic Consciousness*, by Richard Maurice Bucke. I still have the same copy that I purchased back then.

Many years later, I would find that its account of C.M.C., the unknown woman from Montreal, would be the closest description to what I experienced in my youth. The description of what today we call “C.M.C. sacred ecstasy” was most like what I found among the oldest ecstatics in the world—namely the Kalahari Bushmen’s reception of n/om and the body trembling brought on by the pinnacle emotion of extreme jubilation. As I lied awake pondering this history, I also remembered that after my own experience of cosmic consciousness I began to spontaneously improvise children’s fairy tales, beginning with stories about a butterfly named Timothy who was always changing.

Following another bout of intense prayer cooking, hoping to be sent back to the spiritual classrooms to learn more, I fell asleep and dreamed again. In this vision, Hillary and I were sitting in the back row of an old Unitarian Church in Boston. I used to attend this house of worship as an undergraduate decades ago. Arlington Street Church was at that time a place of radical theology, social justice, anti-war protest, civil rights activity, and an overnight shelter for homeless people. In the dream the minister was taking the podium to deliver his sermon. He said that today he’d make it a brief teaching. Then he read from one page of a book written by Alan Watts. It was a thin book entitled, *This Is It*. The minister spoke as quotes from that book were projected on the wall behind him:

In this book, Watts discusses the “experience of cosmic consciousness . . . from all historical times and cultures we have

reports of this same unmistakable sensation emerging, as a rule, quite suddenly and unexpectedly and from no clearly understood cause . . . The central core of the experience seems to be the conviction, or insight, that the immediate *now*, whatever its nature, is the goal and fulfillment of all living. Surrounding and flowing from this insight is an emotional ecstasy, a sense of intense relief, freedom, and lightness, and often of almost unbearable love for the world.”

Hillary and I looked at each other and smiled. We realized that the whole of Alan Watts’ wisdom sprang from his experience of sacred ecstasy, something he described as follows:

Quite suddenly the weight of my own body disappeared. I felt that I owned nothing, not even a self, and that nothing owned me. The whole world became as transparent and unobstructed as my own mind; the “problem of life” simply ceased to exist, and for about eighteen hours I and everything around me felt like the wind blowing leaves across a field on an autumn day.^{xxiii}

The full experience of what Watts called “now” is what we, inspired by recent visions, call the “middle” of every moment and situation. As Watts defined this kind of concentrated experience: “There the line between myself and what happens to me is dissolved and there is no stronghold for an ego even as a passive witness . . . all happenings are mutually interdependent in a way that seems unbelievably harmonious.”^{xxiv}

In the dream, the Unitarian church did not host an intellectual discussion of what was meant by “cosmic consciousness,” as might be expected. Instead, they tried to sing a song about it and the surprise of that movement from explanatory words to evocative music woke me up.

I prayed and fell asleep again to continue the dreaming. This time I landed directly in the mystical library on high. Hillary and I were carrying a rare book inside a large box. The librarian, a young Japanese man, came up to us and said, “Stop, let me check that book.” After he took the book out of the box, we noticed that its binding had been removed. There were only loose pages, and some were missing. I recalled that I had earlier pulled out the most important pages. Before he could accuse me of any wrongdoing, I authoritatively announced, “We own this book and we have removed the pages that are the most important.”

In fact, we do own that book both literally and emotionally. It is a rare collection of ancient Bushman rock art. The young man was startled but noticed that there was no library stamp or call number on the box or book so he could not argue that it was not ours. It felt odd to be bringing a rare book to the library rather than looking for one.

In that moment, Hillary and I realized that our mission was to create the books that are missing in the mystical library. Cybernetically speaking, visionary journeys must include not only receiving from but *adding to* the eternal Akashic records, enabling ancient wisdom to recursively come back in new forms. We also knew in the dream, without having to say it aloud to one another, that every time truth is encountered, its form, name, description, and text typically change.

Suddenly we felt we were amidst the big room of cosmic consciousness as we realized how my earliest experience of sacred ecstasy reverberated with Gopi Krishna's kundalini awakening, Richard M. Bucke's account of C.M.C.'s sacred ecstasy, and Alan Watts' experience of "it," the source from which all spiritual wisdom and emotional ecstasy flows. Sacred ecstatic awakening is also the deepest realization of cybernetics—the circularly organized, mutually dependent nature of all things. (It is no coincidence that both prior to and after my first spiritual experience I was led to study cybernetics). In the dream Hillary and I laughed as we said to one another at the same time, "Here again we find the declaration of dependence!" We were referring to the title of a gospel song by The Mississippi Mass Choir we had recently discovered a few weeks prior when traveling through Mississippi.

I fell asleep again filled with gratitude for all the teachings I had received. Soon I had a final dream. Hillary and I were attending a celebration of the night's spiritual journeying. We heard the pop of champagne, the familiar sound associated with victory. Then a waiter dressed in a tuxedo served us a glass of wine from a silver serving tray. Before I could say, "that's not champagne," I realized we were in First Creation and that this champagne, like the water before it, had been turned into wine. I woke up laughing at the sweet madness of it all.

Shashlik and Gurdjieff

Brad dreamed he was at a social gathering where he met an older man:

The party was being held in Russia during the early 1900s. I found myself alone with an elder man who was the host. His most distinguishing feature was a large mustache. He also had dark eyes that seemed to probe the nature of your inner

truth. He wasted no time with social pleasantries and proceeded to ask a question with a serious tone. “Have you read Turgenev?” I immediately knew he was really asking something else and only using that question as a means of indirectly getting at it.

The moment I realized this, I woke up. The question and the man asking it had surprised me. Was the man a Russian writer, a teacher, or a spiritual guide? Who was he and why did he ask a literary question that masked an unspoken question? I fell asleep and dreamed again.

This time I was back at another Russian party, again hosted by the same old man with the big mustache. He was wearing a chef’s white apron and I was seated at a table filled with the food he had cooked. At the far right was a tray of speared chunks of meat with a long strand of green pepper wrapped around it. What struck me was that the pepper was not cut into pieces like in a typical kebab. It was a long strip wrapped around all the meat like a rope holding it all together. As I took a bite of its delicious smoky flavor, the old man came up to me. Before he spoke, a person near us seemed to have read my mind, somehow knowing that I was wondering if this dish was a Russian version of a shish kebab. I heard him say, “It’s a *shosh-leek*.” Later, I would discover that *shashlik* or *shashlyk* is a Russian name for what we know as shish kebab.

Before I could tell the mustached chef how delightful his grilled meat and pepper tasted, he started to ask me questions. He asked about more Russian writers. “Have you read Pushkin? Do you know Gogol? How about Chekhov? Gorky? Pasternak?” I wondered whether he’d mention Tolstoy or Dostoevsky, but before I could ponder any more, an answer rose within me and burst forth without premeditated thought. I blurted out: “I read and write about fifteen hours a day and no longer know whether I am reading or writing.” The old man leaned over and replied, “Very good.” He said it in such an authoritative, wise way that I immediately woke up and jumped out of bed.

The next day we researched the Russian dish served by the mysterious character in the dream. We found that

. . . by the early 20th century—just in time for the Russian revolution—the kebabs were a staple in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other soon-to-be-Soviet cities. Shashlik was one of the few traditional Russian dishes to make it through the Bolshevik revolution relatively unchanged. . . [the Russian cooking] tradition grudgingly acknowledges that meat on a stick, cooked over a searing flame, is one of the finest ways to bring people together in celebration of food and life.^{xxv}

Shashlik is a word that every Russian child knows and it refers to more than just the food. The expression “Let’s go for shashlik” also means it’s time to gather and party. Furthermore, traditionally Russian men did not cook, except when it was time to prepare shashlik. That was a dish that men made.

It was clear we had received a teaching from a Russian spiritual classroom, but we still didn’t know the name of the mustached chef who questioned Brad about those Russian literary giants. The next day we accidentally stumbled upon the mention of shaslik in literature related to Russia. It was from a passage written by P. D. Ouspensky, the Russian mystic. In his book, *In Search of the Miraculous*, he describes how his teacher, Gurdjieff, would gather folks for a long party and serve shaslik and wine. There Gurdjieff would carefully observe his students to assess their spiritual growth. Ouspensky studied under Gurdjieff in Moscow between 1915 and 1925. He writes:

Several times, on arriving from Moscow, G. arranged excursions into the country for large parties, and picnics where we had shashlik, which were somehow totally out of keeping with St. Petersburg. There remains in my memory a trip to Ostrovki up the river Neva, more particularly because I suddenly realized on this trip why G. arranged these seemingly quite aimless amusements. I realized that he was all the time observing and that many of us on these occasions showed entirely new aspects of ourselves which had remained well hidden at the formal meetings in St. Petersburg.^{xxvi}

At one shashlik party, Ouspensky reports how he was questioned by Gurdjieff:

“What do you find is the most important thing of all you have learned up to now?” he asked me. “The experiences, of course, which I had in August,” I said. “If I were able to evoke them at will and use them, it would be all that I could wish for because I think that then I should be able to find all the rest. But at the same time I know that these ‘experiences,’ I choose this word only because there is no other, but you understand of what I speak—he nodded—depended on the emotional state I was in then. And I know that they will always depend on this. If I could create such an emotional state in myself I should very quickly come to these experiences. But I feel infinitely far from this emotional state, as though I were asleep. This is ‘sleep’ that was being awake—How can this emotional state be created? Tell me.”

“There are three ways,” said G. “First, this state can come by itself, accidentally. Second, someone else can create it in you. And third, you can create it yourself. Which do you prefer?”^{xxvii}

Gurdjieff’s work was all about *waking up*. From the Sacred Ecstasics perspective, sleep refers to the absence of ecstatic emotion. When sacred emotion wanes due to feeling distant from divinity and the spiritual fire, it’s time for a wakeup call, whether it comes spontaneously, is administered by a teacher, or is sparked in oneself.

In the vision, Brad met Gurdjieff and ate shashlik. When questioned, Brad was surprised to discover the difference between reading and writing had been dissolved. It startled him awake to meet Gurdjieff again, the man whose student gatherings often numbered around thirty. It remains a mystery to us, however, why exactly Brad dreamed of Gurdjieff. Perhaps it was partially a reminder to keep asking questions: Have you read Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Gurdjieff, or the Keeneys? Have you fallen asleep and are wondering how to reawaken the sacred emotion and spiritual heat you once felt? Are you improving your ratio of time immersed in the big room? Are you dissolving the difference between teaching, teacher, book, instrument, vessel, and room? Are you waiting for an accident, for a transmission, or for the discipline needed to take the action required to reawaken sacred emotion in yourself? Whatever the case, have some shashlik and join the Sacred Ecstasics party. As Gurdjieff said to his guests: “Here there are no spectators.”^{xxviii} It’s time to gather the ingredients and cook!

Postscript

We later found that Gurdjieff was a master cook who loved to prepare meals for gatherings in his apartment. He knew how to make hundreds of exotic dishes. He wrote that “it is as important to compose a dish in its correctly-blended elements as a composition of music or the colors in painting . . . [it takes] much knowledge to be a good cook. A culinary doctor.”^{xxix} He also advised eating peppers even though during his time medical doctors advised patients not to eat them. He made sure that he ate enough peppers each year so that their combined weight matched the weight of his doctor. He enjoyed cooking, eating, and drinking while raising his glass and making a toast to those he called “idiots.” Valuing spices as a spiritual resource, his office was in his food pantry.

Gurdjieff regarded most spiritual orientations as emphasizing either the emotions, the physical body, or the mind rather than all three. He claimed to avoid taking the path of the fakir, monk, or yogi and offered a fourth way based on his practices that included music and special movements he called “sacred dance.” He sometimes referred to himself as a “teacher of dancing” and tried to stage a ballet in Moscow. He also composed musical scores with the Russian composer who was also his student, Thomas de Hartmann. Always controversial, no one quite

knew how to evaluate either Gurdjieff's life or his teaching. We do know he valued the use of shock to help awaken others. He avoided fads and shunned the popular. Preferring surprise and change over predictability and repetition, Gurdjieff always altered how he prepared a meal: "I never cook [the] exact same dish twice."^{xxx} While toasting the idiots of popular convention, he opened more room for the changing improvisation and syncretic rearranging of First Creation.

New Plumbing

Brad dreamed he was back in Smithville again, this time in the church parsonage where he grew up:

I was surprised to see Tullio Maranhão, my former Brazilian academic colleague, working on the house. He explained that he was installing a hot steam room in the basement. I didn't know whether he had permission to do this or whether he was proceeding on his own. I also wondered whether he was moving in or only making an alteration to my early home.

He then changed the plumbing throughout the whole house. He cut out a hole in the wood floor of my parents' room to bring new pipes through. When I went to the kitchen, I was shocked by what he had done. Next to the right side of the oven was a large arrangement of pipes that went from the floor to the ceiling. The pipes were all twisted and turned to loop through themselves like a complex brass musical instrument. It appeared as an amalgam of the middle parts of a trombone, tuba, and euphonium but without any flared horn. It was golden in color and dominated the kitchen's visual scene. My attention was completely riveted on it. I had no idea what kind of plumbing function it could possibly serve, its complex design was so unusual.

When my parents arrived home, I was worried they would be upset because I was sure they hadn't asked for this plumbing job. Rather than complain or show any upset, they expressed amazement at how fast Tullio had made all the plumbing changes and praised him for the excellent quality of his work.

I interrupted and asked whether they had given him permission for the job. Tullio immediately started to persuade them that it was a good thing. I then interrupted him to request, "Please give them the time and space they need to think about it on their own. They must decide if they want this rather than be mentally tricked into believing they should want it." Tullio became obviously irritated as he raised his voice to continue his argument, but I insisted, "Give them the room you want others to have when it comes to seriously considering issues of colonization, exploitation, racism, and other topics dear to your social and

academic concerns. Dialogue—something you are a formal philosophical expert on—needs room for every side.” He immediately understood and backed down, allowing my parents to decide what they wanted without any excessive overbearing influence.

I woke up pondering what I had witnessed, particularly the pipe arrangement that was seen in the kitchen. Was it a musical instrument on the middle floor going up through the roof on high and down to the basement far below? Was this a teaching that music mediates our upper heavenly and lower earthly worlds? Or was it more about allowing people to make up their own minds regarding whether they want to own a spiritual gift? Given how our dreams often involve different levels of experiential realities, was the dream about all these teachings or even more?

Later in the night I dreamed again. I witnessed Hillary and I giving a mystical prescription to a Guild member. We also gave the man a strong argument as to why it should be done and not just thought about. We watched how easily he abandoned the task soon after he started it. At the first sign of frustration, he stopped and thought to himself, “I knew I didn’t want to do this, but I was talked into it.” Then we saw the same person given the task as if he were in a different time and space. This time he was left to make up his own mind and decide whether he’d follow through with the instruction. He chose to do it and when he encountered the same frustration as the previous situation, this time he did not give up. He pushed himself to do it because he had previously decided he wanted to—he owned the desire for its enactment and satisfactory completion.

The moment I woke up, I instantly remembered something we read about Gurdjieff the day before. Unlike some spiritual teachers and traditions, his so-called “fourth way” required no isolation from the world, celibacy, rigid social hierarchy, institutional form, accreditation, or strict requirements with punitive consequences if not followed. His teaching was for people living in the “regular” world and its assignments and practices were all voluntary.

We, too, do our best to respect whatever degree of involvement anyone chooses with respect to Sacred Ecstatics, especially performing the experiments. At the same time, like Mr. Gurdjieff, we make clear that without owning the desire for doing hard work and performing it the best you possibly can, you will not be able to learn how to hold vast mystery, light an ecstatic fire, or receive the spiritual gifts intended for your unique mission.

There is new plumbing installed in the home of Sacred Ecstatics. The ancestors have brought it to the middle floor. Like God’s trombones of old, it distributes the holy water from on high to the earth below by means of musical conveyance. To spiritually cook, our oven needs this direct

plumbing line installed on its right side. Down below, head for the spiritual steam rather than self-esteem to get your mind better aligned. Where does the plumbing go above the ceiling? That is something not meant to be seen, only soulfully heard and vibrationally felt. Decide whether you wish to own this new numinous plumbing, the circularly arranged musical instrument on the middle floor, and the source and force on top that brings down the ecstatic heat for spiritual cooking below. Please don't forget that it has already been installed. Do you want to take responsibility for this unexpected gift?

Fixing the Pipes for Heating

After Brad's dream about new plumbing, we received a dream report from Sacred Ecstasics Guild member, Linus, who is a professional mountain climber in Sweden. Though we had not yet distributed the latest visionary download about new plumbing, he dreamed of fixing the pipes that heat the room:

I dreamed that Hillary and Brad were in Sweden and sent word that they wanted to visit me. I was at a climbing convention, so they came to where it was being hosted. I was helping finalize the content of the meetings. The conference director wanted my advice on how to inform the attendees about ten different studies that had been done related to climbing accidents. I told him that presenting three would be enough or else people would drift and not grasp anything. He replied that all the information was important and that it was therefore impossible to select only three teaching points.

In the middle of this debate, Hillary and Brad arrived. I was thrilled to see them, and we hugged, laughed, and talked until they announced they had to call it a night after a long traveling day. I showed them to their room and was a bit embarrassed about its quality. However, they didn't seem to mind its low standard.

I then went back to helping out with the conference planning. After a little while Hillary returned and asked if it was possible to turn up the heat in their room. I followed her back and turned up all the radiators. Later Hillary came back again to mention that it still was not warm enough. As I walked through the door to their room, I realized that the place had changed. It was now bigger, like a large dormitory. We all started to laugh, though we weren't sure exactly why.

This time I made sure that the radiators were turned up to the maximum heat setting. We were still laughing as we said good night. Not long afterward, Hillary arrived to inform me that the room needed more heat. When I went into the room for the third time it had further changed. It was now a huge conference hall with

a ceiling higher than I could see. There were bunk beds lining all the walls that reached up into the endless ceiling. Brad wanted to sleep up high, so he started to climb at least four or five levels up. Hillary and I were a bit skeptical since the beds looked old and unstable. However, Brad was optimistic and kept climbing. When he reached the bed he wished to sleep in, he laid down and was content. After only a few seconds the bed broke and all the beds beneath collapsed like dominoes bringing him all the way down to the floor. Brad landed perfectly on his feet and started to laugh. We all then laughed at the comical nature of the whole situation.

After closely checking the radiators in the room and finding them set to maximum heat, I realized that there must be a problem with the pipe system. In addition to being a professional mountain climber and guide, I'm also a licensed plumber by trade who specializes in heating systems. Brad and Hillary didn't know this about me. I felt confident that I could find the problem. Though I was physically alone when I checked the system, it felt like someone mysterious came to provide guidance and lend me a helping hand. I don't recall if the helper's voice came from inside me or from the outside, or both simultaneously.

I found that three of the three-way joints were not properly connected. The joints didn't fit the pipes to which they were supposed to connect. All the pipes looked alike and were parallel to each other and the joints, with three pipes coming from above and three other pipes running horizontally in each direction. The invisible helper told me that there was nothing wrong with the heating source but that I needed to connect the three, three-way joints for the heating system to work properly. I knew I couldn't fix the pipes without my tools, so I went and got my tool bag. I came back to the dark corridors of the basement with a joyful sensation that I was going to do something good and meaningful. The heating pipes were being repaired.

We were amazed at the overlap between Brad's dream of new home plumbing and Linus's dream of repairing the pipes—ensuring that both the horizontal and vertical pipes were correctly aligned and connected. These pipes, like the steps of spiritual cooking, come in threes and cannot function separately. Expansion, heat, and change take place simultaneously on the vertical and horizontal plane, the double reality of divinity and humanity, God and trickster. Repair the connection at the crossroads between earth and heaven. Doing so will bring you joy.

Counting Prayer

Brad woke up in the night and found himself spontaneously counting:

I counted to the number eight and then counted backwards from eight to one, repeating this forward and backward counting sequence over and over. The rhythm of the count would alternate between 2/4, 3/4, 4/4, and 5/8 time. I realized that this way of counting was meant to help shift my performance from purposefully forced numeration to spontaneous expression that was effortless and unpredictable. The forward and backward counting motion felt like it was circularly joined, with each number evoking the next number as if a force was turning the numbers in a wheel formed by two contrary lines chasing one another. I was flooded with the intuitive awareness that Gurdjieff may have counted in a similar manner, doing so to awaken the universal life force within.

I also remembered that lately I had been experimenting with the three-word pinnacle prayers. Using the spiritual engineering of Sacred Ecstasies, I would express the prayers internally with different rhythms, accents, and number of repetitions. In addition, I would say them while also singing the music associated with each—splitting my internal voice into two voices to accomplish this polyphony of prayer. Finally, I would get all the prayers and the songs going concurrently. This complexity could only be accomplished if it involved concentrated seiki spontaneity rather than being willfully forced.

Upon waking, Brad conducted some research to find that Gurdjieff had indeed used counting in a similar manner, counting forward and backward. He called this “preparing the soil,” and did it to help shift the “center” holding a prayer performance. First, a prayer is centered in the body—the oral prayer—and then it becomes a prayer of the mind that is used to focus mentation. From here it may finally shift to the emotional center of the heart. Gurdjieff was influenced by the Orthodox monastic way of praying specified in *The Way of the Pilgrim* where a seven-word prayer is used to move toward a prayer of the heart, considered the highest form of praying.

Mystics have long known that experimenting with variations of synchronized counting, breathing, and body movement can help open the secret truths buried inside prayer. A prayer is both a treasure chest full of spiritual gifts and the practical means of opening it, as well as the mystical means of moving you into the center of different rooms, each larger and more encompassing of the others. This is the climb up the beaded or knotted prayer rope—the ascension further into the heart of the divine.

Inspired by Gurdjieff’s experimentalism, we invited the Guild to *internally* say each prayer of *The Pinnacle Prayer Book* with numbers instead of words. Whether it is “I need Thee” or “do it, Lord,” try saying “1, 2, 3” and then “3, 2, 1,” but *feel* as if you are saying the words instead. Then go back and forth until the numbers catch the feeling of the words. First hear them both at the same time, hearing “1” and “1” as if simultaneously voiced. When word and number blend, any

sacred emotion held by the anointed word is infused into the number. Do the same for the alphabet: substitute “a, b, c” for any of the three-word prayers, then transfer the sacred emotion and find yourself owning a prayer alphabet. Enacting this kind of experimentalism with your mystical 1, 2, 3’s and a, b, c’s, you learn how rhythm and tonality awaken, convey, and amplify whatever inspirational treasure is held in the prayer words. This is how all three of the three-word prayers may become one blended prayer expressed as “1, 2, 3,” but only when you surrender to the rhythm and the emotion of its expression.

Postscript

Gurdjieff might be considered an early prototype for many of the New Age stars who would later become pop star gurus. Erasing his history, he prefigured Carlos Castaneda, and had the same kind of literary imagination that invented many if not most of his spiritual teachers. Yet he maintained a rigor and outcast quality that differentiates him from today’s mass marketed, fast-food spirituality. He demanded hard work and embraced his version of evocative dance and music. More like William Burroughs, he made random cutouts and strung them together, sometimes accidentally creating a new future that included claims to have discovered a lost past.

His commitment to disciplined practice to improve the mind, body, and emotion is commendable, as was his never-ceasing experimentalism, dedication to improvisation, and refusal to frame any practice, name, or frame as a fad for popular consumption. Unfortunately he was missing sacred ecstasy, the fire in the bones that tempers trickster drift. Yet, there is much to learn from his errors, including his accidental means of stumbling onto profound truths ready to be choreographed with the help of higher cooking hands.

Before dismissing Gurdjieff as either a charlatan or the “rascal saint”^{xxxii} that others called him, know that renowned scholar of religion, Professor Jacob Needleman, believed Gurdjieff’s work to be important enough to publish a book about him.^{xxxii} Elsewhere in his synopsis of Ouspensky’s book, *In Search of the Miraculous*, Needleman describes how Gurdjieff eschewed the spiritual paths that focused on bodily struggle (fakir), purification of the emotions (monk), and purification of the mind (yogi). His “fourth way works on all aspects of man at the same time, and requires no renunciation or belief. It can be and indeed must be practiced in the midst of ordinary life conditions.”^{xxxiii}

Needleman further explains that the Gurdjieff universe is organized by three forces (active, passive, and neutralizing) that operate in a structure analogous to the musical scale with steps going up and down for the transformation of energy—his law of the octave. Needleman also warns that Gurdjieff’s work is inaccessible unless his key idea of the “three foods of man” (air, food, and sensory experience) is understood.^{xxxiv} In other words, first eat a serving of his shashlik. After that you can learn how to count the eight musical notes and ascend the mystical octave.

Finally, Alan Watts, whose book recently came to us in vision, considered Gurdjieff a major influence on his spiritual life. He wrote: “Gurdjieff was a magnificent old rascal, who lived a joyous life, and most of his disciples live extremely restricted, rigid, and serious lives—because the object of Gurdjieff’s method was to weed out those who understood from those who do not, and those who understood went away and those who did not understand remained.”^{xxxv}

The Offering Plate

Brad dreamed that the Sacred Ecstatics Guild gathered at a small old adobe church in New Mexico, a property we had presumably acquired as a venue for our work:

An offering plate was passed around for folks to help with the costs of sustaining the Sacred Ecstatics mission, and this included the adobe gathering place. One person, who clearly had enough assets to never have a reason to worry about personal finances, put in one silver coin. It was very shiny, but it was only worth 25 cents. A voice was heard, “You get back what you put in.” I was shocked to realize that the words had come through my mouth even though it sounded like someone else. I instantly knew I was speaking on behalf of the many spiritual teachers who find it difficult to address the financial support of their work.

Before Hillary and I could notice the impact of these words on others, the room changed. It became more like an alchemical laboratory. The offering plate turned into a crucible, and this time we watched how each gift is meant to be an ingredient for spiritual cooking. However, to serve transformation, the act of giving must involve a significant proportion of the time, space, energy, and matter of your life. Bricks, mortar, musical instruments, computers, and other physical materials are necessary for spiritual work to be manifest in the elements of earth. In addition to matter, however, you must also offer the time and energy to build the spiritual space needed to for spiritual gifts to come forth. Into the alchemist’s vessel go all the forms of offering that include uplifting greetings, words of encouragement, kind action, volunteer help, personal devotion to practice, skillful social interaction, catching, cleaning, and grilling fish, baking bread, churning butter, canning jam, and paying bills.

Over the centuries, spiritual teachers have struggled over whether to address offerings, tithing, and financial pledges of support directly or indirectly. Among the indigenous healers we have personally known, traditionally there has been a tacit social etiquette practiced. In many cases the healer did not directly ask for payment because it was expected that others would gracefully and gratefully take care of the healer’s material needs. Later when these cultures

entered a more modern economy, this custom was easily abused by outsiders as the healer or spiritual teacher became romanticized as someone who doesn't ask for financial compensation. This was illogically taken to mean that someone with a spiritual role has no need for financial help and therefore there is no obligation to provide a worthy gift or make a meaningful sacrifice. Or worse, money was regarded as somehow making spiritual work dirty or impotent. Such madness created the myth that spiritual workers are more effective if they are materially poor.

While in the old days among the Lakota, for example, several horses would be voluntarily given for a spiritual ceremony, today an affluent visitor might feel comfortable leaving a blanket, animal bone, feather, or seashell. Brad knew a traditional healer who was so poor that food was not always on the family dining table. One of the wealthiest people Brad ever met visited this healer and left one seashell, a trinket she had collected while on a beach vacation. The old man, bound by custom, could not tell her what he felt and told Brad afterward, "How is that shell going to help me feed my family?"

In Japan, the clients of Osumi Sensei understood that her rare spiritual gift was worth far more than the skills of the many medical surgeons, licensed psychotherapists, and business consultants with lucrative incomes. They respected her work as deserving more compensation than what would be given for a visit to the Mayo Clinic. It was not unusual for traditional Japanese clients to gift her with over \$50,000 for receiving seiki, expressing the magnitude of their gratitude.

Brad grew up in a country church that received no support from a larger denomination. His father and grandfather lived on whatever people put in the offering plate. They were more like old school healers, wandering monks, and circuit riding preachers. It was the elders of the church who handed out the offering plate and made a public appeal for stewardship. In addition, if there was need for a building or any other kind of improvement it was never expected to be accomplished by the minister's hands alone. If folks wanted a church, the people built it and usually did so without being asked. A spiritual leader here walked a fine line—having to serve God while being dependent on others to take care of their needs without the benefit of protection that an institution provides. The balance between pleasing people and serving God is not easily aligned.

We organized Sacred Ecstatics to function as a small experimental Guild with simple financing. We have no business plan or growth strategy; we proceed on a yearly basis funded by what is essentially an annual membership fee. We left behind successful academic careers do this work for the love of it. We answer only to the boss on high and will continue for as long as we are able to do it. We are grateful to every participant who has helped make this rare historic event possible. There is no doubt that we are committed to "doin' this"—making long-lasting history as we serve higher mystery. While our number may be small, our rope is very tall.

Please be clear that this essay is not about asking for donations that would cover scholarships, technical development, or anything material, though we certainly appreciate when such

generosity is enacted. The spiritual classroom teaching here addresses the other part of gifting—that which is beyond materiality. Your offering needs to also include the time, energy, tone, rhythm, movement, emotion, and room construction required so that you and the whole Guild can get the most out of Sacred Ecstasies. We have previously used terms like “ratio” and “concentration” to discuss how to reach the tipping point after which most of your life resides in the big room. This requires more cooking action than looking observation in your everyday.

Whatever form of offering you place in the crucible, whether it’s giving space to conduct an experiment, taking time for reading and study, surrendering to feeling the need for a higher hand, or making the effort to encourage someone else to give Sacred Ecstasies a try, remember nothing valuable comes for free. The optimal percentage of your life must be wholeheartedly given over to big room action if you want to live a big room life.

Be careful because big room gifting is not a simple exchange performed to receive what you want. You give to own the wonderful feeling associated with the purest kind of giving. What is felt helps melt any distance from blessed generosity. Likewise, you practice Sacred Ecstasies to own the satisfying feeling associated with masterfully conducted spiritual engineering. What is felt helps facilitate the alchemical smelt, extracting the valuable metal hidden within raw ore. You pray to own the warm feeling associated with cooking a prayer. Said differently, in the middle is found the true gift: dynamic ecstatic action itself. Rather than covet a fantasy ending, treasure the joy of ongoing change and exchange where spiritual transition is valued over social or economic position.

Never give your resources away with a small room outcome expected in return. Give to expand the room rather than your curriculum vitae, financial portfolio, number of merit badges, or exhibition collection. Instead of brooding over the personal cost, get busy building the big room, then light a match and cook until you feel you want to be more like the holy fire keepers you look up to. What they feel after all the magic is said and done is *the desire to share*. A Kalahari Bushman n/om-kxao is someone who above all else values sharing. Giving is equated with receiving in this ecology. Stinginess is regarded as poverty whereas the sign of wealth hosts a no-strings-attached giveaway. Please do not complain about money, time, energy, work, effort, or mood when it comes to seeking the divine. Keep moving toward the big room and find yourself surprised by what will eventually come out of your mouth as well as your hands. Be here for the whole, not any inflated part that thinks it is the center of the show. Know this: if you are spiritually cooked, you will spontaneously want to share and dare others to do the same.

Finally, giving does not take place on a linear cause and effect line—it is found in a circle of interaction. While it’s often said that giving is also receiving, it’s also true that after receiving you need to give something back to assure that the giving circle remains unbroken. When bona fide spiritual advice or a mystical prescription is offered, you need to honorably and responsibly receive it by enacting it. Rather than toss it away, briefly think about it, or observe what others

do with it, bring it into your life with devoted action. Otherwise, you will miss fully receiving the gift or it will disappear, making it less likely that future gifts will come your way.

Until you enact what is offered and inspired from on high, your gift remains unwrapped inside a small box. To open the box, open yourself to owning the gift—something that requires more action than observation. And for those to whom much has been given, much is expected in return. Owning a mystical nail is different than having a brief date with one. Real ownership of a spiritual gift requires giving more of yourself back to the big room—learning how to expand and heat, especially when you don't feel like doing anything. The same applies to what must be done after you experience a vision. It is not yet fully received or completely owned until it is used to better conduct more praying, singing, and dancing that inspire creative, unconditional sharing. Here you find that every gift is a seed that does not come to fruition without good gardening habits. Prepare the soil, plant another seed, and get ready to sprout, root, and reach toward the sun. Give back to move forward. To fully receive, make a valuable contribution to the Giver.

A Holy Visitation on Epiphany

After a long day of responding to experimental reports from the Sacred Ecstasies Guild, Brad had two visionary dreams:

In the first dream, I thought I was awake and got up to find that the bedroom floor was wet. Puddles were scattered everywhere, and this confused me. I even wondered if water was flowing out of my own body because I suddenly felt my feet becoming wet. I woke up and still felt confused. Immediately going into prayer, I remembered that I had earlier in the day challenged Lance, a Guild member, to go all the way with his spiritual life. He asked what to do and I did not respond, wanting to wait until I felt direction for him come from on high. As I prayed for Lance, I received what I should pass on to him. It was nothing lofty, fancy, or complex. These are the simple words that came through the pipeline: "Pray with all your heart and do so ceaselessly."

I then fell back to sleep and several hours later was in another spiritual classroom—our New Orleans home. In the dream, Hillary and I welcomed a group of men who are a part of the Sacred Ecstasies Guild. They had come early in the morning to start our special month-long Carnival gathering that would culminate on Mardi Gras. We were surprised that they arrived in the morning because we were scheduled to begin in the afternoon. Furthermore, we were going to start that new experiment in February, and it was now only January 6th. The men had arrived much earlier than planned.

I told Hillary that I needed to excuse myself and gather some energy. I was worried that I would be exhausted from spiritually cooking every day for over a month. As I got up to leave the room, I discovered a previously unnoticed stairway going downstairs to a basement I never knew we had. I climbed down to find the basement in the home I grew up in as a child when we lived in the parsonage next to a country church in Smithville, Missouri. It was completely cleaned like it had never been cleaned before. The only objects present were a washing machine and my boyhood things piled in a corner. My parents once gifted me with two large plywood boards to do whatever I wanted with them. I made a ping pong table and a base for my train set. I noticed in the dream that the train was assembled just as it used to be, including the handmade mountain and tunnel I had made with paper mâché. The other board was standing up next to the edge of the train setup.

I assumed the board was standing to protect it from the puddles of water that were everywhere on the floor of the basement. Hillary came down and asked what I was doing. I said, "I'm trying to gather some energy for the work ahead of us." Then I asked her why there was so much water in the basement. I pointed to the ceiling that was bulging as water dripped from the floor above. Hillary explained that the furnace was located above that spot, adding that its pipe must be leaking. Then we looked at the washing machine and were stunned by the wall behind it. It was not made of concrete as it should be in a basement. Instead, it was made of old wood slats. With large gaps between the slats, we could see bright sunlight on the other side pouring through, even though it should have been dark earth. Somehow both sunlight and water were mysteriously coming into a place built under the ground.

As we stood there confused, we heard someone walking down the stairs. First, we saw a beautiful straight cane hit each step. Then I felt an extraordinarily powerful electrical and emotional shock, like a lightning bolt, shoot through my mind and body. The man on the stairs was my grandfather who was impeccably dressed in a suit. He was assisted by a middle-aged black preacher who helped him descend. I worried that it was too difficult for him to traverse the stairs, but he did so effortlessly. When my grandfather finally faced me, I saw that he radiated holiness. "Never," I thought to myself, "has there been a holier human being. He is a saint. He is as luminous as Jesus." I even dared to wonder if he had become another son of the Holy Father.

All I could do was hug my grandfather, the man I called Pa Pa and others called Reverend W. L. Keeney. We hugged and never let go. Our cheeks rested on one another's and not a word was spoken. I felt the deepest and most powerful sacred emotion possible. At that moment an angelic choir on the floor above began to

slowly sing, “There Is a Fountain.” I considered whether the intensity of the emotion erupting inside would kill me—it was that strong. As I gathered my rational mind to come back to myself amidst this loving embrace and powerful emotion, I found that I wanted more than anything for the men upstairs to experience this special holy man. I particularly imagined that Morten would also be totally overcome by the power of his presence. All my grandfather had to do was come down the stairs and flood the room with divine radiance.

Another wave of complex sacred emotions struck me. I simultaneously felt the sad, heartbreaking loss of my grandfather and the blissful, heavenly joy of his return, along with gratitude for what he was and will forever be. While I always knew as a child that he was a revered spiritual elder, I never had realized how powerful a holy man he really was until I was older. I have dreamed him many times, and even the Bushman elders and healers elsewhere often told me they could feel that I had a spirit-full grandfather by my side. In the dream I began to weep and then sob uncontrollably, which continued upon my waking. I was sobbing so much that it woke up Hillary. It took a while for me to gather myself so I could share the vision with her. The dream revealed a truth I will never doubt. My grandfather was a grand man of God.

After hearing the dream Hillary said, “It’s interesting that you dreamed this tonight, because today is actually the official beginning of the Carnival season. It’s called the Epiphany.” Having grown up Protestant, I did not know what this day exactly was. Traditionally a Roman Catholic holiday, it is the celebration of the revelation or theophany of God incarnate as Jesus Christ to the magi. Hillary then said to me, “You just received a theophany through your grandfather and dreamed the anointed beginning of our Sacred Ecstatics Carnival season.” Suffice it to say that we will never get over the remarkable radiance and striking revelation of this holy visitation. It was an epiphany to forever feast upon.

The Middle Is the “Sweet Spot”

In the middle of the night, a loud noise awakened Brad from his sleep. He swiftly sat up in bed and for some reason turned his head to look straight at the mirror in our bathroom. Brad then saw someone walk by the mirror and immediately disappear into thin air:

I got up to investigate the situation and found no one there, yet I didn’t doubt that a ghostly presence had walked in front of the mirror. The experience was neither scary nor weird. It somehow felt natural as the line between the solid and ethereal worlds has become permeable in our household. I prayed that the next teaching

would clearly come through the veil. Later in the morning I heard a voice repeat these words three times: “Hit the sweet spot—this is the middle.”

In an instant I was flooded with the recognition of how easily some of the most enthusiastic practitioners of Sacred Ecstasies get discouraged. They are caught in an extreme oscillation between believing they are a total failure or thinking they are ready to set the world on fire. Under the self-intoxicating influence of an upward mood swing, they sometimes exaggerate the performance tactic of “letting ‘er rip” and go far beyond their skills and gifts, creating an aesthetic clunker.

I then remembered that this same kind of excess was equally true for me in past recording sessions. Whenever I felt a lot of authentic excitement, I allowed it to inspire unrestrained, wild keyboard finger action only to later hear the recording reveal that I over did it. There had been too much letting go and not enough holding back.

After much trial-and-error tinkering, we have learned that the secret to hitting the sweet spot is equally letting go and holding back. There have been a few occasions when we felt tired or out of whack but recorded anyway to hear what it would produce. We assumed these productions would be profoundly off because we weren’t “feeling it” that strongly. To our surprise they sometimes turned out to be the best recordings.

The sweet spot requires hitting the optimal mutual influence of emotion, physical expression, performance variation, and critical evaluation. While the sweet spot hangs between “not too much and not too little,” you also must both overshoot and undershoot from time to time, producing mini errors that are immediately corrected. Like riding the two rhythms of shamanic evocation—entrainment and de-entrainment—you need to be both pulled on and thrown off the tracks. This, too, is another form of a call and response that needs a rhythmic bounce to make it more like perpetual motion than forced messy commotion.

In our experience, someone ecstatically tuned has naturally calibrated sweet-spot expression. However, when most people initially feel strong sacred emotion, they are tempted to rush their reaction and exaggerate their expression. Then the fire never gets ignited or goes out quickly. Feeling powerful or experiencing cathartic release does not necessarily indicate spiritual heat; it can actually carry a contrived chill. At the same time, the fire is dampened when you hold back too much to avoid an overshoot. If you aren’t sure whether you have hit the sweet spot or are just being jerked around by trickster inflation and deflation, it’s wise to consult a discerning observer. You benefit from an honest teacher, a serious critic, or a jaded friend with a good nose who tells you to “rein it in” or “bring it on.”

In the beginning, strictly follow a conductor. Don't risk developing bad habits because there is no social feedback loop to help you stay on track. The sweet spot is found by blending with the track, conductor, and the whole ensemble. If you are standing out, then you've gone too far and need to rein yourself back in. When you are more aware of the whole expression of everyone in the room than you are aware of yourself, then you are closer to what is sweeter. Being on target is when you have no doubt that *the room* is what's really cooking and there is no need for disassociated self-observation.

Sacred Ecstatics helps you feel the rope of divine connection. Serve the room, the theatre, the show, and the director. Hold yourself back as you also set yourself free. Go ahead and break a leg, lose your voice, and slay your mind-body to experience the one ultimate mystical sensation in the next chorus line of Sacred Ecstatics!

If you ever wake up and see a mysterious presence walking in front of your mirror, use it as a reminder to stay in the middle of the ongoing movement rather than pause to observe a frozen frame. More cooking, less mirror-looking!

Bicycling on Bridge Street

In an unusual dream, Brad was with Hillary in his hometown of Smithville, Missouri:

I simply drank a glass of water. Then I drank another four glasses of water, one right after the other. I didn't know why and then woke up puzzled, but I was not thirsty. I could barely pray before soon falling asleep again.

In the next dream Hillary and I were on bicycles in the town that I grew up in. We were one block from my grandparents' house, the last place they resided in, which was next door to my parents' home. Hillary and I road back and forth along a tangential street until we felt ready to pass by where they lived.

After that, I suggested we ride our bikes through town all the way to our family's church. As we rode down the road, I periodically stopped because I kept bursting into tears. These cloudbursts were unpredictable—they just came and went. On the way to the church was a bridge that crossed the Little Platte River, a small stream of water that would annually swell to flood the town. We stopped in the middle of the bridge and for the first time in my life I realized it was exactly halfway between my grandparents' home and the church—and it was now the middle of our present visionary journey.

On one side of the bridge was an old two-story Victorian home. I told Hillary that was where I had my first adolescent kiss. Directly across the street, but on the same side of the bridge, was another old home that had been the residence

of the town's mortician. We laughed at how a kiss and the desire to make life faced the site of death.

Hillary then asked me what was on the other side of the bridge. I explained it was the site of the old mill for which the town was originally named—Smith's Mill. It later became our grocery store. Across the street from it was a church, not the one I attended, but a place where the more affluent folks in town went. It had the first grand piano I ever played in my life. We marveled at how food, music, sex, and death were at the corners of the bridge. We felt this would surely make a Bushman smile.

In the dream, Hillary and I never went further than the bridge. We stood with our bikes on that midpoint crossing, pondering endless intersections and middles, and especially the faceoff between life and death. I again burst into tears, but this time it was like a proverbial Zen slap blended with a Missouri thunderclap. In that instant I realized that I never felt my grandfather so fully alive until I fully felt he was no longer alive. It was the simultaneity of feeling both life and death that flooded me with the deepest longing and love. In the middle of life and death is something greater than either alone. We realized, standing on that bridge, how fortunate we are to know that this middle potion of emotion is indistinguishable from the wobbling of the sacred vibration.

In that instant Hillary remembered what I had previously told her about the Bushman women's understanding of n/om. One morning after a strong dance, I asked them where their strong n/om medicine came from. They seemed to answer at the same time, saying: "It comes from our tears." The elder, Twa, who is also one of the mothers on our current pray-ear altar, explained that the rope to God is partly made of the longing for our beloved ancestors: "Our tears are the source of n/om. In the n/om dance, we sing our longing for them and then they are here with us." As we remembered this, Hillary and I felt no need to go anywhere. We decided to remain in the center of that bridge which felt like the center of the world.

One more thing: next to the grocery store at one end of the bridge was a feed store. You could see it from where we stood. The farmers came there to buy their seeds. In the dream we saw them sitting on the bench like they did when I was young. Chatting away, they laughed at the two bikers who stood on the bridge laughing, crying, singing, dancing, and embracing.

As we were struck by the many crossings on Bridge Street, Hillary and I heard majestic music rising from below. It was an old hymn hummed by an otherworldly choir, a song I recalled hearing in my grandparents' church. We were humming along, yet neither of us could remember the words. I woke up from the dream

still hearing the song but still could not remember its name or lyrics. I was soaking in it, drowning, and dissolving in its sacred emotion. Suddenly the words came back. It was the song whose words we pray throughout each day and night. We were humming the hymn, “I Need Thee.” I laughed, for how we could possibly forget one of our favorite hymns and the words we continuously utter in prayer?

Then I remembered the teaching of Sacred Ecstasies—when you are spiritually cooked, the words will wash away. All that remains is a soak in sacred emotion where you are poured back into the vastest sea of divine mystery. This is how you receive, absorb, and become the sacred vibration—standing in the middle of it all, flooded by a river of emotions, drenched in cloudbursts of tears, and saturated in the extreme love and longing carried inside holy songs.

Milton H. Erickson’s Last Day

In a dream Brad was greeted by Gregory Bateson who guided him to a house to see a dying man:

We went to a simple house and entered the man’s bedroom. There lying in bed was the renowned psychotherapist, Milton H. Erickson. He was fully awake and clear minded, partially propped up to take in every moment. He motioned for me to come near him and stared directly into my eyes while asking some questions. He then smiled as I answered and afterward said, “You look just like me.” Gregory Bateson added, “Yes, he does look like you.” Then Erickson added with a twinkle in his eye, “You sound like me, too.” Bateson nodded and agreed, “He does sound like you.” I took this encounter to mean that the sessions of Sacred Ecstasies had reached a new degree of development. Our work was blessed in vision by an elder psychotherapist of our time, accompanied by an elder theoretician of therapeutic change. As I wondered where I was in the dream—I didn’t recognize the room or house—I woke up.

I replayed the dream in my mind to see if there were any clues about the setting. I recalled seeing Erickson’s daughter, Betty Alice, in the room. We co-authored her father’s biography and knew each other well. She had on several occasions asked for my therapeutic help with her own life, especially concerning challenging relations with her own family of origin. In addition, she and some of her colleagues intensely studied videotaped sessions of our “creative therapy” sessions. All this led her to conclude that our work had a degree of therapeutic skill that matched or even exceeded her father’s. She had been one of our most vocal enthusiasts and tragically passed away a few years ago. It was not a surprise to see her in the dream—perhaps we were in her room.

I fell asleep and had a second vision. I faced a large theatre sign in front of the bedroom previously dreamed. Its letters were scrambled but then suddenly started to arrange themselves into recognizable words. The letters spelled out the name of the room I had formerly visited: “Hidden Secret Mystery Chamber.” This sign felt both mysterious and absurd, and it woke me up with a sense of awe and humor.

In a final dream, I found myself back in the high school auditorium of my adolescence. I was there to receive an award for my “contribution to music.” I remembered that earlier in the year I had been given a distinguished alumnus award from my high school. Rather than attend the ceremony, I asked a former classmate to accept it. Now in the dream I was backstage and it seemed ridiculous to accept an award for “music.” I felt very uneasy about the whole situation. I asked a nearby stagehand to accept it for me, explaining that it was “too dangerous for me to go on stage and be seen.” I somehow intuited that there was an assassin in the room and that it was wise to flee.

I woke up and was soon flooded with how awards erroneously highlight the name of a person rather than the contextual room that evoked a life performance. It is wiser to acknowledge that every personal accomplishment is absurd even when something of serious value is involved. Applied to our work, we honor and celebrate how Sacred Ecstasies makes a vital difference when it spiritually cooks. But more than anything else, this is due to the big room. The same is true for our music and dance—when the room is sufficiently big and spiritually hot enough, music and dance spontaneously tango. We then move over and let the room take a bow.

When you are on target, you sound and look like the elders in the lineages that built the room you are in. Leave the awards behind and run for your life to a room bigger than any hall of fame. If you need to give an award to someone, give it to the “Hidden Secret Mystery Chamber.” Better yet, give the award to your death bed. It could use a boost to make more experiential room for the sonic boom that helps bring you back to life.

The Key to Reading and Digesting Visionary Reports

In the middle of the night, Brad woke up with the realization that reading and studying a visionary report require as much skill and wisdom as writing one. For both cases, be cautious about exercising former trickster habits of imposing “cutouts” that exalt the names, words, phrases, and ideas you assume are most important. It is usually better to hold back elevating whatever

stands out, then turn to look at the less obvious and least understood parts of the vision. There is found new ground for a different kind of seed to break through the topsoil.

Everyone needs a bona fide spiritual pointer, a Kalahari bird dog with a good nose for n/om. The cutouts that straighten the tail are those which have the buzz of the sacred vibration rather than those with more predictable themes, entertaining stories, or trickster curiosities. There are different kinds of teaching given in the spiritual classrooms, and dreams come in different temperatures with varying degrees of life force. Spiritual classroom dreams provide all kinds of practical tips to help the growth of your spiritual engineering performance chops. While a fire-trembling impact is most important, value is still found in dreams with less vibration and more trickster infiltration.

In general, the *numinous n/ominous maximus* comes with less story, fewer words, and more of the music and sacred emotion that flood the heart and tremble the body. Sacred audition is more potent than sacred vision—the latter is on a lower rung of the ladder. However, there is a time to see, think, and speak as well, so sometimes you are sent to the library's more cerebral archives.

The messengers anointed to bring across mystical teachings are, more than anything else, n/om editors who have been both thoroughly chilled and radically toasted to a crisp by the kitchen gods. These spiritual cooking aficionados are mean and lean edit machines who personally prefer to be soaked in song yet realize that part of their work is wordsmithery—the alchemy of sentence blacksmithery, done no matter the post-dream misery. This is excruciating work where getting the dream ore is easy while smelting its precious metal into exposition with precision is backbreaking. God help you if you are called to carry the n/om mail—we advise getting an ergonomic chair and preparing for long hours of editing work ahead.

Let there be no doubt that everyone is dreaming—ask a sleep researcher for confirmation. Some folks remember their nightly voyages to the small or big rooms, and others do not. It depends on the timing of your awakening. If you wish, randomly set your alarm at an odd time to increase the odds of catching an oddly mystical dream. But please don't elevate dream above n/om, for that attracts a numb dream. Beware the human obsession with possession, always asking whether a vision has been received. Be more concerned over whether you are out of the looking room and in the middle of the cooking room. In other words, your dreaming, writing, reading, and studying all need to be in the big room.

An important tool in visionary classroom visitation is owning an anointed key. In St. Vincent, "the key" (sometimes called a "password") refers to anointed words you use to maintain focus and build concentration throughout the day and night. It is given to you by a spiritual pointing father or mother. Then whenever you are in a dream and start to talk or think, you remember to use the key—it's the compass that keeps you pointed in the right direction. Turn the mystical key whenever the journey starts to feel bent rather than led from on high. You were given three

prayers, each made of three words—this is your set of keys. These three-way pipe joints enable the spiritual heat to come through.

Vow to neither placate nor vacate one another. Celebrate how we are errors seeking the corrective whole that's greater than any this or that, then or now, cause or effect. We are partially sketched lines trying to get reconnected with the main line. We are seeds trying to feed the goddies and blossom the oddities that shock and awaken each other's slumber. We are circles becoming eggs, big shots in need of a *little me* companion to keep our senses focused on cracking up, that is, opening the egg for song and dance to prevail as we cross the veil.

Change the Light, Alter the Mood, and Enter the Luminous Temple

Before going to sleep, Brad did something he hadn't done before—he prayed to the Virgin Mary. The moment he mentioned her name in prayer, a bright flash of light lit up our room. Wondering whether this was a coincidence, he prayed with her name again and the light returned. Being a true experimentalist, Brad prayed to Mary a third time and the same flash occurred with his eyes wide open:

I tried to analyze why this happened—was it the shock to my unconscious from not having formerly prayed to the Blessed Mary? Was it divine intervention? Was it the teaching that holy luminosity is found in every changing form of First Creation?

Later in the night I dreamed that Hillary and I were outside looking at a beautiful landscape. I noticed I had an electrical device resembling a light dimmer in my hand. I turned its knob and the landscape lighting changed. I turned it a second time and the color changed to a dim purple glow. Each turn brought an alteration of both brightness and color. It was incredible how inspiring we could make the world look by only changing the lighting. After changing it a third time, I woke up stunned by how easily mood is changed by color and light.

I remembered how earlier I had seen a light three times when the Virgin Mary's name was addressed in prayer. In the dream that followed, Hillary and I witnessed the landscape lighting change three times, becoming more beautiful with each alteration of color and shift in brightness. I began praying with three numbers and improvising a rhyme: "1, 2, 3, I need Thee. 1, 2, 3, mystery. 1, 2, 3, theophany of divinity. 1, 2, 3, infinity. 1, 2, 3, I need Thee . . ." Falling asleep again, I had another dream.

Hillary and I were standing in a large empty room with no walls. There was only the faint sense of a border between inside and outside. The same electrical device was in my hand. We immediately changed the outside lighting to awaken

our inside emotion. We were once again stunned at how light and mood are related and mutually affected, whether altered on the inside or outside.

I woke up startled to see that our bedroom was no longer the same place. With open eyes I saw an ancient temple with a stairway to the stars. Both sides of the stairs had eight tall white pillars, each higher than the one before it. On the left side above the pillars were two angels hovering in the evening sky, holding up an enormous luminous book. It was open, though its pages could only be read from above. To the right side above the pillars was an ancient face looking at and listening to the whole situation. I was in awe of this temple of mystery. Its light cast an unforgettable glow amidst the dark. I fell asleep and woke up with a new, never-to-be-the-same way of seeing the light of day and night.

Amadeus X 3

Brad was taken to a spiritual classroom and taught mysteries about sacred ecstasy never revealed to us before:

As I was leaving the classroom and trying to hold the teaching in my memory, I realized I would never be able to share what was taught. It was beyond words and meant to stay that way. In that moment I was whisked to a large performance hall. At the front of the stage were three men, masked and dressed in black, like the image used on the program cover of the play, *Amadeus*.

In the play, Mozart finds his antagonist to be a jealous composer, Salieri, who was not blessed with the same degree of musical genius. Salieri wears a black mask and costume near the end of the play to trick Mozart and drive him out of his mind while stealing his last composition, the *Requiem Mass*. Mozart is sick with a fever in bed and Salieri is writing down the notes as fast as Mozart can dictate them. We turn to the drama's script:

Mozart: Do now the *Confutatis. Confutatis Maledectis*. When the wicked are confounded. *Flammis acribus addictis*. How would you translate that?

Salieri: Consigned to flames of woe.

Mozart: Do you believe it?

Salieri: What?

Mozart: A fire which never dies. Burning one forever . . .^{xxxvi}

In my dream, three men were masked like Salieri, and they were on stage facing an orchestra. They stood still as if frozen, and their menacing look frightened the audience. At first, I did not recognize that they were conductors representing each of the three expressive ingredients of Sacred Ecstasies—tone, rhythm, and movement. No conducting began until the fire of sacred emotion was ignited in the dream scene. As if a bolt of lightning came down from above, the room was suddenly set on fire. Immediately, the conductors and those around them sprang to ecstatic life. I witnessed how the alchemist's means of transformation utilizes both dark and light, masked and unmasked, good and evil. All sides work together, but it takes the fire of emotion to make a performance catch fire.

I was taught that above all else, seek “the fire which never dies, burning one forever.” In this fire both life and death are held in the middle creative tension where performance expression alleviates previous ecstatic suppression. I prayed to honor the trinity of 1,2,3 like I had the night before: “1, 2, 3, I need Thee . . . 1, 2, 3, melody, harmony, choreography . . . 1, 2, 3, blend it all with fire . . . 1, 2, 3, life and death conspire . . . 1, 2, 3, God's music and dance serve fire.”

I fell asleep and dreamed a skeleton glowing with extraordinary luminosity. Where flesh and blood once were, now there was only pure light surrounding the bones. A voice on high spoke: “The fire in the bones burns away whatever blocks the light from coming through.” I stared at the skeleton of light as it began to soulfully sing and dance. I woke up and could not get the luminous skeleton out of my mind. I prayed for at least an hour, full of ecstatic heat as the musical tones and memory of the dancing bones filled the room.

I fell asleep again. The next dream was perhaps the shortest dream of my life. A bucket of water was thrown on me to wake me up. The dream lasted for only 1, 2, or 3 seconds. The fire that previously engulfed me was extinguished, enabling me to come back in the flesh to the everyday. Yet the fire within would not stop burning. I had learned that no matter what troubling antagonists arrive or whatever sinister plans are conspired, the fire will blend everything into the *Requiem Mass* that surpasses any difference between life and death. On Mozart's theatrical deathbed, the actors of *Amadeus* speak again:

Mozart: . . . The instruments to go with the voices. Trumpets and timpani, tonic and dominant . . .

Salieri: And that's all?

Mozart: Oh no. Now for the Fire. (He smiles) Strings in unison—*ostinato* on all . . .

Sacred Ecstatics elevates the ropes and strings over all other things. When the strings are in unison performing the anointed melodies and rhythms together, the sacred fire spreads as the wobble between life and death intensifies. The world is then alchemically, musically, and mystically reborn. Ostinato on all! ^{xxxvii}

The Seiki Samurai Are Amidst Us

Several years ago, Agnes, a member of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild from Budapest, received seiki in a dream. Transmission came to her in the form of a samurai sword that swallowed her whole and made her feel inseparable from the seiki wind. We presented her account in the first volume of *Climbing the Rope to God*:

I had a dream last night. In my dream, I was walking around the city center. I passed by a park when I suddenly stopped and saw a brown blanket on the ground. When I stepped closer, I saw a black samurai sword lying on the blanket. No one was near it, so I wanted to look around and see if someone was selling it. To my surprise, I couldn't move. My movement was frozen as if I was paralyzed and could only stand staring at the sword. I felt something in my stomach and in an instant the sword inhaled me. I was swallowed by that sword and disappeared. I was like a wind. I woke up and my whole body was shaking. I felt warmth on my spine and was so disoriented that I had to vomit three times. All day I was dizzy and could not get a song out of my head. Two days later, the song hasn't gone away and I can't get over what happened. ^{xxxviii}

Recently, we received word from Agnes that a samurai ancestor came back in a dream, as if to check on her progress with seiki:

I dreamed last night that five to six men dressed in suits came to our home in Budapest. They opened the garden gate and brought a big round, wooden table into the garden and placed it under our balcony. The table was low and was set with a snow-white tablecloth. Many small bowls arrived that were filled with sushi, wasabi, and other delicious snacks. I was walking around the table and asked the men who they were. They replied, "We work for the Japanese embassy." Many other people arrived that I didn't know. They sat down on the grass and started to eat.

I then noticed a man dressed in black who was standing six to seven meters away from me. He stood on the spot where I planted blue hydrangeas when my

grandmother died almost six years ago. The following year these same flowers turned pink and since then they still have pink flowers every summer. The man in black stood on that same spot and winked at me while also casting a severe look. Then he slowly turned his head so I could see the shiny black, tiny bun on top of his head and know he was a samurai from old Japan.

In Agnes's dream the men dressed in suits are trickster forms we have seen in many visionary classrooms. They are there to distract you from a strict focus on the rope. In contrast, the samurai whose sword points to the lineage rope of Sacred Ecstasies is there to block any distracting fascination with Japanese culture. He is the ambassador of seiki jutsu rather than a country. It is important to emphasize that this 19th century pointer is standing on ancestral ground, the site of flowers planted to honor a dear grandmother who had a strong rope to God. Follow the rope, not the robe.

The same day we heard from Agnes, we also received a report from Matthew, another Sacred Ecstasies Guild member. He described a mysterious experience he had not previously shared:

I didn't report this to you because it was one of the most, if not *the* most, out-of-the-ordinary experiences I've ever had. Some months ago, when I was visiting my parents, I was shocked awake to find a robed person in the room where I was sleeping. He came very close to me. I could not see a face, just the outline of a kimono with a blue and white floral design. I was extremely frightened and received no assurance from the presence that all was well. It didn't feel malevolent, but it was extremely stern in a way I have never experienced. I sat straight up and turned on the light. My body was shaking, not like a dog but like a vibrator. It felt like a bell was being rung over and over and the transmission was moving toward my head but seemed to miss the very middle of me. It was terrifying and I begged it to stop. It tapered off after a while as I resisted every moment of it. I am disappointed that I fought receiving this gift.

We bow before the lineage roots of Sacred Ecstasies that deliver the Japanese non-subtle energy practice of seiki jutsu. Its greatest practitioner was Ikuko Osumi Sensei, and she was a spiritual mother to Brad, which is why she is now one of the mother saints on our pray-ear altar. Osumi Sensei also legally and spiritually authorized Brad to supervise the lineage's teaching after she passed. Her ancestry includes a revered Japanese saint who is enshrined in a Shinto temple on Mount Maki, Eizon Hoin, whose grandfather was the famous samurai warrior, Katsumoto Katagiri (1556–1615), one of the Seven Spears of Shizugatake. Over the decades, we have often been mystically visited by Osumi Sensei and her ancestors. They bring medicine, advice, and seiki. They also sometimes make a house call to our relations in the Sacred Ecstasies Guild.

Seiki is unquestionably non-subtle; it can feel like it's more than you are able to take in. It is nothing like reiki or other "non-subtle energy" practices. You have no doubt that seiki has touched you—most people automatically resist it, whether tensing up, becoming temporarily nauseous, or passing out. That's natural and if you are left shaking afterward, know that seiki got through. This was true for both Agnes and Matthew. If seiki arrives, it accomplishes its mission independent of your response.

There are times when these ancestors ask us to administer seiki to others during a visionary dream. When this occurs, we sometimes tell the person afterward and at other times we do not. It is no surprise that after we send seiki, while either awake or dreaming, we frequently hear from that person the next day. They may report receiving a vibrational transmission from us, one of our lineage ancestors, or an unexpected form, object, or force. Of course, there are times when seiki is received by others and it is accomplished completely outside our conscious awareness.

The day after hearing both Agnes's and Matthew's reports, Brad prayed for holy sunshine and rain to fall upon all the mystical seed gardens planted by the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. He envisioned the beginning of germination and witnessed the blossoming that would come through in the future. Later in a dream, Brad gave seiki to a particular member of the Guild:

I placed my hands on her and then we vibrantly hugged and shook. She was at first delighted and then started to feel confused because she was not prepared for the intensity and complex range of emotion seiki evokes. I gave as much of the sacred vibration that her body could handle. I then walked out of the room and turned to say with a serious tone, "Yes, you are *confused*. Hold on to the *fuse* and let go of any *con* that tries to *consciously* convince you that this should be understood. Light the fuse, drop the con."

It does not matter whether you fight or resist a seiki transmission, or if you are confused by any sensation and emotion involved. Seiki knows exactly what dose is right for you, and whether it should be noticed, unnoticed, or over-noticed. In addition, seiki will continue softening you to make you readier to receive it the next time it comes around. More than a one-time fill up, your body learns how to hold and nourish seiki before advancing its performance.

The seiki samurai are amidst us. They come through the lineage rope that connects all the transmitters that were chosen for each generation. It is our anointed relationship with Osumi Sensei that brings accessible relations to the Japanese saints and samurai of long ago who come to the Guild when it is decided on high that it is time to extend the threads. Whenever we meet one of these ancestors in the night, we honor each of the generational wisdom carriers that make seiki passage possible through the ages. We bow before Osumi Sensei, her Aunt Hayashibe, their ancestor Eizon Hoin whose snake kami (spirit) lives in Brad's belly like it once did for Osumi Sensei, and the fierce shogun who is the seiki grandfather of them all, Katsumoto Katagiri. The

rope is the line of anointed teachers that extend from one generation to another. If you meet Osumi Sensei or an old samurai relative of hers in the night, you are also meeting us and every other member of the seiki lineage whose seiki, rope, and transmission operate in the interlinked changing forms of First Creation. Hello, seiki! It is here with its samurai swords, wisdom winks, fierce glances, pointing stances, and energy lances.

When you are touched by the ineffable mystery lines of Sacred Ecstatics, honor the rope that brought it down. It is the lineage holding all the interlinked ancestors from past to the present. Don't cut out one ancestor or prefer only to associate with a few and forget the others, or else you risk dropping the rope that is made of them all. As the Bushmen say, the rope is every ancestral n/om-kxao holding onto the closest teacher who came before. Express your gratitude to every ancestral teacher, transmitter, and Sacred Ecstatics conductor, all the way back to the original carriers of ecstatic electricity.

Old school wisdom throughout the world knows that you do not directly establish contact with a holy ancestor on your own. You go through someone else's relationship. All our relations are needed to bring mystery down the pipeline. In other words, it is never one teacher, ancestor, fantasized indigenous healer, faraway shaman, or long-ago saint that delivers the numinous goods. It is the whole rope that begins with whoever you met whose anointment is tied and bound into the sacred rope. Avoid grasping at a cutout whose cost is mystery lost. *These ropes, these ropes are not ordinary ropes.* Sacred Ecstatics holds the numinous luminous electrical rope that is missing in the world today. Don't lose your grip with a memory slip that forgets no named place or person comes before the unbroken thread, string, cord, and rope to the Creator.

There is Only One Secret in Spiritual Secrecy

Brad dreamed he went back in time to take his ten-year old son on a walk across a town square. They were in an unspecified sunshine state, somewhere like California, New Mexico, or Arizona:

There were vendors set up along the sidewalks and my son saw a colorfully costumed woman, dressed like a carnival fortune teller, sitting next to a card table. On the table was a tall glass jar with a candle in it. There were colorful images painted on the glass that attracted everyone's attention. Being a child, my son went over to get a closer look. The woman smiled and pointed to the candle jar, as if inviting him to pick it up. He did just that and she smiled even more. I then picked it up and looked at the bottom of the candle to see if it was a mass-produced trinket. Indeed, this was the case, so I sat the piece of cheap junk with a high price down and we left to continue our walk.

As we walked away, the woman came after us, screaming that I owed her a lot of money. She argued that the candle was magical and anyone who touched it had

to pay for prevention from its evil harm. “These things are dangerous and dealing with them does not come cheap,” she said. In a split second I realized how often I had heard spiritual teachers over the years use fear to cast a mental spell on others. When you think there is powerful “juju” or spirit-based influence in an object, practice, or teaching, it immediately dumbs the mind to uncritically accept anything advised. Fear dulls discernment when you need it the most.

I told the woman she wasn’t getting a dime. She became even more threatening and started to shout an obviously memorized script that was intended to intimidate naïve folks into giving in. I again remembered how fear is used to trick people into thinking that small, manufactured bottles should be bought for protection from threats or for possession of hyped secret powers. Unfortunately, such fear mongering is also common among indigenous healers, shamans, and spiritual teachers as well as psychotherapists, trained bodyworkers, and even licensed physicians.

In the dream I more clearly perceived how often the presumed helping institutions posture as if they have real, unquestionable transformative power by means of fear, threat, lies, fakery, and secrecy. When any kind of practitioner makes you feel you are in harm’s way without their help, doubt what they say. If they make you sign a pledge to keep secret anything said, they are likely scared someone will find out that they are spiritually impotent and intellectually dishonest. If it feels dark, turn on the light and leave.

In a flashback, I remembered the times I spent with a popular teacher of shamanism who was clearly clueless about its core ecstatic experience and conveyance. He relied upon repeating the same old cliché stories of fictional power meant to arouse enough fear so no one would ever dare question whether he was a flim-flam sham-man. I remembered hearing him warn others with these words: “Don’t put on that mask given to me by Carlos Castaneda because its spirit is so strong it can overtake your body” “You have to be careful with that drum, it can kill you;” “You have to remain calm with the spirits and not get excited, they are dangerous.” I never figured out why so many well-educated people could be taken in by obvious trickery, deception, and misdirection until this moment in the dream. It is *fear* that clears the thought that ought to know better than be so easily deceived. The seduction of the spirit by trickster means works best when fear keeps its confidence game undercover.

My son and I walked away from the costumed vendor and I turned to give my final pronouncement, “Your only secret is that you don’t have a secret.” I should have added, “And the only fear in this room is your fear of being found a fraud.”

In the dream, my son went on to play with other children in a park nearby while I stood and heard a voice on high further teach:

The lesson here involves far more than a cautionary note about charlatans who knowingly or unknowingly spread fear and secrecy with direct or indirect threats. The deeper concern is how human beings are so easily led astray to lose their street smarts whenever an untamed desire for magical power meets a carnival hawker who promises to grant it. This takes place whenever secondary signs of the numinous are elevated over the sacred emotion whose ecstatic motion only leads toward higher communion.

We find that most spiritual seekers will experience moments when they act like a naïve child—attracted to whatever glistens and sparkles on a marketplace table, hoping it is the real thing. The advertised signs, tales, and objects of power trick you into believing you can become a powerful, magical person who can make non-ordinary things happen. The road to such illusory power is not the path to the pinnacle experience of sacred ecstasy. Magic alone is a degeneration of the numinous, leaving you with a cutout extracted from the whole spiritual fabric that hosts divinity. Both fear and lust for magic can simulate the sense of an unseen power, but it always leads to an existential dead end with no “C.M.C. endless smile”^{xxxix} on your face or song in your heart. The tales of a big room kingdom, higher vibratory power, and ecstatic song and dance glory bring jubilation of the sacred vibration that is divine electricity. It is not kept secret and the only fear said to be associated with it comes from the warnings of a trickster agent or agency afraid you may leave their trivial product in the waste bucket once you experience the real thing.

A main obstacle to becoming spiritually cooked is the habit of elevating token signs as evidence of divine providence. The hunt for power and magic, exemplified by Carlos Castaneda’s bio-fictional brujo adventures, does not lead to Ixtlan but only to Tricks-land. When sacred emotion is sought instead, all magic is seen for what it is—a small bottle with an unlit candle missing n/om, seiki, and holy spirit. Be careful when spirituality, divorced from deeply woven ancestral ropes and threads, becomes entrenched in simplistic cause-and-effect thinking where powerful objects, thoughts, rituals, and incantations are thought to bring on magical fast food in-and-out-comes. Synchronicity, talismans, and charms too easily find their way into a small glass candle jar. Plastic shamans at the marketplace are rarely wisdom dispensers. They sell the solutions to the problems they induce and offer readings for what is already written on the face of others too easily thrown off track.

Sometimes people are reluctant to let go of spiritual sign-hunting, worrying that the world will feel less fascinating. The more fulfilling goal and exciting adventure awaken when you feel the tension of the middle where true spiritual wonder abounds as magical thinking is cleared

away. Take notice of how much you talk, perceive, and think about magical moments and objects versus feeling pure and sure sacred emotion. Then do whatever is needed to reverse your part-whole relationship with the spiritual universe and set your ratio right. Here the 1, 2, 3's of cooking a prayer help keep you on track and more resistant to being seduced by trickster magical glitter.

The degree of spiritual authenticity is found in the sweetness of evoking sacred emotion. Should you again meet someone telling you about a scary mask, a fearful magical object, or a secret that is guarded by threat, know it's time to go to higher ground. The only thing to fear is an upside-down ratio and a bottle too small for the mysteries of infinity. The only secret of a vendor missing splendor is that they have nothing of spiritual value to offer.

They Say That Falling in Love is Wonderful

Brad dreamed we were on a huge cruise ship like the Queen Mary:

It was evening under a beautiful canopy of twinkling stars and a fully awake moon. The whole universe seemed to smile with the utmost joy. We found an entire orchestra ready to play a song and this made the moment even more perfect. With Ray Charles on the piano and conducting the orchestra, the great jazz singer, Little Jimmy Scott, took the stage and sang the song, "They Say It's Wonderful."

When we say that Sacred Ecstatics is primarily about sweet sacred emotion, we mean what the elders from our lineages have tried to say before us. This is likely better conveyed through a love song:

They say that falling in love
Is wonderful
It's wonderful
So they say
And with a moon up above
It's wonderful
It's wonderful
So they tell me
I can't recall who said it
I know I never read it
I only know they tell me that love is grand.



Postscript

Before sleeping that night, we had soaked in a recording of the hymn, "I Need Thee," listening to it over a dozen times. Brad dreamed the song over and over throughout the night. He'd wake up trying to remember the name of the song until he realized it was "I Need Thee," experienced as if he was hearing it for the first time. The final dream took us to the Queen Mary where we were gifted with the Irving Berlin song, "They Say It's Wonderful." The next morning, Mary, a long-standing Guild member, contacted us:

Dear Ones,

All night, and still through this morning, I was completely infused with the song, “I Need Thee,” with a soulful longing that has a hold of me unlike anything I’ve ever experienced. My God! Thank you both for this journey. For the Love of God! Amen!

Elephant, Windmill, Sailboat, Eagle

Brad dreamed we were with his family of origin back in the early 1960s:

Though Hillary and I were adults in the dream, we were with my father and mother at the age they were when I was a child. We brought Guild members Dezsoe, Agnes, and their young son, Bruno with us. I was nervous and worried that my father would say something grossly inappropriate and concerned that my mother would be too self-centered, spoiling what was supposed to be a very special occasion. We had brought our friends to this childhood time and place to present them with a special gift.

I said to Dezsoe, “I’d like to give you the land and house my father gave me.” As these words were spoken, I envisioned a vast expanse of beautiful geography and a mansion I had never seen before. I then observed that my father looked confused because, as a small-town preacher, he never owned any land or a home and in the end of his life, he was completely penniless. The only thing I inherited was his baseball glove which I gave to my son. The only gifts from a father that I currently own are a silver cigarette case and a pair of gold tweezers that belonged to Dezsoe’s father—he had previously gifted me the cigarette case after we became close friends and the tweezers after I dreamed them. Now I was somehow giving his family land and a mansion.

My mother was too busy talking to notice what was going on. I started to realize that my irritation with my family was putting me in a non-gracious mood, distracting me from the good feeling found in the gift of giving. I was trying to give away a big room while I was stuck in a small room. I noticed this dilemma as I felt the contagious excitement of Bruno. Soon all of us climbed into the Chrysler Imperial to go take a closer look at the land and mansion. Bruno handed us a gift he had made with his own hands. It was a sequence of four drawings, like a mini-story book. He folded it up and on the outside was written, “To Brad and Hillary with love from Bruno.” I immediately melted and was further realigned with the sacred feeling meant to hold all of life and our relations. I opened his work of creative art and soaked in what he had drawn. That’s when the car began to move.

His first drawing was of an elephant with a strong wind blowing at its back, indicated by trees in the background bending forward. Though he had not written any words to accompany the sketch, I heard a voice on high say: "Feel the wind upon your back." The next illustration depicted a nautical captain's wheel that was on top of a windmill. The voice spoke again: "Create the wheel for the windmill." The third drawing showed a sailboat venturing on the sea as the voice added: "Get on board and catch the wind." Finally, Bruno's last drawing showed an eagle flying high in the sky. The voice concluded the visionary teaching: "After the wind, wheel, and mill become the ship that sets sail on the vastest sea, you receive your two wings and fly like an eagle."

Elephant, windmill, sailboat, and eagle: these images condense all the complexity of Sacred Ecstasies into a sanctified set of instructions, losing nothing in its simplicity. As I realized what we had been given, I immediately found myself soaring in the sky. I looked down and realized that my parents, despite their shortcomings (something every child naturally recognizes at some point), had given me true grandparents, my original spiritual links to all the ancestors of our Sacred Ecstasies big room. My father and mother didn't know they did this, but they never stood in the way of my feeling close to my grandparents. Wherever I later ventured in the world as an adult, practically every healer, shaman, mystic, or spiritual teacher discerned that I had a special rope to my grandparents and inherited the vast heavenly land and mansion in which they lived.

After this dream, we realized we had given everyone in the Sacred Ecstasies Guild a special gift. The big room of ancestors that comprise the pantheon of our saints has an open door. Its spiritual mansion rests upon sacred ground and was built for every seeker wanting to spiritually cook. We advised everyone in the Guild to add the four images we received from Bruno in the dream to their altars. Here the *big me* elephant will always remember to focus on what must be done to form and turn a prayer wheel, board the ship to catch the wind, and finally soar with two heavenly wings. Enjoy the wonderful illustrations Bruno made after we told him about the dream:



Postscript

Years ago, Brad worked with a family whose child was tormented by a fear that his parents would die. The prescription given involved a ritual with the wind, the four geographic directions, drawing a pirate's sailboat on the sea, and imagining the view from soaring above the earth as an eagle. The boy grew up to be the captain of his university sailing team and a cartographer for National Geographic who draws bird's eye views of land. In Brad's recent dream, a young boy who is our Godson handed us a First Creation transformation of this former intervention.^{x1}

Feeling the Ropes to One Another as We Bob Along the Seashore

Hillary had a very unusual dream filled with extreme emotion. She saw our Sacred Ecstatics Guild from a bird's eye view:

Looking down from above, I saw the Sacred Ecstatics Guild as a children's illustration. There was a green field, a sea, and a shoreline. All the people were depicted as little circular faces bobbing and floating in the sea along the shore. The drawing was dynamic and shifting, and the faces were appearing and disappearing. I had the feeling that we were all making the drawing in another dimension. In other words, our actions in real life resulted in our drawing ourselves into this scene, over and over again. Though I was looking down from above, I was also one of the faces along the shore.

I then became very aware of one Guild member. I watched as the drawing of her face, farther up the shoreline, appeared and disappeared. As the area became

more crowded and more faces appeared nearby, however, I noticed that her drawing kept disappearing more often, and for longer stretches of time. I had the feeling that she was fading away, dissolving, or becoming more distant somehow. As I watched this I was filled with a very strong emotion—the desire to reach out to her, reel her in, and keep her with us. At that moment I realized that I could communicate my feelings toward her through the drawing. Again, it was as if the drawing was an isomorph of our relations in real life. I powerfully felt all the relational ropes connecting us, especially the rope between this woman and myself. I poured my emotion into our collective illustration and experienced that when I did so, the drawing of her face would readily reappear. This is how I saw the Guild illustrated in the dream:



I experienced the truth that each of us is impermanent, appearing and disappearing until we eventually pass on from this life entirely. This again filled me with intense feelings. The scene shifted and I found myself in a room with Brad, asking him for help in communicating with this woman and others through the

ropes. He told me that it doesn't matter how far apart we are, or even whether we have passed from this dimension to another one, because we are always able to communicate with one another through our feelings. With Brad in the room near me, I concentrated fully on communicating by sending emotion to the woman who kept disappearing, not conveying any thoughts or words, but solely sending emotion. I also felt her receive the "signal," and I marveled at how easy it is to connect this way.

It's worth noting that each night before going to sleep, Brad and I share a vibratory Kalahari hug. The night before I dreamed the Guild bobbing in the sea along the shore, as Brad and I embraced I felt my rope to him, to his grandparents, Pa Pa and Doe, to Osumi Sensei, to /Kunta Ielae, to Twa, and so many of the spiritual ancestors who constitute our rope to God. It was exactly how /Kunta described it to Brad:

... When I am touching someone with this power, I feel my heart touching my father, my grandfather, and all of their ancestors, all the way to God—that's when I feel everyone's heart.^{xii}

After we released our embrace and before drifting off to sleep, I was so charged that I sent spiritual electricity to everyone in the Guild. I did not focus on one person but felt all of us collectively as one body. Earlier that day Brad and I had taken cutouts from everyone's experiment reports in our online community and rearranged them into one long document. Reading it was like feeling everyone all at once as if we are one person. That is how I experienced sharing the sacred vibration with everyone that night, and how I saw us in the visionary drawing. We are separate, shifting, moving, and transient, but we are also tied together by our ropes of relationship and the Sacred Ecstatics room we share. We are drawing and re-drawing, creating, and recreating ourselves and one another into existence in this currently unfolding scene, bobbing in the vast sea of big room eternity.

Summary of Findings for Experiment Two

After everyone reported their experiences with Experiment Two in our online community, we wrote this letter to the group:

Each of you not only dreams for everyone in this grand experiment, you each act, live, participate, and contribute as a vital part of the whole Guild. We have taken out our spiritual scissors to snip the cutouts you brought as gifts and reassembled

them to form one whole room report on the experiment. Read it to experience how the parts of everyone constitute an entire unity of community. We will also end with some recommendations for making additional experimental variations.

Experiment Two Collective Guild Report

A part of me hates arts and crafts projects, likely because I consider myself quite below average ability. I resisted the feeling of “another thing to fit in” to my already busy days, but I recognized this as committing the cardinal part/whole error of trying to fit God into my life rather than expanding the room of my whole life to make space for God. It’s worth noting that even though I’m traveling and don’t have time to do this, I do feel like I still want to fully participate whether it’s now or in the future.

Let me say it this way: when this prescription came in, I was so overloaded with things to do that I couldn’t imagine how I could get the prescription done. I then imagined hearing Julia Child and the saintly mothers of Sacred Ecstasies say: “Not just doing this with the Lord, but getting it done with the Lord! Move along, don’t get stuck, get it done! Don’t have a box for your altar? Use what’s on hand!”

My children and other family members helped me build it. From the onset of the visionary prescription, my heart began to beat fast. There was excitement, fear, and a profound love I cannot explain. I found that one altar was not enough. I even built a “closet” that I could carry with me on the road. What an amazing experience of bringing all the collected items together.

Inspired by the far outskirts of the furthest outskirts, I made a special altar that includes an old photo frame for our three spiritual mothers. I picked this up when I lived in western Queensland. It was “Bulloo built” with recycled timber from the floor of an old 1800s staging post ruin a thousand kilometers inland near Thargomindah (say it!), weathered by the extremes of outback temperatures. Now it’s being weathered by sizzling prayers and heavenly downpours, particularly as I pray for my daughter and those we love who need healing: “See her through Lord Jesus, Mothers Osumi, Ralph, and Twa, see her through!” And heartfelt prayers also going out to our other family members who suffer and face challenges beyond what any of us know what to do with. “Creator, please hear me. Saintly mothers, wrap your arms around them. Hold them in the middle.”

This experiment inspired me to make another “closet” out of a small circular bamboo steamer. From our tool shed I chose the cleanest nails I could find. There were a lot of nail sizes to choose from, but I went with the finest.

My daughter declared a need for more ears on the altar, so she and my mother made a bunch of ears. I couldn't help adding an ear for the middle on high—it was drawn for the spiritual mothers by my own mother. She also drew an “endless smile.”

I tinkered with building the altar until two o'clock in the morning. I hadn't stayed up that late in a long time. I kept thinking, “my room is too small!” as I spread the ingredients out all over the room, making a mess. And I kept saying to myself, “not too much, not too little.” Those words have been my guide a lot lately.

Magically, despite my initial trepidation, I am delighted by what I constructed. I feel an energy permeating from the pray-ear closet. There is emotion pouring in from everyone in the experiment. What is different and new for me is that the mystical prescriptions feel like they are all pulling on me. As long as I am warm enough, I feel that pull.

As I pondered and wondered about the Mother Saints of Sacred Ecstatics. I realized they were showing us how they turned the wheel of their everyday tasks and the prayer wheel simultaneously, like two sides of the same coin. They were doing everything in full partnership with the Lord. How it must feel to live like that! What it must feel like to be “all in!” My “no can do” attitude really has no traction in a vast field like that!

I felt a connection across the globe with these “ropes” as I felt them pull on me, the mothers, and every one of you. I started going to the altar first thing in the morning with my cup of tea to visit with them. The feeling that came from the spiritual mothers brought a potent jolt of concentrated n/om. These three mothers feel like an immense presence. Adding more saints to this triumvirate often felt overwhelming, but I added them anyway.

I placed this phrase in the middle portion of the altar: “When you pray like a pinnacle prayer child, ‘You are precious in his sight, cherished in his heart.’” This is truly a love bomb message from the spiritual mothers sent through every mother who ever prayed for their child. The altar helps me vary how I pray and feel the energy transfusion sent down the lineage ancestral lines. I yearn to get out of my own way, and any frustration within knocks me down on my knees to pray “I need Thee” over again.

I received seiki in a dream and felt confused. It seemed that I was entertaining my mind and keeping my body busy, while the *big me* czar-in-the-jar went for a ride. Then for a moment, I felt a wave of focused, concentrated neeeeeed for Theeee. A truly desperate call for the Lord. As the Keeneys like to say, “we are all in need of dropping the con and lighting the fuse.” And I think Brad once said, “The way you're a fool, that's your tool.”

I realized how much I am conned by trickster whenever I try to figure out the experiment. This led me to dramatically experience the stark contrast between truly “needing Thee” and just performing and distracting myself by going through the motions without enough emotion. It is now obvious that when the room doesn’t expand, it speaks to my level of commitment to prayer in that moment. The mind wanders, but the instructions are quite simple: blend the ingredients as best as you can and let lineage ropes take care of the rest. For me, when the room doesn’t expand at all, mind drift is a typical culprit. That is when my “sample rate” needs to speed up so that the ingredients can have their say in the mix sooner. Hillary and Brad told me, “Trickster gets a say, but has to wait its turn.” One trickster say, two trickster say, three trickster say—no good. One trickster say, then one movement, one tone, one sacred feeling, until the ingredients are conversing nicely works better for me.

After all these experiments and listening to the ecstatic audio tracks, it has felt easier for me to warm up my prayers. At times it has felt like it’s all happening on its own and in the past, that is when I would have dropped the habit of formal, dedicated prayer time, mistakenly thinking the flame would keep itself going forever. But I see that was just trickster chasing a fantasized outcome, forgetting that it’s my action in the ongoing “middle” that keeps the prayer wheel turning. I recognize I really have a sincere and strong thirst for ignition.

The vision that was caught by Sabrina has really spoken to me. It circulates and percolates within even as I visit my own daughter who is battling sickness. My camper became my prayer closet where I retreated each night after days of playing with my young rambunctious, delightful grandkids. Their toy gun noises triggering incongruous flashes of the “railroad” ecstatic audio track with some similar background sounds. I particularly love the surprising sound of the samurai shout! Thank you, Osumi Sensei, for always being there. Also, whenever the altar pops into my mind I hear Mother Haynes ringing her heavy brass bell and shouting out loud: “Hello, my Mothers!” My experience of these beautiful mothers, the seeds, and the nails teach my heart to use its pray-ears for deeper listening.

I began to tear up today, thinking of these women, framing them, and hearing their voices and bodies on video. I again thought of how much they’d given of themselves. I was touched by them. While lying in bed in the dark with my altar and seed box on my bedside table, I started experimenting with the prayer lines from *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*. Soon I felt spontaneously moved to voice, “do it, Lord”, then incorporating “I need Thee” and “just be nice.” I started to let the rhythm and emotion move me, rather than follow any rigid structure, alternating between the three prayers in changing combinations and sequences, at moments

adding “help me, Lord.” I sought to ride a rhythm that would warm and expand the room of my life as I entered sleep. I noticed that even as my mind decided it was time to rest, my body and spirit still wanted to move and keep the prayers and rhythm simmering, and the words “movin’, movin’, movin’, movin’” from the end of the hymn “Every Time I Feel the Spirit,” started to move me.

The next night when I turned off the lights, I started praying to my newly made altar. I felt very emotional and serious. After a while I was overcome with sadness and the feeling that my life was not working. I was only doing patchwork, changing a few habits here and there. I felt very sad and overcome with all my shortcomings. I felt that the only real way forward is to give it all up to higher hands because it’s really out of my control.

With this surrender and a medicinal drop of tender prayer at the pray-ear altar, I feel a deep peace as I am stopped in my habituated tracks. I’m hoping to give up the past puddles and muddles since I can’t be the captain of a ship that rides the vast sea. All I know is that something is working here and I’m very humbled and truly disoriented about it. I am very thankful for being in this one-of-a-kind ecstatic mystery experiment.

Last night I awoke with tears streaming down my face. I don’t remember what happened in my dream. My heart ached with such intensity that all I could do is sob. I rolled out of bed into the altered altar cubby and really felt from the depth of my soul that I NEED THEE. I am struck with the truth that I cannot do this on my own.

There is a new and frequent spinning sensation now. Yes, I feel like I’m in the wash during the spin cycle. The cycle is going faster and faster just now, and I see the walls of my room expand as I spin outward. I also can’t get Osumi Sensei and the other mothers out of my mind. They always feel nearby. This altar feels very alive. I’ve made a few altars in my life, and looking back, they were stale crackers in comparison!

I have learned that I must pray no matter the mental-emotional weather. It helps to keep each prayer short and focused. That’s a spiritual engineering breakthrough for me—it helps me cook the prayer and be cooked by a hot steam prayer stream!

I was surprisingly helped when I cleared the ground by exorcising at least twenty-four different unholy ghosts (inspired by reading *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume II, “Exorcism of Unholy Ghost Teachers”*). After this was sincerely done with no holding back, I found a new fierceness within. The clarity this fierceness brought cut through all psychobabble and other “looking mind” obstacles.

Other saints I added to the altar helped me connect with unfiltered pure sacred emotion. Saint Mark Twain helped me remember that “it’s all about electricity and above else, make sure God is on the line.” Saint Zora Neale Hurston helped me remember that “sanctification requires good spiritual engineering.” Saint Mother Seals reminded me to “make sure you bathe in sacred emotion for the remainder of your days—don’t leave the big room once you enter. If you accidentally or unwisely exit, turn around and go back.” All of these are phrases from Brad and Hillary’s visions, blended with inspiration from these saints.

Make sure there is “something within that holdeth the reins!” I added those hymn lyrics to my altar, along with a photo of the composer, Lucie E. Campbell. I also found that the Keeneys’ case story about “the altar of mistakes” provided an antidote to the prison of being predictably right, wrongly righteous, and creatively dead. Some words from that session: “Hello, Miss Take, take me by surprise and help me improvise. Make me unpredictable, an unmeasurable experience whose income and outcome serve the numinous roominous.” Let it be that my *little me* needs Thee throughout all my encounters with Miss Take.

I found ecstatic treasure while in bed listening to the ecstatic audio tracks as I went to sleep. My body tingled as electricity pulsed through me in a stronger way, feeling the prayer ever more deeply in the night. The imagery inspired by Brad and Hillary’s chanted words, “garden me” and “blossom me” has been particularly moving, and ever since this discovery, I’ve been actively imagining all of us as little “seedies.”

I aim to consistently reach that daily ratio of at least 51%. Paying attention to this has helped me self-correct in those daily crossroads moments where I’ve previously trickstered myself right out of the big room. Sometimes with a rhythm and tempo change, “I need thee” spontaneously takes the form of various hilarious songs. That’s when absurdity has its say and contributes to the higher-and-lower oscillating prayer way.

I can’t emphasize enough how valuable it is to soak in the ecstatic tracks. Listening to these recordings through headphones at night makes me marvel yet again at these incredible, moving masterpieces. I also leave time for a bit of “rollin’ and tumblin’” with my favorite sinner, Muddy Waters (who frequents Hades Town, I’m sure), balanced afterward by Mahalia Jackson’s soaring voice moving me on up a little higher to the Upper Room. As Hillary and Brad say in that recording: “There are two tracks, one to purgatory and one to high flying glory. Which track are you going to ride?”

One day it was cold in the mothers’ altar room, so I brought them into our living room to be closer to the fireplace that heats our house. I sang “’Tis So Sweet”

to them. My voice took on different qualities, styles, and volumes depending on which mother I was addressing. It felt like they were helping me let the right things come through. I tinkered more than ever this time, doing so with all the prayers. Different tempos and tones, from loud to very soft, and sometimes over-doing and under-doing it as I experimented in ways I haven't tried before. At times it felt wonky, but here or there I hit a sweet spot. Doin' this!

Asking myself what I want as my primary cornerstone helped me get back on track. I also tried to reread *The Pinnacle Prayer Book* in the dark, but I couldn't see properly. That's when I found that just gazing at the illustrations over and over could expand and heat the room. I imagined I was a child writing these words on the altar: "Osumi Sensei, please come!" I then remembered how Mark Twain advised us in Brad's vision, "it's all about electricity," and that Liszt invited us to feel the ropes as musical "aural bridges to God." Finally, Beethoven reigns above the other classical conductors to teach us to put the highest longing and yearning of our hearts into the song-prayers that best conduct holy current.

I got distracted from the experiment at hand by getting caught up in a song I heard recently. I wondered if I'd been pulled off the main line and was traversing a bent rope. I intuited I had drifted, yet I couldn't deny the feelings the new song stirred inside me. I then started tinkering outside the current Guild experiment room. Soon I found that I was building another room by my own design rather than contributing to the one we shared together. I learned how it is so easy to be led astray by trickster because what is dangled in front of you may come from a good source or bring a wonderful emotion. Here the crossroads is learning how to utilize whatever musical feather tickle comes your way to expand rather than vacate the big community room. It is always the room rather than the song, feeling, wisdom quotation, spiritual attraction, mystery sign, or highway design that is of utmost importance.

At the end of the proverbial day, I pray at night with all the lights turned off. Then I open the closet door, turn on the light and bam there it is: this magical mystery creation. I am surprised that it is there. I am surprised we are all here—each contributing what we are here to give, each receiving what we need to receive. We are all in the middle, doin' this together. "I" has become "we."

For the first time, I am feeling as if I am stepping into the Sacred Ecstatics lineage ropes and room. I am feeling a sense of Kalahari-style ownership, of owning the feeling of these mothers and the lineages they carried, in a way I've never felt before. This prescribed experiment feels something like an initiation into this unique collective lineage, bringing me closer to each of the lineages separately while also feeling more than ever how they intersect and intertwine.

Now I truly know that I must bathe in sacred emotion and stay in the big room because all of our ropes are joining, doin' this together, to form one big rope pulling us all into the flaming divine. The instruction to show up and garden with a prayer song regardless of how you might feel is deep medicine. Surprisingly, getting even a little smaller brings a great relief.

I have recognized several times how spiritual engineering has affected my life. Specifically, this entails how re-wiring is absolutely real and always possible. Sometimes I'm thrown into cooler climates, but as my re-wiring progresses, the passage through the chill is quicker! It feels important to keep turning the wheel smoothly until it naturally goes faster. Turn it to become a cyclone, a funnel, a vortex, a pipeline between heaven and earth!

I was deeply struck when Brad and Hillary wrote, "In our experiment, everyone is dreaming. As members of the Guild report visionary dreams, pray over each other as seeds, share together these prayers, these spiritual mothers, these ropes." This gave me a strong feeling that a permeating divinity is among us. It expands and heats the room of my everyday life. Twa, in her interview with Brad, said that when n/om nails heat up in a dance, people "share the same nail(s)." This is beautiful to me, and we are in the middle of it happening here. When we host the same experiment, all the results are shared. I felt something like this when I built the altar.

Mother Samuel said that every night when she closed her eyes the light would come down. I now can sense that her light was about feeling sacred emotion. Pointer Warren would sing, sing, and sing. He was moved by the spirit and not embarrassed to show it. Milton Erickson discovered that his personal gifts grew from the seeds planted inside his limitations. In this experiment, all these saints and their words are aligned to help us feel and better receive their teaching.

Mother Twa brings such sweetness to my altar while Osumi Sensei is a constant fierce reminder to keep on sweeping and not waste a moment of precious time. Mother Ralph makes me smile, dance, and sing, always moving and praising. Together our patron saint mothers lift me up as I'm "doin' this with the Lord." I am feeling for the first time what an altar actually is—it is a fountain filled with n/om. Pull us closer to higher ears!

This is all a slow thawing and warming. I am the child on his knees drawn by Hillary on the front of *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*. I am that child. I am that child with the mother saints. The tinkerer is part of the whole of me that is praying to be pulled up by the ropes.

I can feel how the Keeneys are always in the middle, connecting us to one another. It's blowing my mind and opening my ears. Over and over, I wonder how

I have been held in such grace as God's hand is holding mine so tenderly. And my most deeply felt prayers are wanting God to hold the hand of everyone around me.

This experiment feels like a prolific kudzu vine. Somehow my perception has changed since my last report when everything felt dormant! And in the midst of this, the amount of suffering going on in the world feels staggering. I am in awe to have been placed in the presence of a line of teachers and teachings that practice and embody the alchemy that pulls us through to the other side of suffering. Even though I am sometimes as crazy as everyone else in this world, my heart is lifted daily, moment by moment feeling connected to you, with you. This is an oasis.

So here I am in the middle of the project. As we all are. Not done yet. I now feel more aware of the vibratory nature of everything. Today, walking through an urban park, I saw two eagles and three noisy crows sitting together in a tree. What can I say? How about "1,2,3! I need Thee while doin' this and just bein' nice."

Additional variations for Experiment Two

Now you have experienced what it is to be a part of one community seed—this is the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. Whatever is dreamed, felt, thought, chilled, or heated by one is held by everyone. Now is the time to make all the altars one. Print out the photo of every altar in the Guild. Then place them on your altar. Feel free to do this in a transformed way. You might cut out one random piece from each altar image and then pile the crumbs on your altar floor. Make sure that you use a blank piece of paper for those who have either not shown or not done the task. They represent some part of you that held back too. Consider these blank pieces as parts of the whole altar.

If you have not built an altar, then pick up a pen and make a dot on the bottom of your shoes, one dot per Sacred Ecstatics Guild member. That's thirty-six people, including us (Brad and Hillary). This will take less than sixty seconds. Make sure to add a dot for your altar that is made of infinite emptiness. Now you can stand on an altar made of many moving parts, both visible and invisible. If that is too much to do, let us know. There are folks here who'd be happy to alter you by making an altar for you, no matter the reason for your holding back a serving of your unique gumbo seasoning.

After these experimental variations were enacted, more visionary teaching came to us that was inspired by the pray-ear altar experiment. The following visions took place just before the launch of Experiment Three.

The Room Expands, and Other Altar Additions

Brad dreamed he was in his grandparent's parsonage in St. Joseph, Missouri, a spiritual classroom he has visited many times:

Hillary and I were in their living room and were very surprised to see that it had become larger. Though in previous dreams the house was empty as if ready for us to move in, this time there was an upholstered, dark brown chair and foot cushion in the room, the furniture my grandfather used. I immediately caught my childhood emotion for him and how I used to enjoy seeing him sitting in that chair. He kept a Coke bottle hidden underneath the chair for comforting his aching feet by rolling it when sitting. I started laughing when a voice whispered in my ear, "That's the Coke bottle the crazy gods dropped from the sky for your Kalahari family."

Gazing at his chair again, I felt another swell of strong emotion. Hillary and I then looked across the other side of the room. Standing there were both my grandparents. I burst into tears. I noticed that my grandfather suddenly was sitting in the chair as he used to when he was alive. Again to my surprise, I looked and noticed that he was still standing on the other side of the room in the extra space that used to not be there. A voice said, "You have made the room big enough to hold both sides."

It was too much for me to see my grandfather alive in that room. I wept so strongly that the physical force of it woke me up. I was flooded with knowing that our Sacred Ecstasies experiments had expanded the room, providing enough space to hold the ancestors on both sides of the veil.

I was also advised to emphasize how important it is for everyone in the Guild to place images of all the other altars within their own altar. Each personal altar can then mutually expand every altar in a virtuous Ouroboric circle. This is the middle dynamic without beginning or ending.

When you add others' altars to your own, you are also multiplying the images of the three primary spiritual mothers, as well as bringing in the other saints and Sacred Ecstasies sentences and prayer lines added by each person. Furthermore, the seeds of every Guild member are now contained within everyone's altar room. After completing this task, more mojo from recent spiritual classroom visits can be added. Here you better connect with the recently harvested visions and their gifts. Start by adding a light switch to the altar—either draw it or procure one. This will change the mystical coloration and ecstatic luminosity of the room and its surroundings.

Here are the other items that may be added, depending on how much you want to feed your rope to the main rope:

- Write “1, 2, 3” on the altar like it’s spiritual graffiti
- Draw or attach a photo of a Russian shashlik
- Add the name “Kossuth” to your altar wall
- Add an image of some new loopy plumbing, making sure it provides better heating
- Add the name, “Sweet spot” to the middle of the altar, perhaps putting it inside a heart
- Draw a bridge (Bridge Street) through the sweet spot, connecting the high zone with the low zone
- Place a white Chrysler Imperial on the bridge
- Place a robed samurai warrior in a dark corner
- “They Say that Falling in Love is Wonderful,” so add this song name to your altar
- Also add these words: “Elephant, Windmill, Sailboat, Eagle”
- Print out Hillary’s drawing of her dream where we’re all bobbing in the ocean, and place it on the altar floor to make it the beach and sea
- Add the image of an old dark brown upholstered chair with a cushioned footrest
- Placing a Coke bottle (or image of one) near the chair is optional

Refrain from adding things that are not shared by us all right now. Keep them out of the altar room or else risk inadvertently making the spiritual ship leak or shrink. Go ahead and add an altar

broom to keep the room, car, ship, and train clean. Congratulations, together we have made the Sacred Ecstatics big room vaster than it was before. Let's keep on doin' this together!

A Surprise Catch

Brad dreamed we were at the beach Hillary saw in her previous vision:

We got out of the water to rest and sat down to watch the Guild enjoying themselves in the water. Then one man came up to us and announced with excitement, "I went further out into the sea and cast a fishing line. Though I really didn't know what I was doing, I caught a big fish. I surprised myself and went deep sea fishing, something I never tried before."

Hillary and I turned to notice that a crew of people had carried over the huge fish he caught. It was bigger than all of us. They placed it on the sand next to us. I then spoke, like my grandfather used to sound, "Go get my knife." I felt tired since it had been a long day in the sun. At that moment we witnessed the man's face change to that of another person. Then it changed again, continuously changing color, culture, and gender. All the people formerly in the sea had become transient faces of this one person who had accidentally caught a big fish. I looked at this First Creation changing unity of our Guild and advised, "It's about time you learned to clean a fish."

Brad woke up filled with wonder that he had dreamed into Hillary's drawing and visionary account of her big room adventure at the beach. The mystical space was vast enough to hold multiple spiritual classroom teachings, including Brad's previous vision in which his grandfather taught him the importance of learning to enjoy cleaning fish as much as catching them.^{xiii} Here at the crossroads of sand and water we are ready to catch mystery whenever we venture further out where it is deep. Then we must come back to shore and clean what was hooked and reeled in, making it ready to feed others.

The dream teaches that we are truly changing transforms of one another, our dreams, our altars, our mistakes, and our freshly caught gifts. Similarly, we are a part of the crossing back and forth between the moving waves of ineffable liquidity and the ground of practical solidity. Aim to catch a fish but be equally ready to hold the knife of discernment whose cutouts enable all gifts to be utilized and shared. More than only a fish, catch the whole big room of everything—sea, land, fish, fishing line, knife, cooking pan, fire, hunger, feast, and all the rest. Then throw yourself back into the changing sea where every face is ready to be caught on the rope to God and reeled in to face the Creator who has been ready to cook the moment you, we, and all our relations were born.

Grab the Ladders and Run to the Wild Outskirts

In a dream, Brad experienced us traveling with an entourage that included his family of origin:

Hillary and I were the last ones to check out of a cheap hotel. Suddenly, in an instant, we found ourselves in a city apartment where two women were holding my sister captive. They threatened to inject her with poison, but I pulled out a hypodermic needle and said, "It's too late, I have the needle." I then squeezed it to show its contents empty into the air. I added, "Now that it is gone, let her go." One of the women said, "You were just tricked. What you had in that syringe was a preventative medicine that kept us away from you. Now it's gone and you are defenseless." She then reached into her pocket and pulled out a needle filled with real poison.

Not wanting to take any unnecessary risk in that situation, we ran out of the apartment as fast as we could. While running down the street, we noticed two ladders lying against the wall of an alley. We instinctively knew that we needed to take them with us so those evil trickster witches would never be able to use them. A voice on high spoke and guided us, "Run to the far wild outskirts. Run to the wild!" As we ran far away from the city, we made sure we never dropped those two ladders—we realized they were our ropes to God.

The spiritual classroom teaching was elaborated as we fled from that threatening situation. We were taught that fighting evil while standing in its room dooms you to encounter its poison. Don't waste your needles, nails, and arrows of n/om in a room like that. It's just shooting n/om into the air, a wasted motion that shows trickster you lost your sacred emotion. Instead, run to the wild outskirts and bring the heavenly ladders.

After awakening from the dream, I remembered how my Bushman friends from Namibia had recently written to tell me about an anthropologist who came to conduct research and was eager to receive n/om. A man from a neighboring village heard about this and went to him, masquerading as a n/om-kxao. He proceeded to go through the motions of giving the anthropologist a nail of n/om. Unfortunately, it was not n/om; it was spiritual poison. My Bushman friends put it this way, "He received a dirty nail." It made the anthropologist sick and mentally unstable. He even wrote an academic article about it, concluding that n/om is a dangerous and life-threatening experience. He had no clue that he had only received a toxic potion.

The Bushmen do not fight imposter doctors, shamans, healers, and n/om-kxao (called a *n=u'uhan*). They simply do not attend their dances or spiritually interact

with them. As Twa, one of the mothers on our pray-ear altar, once told me, “Don’t try to share n/om with someone whose heart isn’t right.” More importantly, your heart is only right when you feel connected to the big room or sky village on high. Stay close to those with clean nails who talk less about fear and power while singing more about loving the Big God. Dirty nails only prevail whenever the dance room is small, marked by tales of power, fear, secrecy, and threat.

We are aware that many spiritual seekers today have received dirty nails, and are in need of being cleaned and readied for new nails. However, some of these folks readily posture as n/om nail carriers and are eager to provide injections to anyone equally greedy for magical power. Rather than try to strategically stop them, just grab the ladders and run to the big room that is found in the wild. On the furthest outskirts, far from the cheap hotels, small rooms, and mass manufactured candle jars, you find the gods ready to sing and dance. Don’t fight the carriers of dirty nails. Get out of their room.

Every Person is a Musical Tone in a Divine Song

Brad dreamed we were walking down the hall of a large university building filled with many classrooms:

As we walked by each open door, we paused to hear a teacher speaking to the class. We recognized that they were teaching what we had previously learned in our visionary dreams over the years. In every room we heard a main metaphor from a previous classroom visitation that we have since incorporated into the practical teachings of Sacred Ecstasies. Then, right before our eyes, all the walls separating the classrooms started to melt away. Soon all the teaching was taking place in an open space that looked like a vast arena.

We heard an announcement on the public address system. A man and woman announced in unison: “Every person is a tone.” It sent a vibration down my spine and woke me up. I had no idea what this was supposed to mean.

The next night I dreamed again. This time Hillary and I were in the sky looking down at the view she had seen and sketched in her former visionary dream of the shoreline. We saw the Sacred Ecstasies Guild bobbing in the sea near the beach. The voice of the couple from the evening before was again heard loud in the air. This time I felt them near us. They extended their previous message: “Every person is a tone. When the tones of a community are aligned, a divine song comes through.” We watched everyone in the water arrange themselves to look like musical notes spread out on the water.

The overhead view of a musical score reminded me of the music that had magically formed in my grandmother's kitchen in a powerful vision years ago.^{xliii} There cut vegetables in a bag rearranged themselves to provide the musical notation of the hymn, "In the Garden." I now realized that this same song was playing in the scene below. Sounding like a full orchestra, the song was so beautiful that it overtook me. This is how we were taught that when we gather to be aligned with the divine, we become the notes of a holy song.

The Samurai Sword Is Received

After hearing the song from above, Brad asked God to guide and strengthen us for the subsequent phase of our work. The next day we were scheduled to receive a group of Guild members who would spend a month exploring spiritual cooking with us every afternoon during the 2020 Carnival season in New Orleans. This experimental long immersion was meant to help move the work forward. He also prayed for help from Osumi Sensei, asking for the physical strength to endure the month. Brad fell asleep and entered another visionary dream:

Hillary and I were in the middle of downtown Toronto, crossing a main intersection. There was a huge crane right next to us in the center where the streets crossed. Looking up, we saw a gigantic metal sculpture swinging in the air. We watched it being lowered to the ground and anchored to a base. We were shocked that the workers had not blocked us from crossing because the heavy metal object was directly above our heads, creating a dangerous situation. Before I could make any objection, my attention became totally riveted on the sculpture. It was a colossal samurai sword the size of a skyscraper. It was the largest outdoor sculpting I had ever seen. Its base allowed it to swing its curved blade through the air so it could move in any direction. The wind was blowing at that moment and the sword was moving with it. We stood at the sword's base and watched in awe as it moved.

I was filled with so much energy that it is impossible to explain the heightened nature of the experience. I wondered whether I had become as strong as Samson. I remembered feeling this kind of strength years ago when I conducted life force demonstrations in Toronto. In fact, the Canadian National Broadcasting network filmed and aired my work back then.

That memory was interrupted as we were soon whisked to another place in the dream where a celebration was occurring. I took a break from the party scene and went to a separate room. There I experimented with my newfound strength and found a vitality like I had never experienced before. An old woman with Osumi

Sensei's body shape entered the room but did not face me. I wanted her to notice the change I had undergone. I walked in front of her to display this strength and was surprised that her face had changed—half her face was black while the other half was white. She looked at me with an expression that only the spiritual mothers knew how to convey. This face of Africa and Japan and all points in between communicated, "What else do you expect? Now, what are you going to do about it?"

I woke up and jumped out of bed. I felt like I was twenty-one years old. The dreamed strength during the night had sustained itself in the daytime. I was shown where to turn for guidance and any needed seiki, n/om, and higher life force power. The ancestors of Sacred Ecstatics have brought the moving blade of the largest sword made of the strongest steel. It is found at the intersection where the main roads cross.

"You!"

Christine, a Sacred Ecstatics Guild member from Australia, sent us a report of a dream that occurred after she built her pray-ear altar. She described it as "the longest dream of my life" and woke up remembering all of it:

First scene: I was looking up at the sky. It was a mesmerizing, beautiful, clear blue with clouds that appeared to be dancing. One of the clouds gently moved and transformed into the shape of an ear. I was profoundly taken with this sight—there was no mistaking that this was an ear.

The scene changed. The cloud became a hand with a finger pointing at me, as if saying, "You!" I don't recall hearing a voice; it was more like *feeling* it announce, "You!"

The dream scene changed again. Now the clear blue sky was back. There was only one cloud and it transformed into the shape of a small cross. I couldn't take my eyes off it. Though it was small in the big sky, it also seemed to completely fill the atmosphere. Suddenly, a very powerful sound penetrated my body. I looked up to see two enormous cymbals in front of me producing the sound. It had the strength of thunder and rang through me. These cymbal-shaped objects seemed to be of Asian origin. My body was quaking as the sound kept getting stronger. I felt I was becoming the sound, or that the sound was becoming me. I wanted to wake up because it was so overwhelming to feel my body giving way to that strong sonic vibration.

I woke up from the dream and my body was still filled with the sound from those two cymbals. However, what I remembered most strongly was the pointing finger, and its “You!” I finally went back to sleep and had another dream. This time I envisioned myself at home, sitting on the couch. My body very slowly leaned forward. I was praying. I moved back and then slowly and gently bent forward again. I said another prayer. I repeated this slow, rocking motion until my body bent so far forward that my hands were touching the floor in front of me as I said a prayer. I began to weep and felt my body mysteriously opening through this prayer and movement.

I was soon transported somewhere else where the ground was muddy. Brad was singing song after song as I strolled along. Then Hillary started singing, too. I wish I could remember what the songs were, but I can’t. I do recall that Brad sang one song that sounded like what you’d hear the St. Vincent shakers sing. I can still feel the sound of these songs.

Then my one-year-old puppy dog, Solanus, appeared at my side. He’s named after Blessed Solanus Casey, the ecstatic praying priest who was from Detroit.^{xliv} Solanus (my pup) and I were traveling together, and he was playing in the mud. To my surprise his body kept getting smaller and smaller. When it became the size of a little ball, he was sucked into the mud like it was quicksand. As I rushed to save him, water started trickling through the mud. Water sprang up here, there, and everywhere. Solanus edged his way closer to where there was the most water. As he came into the water, he transformed back into his puppy dog self and swam back to me. As we started to return home, I looked to my left and in the distance saw a huge train. It looked both colorfully new and archaic. The sight of it shocked me.

We kept walking and came to a store that offered all kinds of merchandise that was engraved with prayer lines. I notice a pair of sandals and a particular musical instrument. At this point my husband, Frank, joined me in the shop and spoke to the shop assistant, “My wife wants to buy a pair of prayer line sandals.” “No,” I interrupt to correct him. “I want the prayer line musical instrument.” I pointed to a round African kalimba that had only one key. The shop owner handed it to me, and I instantly knew that I owned it. When I pressed the key, I heard a song.

In this visionary adventure, Christine met her high spiritual pointer in the clouds. Symbolized by a large ear that heard her pray-ear plea, it morphed into a pointing finger, making clear that she was being addressed: “You!”

Then, after the image of a cross appears, the transmission of n/om, seiki, and holy spirit comes through a powerful acoustic vibration made by the clash of two cymbals. Her body

received this sacred vibration and sanctified shaking commenced. In this numinous absorption she was dissolved in the sound, emotion, cymbal, symbol, cross, and ear on high.

Following Christine's reception of sacred ecstasy, she followed through with spontaneous prayer. This reawakened her body and the wonder working power within to open again to another sacred sound soak. We sang her many songs in the dream, but one truly stood out—a holy song from St. Vincent. She felt the Caribbean shaking spiritual mothers send this song through our relational ropes, now found near the Mississippi mud of New (and colorful) Orleans.

In the next dream episode, Christine experienced her newborn *little me* (embodied by her pup, Solanus, who enacts her spiritual twin) dissolve into the mud, only to be reborn in the holy water. Christine became a puppy of the Big Holy, a mystically incarnated child of Mother Ralph (Caribbean song), Osumi Sensei (Asian cymbals), and Twa (African thumb piano), among others. It is fitting that her own puppy, named after an ecstatic saint, Solanus, would accompany her on the journey. Saint Solanus of Detroit left behind very few belongings when he passed. They included a cross, a pair of sandals, some prayer books, and his violin. He was known for playing that instrument while singing with an unusually soft and nonprofessional voice that was caused by damage to his vocal cords during a childhood sickness.^{xlv}

In her final dream episode, Christine ended up in a spiritual gift shop where Frank ordered her a pair of sandals. She suggested an instrument instead and received a circular African kalimba (thumb piano) with only one key. Surely, only one prayer key is needed to musically open the door to the big room. Christine now owns the instrument and the song it produces. Whether the song names are remembered in small Second Creation rooms does not matter. It is about knowing there is a train nearby that is ready to take you to the sounds, emotions, movements, and rhythms of sacred ecstasy.

Put on those walking shoes. Rather than hesitate or act like you have a reason to *paws*, you may borrow the sandals of Solanus, the praying saint. The journey into First Creation changing points to you—the instrument—whose prayer, song, seiki movement, dance, and sacred journey need ears able to catch the aligned vibrations of a heavenly song received by a trembling body vessel. The finger points again to every one of you. Pray with the spiritual mothers, fathers, children, and puppies of antiquated old and multi-colored new: “Solan-us in this mystery salon! Lighten us, heat us, germinate us, sing us, puppy us, hush puppy us, fish for us, catch us, clean us, cook us, instrument us, and serve us up again and again!”

Experiment Three: Germinate!

Experiment Three began with the announcement that it is time for all the seeds to germinate, establish roots, grow, and break through the ground. Everyone was invited to do this together because it horticulturally, spiritually, and ecstatically works better if we are “doin’ this” together! Here’s how we presented the next experiment:

Let’s first remember how this next experiment’s compass setting is defined:

Germinate: to come into existence and develop; to begin to grow and put out shoots after a period of dormancy.

This experiment arose during a session we had with Linus. It came down the rope and then Brad dreamed three times that we would do it together. Like the others, Experiment Three has been rope-conveyed and soaked in First Creation. You were already partially prepared when we earlier introduced the idea of saying the three-word prayer as a Gurdjieff-like number count: “1, 2, 3.”

Before going further, we offer a little behind the scenes diversion to help our prayer line make this conversion. These are the words that came down the mystical main line when we were talking with Linus:

Consider that a three-word prayer is a trinity form. Theology has long been fascinated with the relationship of Thee with a trinity, which happens to rhyme with “3.” Go ahead and transform the word “Thee” into the number “3.” The prayer then becomes: “I need 3.”

Notice how the word “need” points to a sense of relationship—feeling the need for something other than “me.” The connection between you and another spans two sides, a relational sea for your ship to cross. Therefore, let’s substitute the word “need” for the number “2” to make our prayer line become, “I (eye) 2, Thee.” Then, combine the two alterations so the prayer line becomes, “I, 2, 3,” where the number two stands in for “need” and the number three stands in for “Thee.” Do you notice that the alphabet letter, “I” looks like the Roman numeral “I” for one? Proceed to convert the whole prayer line to “1, 2, 3,” which on another sensory reality dimension is now tacitly felt as “I need Thee.”

Numbers and sounds enable a prayer to expand beyond frozen literal terms and reach toward broader metaphors. Please intuit that you are being given a

trade secret for expanding and warming a room: Exchange an original prayer cornerstone word with another word that is a related and extended metaphor, or a meaningfully framed number, or an evocative symbol pointing to the same source (not too representational nor too abstract, please) so the prayer line becomes multilayered, multidimensional, and multi-sensory.

This pushes the walls back further, allowing more room for varied expression and altered experience. Voila! 1, 2, 3, you are on your way to being free from the dormant seed shell waiting to crack open!

Here's the new prayer form we will tinker with and some examples of its variations:

1, 2, 3.

1, 2, 3, germinate.

Sunshine and rain, day and night, 1, 2, 3, germinate.

Don't hesitate, 1, 2, 3, germinate.

Make sure you include many returns to the base prayer of "I need Thee." Frequently remember that 3 is the trinity of Thee, 2 is your need for relationship with another, and 1 is the I-full eye of an observing looker trying to be a spiritual cooker.

After pondering such wonder of communicative splendor, voice your original prayer line, "I need Thee" repeatedly. Intermittently drop in the numbers until you feel that "1, 2, 3," is emotionally conveying "I need Thee." This is real-feel alchemy at work.

It's as simple as the 1, 2, 3 that feels the need to count inside First Creation. Germinate that prayer seed, grow that *little me* seed within. But especially grow the room and your relationship with the infinity of immeasurable mystery.

Further Preparatory Higher Instruction for Ecstatic Room Construction and Conduction:

Once your "1, 2, 3" is really cooking, shift the ecstatic prayer wheel gears and shout and sing, "Do it, Lord." Then go back to the "1, 2, 3" to feel how its momentum was just given a boost. There is no need to push beyond these two lines, but if the oscillation between the ecstatic counting and the second three-word prayer line, "Do it Lord," reaches an optimal peak of n/om-full sacred emotion, switch to line three: "Just be nice." "1, 2, 3... Just be nice..." This helps

make sure that sweetness rather than mightiness keeps you reined in as a *little me* mouse in the big pray-ear house.

Instructions for Experiment Three

After introducing the “counting prayer,” we posted the full instructions for Experiment Three:

Now that you have been shown how to alter a prayer line to heat the room, here’s the next experiment: Insert the “1, 2, 3” prayer line throughout your day and night, experimenting with any of the variations described above. This ecstatic condensation is your paradoxical alchemical means of expansion. You will need to refuel your “1, 2, 3” with cornerstone words, songs, and seiki movements to keep it charged, aligned, and moving in real divine time. When you pray an ecstatically charged “1, 2, 3,” also count with your fingers, making a corresponding counting motion in the air, on the nearest table, or by your side.

Do this with two images in your mind’s eye: (1) envision your pray-ear alter, focusing on its ropes that connect the seeds below to the nails on high (carry a photo if it helps you stay focused) and (2) envision all the imagined altars of everyone else in the Sacred Ecstatics Experiment. Imagine observing all the altars from high in the sky and believe that this is helping to bring down the mystical sunshine and rain that make every seed germinate.

The experiment aims to open seed shells, a liberating germination that releases you from being stuck in any kind of hesitation. Make sure you include those among us who are quiet. They, too, need to come out of their seed shell exactly like you, me, we, and Thee. 1, 2, 3, let’s all germinate! The door is open to wake and venture outside the small bottle, leaving hibernation in the ice as you step into the heat needed to defeat procrastination.

Now has come the time for wisely and resourcefully interacting with others in the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. If you have a phone call or a personal meeting with someone in the Guild, make sure that it is at least 85%-110% focused on the experiment at hand. Don’t fall into old habits of consoling, advising, cheerleading, mourning, compassioning, explaining, pastoring, teaching, or whatever you used to do habitually or are in a hurry to do ecstatically but are still not yet able or anointed to perform. All communication with others should bring you deeper into the experiment. Otherwise, you will drift despite good intention.

This experiment invites you to imagine each other’s home gardens and seeds, with pray-ears that help everyone receive the sunshine and rain required for growth. Do the same when you interact live with one another. If someone says to

you, “I’m feeling down,” or “I was thinking of you,” your first response should be, “How’s the gardening of your seeds?” Then make sure you aim to host an expressed “1, 2, 3” before both of you chase a hare to catch another dud cod or a red herring whose habit is non-resourcefully erroring. 1, 2, 3, make sure you are on board and staying on track. 1, 2, 3, on your way to mystery.

Deuce, Abraham Abulafia, and the Twins of You

The spiritual engineering of sacred ecstasy has led us to increasingly appreciate and emphasize the double nature of any matter concerning spiritual cooking. As human beings we exist in a perpetual doubleness, a tension between the finite and the infinite, Second Creation and First Creation, earth and heaven, relative and absolute, small room and big room, and endless other twosomes. More recently, Sacred Ecstasics began referring to *big me* and *little me*, the latter associated with the alchemically produced spiritual form or two-winged homunculus, a luminous numinous inner ethereal-like being that occupies the big room and is made in the image of the Creator.

In our counting prayer of “1, 2, 3” we also underscored “2” as the “middle dynamic” behind movement from one modulation to another. For several nights we worked the “1, 2, 3” prayer experiment and felt this 2 as the critical bridge and medium of transformation: “I need 3 to find the 2. I need 2 to meet Thee. I need 2 to find my *little me* twin and entry to the big room . . .” Praying this way and falling into dreams where this mystery counting continued, we woke up to find this email from Agnes, a Hungarian member of the Sacred Ecstasics Guild: “I dreamed I met Brad and he said one word: ‘Deuce.’ Then I woke up. One more thing—this dream occurred on the anniversary of my grandmother’s death six years ago.”

Brad wrote Agnes back saying, “You and your grandmother are quite the pair!” We knew how close they were to each other. We then pondered the word, “deuce” and its two meanings. It refers to the “two” on dice or a playing card and is also the term for a tie score in tennis when the winner needs two consecutive points to win. There certainly is a truth that life and death are uncertain—you never know how the dice will roll or what card you will be dealt. However, Sacred Ecstasics views you and your unpredictable existence as a deuce—there are two of you, the know-it-all (or wanting to know it all) you and the *little me* spiritual cooker who wants to feel sacred ecstasy rather than own a dynasty or obsess over a destiny. Whoever gets two consecutive points wins the room until your two twins compete again for the next change. At least two consecutive building blocks get you aimed at either small or big room construction.

Several hours after the email from Agnes, we received another email from a former student of Sacred Ecstasics based in Santa Fe, New Mexico. In his research he discovered a mystic from Spain he thought would interest us. He sent this description of ecstasy written by Abraham Abulafia in the 1200s:

The hairs of your head will begin to stand up . . . the life blood which is in your heart, of which it is said “for the blood is the soul” . . . will begin to move out . . . and all your body will begin to tremble, and your limbs will begin to shake . . . And the body will tremble, like the rider who races the horse, who is glad and joyful, while the horse trembles beneath him . . . And you shall feel another spirit awakening within yourself and strengthening you and passing over your entire body and giving you pleasure, and it will seem to you that balm has been poured over you from the crown of your head to your feet, once or many times, and you shall rejoice and feel from it a great pleasure, with gladness and trembling.^{xlvi}

We conducted further research on Abulafia and found “[h]is intention is not to relax the consciousness by meditation, but to purify it via a high level of concentration which required doing many actions at the same time.”^{xlvii} With this practice you are led to a series of spiritual experiences that include encountering a mystical illumination whose light is seen surrounding and infusing itself into the body, subsequent deepening of this absorption with enhancement of clearer thinking and more creative imagination, along with trembling and shaking of the body. All this leads to feeling like a spirit resides within. The goal of this mystical transformative process is to finally face your spiritual other, which is both oneself and God.^{xlviii} This “double” stands in front of you ready to answer any question as it teaches and guides your everyday spiritual germination and growth.

In the *Sefer Hakheshek*, Abulafia describes this meeting of the double:

. . . [It is] as though a man is standing before you and waiting for you to speak with him; and he is ready to answer you concerning whatever you may ask him, and you say “speak” and he answers . . . and afterwards go back as if the one standing opposite you is answering you; and you yourself answer, changing your voice.”^{xlix}

Big me meets *little me*—this is the Sacred Ecstasies critical moment at the crossroads. There the double or deuce of you is dealt. You have a choice to follow your *little me* to the big room or go back to your familiar small room where *big me* reigns. The latter, psychologically oriented master promises every earthly desire from heaps of material wealth to stacks of spiritual knowledge. On the other side, your *little me* luminous double wishes only to celebrate the jubilant emotion of feeling inside the heart and hearth of creation wherein the luminous and numinous abound.

“1, 2, 3,” you need a 2 to get nearer to Thee. Pray “1, 2, 3” to be dealt the deuce that brings the choice to follow *little me* to trembling ecstasy. “1, 2, 3,” meet the twin that’s ready to win the

fire, light, power, and sacred vibration that transform every kind of trouble into a shaking singer, the dancing double occupants of the big room.

A Fish Seeks the Light

We received this dream report from Mary during our month-long Carnival gathering in New Orleans:

I was standing in a large room with no visible walls. The place was filled with people and a light cast a blue hue all around. A man in the center of the crowd began to talk about a unique kind of fish. He discussed how this deep-sea fish had discovered light near the surface of the water. When this fish was drawn to the surface to catch the beams of light, its life was shortened. After one fish started doing it, others followed. It didn't matter to them that their lives were shortened; they loved the light and were compelled to swim upward to feel near it.

I was standing in the back of the room and started saying a prayer. "1, 2, 3, I need Thee . . . 1, 2, 3, I need Thee." My heart began to fill with a longing and empathy for the fish that were swimming toward the light on high. My body started trembling and the teacher looked at me. I knew he was waiting for me to say something.

I spoke, "The light is the key. Going to the light is the most important thing for these fish, even more important than life itself." I continued to tremble and feel waves of vibration surging through my body. The light in the room intensified until it woke me up from the dream. My body was still trembling as tears ran down my face. With a full heart I gratefully uttered, "Thank you, thank you."

Our Commentary

Even in the deep darkness of the sea you can notice a mysterious light shining from on high. When you swim toward the light and catch its rays, your earthly life as you have known it is shortened. You may naturally fear losing everything you think you cherish when you depart from the norm and head to the outskirts, seeking the luminosity that others may not discern. You may even think you are losing your mind or becoming distant from the world. What you are in fact losing is the dark room now cast in a blue hue as the holy light starts to come through.

"The light is the key." Now do more than say it—swim toward it even though you may be afraid. As you climb higher with steady, unbending focus and concentration, you lose something of your former life but receive another kind of eternal life in return. In this vastness, material life is made small and brief while the infinite light is poured into you. Surrender small room life for

big room light. Seek the light, for only it can excite the vibration of jubilation, the trembling of remembering that you are a child of the light on your way home.

Walking and Talking the Count

Brad had a similar dream two nights in a row, beginning the night before Mary's visionary experience:

In the first night's dream, I asked different members of our Guild to walk across the room. Then I would shout, "Stop!" and ask, "Did you stop on the 2, the middle?" I did this in different kinds of ways, teaching them to feel that wherever they spatially land, they always mystically land on the "2" or "middle." I woke up not remembering the entire dream though it was clear it lasted throughout the night.

On the second night, the same dream came again. This time more specific instructions were given. Hillary and I taught the Guild to count while they were walking in the room and to do this outside during a stroll: "As you walk, internally count '1, 2, 3' and as the rhythmic beat starts to heat, make a change in your performance." For a while we rehearsed alternating between "1, 2, 3" and "1, 2" while walking. Furthermore, we underscored the importance of randomly interspersing, "I need Thee" from time to time, as well as "do it, Lord," "do it," and "doin' this." Finally, "just be nice" was not forgotten as the necessary spice. We encouraged them to allow this dynamic of unexpected shifts from counting numbers to saying prayer lines to happen as spontaneously as possible, something which occurs once the prayer wheel gets turning with enough momentum.

Following this exercise, Hillary and I made a list of some of the key words of Sacred Ecstasies. In the dream we wrote them on a chalkboard. They included the three basic, three-word prayer lines and their variations such as, "I need Thee. Set me free." We added other words with their number associations and variations, including:

1, 2, 3, in the light
1, 2, ex-cite
In the light, of the night
Excite and delight
1,2, 3, seek the light
1, 2, ex-cite
1, 2 de-light

1, 2, 3, ec-sta-sy
The key, is light
The key, seek light
1, 2, dissolve
1, 2, 3, into light
Fish in sea
Swim to Thee
Friend of sea
Life for light
Light for life
1, 2, 3
I need Thee
1, 2, 3
Set me free . . .

We then asked everyone to take a walk around the neighborhood and internally focus on this counting, interspersed with prayer lines, key metaphors of Sacred Ecstasies, and the variations that would pop up when the rhythms were strong enough to bring them forth.

This experience felt so strong that it woke me up, but I could not stop doing it. For at least an hour I lay in the dark and envisioned walking with this kind of talking. There was no entrainment to a repetitive loop or a monotonous rhythm. At the right moment, the rhythm and words shifted on their own. I felt a force pulling me into the sacred vibration as tones, rhythms, and movements amplified my emotion. This was not a primarily cognitive experience. It felt more like an alteration between body and mind excitation, like an ecstatic breath. This way of praying evoked the suspended vibration of contrarian tension—the “2” between every beginning and ending. It was not a solid state of time, place, or consciousness, but a dynamic of change across multiple levels, turnings, recursions, realities, theophanies, divinities, unities, infinities, possibilities, impossibilities, probabilities, and multiplicities.

This is life in the middle. Start the walk with this kind of rhythmic counting talk. Then stop. Are you on the 2, the middle? This is not a riddle to solve, but an evocation to dissolve, excite, germinate, and regenerate. Stop! Are you feeling the 2 of the middle of this ecstatic wiggle? Giggle at this sweet madness and jump deep down under the ground, all the way to the deep blue sea where the light is waiting for you to swim toward it.

Postscript

That morning after rising, we received an email from Troy with a description of his dream:

Dear Brad,

You gave me a dill pickle in my dream. Then you took another man in the Guild and ran into the ocean, making a big splash. He surfaced, and you didn't.

Love you,
Troy

Another email arrived at the same time from Amy, another Guild member:

Ahoy!!

I've been listening to the recordings you've put online. What a gift! I feel like I'm in the room with you all. I just woke from a dream. The only thing I clearly remember is a few people in the Guild receiving something called the "z-key" in their dreams.

That's all for now.

So much love,
Amy

We looked up "z-key"¹ and found it is a technical term for merging a synthetic and actual image in real time, thereby enabling the construction of a virtual reality. In a way, walking and talking the counting prayer is a z-key to building a virtual big room. In Brad's dream we were teaching this mystery key to others in the Guild, something picked up in dream by both Troy and Amy.

Wake Up!

Brad dreamed of a spiritual teaching from on high:

In a classroom, Hillary and I held onto a strong luminous rope made of many threads, strings, and cords of light. The voice of an unseen grandfatherly teacher asked us to tell the Guild that any grief for the loss of a loved one or any longing

to find true love disguises a deeper love and longing for the Creator. As he said this, we felt one of the strings pull as the whole cord moved in kind. This demonstrated that the love we feel for our relations here on earth are part of the vaster love, passion, and longing that constitute our main rope to God.

Then the elder teacher added that despite our desire to be nearer to Thee, most people simultaneously fear losing the life they are familiar with, even if it keeps them trapped in the same cycles of suffering. We remembered Mary's dream of deep-sea fish who swam toward the light even though it came at the cost of losing some of their life. All forms of longing and yearning are inspired by a deep need to be closer to the divine light. And every longing to be pulled in one direction is met by a counter pulling in the opposite direction. We all tremble with both joy and fear when we get real about moving toward God.

After this classroom teaching, the dream suddenly shifted to my childhood bedroom in the parsonage where I grew up. I was sleeping in my bed, this time with Hillary by my side. A powerfully loud knocking sound was heard at both the front and back doors. It frightened me and I asked Hillary if she heard it. Half asleep, she acknowledged that it woke her up too. I was afraid there might be some strange power or prowler outside the house. I made sure our door was closed and tried to go back to sleep in the dream. It reminded me of the fear I experienced in Bali when some mysterious being walked across the roof and rattled all the doors and windows.

Soon I heard another extremely loud sound. It was Hillary singing at the top of her lungs, doing so in her sleep. I thought I was awake, but I had remained in dream. She was singing like a Bushman woman making the ecstatic sounds that characterize extreme excitement. I turned and noticed that our door was wide open and there was a light glowing from a room in the middle of the house. I was sure a visitor had entered. Frightened by this unknown presence and wanting to protect us, I shouted a warning to the intruder. Out of me came a wild sound that this time literally woke me up. I was no longer dreaming but was still trembling with fear. I didn't know at the time that I had also awakened Hillary. The next morning, she said I had sounded like I was singing, whereas I thought I screamed a scary sound to startle and run away whomever was there.

After praying with heightened vigor and concentration I eventually went back to sleep and entered the dreamtime to hear, "Now is the time to tell everyone to wake up. All sadness and fear only hide the desire to get closer to the source of the sacred fire. Wake up!" For the second night in a row, I then dreamed a different way of setting up the ecstatic haptic technology, something we had been tinkering with since the Charles Henry dreams came down one year ago. This

approach would enable the coupled sound and vibration to deliver a special kind of “wake up call.” Here one haptic vest is attached to the spine and another vest to the chest, with each connected to a different keyboard. Contrarian interventions are sent by the keyboards accompanied by shouted words in sync with the respective rhythms and tones. In the dream I administered this kind of intervention to some of our Guild members.

Once again, the emphasis in my prayers was directed to the next stage of spiritual gardening that follows the planting of seeds. “Germinate, do not hesitate,” became the prayer theme. “Open up, open the door, step into the light. Do not hesitate; germinate! Wake up! Wake up!” As I prayed like this, I envisioned the seed as a small room, itself planted in the larger room of the garden box. That box, in turn, was placed inside the more encompassing “pray-ear” altar holding all the other altars of Guild members. As this sacred space became increasingly bigger and recursively enriched, the seeds were made readier to germinate and awaken. We knew it was time for the Guild to enter the fire and feel the vibration of higher jubilation that dissolves any fear and sadness in the cheer of bliss that hits the middle sweet spot and becomes the primary dot^{li} bringing us closer to the divine light.

The Future of Sacred Ecstatics

In the middle of the night, Brad woke up with the following words on his mind: As the founders and main rope attendants of Sacred Ecstatics, please be assured that our ancestral lineages are forever alive and well. The big room’s future is already secured and overflowing with teachers from the other side. As importantly, after numerous visions and spiritual tests over the last five years, Hillary was anointed to preside over Sacred Ecstatics with me helping in whatever ways benefit our mutually shared big room maintenance. Furthermore, Guild members have been receiving anointments along with valuable visionary teachings for the community.

Sacred Ecstatics is not guided by a marketing plan to reach the masses, nor does it give away unearned certificates that delude anyone to think they were born to heal, shamanize, conduct spiritual electricity, or teach the 1, 2, 3’s of Sacred Ecstasy. We host and grow this work in the old fashioned way—you must put in the hard work to learn the art of spiritual cooking and patiently wait for the unique gifts and roles that are a perfect fit for you. The latter come down the rope as a confirmed anointment rather than a self-declared appointment. The same is true for how our mission, teaching, inspiration, and experimentation are guided each week, month, and year. As the rope becomes stronger and the room vaster, the future shines and the songs are coming through the line.

The experiments that come down the line also grow the future of Sacred Ecstatics. Each of you is a seed with a gift within. The fulfillment you seek will likely not come from what you think you desire. It is found when your gift blossoms and is put to use. Gardening under the heavenly sunshine and rain of prayer and song helps the seed germinate.

The future of Sacred Ecstatics is found inside your altar of altars, the big room whose door is always open to those who prepare to enter and dwell within it. There is no question about the future of Sacred Ecstatics. Its big room is already here. The only question is about *your future*—in what room will you reside? Are you ready to move into your altar room? There the saints of Sacred Ecstatics await you with open arms.

Learning to Eat the Snail

The day preceding Brad's "wake up" dream and our ruminations about the future of Sacred Ecstatics, we had asked Johannes and Morten to come to the front of the room and serve as conductors. Our only instruction was for them to close their eyes and forget about the people in the room. Their focus should be on feeling big room presence, the rope, and its lineage strands. We then played an ecstatic track about taking a walk with the Kalahari Bushmen. As we watched them moved by n/om we recognized their participatory role in the future of Sacred Ecstatics. Both were initially shy about stepping into this responsibility and already content to be in the big room no matter whether a role or gift came their way. This, too, embodied a teaching about how to gain and maintain big room occupancy.

The next morning, we received a dream report from Johannes:

I was sitting in a restaurant somewhere I had never been before. I thought it was France because the place was famous for a special kind of snail. I was sitting at the table with someone else from the Sacred Ecstatics community, though I wasn't sure who it was. We were very excited because here we could eat as much of that special dish as we wanted. At the same time, I was not sure if I really wanted a whole plateful because I had never eaten it before. I wanted to try one first. Then I noticed the remains of an already eaten snail lying on the table.

When the woman came to take our order, we started to discuss the snail. She explained how to eat it in a better way than was done by whoever left the one lying on the table. She showed us how to get all the meat out while leaving just a little thin skin that was attached to the hard part of the snail. She carefully pointed out how the skin should look and that if it was done properly, you should be able to see different patterns based on the angle of observation. I was totally amazed by the beauty of the thin little skin and the diverse patterns I could see when I changed my angle of looking.

The thin skin or membrane refers to the boundary between First and Second Creation, the spirit and flesh, and *little me* and *big me*. You must learn how to take in all the n/om meat while carefully leaving behind the fine line that reveals the mark of a teaching. This is another way of saying that cleaning the fish, snail, or n/om nail happens simultaneously with catching it, cooking it, and eating it.

After the fine main line dining, a different pattern is found in every angle of looking. Make sure you are aligned with the divine when you transcribe and describe the teaching found in the passage from big room dining to subsequent metabolizing. The teachings left behind after the meal is eaten will change and become more multi-layered. What is read depends on your angle of perception. Johannes received a visionary teaching for conductors who are more responsible for properly eating the n/om meat because they need it to help feed others. They also must remove the meat carefully, so the delicate indication of a teaching is left intact.

The future of Sacred Ecstatics involves learning how to better expand and heat the big room, as well as how to get the soft n/om meat out of the hard shell while preserving the teaching for others to examine. On the boundary between the known and unknown is the border of earthly marking made of heavenly design. Cook, eat the meat, metabolize, and study what each journey leaves behind—the thin skin that bears the image of an Ouroborean, spiraling rope. This line is a very fine map and path, as thin as Reverend Joseph Hart described: “. . . much narrower and harder to find than most men imagine. It is a path which the vulture’s eye hath not seen; and none can show it us but the Holy Ghost.”^{lii} To receive, clean, cook, serve a nail, and deliver the visionary mail, make sure you know how to handle all of the snail.

The Alchemical Warp Speed from Song Blending

Brad dreamed he blended “Dulcinea” (the song from the musical, *Man of La Mancha*) with the hymn, “I Need Thee.” The lyrics of “Dulcinea” speak to everyone’s Quixotic quest for heavenly love and sacred ecstasy:

Did my lady think to put me to a test?
Ah, sweet sovereign of my captive heart.
I shall not fail thee, for I know.
I have dreamed thee too long,
Never seen thee or touched thee.
But known thee with all of my heart.
Half a prayer, half a song, [italics ours]
Thou hast always been with me,
Though we have been always apart.

Dulcinea, Dulcinea,
I see heaven when I see thee, Dulcinea,
And thy name is like a prayer
An angel whispers, Dulcinea, Dulcinea!

Half a prayer and half a song add up to a whole cooked plea to feel closer to Dulcinea, the Creator, the Holy Mother, the Holy Father, or whatever name you use for the beloved other with whom you long to commune. In the dream, Brad blended the Broadway tune and classic hymn by playing two recordings at the same time and varying the volume of each to create different mixes:

I could hear both songs at the same time and as the volume levels for each recording changed, their prominence would alternate. It created a new kind of alternating current that powerfully and quickly opened my heart. The excitement of this discovery woke me up. I kept imagining implementing this protocol while awake and remembered that holding back any prayer words, numbers, or other sounds better allowed them to spontaneously arise. This enabled a prayer line like, “I need Thee,” a “1, 2, 3” count, or the spoken name of “Dulcinea” to burst through unexpectedly and provide a surprising emotional lift.

I fell asleep to again find myself experiencing both songs at once. As the intensity hit a tipping point, a prayer was heard simultaneously within and from on high. It was a spiritual gift for one of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild members who is a birdwatcher and nature guide.

Swallow, swallow
Make me hollow
Sparrow, sparrow
Send the arrow
Pel-i-can, Pel-i-can
Two wings can, *little me* can
Pel-i-can, Pel-i-can
Swallow that snail
Swallow that nail
Pel-i-can, Pel-i-can
Eat that arrow
Stay on the narrow
Be in the hollow
Meet that arrow,

Eat that meat
Sing that sparrow
Clean that snail
Receive the nail
Deliver the mail

The prayer went on and on, constantly varying and improvised, until it woke me up with exhilaration. The next day we shared the prayer with the Guild and blended the two songs as had been done in the dream. People were shocked at how it instantly affected them. Some had a major heart awakening. One woman reported feeling someone hold her hand but when she opened her eyes, no one was there. Hillary caught a glimpse of a ghostlike person climbing our stairs. A new means of evoking sacred emotion had entered the room.

That night I conducted my praying inside this kind of song blend. I focused on the two songs played in my mind, mixing them in different ways. Former prayer cornerstones and lines spontaneously came forth until I felt like I was on the liminal border between First and Second Creation, an experience that the Kalahari n/om-kxaosi describe as entering “the whirling.” It was dizzying and loosening as it blew away whatever former conceptions, perceptions, and interpretations had become too solid. As I fell more deeply into the whirling crossroads, I was surprised to experience the room, already big, dramatically expand further. Whereas before we had spoken of “the big room,” now we were learning that there is a “bigger room” accessible through this new blending means of spiritual engineering.

Later that night I was sent on another visionary adventure. Hillary and I were in the middle of a major city with Mary and Lance. Others from the Guild seemed nearby. We knew it was time to take a journey and hesitate no longer. We shouted at the same time, “Doin’ this!” A Chrysler Imperial pulled up and without wasting a second, Mary got behind the steering wheel as the rest of us entered the car. I have never seen anyone more determined and focused as Mary in the driver’s seat. Soon we noticed that the traffic was jammed—every street was cluttered with people and vehicles. It was impossible to move forward. None of this, however, discouraged Mary. She became even more determined to get our wheels moving and hit the road, with or without any clear path in sight.

I smiled at her as she hit the gas pedal all the way to the floor and turned toward a large white building made of wood that looked like a blend of a large house and an old-fashioned church. She aimed for the front door at full speed and blasted through the building, knocking it down. Not letting up on the gas, she took

that car through anything and everything standing in the way. Debris was flying everywhere like a tornado.

The scene shifted: we were out of the car and had passed through to the other side of a gate. We were standing together ready to board what we guessed was a big ship, though it was out of sight. I saw police and the F.B.I. passing around our photos—they were looking for us. These trickster agents were trying to block our journey. I wondered whether we would be caught as they stared right at us. Then I realized we were invisible and could not be seen by them anymore. We had made it through. Songs poured through the atmosphere like a flood of holy water being released. First came, “Pass Me Not, Oh Gentle Savior,” followed by “Oh, How I Love Jesus,” and many other songs that blended in glorious fervor. I came back to myself unable to forget the sight of Mary driving that car with no hesitation and total determination.

After expressing prayers of appreciation amidst continuous musical blending, I dreamed a third time. This time Hillary and I were at a gathering of people hoping to advance their spiritual growth. For whatever reason, everything that was happening in the room seemed boring and lifeless. I tried to play a song on the piano, but the instrument was out of tune. I tried again and someone put on an Elvis Presley recording on a public loudspeaker and drowned out the keyboard. I stopped, walked over to Hillary who was trying to adjust a haptic vest for someone, and told her, “Let’s get out of here. Everyone is out of sync, doing their own thing.” We left the room and I woke up unsure what was going on or where we were heading.

A fourth and final dream took place. It was the most spectacular of them all—an extraordinary finale. We were told the future of Sacred Ecstasies and what we must do and specifically where we must go. I was especially excited because Hillary had received another high anointment and the dream celebrated her evolving leadership. I woke up thrilled that we had received the answers we sought and that a big gift and anointment had been given to Hillary. I was so excited to tell her that I forgot what we had been taught in the dream—the words had been swept away.

Feast of Color

We received a dream report from Shari, a longstanding Guild member:

I was hovering over a dark field. Below me appeared many brightly colored drawings made by Hillary. They slowly and beautifully rolled forth like a long and continuous illustrated scroll. There were so many drawings that I could not see

either the beginning or end. Some were touchingly familiar, but I was also surprised how many were new that I didn't recognize. I started to feel overwhelmed with joy. The colors seemed to unfold in every direction and were a true feast for the eyes. The pictures themselves were incredibly alive and sweet, with perfect color saturation—strong but also soft and not overdone.

One picture especially drew me toward it—it was red with green. The drawing *felt* like a watermelon, though it looked nothing like one. It conveyed the most amazing red color I have ever seen. More light came through it than a normal red, and it made me want to keep looking at it forever. All the art emitted a fresh and revitalizing sweetness. I woke up hearing the song, “Dulcinea” streaming through me.

Throughout the next couple of days, these colors and the feelings associated with them have stayed with me. They feel new, unique, and different to me while also deeply familiar like a forgotten memory of a joy experienced long ago. They most remind me of the colors found on the sugar frosting of my grandma's Christmas cookies. This leaves me very happy.

In Shari's dream we find the blending of emotion with color and the joy awakened by remembering the sweet hue of a grandmother's love. This uncommon synesthetic blend is what it means to hit the sweet cookie spot of colorful joy, feeling, and taste. Art that comes straight from the spiritual heart carries potent sacred emotion that can only be conveyed through the dynamic tension between “not too much” and “not too little.” Here it is possible to feel a watermelon while feasting on color with spiritual eyes. This “middle” rides the vibration of alternating spiritual electricity, the multisensory communion of sacred ecstasy with the vibrant beauty of the rope to God. Draw and thaw, make a sound for the lost and found, and feast upon the awe-inspiring tremble of splendor.

Feeling the Red Love of Jesus

A few minutes before we added Shari's dream of the color red to our visionary teachings, we received an email from Christine, the woman who recently dreamed of seeing a finger and a cross in the sky. She felt strongly that she should tell us about a dream she had six months ago. Here is her report:

In the dream, I faced three sectioned areas that were connected. They were of equal size and shape and partitioned into lower, middle, and upper levels. The upper and lower sections were the same pale color, like the pigmentation of my skin. However, the middle section was very dark red.

I started walking toward these demarcated spaces. As I came closer, I realized that the red color in the middle was blood. I was strongly drawn to it and felt excited; it seemed like I was entering into something very mysterious. Then suddenly these words popped into my mind, “Jesus! Oh, Jesus has come to meet me!” A smile came to my face and I felt a bit smug.

Just as I was about to step into the blood, the red liquid transformed into Mahalia Jackson, the renowned gospel singer from New Orleans! She stood before me as a figure made of blood. She looked extremely angry at me, and I was taken aback at the sternness of her glare. The whole world stood still as she spoke with a velvety though commanding sound: “You don’t have a relationship with Jesus by *thinking* about Him. If you have a relationship with Jesus, you *do*.”

I was so shocked that I woke up. I strongly felt like I’d just received an important message, but more importantly I realized that the words had to be expressed exactly as Mahalia had delivered them with her tone and emphasis. Therefore, I immediately sat on the edge of my bed and repeated her message over and over again so I would not forget the exact words, tones, accent, and rhythm of how she delivered it.

I began to notice that something unexpected and special came through me when I “caught” her performance. Every time I said the word “do” like she did, I felt a deep warmth enter my belly. I was struck by how her manner of expression evoked a feeling within me. If I had to translate this experience with words, it might look like this: “You don’t have a relationship with Jesus by thinking about Him. If you have a relationship with Jesus, you *feel* that you do.” This the gift I received from dreaming that I met Mahalia.

In the middle is found the transformational, transitional dynamic between lower and higher, beginning and ending as you move from one room to another. First Creation is in the middle where “the changing” resides. The middle is also home to the holy spirit and the sweet spot where the blood of life and the meat of n/om mingle to create a sacred tingle. As the old hymn goes, “There’s power in the blood!” In the dream, Christine was drawn to the middle with its special hue that calls on the *little me* of you. There one of Christine’s favorite gospel singers, Mahalia Jackson, brought her an important teaching. Namely, having a relationship with holiness is about feeling, not just thought or belief. We recognize the word “do” also has another meaning. It’s a call to action: “If you have a relationship to Jesus, you *do* (something about it).” If you really *do feel* Jesus’s big love, it will make you want to hug rather than only be smug.

Christine added that the dream occurred just after she read the transcript of a healing case of ours that was published in *The Creative Therapist in Practice* (2019):

I was deeply moved by a session with a woman violinist, Lenke, who had endured much suffering in her life. I decided to reread it very slowly, taking in each word because I wanted to notice the moment when I felt most touched. I discovered that it occurred at the end of the session when you mentioned what it must have been like to have felt the suffering of Jesus as well as that endured by his holy mother and father during the crucifixion. It seemed Lenke felt a close relationship to God, like I do, but I can't say until this particular day that I'd ever even thought about or imagined feeling the suffering of the crucifixion. My longstanding prayerful confirmation, "God holds me" suddenly transformed into a new expanded form, "He holds me, *and* I hold Him." I decided to follow the prescription given to Lenke—I actually bought myself a violin from Hungary! I found two violins at the Darius Fine Instrument Store in Budapest, but I couldn't decide between a brand new one or a restored antique. I took so long to decide that it started to feel like a life and death issue. I was soon frozen because my son delivered the news that he was critically ill.

Six months later, I am today remembering that dream and feel it is important to share with you. "I'm germinating!" Furthermore, I am contacting that Hungarian music store because I've decided to bring home the restored antique violin. "1, 2, 3, I need Thee!" Dulcinea!

Love,
Christine.

We celebrate that Christine took the deep feelings stirred up by Lenke's story and took action—hunting down a violin and altering her prayers. This is how you water the seeds that may later germinate and bring the fruit of a visit to the spiritual classrooms.

Christine's letter reminded us how our own relationship to the crucifixion was transformed a few years ago by reading the autobiography of an 18th century British preacher and hymn writer named Reverend Joseph Hart. We were mystically introduced to Hart when Brad dreamed a single unfamiliar word: *sojoprings*. A Google search led us to a misspelled transcription of the word "sufferings" in a hymn he composed: "The suff'rings [spelled in the transcription as "sojoprings"] of thy death, We come dear Savior to receive . . ." Later Joseph Hart, in his brief autobiography, would point to the pinnacle realization of his spiritual journey:

Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, is now the only thing I desire to know. In that *incarnate mystery* is contained all the rich treasures of divine wisdom. . . All duties, works, ordinances, etc. are to me then only rich—when they are enriched with the blood of the Lamb, in comparison of which all things else are but chaff and husks!^{liiii}

Studying the life of Joseph Hart profoundly altered our own relationship to the mystical blood of Jesus. Hart helped us embrace the so-called gospel “blood songs” that speak of the transformative, cleansing, and redemptive power of the “healing fountain” found at the cross. Only in the reddening of alchemical process that follows whitening, blackening, and all the other transitions is the *little me* reborn and able to come through the veil to take form in the flesh. In this same middle where the former veil of separation becomes altered into a mystical bridal veil, you find the red hue favored by Sister Gertrude Morgan, the blood that brought Christine a teaching, as well as Shari’s grandmother spreading the sweet colored icing onto baked cookies better eaten than forgotten.

Do you hear what is happening as we circle back to re-read Reverend Hart, doing so with the mystical organs of a cooked Kalahari n/om-kxao whose alchemical fires enable mystical readers and eaters to speak and hear through the telephone line? This is the link and the cord binding earthly flesh with heavenly spirit-for-us—*spiritus*. What are you going to *do* about it?

Like Joseph Hart, you must someday, either on your life bed or deathbed, put trickster in its place and then get ready to turn lead into spiritual gold. No more deception that uses trickster means to say you are the exception, clever enough to be the first person who can keep all your trickster pleasures while receiving all the holy treasures. The n/om meat and z-key are found on the other side of the crossroads where you are asked to decide: Will you chase, as Joseph Hart said, “the visions of which you have formed some wild idea,” or will you instead trust “the low, despised mystery” exemplified, enacted, and embodied by the one who was suspended in the middle?

You may receive a glimpse of the unbearable sight of Jesus hanging on the cross. In this lowest room is found the beginning means of breaking through what Hart called the “chaff and husks” of intellect to receive the deepest communion with God. To get nearer the red in the middle room fountain of endless First Creation changing, you must feel the need for complete alchemical re-creation. As Joseph Hart said in his most famous hymn, “All the fitness He requireth Is to *feel your need of Him.*”

What is most important is to feel your 110% need for divinity rather than posture any right beliefs, goodness, specialness, cleverness, or magical ability. Being weak, wounded, sick, poor, weary, bruised, broken, entangled, or mangled, rather than displaying righteousness or “fitness,” paradoxically empowers communion with your Creator. Unless you deeply feel a desperate need for extreme intervention, you are not ready to enter the middle where saints dance with sinners rather than trickster winners. The ultimate divine paradox always returns: you must be small enough to pass through into the big middle red room of it All. There your suffering meets God’s alchemy and is converted into the sojo-mojo-Excelsior-springs of overflowing ecstatic joy. *Sojosprings* is found in the middle of the crimson blood—the fountain from which all arrows and nails are born and will return to be washed clean.

Joseph Hart invites you to go further than dwelling upon and within your own personal suffering. He challenges you to make the room bigger and face the suffering that took place in “sad Gethsemane.” He writes: “Come all ye chosen saints of God, that long to feel the cleansing blood; In pensive pleasure join with me, To sing of sad Gethsemane.” To go deeper into divine mystery, he prescribes that you pray to “feel the effects of Jesus’ death.” In other words, pray to experience the mysterious transformation of suffering into the highest joy, of death into renewed life, and of a broken human heart becoming a vital part of the sacred whole. Hart’s quest was for a missing letter, the “e” of ecstasy that would make Hart step into the Heart of creation. Half a prayer and half a song are not sufficient to find your Dulcinea, but add them together and you build a room big enough to find the blood, emotional flood, and communion with the immortal beloved.

Your spiritual correctness will not help you, nor will your misconduct damn you. No matter what you have done or not done, when you face the middle room with its changing hues, tones, rhythms, and moves you are cleaned, pardoned, renewed, and set free from every existential jail and hard snail shell. Only when you stand in the big room of mystery and release your *little me* do the mystical gifts arrive. Whatever was true in the small spaces of trickster mind becomes reversed in the mystically whole heart and baked tart of Hart’s sweet epiphany. Here Beethoven and Liszt cross back and forth on the aural bridge as the Hungarian red shades of *piros* and *vörös* meet and heat.^{liv} Speaking of red, the word *piros* refers to color of blood when it is inside the body, whereas blood spilled is considered *vörös*.^{lv} Hence the difference between these two words, previously dreamed by Brad, carries the transformation of the crucifixion from life to death to resurrection.

Women and men of La Mancha, join the mystery quest that seeks the grail. In the big room you find that every ail and weakness becomes your greatest strength, that evil is swallowed by good, that death renews life, and that every part becomes inseparable from the whole. With a relationship to *sojoprings*, you *feel* that you *do* and do all you can, like Reverend Hart, to drink more deeply from this mystical cup of salvation. Welcome to a mystical soak in the middle room of blood-red holy watermelon seeds that feed on whirling blends of love and longing songs. Eat that holy bread as it is fed to the *little me* belonging to the whole 1, 2, 3 that enables you, me, and Thee to commune through feeling the two involved in the *do*, two, deuce and twain that meet to put the twins of you on the glory train.

Spiritual Journey to a Blended Kalahari

Before retiring for the night, we soaked in three of our main line songs: “I Need Thee,” “There Is a Fountain,” and “Jesus Loves Me.” Brad then said out loud, “That last song has always been the number one song for the whole of my life. It has carried me through every victory and defeat and

is always by my side to lift me up.” Later that night, Brad dreamed we were singing these songs again:

In the dream, Hillary and I alternated between singing these three gospel songs and blending them together. Feeling deep sacred emotion, I felt a whirling wind arrive. It was ready to carry us from this world to the spiritual classrooms on high. A voice shouted, “Let’s go.” There was no time to pack or get ready. I just grabbed a small suitcase sitting nearby without even checking to see if I had packed anything in it.

Soon Hillary and I were in a safari truck traveling across the Kalahari Desert. We passed through a remote area where we had traversed in previous visionary dreams. It was full of lions and other wild animals that felt dangerous. This time my former African guide, Paddy, took us safely through and continued driving to where our Bushmen friends live. There we were greeted by a gathering of the n/om-kxoasi I had known over several decades. /Kunta /Ai!ae, in particular, smiled with delight and started to stomp and bob as if he were already in a dance.

Our guide handed me the small suitcase and said, “Here’s what you brought. You are home now.” He then drove away as we enjoyed hearing the community shout and sing with joy as they prepared for an evening dance. We were both excited and confused about whether we were visiting or permanently moving there. I noticed that I was wearing a formal shirt and dress slacks, rare attire for me. It seemed we had been whisked away when preparing to go out on the town. There had been no time to change clothes when the spiritual pointer arrived and told us to go. I hoped I had packed the provisions needed, so I went to the suitcase and opened it. To my surprise, it only had one item inside—a singular pair of old pants. Nothing else had been packed. I was struck with joy when I realized how all Bushman men come to a dance only wearing a pair of old trousers while barefoot and shirtless. We smiled and laughed as I realized this was all that was needed to dance under the stars.

In the wild polyphonic sounds of Kalahari singing and clapping, I felt the same blend of tonal and rhythmic variations that initially brought the whirling wind that had carried us there. Bushmen make this kind of sonic-kinesthetic portal to link the everyday world to the other side where ancestors and Sky God reside. I felt myself standing in the middle of this whirling made of alternating song currents. There I remembered how I used to internally sing these same old church hymns during Bushman dances while externally singing a Bushman song. This alchemical way of blending music has always tacitly been with me but was never explicitly relevant until now. In this excitement of reborn discovery, I woke up trembling.

I soon dreamed again as the former voice commanded, “Concentrate!” In front of me was the letter “H” on an old historic building. I focused on it and blended the Kalahari singing with gospel songs, reentering the whirling all over again. Hillary and I watched this historic building with an “H” become a place where Sacred Ecstasies could come alive. I also noticed that the building was in the same river town where I used to take Pastor Brown, the circuit rider I dreamed years ago. After I found him back then, I became his driver to country churches along the Mississippi River on the historic blues highway. The instant I recognized where the “H” building was located, I started playing the piano. I was sight-reading a transcribed arrangement of “Precious Lord.” It was one of the most beautiful musical arrangements I ever heard. Soon I was aware that I had never seen this musical score before. There could be no better confirmation of the vision’s authenticity for me than experiencing a new piano arrangement that brought a flood of sacred emotion.

Improvise, embellish, syncopate, mix, and alternate yourself along the musical song line. The whirlwind is created in the blending of songs with changing rhythm, tone, and movement. Step into it, for this is where you find the port, portal, and railway porter of the train that takes you home to the original song-and-dance campground. All you need to pack is some old Bushman pants for panting and planting—the rhythmic breathing of ‘doption with planted dance feet aligned with divine musical time and tones that set a fire in the bones. Welcome home to the changing rooms of this changing mansion of continuous expansion. Blend all the spiritual cooking locales, fire burning venues, mystically illumined stages, and sweet treat menus so that multisensory, multi-reality changing defines where and how you settle down

Into the Whirling

Following the visionary teaching about Kalahari-based reality blending, we received an email from Mary Foster. She reported two successive dreams that are exemplary of what it can be like to experience the whirling:

In the first dream I was fully clothed and floating on the ocean, feeling the fluidity of the water but not noticing any wetness. I was watching a huge storm come toward me. There were full, dark clouds approaching whose wind created big ocean waves. I saw a large wave coming and I knew it would take me deep under the water. I jumped, as if the ocean surface was a spring-like diving board, landing in the middle of the wave. It took me to the depths below. There I breathed effortlessly with a feeling of calmness circulating within. I then swam even deeper

into the water far beneath the storm. I saw that the storm's turbulent wind above and the calm water underneath were happening simultaneously. I continued to dive deeper into the water while sensing the spaciousness and openness found underneath the storm.

In the next dream, I was floating in the cosmos and felt weightless with no physical body. Strangely, I felt the wind blowing around me, but it did not move me from my location. I discovered that I could spin or swirl at will. There was no separation felt between the locus of "me" and the surrounding space. Furthermore, there were colors and shapes I had never seen before and cannot capably describe. The perception of all this mystery and wonder made me tremble as it filled my heart with a sense of grand awe. While not feeling any physical limitation hold me back, I jumped out of my body and then returned into it. The silly joy of this play tickled me while the amazement of this impossible action overwhelmed me with a stream of tears.

The whirling is the mystical port of arrival, departure, and return—the liminal border between First and Second Creation. In a previous dream, Brad envisioned Mary driving a car with us on board, doing so with fierce determination amidst frozen traffic. She plowed through one building after another to finally arrive at a port where trickster agents were no longer able to see that we had found our way across to the other side. In the two dreams above, Mary experiences herself floating on, diving into, and being inseparable from the whirling produced by the contrarian tension between the calm of the ocean's depth and the agitation of a wild wind in the sky above.

Getting to the crossroads is one thing. Stepping into the whirlwind-whirlpool is the next action scene of a Sacred Ecstatics numinous theatrical production. The final pinnacle act is allowing higher hands to throw you anywhere, whether it's into the eye of the storm, high in the sky, or deep down under the sea. In this port of passage, you must remember to pray. The reason you work all day to concentrate your mind in prayer is to plant its hallowed seed into your unconscious garden, making it ready to spring up whenever you reach the port for spiritual traveling. Prayer is the skeleton key, secret password, luminous ticket, and n/om passport for boarding the ship, train, and plane to the next holy city, other worldly Hadestown, or First Creation changed spiritual classroom.

The port provides entry to the middle, double dynamo that throws you to the next middle landing ground. 1, 2, 3, into sea. 1, blue, 3, the wind blew. 1, 2, 3, leap to sink. 1, 2, 3, now what to do? 1, 2, 3, seek pleasure? 1, 2, 3, find treasure? 1, 2, 3, ask for Thee. The passport and ticket to ride is the prayer, "I need Thee." Voice it at the port and again at every changing middle along the way. Keep both sides, both me's, both realities, and all doubles aligned with the utmost divine lifeline. Do not be distracted by exalting any kind of pleasure, treasure, balm, calm, thrill, or spill.

Stay in the middle of each middle and only make the plea to be thrown wherever the meeting of the two blues of sky and sea decide you should be.

The daily hard work and sometimes easy play of constructing the room of prayer is also building a port, ship, and ticket to hand yourself over to the supreme dream conductor, captain, and pointer of creation. Don't miss the rest of the ride no matter how high and swollen the upward or downward tide. Now you know, though knowing is not enough. Keep, meet, and heat that ticket in hand, voice, mind, body, heart, and soul. Sing "Flipper, Flipper, Friend of the Sea." Say 1, 2, 3, flip her, Lord. 1, 2, 3, friend of wind and sea. 1, 2, 3, turn the key. 1, 2, 3, do it Lord. 1, 2, 3, make me nice, thaw the ice, sweep the broom, and heat my room to feel rather than only know that you are the immortal beloved of everyone, every room, every sea, every sky, and every reality of your vast mystery.

The Cathedral Is Too Small

Brad dreamed that we were in one of the largest cathedrals in the world, located somewhere in Europe:

Many priests, church dignitaries, and the Vatican elite were asking us about our work. We tried one rhetorical means after another to evoke an experience of divinity rather than obsess over defining theological beliefs. Though we knew our teaching would be better conveyed by song and dance, it felt out of sync amidst the stiff formality that wouldn't welcome our kind of ecstatic riff. As we were in awe of the immense architectural space and its majestic acoustic reverberation, we realized how difficult it would be for a cleric strangled by an ideological collar to holler and shout for God. I turned to Hillary and said, "This room is too small."

I was flooded by memories of feeling this cramped sensation in many spacious religious temples, ashrams, synagogues, and cathedrals from Tibetan Buddhism to Judaism, New Age shamanism, Christianity, and everything in between. Big teachers with big teaching grounds are almost always the custodians of the smallest spirit houses and the most impoverished wisdom rooms in town. Once again, we were reminded that the furthest outskirts of all the outskirts are usually where the real deal, holy meal, cooking teachers serve and conduct their work and share their electrical power line. Even when these outcasts, misfits, and heretics are visited, what they enact is rarely discerned even by learned visitors who have yet to open any mystical sense. Their screen of consciousness sifts out whatever lies outside familiar confinement and edified refinement. Most people have only been exposed to popular, mainstream teachers and practitioners with fossilized

habits and have little experience with fresh composition or improvisation in the domain of spirituality and healing.

We've written elsewhere how the original founding spark of every major or minor religion is soon diminished or extinguished from too much solidification and routinization. Without wiggling movement, a ritualistic sit is unfit for big room construction. Missing the contrarian tension of agitation, too much meditation and other forms of calm contemplation elevate small room relaxation at the cost of big room excitation. Still-bodied visionary journeying equally leads to further abstraction and cluttered rooms that are desperately in need of a seiki broom with a big bang boom.

Sacred Ecstatics welcomes a time to be still, contemplate, and even regurgitate some text when it fits the context. However, the domination of mindful recitation and quieted emotion cannot breed the alteration of electrical conduction. Here we see the world religions often come unplugged, building sprawling monasteries, palatial ashrams, and opulent cathedrals when they would be better off building a virtual praise house and numinous fire within. The *little me* inner temple does not need to seduce celebrities and tycoons to donate silver and gold when a finely sharpened sliver of n/om is all that is needed.

The fully institutionalized world religions from the West to the Middle to the Far East offer more small rooms with tall talk than they do nails of n/om, seiki typhoons, and spirit floods. We vow to disavow all ships not moving toward the vast unexplored sea. Our ship is stern about our aim to burn, not only to clear away clutter and debris but to alchemically transform stillness into butterfly flutter and gris gris chitlin' power. All hail the storm that walks away from the norm and dorm of static practices, rooms, and robed figureheads who thought losing their body was the antibody to the anti-Christ, the infidel, and the unshaven, uncircumcised, untamed unknown.

We say this not to show that we know but to help bring back the luminous glow. Each hardened religion has become a tiny seed with a hard shell waiting to be re-planted deep inside softer ground. Plant that institutionalized and funeral shrouded Jesus, Buddha, Abraham, Muhammed, and all the other gurus from past and present. Throw in everyone who makes big membership numbers more important than n/om. *N/om or numb*: that is the numerical question. Do you count to see whether you are becoming a god or are you counting on God? Remember, the latter only needs a 1, 2, 3, to reach infinity.

Go ahead and plant the symbols of any spiritual form as seeds inside your altar. Place them in the far left, bottom corner where they already reside on the earthly plane. This way you can bring your relationship to the world's big five trophy religions into the altar room to prepare them for electrical alternation, future germination, and ecstatic regeneration. They, like you, need another mystical planting, 'doption panting, and the realization that all you need for a n/om dance is a single worn-out pair of pants. Into the ground you go, big shot institution. Your *little me* religion is ready to again germinate, reincarnate, and re-illuminate.

Every hour, every day, and every millennium you need a revolution that prophetically announces that your room has shrunk and become too hard a shell. Make sure to not waste the snail meat or its thin membrane fine line teaching when throwing away any shell, and don't miss the potential blossom sleeping within that same hard seed veneer.

Value every seed by planting it deep down under the ground. Then nurture the whole garden rather than any singular crop, clearing enough room for whatever surprise breaks through the ground so real mystery and love may abound. Germinate, reincarnate, illuminate, and ecstatically invigorate so Ouroboros can blend and turn the wheel of life and death. Let it be said on your deathbed that you ate that bread as you shared many forms of sweet treats, paradise fruits, and garden delights. In First Creation, every moment is a seed, seeking the middle that transports you to the next transient flowering of luminous, numinous, tender splendor. What will you have to spend to get a ticket for this ride? What is the cost of what must be lost? You will have to give up your hard seed shell, your room, and your hell that holds any frozen depiction of heaven, god, mother nature, spirit, or a holy chile pepper on the way to the Vishnu menu. Don't be late, germinate! Don't hesitate, incarnate! Don't forget: Illuminate, agitate, drop every state, and dynamically recirculate. X, Y, Z, you're back to the A, B, C of a holy ghost explosion where the 1, 2, 3 alchemical line, circle, and recursion meet the trinity divinity that journeys to the big room infinity of ecstatic divinity. Pray it and sing it with a musical blend that sends you home again.

Rehearsing the Life Force Theatre

Brad dreamed we were sitting in a theatre located at the University of Kansas. This is the campus where years ago he dreamed of being given his own spiritual classroom—a futuristic, high-tech version of Ezekiel's wheel.^{lvi} Now we were watching the production of a Life Force Theatre play we had written, performed by people who were our students. It was unclear whether it was a dress rehearsal or the official opening night:

We wrote the play to disrupt any typical expectations of what happens in a theatrical production. Nonsense and noise, music and dance, as well as unusual movements and silences, were sprinkled amidst the scripted lines. As Hillary and I watched our students perform, we were aware of how much rehearsal was still needed. This was especially true for how they entered the stage and moved across it. Their bodies needed to learn how to be more aligned with the motion of dramatic action in each scene. It was clear that the handful of people in the audience who were watching the production from the left front row were completely out of sync with what was taking place and felt completely lost. The production evoked too much of a difference for them to grasp or follow. I

whispered to Hillary that the audience obviously considered the play as going too far beyond the boundaries of even the most avant-garde experimental theatre.

We then noticed that our acting students had taken the liberty to invite other people on stage with them. We had never met these new people yet there they were, all on stage making a further mess of the play. We stopped the performance and announced, “More rehearsal time is needed. We need to start with teaching you how to make an entrance before you speak a single word.” At that moment, the theatre lighting moved its spotlight to shine on the balcony. We were shocked to see it was packed with young students who were extremely excited about what I said, as if I had announced that their sports team had won a big game. They burst into wild applause, and this shocked us. I then saw that one of our Guild members, Chris, was sitting down behind us and was also vigorously clapping with enthusiasm. We never saw him arrive in the dream scene until that moment. Hillary and I were no longer sure who was the audience or the actors, where the stage was located, or who was bringing a shock to whom.

The next morning, we discussed the dream and agreed that spiritual teaching is like leading an acting class. Not only do people need to learn how to use their voice, they also must be directed how to walk on stage and move across it—basic aspects involved in the staging of a show. Brad later opened his email and found a report from Chris about a dream he had that same night:

We were all in a room in a local community venue. You and Hillary and were talking through our experimental reports with us. The door opened unexpectedly, and a woman began to enter the room. She was holding a hot drink in her hand and had a relaxed and comfortable way about her. She was clearly familiar with the space and was looking forward to meeting her friends. We all turned to see who had arrived and watched her shock when she saw us and realized that she had come into the wrong room. She apologized and closed the door behind her. We carried on as before.

A few minutes later the same thing happened again. This time we were able to notice in fine detail the exact sequence and particular moment when the woman entering realizes that the people in the room are not who she was expecting. It was like the sequence was happening in slow motion. We felt her moment of shock and surprise. As the door closed, you and Hillary spoke to us about how an opening is created by surprise.

Delivering an evocative shock calls for exquisite timing. Being neither in a hurry nor lagging too far behind requires every aspect of the performance be under the direction of the numinous. Wait for your unexpected cue to come from a pointer directed by the rope. How you next step on stage determines whether the door to another reality is opened. Once there, all else follows spontaneously.

KK6958

In the previous vision, we were teaching others how to get their Life Force Theatre performance off to a good start, entering the room in a more authentic and change-ready way. In the next dream, we were taken to a remote place that had become a new home for Sacred Ecstasies:

After we finished conducting a performance class on spiritual cooking, we walked to the entrance of our new place. It was a large old gate and on top of it was etched, “KK6958,” much like the way old ranches have their name posted at the entrance. I joked to Hillary, “I guess we are at the ‘Double K ranch,’” though the place seemed older than the American West. I also mentioned that it was wise to have left the United States since it ended up becoming a part of the Russian empire. In that moment I realized we were in the future and that our home country had become the nationalist-totalitarian state it earlier seemed to be drifting toward. We seemed to have left our former home and found a place further east, as if we had followed the advice of an earlier vision where we looked across the Mississippi River at Mark Twain’s birthplace and heard a voice say, “Go further East.” That led to a look at the surreal landscape of Cappadocia in Turkey where we were welcomed by mystics of old.^{lvii}

After waking up from the dream, we searched the internet for “KK6958” and found that it’s a flight from Tyumen, Russia to Antalya, Turkey. We also remembered that Brad had previously dreamed the number “6958” when we were writing our book on spiritual engineering. That vision led us to the secret behind the so-called “Mozart effect” where two concurrent but different respiration rhythms experientially link musicians and their audience.^{lviii} This knowledge set the stage for our discovering how variation and alteration of two rhythm tracks is the true shamanic means of spiritual transport fueled by the power of rising ecstatic emotion and its synchronized body commotion.

Since we had landed inside the doubleness of everything from rhythm to self, room, and locale, it was no surprise to find a new address involving a double K, leading us to a place in sync with the former dream of going east, and bringing a reminder of the ecstatic double key that opens the portal to mystery. We had recently concentrated on the letter “H” sculpted on top of

a building in Mississippi and found ourselves in the First Creation whirl that blended the Kalahari with other lineage locales. Now in this dream we were staring at the KK6958 sign above a different gate and wondered where we were and what was now being added to the blend.

The flight number that is also our new First Creation address begins at Tyumen, the first Russian settlement and city built in Siberia, bordering northwest Mongolia where shamans flourished in the past. This where the controversial Russian mystic, Rasputin, was born. A statue and museum of him is there today. While he is now typically dismissed as a dangerous practitioner of dark magic, few know the back story. He lived in a primitive hut with his mentor, Makariy, “a lonely monk” and elder considered a saint by some Russian Orthodox practitioners. It has been proposed that he “practiced rituals akin to ancient shamanic and tribal traditions of the Siberian people.” Rasputin claimed that “Makariy had cured him of a severe sleep disorder and trained him to practice hypnotism and a vegetarian lifestyle, which included some alcohol and also the use of various weeds and drugs for ‘spiritual transformation’ according to ancient shamanic rituals.” Later he would say that he modeled himself after Makariy. It was the elder mystic Makariy who confirmed that the younger Rasputin had authentically met the Virgin Mary in vision, qualifying him to be a serious mystic and perhaps a saint in the making.

Like shamans who choose to emphasize the “*big me* power room” over the “*little me* in love with Thee room,” Rasputin sometimes, but perhaps not all the time, manipulated people through their weaknesses, fears, and superstitions. It is purported but not substantiated that another main influence came from the 17th century Russian mystical sect called “the Khlysty,” a syncretic mix of practices that included self-flagellation, sexual exploration, and whirling dances to give rebirth to both “new Christs” and “new Mothers.” They, along with Rasputin, may have too easily slipped and fell into the backfire of a perverted, inverted, and shrunken room that taught, “any sin shall make me a holy man.”^{lix} Before we are quick to judge and completely dismiss Rasputin as a monstrous aberration, remember that Rudolph Steiner concluded after studying him, “The Russian folk spirit can now work through him and no one else.”^{lix}

One thing is certain: a small room focus on trickster magic, power, and manipulation leads practitioners into self-fulfilling, small room exaggerations that include endless enacted parodies of madness. For Rasputin, Gurdjieff, Blavatsky, and Crowley, among others, their undisciplined wobbling in the thinly veiled middle sometimes threw them to the far side of trickster double talk. When they overfed sensual passions and power-hungry ambitions as a means of starving them, they instead became hungrier for that method. In general, the hunt for power and signs of magic diminishes tolerance, forgiveness, and equal sharing with others. It replaces the smallness needed for big room immersion with an inflated *big me*, leading to a frozen heart and shrunken head not unlike Rasputin’s, even if the startup intentions are to help cure a sickness or relieve suffering, as he often claimed.

Let’s leave this trickster mix-up behind and get on flight KK6958. From Russia our mystical flight has us landing in Antalya, a harbor city in Turkey. This is the region where poets and mystics

flourished, including Rumi. On the outskirts of this city you find the ecstatic practitioners of Alevi. Alevi is a syncretic blend of Christianity, Islam, Sufism, and shamanism. It seeks the highest love and stewardship through expressing passion for God. Alevis prefer poetry, music, and dance over written text to convey what is better felt than read. Again, we find our home base going further east, formerly to Cappadocia and now to Antalya, two of the great mystical locales of Turkey.

In the visionary middle between Tyumen and Antalya we find the difference and contrarian tension between hunting for power versus seeking divine love. In the small room where tales of power abound, mystery and divine communion degenerate into trickster magic, sorcery, and the conjuring of confidence games. In the big room, love is supreme in both its dream and waking transitions.

Whenever a spiritual sign or magical coincidence is noticed, immediately use your skeleton fire-in-the-bones key, mystical password, spiritual compass, and ecstatic passport to expand the room holding your observing. Form the habit of saying, “Yes, Lord” or “I need Thee” whenever mystery comes your way. Throw every gee whizz, supernatural whopper, and paranormality into the fire as an offering that gives praise to God. Otherwise, you might find yourself in the shoes of Rasputin and other n/om-less mystics who strayed away from the rope, infatuated with chasing fantasies of personal magical power. Head instead to the Double K Ranch to sing and dance with the love poets and minstrels of ecstatic tone, for only they can lead you to your mystery home.

Wrapped in Prayer

On the same night that Brad envisioned “KK6958,” Hillary dreamed of a ceremonial gathering. We were there to experience a new way of praying with the three prayer lines from *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*:

The room had pale blue walls. Some of the people surrounding me were dressed in white. Brad was there and so were several Guild members. I was lying on a mattress next to an unfamiliar woman who served as my attendant. She wrapped me in white sheets, one after another, as if forming a cocoon around my body. The sheets were also layered over my face. I somehow understood that some new variations of the three prayer lines had been added to *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*, and that once I was finished being wrapped, I would perform them. However, I knew that I was going to begin by saying the prayers internally, rather than vocalize them aloud. Once the wrapping was complete, I would “go under” and arrive at a place deeper inside. That’s where the prayer lines with their new variations would be expressed and mysteriously shared with others in the room. Just as the wrapping ritual was completed, a sound woke me up from the dream.

The next morning, Hillary remembered that while composing *The Pinnacle Prayer Book* the year before, she had repeatedly soaked in our recordings of the St. Vincent mothers and fathers. The sacred emotion in their praying and singing was infused into the prayer lines and illustrations of the book. It is also worth noting that in the days preceding this present dream, we instructed the Guild to use any of the three prayer lines along with their recently created variant forms. We described these prayers as mystical passwords or keys for opening the big room door.

Recall that the St. Vincent Shakers or Spiritual Baptists of the Caribbean have a ceremony of “mourning” that places someone in a special room for up to a week or longer. Here fasting and praying are overseen by a spiritual pointing mother or father. The mourner’s head is “banned”—wrapped in bands of cloth that cover the eyes. Then the pointing mother or father gives the mourner a line of prayer or scripture to use as a password or key. During a dreamtime visionary journey, and while awake, these words help keep the spiritual traveler on track.

The three lines of *The Pinnacle Prayer Book* also serve as keys or passwords to keep you traveling on the main line. Work these prayer lines day and night. Each time you recite their words with a rhythm, motion, and emotion that is authentically real—either aloud or internally—it is like wrapping a layer of prayer cloth around your whole spiritual being. Go deeper into the cocoon, woven inside the sacred prayer threads that are inseparable from the main rope to God.

In Hillary’s dream, Brad immediately recognized the deepening of her anointment as a spiritual mother—a “mummy” to others learning to use prayers keys. This visionary mourning ceremony laid Hillary to rest, sinking her deeper into the prayers that come alive and improvise, enabling her to rise from the ceremonial grave. Now she is even more prepared to raise spiritual children and help them use their prayer key during the journey home.

Our First Creation Address

Brad dreamed he saw a sign overhead with our new address:

It was composed of many letters. When I stepped back to see the whole address, I was surprised to see that it was comprised of the names of every member of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. All the letters were bunched close together with no gaps separating the names. From a distance it looked like a rope. Our address had become the divine rope of Sacred Ecstatics that binds us together.

In the dream Hillary and I celebrated that our address was literally “the rope,” a true First Creation residence. This year’s Guild experiments proved that it is possible for a group of people scattered across the globe to get sufficiently aligned and in concert with the numinous and share its gifts with one another. Our Sacred Ecstatics community rope includes each of our separate strands intertwined to become one. As we savored the joyful sight, I was whisked away to a piano and

spontaneously played three chords beginning with E flat as the root of the first chord. It sounded like the upward motion of climbing. “1, 2, 3,” the Guild has climbed the rope together. Aligned with soulful song and inspired by sacred emotion, we are in sync moving together in real time. This is what it means to be in spiritual community, communion, and divine rope union.

After writing this report, we received an email from Matthew, a Guild member:

I don't know if I was dreaming or hallucinating. I seemed to have arrived somewhere in a vision completely flooded with red, blue, and purple phosphenes. I think I tried to open my eyes but couldn't see anything else. Faint voices and a presence approached until the singing of the hymn “See Me Through” began with such vivid clarity and a powerful surge of energy that it was like being there with all the many layered voices. Some part of me quipped, “This should be the new normal.” I remembered the instruction to find the prayer lines and went to work.

The Right Room Makes Everything Right

In February, one of the Guild members, Bob, posted a message to the community:

I've been listening to a recording of the talk you gave on handling a cornerstone to build a big room. I am so excited about this material that is being presented, while at the same time I am feeling intimidated at its immensity. Not sure if I am up to the task. I really do need Thee. The past few years I have ceased actively seeking new therapy clients because I know that I don't have the skills yet to build a big room, knowing that what I can do is just not good enough. I guess this is what it is like to be in the middle. It is quite the riddle and yet it is energizing in a surprising way. Thank you.

We replied:

Bob, we seriously feel the same. After we experience a session in a big room whose construction was under the guidance of higher mystery, we feel unable to imagine ever trying to attempt doing that again. Each time we are on our knees in prayer, realizing that it is over our heads. This is part of the sweeping that must be felt in order to start anew each time, lost and more ready to be found. Thanks for teaching this point with what you felt.

Several days later, Bob wrote:

I rarely report dreams. This is because they fade quickly or are not worth reporting. The other night was an exception. The emotional quality was unlike any dream I have had before.

I dreamed I was walking down the street with a man who was somehow mentally disabled. It was unclear if he had dementia or had been in an accident of some kind that left him brain damaged.

As we walked, we passed by some men who were working near the curb. They had dug a large hole in the street and were working on something under the ground. The man I was with apparently had been in this line of work before, because he immediately went over and joined the men who were working. As soon as he did, he transformed into a fully competent man and gave helpful advice to the workers.

I was stunned and deeply moved by his sudden transformation. I turned the corner so no one could see me and then sat by myself, sobbing as I felt overcome at how, by placing someone in the proper situation (a bigger room?), that person can immediately and completely change, regaining all former abilities.

Bob received a powerful visionary confirmation that rooms, contexts, whole systems, and ecologies, rather than individual personalities, should be the target of change. Change the room and everything within it changes, including how you see others. It is not enough to conceptually understand this—it must be deeply felt as a beautiful, moving shock that sends you sobbing and bobbing in the middle wobble. The unexpected jolt of first-hand discovery that room changing instead of mind altering is the key to transformation will throw you to the floor, the hitting bottom needed to reset your relationship with reality. 1, 2, 3, *big me* needs to fall underground, deep into the soil. Plant yourself all over again, this time as a *little me* seed ready to receive a big flood of sacred emotion that will overcome all former assumptions about the nature of reality construction.

Swimming Double Reindeer

Brad dreamed that he entered an ancient rock shelter:

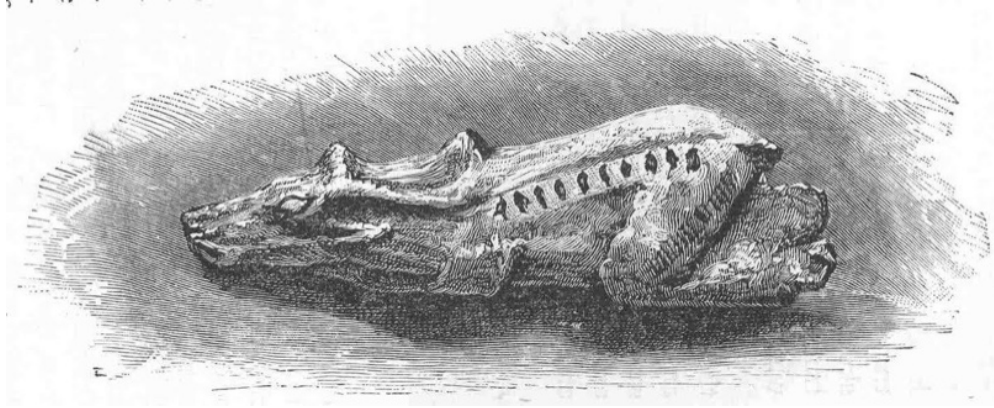
I wondered if I had found a former burial site or sacred dwelling. It was open to the outside and light was shining in. Further inside I discovered an altar-like area on the ground with one item—a horizontal carving made of ivory. I examined it to find that it depicted two animals lined up together. Soon the place became dark,

and the carving felt like it was coming to life. It then leapt into the air. Only one eye on one side of the carving was illumined. I woke up trembling, moved by the force of what I had experienced.

The next morning, we searched the internet and found a British Museum photo of the carving Brad saw in the dream:



This ancient work of art is called the “swimming reindeer” and was originally discovered in 1866 inside the Montastruc rock shelter in France. Over 13,000 years ago, the tip of a mammoth tusk was carved to depict two reindeer, one behind the other. The carving was originally found as two separate pieces, and only later was it discovered that they fit together. The eight-inch ivory carving is now held at the British Museum and regarded as a masterpiece of late Ice Age art. Scholars describe it as representing a male reindeer behind a female reindeer where both are assumed to be swimming due to the spatial orientation of their heads and antlers. What is mysterious about the female is that each side shows a row of carved indentations that look like a line:



Jill Cook, Curator at the British Museum writes: “. . . it might be the visual representation of an oral, perhaps even spiritual, tradition . . . Alternatively, the attention to detail on the female and the curious marking of her sides might suggest totemic, animistic and shamanic meanings . . .”^{ixi} We will never know for sure. Nonetheless, similar lines that were often indicated by a series of dots were also found in Bushman rock art. Today we assume they mark the numinous ropes, threads, and lines familiar to Bushman visionary experience. Might these reindeer lines hold similar meaning?

This oldest work of art held by the British Museum was discovered before cave paintings were found in France. The reindeer in the front has two lines—one on each side. We wonder whether this is the earliest depiction of a double animal, double world, mediated by double ropes. Seen in the light, the object is a static representation of the ancient past. In the dreamed dark it came to mystical life and stared back, as if asking whether you and your double will wake up and meet its other side. Is it Ice Age art, spiritually heated mystical revelation, or an arrow that pierces the veil so we can face the uncertainty of mystery? For sure, it helps you wobble at the crossroads between what is known and what is felt. This is how mystery doubles and wobbles us through, not to grasp any certainty about reality, but to feel its numinous immensity.

Cleaning the Threshold

Hillary dreamed that she was undergoing a ceremony to receive her spiritual marching orders from on high:

I was with a community of Native Americans, but unsure of the geographical location or what tribe it was. I noticed an old friend of mine, an indigenous woman I lost touch with years ago. In the dream, she had just moved to this community. I recalled how we were close friends when I was in my early twenties and she was in her early forties, the age I am now. She had helped me through a rough time in my life and even let me move into her home for a few months when I needed a

place to stay. She was the first indigenous person (she called herself “Indian”) I ever knew personally and had a close friendship with. Her parents were from two different tribes, and her sons were part of yet another tribe through their father’s line. I had the feeling the community in the dream was also this kind of modern-day blend of people from different tribal origins.

I was there, along with a few other women who were much younger than I, to undergo a special ceremony that was a rite of passage. We were going to have our bodies pierced, perhaps like they do in the Lakota Sun Dance, although that ceremony is traditionally for men. Part of our job as women in the ceremony was not only to be pierced ourselves, but to help prepare the ceremony for the men in the right way. In other words, preparing for the ceremony and undergoing the ceremony were equally part of our rite of passage.

One of the young women and I were taken to a room to prepare for what would come. An elder man was there overseeing everything. He was very kind and warm. The room looked like the kind you might see in a school or government building in the U.S., built in the 1960s, with linoleum floors and fake wood paneling on the walls. For some reason the young woman and I already had open wounds on our backs that had been bandaged. The wounds were long, vertical cuts that went all the way across our back from the top to about halfway down. We were instructed to now remove these bandages before the ceremony and were helping each other. We were bleeding and it was a bit painful, but we were not afraid.

Next, I was instructed to prepare the threshold that everyone, including the men, would pass through on their way outside to the ceremony itself. The elder man was watching from across the room. The wood door, which was on my right, was already open. I knelt down to clean the floor in the doorway, and as I did so, I saw some of my own blood from the wounds drip down onto the floor. I quickly cleaned it up.

After doing this, the elder man called me over and said, “I will now tell you what your role will be.” I felt that this information was usually shared after the ceremony, but since he already knew what my spiritual role would be it made no sense to wait. He showed me a large cardboard poster with many drawings on it. The background was white, and the illustrations were colored dark blue. I could not make out what all of them were, but I did recognize the drawing of a piano and its keys. He told me, “You will join me in this work, and your job will be to minister to young women.”

When Hillary reported the dream to Brad the next morning, she remembered that several days before she had been reading about the Sun Dance in Richard Erdoes’ book, *Lame Deer*:

Seeker of Visions. He told a story in that book that left a deep impression on her. The story was that the medicine man, Pete Catches, had a dream that during the next Sun Dance he should go lie down near the center pole where the power is strongest, to be cured of his sickness. He was also instructed that no one should go near him during the ceremony:

As he was stretched out on the ground, believe it or not, in a few minutes there was somebody down in the earth, about twenty feet beneath the surface, walking around there, roaming. Pete could hear him, see him, feel him. There was somebody down there and pretty soon he was coming up, breaking through the earth and rock, hitting his round belly, stretching out his arms, looking at Pete. He was coming to doctor him.

And at just this moment one of the dance leaders took it into his head to show off before the tourists and cameras, waving his eagle fan above Pete, pretending to do a medicine ceremony, wanting to give the spectators' their money's worth. Pete had told everyone to keep away from him, but this man forgot, and that being beneath the earth went away, backed down. It didn't like all that tourist stuff. Pete was so sad he could have cried.^{lxii}

What struck Hillary most about this report is the lesson of how important it is to make sure the room or context is right for holy mystery to come and do its job. The power of the Creator is strong, but the threshold through which holiness passes is narrow and can close with even the slightest clutter of human trickster behavior. It is essential for everyone to sweep the room of all *big me ego*, including trickster's natural propensity for sloppiness, forgetfulness, and the desire to show off to others. It's possible that the real medicine of Pete Catches' vision was indeed delivered to the rest of us through the whole story: a reminder of how easy it is to chase the sacred away when people, regardless of their conscious intention, get lost in purposeful behavior that tries to prove their power, make something spiritual happen in a contrived way, or please an audience.

We have often discussed with one another over the years how important it is to completely forget about the people in the room when we gather for Sacred Ecstatics. The moment we begin to wonder how people are feeling or whether they are satisfied and enjoying themselves, we feel our room shrink, our spiritual temperatures drop, and our sacred vibration fade. We don't make the mistake of assuming that we are the one making spiritual phenomena happen, including how high the temperature soars or whether someone is doctored or receives a transmission. Our responsibility is to build the big room, stay on the main rope track to God, turn the prayer-song-dance wheel, and keep the spiritual fire burning. That requires sweeping away all trickster observing of both self and others, keeping our concentrated focus on the main rope.

Preparing for a ceremony is a vital part of the ceremony itself. The threshold or “middle” between everyday reality and the big room of mystery must be cleaned so that nothing stands in the way of holiness coming through. Only when you are in a big room and have been made to feel your own suffering and that of others can you receive your marching orders to be of service. When Hillary was a young woman and needed help, her older friend was able to offer support and give her refuge. Now Hillary is ready to step into that role and be of service to young women and others who need it. Hearing this story, Brad told Hillary something he had not mentioned about the previous night’s dream of receiving the ivory carving of two swimming reindeers. Some scholars believe it was carved by a girl. Perhaps the cuts on the female reindeer’s back mirrored ceremonial cuts on her own back, possibly done during an important rite of passage.

You are a different kind of child or young adult when you begin the serious quest for sacred ecstasy. A spiritual child needs spiritual mothering, and this especially includes helping others enter First Creation. Here men, women, boys, and girls are all invited to take part in the process of transformation. Among the Bushmen, for example, traditionally when an adolescent girl has her first menstruation, everyone in the community receives a cut, usually made by an elder man. In this way everyone bleeds with the young woman, enabling the whole community to cross the threshold into First Creation. In the visionary blend of diverse locales, multi-cultural ways, numerous tribes, and varying ritual means, we find every ceremony involves entry through the gate to mystery. In this passage you are reborn again in the transition from child to adult, which may include the movement from earthly adult to innocent heavenly child.

Ceremonial cuts come in many forms, including being struck by the Samurai teaching sword that draws a fine distinction to help sort out muddled thought. The broom is also a sword when it helps cut through the muck and clear a path to continue with the journey. In this vision, Hillary was further advanced toward spiritual mothering, learning that preparation is inseparable from the whole of ceremonial duty. The rest happens inside the big room beyond the grasp of language and thought. All we can say is that an ineffable flood of numinous blood brings life to an embodied spirituality of endless changing forms.

Changing the Fight Gets You on the Flight to the Higher Light

One of our Guild members, Troy, reported a visit to the spiritual classrooms that he received the same night Hillary dreamed of the ceremony:

I fell asleep while envisioning that my altar had become big enough to feel that I was inside it praying. I felt the 1, 2, 3, of the “I need Thee” prayer line so deeply that it moved me to tears and a great longing to come nearer to God.

I dreamed I was trapped underground inside some kind of mechanical arrangement of wheels. Any attempt to escape made these wheels turn and the

subsequent mechanical changes made it more complex and difficult to find a way out. I desperately desired to get to the surface where I knew there was more light and fresh air to breathe.

In the midst of this struggle and frustration, I remembered to say my prayers. I used them as a password, doing so as instructed. As I spoke them, I felt the emotional need for a higher hand to pull me through so I could reach the other side. Immediately, the dream scene changed and I found myself walking with Brad. He led me to another room and left me there by myself. It was a martial arts dojo where students were preparing to fight each other to earn the next rank. I observed the fights and felt the warrior spirit inside me stir.

A young, slender woman in robes approached and announced that it was my turn. She led me to an adjoining room where I met my opponent. I was surprised to see it was a young mother taking care of her child. She arranged for someone to watch her child while we battled. I knew in my heart that if I physically hurt her I would emotionally harm her child, so I made a quick decision to surrender and not fight. I realized that this whole competition was not something I wanted to pursue. In the shadows of the outer edge of the room, I saw the figure of a larger woman in robes. She spoke to me, "The god you choose is your freedom." I immediately woke up shocked and could only utter, "Thank you. I need Thee."

Troy experienced the visionary crossroads where the critical choice involves simultaneously choosing the nature of your god, the room of that god, and the subsequent struggle that comes with that decision. This choice reveals what you are fighting and what you are chasing. Do you choose to compete against others for the title of a championship, or do you choose the bigger room that sets you free from such a fight? Deep inside trickster's quagmire, every attempt to escape using trickster means only digs you deeper inside the cog wheels of mind. Even after you make it out of one underground hell, you will be faced with yet another test. Getting to the big room of holy mystery often involves a fight against surrendering to God, whose awe-inspiring power is inseparable from extreme, unconditional love.

Feel the freedom that comes from letting go of the familiar warrior spirit that readies you to battle for a higher social rank. Though you may think you must compete to prove your spiritual power, in the end you find that you have only been warring against your own surrender to that which is holy and tender. Go to the highest dojo and when there, fight any resistance to surrender all to Thee. This opens the door to the dojo-mojo-duo victory of higher conductance.

Follow the robed old mothers, their younger mother initiates, and the babes in maternal arms. In the fragility of vulnerability on every side and age, position yourself behind the reindeer that reins in competition in favor of mutually changing celebration. From the mother comes the father and from the latter's seed comes another round of the recursive circle of life. To cross the

threshold and experience ecstatic regeneration, find the mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers who transform into and out of all names and forms.

Be one of the shamanic swimming reindeers who fit together through all kinds of weather. This is the double treat found when one side no longer tries to defeat the other, whether it is a mother or a brother. Follow the glowing antlers,^{lxiii} the bleeding lines, and the lark and hare that sing and swing to open the gate of every Blakean heaven. Then no longer hesitate to lay your burdens down. Germinate each seed, feed the need, and give birth again to the double of you, the double of others, and the double rooms of the double gods. Change the nature of the fight to set yourself free and assure you are on the right flight to mystical light.

Summary of Findings for Experiment Three

As we studied the Guild's experimental reports, we were reminded of the Sacred Ecstatics mission statement framed on our website:

We seek spiritual heat over frozen belief
vibration over contemplation
spiritual cooking over mindful meditation
fascinating rhythm over monotonous beat
dance over ideological stance
song over story
experiencing change over remaining the same
and divine mystery over personal mastery

Using cutouts from the reports, we shuffled and re-organized them to create teaching points aligned with our mission:

Welcome, Ouroboros. Don't just see your altar, be swallowed by it. Shift from looking to cooking. 1, 2, 3, germinate!

Step into the middle wobble that takes you past fixation on cause and effect and instead, gets you moving from one middle to the next.

Performance, please. Shift again from informing an ideological stance to performing a song and dance. Count those prayers to water the *little me* seed in need of Thee.

Develop your reality construction performance chops: build your altar and voice the prayers to step into a different room. Otherwise, you are choosing to remain the same rather than experience change.

Point your compass toward the pinnacle emotion of sacred ecstasy. How do you do that? Soak in the teachings and enact the experiments that are pouring down.

Answer the call of circular epistemology: shift from dualism of thought and emotion with its endless debate over which reindeer is reigning over the other. Step into the relational web and experience how any creative difference helps make the difference in whether you meet the echo and ecosystem of mother deer's double nature.

Conscious mind is trickster incarnate. It is the partial arc or half lobe hemisphere of mind that cannot adequately inspire, build, or convey wisdom without participation from the deeper garden of you—the seeds, roots, and blossoms planted in unseen mystical ground.

The un-un-un-un-unconscious mind of body does not stutter or sputter; it somatically and conceptually flutters. Find the embodied mind whose emotion inspires the rhythm that connects your cutouts, arranging them into expanding patterns rather than shrinking patter.

The mind of community arrives whenever more than one gathers to act in a synchronized manner. The community rope is a weave of the strands born of concerted participation in ongoing experimentation.

Clean the threshold to cross it.

There is *n/om*, *seiki*, and holy spirit power in the blood, something felt in each alchemical transitional middle. There you do more than think—you *do* and you *feel* that you *do*.

Lean on the cooked rope teachers who lean on the cooked rope teachers who came before them. That's how you get in line and stay on the main line. The three mothers on your altar are our relations with former gardeners who knew how to germinate a seed, grow, harvest, and cook its ripened veggie, fruit, and flower.

When ropes intertwine, they build a stronger rope to God. Together we can climb.

Sparrow arrow, swallow n/om, and communal pel-i-can.

Not beginning, not ending. In the middle of the 2 differences circulate, producing transient “befores” and “afters” that come and go.

Double reindeer: here two lines—the trickster mind of creative forms and Creator’s heart-mind of steadfast love—keep the 2 on the move and in the heartbeat of the creative life force and its alternating spiritual electricity.

In the middle of the middle is the changing of First Creation.

Sweep these thoughts away after catching and owning the feeling for them.

Think with your heart and feel with your mind. Blur the difference between the two until you aren’t sure which is which. Blend all the doubles of you like two songs played at the same time. Blend error with higher correction, forgetting which is more divine. This is how a mistake becomes the beginning variation of mind and the next better-tuned oscillation of the holy heartbeat. Blur, twirl, and whirl *little me* and *big me* along with their small and big rooms.

Count your prayers and count on prayer. Be unsure whether you are planting, sprouting, growing, blooming, fading, or dying in the never-ending cycle of God’s horticulture.

This is how your *little me* takes root, sprouts, opens its wings, and feels the pull of higher strings that also go deep down under the ground. The originating vibration of creation is not a 1 or 3, or a beginning or end. It is something only felt in the middle 2 blend where sweet spot tension sparks the force of invention.

Cook this prayer: “Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord. Throw me anywhere and blend me any way. Just do it, Lord. Doin’ this. Doin’ this together, no matter the weather. Yes, Lord. Thank you, Lord for helping us cross the ford. Thank you for the ship of worship, the joy of praise, and all that comes before and after to help us stay changing in the middle.”

Experiment Four: Building the Tesla Prayer Coils

AC: Life and Death Are an Alternating Current

Hillary dreamed that we were visiting a Sacred Ecstatics Guild member, Sean, and his family in Toronto. They were attending to an elder man in hospice:

We went to the nursing home facility where Sean and other family and friends of the ill patient were gathered. They had been there for several days and were tired and weary, but still in good spirits. We never saw the patient, but I knew he was a grandfatherly figure beloved by many. After greeting the family, we sat down in the waiting room. Instead of chairs and couches, the room was filled with large beds. Everyone stretched out on the beds to hang out and chat as we continued to wait for the man to pass on.

Sean's son, who is a little boy, spontaneously started to pray for the dying elder. He closed his eyes and spoke as if no one else in the room could hear him: "Dear Tesla, please, I think two more days is enough." I immediately knew that he prayed to Tesla because he understood that life and death are a matter of electricity. His parents and the rest of us erupted in laughter at his childlike honesty in expressing the desire for the man to get on with dying so we could all go home and get back to living. His prayer brought a burst of joy to what was otherwise a sorrowful situation.

A few years ago, Brad asked everyone during a Sacred Ecstatics intensive, "Are you going to wait until you're on your deathbed to pay attention to your rope to God? Or are you going to do it while you're on your life bed? Deathbed or life bed—it's your choice." We now feel, based on teachings received from the spiritual classrooms, that on some level life and death are indeed a matter of electricity. We unfortunately live too often as if we are half dead, asleep like zombies who are unaware of the big room mystery surrounding us. This results in the absence of the vibrant current that comes from deeply feeling our relationship to the Big Holy. Most people do not spiritually wake up until they are on their deathbed. Then for the first time they truly feel the need for divine electricity and start to pray. This is when the spiritual alternating current of n/om is ready to flow as trickster's escape plans and distraction maneuvers prove useless. Yet there is no need to wait until you are on your deathbed for your heart and soul to be plugged in to the highest power station.

In one of Brad's most important visions last year, he met Mark Twain in the mystical library on the other side. Twain, who was good friends with Nikola Tesla, had written a new book after

he crossed over called, “The Book of Life.” After giving us this book as a gift, Mark Twain commented: “It’s all about electricity, my friends. And above all else, keep God on the line.”^{ixiv}

Wake up! Have you fallen asleep on your life bed again? We are all gathered in the waiting room, suspended in the middle between biological birth and death. It’s okay to be honest that sometimes you feel so weary, bored, or confused that you’d rather just get on with it; two more days of being stuck in a lifeless middle may feel like enough. But the older and wiser part of you knows that what you need most is not a final escape. You need to plug your power cord into the numinous receptacle on high and re-ignite your inner light. It *is* all about electricity, friends. Keep the current humming by making sure you feel God on the main line. In the big room of mystery there is no static beginning or final ending of life versus death, only an alternating current that moves from one side to the other side, circulating the love-empowered life force throughout time and space.

Instructions for Experiment Four

While Hillary was dreaming of deathbeds and life beds, Brad was envisioning more details about the next experiment. One week prior he had gone to a spiritual classroom and received the instructions for Experiment Four. Before sharing that visionary report and the full details, we asked the Guild to begin with the following preparatory ritual:

Acquire three spools of thread, each a different color. The colors should be white, red, and green. Place them on your altar and know they will now undergo a special ritual of preparation for use in Experiment Four.

Look at the spools on your altar before retiring at night and whisper, “Germinate. It’s time to germinate.” Then when you lie down in bed and close your eyes, imagine the altar is expanding enough to hold your whole room. Now you are inside the altar and feel the same size as each spool of thread. When you can imagine this clearly, say again, “Germinate. It’s time to germinate.”

Finally, read the following verse three times and try not to understand it:

Spool, pool, fool, tool, jewel.
Thread, red, bred, bread, fed.
Green, wean, screen, clean, glean.
White, night, knight, flight, light.

We did not initially mention that the spools of thread would be used to connect each Guild member to the lineage ropes of the three mothers. Here are the full Experiment Four instructions that Brad dreamed and were later given to the Guild:

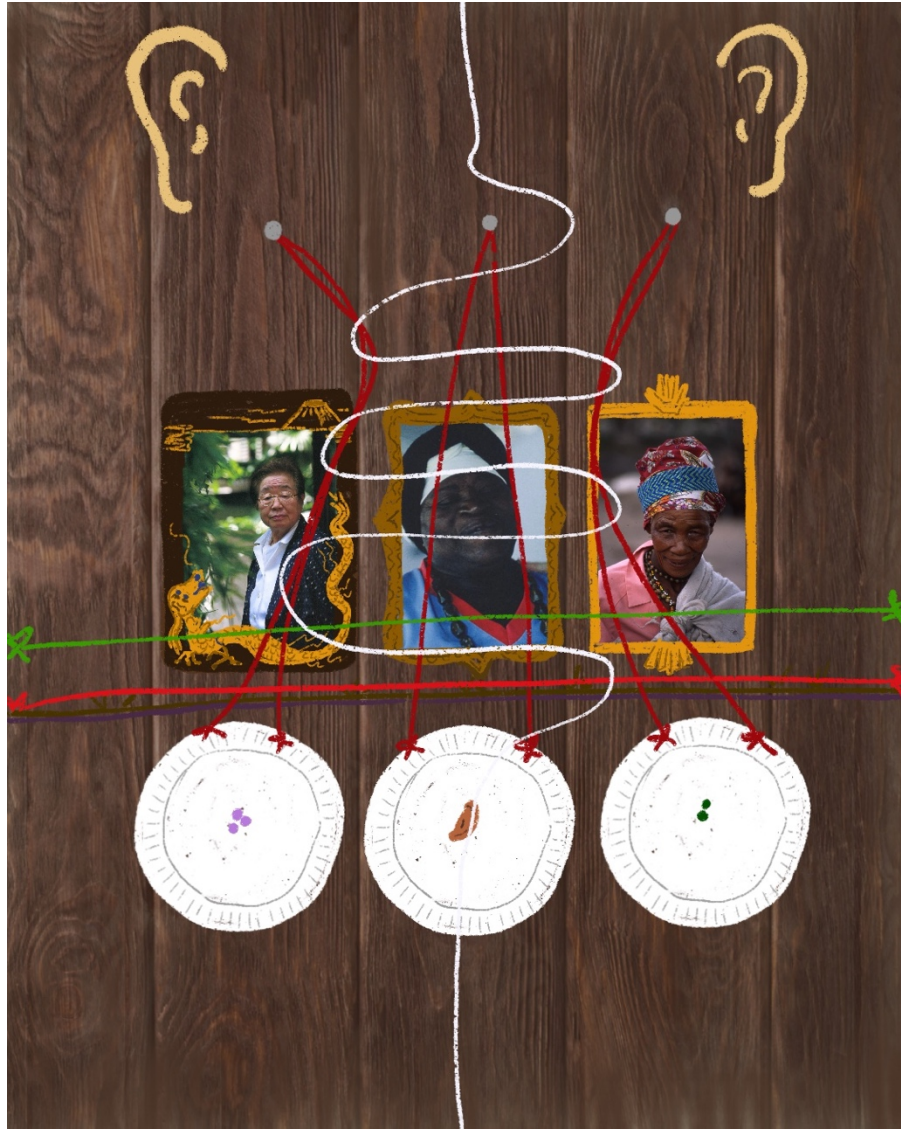
I was shown one green strand and one red strand of thread horizontally stretched in the middle of the altar from one side to the other. These two threads were separated by a small space, no more than an inch. Next, a single strand of white thread was vertically wrapped around the three strings connecting the seed plates to the nails above, like a snakes coil. This was done loosely rather than tightly, but not too loosely. The three strings connecting the seeds to the nails hung in front of the pictures of the three mothers, indicating that these are lineage ropes. An elder's voice spoke:

When the white thread is coiled around the three lineage lines, they become intertwined strands of one blended rope. The lineages remain both separate and joined—better unified through their diversity. This white thread is the rope to God and the upward bound path to the numinous. The other two threads on the horizontal plane represent the alternation between life (green) and the blood (red) that is associated with death, transformation, and resurrection.

I realized that these three threads were the lines I and other Bushman n/om kxaosi had dreamed when mystically facing God's ostrich egg.^{lxv} The two horizontal lines are the contrary tugs of life and death, while the white vertical rope takes you to the Sky God's village. The voice continued teaching, extending what was previously learned in the Kalahari:

Death is a middle, not an end. It is a transition, transmutation, and transformation of life force vibration. Charles Henry knew this before he himself changed form, moving from this plane to another dimension. Do not fear the end or pause to brood over whether you are beginning again. Stay in the ever-changing middle and oscillate inside its alternating current.

Here is an example of how the three threads were added to the altar, illustrated by Hillary:



Nikola Tesla invented the first motor that produces an alternating current. At the age of twenty-six, he took a walk in the Városliget city park of Budapest and had a vision. He looked at the setting sun and spontaneously started reciting this passage from Goethe's *Faust*:

The glow retreats, done is the day of toil;
It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;
Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,
Upon its track to follow, follow soaring!

A glorious dream! though now the glories fade.
Alas the wings that lift the mind no aid
Of wings to lift the body can bequeath me.

As I uttered these inspiring words the idea came like a flash of lightning and in an instant the truth was revealed. I drew with a stick on the sand the diagrams shown six years later in my address before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers (AIEE), and my companion understood them perfectly. The images were wonderfully sharp and clear . . . I cannot begin to describe my emotions.^{lxvi}

Tesla's alternating current involves coils of wire that spin inside a magnetic field. As the coil or loop of wire rotates,

. . . the changing strength of the magnetic field produces a force which drives the electric charges around the wire. The force initially generates an electric current in one direction along the wire. Then as the loop rotates through 180 degrees the force reverses to give an electric current in the opposite direction along the wire. Every time the loop rotates through 180 degrees the direction of the force and therefore the current changes. The changing direction of the force after every 180 degrees of rotation gives the alternating current.^{lxvii}

Rather than technically understand the details of this electrical engineering, feel the metaphorical implications it has for your spiritual engineering. You need to gather the ingredients to blend a mystical wheel, a coiled spiritual rope that turns in a magnetic n/om field where contraries pull in opposite directions. As the prayer-song-dance wheel is turned it produces an alternating electrical current of the spiritual kind. Recall how Hillary previously dreamed the words, "prayer is an alternating current," before our Guild season began.

In Brad's vision the two horizontal threads do not alternate between life and death per se; they alternate between life and *resurrection*. Here the life force current is produced when we are thrown into the transitional middle that is called "death." The teaching voice repeated to Brad:

Death is not the end, and life is not the beginning. There is only an ongoing cycle of change from one temporary state to another. Inside this changing you find the alternating current of a numinously electrified life—a coiled holy rope that moves like a wheel, turning inside a vast magnetic field.

In Hillary's dream, a young child prayed to Tesla with no fear of death. He could feel how everyone was suspended in the middle wobble waiting for an imagined ending, and that it was simply time for the next alternation. Two days is enough—the number 2 is always enough because it is the middle between 1 and 3, you and Thee. After you germinate, you will keep growing until it's time to change forms again. Improvising a new variation or alteration of Goethe,

we can metaphorically say that when the glow retreats, a new field or vaster room arrives to host new exploration. There you find a track to follow while soaring. This flight, too, will fade, until it is time for another sunset and big room resurrection. Before Faust's epiphany, he pronounced, "That which one does not know, one needs to use." After soaring into the glowing with mystical wings, Faust continues,

The Day before me and the Night behind,
Above me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves beneath me . . .
Yet in each soul is born the pleasure
Of yearning onward, upward and away,
When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
The lark sends down his flickering lay,
When over crags and piny highlands
The poising eagle slowly soars,
And over plains and lakes and islands
The crane sails by to other shores.^{lxviii}

The same night Brad visioned the colored threads, he had a second dream:

I was at my grandfather's church in St. Joseph Missouri. I saw him as if he was alive, and the sight was so clear that it felt real. Dressed in a suit, he smiled continuously as my grandmother Doe, also formally dressed, stepped into the sanctuary. I felt Hillary and I were truly there with them. Then to my complete surprise, I could *smell* the church. I had forgotten its unique smell after all these years. Never have I been so jolted by olfaction in a dream. It woke me up and I remembered that a Bushman doctor uses his nose to discern n/om. Only this sense is to be trusted when it comes to determining the presence of the alternating current of spiritual electricity. Then I heard an explosion of songs fill the room, praising how my grandparents lived their lives on earth plugged into the pulsing love of heaven.

The AC—alternating current— is not found in either the letter "A" or letter "C" alone, but in the "middle 2" letter between them—the B, be, and bee of becoming an alternating current. It's all about electricity and this buzzing divine force is not static, but ecstatic. Let us keep moving forward by going round and round the turning circle, the coiled rope plugged into the highest power station. This is how we experience ourselves as the wheel in the middle of the wheel and coiled ring where magnetic force and contrarian tension bring new life to life.

It is fitting that our anointed spiritual classroom is Ezekiel's wheel, the wheel within a wheel. As the old spiritual sings: "Zekiel saw de wheel, way up in the middle of de air." In the 1800s an A.M.E. bishop and African American preacher, Daniel Payne, explained that these lyrics resonate with the African ring dance where "participants move counterclockwise singing and dancing at camp meetings." He added that it was said back then that "sinners won't get converted unless there is a ring here, a ring there, a ring over yonder, or sinners will not get converted."^{ix} Tesla found the same when he generated alternating electricity for both earthly and visionary needs. You, too, must find the wheel in the middle of the air. Get that prayer wheel turning! Feel your prayer soaring, way up in the middle of the air! There you find the big room of Sacred Ecstasies—it can become so real that you smell its holy fragrance!

Two Music Boxes, Two Songs, Every Mystery Red-Letter

We received this report of a dream from Sabrina:

In the dream, I was listening to a recording I hadn't heard before of you conducting a session with someone. You mentioned how you used to encourage people to speak less about naming, describing, and discussing God, but now were not so sure. As I listened, I felt excited for you and wondered what you would uncover next.

Then I realized that I was in the back seat of a car driven by my aunt. She's my mom's sister who took me in when my parents passed away. Her daughter, my closest cousin, was also in the car. I thought the recording was playing through my headphones, but it was actually on the speaker and playing loudly for everyone in the car to hear. I was immediately embarrassed as I saw the two of them look at each other suspiciously. I quickly tried to pause the recording on my phone, but it wouldn't stop. I was in a bit of a panic. Then the recording and my body started to melt and fade.

Suddenly, Brad and I were in a room that looked like a library archive. I was thrilled to be there, aware that this was a very special opportunity. We were finishing up a study lesson as I opened a small drawer that I hadn't noticed before. There were two little yellow boxes inside it with prominent Asian-lettered inscriptions on them, written in red paint. The boxes were very old and after opening them I found two little sculptures, each a castle tower with an old stone, spiral staircase going to the top. They were no bigger than the size of my palm. Furthermore, there was a little door in the back of each sculpture that held a tiny music box. Brad quickly took out the two music boxes and placed them next to one another. He then touched each one in a certain way and the first box began

playing music. It was a rhythm and sound that was unrecognizable to me—slow, then fast, soft, and then loud. It felt ancient, and I remember thinking that it didn't sound Japanese or Chinese, but I knew it was from that region of the world. There was also a woman's voice softly singing in a way I had never heard before. The melody was mysterious and brought a new kind of sound to me.

The second music box then started playing simultaneously. From this box, a different woman's voice sang the melody of the Disney song "A Whole New World" from the film *Aladdin*. That song was released the year I was born. I started laughing and at the same time felt extremely confused why this song was playing from an old music box. I spontaneously got up and started cleaning as I hummed along with the song. I softly sang the last lyric to myself, but instead of singing "you and me," I sang "see me through."^{lxx} I was surprised because I didn't mean to. It just slipped out of my mouth. Here are the altered ending lyrics:

A whole new world (a whole new world)
That's where we'll be (that's where we'll be)
A thrilling chase (a wondrous place)
"To see me through"

I woke up and was still laughing about how this song had found its way into a dream. Then I remembered my older sister and I sang this song together as children. Being the younger sister, she would always have me sing the part of Aladdin as she sang the lines of Princess Jasmine. My sister was a beautifully trained opera singer, and I could never reach those high notes like her. Those are very sweet memories.

While still laughing, I immediately went to a computer to search the lyrics of the song. I noticed some words that gave me the shivers. There is a strange lyric that Jasmine sings (noted in the following parentheses) that says, "every moment, red-letter." Over all these years, I always thought she was singing, "every moment gets better." Here are the original lyrics sung back and forth as a call and response between Aladdin and Jasmin:

A whole new world (every turn, a surprise)
With new horizons to pursue (every moment, red-letter)
I'll chase them anywhere, there's time to spare

These formerly misheard lyrics now caused me to shiver because I recalled seeing the red letters on the boxes in my dream. I searched another site to see if

these really were the lyrics, expecting it might be a typo. It certainly was not. Finding this felt so strange and I didn't want to think too much about it other than acknowledging how a true surprise awaits around every turn!

I have been so touched by the recordings that came from the Mardi Gras month-long intensive. I especially want to thank Hillary for the vision she shared the day after the holiday concluded, about the threshold. It brings me to tears every time I hear it. Big hugs and here's to a whole new holy world.

Sabrina also sent us a painting she made of the vision:



We responded to Sabrina:

Double the focus

Double the teaching: naming and not naming God

Double the hearing—inside and outside

Double the emotion—private excitement and public jitters

Double the time and double the relations—past and present family alterations

Once the rope to God has a hold on you, the music shall be released

There's no way to pause the streaming

Blend and fade into First Creation

There the teaching does not end; it remains in the middle

There life does not end; it remains in the middle

Deep in the mystical hall of records

Two yellow boxes: alchemy's ancient gold revealed, but not yet told

Asian inscriptions hold your double prescription

Not Japan, not China, but being in First Creation's fusion and confusion

Very old, this gold with red paint, ready to liberate what used to hibernate

Red-letter holy days of joy and celebration

Red-letter words that deserve your concentration

Climb the spiral staircase to the castle tower on high

Round and round the Tesla and Ouroborean double coil

Hidden within the tower and you

There is a little music box

You received the musical gift of mystery that is forever ready to play

Unfamiliar and familiar blends of songs that long to send you

Not back, not forward, but to the middle of the castle riddle

Double the transitional emotion: laughter and confusion

It's a whole new world that blends the known and unknown

This Aladdin's lamp rubs away the "you and me"

To proclaim the prayer to "see me through"

Double the love, Aladdin and Jasmine,

Double the sisterhood,

and every other altered, altared 1 and 3 connected by a 2

Double reindeers on the move

Double the lyric lines and stay in the middle

The wobble between "every moment gets better" and "every moment, red letter"

What a double start and startle to meet the double of every middle

Teacher, teaching, too, doubling the 2.

Neither less nor more God talk—middle it, too, to be in the 2

All this leads backward and forward, that is, to the next middle

Of the mystery of red-letter inscription, your twosome prescription

Open the Holy Book and read the red-letter words
For in their blood a flood will wash you clean and set you free
Set your soul on fire with double red hued flames
Meet the mystical double in everything

Songs melt everything felt in the coiled stairway
Turning the day and night with surprise
Sunrise, sunset, be a fiddler-middler on the roof

As Brad now randomly opens his grandfather's Bible to serve some holy bread for you, he finds that Reverend Keeney long ago underlined these words in red:

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house . . .

Every moment, red-letter!
Every hour, a sound from heaven!
Every day, a rushing mighty wind!
Filling every corner of the big room!

Our Big Church Needs Only One Dedicated Member

Brad dreamed we had moved our work to a new location:

Hillary and I were standing outside a very large old church we had just obtained. Made of wood and painted white with numerous bare spots, its first floor was high off the ground with many steps leading to the front door. The building had fallen into disrepair and some of the windows were broken or missing. We had previously examined the inside and found it completely absent of any furniture. The wood floors were so worn that we needed to patch the thin spots. Nonetheless, we felt completely content with the church and only planned to do the minimal repairs that would make it usable and safe again. We thought that this is it how it must have felt for William and Jennie Seymour to see their first church in Los Angeles—home of the historic Azusa Street Revival. As I write this, I remember that the church in the dream looked exactly like the ragged condition of Azusa. However, our sanctuary had its main floor high above the ground with our future living quarters below, the opposite of how Azusa was formerly set up.

Back to the dream: I looked at Hillary and teased her, “We finally got a big room.” It surprised us that it didn’t matter that it was worn and torn, abandoned for many years. We were thrilled to see how high it was off the ground and how large the space was. The ceiling was enormously high like a cathedral. Hillary and I then said in unison, “All we need is one seriously committed person besides ourselves for Sacred Ecstatics to thrive.” In truth, we do feel that way. If there is at least one person who loves Sacred Ecstatics as much as we do and is just as committed, this is all we need to move forward with its mystical growth. As we pondered our situation, we noticed that one person had arrived to help us. It was Johannes, a Guild member and beekeeper from Austria. Hillary and I smiled and gave him a hug. We shouted, “We have a big room and one dedicated person. We have all we need for Sacred Ecstatics to thrive!” We also felt that others were on their way, feeling the pull to step into this grand moment in history to be a part of a remarkable new outbreak of spiritual fire.

The scene suddenly changed, and Hillary and I headed to a little apartment at the back of the church’s bottom floor. The outside entry door and the inside door to the apartment appeared to have been tampered with as if someone had used a crowbar to break in. When we entered, an arm from an unseen person reached across the threshold to hand us some sheet music while a request was made, “We’d like to experience sacred ecstasy, too.” Then the person disappeared. I looked at the music and noticed the title was, “Wiet Song.” At first, I thought it was “Wien,” the Austrian name for “Vienna.” But as I closely read it again, I also heard two voices pronounce the word differently at the same time. One voice uttered, “Wyatt,” reminding me of the legendary sheriff (and sometimes scoundrel) of the American West, Wyatt Earp. The other voice made the sound, “Voot,” the noise Osumi Sensei made when she released a bolt of accumulated seiki.

In the dream “wiet” voiced the double meaning of “regulating the law” (a trickster function exemplified by the dual lawman and gunfighter, Wyatt Earp) and “releasing the seiki” (a rope to God function whose sacred emotion never wavers). This double meaning points to the spiritual cooking art of learning how to stay in the middle tension of “trickster reining it in” and “letting it go with the divine flow.” We also chuckled to find out the word “wiet” means weed (marijuana) in Dutch. Without the concentrated learning of spiritual engineering skills, people get lazy and relate to spiritual experience as if it’s only another way to get high.

Brad used to hear black preachers chastise their congregation for coming to worship services only to get high on the spirit, but then not follow up with the work needed to turn themselves into a better attuned spiritual instrument. Similarly, we have noticed how easy it is for folks in

Sacred Ecstatics to enjoy ecstatic inebriation during an intensive, only to afterward get spiritually cold within minutes as they head for the cocktail bar or dinner table. It takes dedication, practice, and ongoing work to learn how to better prepare for spiritual cooking and to sustain the sacred vibration after the temperature cools down. As old timers remind us, many are called or invited to spiritually cook, but few choose to follow up with the work that makes them truly ready to be chosen.

When Jesus told the parable about inviting people to a wedding party, he summarized its teaching as “many are called, but few are chosen” (Matthew 22:14). To enter such a festive party, an invited guest (many are called) must arrive with a “wedding garment” that functions like a ticket of admission (few are chosen for admission). The garment indicates the enacted commitment to clean and dress the fish, making it ready for the frying pan, fiery heat, and dinner plate. Experiencing Mother Twa’s ecstatic kind of communion and union with God requires Osumi Sensei’s matrimonial vow with a deeply reverent Japanese bow and Mother Ralph’s wedding garment threads that show you are not ashamed to serve, cook, and dine with sacred emotion in motion. Sweep, clean, and ready the vessel—this is the woven red, green, and white thread ticket of entry to the big room celebration on high.

In the Garden of Transdanubia

The night Brad dreamed the “Wiet song,” Agnes had this dream:

I walked for quite a long time in a village somewhere in Western Hungary that is close to the Austrian border. My grandparents used to live there. The area is called Transdanubia, and its soil is very fine, resulting in plants growing very fast because there is also plentiful sunlight and rain. I recalled that Johannes once said, “All plants grow here like crazy.”

In the dream, I came across a house with a strange, wild, green garden. It was close to the Raba River and the city of Szombathely. The owner of the farm had gone off somewhere. I didn’t personally know him. I only knew that my job was to be the new gardener for a short period of time. I started removing the tall weeds that were all over the place. I also cut off dead branches, planted new flowers, and watered the garden. I started early in the morning and the garden was amazingly beautiful by the time afternoon arrived.

When I first arrived in the garden I saw many thirsty yellow flowers including roses, irises, sunflowers, daffodils, forsythia bushes, mimosas, and especially my favorite wildflower, dandelions. Now admiring how the garden looked after all my work was done, I was shocked to remember that dandelions are weeds and perhaps I should have removed them. Yet I could not bring myself to rid the garden

of them, so I let them live in peace as I gave them as much water as they needed. Their light became so shiny and bright, like many small suns in the garden cosmos.

“Little Ida’s Flowers,” the fairy tale written by Hans Christian Andersen, popped into my mind. It was a story my grandmother enjoyed telling me. In this story, the garden flowers were tired because every evening they attended a ball and danced the night away. I remembered the astonishing picture of tulips and hyacinths dancing together as couples.

Then I heard a rooster crowing, and it reminded me that I didn’t have much time left. I walked down the path and soon noticed hens and a rooster behind a short fence. They were chased by three black cats, our former family pets that are no longer alive. I opened the garden gate and the cats ran out; they were so free and joyful. I was thrilled and grateful to see them alive again. I knew I had to leave the place soon because it was getting late and soon it would be dark outside. As I walked near the entrance door, I noticed it was open. There was an inside light on, so I entered the living room. No furniture was there except one old piano. For some reason, I didn’t touch the piano. I knew I would return at dawn. I went outside and looked back. The yellow flowers all over the garden looked back at me, twinkling like little stars at night under the bushes.

Agnes’s visionary dream resonates with Brad’s vision of “wiet”—including seeing a new old place that reminded her of Johannes. Here plants, physical and spiritual, grow like crazy. The recent experiments of Sacred Ecstasies have been about gardening. It is no surprise, though it’s also a delightful surprise, that the big room of mystery can appear in the form of a garden in Transdanubia, a living room, church, Life Force Theatre, or other First Creation forms. In the big room, the seed germinates, grows, and blossoms. Every night the spiritual blossoms come to life if we do our job of *sweeping*, which in First Creation Transdanubia becomes *weeding*. Weeding makes room for a wider range of plants to grow. However, even the job of weeding needs to be conducted in the middle ground—some wildflowers are beautiful and must remain. Weed the garden, but neither too much nor too little. Perform this action in the middle tension.

Your spiritual responsibility is attending to the garden, the room, and world around you during the work of day. After toiling in the field, ready yourself to enter the twinkling stars and holy light of the mystical night. Inside the Sacred Ecstasies living room, all we need is music that turns earth into a heavenly ball. When Brad dreamed of the old church, he felt as if we were waiting for a piano to arrive. He had forgotten this detail until he read Agnes’s dream of seeing an old piano in the living room, the only furnishing there.

Each of us needs the double teaching of the “wiet song” or “weed song” to remind us to pick up the broom and clean the room rather than only seek a lazy shortcut to spiritual experience. You must carefully weed out distracting overgrowth of any kind that threatens to crowd out a

more optimal diversity. At the same time, make sure some wildflowers remain. In the whole garden ecology, variety rather than homogeneity brings the most thriving beauty.

What does it operationally mean to weed your spiritual garden? Weeding and sweeping especially mean *editing*. Before you speak, write, propose, ponder, or conclude something about spiritual matters, pause to extract the clutter that blocks ecstatic flutter. Not every speck of ideation needs to come through. Not every feeling needs to be watered. Separate heavenly signal from earthly noise, and rare flowers from overpopulated weeds. Then go for biodiversity rather than partiality. Exercise the weeding and filtration of editing—pass it through the filter that is aligned with big room construction and its garden fruition. Do the same to every form of action that is part of an interaction with others.

“Think before you speak,” that is, discern its relational interactivity. Feel how your spoken and written words affect others, especially the saints of Sacred Ecstasies. How would Mothers Twa, Osumi, and Ralph feel about the room your words are building and the seeds you are sowing? Is your daily talk primarily about showing how much you know? Or does it go beyond your *big me*, pointing to the big room? Does your communication inspire praising the divine or does it only praise you? Again, make sure each seed, root, and blossom brings more appreciation of the whole garden where parts enhance the whole rather than jockey for all the attention. Weed, sweep, garden, clean: this is what it means to make room for the garden’s mystery ball.

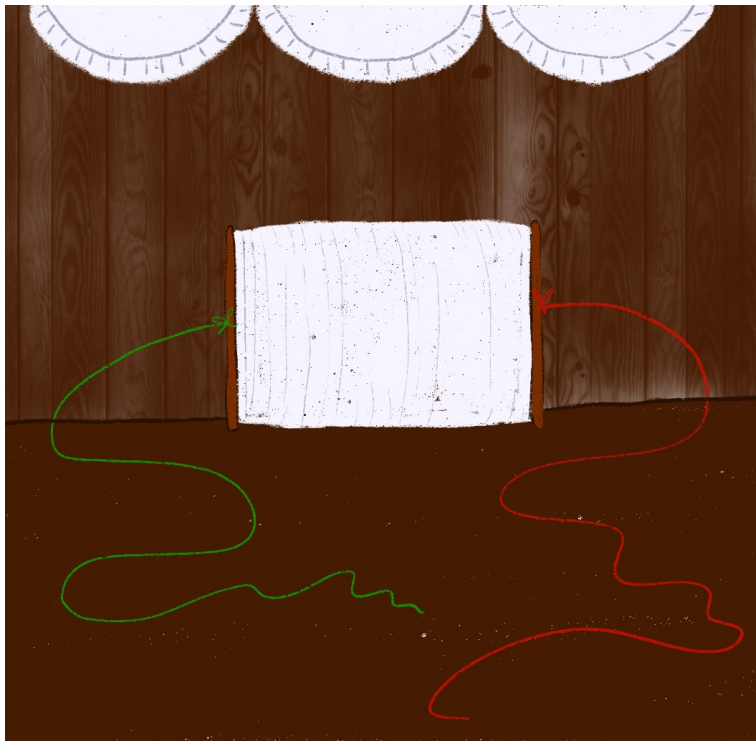
The day after Agnes’s dream, we spoke with Johannes. He told us that the night before he reflected on a past time when he heard friends talk about the virtues of being high on psychedelics. He concluded that it was obvious that spiritual cooking via prayer alchemy is far more expansive and ecstatically hot than playing with brain chemistry. Brad’s dream report startled him because it was a confirmation that weeding and nurturing the whole botanical garden has more value than ingesting a particular chemical. He also added that the church we stood in front of in the dream described a farmhouse he wished to someday own for hosting Sacred Ecstasies.

All of us seek a special home where the living room is vast enough for an evening celebration that revels in high praise. In the blend of music and mystery, we are made able to dance with all the rooms, flowers, weeds, low notes, and high notes, experiencing everything as part of the garden of sacred ecstasy. *I need Thee. I weed me. I need Thee to weed me. I weed and sweep the room.* Back to your garden box of seeds, planting again, weeding again, growing again, and blossoming again as if it’s the first time in the history and mystery of First Creation time.

Tesla Prayer Coils: Addition to Experiment Four

Brad woke up in the middle of the night remembering what he saw in a dream about Nikola Tesla several years ago:

I again envisioned the drawing of the coil Tesla invented. It consisted of *two* interacting coils. The recent instruction for experiment four prescribed adding one of these coils to the altar, vertically winding white thread around the ropes of the three mothers. In this dream I was shown how another coil is needed for the altar. It is constructed as follows: Cut another piece of green thread that is the width of your altar or longer, and then do the same for a piece of red thread. At the base of your altar, attach one end of the newly cut piece of green thread to one end of the white thread spool. Then attach the newly cut piece of red thread to the other end of the white thread spool. Now you have two Tesla prayer coils on your altar. Here is an illustration Hillary made of this new addition:

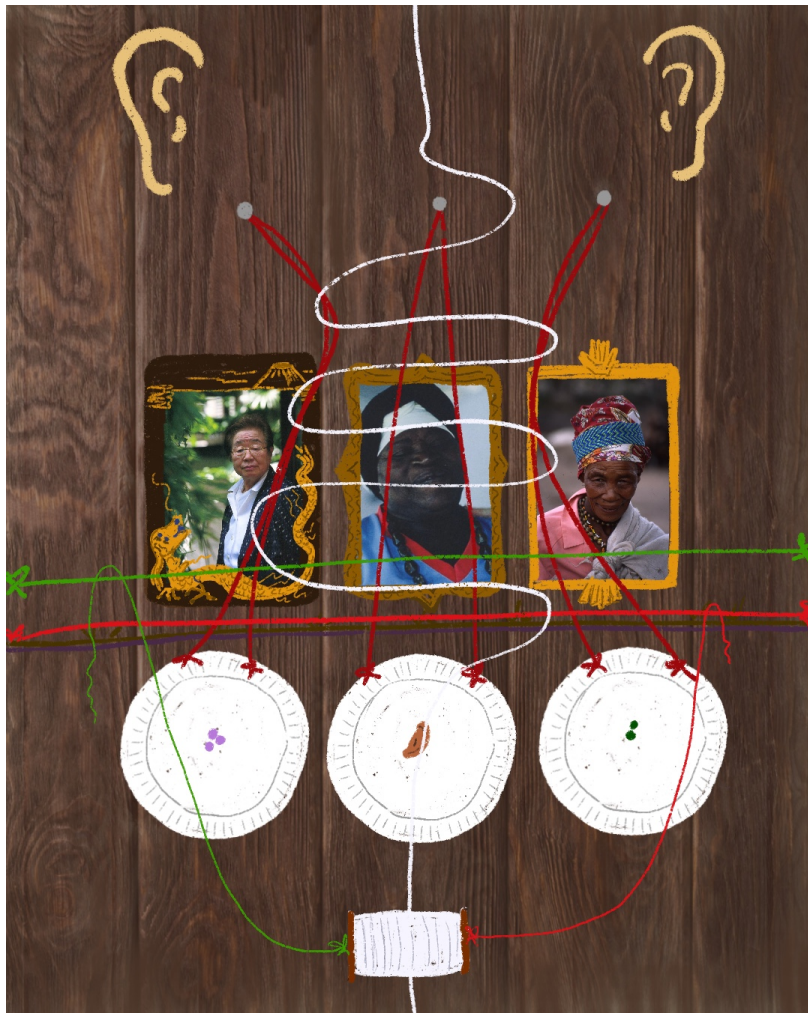


After the dream, we posted these new instructions to the Guild:

Make sure this new coil resides overnight at the base of your altar, but take it out to carry with you during the day. You will use it when you pray as follows: First hold the dangling red thread while gently rubbing it as if you are both electrically charging it *and* being charged by it. Feel as if you are standing in the middle of an electromagnetic prayer. The red thread holds your prayer line, "I need Thee." Work that prayer line, aloud or on the inside, while you hold on to the red thread and feel the need for renewal and resurrection.

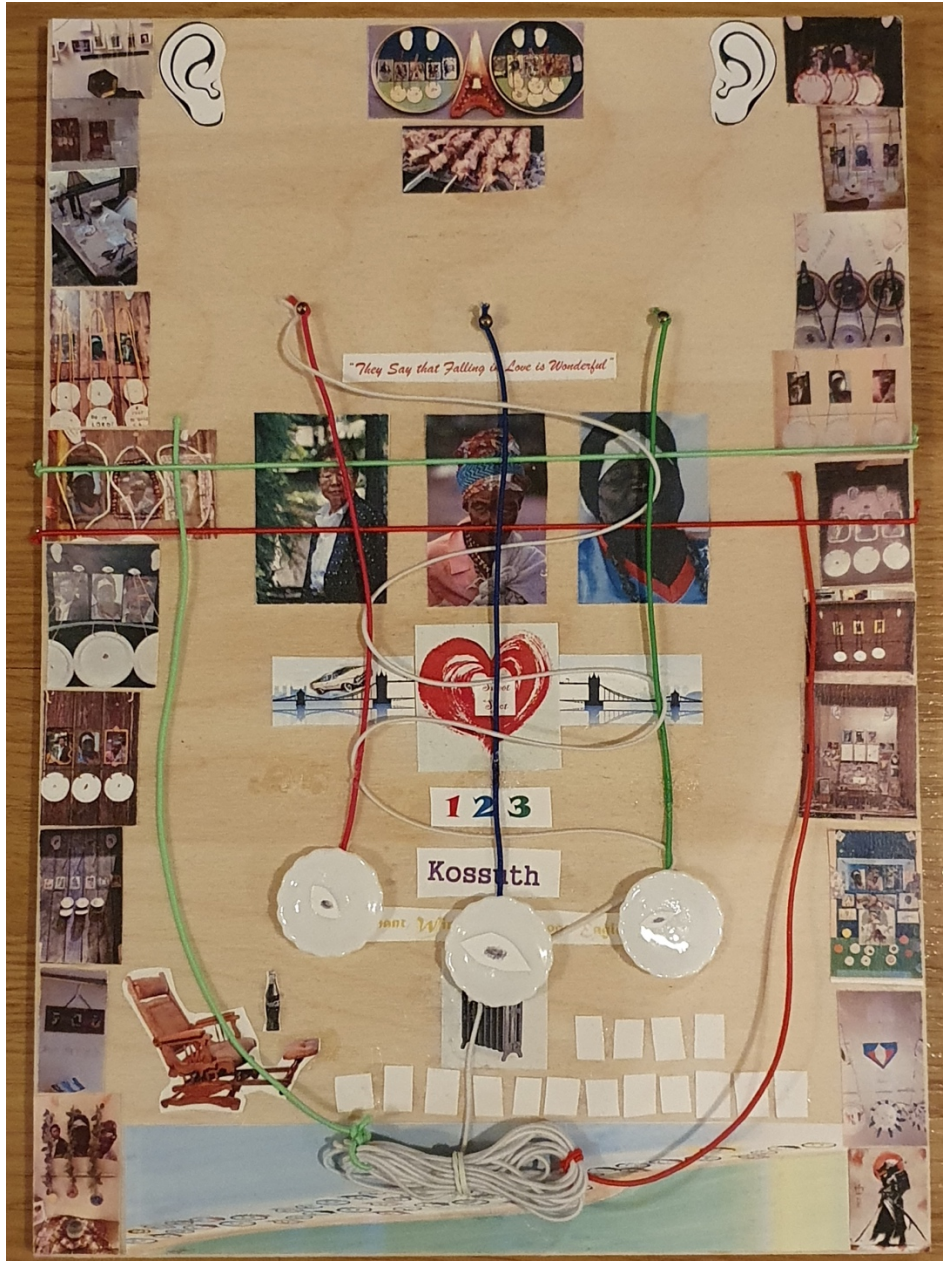
Then hold the center of the white thread spool in between your palms and roll it back and forth while praying, “Do it, Lord.” This is when the middle spool, coil, and alternating current cook you and send you through. Finally, end by holding the green thread as you pray, “Just be nice.” It does not matter how long your prayer session lasts. What matters is that you say each prayer line long enough to feel it.

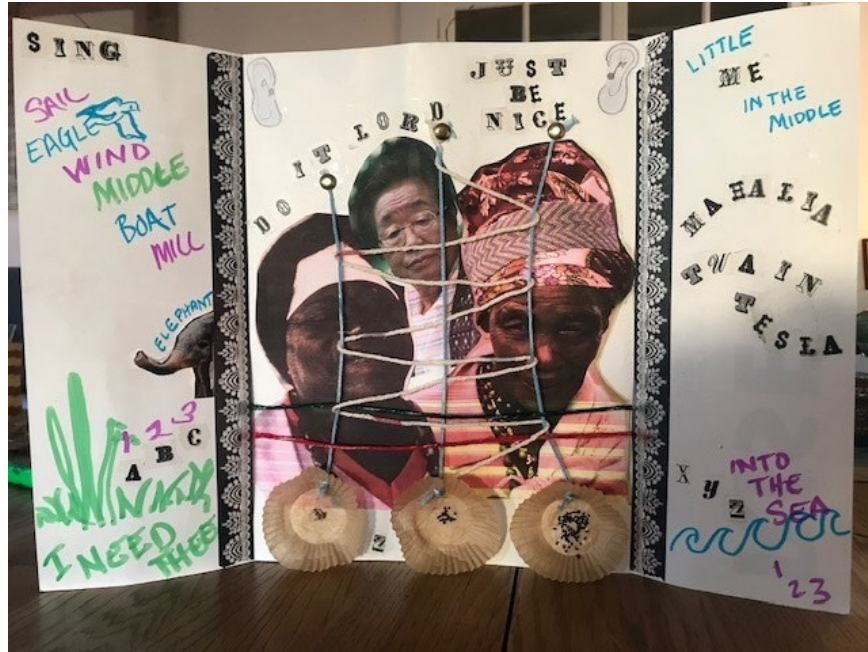
At the end of the day, before retiring to sleep, place the whole prayer coil back on your altar—in the middle of the ground floor. Drape each end of the red and green threads over the horizontal red and green threads above (note: this is why you likely need a longer thread length than the width of the altar). This action electrically connects the two prayer coils. Your altar at night will look something like this:



Recall the visionary teaching from cybernetician Norbert Wiener who reminded us to give importance to “the input.”^{lxxi} This is the “I need Thee” prayer. In the middle, God cooks you on the mainline coil of the white thread. That’s when you pray, “do it, Lord” so God can take over. Finally, you are sent into the night and day with the transformative prayer line, “just be nice.” A spiritually altered-and-altared person becomes wisely kind and sweet to others (including oneself) rather than bitter, cranky, and nasty after a round of spiritual cooking. Make sure you sincerely throw yourself into prayer coil to be transformed rather than go for a trickster slice of “feel good” pie that only gives a transient sugar high. Two Tesla prayer coils and two of every form are what help bridge the 1 and 3 so the 2 can send you through.

Soon after the instructions were given, members of the Guild posted the following photos of their newly coiled altars:











Double Your Senses

Brad had an unusual dream that brought a teaching about getting your senses more involved and better aligned with your body movement:

We were getting into a car with other members of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. Hillary got behind the steering wheel while Johannes and others climbed into the back seat. I was just starting to step into the front passenger side when I noticed a very large bee in the middle of the car. After drawing attention to it I noticed Hillary was startled and worried. This flying object was much larger and obviously different than a typical bee. Its longer wings were flapping so strongly that it appeared as a dark blur in the visual field. To protect Hillary, I waved my hand at the bee, and it quickly zoomed toward me as if ready to sting. Having heard that bees are faster than human beings, I nonetheless tried to be an even faster defender against its apparent attack.

In a split second, I super-focused my eyes on the bee's blurring motion as I super-tuned my ears to hear its sound. These two senses were finely aligned to help steer how my body moved in relationship to the approaching bee. Somehow

while suspended in midair and halfway in and out of the car, I did a fast, double motion that was like the back-and-forth movement of cracking a whip. My neck jerked to the left and then to the right in less than a second and it produced a loud cracking sound that was not just dreamed but heard and felt to such an extent that it woke me up.

Now half awake and half in dream, I thought I had surely injured myself with whiplash. To my surprise, however, I found that my body felt well aligned and that the dream had spontaneously given me an osteopathic cervical adjustment. Earlier that day I had experienced left shoulder and neck pain due to the amount of writing I had been doing. After the bee came at me in the dream and elicited the cracking sound of my spine, that pain was alleviated. I immediately remembered how this kind of dream had happened several times in the past, especially when I dreamed of putting on my shoes to find a scorpion inside one of them. That discovery resulted in my jumping out of bed and spontaneously adjusting my lower spine. After months of treatments from professional body workers, nothing had worked until the visionary scorpion made its house call.

I prayed for guidance in unpacking the important teaching here and weeding out the distractions for others in the Guild. Falling asleep, I heard these words:

Double your senses, that is, combine both vision and hearing. This double focus leads to more concentration, making room for the surprise that gives rise to spontaneous movement. When all your senses are super concentrated and aligned, your body will be more finely tuned to move in accordance with an unexpected higher intervention—in this case, a holy bumblebee. Rather than seek healing, seek the reset that requires a mysterious surprise where sensory experience and movement are doubled to handle any trouble and free you from any small containment bubble.

It Takes Two Rooms to Transmit You to the Big Room

Brad dreamed he was in one room that partially overlapped another room:

The first room was a small room, physically recognizable as our bedroom. The other room was larger, more luminous, and mystical in nature. One of its walls literally came through the wall behind our bed while the rest of the mystery room extended outside our house into another reality. At the same time these double rooms were observed, I saw a whirling ball of energy in the middle of our

bedroom. At first it looked like a larger version of the giant bumblebee I had seen in a previous dream. Looking more closely, it appeared as a swarm of electrical lightning bolts shooting off a Tesla coil. I also perceived another energy ball located inside the luminous room intersecting with our bedroom.

The energy swarm inside each room kept buzzing and increasing until a lightning bolt leapt from one to the other. When this happened, my body forcefully propelled against the wall of the bigger room as if thrown into the luminous reality on the other side. It came with an explosive “popping” sound that woke me up. I instantly remembered how in the previous dream I had received a cervical adjustment of my neck when reacting to the presumed bee in the car. Now I wondered whether I had received a whole room adjustment that had been triggered by similar means. The wall literally popped as if the room itself had been structurally realigned, altered, and opened.

A voice spoke: “It takes two rooms to transmit you to the big room.” Again, we were reminded that the middle oscillation between two intersecting realities is required to create enough life force energy for spiritual transformation to occur. It was the sight of those two balls of energy and the popping sound that left the strongest impression on me. I felt as if I was awake in the dream and that my body had been thrown to another dimension.

A second dream followed in which I was attending a scientific gathering. I was there on behalf of Tesla, presenting more findings on room transformation using magnifying transmitters of the mystical kind. Before I was introduced, a political leader from Russia announced he would gift someone with a “famous juice” that he held up in a bottle for all to see. He then handed it to an insignificant scientist whose work was trivial. Again, Tesla’s work was ignored before it had been heard. This did not stop me from giving the keynote address, and it was apparent that the audience had not been tricked by politically motivated deception. Everyone wanted to hear the news about Tesla. I woke up startled by the dream, disturbed by the political interruption, and delighted with the audience readiness for reception.

The next morning, I researched whether Tesla had experimented with two Tesla coils and found that indeed, he had. I was reminded of his first great invention that is well known and widely celebrated—the alternating current generator. Here he used a rotating magnetic field to transfer mechanical energy into electrical energy more effectively than any generator had before. I was also reintroduced to his less accepted and more controversial experiments where he tinkered with the resonance of electricity. Later he added a second transformer to his laboratory and discovered that it could powerfully build up the electrical

potential. Calling it a “magnifying transmitter,” he was able to send electricity through the air like a radio transmitter. He even lit a 1 km long field of lightbulbs with a magnifying transmitter tuned to the natural resonance of the earth. In other words, while sending a standing wave of electrical energy around the field, he could tap into it and harness it with a tuned receiver.

When Tesla’s magnifying transmitter was tuned to the natural resonance of the whole earth (Schumann’s resonance), it created waves of electrical energy that could be immediately received by everyone. In summary, he discovered how to use the earth’s current to create a planetary circuit of electrical energy that would be linked by repeater stations set up all over the world. His dream, interrupted by governments choosing to follow Edison, was to freely tune into electricity like we tune into radio and television signals.

Mystically speaking, a second Tesla prayer coil can function as a magnifying transmitter, enabling God’s alternating current to be more strongly felt. Make sure everything involved in the circuit, including the room, is doubled. This is the booster rocket that launches you to the big room with a sonic boom that wakes you up! “1, 2, 3” has circled back to “3, 2, 1: blast off!”

One of our Sacred Ecstatics Guild members, Jess, is a mathematician who has taught at Harvard and M.I.T. She wrote this about Tesla’s transformers and their relationship to our experiment:

Tesla’s transformer involves wire that is coiled around a cylinder. Electricity sent through this wire creates magnetic lines in the middle of the cylinder. Magnetic field lines manifest most strongly in the *middle* of the coil, like the lines to the mothers inside the white coil. What I love about our altar design is that the white coiling line points to the higher dimension. Imagine the white line as a coil wrapped around a cylinder so it points to one additional dimension, a third dimension beyond the flat back of the altar wall. But it also points to the existence of more dimensions than what we expect at first, upward and into the spiritual classrooms where we bob together on the sea as depicted in Hillary’s dream.

The alternating, high voltage, coherent current in a coil creates beautiful tightly bound vertical lines of alternating magnetic fields up the middle. Brad asked me recently to pay attention to the wire gauge. In fact, these key mother lines in Tesla’s altar will manifest in pure spiritual energy. If the electricity through the coiling were DC (direct current), it would create steady magnetic lines. One wonderful property of the changing is that alternating magnetic current will *in turn* create alternating electrical current—in *different coils!* The first coil, to the

mothers, to the second coil, to the mothers, to the first coil. C.M.C.'s spiritual magnetic presence in and around the ropes project into Tesla's altar—it's definitely all in and around and about the electricity and above all else, it keeps God on the line.

Tesla would say that the beautiful physics of his motor and transformer fits right in with the higher pointing manifested in this experiment of the mothers. The above came to me as I was hiking in the wilderness for six days. At the beginning of that period I set about examining what Tesla might add to the experiment while keeping in line with the conductors as if our lives depended on it. I was wondering how I'd be able to do it and feeling extremely nervous and unprepared. Then I realized that it wasn't Tesla's various flamboyant embellishments; it was the magnetic core.

WE HAVE BUILT, ALL TOGETHER, A SACRED ECSTATICS TRANSFORMER. The dispersed, active, sweet, cooking group is the transformer itself, the contraption with coils that can relay intertwining magnetic electric mojo zaps from on high into manifestations that can have ramifications all the way down into "the world of the *big me's*." I speculate that this contraption probably goes all the way up from a physical spiraling into the upper octaves and dimensions. And the sweet C.M.C. n/om bombs that resonate through the First Creation songs come through this, going out into the planet.

An Anointment in the Making: The Changing Last Name

Brad dreamed we were sent to an old church where many elders were gathered:

We found ourselves in a First Creation version of my grandfather's church in St. Joseph, Missouri. It appeared that the saints of Sacred Ecstatics had come together to choose someone for an important spiritual role. A debate went back and forth over the qualifications and readiness of the candidates under consideration. Hillary and I observed how they analyzed each person through different angles and perspectives.

Most importantly, they reviewed everyone's commitment to developing ecstatic performance chops, steadfast devotion to constant prayer, disciplined focus on room construction, sustenance of sacred emotion, inclusion of all four directions of Sacred Ecstatics, and effective calibration of room shrinkage and dips in spiritual temperature. Finally, two candidates were chosen. Then the debate further escalated. Back and forth the saints compared which person was more ready to take on a spiritual anointment.

Hillary and I were then asked to deliver an announcement to members of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild who were waiting at another location to hear the results. We were told that two candidates were tied and that a decision would soon be made. The candidates were John Thomas and John Wright, names we had never heard before. When we arrived back to the earthly plane to meet the Guild, we noticed that a Guild member, John, was standing by our side.

Everyone was frustrated from waiting so long and eager to hear what news we brought from the visitation on high. We tried to explain that the saints and elders had been carefully deliberating the choice to give someone a spiritual anointment and were stuck between two candidates. Some students were in disbelief because they assumed such a choice would not require debate from wise mothers and fathers from the other side. We tried to patiently describe the process of discernment and how it requires careful consideration from every angle—intellect, heart, performance chops, dedication, familiarity with life’s up and down movement, room building skills, humility, brokenness, desire, fire, and so forth.

None of this eased the tension and impatience of the Guild. We then began to discuss the two final candidates who were locked in a tie. The first was John Thomas, who was blessed with a critical nature that made him suspect of anything said or read. He was not easily duped by fakery, yet his doubt could grow too strong and become a curse, making him unsure of what is true. He was a living incarnation of the original “doubting Thomas,” the skeptical apostle who refused to believe anything without direct personal experience. What drew the attention of the saints was that he was a double doubting Thomas—unable to believe even after he felt the sacred emotion of being near God. The minute he felt far away from God again, his skeptical mind would step in to doubt his own former experience.

Next, we discussed John Wright, a man obsessed with doing everything right. If any part of his life, emotion, thought, or interaction with others was off even a little, he was ready to give up. His name “Wright,” the elders said, marked his birthright as a man with too much focus on the “W” or wrong that interferes with pursuing right action. His problem was not that he thought he was always right, but that he always saw something wrong, and this interfered with everything he did. For example, he had a talent for writing but mistakenly believed that the spelling of his name was wrong for that mission. He was dead wrong about his “W” and, though he had been taught to revere error as part of the creative process, he could not get his eyes off that letter. He would drift into wondering if it was an initial for “worse,” “weak,” “winless,” “worthless,” “wacky,” “wannabe,” “war crime,” “warning,” “washout,” “wimp,” “wretch,” and the like. In “W”-

focused times, John Wright forgot the other “W” words like “wobble,” “wonder,” “wade through the water,” “warm,” “wash,” “wings,” “whirlwind,” “wit,” and “wisdom.”

The Guild asked why these particular men were being considered. We said there were other secondary candidates as well and began listing them. To our surprise, for the first time we realized that they all had the same first name—John. Every John that had been previously reviewed at the saints’ meeting had a *little me* and a *big me* engaged in a battle between whether a sea of names or a nameless sea of ineffable mystery would fill their existential living room. We explained that the two final candidates are actually four candidates when you consider their doubles.

Then Hillary blurted out, “His First Creation name is ‘John,’ and his Second Creation name needs to keep changing.” In that instant we knew that John, the Guild member standing by our side, was the only person being considered for an anointment. The elders were inviting him to receive a spiritual role but knew he had to choose whether he would accept all his last names rather than try to force one to stay the same. We looked at John in the dream and said, “You have been invited. It’s up to you to choose whether you will accept both your First and Second Creation names.”

A full-time doubter or a “wrong-obsessed” looker must stop solidifying the passing clouds of inevitably changing moods. Consider that you, like John, have a steadfast *little me* first name that belongs to the big room of First Creation. Your second name, however, must be released into the changing, no longer kept in the grip of static form and illusory stasis. Here every Second Creation name can momentarily arise: John Bright, John Dark, John Song, John Silent, John Bird, John Nest, John Rest, John Ecstasy, and on and on it goes. The anointments begin with calling two names—one must change for the other to remain in relationship to the Creator of all names. What are you going to do about it? Will you let your Second Creation trickster mind run wild, doubting even that which you have felt to be true? Will you not pass through or take the leap because things are not as you expected them to be?

It’s time to fully embrace that you are a double, a *little me* and *big me* both in need of Thee. The saints on high can already see you from all angles, so why not stop doubting and pouting, hiding from terrors and counting your errors? When it’s cloudy, make a trembly rain dance. When life is sour, place two lonely lemons on your altar and say, “it takes two to liberate, germinate, and ‘lemonate.’” When you feel sad, write the word “glAd” on top of each ear and then write the word “sAd” on the bottom of each heel. Do this to know you are living inside a contrarian tension and rocking on the same middle “A” fulcrum, no matter your mood. Everyone is called by their first name, but few choose to surrender to a changing last name. Rather than complain, seek

fame, or try in vain to keep your Second Creation name the same, wobble in the middle to find the holy wiggle and answer the call from the saints on high.

In the Whirling the Lord is Near

We received a report from Lance describing his visionary journey to a spiritual classroom:

I am trembling as I write this recollection of last night's dream. Waves of emotion surge and ebb within as joy and love soak and wash me anew.

In the dream, I arrived at a campground after traveling from afar. Mary met me at the edge of the camp. We held hands and walked toward the open center area where we noticed many old-fashioned tents. Others around us were talking and laughing with excitement. I recognized fellow Guild members also arriving at this special festival. I felt I would only be there for a short period of time, but that was long enough for whatever was needed.

I then saw you both standing nearby. Brad, you were very animated and excitedly describing the new experiments you had been conducting. Several people were listening intently and there was a palpable buzz of electricity in the air. I realized that I, too, had caught this energetic buzz and felt the urge to get up and move. I immediately started dancing, but it became a spinning movement unlike anything I had ever experienced. Prayers immediately arose within me as the spinning became faster and faster. I prayed, "Circle circling, round rounding, wheel wheeling, circle me Lord! I need Thee! Round me Lord! Help me Lord!"

Spinning effortlessly at an impossible velocity, I finally hit an upper threshold and then stopped. Amazed at what had happened, I wanted to do it again to further feel the joy of this spinning dance. With the slightest body motion and the first syllable of an uttered prayer, the spinning resumed. It was just as effortlessly fast and as extraordinarily joyful as before. I felt like I had become a spinning spool of thread. Most importantly, I soon felt no space between me and the Lord. I was in the middle of the spinning field of divine energy! I realized that all the work, all the weeding and sweeping, all the sowing and sprouting, and all the loving care of the garden had brought me closer to God. I felt so close to divinity that there was no distance between me and Thee. I was in God's loving embrace. I woke up trembling with tears of joy and a heart ready to burst.

Thank you both so much for all you do!

Loving you both,

Lance

The numinous flood waters have been released and the fire has been lit. The holy wind is blowing through the Guild. “1, 2, 3” and “3, 2, 1,” the seeding and weeding, germinating prayer wheeling, music and dance whirling festival is back on earth as it always has been in heaven. What are you going to do about it? Act before you think—feel it, immediately get that prayer wheel turning and meet us at the campground where God is ready to take you for a spin.

Softening the Rock

Years ago, Brad was a Senior Research Fellow at the Rock Art Research Institute at the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, South Africa. He was a friend of its founder, David Lewis-Williams, the most renowned pioneer scholar of Bushman rock art. In a dream Brad went to a First Creation visionary rock art institute:

I recognized scientists I formerly knew as Hillary and I visited the classrooms, laboratories, and exhibition areas. As we greeted them and socially engaged, I remembered how it was nearly impossible to convey the experiential nature of Bushman spirituality to scholars and discuss how this phenomenology might be related to the prehistoric rock art images. We also recalled feeling the same challenge when trying to describe the experience of n/om to anthropologists and scholars of religion. After walking the halls, Hillary and I went to a “rock art café” to be away from these presumed “experts” and have a private moment to discuss the gap between primary experience and the interpretive commentary of outside observers who have never embodied what they are trying to describe and explain. We were flooded with the absurd hopelessness of discussing what it is like to be filled with n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit to someone who hasn’t experienced it.

In the dreamed discussion, we reached the conclusion that spiritual cooking and the reception of sacred ecstasy are so simple that these experiences should be readily available to everyone. We also concluded that scholars and researchers should avoid explaining whatever they themselves have not experienced with their own senses and felt in their own body. If they do, it should be acknowledged that their discourse is pure conjecture. Studying and attempting to interpret ancient rock art, especially when it indicates a likely mystical, shamanic, or spiritual quality, will not lead someone closer to the experience of n/om that inspired it. A more interesting and useful study might focus instead on the rock-like scientist who is not soft enough to be pierced by the primary experience behind the confronted mystery. In a flash, we realized that Sacred Ecstasies,

especially its spiritual engineering, aims to break up the rock-hard shell, armor, and resistance of those who have yet to experience what would otherwise be a natural phenomenon.

Sipping our coffee, we reexamined the main blocks that prevent the passage of n/om into the body. We remembered that some people meet the numinous in a dream but have not yet embraced it while wide awake. We also discussed that many feel the warmth of the big room and how it stirs something in their heart, but few continue to sweep away *big me* trickster knowing and its predilection for post-hoc oration. After leaving the big cooking room they too quickly sully the experience with talk that implicitly or explicitly aims to prove to themselves and others that they are now closer to mystery than before, that they have achieved a noteworthy outcome. All this verbiage creates a backfire, distancing someone further from the source and force of creation's sacred vibration.

"Hardness" and "softness" are not psychological states or personality traits. They describe the degree to which someone surrenders their knowing and steps toward the unknown mystery of the big room. Rock art scientists can stand at the very edge of a Kalahari dance but still only hear and see the sound and sight of their own theories. Guild members, in contrast, are more likely to participate rather than narrate because they want to feel n/om. However, when Brad took a few people to the Kalahari who were spiritual seekers full of desire to be cooked, most of them did not catch the Bushman n/om fire, either. They ended up observing through their own filters as much the scientists, even when they were physically shaking and hoping that something life-changing would happen.

Still, we realized it is important to acknowledge that n/om-seeking, shaking observers are more likely to feel the warmth of a spiritual fire than theory-proving, non-trembling observers. "This is a difference worth noting," Hillary said at the café. "However," she added:

After the dance both scientists and spiritual seekers become more alike. Each of them *heads* back to their former small room where trickster talk reduces what occurred to cutouts that bring the illusion of knowing. Each person believes they better understand the ecstatic dance and n/om, but do not feel moved enough to change how they act or relate to everyday life. The same thing happens to attendees of Sacred Ecstasics cookouts.

We both agreed that feeling a bit of warmth and expansion is not the same as owning seiki, n/om, or the holy spirit. The room must be big enough to sustain its

ongoing growth. If roots do not get deeply planted, the sacred vibration will not live and grow. At the dream café, we looked at each other as a voice on high advised, “Everyone needs more artistry of rocking motion rather than post-hoc interpretation inside a hard rock shell—that’s the key to germinating a seed.” We trembled and laughed so hard that it woke me up.

When we later discussed this dream, we realized how the same proclivity toward chilly, post-hoc shrinkage applies to the reception of visions. At first you primarily feel the numinous warmth, expansion, and mystery. Then chatter that doesn’t matter arrives to distract everyone from the main gift. The skill of room building must always remain in play, even when we absurdly tease or intellectually probe. Reentry from every spiritually cooked moment, whether found in home prayer, online discussion, intensive cooking, or visionary reception, needs the same big room construction treatment that made the fire possible in the first place. The beginning and ending must remain in the middle vastness where the heat can meet whatever drift comes along, warming rather than cooling the center of your universe.

Move around all the big room directions—be playfully absurd, perform creative work that is shared with others, spiritually fly to cook again, and seriously rebuild the room with hard earned chops. Whatever happens, stay aligned with the main line, the primary theme, the ongoing prayer-song-dance, and the big room holding whatever comes and goes. You won’t be able to prevent going too far out on a limb, for we are all drifters and sifters unable to stop seeking the magic healing bullet, the god pill, and the shamanic core cutout. That’s partly how we are designed, dear friends. We are made that way to help us feel the need for Thee. If you really feel this need, you’ll discover it’s all about electricity that can never be described to anyone who hasn’t been rewired and charged by this higher power. You and we need the electrically felt on-your-knees need that is indistinguishable from weeding, sweeping, singing, dancing, and praying. This time, build your room on soft Kalahari sand—its wobble, rock, art, and song stir up the whirling wind that knocks every wall down.

The Double Realities of Sacred Ecstasies

Brad dreamed we were at a modern administration building for the Diné or Navajo Nation, the Native American territory that lies in northeastern Arizona, northwestern New Mexico, and southeastern Utah:

Hillary and I were sitting in front of a desk being interviewed by a middle-aged woman who asked us what we wanted to do in their community. Unlike in the past when a dream led me to find the Diné medicine woman, Walking Thunder, an official bureaucratic process had now been set up to screen out anyone they

did not want to access their traditional ways.^{lxxii} The situation felt strange because it seemed we were both in the past and in the present with no idea what we were planning for the future. After being asked what we wanted to do, I wondered if they knew I had previously written a book with Walking Thunder. I did not mention it, nor did we speak clearly about our plans because we did not actually know why we were there. I mumbled something vague about “wanting to help the people, following whatever the people defined as ‘help.’”

However, it seemed they thought we were there to do a project about traditional spiritual wisdom. Another middle-aged woman was sitting to my right, a little bit behind me. I had not noticed her there before. She started telling us that she knew the medicines and wanted to share her knowledge. We were suspect because it’s unusual for a traditional medicine person to directly offer this to anyone. We showed our respect but at the same time, we did not convey any exaggerated curiosity or hunger to hear more. Then to our left a young man walked over to the administrator’s desk and blurted out that he was “initiated as a medicine man.” His unseemly bravado tipped us off that he was just checking how we’d react. We suspected that they were testing us—seeing if we were there to harvest their spirituality in the way they were accustomed to experiencing from outside scholars and spiritual seekers. Again, we were respectful but showed no real interest in what he was saying. This was easy because his words did not touch our hearts.

I then looked up at the ceiling overhead. It was an extraordinary contemporary work of multimedia art, inspired by the aesthetics indigenous to New Mexico. It consisted of at least three layers of different materials. I leaned over and mentioned to Hillary, “New Mexico always has wonderful art.” We were both moved by the beauty above us. In that moment, the administrator sitting behind the desk asked, “Are you medicine people?” I immediately replied, “I am a janitor with a broom who makes room for the spirit to come.”

At that moment the ceiling art came alive and its various materials started to expand, turn, and change form. It gave me such a startle that I thought I woke up from the dream trembling. Yet I was unsure if I was fully awake because the vision continued. The ceiling became a giant tipi in the sky. Then it transformed again into a giant Diné hogan in the stars. I remembered that these were actual visions experienced by other indigenous medicine people.^{lxxiii} I also knew the spirit tent and hogan are two changing forms of the big room. They hold all the hues of diverse cultural traditions.

I believed I had entered their visions and spoke back to what I beheld, “These are not my visions; they belong to others. I cannot claim them.” I started

spontaneously singing my favorite children's hymn to feel guided by a higher administration. As soon as I did so, the heavenly visionary rooms above dropped to the ground like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. They appeared as symbols I have formerly observed in Diné sand paintings that were used in a holy way. Overlapping like images in a kaleidoscope, they kept turning and rearranging on the floor as if a spontaneous sandpainting was being made by invisible hands.

A wind came into the room and brought animated life to the symbol for the Yei or spirit Holy People from above. In front of my eyes it changed to a broom, then a dancer, and after that, a holy two-winged spirit. The morphing Yei was both sweeping the floor and building a sacred painting at the same time. When the image on the ground was finally made whole, a whirling force more felt than seen poured in from above. I was shown the important plants, the medicinal preparations, the symbolically drawn evocations, and the wide range of mystical interventions that come from the original source of heavenly luminosity. It was like a high-speed film version of going to spiritual medical school. In this numinous download, I felt nothing other than being an empty vessel filled as if it was a plain and natural event, like filling a glass with drinking water.

I woke up praying for God to lead us. The last few nights I had gone to sleep praying, "Throw us anywhere, Lord. Throw us anywhere." Each night we were thrown somewhere new. I now felt encouraged to share this prayer with the Guild and invite them to add it to their bedtime ritual. I also more deeply understood that there are no holy healers, shamans, mystics, singers, or medicine people as people typically conceive and name them. There are only janitorial sweepers who clear enough space as they erase the past and future, preparing a spot that is in the middle of it all. There the prayers go up and the medicine comes down. "Throw us anywhere, Lord." Say that prayer while you sweep the room, weed the garden, and empty the vessel of you.

Brad continued to pray and ask for more teaching about the dream as he again requested, "Throw us anywhere, Lord." A spectacular dream followed where we were told the importance of the former vision and how it addresses the unique mission of Sacred Ecstasies. Taken to a cloud whose form constantly changed shape as it produced an otherworldly fireworks show, we heard a voice declare:

Rarely in history does a true spiritual fire arrive and spread within a community. When it does, most of its flames and fire-in-the-bones phenomena extinguish quickly, like they did at Azusa and in the formative days of many important spiritual movements.

Sacred Ecstatics has come to practically tap into the know-how of previous fire-setting ways, but it also brings something new to the spiritual scene. It is syncretic and welcomes diverse ecstatic lineages, but even more importantly, its forms of teaching and practice constantly change and improve to better assure the room is continuously swept, reborn, and reset on fire. In other words, Sacred Ecstatics aims to remain in the ongoing “middle” of big room high transformation, letting the dynamics of change unfold without the need to understand either the beginning cause or the final destination. Such exhilarating and uplifting movement is made possible by the portal that has been opened to the other side of the physical and numinous divide. That is where the spiritual classrooms and mystical library reside.

After the voice spoke, we were shown an excerpt of the previous dream in which the ceiling tipi and hogan dropped to earth and reorganized into a sandpainting. The image served as a spiritual “net” to attract and catch the spirit from on high. This back-and-forth journey between sky and earth requires a circulating wind, a hollow pipe, a divine rope, a heavenly gate, a middle medium, a bridge connecting separate realities, and a filtering portal allowing passage from one place to another. Our diverse lineages and pantheon of saints assure an always-changing path between worlds where creation is perpetually on the move. The voice on high spoke again:

We are in the middle. Creation began before the beginning of time, and it has no end. Stay near the portal with ears ready to hear and eyes able to see what’s above and below the ground. In between the depths of earth and the heights of sky each life will pass, and this is the passage of history into eternity. The purpose of life is resurrection, which requires being stretched in the middle of the cross. Washed by the luminous flood and made new by numinous blood, earthly flesh and heavenly spirit are married on both sides of heaven and hell as humanity and divinity co-surrender to being in relationship rather than forever cast apart.

We then witnessed a fast, film-like production of the former “mystical downloads” Brad received all over the world. Whether he was in Japan, Africa, St. Vincent, or the land of the Diné, the link to higher mystery was active no matter his physical location. It involved a numinous internet and phone line every bit as unbelievable as Tesla’s original dream of each person on the planet plugged into a field of electricity in the air. This divine connection is the same “mystical telegraph” that sent Mark Twain his prophecies, stories, and inspiration. In this vision, the spiritual classroom teacher explained to us, “Make sure there are double realities for Sacred Ecstatics—one physical and the other virtual. They are connected by a current of alternating

mystical electricity.” Answering our prayers to be thrown anywhere, we discovered we had been thrown into virtual reality!

The dream then drew us deeper into the whirling cloud whose changing forms, hues, angles, tones, songs, rhythms, electrical currents, magnetic influences, vibrations, and performed movements stirred us to rededicate ourselves to the mission of Sacred Ecstatics. It pointed us to the special surprise found in our recent work. The mystical fire really started to spread after we launched the online community to host our spiritual experiments and was further stoked during our month-long February carnival gathering. For those not physically present, daily live recordings effectively kept everyone in the Ouroboros loop. We received word from many Guild members that they felt like they were in the room with us even from afar. These two recent findings demonstrate that the sacred vibration of n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit can be potently shared both during physical gatherings and through the worldwide web.

Brad’s vision revealed that we are becoming a kind of virtual monastery of maverick ecstasies, closely linked no matter the physical distance. The “other side” where First Creation saints abound is itself virtual, accessed through a mystical set of alternative senses. Learning to exercise how we relate to other Guild members in an ineffable medium of electromagnetism helps us better assure that the ancestors, saints, and holy ones are also in the loop. When we are on the same main line in real time throughout each day and night, mediated by both sides of physical and virtual, a whole new universe is birthed into being—one that thrives in the middle of waking and dreaming worlds.

The mission of Sacred Ecstatics is to bring back the double realities of First and Second Creation, intertwined like a double coil. In the conjoined sides of face-to-face and virtual realities, Sacred Ecstatics is better able to receive, conduct, and transmit mystical communication, numinous teaching, and higher wonder working power. This is what it means to have God on the line, build the big room, travel on Ezekiel’s wheel, ignite the atmosphere, and recreate the world each day and night.

Sometimes You Need a Small Room in Order to Get to the Big Room

In a dream, Brad returned to a former time when he was a university professor:

I was at an old mansion with a large living room or social hall where many students and teachers had gathered for conversation and merriment. One young man was more serious than the others and approached me, saying he wanted to understand my teaching because it was different than what the other instructors offered. I replied, “It is impossible to teach anything in this crowd. I need to go soak in my tub.” We then went to a white tiled room with two bathtubs that looked like the ones used in the turn of the century spas of Hot Springs, Arkansas

and Excelsior Springs, Missouri. I proceeded to turn on the water to one tub, but felt the water was too cool and needed to be hotter. I cranked up the heat and when the tub was full and steaming hot, I got in for a soak. I didn't say anything to the young man, but he followed my lead and filled the other tub. He forgot to check the temperature of the water, however, and entered a cold bath.

I soaked in silence as if that man was not there. He finally got out and left the room to join the party outside. The door remained open to the bath area and some of the other people noticed I was there. One or two people wanted to get in the tub with me, but I pointed to indicate that there was not enough room. They turned away and left like the young man. With no one else there, I soaked in the healing hot springs and closed my eyes. I felt I was in the vastest place on earth. Then a voice from on high spoke, "Sometimes you need a small room to get into the big room. Do not confuse 'building a big room' with making enough space for everyone and everything. The big room only has room for 'having a little talk with Jesus.'" Then the voice sang the words which had just been spoken, "There can only be room to have a little talk with Jesus."

When I heard those words, I woke up remembering that Hillary had been singing that hymn the day before.^{lxxiv} I also remembered how she and I never felt like we were in the same contextual room as the professions we formerly worked in, whether it was university teaching, religious studies, cultural studies, interdisciplinary studies, or psychotherapy. We instead remained inside a bubble (or bubble bath) unseen by others as we navigated through our everyday relations. Our room had no space for their world to come inside it unaltered. This kept us on track and inside our desired kind of concentration, undiluted and unpolluted by outside elements that were wholly antithetical to our work.

I then realized that today, with Sacred Ecstatics, we also paradoxically enter the big room by first entering a small room the size of an old-fashioned spa bathtub. We make sure it is filled only with hot, healing spring water from the Creator's holy fountain. We also screen away any "eclecticism" or "anything goes" attitude in order for n/om, seiki, or the holy spirit to be pure and supersaturated around and within us. The syncretic, changing nature of a Sacred Ecstatics big room is not accessed through logic or abstraction. You must feel you are inside a small soaking tub. Though Sacred Ecstatics welcomes all sources of spiritually hot water, for us personally the most concentrated hot springs and excelsior springs of joy are inseparable from Jesus. As the dream teacher put it, "There can only be enough room 'to have a little talk with Jesus.'" After that, close your physical eyes and open your spiritual eyes to see that you are in a limitless divine mansion.

That morning we received an email from Lance who reported a dream he had that same night:

I was attending a Sacred Ecstatics intensive at a place unfamiliar to me. It was inside the shell of an ancient stone building that had been adapted as a classroom. You both had been elaborating on the idea that we need to be more aware of what room we are in, especially if it's a smaller room.

The session then adjourned for a short break. While standing outside I was approached by a fellow student whom I did not recognize. I sensed that he was troubled and confused since he had an anguished look on his face. He mentioned that he just couldn't grasp the concept of different rooms that are all within a bigger room. I told him that there are actually infinite rooms you can choose to be in.

In my dream mind I remembered the scripture, "In my Father's house are many mansions. . ." I felt so much excitement that I woke up from my dream feeling an urgent need to re-read the scripture, hoping to better understand it. I looked it up in the King James Version of the Bible and read the whole of chapter 14 of the Book of John. I was blown away by the teaching and my different understanding of it within the context of Sacred Ecstatics! The feeling of the joy within me became almost unbearable! Thank you for opening this way for me!

We, too, took another look at this scripture that was often mentioned by my grandfather and father, who were both preachers. In the chapter the disciples are having a little talk with Jesus in the final hours before he leaves them. Jesus begins (John 14:1) by saying, "Let not your hearts be troubled . . ." He is telling them not to grieve about his forthcoming departure, making clear that he is going somewhere else to prepare another place where they can continue to experience being with him. As John 14:2 states, "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . I go to prepare a place for you." And finally, in John 14:3, "And If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Here is found the crux of New Testament faith: Jesus offers a ticket to another reality where the hot spring water of unconditional love flows readily from the tap. Chapter 14 in the Book of John also presents a fulcrum that rocks between overly literal interpretation and mystical evocation. When Jesus's words are understood literally, the idea of "mansions" is reified so being "saved" means that you get materially rewarded with wealth in the afterlife. However, for those who walk the narrower mystical line, Jesus is speaking of the passage from a material room to a radically different numinous room that enables you to transform the life you now live on earth to be more as it is in heaven.

The trickster lure of physical treasure in spiritual matters begins with concretizing poetic metaphors into literal things. Here ownership of objects rather than sacred emotion is dangled

in front of the earthly senses to tempt the abandonment of devoted mystical pursuit. Do not forget that Jesus was a skilled carpenter who built rooms on both sides of the veil. The “mansion” he promised to construct with his n/om nails is in First Creation, the numinous heaven that is present in all of time, including now.

The Greek word for what later English versions of the Bible would translate as “mansion” is “monai.” As Professor Wave Nunnally notes, monai “simply means ‘[small] rooms.’”^{lxxv} Archaeologists found that the dwelling places during the time of Jesus were called “insula.” They had a shared central courtyard for socializing with others and many small rooms (“monai”) extending off it for private quarters. David A. Fiensy and James Riley Strange^{lxxvi} summarize that “each nuclear family would have lived in a single room and shared the courtyard with other . . . families or perhaps with other kin. This architectural style was typical for most of the houses in first-century Capernaum.”

“Monai” was a mundane term for room but became mistranslated by the church to mean “mansion.” It has been suggested that the church needed mansions to motivate people to tithe and attend services. Again, trickster rushes in to reframe the spiritual path as being all about material reward. There are indeed many rooms we can choose to enter and reside in, as Lance’s visionary dream points out. And technically speaking, these rooms are all under the vast roof of the numinous even when it appears they are not, just as Second Creation is always inside First Creation.

This paradox of mystical entry arises from sensing the doubleness inherent in every important term used in spiritual conversation. For example, there are two kinds of rooms—small and big—found in two kinds of worlds—First and Second Creation. And there are two of you—the *little me* and the *big me* trying to sort out their dual relations while choosing the room in which to enact this wobble. Enter the “monai” or small room of earth, which in Brad’s dream was a soaking tub. Make sure that there is only room for “having a little talk with Jesus.” This concentrates your soak to be divinely aligned, allowing the mystical senses to open. Then, and only then, can you enter the big room of First Creation.

How do you talk to another person about the invisible bubble, bubble bath, concentrated room, or monai in which you hope to reside? Try avoiding trickster talk altogether and instead lead by example, as Brad did in his dream. Take a whole-body soak in pure, hot holy water. Find the prayer portal to the big room in a soaking tub, closet, tent, under a prayer shawl, or in other concentrated, consecrated space. Meet the “gatekeeper” (the original meaning of “janitor”) who owns the brooms and cleaning tools. Allow *little me* to germinate while *big me* is physically restrained and psychologically reined in. Please don’t spend too much time trying to understand the ineffability of this. Soak in it. In First Creation there are many soaking tubs in God’s mansion, the kind of small rooms where heat and good filtration enable concentration to send you through to the big room.

Dancing Coils

Hillary dreamed that we were hosting a Sacred Ecstasies intensive:

We had all gathered in a large room that looked like an old church cathedral. There were no pews or chairs. Every person was dancing and had a rope wrapped around their whole body, as if we were each a spool of thread. I was showing one woman how to dance as a spool and grabbed one end of her rope as she spun slowly. The cord began to unwind from her body and lengthen in my hand. I then instructed her to spin the other way so the cord would wind tightly around her again. The point of the dance was to experience this alternating spin that tightened and loosened the rope without it ever coming fully unwrapped from the body.

We then explained how there is a rope coiled around the inner spiritual body just as there is a rope wrapped around the physical body. These two ropes comprise the double coils for a receivable and transmittable, Tesla-like alternating electrical current. Each day you spin one way and then another, tightening and loosening your rope to God as you move closer and farther away from the spiritual fire. What matters is that the rope never comes fully uncoiled and you remain tethered to the big room at all degrees of spiritual temperature.

Pleased with the Floor

Brad had a dream that only lasted for a brief moment:

I saw Hillary standing and slightly bent over, looking carefully at the floor. She then exclaimed, "It looks spectacular!" Her delight and enthusiasm woke me up as I barely caught a glimpse of the sparkling clean and luminous wood floors that pleased her so much.

Above all else, shift your attention from your psychological condition to the room and immediately examine the floor on which you stand. What stage is set for the performance of your life? Has the ground been prepared Sacred Ecstasies work? Mother Osumi asks you to clean the floor of her seiki room, making it ready for the wind to blow. Mother Ralph asks you to clean the praise house (called "surveying") to assure that nothing will interfere with the holy spirit signal coming through. Mother Twa asks you to clear an area in the sand so there is room for the whole sky village to come down and dance. Each lineage rope teaches that building a big room begins with a broom. Make all the spiritual mothers smile when they look down on the freshly swept sacred ground below.

Grid of the Four Quadrants

Brad was sent to a spiritual classroom where he met an elder teacher whose face was impossible to clearly distinguish—his features kept changing so quickly that it was impossible to catch a stable glimpse. The old man went to the blackboard and drew a grid:

“This is the grid of four quadrants,” the professor announced. “It holds the most basic categories you need to know about spiritual development.” In the upper left corner, he wrote the term, “Blurry.” Then he explained,

A “blurry” indicates someone who follows instruction with intense dedication, serious study, and committed practice. When there is sufficient concentration on executing good spiritual engineering skills, the ingredients will momentarily align and come together to form a mystical prayer wheel. In that brief moment, the student hits the target, feeling what it is to be inside the middle wobble. However, the whole experience remains blurry rather than clear because the student too easily loses focus. As soon as sacred emotion is caught, the observing mind sneaks in to comment and assess—either during the experience or soon after. The student has not yet learned to effortlessly get the mystical prayer wheel turning and sustain its momentum without falling off track and back into the small room of self-reflection.

The quadrant on the top right was left nameless. The teacher ignored it, as if to imply it was “nothing.” I understood it referred to a complete ignorance of ecstatic wisdom and know-how. After all, most people, including many popular spiritual teachers and tenured professors of world religions, have no clue that spiritual cooking and sacred ecstasy even exist. Paradoxically, this “nothing” is too full of knowing, with almost no room for meeting that which is beyond your conventional frame of reference.

The elder professor next pointed to the square in the bottom left of the grid. Without writing a word, he pointed to it and said, “This is the Jedi.” I wondered if he meant to say, “Samurai,” but I clearly heard him utter the George Lucas *Star Wars* word, “Jedi.” The elder teacher then pointed to me and authoritatively announced, “You are Jedi.” This time I heard it as two words spoken simultaneously, “Samurai” and “Jedi.” After a pause, as if the entire world had stopped, he and I slowly turned and looked at the empty box of the lower right

quadrant. Neither of us spoke because we knew this quadrant was also “nothing.” But it was not the previous “nothing” complementary to the “blurry” box. This “nothing” was vaster and pointed to the ineffable, the empty void that holds all First Creation mystery and Zen-like empty mastery. Here your actions are pure improvised jazz, always in sync and on track. It’s the embodiment of true beginner’s mind that is always in “the middle” of a never-ending beginning.

The first order of “nothing” is adjacent to “the blurry,” someone quick to presume that the end of learning—graduation day—is near every time the target seems close. This kind of rush to prove one’s accomplishment creates distraction, chilling and filling the room with too much “self.” Errors are regarded as worthless weeds rather than valuable seeds.

On the other hand, the second order of nothing depicted in the lower row of the grid hosts wisdom that appreciates the complementarity between wholeness and nothingness, fullness and emptiness, the known and unknown. The difference between the first and second “nothing” is that one races from start to the finish while the other wobbles to feel fully in the middle of change. Rather than choose any fixed state, catch the oscillation between an imagined double—this is the dynamic middle, the vibration of creation that straddles both sides. In the dream, the teacher smiled and bowed as he felt me recognize this alternating truth about change that is bred and fed by the vibration between two orders of “nothing.”

As I proceeded to ponder whether the left side of the grid was more of Second Creation and the other side more of First Creation, I could feel the teacher’s finger start to point—a warning not to drift. In that moment, I experienced the grid of four quadrants as something more than names could ever convey. I felt the pointing finger before it began pointing. The teacher then spoke without making a sound,

In between you are weaned from the habitual lean toward the ruling mind of eager learning that needs to know that it knows. This change releases the force and enables it to circulate in alternating coils rather than go from here to there in a line that only tempts the mind to say its thinking is either on or off.

Students of any performing art, including ecstatic spirituality, will at some point find themselves oscillating between the two upper quadrants—total ignorance and the blurry hurry to show they know. When you’re in the blurry you may think you’re progressing because you sometimes hit the target, but it’s accidental. You have not yet emptied yourself of “self” and surrendered to the lower ground below. Bow down to the lower “nothing” that is absent of ego

and full of ineffable mysteries far greater than your observing mind can track. There you find the jedi/samurai who is moved by the pure life force and seiki wind, not individual will or rote skill.

The Mayan Eraser and Addition to Experiment Four

Brad dreamed he heard someone knocking on the front door:

I went downstairs and opened the door. A delivery man handed me an old pre-Columbian object and said, “Here’s your Mayan eraser.” It was already out of the box when I received it. The object was roughly a foot tall and a little wider at the top, tapering off at the bottom. When I first saw it, I was not sure if it was made of stone, clay, or wood since it had a reddish tint.

I grasped the object and as I held it, I somehow realized it was designed to remove impoverished habits of thought and behavior. Hillary and I had been discussing all week how it should be easy to change a habit—and it sometimes is—yet people often find themselves repeatedly drawn back into patterns even when they desire to break them. Habits are wrapped up in complex and often unconscious relational webs that keep them in place. Habits are also typically wrapped up in other habits, whether of sloth, disbelief in change, the law of distraction about thought attraction, or some other excuse that provides a reason to not even try to act differently. Now, in the mystical night, we were given a Mayan sacred artifact that could be used to break up stuck habits and *erase* them.

After waking up, I remembered that old preachers like my grandfather used to say, “Your plans are always made with a pencil, but God has the big eraser.” In other words, all thoughts and beliefs are no more permanent than a pencil mark. A sacred eraser surely can take these away easily and immediately. I imagined the whole process that moves from editing with an eraser to the correction of an error, calibration of a habit, and then atonement for all wrongdoing. Each step of the process involves the making of pencil scribbles that are thoroughly wiped clear by an eraser from on high.

The next morning, when we searched images of pre-Columbian artifacts, we immediately found the object dreamed as a “Mayan eraser”:



It is called a “camahuile” and is believed to house a spirit. Historically, every Mayan community diviner owned one and used it as an intermediary with the spirit world. In other words, it functioned as a spiritual middle. Camahuiles were kept in the house of the diviner and were sometimes referred to as “little helpers,” “companions,” or “ancestors.” We learned that Mayan rituals were conducted “twice in contrasting spatial fields.”^{lxxvii} Diviners called forth diverse spiritual entities with which they had an affinity, doing so with double prayers made in the middle place between the “heart of earth” and “the heart of sky.”^{lxxviii} This was sometimes done in a multi-leveled cave, with double or multiple altars that were situated high and low with a middle place for making prayer.

As “containers of ‘spiritual essence,’”^{lxxix} camahuiles were kept by many generations over the years since they were first sculpted out of clay or stone. They are seldom found in archaeological digs because they continue to be used by local practitioners. Stones like this were also secretly planted outside somewhere near a person so that the life force of nature could transfuse its vital force to the owner, helping them survive. This was called “planting” the stone.^{lxxx} Such a practice still can be found today in remote villages of Central America. Of course, the Spaniard priests regarded camahuiles as idolatry and witchcraft, banning their use. In the early days, every home had one while in modern times they were only owned by diviners and shamans.

Let us say that there was a lot of tinkering going on with the crossing between First Creation and Second Creation throughout Mesoamerica and all points in between and all around the globe. For hundreds of years, the nature of sacred stones, “doubles” of every imagined kind, and the movement between earth and sky have never stopped changing. Purification, sweeping, weeding, and erasing are necessary to enter and remain in the middle that hosts big change.

After sharing the vision with the Guild, we suggested the following addition to Experiment Four:

We offer you a camahuile for your altar, which will serve as your “Mayan eraser.” Please cut out the image provided. On the back, attach the image of a broom—any image you prefer is fine, whether you draw it yourself or print one out. With this double room-cleaning tool you get doubly empowered sweeping and erasing. Clean your altar and clear the slate. Empty your cup and make the pipeline hollow. The more room you make for mystery, the more bread you can be fed.

Every night before you pray, remove the double-sided eraser-broom and hold it in your hand. Sweep your altar, paying attention to every sacred thing your altar holds. As you clean, do it for the altar occupants and imagine them saying, “Thank you.” Do it for the threads, the non-ordinary ropes, the Tesla prayer coils, the saints, each other, and for each back-and-forth alternating motion of your double tool held in the hands of the double you. Finally, whisper with a tone of gratitude, “All my hindering habits were only penciled in, and now they are ready for God’s big Mayan eraser.”

During our research on camahuiles, Brad was reminded of the prayer sticks made by the Diné, Hopi, and Pueblo Native Americans. Long ago there was frequent trade of beads, feathers, and spiritual practices between indigenous peoples from the South and North. Therefore, it was likely that the prayer stick made of wood and the Mayan figure made of clay or stone became paired to generate another spiritual double—each enhancing the other’s role in spiritual communion with the other side.

A prayer stick is used for sending prayers to the Creator—again functioning as the middle between earth and sky. The stick holds the prayer its owner makes to the deities, Yei, spirits, or Creator. Pueblo Native Americans usually make these sticks out of cottonwood and attach feathers to them. The Hopi attach a small bag of sacred meal. The Diné prayer sticks (*k’etddn*) are willow and made during the ceremony with ground stone, yucca root, feathers, tobacco, pollen, or corn meal attached. These prayer sticks are placed on the ground around the border of a sand painting. They attract, like an antenna or lightning rod, the spirits that come down to participate in the healing. In his study of Diné culture, Brad discovered that a prayer stick is sometimes placed on the roof of the hogan.

With this in mind, we invited Guild members to also add two prayer sticks to their altars, placing one on the base and the other on the top:

Your altar will be suspended between the ground and sky like is traditionally done by cultures who value the dynamic “middle way.” It matters not what you use to serve as your prayer stick—even a pencil will do since any mistakes you accidentally made in your altar construction or prayers can then be easily removed by God’s eraser. This, by the way, is one of the functions of the prayer sticks that

surround a Diné sacred sandpainting. Their sticks bring down the spirit to correct any mistakes made by the sacred performer in the making of the prayer sticks themselves, the sandpainting, or the prayers sung and chanted.

Again, sweeping, weeding, and erasing are always co-present with spiritual expansion, electricity, communication, cooking, and transformation. Your broom-eraser is also your room expander, atmosphere cooker, and Tesla double coil that alternates electricity as it keeps God on the line! Do all of this to double your conductivity as you diminish how much space you take up in the room, letting God erase any mistakes.

Maurice Bonté

Hillary and I walked into a modern pastry shop in a big city that seemed to simultaneously resemble both Los Angeles and New York:

I asked the woman attendant to bring me one special custard pastry that I was particularly fond of eating at a former French pastry shop in New York. She came back with an open box that showed she had added several other types of cream pastries before procuring the one I ordered. I told her that I had only asked for one pastry. She responded, “Are you sure you don’t want these others?” Before I could decide how to respond, she walked away and came back with two other pastries that were different than before—each now had a chocolate filling. “How about these?” she asked. I said that I would take one of them rather than both, and she walked away to retrieve what I originally ordered. I stood there confused, not sure what I wanted or whether I should have accepted everything placed in the box or just the one I requested.

I announced to Hillary that the pastry chef at this fine establishment, Maurice Bonté, used to make the annual birthday cake for Groucho Marx. Yet after I said this, I knew we could not actually be at that shop because Patisserie Bonté, located at Third Avenue and 75th Street in Manhattan, closed many years ago. But the interior of this dreamed bakery resembled Patisserie Bonté and the box resembled the ones they used to have.

A flood of memories came over me about the supreme dream pastry I had so loved in my early adulthood while living in New York. Without a doubt, I personally regarded Bonté as the best pastry chef in the world. I still feel this way about his work. When he opened his Madison Avenue shop, *The New York Times* wrote of his credentials:

There is an annual and much-respected competition in France each year. There are approximately 500 entrants in each category, and the winners are awarded diplomas that distinguish them as “Les Meilleurs Ouvriers de France” or “The Finest Workers of France.”

The award was begun in the 1920s, and there are fewer than 30 chefs now living who have been so honored . . . One of them is Maurice Bonté.^{lxxxii}

Bonté had the distinction of winning the Best Pastrycook award in France and the United States. In addition to pleasing the taste buds of Groucho Marx, he made the wedding cakes for the daughters of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon.

He was especially known for a “triangular marvel called ‘Succulent’ made with layers of baked meringue, sponge cake, smeared with a Kirsch-flavored butter cream.”^{lxxxiii} Bonté was also famous for his tarte tatin with apple and caramel, napoleons, and custard. I was wild about it all, but especially his small custard cups that rested in a delicate crust served in a small tin. Next to that, I went for his multi-layer raspberry mousse cake. His shop was five blocks from my apartment and on the way to my office, so I went there almost every day it was open. I may have been his most frequent customer—at least I liked to imagine that this was so. All the workers knew me and upon arrival; they started to fill a box before I confirmed my choice.

One Thanksgiving, I prepared a dinner that consisted entirely of his pastries—many courses, of course. That went so well it became my signature dinner party. It began with fruit tarts, moved to cremes and cakes, and then ended with chocolate raspberry delights. Over the years, I brought home thousands of his delicacies. I wish today I had eaten many more. When the shop finally closed in 1999, *The New Yorker* quoted another dedicated patron, “It’s a loss to civilization.” She liked their napoleon, an item I forgot to mention was always in my box.

I must say that I knew my Manhattan pastries, including those sold at the great Hungarian pastry shop, *Rigo*, where I also frequented. They featured oversized *petit fours* that, as food critics liked to point out, resembled a woman’s breast—a whipped marzipan topped with a candied cherry and covered with white icing. Since then, all the great pastry shops on Madison Avenue have closed and new shops have replaced them. But no matter how hard they try or how delicious their productions taste, there will never ever be another Maurice Bonté. He used to love saying that he only used the best milk, eggs, and butter, and that this was the key. And then he would add, “I never use ‘shortcut ingredients.’” This meant that the richest pastry should never be more than one-third fat or else it leaves a film

in your mouth. The sweetest sweet spot was never too much nor too little of any ingredient. Just the right amount of the best ingredients, perfectly blended.

The same is true of spiritual cooking. The sweetness you wish to catch, cook, and own cannot be accomplished with “shortcut ingredients.” Everything from gathering the ingredients to blending, cooking, and serving the right proportion and variety must be wisely discerned. In the dream, the woman behind the counter perfectly balanced my vanilla custard with a chocolate counterpart, producing the perfect contrarian relation within my pastry box. Being a spiritual teacher in a visionary classroom, she tempted me to take too much, as is my habit when shopping for sweet treats. At the end of the dream, I was on the edge of wishing I had taken more. But I caught the teaching that holding two pastries is better than only one or indulging in three.

In the middle wobble between Los Angeles and New York, we found ourselves at the First Creation Patisserie Bonté, a place where all the ingredients and selection of holy treats are perfectly blended and expertly combined.

Cleaning the Pool

The same night that Brad dreamed of the Maurice Bonté pastries, Hillary had an unusual dream:

I found myself at a large indoor public swimming pool. The floors and walls were covered in pale blue tile, the same color as the water. I had just been hired to be the new pool cleaner. I felt grateful to have the job. Though it seemed lowly I was in serious need of work. At the same time, I was anxious because I had no idea how to clean a swimming pool or use any of the equipment. I worried someone would find out that I didn’t know what I was doing. The whole situation was humbling.

I picked up the pool cleaning machine, which was like a large vacuum hose, and entered the pool. I swam through the water, slowly dragging the hose along the bottom to pick up any dirt. After a while, I noticed that I hadn’t turned on the vacuum, which raised my sense of incompetence. I was grateful that there were very few people at the pool that day and that it was already quite clean—hopefully no one would notice I was making it up as I went along. I turned the hose on and proceeded to keep swimming through the water.

When I neared the other side of the pool, I noticed there was indeed some kind of large debris in the water, partially caught on the edge of the pool. I knew there was no question I had to get rid of it, because this would surely be noticed. As I swam closer, I saw that it was a stick with a large pouch hanging from it. The

stick was caught on the side of the pool, and the pouch was some kind of biological membrane. From a safe distance I took the hose and nudged the pouch, lifting it slightly out of the water. The membrane was more transparent in the light, and now I could see its contents. It was a cocoon-like nest that contained many small black spiders. Seeing it filled me with a mixture of awe and repulsion. I also wondered how I would get it out of the water without having to touch it directly or disturb the nest. This task felt like my first serious challenge as the new pool cleaner.

I got out of the water to search for a net with a long handle. At that point I noticed that my supervisor was standing in the room. Luckily, he was speaking to someone else and not paying attention to me. Or, he just may have been pretending to not pay attention. The other tools were hanging on a wall just above one edge of the pool. I had to walk to the center of the side of the pool to reach them, but the space between the water and the wall was so narrow that I had to creep along sideways, like you see in movies when someone is trying to walk along the ledge of a tall building. I was concerned the supervisor would look over and notice that I was ineptly inching my way along the narrow space to grab the net.

I procured the net and, while still standing on the narrow ledge, I extended it into the pool to lift out the spider's nest and stick. Though I gently lifted it out, the membrane still broke apart and the spiders spilled out in every direction into the water. I was horrified that someone would see what happened, but no one seemed to notice what had occurred. I put the net back on the wall and walked back to the other side of the pool so that I could re-enter the water and keep cleaning. On my way back, I found myself standing to the right and just behind a desk where my supervisor was now sitting. He seemed relaxed, kind, and jovial. He said something to me in passing without turning around, which I don't recall. Then I heard a voice from an unseen source address him as "the Reverend."

In Brad's previous dream about the Diné, after being asked whether we were medicine people, he replied, "I'm just a janitor with a broom who makes room for the spirit to come." Sweeping the room, weeding the garden, and cleaning the pool point to the same function—metaphors for preparing the room, ground, and soaking container for spiritual activity to take place. People often romanticize becoming a "medicine person," fantasizing that this would make them feel powerful, capable, and wise. The truth is that such a role is more like being handed a tool you aren't sure how to use and ordered to do what on earth is considered a rather lowly job: continual cleaning and clearing away the dirt. Such a job is humbling, bringing you face to face with the deep need for higher guidance. Your *big me* quickly realizes it is far more incompetent and lost than you ever realized, and you sincerely feel unworthy of being granted such a position.

There is a job to be done, however, and you're lucky to have one. This keeps you from wallowing too long in your own discomfort which can at any time flip on you and re-inflate the *big me* through self-deprecation, accompanied by a growing pride about your swollen degree of presumed humility.

At first, when the cleaning is easy, it's possible to just go through the motions. But the moment you are faced with a clear challenge, it amplifies your sense of responsibility and awareness of others in the room. The necessary spiritual tools do not come easy, however. Procuring them requires traversing a very narrow ledge. As Hillary experienced in the dream, you must act, regardless of whether you feel clumsy and inept. The elders are always in the room and ready to supervise, yet they keep their distance, perhaps only pretending not to notice your fumbling as a gesture of good faith.

The bundle in the water inspires both fear and awe. Spiders are regarded by many Native American cultures as having a double nature. Among the Diné, the spider is a woman, the creator who first wove the universe into being and then later taught the art of weaving to the people. At the same time, children are warned that she will catch and devour those who misbehave. Among the Lakota, the spider or "Iktomi," is a trickster spirit with both good and bad sides. Iktomi is both revered for his wisdom and intellect, but in many stories his mischievous ways backfire to his own detriment. In Hillary's dream, her efforts to remove the spider bundle resulted in scattering the spiders everywhere, making a further mess. Or did it instead release holy medicine into the water? Such is the double natured mystery of spiritual efforts that are beyond our ability to understand. We must be careful not to assume we know what outcome is best, has occurred, or what purpose an unexpected hatching may later serve. This is again a revelation of the practical wisdom of remaining in the middle wobble.

It was clear in Hillary's dream, however, that the elder supervisor in the room, "the Reverend," was perfectly at ease with the whole situation. He radiated that special contrarian mix of warmth and indifference that is a characteristic of good spiritual teachers. This interactional dynamic allows you to develop your chops while struggling through your own anxiousness and feelings of incompetence, including your absurd efforts to hide your lack of skill as if it is not already obvious. At the same time, such a teacher or guide is competently aware of what is happening in the room, signaling through their steady presence that the whole situation is in capable hands.

We say again, but in a different way, what we concluded after Brad's janitorial dream: There are no holy healers, shamans, mystics, or medicine people as people typically conceive, name, and positively connote them. There are only rooms that need cleaning and people who, despite their shortcomings, find themselves assigned to do the job. You cannot know whether you will do it once or for the rest of your life. Someone did it before you, and someone else will do it afterward. No one is entirely worthy or unworthy of such a role, and no one comes to it with

ripened skills and expertise. It is your lack that provides the right slack in the main line rope, inspiring the need to reach for higher guidance while doing your best to rise to the task.

Maintain Your Signal-to-Noise Ratio

In the night, Brad heard a voice say: “In the midst of it all, maintain your signal-to-noise ratio.” Then he was flooded with the following teaching that together we wrote up the next day.

The “signal-to-noise ratio” is a measure that compares the level of a desired signal to the level of background noise. A ratio higher than 1:1 indicates there is more signal than noise, enabling the signal to come through. We are again reminded to focus and concentrate on the main signal or primary cornerstone. For our current Sacred Ecstasies experiments, this signal was originally specified as the three-word prayers from Hillary’s prayer book.

We first planted seeds and then built an altar to house the reception and daily transmission of those prayer signals. Then we invited the prayer line signal to change slightly into a blend of words and numbers. With three mothers supervising and the later addition of electrical wiring, we learned to collectively stay on the same track with a shared signal. To keep the signal from fading due to perceptual habituation from loss of difference, we learned that there must be constant variation—but not too much or too little. If there is too much change in the signal it will be lost in the noise of novelty.

The signal must be constantly repeated so it stands out and yet its form must always change to keep it an exciting, inspiring source of “news.” These changes arise from the noise surrounding our prayer signal—the unexpected surprises that come from new visionary reports, conducting the experiments, and interactions in the Guild. Here signal-to-noise can be reformulated as our “sacred signal-to-trickster noise ratio.” We want God on our line with an electrical current alternating across the two sides of this ratio. The specific signal we wish to tune into is the *sacred emotion* expressed by cooking the prayer lines. The inspiration of sacred emotion, the highest muse, is either sustainably served *or* drained away by the cutouts of mind. This perspective enables us to again transform our signal-to-noise ratio into this form: “sacred emotion-to-trickster cutout ratio.”

Today’s scientists and engineers know that there is no signal without noise and that the latter is the source of “newness” for maintaining a robust signal. As seekers of sacred ecstasy, we need to feel the excitement of sacred emotion above all else. That said, we also need trickster noise, in the form of new metaphors, experiments, and inspirations to be in relationship with our signal for the latter to thrive. Otherwise, the whole ecology falls apart and the vibratory sacred emotion vacates. One reason historically that sacred ecstasy abandons religious traditions is because people stop letting in enough noise to keep the signal alive.

You must guard against too much trickster drift, that is, inviting every hare to hop into your mind. And you must equally avoid acting like you can avoid all trickster relations, pretending you

have no hare on top of your head. Only the optimal blend of signal and noise helps prevent misplacing favored parts as exaggerated wholes, freezing a metaphor into a literal interpretation, pinning down a static name rather than feeling the transient dynamic of change, and all the other part-whole mishaps that lose the ecstatic zap. In the midst of the fresh teachings that arrive in Sacred Ecstasies, make sure that sacred emotion reigns with a higher proportion of influence than any underlying trickster cutout. As conductors and visionary mail carriers, we aim to keep the signal-to-noise ratio on target in the Guild. If you stay inside the room we have built together and enact the experiments that come down, your ratio will less likely get out of whack.

It is not as impossible as you think to avoid a dualistic either/or swing between sacred emotion versus trickster mentation. Just make sure your heart and mind are aligned with God and that your thought serves pinnacle emotion, while keeping enough room for absurdity and creativity, as well as serious concentration. This requires discipline, but no more than any other performing art. Pay attention to your compass setting and then loosen the rein enough for a good wobble between signal and noise. The trickster discoveries found in the wild are meant to feed the signal rather than solely remind you to weed the garden.

The visionary teachings that come down the rope offer new opportunities to polish your mind and tidy your action. Make sure that any thoughtful investigation and consideration follows rather than dominates your reference signal: pure attunement with the sacred emotion held in our three prayer lines. In addition, ensure the main point of each teaching is not lost in the other metaphors used to build the spiritual classroom holding it. In the experiment with Tesla prayer coils, you were repeatedly led to the importance of sweeping the room. The metaphor kept changing to increase its signal strength—the action of weeding, cleaning the pool, and using the Mayan eraser. Be careful to not make any named object prop like a broom, flower, the spiders in the pool, or the Mayan stone primary—they are secondary to the main act of sweeping, weeding, cleaning, and erasing.

Before and after you read and study each visionary teaching, don't forget to say your prayer lines and envision the three mothers inside the mystical vastness of your expanding altar. Each teaching resides inside that big room, so make sure you relate to it there. Whatever fascinates you in a dream report or an actual visionary experience, keep the main emotive signal pulsing clearly. The prayer line signal has also been called the passport, ticket, and key that opens the door. It enables you to hear the signal singing in the wire like a Wichita lineman or linewoman. Signal-to-noise is the interacting dynamic of the middle, not a signal alone with all noise gone or pure noise with no signal.

Our latest signal alteration was the addition of the prayer line, "Throw me anywhere, Lord." It's from an old song associated with the Buzzard Lope dance that originated among enslaved Africans in the South. Alan Lomax recorded its performance by Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers. Soak in these words and melody to make it today's main reference signal.

Above all else, hold on to feeling the need for higher intervention, guidance, control, steering, and rearing. Be emotionally and mentally connected to the higher telephone line, the upper power line, and the utmost fire, wind, earth, and water pipeline. *Throw me anywhere, Lord. I need Thee to throw me. I need Thee to sweep me, weed me, clean me, and erase me so you can throw me wherever your higher arms and hands want.* The janitorial equipment is on your altar. Go there to tidy up and make room for the sacred. The divine force wobbles inside your *little me-to-big me* ratio when God and trickster cooperatively tinker with their signal and noise ratio, the vibratory middle of earth and heaven.

A Rare Gift Book

One night, before we drifted off to sleep, Brad heard a very loud knocking on our front door. It was so loud he thought someone was using a battering ram to break in. After finding no one at the door, we went back to bed. The next night Brad heard the knocking again, but this time he heard it while dreaming:

In the dream I went downstairs and opened the door. A delivery man handed me a book with a beautiful ribbon wrapped around it. I immediately knew that this was an important spiritual gift. When I removed the ribbon, I was surprised to see the book title: *Empty, On*. I opened the oddly titled book and a download of teaching poured into me. It echoed our recent emphasis on the spiritual sweeping, weeding, erasing, cleaning, and shaking that result in turning *on* the experience of feeling empty and ready to be filled with God's big love vibration.

As I continued to hold the open book, I mysteriously absorbed its teaching about how everything must be cleared from the mind and body before spiritual cooking can commence. The vessel must be empty of litter and debris. Once the surrounding space is cleared and your inner etch-a-sketch is shaken and reset, a new cornerstone can be laid to build a big room and get the prayer wheel turning. After the cooking is done, however, sweep away whatever remains—even the prayer words. Hold on to the sacred emotion but be careful not to embalm or freeze frame any words that perpetuate literal definitions and interpretations. Otherwise, the hallowed words and prayer lines turn cold and brittle once the fire goes out and may bring a reversal or backfire where the hallowed words of angels become the tyrannical hammers of devils.

I marveled at how this teaching was delivered in a ribbon-wrapped book. Then I woke up and immediately started sweeping, heartily conducting the operations to set a prayer wheel in motion. After the prayer cooking was done, I cleaned again to sweep away what had been said, leaving my mind and the room empty. In that

moment, a bolt of spiritual lightning struck. I felt an electrical current in the air and inside my body. Its vibrant pulse was everywhere. While awake and charged, I was thrown to the visionary Kalahari.

There I was reminded how leaving the n/om dance is similar to entering it. The Bushmen arrive at the fire to clean their dirty arrows and nails of n/om. They depart wanting to keep them clean for as long as possible. Everything before and after the dance is about n/om maintenance.

In summary, a double cleaning is required for optimal spiritual cooking: one before and one after time spent in the fire. When it is time to return to your everyday, don't get lazy and let the room quickly get cluttered again. Instead, say, "Empty, On," grab a big room broom, and sweep rather than fall back to sleep.

Postscript

Cleaning is arguably more critically important for the Bushman n/om-kxaosi whose duty involves helping others maintain clean nails. These doctors have more responsibility for n/om cleanliness because they carry more nails within their bellies. They also must maintain a clean pipeline for n/om transmission to others. We are always hesitant to discuss the way the advanced n/om-kxaosi cook because any verbal account tempts others to falsely imagine or fantasize that they understand or have the equivalent spiritual development.

Therefore, we cautiously mention (for the historical record) that the strongest n/om-kxoasi, called "Hearts of the Spears," sometimes experience two alchemical forms of transition during cooking: (1) the shift from solidity to liquidity and (2) the shift from liquidity to vapor. In the beginning, the solidity of the hardened body, not yet soft enough for n/om to awaken, is melted by ecstatic fire. The body then feels like it has been transformed into a softer, more permeable, and moveable liquidity. Sometimes only a partial melt is felt and other times the transformation is more complete. If the spiritual temperature climbs and the n/om-kxao does not fall off the rope, the experience of liquidity shifts and the body feels as if it has become a cloud, vapor, or gas. In this second transition (again, this is extremely rare, even for a Heart of the Spears), the body is neither solid nor liquid. The n/om-kxao experiences being an electrical-like vibration with absolutely no sense of materiality. This is when the n/om wind can blow them anywhere. When the vaporous cloud of the cooked n/om-kxao is dissolved inside the vast boundary-less universe, the utmost heavenly height of the rope climb is reached. Here there are no words or even changing forms. What remains is the pure vibration and elation behind creation, incarnation, and reincarnation.

Summary of Findings for Experiment Four: Three Ropes, Three Lineages, Three Mothers

Brad envisioned three ropes hanging from the sky. They delivered us a final teaching about Experiment Four and the alternating electrical dynamics of Sacred Ecstasies:

Hillary and I watched how this trinity of ropes deeply root us to the three main lineages of Sacred Ecstasies—the n/om-filled spiritual cooking of the Kalahari Bushmen, the seiki mind-in-body rejuvenation of an old Japanese movement method, and the holy spirit room maintenance of the Caribbean mystic shakers. In the dream these ecstatic traditions were brought close to one another with a white serpentine coil wrapped around their three separate cords, like we physically did with the threads on our pray-ear altars.

We observed how the numinous current would jump from one rope to another as the traditions took turns being the primary electrical conductor. Each rope would intermittently become the “live wire” that pulsed and trembled with energy. When this took place, the other two ropes shifted their function to rein in or wisely temper any of the conducting wire’s wild fluctuations to insure optimal concentration. Otherwise, the rope might excessively whip around and discharge the energy too quickly. The alternating current was produced and carried in straight lines and circular coils of wire, while it was regulated by the interplay of the three cords taking turns as the main conducting and secondary regulating lines. Here one line was temporarily primary while the other two shaped the degree to which the primary line swung left or right across the horizontal plane.

As Brad continued in dream to see how these three ropes interact, he heard a teaching come through:

“It is better for the main rope to be held in a trinity. The three spiritual mothers and lineages result in better regulation that, in turn, generates more concentrated, purer, higher power.” We were immediately flooded with the realization that Osumi Sensei enacts the ultimate room sweeping. With the least words and thoughts, the practice of seiki jutsu brings the back-and-forth body motion of a broom. She maintains clean and vast emptiness on and off the bench. Both everyday inner chatter and the productions of nighttime dream are given less importance than allowing the body to be moved and swept by the seiki wind. Above all else, the body’s seiki-inspired movement is needed to reset the (body) room that holds (embodies) the mind. Seiki jutsu is second to none in keeping trickster at bay.

The Kalahari n/om dance brings something else to the Sacred Ecstasies practitioner. It enables you to feel the double worlds of First Creation and Second

Creation (heavenly ecstatic dynamics and earthly static forms) through spiritual cooking, the means of crossing from one experiential realm to another. Our Bushman ancestry brings more amplification of the creative life force because it utilizes ecstatic emotion conveyed through song and dance to heat n/om inside the body as well as circulate it among those gathered. The Bushman way brings the sky village down to the dance ground so both worlds intersect, mingle, tingle, and sizzle. Nowhere is sacred ecstasy more vibrant, hot, powerful, and transmissible than cooked n/om held in the Kalahari tradition of shaking bodies and vibratory voices.

Finally, the Caribbean shakers bring the unique syncretic blend of Africa's ecstatic expression with the redemptive, unconditional love of Jesus, leaving room for mystical visionary journeying. Inside this rocking and rolling praise house is found the utmost sacred emotion, an internal reference signal for discerning and calibrating the sideways (trickster) drifting that comes with handling dreams. In this Caribbean blend of Africa with big love comes more practical know-how for travelling to the spiritual classrooms, that is, better preparation for the trip, how to cook when you arrive, and how to return so the gifts received can be sustained and shared with others.

Each lineage too easily bends its rope when it serves as the sole conduit. However, the three-way syncretic blend of Sacred Ecstasies has spiritual insurance coverage that one-way spiritual orientations do not. When one rope is bringing down the electricity, the other two primary ropes are there to keep it aligned. The two secondary ropes not only rein in too much wild rope swinging, but they can also amplify the current in the primary rope or recharge it when it begins to fade. For the trinity of ropes to function as relational room keepers and conducting regulators, you must actively relate to all three of them with alternating emphasis. It is natural to feel the juice coming down one line and then forget about the importance of the regulatory operation of the others. Therefore, pay attention to the higher rope—the white coil on your altars—when it calls for a reshuffling of lineage ropes. Such changes are best discerned by a conductor who is responsible for keeping everyone aligned with the mainline.

This cautionary wisdom about rope bending applies to every tributary lineage, whether it is embodied by Norbert Wiener, Sister Gertrude Morgan, Reverend Joseph Hart, or Saint Hildegard. All the lineage threads that are related to our three main ropes may be a resource or a hindrance—be careful to not drift too far into any of them so that you become disconnected from the rest. Zen roshis, Artic reindeer shamans, Zulu diviners, Gypsy magicians, jazz sages, Joseph Hart-like preachers, Seymour-like coupled teachers, North American tent shakers, Rumi-

homespun poets, and all the rest have their time and place, but never make them the whole room of Sacred Ecstasies. It takes three of the most able spiritual cooking traditions to keep the one main line activated and heated enough to bring down the wonder working power. In your altar there is a mother for each lineage. Feel them all present, and as tempting as it may be to want to pledge your allegiance to only one, history proves that it takes a trinity to find the middle wobble of the sacred vibration.

From time to time, the seiki jutsu bench needs a boost from the African diaspora, either through song, drum, or dance. On the other hand, the wild and free mind and body sometimes need time on the seiki bench to clear away excessive clutter and debris, preparing for the next fire to ignite. Too much of Japan or the Kalahari or the Caribbean leads to cold shrinkage. Every form needs an oscillating appearance and disappearance to launch a resurrecting vibration. In the well-regulated changing forms of ecstatic spirituality, you keep the current alternating inside the primary trinity, freshly inspired by tributary explorations, and surprised by unexpected trips and stumbles.

While it is all about the electricity, as our visionary Mark Twain suggests, to get the direct current from the highest power you must make sure there are alternating currents all around. Direct and alternating currents are the double sides of God's electricity. Sacred emotion comes directly through song with a dose of vibratory, oscillating power that keeps us dancing in the middle of the big room.

Experiment Five: Reaching into the Other Side

Instructions for Experiment Five

By the time we were ready to launch Experiment Five, the pray-ear altar had become our collective doorway or bridge to the other side. The prayer lines, mothers, seeds, Tesla coils, and other elements sounded a holy reference signal amidst the noise of daily life, which now included dealing with a global pandemic. Many Guild members began carrying a photo of their altar with them in their pocket so they could glance at it throughout the day and feel tethered to the big room. With just over one month left in the Guild season, we posted the following prescription for our fifth and final experiment:

Part 1

Each night after the sun has gone down, follow these steps:

1. Open a window
2. Close your eyes
3. Slowly place your hands outside the window, feeling like you are reaching into the “other side” where First Creation and its changing mysteries are alive.
4. Have *little me* inside yourself say, “I reach into the big room of divine mystery.” Slowly pull back your hands, say “thank you,” and close the window. (If you don’t have a window you can reach through, you may use a door.)

Part 2

Before retiring for bed, repeat the above ritual but with this change: This time place your hands in or on your altar rather than outside your window. Again repeat, “I reach into the big room of divine mystery,” or simply, “I reach into the big room.” Feel all the elements of your altar alive and pulsing with electricity: the three prayer lines, seeds, mothers, saints, Tesla coils, and the many additions that have been added over the past several months. When you’re finished and pull back your hands, say, “thank you.”

Part 3

While lying in bed and conducting your prayers before sleep, imagine your *little me* stepping out of your body and placing itself inside your altar. It will spend the night there and return to you in the morning. Visualize the numinous cord that goes from your *little me* to your *big me*. This cord is part of the vertical white mainline coiled in your altar. It enables whatever happens inside the altar to be transmitted to you during sleep. As you imagine your *little me* on your altar, say this prayer: “1, 2, 3, *little me* is free.”

Back to Africa: Retrieving a Missing Piece

In dream, Brad found himself back in the African wild:

I was driving a small, old jeep in the bush somewhere in southern Africa. I could see wild animals, especially lions, in every direction. Somehow, I felt that I was aligned in a true north direction and would soon reach the latitude I needed to find before making a turn. Then I noticed a small house with a gas station ahead. I pulled over and a man in a black suit came over, acting as if he were a guard or gatekeeper. I didn't trust him—he had the scent of a trickster agent masquerading as a trustworthy and knowledgeable helper, and clearly did not radiate joy like a highly cooked ambassador of God.

The man asked me, “What are you doing up here?” I spontaneously replied with what I thought was a lie because I did not want him to know my real purpose. However, as I spoke, my words conveyed a metaphorical truth. I said, “I came back to take one photograph. There is a Bushman piece of rock art I forgot to capture in the past. I am here to finish my work.” I knew there was no rock art image that I needed, but I knew there was definitely a missing piece of Africa that I had left behind.

The man thoroughly looked me over, gauging whether he could trust my answer and then said, “You must drive through the kitchen to get to the other side.” The moment he gave this instruction, the jeep and I somehow landed in the middle of an old kitchen. There was a door just to the left of the oven and I had to figure out how to drive through it. There was only one way to make it happen: both the jeep and my sense of self had to become incredibly small. The moment I had that thought I smiled and broke into a gentle laughter, commenting internally, “Of course, that is how it is. Only *little me* can pass through the gate.”

I am not exactly sure what happened next other than I felt smaller as the room and door became larger. I drove the jeep through the door in the kitchen. On the other side I found First Creation with its whirling and palpable electrical atmosphere. I was taken somewhere and shown that the missing piece was installed within my spiritual body. A voice said,

This was given to you a long time ago when you were here. Now it's time for you to own it. It is not possible to safely venture across this border until you are so clean that even your lies are true. Anyone trying to prematurely step into First Creation will not get across, nor will they even find the door. Now remember that passage requires going through the middle of the kitchen.

I woke up unable to remember what I was given in the vision, so I prayed hard to be sent back and shown the gift again. My spiritual father, Archbishop Pompey, taught me to pray for such a return in order to complete unfinished business in a spiritual classroom. I was later in the night sent back to an empty room where an unseen voice simply said, "Remember." In an immediate flash, I recalled the first time I met Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa, the Zulu sangoma and high sanusi. I wrote it down in my diary the day after I met him. I was taken to a dark room and could barely see him. He told me a story about a young white man from the past who ventured into Africa and met the Bushmen. He became a healer with them and found his home in the Kalahari. After his long version of the story, he looked at me and announced,

That young man was you. You see, sir, death is not death. Death is a door that opens to another door . . . There is no death. There is not death. When death comes the soul must not be frightened. The mind must not be frightened.^{lxxxiii}

After four hours of talking, Credo asked me to touch him. His lungs were sick at the time and he suffered from an advanced melanoma on his right leg. As I placed my trembling hands all over him, both of us began to shake so wildly that I finally collapsed to the floor. There I fervently chanted and sang as our eyes locked—we entered a profound fusion. When one of us moved, the other moved at the same time. We were in perfect synchrony. I felt his ancestral spirits come into me as I had with the great Zulu healer, Mama Mona, weeks before. My guide standing in the room said later that "waves of light poured out of me." It was so

electrical, magnetic, and otherworldly that no words can begin to portray the experience. I wrote in my diary, “I passed through another spiritual door.” When I read those words this morning, I owned them in a way I didn’t back then. The dream journey took me back to retrieve this experience and its passageway.

All I can say today after all these years is that Baba and I were given a luminous rope of connection. It enabled us to know each other in a special way. To his alternating frustration and delight, he later found that he could not hide secrets from me. This especially included when he was bullshitting someone, which he—as a great storyteller—frequently did. It also made it possible for me to discern when he was a pure channel for the gods and could convey an extraordinary healing to someone sick with something challenging like antibiotic-resistant tuberculosis, cancer, or AIDS. I witnessed all the human forms in that man—the idiocy and the brilliance, the babbling foolishness and the flowing wisdom, the troublemaker and the peacemaker, the trickster agent and the vessel of divinity.

As I relived many of those moments, I realized that this was the piece of Africa I had left behind—the luminous rope hookup to Credo Mutwa, his ancestors, and the African spirit world. I had this same kind of experience with other strong healers in Africa. Without any willful purpose or intention, I was led to them and received whatever download was in store. Tied together, these bonds and luminous cords became a strong rope that functions as a bridge to the other side. Of course, the gate is found in the kitchen—that’s where the cooking fire burns away the debris and makes the vehicle as well as your spiritual flesh and bones small enough to pass through.

Before I dreamed the rope to God for the first time many years ago, I saw it awake with eyes wide open. It happened in my first Bushman dance in Botswana. It next happened with Credo Mutwa who passed away just one week before we wrote this visionary report. I remember that Baba also recalled the day we met and wrote a poem for me. We leave his words as a gift for you all:

You came from afar, borne on swept-back Wings of Flame
A shining Knight seeking the jeweled Grail!
Of timeless Knowledge left by the Ones of Yore;
Long had you traveled, and long endured the pain
Oh Ulysses of these electron years
Ere you arrived at my sylvan abode!
There, near Lotlamoreng’s pollution-tainted lake

Where I have built a dream that will not live

We briefly shared the Secrets of the Gods
Gray hours flew by, and soon the Time to Part
Arrived as does the wrinkled Witch of Death.
You took your leave and I was left alone.
When you were gone a Voice spoke in my mind
The voice of One I love and call my Light
The Mother Goddess, she of a Thousand Names:

“Doubt not my child ‘twas I who brought that man
From a distant land to the doorstep of your home
That he may learn from you and you from him
For knowledge is a stream that hath no end
You cannot say, in your gray and sunset years
‘Knowledge is ended. Behold my task is done!’
For you must learn ‘till Death closes your eyes
And beyond Death you shall be learning still!
The time has come, my child, the time is here
When Truth-Seekers must form a Wall of Shields
Shoulder to shoulder against the coming Foe
Which is Disease, dark Ignorance and War!
You must UNITE! All shamans must join hands
Across the width of this green, tumbling sphere
You must know as Earth, my pure life-giving Womb!
No matter how far the skies or wide the seas
You must join hands and start the Dance of Life!
The Drums must sound, the plaintive flutes must keen
And the Ritual Fire within the Stone-Circle must blaze
Death must be crushed and foul illness vanquished
And War be banished from the villages of men!
That is my Command, that is my Word to all!” lxxxiv

I wrote back to him with these words, speaking the truth I felt about his life
and now also feel about his death:

Old man with elder tales,
Speak and let us know,
Echoes born of sacred fast,
Mysteries of our ancient past.

Release the words,
those streams of words,
truths of ocean depth.

Questions stirred,
Answers disturbed
to mine the forgotten souls.

Born, reborn,
You fount of light,
Enter our darkest night.

Baba,
Carriage of truth and lie,
Marriage of beast and fly,
Whirl of earth and sky

We beckon you, Great Awakener,
Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa,
With broken heart,
mended body,
foraged mind,
blacksmithed soul.

Dance the Four Winds!
Summon the Demons!
Voice the Gods!

Embody the struggle that separates,
divides, and threatens Life.
Breathe the Peace that connects,
Relates, and conquers Death.

In this final hour,
Proclaim the Beginning.
In this recycled birth,
Proclaim the End.

For the Ancestors,
With the Ancestors,
Makhosi, Great King, Makhosi!^{lxxxv}

Postscript

A reflection from Brad:

I want to publicly confess that I was not ready to completely own the rope or key to the gate of Africa's spirit world until a week before my 69th birthday. Though these gifts were permanently installed decades ago, completely owning the feeling of possession and trusting that I could safely operate it took many more years.

Here we find a teaching for everyone: don't be in a hurry to mess with trickster before you are fit as an ecstatic fiddle, that is, clean and wise enough to handle two-sided mojo. Here the seduction of inverting what is only true in the big room as a practical means for small room trickery and cold magic will set you further back than where you began. For example, the high truth that trickster mentation and divine emotion are twins is meant only for those spiritually cooked and living in the big room with a high and holy ratio. In small rooms, using trickster as a way to meet the divine is almost always a lazy, bullshit excuse for "anything goes" from drugs to canned rituals, magical names, and exaggerated claims. Cleaning the fish means trimming away any trickster connotation or explanation. Resist all temptation to chase trickster seduction—if it is your destiny and you are fortunate enough to survive enough foolishness over many years, you might be allowed to use a trickster key, but only if you know how to become small enough to drive a car through the kitchen door.

Wearing Little Me's Three Strings: Addition to Experiment Five

After dreaming of returning to Africa, Brad said a prayer to Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa asking him to send down a message to the Guild with an extra dose of mojo for Experiment Five. Here's the message that came through:

This sacred experiment is designed to awaken the sensation and participation of your *little me*. It sends *little me* across the border that separates First Creation

from Second Creation. This is accomplished in three ritualistic ways, each building upon and encircling the other. First, your hands reach outside the walls of your home and with the eyes of *big me* closed, *little me* is invited to feel it is at home inside vast mystery. Second, your hands reach into your altar, again with *big me* eyes closed, so your *little me* can feel how the altar is the portal or bridge to the other side. Third, lying in bed, you release *little me* to spend the night in your altar. There *little me* communes with and is recharged by the mothers, saints, seeds, prayers, and gifts from the mystical library and spiritual classrooms on high.

In addition to the above three-layered experiment, you are now invited to cut off three extra pieces of thread—green, red, and white. Make them at least the length of the threads hanging in your altar. Wear these three threads on yourself daily. You may tie or twist the threads together if you like.

Choose wherever you want to attach them—to a belt, pinned to your blouse or shirt, as a necklace, a wristband, attached to an earring, etc. Or vary the body location each day. This is what is most important: whenever you notice the three threads, immediately say to yourself, “This is not for my *big me* to observe and ponder.” Close your eyes or look away and then add, “This is for my *little me* to conduct and feel.” The wearing of these threads is *little me’s* passport, ticket, and key to Africa. Your life just became altered by the African ancestors. Welcome to the world of mystery that thrives inside your altar.

Should anyone ask about what you are wearing, tell them: “It’s Sacred Ecstatics mojo from New Orleans.” After all, New Orleans has long served as a port and portal for the African diaspora. Together, we can help bring forth your *little me* to restart the Dance of Life! Credo’s voice speaks anew from the other side:

You must join hands and start the Dance of Life!
The Drums must sound, the plaintive flutes must keen
The three colored threads must be worn!
And the Ritual Fire within the Altars must blaze
Death must be crushed and foul illness vanquished
And War be banished from the small rooms of men!
That is my Command, that is my Mystical Prescription
to the Sacred Ecstatics Guild!

Journeying Backward

Brad dreamed we were in a car with a few members of the Guild and others from his past:

A man was driving the car, taking us down a twisted road on a city hill at way too fast a speed. We were surprised to see how skilled he was at avoiding a wreck, barely making the turns without flipping the car or smashing into a building. The craziest part, however, was that he was driving the car in reverse! We were zooming down the hill backward.

When the car finally arrived at the bottom of the hill, we discovered it was a dead end. A gang of misfits were waiting to hijack us. They kidnapped one of our Guild members (not the man driving) along with a Cree Indian man I knew from the past who had been in the car with us (he passed on years ago). The unruly gang took them far out into a city park and proceeded to cut off their hair, as if removing any sacred mojo, n/om, or spiritual gifts they had formerly received.

Before this vision I had experienced a similar dream. I was shown that trickster is always at the crossroads offering a counter-ride to the holy journey. Trickster's spiritual trip may include joy, power, delight, knowledge, and magic, but there's a catch: your return to the everyday is backward and only leads to a dead end. There you are left with less relationship to spirit than before the trip began. A trickster ride may have some of the same elements as a visit to the spiritual classrooms, but it is actually a bent rope journey that results in a backfire.

The most important part of a sacred dream is the most difficult to bring back across and translate into words: pure sacred emotion. Upon return you only hold on to fragments of what you initially felt. A clean, seasoned, and cooked traveler has the skills to bring this gift back from the spiritual classrooms as cleanly as possible, untarnished by a trickster covering or veneer that distorts what was received.

Cleaning the fish and all the other metaphors of purification apply to the dreamer's return and the post-dream editing of verbal and written reports. When you drive home—that is, return to everyday consciousness—backward, it means you too quickly let trickster rush in to put its spin on things. Whatever was discovered or received in the dream that was holy will likely now be distorted and even reversed.

A spiritual sojourner must work hard each day to focus, concentrate, and create a good signal-to-noise ratio before falling asleep. Whatever dream is remembered or not, do not reverse the truth of its presence or absence by trickster glossing or *big me* gloating. Everyone, no matter how spiritually seasoned they are, finds trickster present on both sides—in everyday experience and in nightly dreams, even visits to the spiritual classrooms. The operations of sweeping, weeding, erasing, editing, cleaning, and “rhythm detox” shaking are always needed to reset the whole of you—forever adjusting your mind and body, thoughts and emotions to be aligned with the supreme vibration on high.

Finally, the spiritual classroom teacher advised,

This is all you need to say about purification. The Guild has been repeatedly informed as to what they need to do. Some will acquire new habits and habitat, and others will continue to drive backward and return to former small rooms. We are moving on past the alchemical operation of purification because there is so much more to learn. It is time to step into the other side, ready or not. Those holding a broom will be readier to feel the big room and come back with its gifts intact. Others will not. This is how it has always been.

Attachments to former cold or false practices, rituals, ideas, and self-inflation fantasies can be difficult to let go of, particularly when the revolutionary shift has not been made to emphasizing the room rather than the self. Changing the room sometimes feels less personal because it isn't personal—it's contextual. Room changing involves introducing new habits of action and interaction as other habits are dropped. Please know that the past, including the recent past of one minute ago, does not matter. Even if you have been an obsessive, possessive hoarder of magical stories about yourself, the holy broom is always ready for action. Make that sweep or remain a daydreamer who pretends to be awake. 1, 2, 3, sweep yourself free from *big me*. Your *little me* is ready to reach across to the other side and get on board the locomotive. This train is a clean train and so is its room and the sonic boom that sends you through.

Postscript

The same night Brad dreamed of a Guild member driving in reverse, Hillary envisioned the same people in her visionary journey:

I dreamed that a couple of Guild members decided not to join us for a gathering so they could shoot themselves up with heroine instead. The morning after, one of them handed us a drawing they made when they were high. They were very proud of the drawing and excited to show us what a deep spiritual experience they had received. I looked at the piece of paper and it was just a series of nonsense scribbles with a black marker. There was nothing special about it at all. I realized they were totally lost but I said nothing. They clearly had already decided that their heroine-induced spiritual journey and subsequent drawing were magical and anointed. I felt no emotion and simply handed them back the drawing and walked away.

Perhaps all that needs to be said about Hillary's dream we previously wrote in our book, *Sacred Ecstasies*:

Some folks become addicted to the false promises and trickster mirages of spiritual power, shamanic influence, and spiritual importance that are recklessly served at so many spiritual workshops. Any recognition or complement that then comes from a peer or teacher results in their trickster mind stealing it for a small room inflation fix, sending them off on another bender. We can tell when students have fallen off the wagon because their expression . . . becomes too purposeful, like they are trying too hard to prove they have mastered it all . . . Or they may fall back into the habit of constantly recounting trickster stories about presumed magical dreams and “synchronicities” that lack the sweet scent, precious emotion, humbling expansion, speechless heat, altering vibration, changed character, and sacred performance that matter.

Perhaps you need to join “Tricksters Anonymous” to help you better live focused-on-the-highest-ray one day at a time, never trusting yourself to hang around anything that fattens personal spiritual desire. [Note: everyone needs to join Tricksters Anonymous.] Abstain from whatever tempts you to indulge in a trickster high, and that includes hanging out with peers or standing in front of audiences who encourage and celebrate you in ways that feed your addiction while starving any felt need for wisdom. You will eventually have to trust the leadership of higher power in the old-fashioned way. This is how authentic saints, mystics, shamans, and healers live their lives—they do not trust themselves and hand everything, including public recognition and denigration, over to God. Do the same or be guaranteed that you will be seduced by anything that enables you to posture you are more special, more magical, humbler, or “higher-in-the-archy” than others. The Achilles heel of spirituality is the seduction to steal the thunder and appear as a big deal, and this includes the act of posturing humility, rather than bowing before the big room that alone can heal, reform, and transform. Only trust feeling the life-changing need for your Creator . . . forget everything except this highest prescription: “love God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your might.”^{lxxxvi}

Inside the Rope of Sacred Ecstatics

Following the dreams that ended our teaching emphasis on cleaning and purification, Brad was sent to a very high spiritual classroom:

I was inside a laboratory. A group of scientists in white coats announced that they would show Hillary and I the inside of the Sacred Ecstatics rope to God. The rope

had been cut to show its contents which looked like the rings found in a freshly chopped tree. The scientists explained,

These rings do not only mark the rope's age. They are the lineages of Sacred Ecstatics. Around each lineage ring is a pair of concentric rings that show an alternation between African ecstatic electricity and the big love emotion of Jesus. Each ring takes turns wrapping itself like a coil around the other. As you can see, your lineages are surrounded by both the rings of Africa and the rings of Jesus, the incarnation of love who came to replace frozen words, laws, social hierarchies, and ideologies in favor of soul transformation and heart transplantation.

We saw the two rings encircling St. Vincent: an African 'doption^{lxxxvii} ring and a Jesus wedding ring. The sanctified African American church of the Deep South was also shown as a lineage in the Sacred Ecstatics rope. It had its Jesus ring as well, though less wed to African ceremony but equally tied to the African ring of celebrative expression. The Kalahari ring, the oldest one, had the loving Sky God dance ring of fire paired with their original form of full throttled African ecstatic cooking. The paired rings for each lineage went back and forth functioning as the inner and outer coil of the other.

The scientists explained that every tradition is always fighting how trickster wants to overemphasize one ring over the other, usually doing so by implementing rules and other controlling measures. The church gets too obsessed with "the word" of the Bible, St. Vincent Shakers get overly worried about too many earth spirits while only valuing sky spirits, and the Bushmen create superstitions that try to keep trickster away, but this only invites further trickster play.

The scientists then "activated" the rope so we could see the two rings of each lineage alternate between an inside and outside position—the primacy of African expression exchanging places with the big love of Jesus, and vice versa. Each lineage's set of double rings echoed throughout the other lineages' double rings, creating the overtones and reverberation that optimize tonal richness. The whole rope was so sonically beautiful and visually alive with changing hues that we could not resist jumping into its pulsing bath of high emotion. When the scientists saw we would soon lose our observational capacity and be swept away, they "deactivated" the rope to teach us more. The lead elder then made a critically important point:

The room in which the rope is kept is what keeps its rings clean and in the right proportion, interaction, and oscillation. The room attendant is Osumi Sensei. Her Japanese broom is also a samurai sword and she, without need for words or dreams, moves her body as she moves both broom and sword—expanding and heating the room and activating the seiki wind. In her room the rings are kept aligned in the middle of time, space, and energy. All that prays, sings, and dances in the big room is indistinguishable from her simple one-word description and explanation: *seiki*.

Another scientist then discussed how each mother on the altar also has a double or twin:

The Sacred Ecstatics rope to God has three main mothers on the mainline. They are now on your altars. Know that Mother Ralph and her tradition has a double—an unseen Spiritual Mother of New Orleans. The variant forms of these Caribbean maternal holders of two rings, one wed to Jesus and the other to Africa, provide the difference that strikes the ecstatic match and alternates the electrical current. The Kalahari's Mother Twa has an African double as well. Her twin is an unseen Zulu Mother. These are the double African mothers. Remember that Osumi Sensei is all about the room of pure seiki. In her house she prayed in the middle of the room while facing a Shinto altar on one side and a Buddhist altar on the other side. She was more about Zen embodiment than scriptural interpretation, chosen as the healer and spiritual advisor for some of the Zen monastery abbots in Japan. She also undertook that role for many Shinto priests and their temples. Her double is the empty middle between Zen no-mind and Shinto spirit multiplicity.

Finally, we were told that we will instruct the Guild to include the mothers' doubles on their altars, but that will happen later. For now, as everyone tries to clean the room without further talk about it, do it while focusing on Osumi Sensei. Allow her invisible hands to do the cleaning and clearing. Now that you have left talk about sweeping behind, transform it into seiki movement. Sit on that seiki bench and rock back and forth, becoming the broom.

Hillary and I then took one more look at the inner beauty of the beautiful rope, its concentric rings, and how it was again coming back to life as a whirling, intermingling cord of color, tone, movement, and emotion. The rope began singing, painting, dancing, and performing every imaginable kind of art. The more our senses were involved, the more sacred emotion we felt in this blending of lineages, double mothers, dynamic trinities, four room directions, and our Ouroborean revolving inclusion inside it all.

As we were sent back to ourselves in the everyday, we heard the scientists sing as we also joined their chorus: “Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord. Hold us with your hands of love. Hold us with your creating hands. Hold us with your maternal, parental, and grandparental hands. Hold us with your guiding hands, assuring hands, comforting hands, evocative hands, luminous hands, numinous hands, and holy hands. Hold us, Lord. Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord . . .”

The Double-Sided Bodhisattva

Hillary dreamed that we went on a road trip to take part in a Buddhist ceremony:

In the dream I heard that my former Zen teacher, Roshi Egyoku, from the Zen Center of Los Angeles was taking a small group of people to conduct a ceremony for a Buddhist deity, a *bodhisattva*, that few had ever heard of before. Apparently, there was only one statue of this obscure bodhisattva in the entire United States, and it was a very ancient and rare relic. The statue was in upstate New York and Roshi had an agreement with the owners to be its spiritual caretaker. Once a year she would travel there to conduct a ceremony. This is how the bodhisattvas are honored in Buddhism—each one has a particular statue and its own sutra or mantra that is chanted when honoring it.

Though technically I have not been a practicing Zen Buddhist for over ten years, when I heard about the trip, I strongly felt that I wanted to go. It seemed that taking part in the ceremony was particularly important at this time in my life. I told Brad my desire and he agreed to accompany me. We piled into a dark green SUV with a few other women from the Zen Center. One young woman had her two-year-old daughter with her. Roshi drove cheerfully while Brad and I sat in the backseat. During the trip I was aware of the very deep and strong love between Brad and I, and we embraced each other tightly throughout the whole journey.

Driving through upstate New York, we passed through many small towns. At one point we stopped and took a rest break and saw a beautiful old, wooden church building that was deserted. We walked into the sanctuary to enjoy its

grandeur as Brad and I chuckled, saying to each other, “Remember when we were constantly looking for a place like this to purchase for Sacred Ecstasics?” That pursuit felt like a past chapter in our lives that had closed.

Finally, we arrived at the place where the statue of the bodhisattva was kept. It was in a small outdoor clearing surrounded by trees, a place that you would probably not notice if you didn’t already know it was there. Roshi did some cleaning and tidying around the statue and made other preparations for the ceremony. There was nothing remarkable or fancy about the statue itself. It was very old, made of grey stone, and was about knee high. The facial features and other defining elements had been worn away by time.

We stood around the statue, and someone handed out paper sheets with the sutra we would chant. The name of the bodhisattva was on the paper, but I only recall the first letter of its name: “C.” As the chanting began, I saw that Roshi had made a footnote on the bottom of the paper with further information about the bodhisattva. I nudged Brad with my elbow and pointed it out to him. It said that many Buddhist teachers and scholars had only presented the bodhisattva as a fierce, sword-wielding deity. However, if you were to study the history and original language describing the bodhisattva more fully, it would be clear that it has another side that represents “unconditional warmth, love, and caretaking.” In other words, the bodhisattva had two sides or functional aspects. Because Brad and I love a good oscillating contrary and double teaching, we were delighted and spiritually excited by this discovery. I felt very satisfied that we had decided to go on this journey and take part in the ceremony.

I woke up from the vision still feeling the deep love and partnership I experienced with Brad in the dream. I was also filled with wonder, trying to remember the name of the mysterious bodhisattva honored in the dreamtime. My first inclination was that it was related to the recently dreamed “Mayan eraser,” the camahuile, in part because of the statue’s similar shape and its name which began with the letter, “C.” I also remembered that the bodhisattva whose double-sided sword cuts through delusion is Manjusri, which in Sanskrit means “He Who Is Noble and Gentle.” One side of his sword destroys as the other gives life—just like the dynamics of room sweeping and room building. Manjusri is typically depicted on top of a lion, however, and the statue shape in my dream was more like that of Jizo bodhisattva, who in Japan is depicted as a bald monk in robes who often carries a staff with six rings in one hand and a jewel in the other.

Jizo, very popular in Japan, is the guardian of the vulnerable as well as travelers—including those traveling between realms. He is gentle, does not anger even when trampled upon, but is also entirely fearless. Plunging headfirst into any

situation to help those in need, he shakes the rings on his staff to both ward off danger and wake us up from delusion. With an inexhaustible capacity to nurture and love all suffering beings, Jizo is the protector and guide for children and lost souls.

I feel that the double natured bodhisattva in the vision was a First Creation blend of the Mayan eraser camahuile and Jizo, with some Manjusri stirred in. To both sweep away delusion and protect all spiritual travelers, one has to be fierce and unwavering. Although the ground and path must be cleared for passage to the big room, it's important not to overemphasize the sweep or cut, missing the deeply caring, all-encompassing warmth that holds all big room action. The camahuile, bodhisattva, and all First Creation wisdom helpers have a complex nature that cannot be grasped by simple dualisms or reduced to singularities. In the big room of mystery, the doubleness of inexhaustible strength and limitless love throws us into the middle wobble oscillation of pulsing sacred vibration, shared in the dreamtime big love embrace.

Postscript

A final reflection from Hillary:

Near the end of my dream, Roshi asked the car passengers to make a contribution to transportation expenses. Brad, who is the most generous person I have ever known, to my surprise handed Roshi only three one-dollar bills and a handful of change. To me it seemed like too little money, but Roshi smiled and was delighted to receive it. Brad normally would have covered all the expenses plus more, without being asked. Then it hit me that he was offering a Sacred Ecstatics 1, 2, 3 teaching: three acts with three mothers and three lineage ropes are what wake up the dynamics of middle wobble change.

Inside the Double Wobbling Rings

While Hillary was dreaming of the double meaning of a Buddhist statue, Brad received instruction in the middle of the night for a Sacred Ecstatics Guild practice:

While watching our posted video of an African sangoma conducting a ceremony, have your inner me sing the gospel song, "Throw Out the Lifeline." Imagine you are standing inside two rings of the rope—the African ring and the ring that sings the big love of Jesus. Do not choose which ring is primary over the other. Place

them both under higher control and assume the songs will alternate between foreground and background. This oscillation is the dynamic that reins in each ring to keep them both in the middle wobble, and you as well.

Then conduct the same practice but the other way around: listen to the gospel choir singing “Throw Out the Lifeline” and have your *little me* conduct some spirited sangoma drumming on the inside. As before, feel the rings go back and forth with neither settling into a primary position over the other.

Again, the strength of our Sacred Ecstatics rope to God comes from double wobbling rings. Since each ring is associated with a spiritual mother’s lineage, you can envision the mothers coupled with these songs. Mother Ralph will pull you toward the lifeline and Mother Twa will remind you that African drumming keeps the atmosphere charged. Mother Osumi Sensei will be there to keep the room clean and vast, reining in your naming and explaining to authoritatively say, “seiki.” She has the samurai sword and the soft touch of an orchid gardener—the double rings of her seiki rope.

Without two rings that wobble to fluidly overlap and exchange their part-whole relations, a singularly elevated ring will turn brittle and break. Resist the temptation to be locked into one ruling ring that starts forbidding or disqualifying the others. Your conscious mind can only keep you in this wobble to a certain degree. To feel the double ringed reality of Sacred Ecstatics, step into the oscillation between two songs and let their contrarian and complementary relationship cook you.

The Song That Is All Songs and the Sacred Ecstatics Ratio

The night after dreaming the double song prescription, Brad had an exceptionally joyful and powerful dream:

I dreamed that I simply said, “1, 2, 3” with such a sincere, soft, authoritative, soulful, and evocative tone, rhythm, and emotion that it opened the portal to heaven above. My prayer was neither excessive nor too minimalist. It simply hit the sweet spot. The dream room felt supersaturated with the holy spirit, seiki, and n/om.

Stunned by how the simple recitation of three numbers threw me in the center of the fire and “the wheel in the middle of the wheel,” I knew I did not need to repeat the numbers again or even say another word. Then in a split second, a shower of song came pouring down like a summer cloudburst. At first I thought it was the most beautiful rendition of the hymn, “I Need Thee,” but I was so

absorbed in the musical splendor of its harmonic chord changes, its embellished melodic tones, and the soaring bliss it conveyed that I found I could not accurately discern what song it was. I completely gave up trying to know what was going on and fell further into the pulling of these auditory tidal waves that led me deeper and higher into music than I have ever experienced before.

When it was time to return to myself, I awoke both startled and joyfully overwhelmed. Only then did it dawn on me that the song in my dream was every sacred song I have ever heard. They were combined, not in a messy cacophony, but as the ultimate blend of the emotion each song carries on its own. Together, this song of all songs threw me inside the singing heart of creation. Soaking in this musical, mystical medicine left no room for fear, including fear of death or worry about what to do with what remains of my life. I then unexpectedly joked to myself, “What’s a luminous panda going to do in a dark pandemic?”^{lxxxviii} Answering back with a laugh that was more serious than funny, I said, “Rejoice inside a prayer-song. Everything else follows from there.”

On my return from this uplifting, rope climbing vision, I was also given a teaching to share with everyone: Make sure you do not relate to a Sacred Ecstasics experiment as a burdensome chore that is checked off your daily “to do” list. Act, think, perceive, and feel that you are passionately, compassionately, rationally, and irrationally dedicated to working on the experiment 24/7 to save the earth, all its living forms, and keep open all the gates to the heavens above and below. Make each Sacred Ecstasics experiment your primary focal point and means of expanding the room of your life. Set all other daily action and reflection inside this experimental laboratory.

About one year ago we suggested to the Guild that they should aim for housing at least 51% of their daily life in the big room. Why 51%? Because that’s the minimum majority stake for legal ownership. If you want your life to be owned by God, you’re going to have to get your daily ratio right. Make the amount of big room mystical action greater than trickster distraction.

Be careful to not misunderstand this advice and propagate hymnist Fannie Crosby’s mistake of “holding God in one hand and the world in the other.” In this unfortunate divide, measuring the amount of “holy work” against time spent on mundane tasks still maintains the separation of earth and heaven. Maintaining a good ratio is more a matter of real estate and property management—a question of which house contains the other. When you separate sacred and profane action (placing one in each hand), it leads to measuring the amount of *time* spent in the big room versus a small room, rather than their proportion of inclusion and exclusion.

The Sacred Ecstasics ratio is more like imbricated Chinese boxes than the comparative weights on a scale of justice. This practically means that you cannot enter the big room unless

you take the small room with you. When the small rooms of daily life are fully inside the big room of mystery, everything is permeated with the dynamics of Sacred Ecstasics and its spiritual cooking experiments, no matter how anything is named and sorted.

It now is becoming increasingly clear that our experiments are about getting your life inside your ever-expanding altar—finding the passage into its luminous, numinous, virtual reality, better seen with eyes closed and heart open. What you're aiming for is to embed the whole of your daily life, including the mundane, inside the big room experimental laboratory. While you ought to give yourself the gift of carving out some time for pure focus on conducting an experiment, be careful with the trap of assuming you need lots of extra time to move your life into a bigger room. The latter conception is another example of “separate hand” thinking. Make every moment your experiment—tinkering to feel more inside the big room rather than separate from it.

When you fix dinner, work in the yard, clean the attic, take a walk, have a conversation, ponder the scheme of things, wash your clothes, open or close a door or window, write a letter, or anything else—make sure it is situated inside the ongoing experiment. Consider making a jingle inspired by the current experiment and throw it into each daily event until you feel a tingle inside. Intersperse imaginary double Tesla prayer coils everywhere—in your soup, throughout your garden, in your hair, on your clothing, and on your car dashboard. Don't reach your hands into the other side only at night. Do it throughout the day, reimagining how you did it last night and rehearsing how you will alter doing it tonight—think about this more than you wonder what television show you will watch, or what groceries and supplies you need to order online.

Sacred ecstatic action is short circuited if you treat it as a chore or try to make it another charm for your bracelet. Each experiment is not about adding some extra duties to your former room—it is primarily about building a different room, the everyday laboratory of Sacred Ecstasics. This means it should be more than a part of your life. It's designed to be the whole room housing all your spiritual jewels, gifts, missions, and destinies. Sacred Ecstasics is for maverick fanatics of the outsider kind. Building the big room is setting your daily and nightly life inside the ongoing 1, 2, 3 cycle of spiritual cooking.

At this moment in your life, you are likely living in the room called “the pandemic.” Why not move out of that space and join us in the “Giant Panda Wild Room.” The Panda is also from China, but it is found in the wilderness. Did you know that this bear does not hibernate? It prefers staying awake. You should also get in the big great wild room where this would be equally true for you! When you get there, be more “emic,” that is, experience big room life through the dynamics and qualities that constitute it, rather than relate to it through small room concepts and cutouts.

Everyone is called to the big room but few choose to step into it, and even fewer decide to do the work that leads to big room living. The cost of heaven is leaving all the former small boxes and trickster cold-in-the-told rooms that are missing an ecstatic kitchen with a cooking fire. Remember: to find the passage to the other side requires going through the kitchen. To get

through the doorway, everything about you must become small. Are you ready to retire and expire without hosting a real bake and shake, or are you ready to be a more involved member of the n/om club that is found in the First Creation wilderness on the other side of the far outskirts of Second Creation? Sacred Ecstatics has a mystical address in the virtuality beyond the I-eye's materiality—its heart and hearth are invisible to mainstream eyes, but fully heard and felt in the middle of the Wigram stream's hot steam.

A Bushman hunter-gatherer is always tracking n/om, whether awake or asleep. So is a seiki samurai and a Caribbean holy spirit pirate. The experiential roles of n/om tracker, seiki rocker, Caribbean seaworthy mate, prayer cooker, shamanic fire burner, mystical adventuring learner, and spiritually attuned engineer must blend to turn you into a First Creation sanctified and thoroughly cooked agent of the numinous. Boom, zoom, build that room!

How much heart, soul, effort, and zany zeal should you be giving to Sacred Ecstatics in order to reach the ratio of supreme concentration? Osumi Sensei answers: 125%. Mother Ralph and Mother Twa echo back: make that 125% for 125 lifetimes. Never leave the Japanese seiki bench, the St. Vincent mourning bench, and the Kalahari dance circle. Make living in the big room your life mission. Serve its alternating electrical transmission and reception, doing so one experiment at a time.

When you yawn, say a prayer. When you scratch your head, say amen. When you feel anything that is remotely close to the possibility of a single molecule of sacred emotion, shout out your joy. When you feel spiritual action is a chore, ignore the *big me* pout; do it to please the conductance of someone else, including a fellow Guild member, pointing conductors, or the saints, mystics, shamans, healers, preachers, mavericks, and misfits on high. But whatever you do, make sure to do it in the big room because just going through the motions isn't enough. It is the room that matters, so wake up and step inside the latest experimental rendition of the First Creation traveling wild west-east-south-north four direction medicine show. Eat that bread of prayer. One, or two, or three crumbs is enough for you to find God's song of all songs.

The New Cercle Harmonique

Earlier in the day before the following vision, we had discussed how a reliance upon online communication is comparable to the social letter writing of the past. When friends, family, or lovers were separated, they wrote endearing letters to one another. For instance, Mark Twain wrote four letters a day to the love of his life, as did she in return, and the passion expressed in their words demonstrated that physical separation did not dampen their closeness. Long distance, intimate communication is also possible with those who have passed on, including adored saints and deities. Communicating with an unseen beloved can result in emotion as strong as that experienced in a face-to-face meeting, or even more so. In other words, sending

passionate words to the “other side” can be like a love letter that stokes the relational ecstatic fire.

As we went on to discuss prayer as a love letter to God, we were reminded of the renowned Creole blacksmith, healer, and medium, John B. Valmour, from 19th century New Orleans. He lived during a historic period when yellow fever killed over 41,000 people in this city with 7,847 dying in 1853 alone, a time when he was most active. Now that we live in New Orleans and today heard that we have the highest coronavirus death rate in the world, we thought of Valmour’s life. He was the most respected healer in New Orleans and often made contact with the ancestral spirits on the other side, especially his father who had been a revered Haitian voodoo practitioner. However, above all else, Valmour made sure God was on the main line.

That night, Brad went to sleep praying that Valmour would help us be more strongly aligned with God’s will for our work. A voice immediately whispered, “Valmour was the cleanest vessel. Do not hesitate to ask for his help for you too, are a clean vessel. Then share his teachings with others.” Brad asked Valmour to join his connection to God with ours for a double rope hookup. Another request was subsequently made for clarification of the next divinely assigned task of Sacred Ecstasies. Brad later that night had a vision:

I dreamed that Hillary and I were sent to a dark room where the teacher could only be heard and not seen. He advised,

Your job is to go back in time and find those moments when the course of history was set to go in the wrong direction. Change that moment by launching another future that leads to a different kind of world. For every critical moment in which the world was misled, correct it so another parallel world appears by its side, one that is more spiritually aligned. The more alternative futures that are built, the more opportunities will exist for the present world to jump onto a better track. Do not envision alternative worlds; act in order to build them, doing so at the critical moments or crossroads of the past.

The teacher then provided examples. He threw us back in history, landing at the trial of Jesus. We watched the teacher administer an ecstatic intervention with some anointed mojo given to the leading characters. We never saw the teacher’s face because his back was to us. He said and did things we could feel but not hear. It was nonetheless clear that he altered the surrounding atmosphere so that hardened conflict and angry emotion melted away. It was also obvious that his intervention could change the entire course of history.

We were then quickly whisked back to the former classroom where we asked the teacher if he had administered the holy spirit, n/om, or seiki in those critical moments. He replied, “All spiritual intervention is either the preparation for the reception of the sacred vibration or the direct application of it.” We weren’t sure whether he had physically touched anyone or only had spoken instructions, distributed a medicine powder, or something else. His form of action was noticeably secondary to the transmission of higher emotion and vibration. He changed the room and how it felt rather than focused on any particular action or individual. The moment we realized this, the teacher disappeared and we were sent back to our everyday world.

I woke up shocked by the dream. It was beyond all rational belief to assume that we could change history and construct other worlds with alternative futures. We would need H. G. Wells’ time machine and a medicine bundle packed with mojo for every culture and historical era. I wondered why such an impossible mission was given by this unseen visionary instructor. Then I remembered that I had earlier asked John B. Valmour for guidance. The “other side” had responded and “written back” by sending us to a spiritual classroom where specific direction was given. Valmour, like Joseph Hart, left no portrait for the future so no one knows what he looked like in the flesh. Unlike Hart, he left no written records. There are only testimonies of his pureness, goodness, and effectiveness as a spiritual practitioner and navigator of both sides of the mystical veil. In the dreamt visionary classroom, Valmour felt like the cleanest and strongest servant of God who ever lived. He lived in two worlds, then and now. I prayed again to make a request of Valmour, this time asking how to make our pipeline as clean possible so what comes through it will have less trickster debris attached. Another delivery came in the visionary mail.

This time I dreamed that Hillary and I were in New Orleans during the mid-1850s when Valmour was alive. People were suffering and dying of yellow fever. We were dressed in the clothing of that era and sitting side by side in two overstuffed chairs. We were experimenting with ancestral spiritual communication. Following what we had been taught by Valmour, I asked to contact a strong spiritual mother who had recently passed away. In the dream, I closed my eyes and immediately saw her face. Seeing her, I stopped talking as Hillary began speaking. After Hillary asked a question, I now answered for the spiritual mother.

This went on for a few minutes until I opened my eyes and looked at Hillary. Her face looked like a blend of her own with the spiritual mother’s. As we stared into one another’s eyes, our words dropped away, and we felt the most intense

love possible. Absorbed in this emotional embrace, Valmour spoke: “This is how you make your pipeline clean. It is love that makes you a clean vessel able to communicate and intervene.”

I woke up feeling so in love with Hillary that I wanted to wake her. Knowing she needed her rest, I let her sleep while I quietly expressed my gratitude to both Valmour and the Creator. For a third time I asked for Valmour’s help. This request was for how we could teach the lesson we had received about love to our Sacred Ecstasics community. Within minutes I was asleep again and hanging out with Valmour. He was pounding hot metal on his blacksmith anvil and we were behind him, still unable to see his face. He wasted no time making a teaching point:

Above all else, love is the answer. This sounds simple, but it is not easily understood or enacted. You, as a vessel, must host both ecstatic expression and the love of God that inspires it. These are the double rings inside your rope to God.

Then Valmour went to a blackboard and spelled out the teaching with the following words:

Ecstatic expression / Divine love

He then erased those words and wrote the following:

The expressive ingredients of spiritual cooking / Sacred emotion

Then he changed the words again:

Embodied African fire / Singing love of Jesus

Next, Valmour transformed those words to read:

Performance art of ecstatic living / Divine inspiration

And finally:

Communing / Ocean of love

We learned that ecstatic expression must take place inside an atmosphere of divine love that is best circulated by songs that convey sacred emotion. This is communion with the highest and greatest love. After this teaching, Valmour went to the blackboard and erased everything on it. No longer holding chalk, he now made a trembling hand movement. We watched particles of light shoot out from his fingertips, throwing blobs of luminescent paint on the board that took on various shapes. In the upper right corner appeared the image of a rod with many glowing rays shooting down from the end.

Valmour explained what he drew: “Behold the rays of the overhead sun, the holy son, the sweeping broom, the cooking fire, and the electrical atmosphere of the big room. The spiritual radiation of divine love does whatever needs to be done.” As he said this, all the other images that were scattered on the blackboard as dots, lines, waves, circles, and other geometric forms started to vibrate and move toward the center. There they coalesced and became a single, glowing ball of light. It became smaller and more compressed as the light grew even brighter until the glowing ball was the size of a small coin. Its shape finally turned into a heart, pulsing and radiating energy as it filled the room with extreme love. The luminous, quivering heart suddenly jumped off the blackboard and dissolved in the air. We were stunned by the beauty and power of what we had witnessed.

In the dream, we had traveled back to the past to meet Valmour. We realized he was giving us an opportunity to change the course of history in that very moment, creating a whole new reality for the future that we would return to upon waking. In that instant, we said together, “The Cercle Harmonique is back.” This was the name of the guild-like group he and other Creole colleagues created to contact the “other side,” seeking help for their troubling times. Our hearts felt like they would burst and fly out of our bodies. Instead, we were thrown back to the present with a mission cast by the alchemical heart metallurgy of John B. Valmour.

Waking up, I could not help seeking more instruction from him. This was the fourth and final time I asked because dawn was approaching. In dream, Valmour came to explain the purpose of both the past and future Cercle Harmonique:

I will say it in a way that your “cercle” can understand. There is only one disease, and it has three names: the selfishness of not sharing, jealousy about others’ gifts, and the anger that breeds hatred for those who trouble you. These conditions lead to sickness at every level, from the body to the mind, and in social relations. We originally formed the “Cercle Harmonique” to seek help from the other side in addressing the problems of our time. We had

experienced plague, slavery, the Civil War, and the violent racism that remained afterward. It was beyond our ability to effectively combat or accept. Hence, we asked for help from those who reside on the other side.

The elder teachers soon came, and they included Swedenborg, Jesus, Confucius, and others steeped in extraordinary wisdom. Soon, I, too, went to the other side and helped lead this two-sided communication. Perhaps I was taken from this earth too soon, for the pipeline connection was not kept sufficiently clean. The others in the circle drifted too far away from the main signal of God. We originally kept Jesus as the middle contact point between earth and heaven. Then this arrangement became more imagined and conceptual than felt. We also did not turn up the heat as our former ancestors had done in the Caribbean and Africa. Without that fire, the pinnacle emotion of sacred ecstasy fades and only words remain.

Sacred Ecstatics is now granted the mission to try this past historical New Orleans spiritual experiment all over again. Reform the circle and keep the ecstatic fire alive so the signal of divine love will clearly get through. Alternate between the two rings of ecstatic expression and sacred emotion. Only then can anyone say that God is on the line.

The next morning, we looked up the visionary teaching that came from Valmour one year prior. We were not ready to fully understand what it meant back then; it had been a preparation for what would later come. We wrote:

From the other side, Valmour explained that his healing involved the “ability to throw the regenerative fluid.” Accompanied by other spirit guides that included Swedenborg, Jesus, and Confucius, to name a few, the opening prayer before their séance meetings summarized their orientation: Giving “thanks to the eternal and infinitely Good Father,” they united “their hearts in search of Truth, to illuminate our souls with the Good, Love, and Charity.” They asked “the spirits of Peace and Light” to guide them, put them on the path of eternal progression” and to “render a brilliant and solemn path that leads to your holy and eternal abodes, to be received with honor and glory, for the purification and sanctification of our souls.”

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The instructions provided by this contact were written down by members of the inner circle and today the surviving volumes are found in a New Orleans rare manuscripts archive. As a strong and enthusiastic guiding spirit, Valmour further defined the *Cercle Harmonique* as “the light that shines within” and that a “fully harmonic” meeting would occur if “each member” was harmoniously aligned with all the others in the group. They “desired communion together to help each other in research.” The *Cercle* found that a harmonic meeting made them feel “full of grand emotions and ineffable joys” for three days nonstop. All the visionary material they received was regarded as “instruction,” something to “constantly reread” to “prepare” for climbing the stairs to the main source and force of it all.

Sacred Ecstatics has been riding a similar track and mission as the original Cercle Harmonique of New Orleans. We bring down visionary instruction from the other side, doing our best to be clean vessels aligned with the main rope to God. Today we face as much racism, ignorance, selfishness, greed, jealousy, and anger in the world as ever before. It is rampant in politics, business, education, art, science, and spirituality. This nightmare is over all our heads—we can’t figure out how to address it on our own. The world desperately needs help from the other side. It’s time to reach our hands across the threshold and enter the middle wobble between two worlds, making sure our ropes, communication, electricity, and signal are clean and attuned to the utmost sacred vibration of the highest, strongest love.

Seek Refuge Inside the Prayer Coil

Brad dreamed we were inside a large building where many people were trying to escape a monstrous approaching storm:

The building was a tall and cylindrically shaped modern skyscraper whose outer rim was entirely made of glass windows. People were unsure where they should situate themselves for protection from the dangerous incoming winds. Some were running down the stairs to take cover in the basement and others were squeezing themselves under desks and tables. Hillary and I recognized a mother and child we knew. They were trying out different places until they settled under a dining table near the window where they had a good view of what was happening outside. We bent down to greet them, and I suggested that they should move elsewhere away from the glass. The woman insisted, “I need to be near the window on the ground floor so I can see and know what is going on.”

Hillary and I then felt our bodies pulled by an invisible rope, taking us where we needed to go. We were led to the center of the tall building’s middle floor. There we found an internal cylindrical core surrounding a spiral staircase, an inner sanctum where neither the rooms on the perimeter nor the storm could be seen.

We settled in and soon felt the wind slam the building. It was not as frightening as we had anticipated. I immediately cautioned Hillary, “That was only the edge of the storm. There is more to come. Ready yourself.” Another bout of wind came and shook the building enough for people to scream. After it calmed down, everyone thought the storm was over as they started to celebrate their good fortune and comfortably return to former activities. I ignored them and walked over to the window and looked at the sky. It was a sunny day with clear skies, but I noticed a colossal swarm of bees in the near distance. It looked like a dark cloud heading straight toward us. No one else seemed to notice it as they were already back to business as usual. I went back inside the core and told Hillary that now is the time to hold on tightly to the stairway rail.

We closed our eyes and prayed hard. Soon our bodies rocked, shook, and quaked so hard that we were not sure we’d survive the energetic impact. When it finally subsided, we felt an inner buzz that made us feel optimally alive and full of jubilation. We felt religiously happy, physically zappy, rhythmically tappy, and creatively rappy. When we opened our eyes, we found ourselves in another world, alternating between the sense of standing and floating in the middle of First Creation. This vibrant space was like a clear bubble surrounding the former world. We felt ourselves going in and out of two worlds, sometimes feeling more in First Creation and other times more inside Second Creation.

We were also aware that we had earlier sought refuge inside a Tesla prayer coil that was inside the outer ring of the building but also circumscribed a spiral staircase—coils within coils and wheels within wheels. Here our prayers, prayer wheels, and Tesla prayer coils had been doubly charged to produce God’s alternating electricity. It finally dawned on us that it was the numinous power of prayer rather than a violent earthly storm that had shaken us to the core. In that moment of higher perception and understanding, I remembered that I owned the Kalahari bee dance. I received it in a vision years ago, confirmed by the Bushman elders. That swarm outside the building came to warm the n/om and transform bitter times into the sweetness of honey.

As you experimentally reach your hands across a window or door into the other side and send your *little me* into your altar at night, consider where you’d like your refuge, safe room, and sanctuary to be located. We suggest moving away from any familiar presumed places of protection. Instead, head to the center of the middle of your Tesla prayer coils. There the Kalahari n/om bees can smell whether your pollen is ready for a ride that carries you deeper into the heart of the hive. Close your eyes and pray, making more emotion, motion, and commotion than any outside storm can deliver. Then open your spiritual sensory organs and realize that you are in the

holy vast room of mystery. Its vast sweetness is bigger than the bitters and jitters of any storm. Go past envisioning the big room, step into its middle where a spiritually threaded coil is wrapped around you—the electrical embrace of your beloved Creator, also known to the Bushmen as */Aqn-/aqnce*, the wife of the Sky God whose name means “the Mother of Bees.”

We ask that the big room, bubble, and prayer closet of Sacred Ecstatics open its door to you in every past and future storm, pestilence, and plague whether it be literal, Biblical, or hypothetical. Inside this big hive, you will find refuge in the oscillation between First and Second Creation. Catch the ecstatic fever of God, feel its transformative fire, and then spread it like a virus through past and future times. When storms are in the forecast, go to the inner core and call on the mightiest wind of spirit. God’s holy wind is for us: it’s *spiritus*. When you feel the earthly sting is near, go into the higher hive and make some honey. Your job is to create another future. Let’s make it with the Mother of Bees, with some help from Father Valmour.

Mediumship, Sacred Emotion, and the “3044” Transformation

Brad dreamed we were addressing the inherit complexity of Sacred Ecstatics:

Hillary and I were teaching in a visionary classroom. We began by saying that we would avoid the “misleading error” of oversimplifying the complex phenomenon of sacred ecstasy and its evocation, refusing to propagate a banal reduction. The latter was explained as the hidden marketing strategy of spiritual materialism, drawing upon the seduction of illusory knowing via the mindless repetition of cutouts—what we satirically called “parrot talk with a cracker treat.” We then acknowledged we had found it was practically wise to throw many metaphors of description in the air, each a pointer to a partial glimpse of the subject rather than emphasize any single metaphor or cutout as the final totalizing word.

Every step of the Sacred Ecstatics recipe, we added, should be described in multiple ways to better ensure its dynamics are held in the middle tension of different angles of perception. When discussing “spiritual cooking,” for example, we engage the metaphors of “raising the spiritual temperature,” “turning the mystical wheel,” “making the ecstatic gear shifts,” “expressing the alchemical shift from solidity to liquidity,” and so forth. These variant metaphors are tossed and handled like a juggler keeping many balls in the air. When the juggled items circulate rather than fall to the ground, a circular pattern organizes their relationship with one another. It is the moving pattern rather than any juggled part that matters here. While the pattern that connects is implicit, it is obvious that the circle or loop is what keeps all the objects in the air, doing so with constant

movement. The particular metaphors being juggled are secondary to this circular dynamic.

We went on to detail how the juggling of multiple metaphors not only applies to describing each step of the recipe, but to the overlapping, mingling, and blending of all the steps. The more complex our verbal commentary grew, however, the less attentive some people in the class appeared. The moment we noticed this, we stopped our lecture and announced,

This description of complexity can go on ad infinitum. The more we talk about Sacred Ecstasies, the more it must be further discussed to assure its dynamic pattern is not stilled into the reified name of a thing, the reduction that serves the pretense of understanding what can only be emotionally felt rather than conceptually known.

As we said this, we realized it further masked what we were trying to communicate. We next shouted,

Feel it rather than understand it! Sacred ecstasy must be felt for frozen knowing to melt! When the cluttered mind is empty there is room for the heart to be filled. However, it is important that you cultivate your mind to be more than a holding tank of disconnected cutouts. Clear thinking that tracks parts and wholes as well as distinctions and frames is what helps build the big room. You can't leave a small room without some clear minding and metaphor mining from the wisdom quarry.

The more we addressed the primacy of sacred emotion, the more we felt trapped in the words used to explain what it feels like. We attempted to correct any potential misunderstanding:

Pointing and evocation are the double sides of trickster word juggling meant to bring you closer to sacred emotion. But words can only provide a taste of this vibratory golden elixir. In its full-blown form, this emotion is "sacred ecstasy," and the actions that evoke it are what we call "Sacred Ecstasies."

We realized that we had never specified the name of our work with this degree of precision. In this visionary classroom, we repeated ourselves to make the name

of our work clear: “The enacted dynamics behind sacred ecstasy are called ‘Sacred Ecstatics.’”

We noticed that some nodded their heads to indicate that they understood, or at least understood that *we* understood. Yet the emotion we were describing was obviously not being felt that strongly by anyone in the midst of so much verbosity. At the same time, we were feeling it start to swell within ourselves because if you own this feeling, talking about it in any meaningful way wakes it up. We acknowledged our present inner ecstatic excitement to the class: “We are feeling sacred emotion waking up inside us.” Then we explained how sacred emotion is only one aspect of Sacred Ecstatics, though it is the most important “ball” in the air:

There are also two other important aspects to this work—sacred song and sacred vibration. With emotion, these add up to the three juggled balls in the air to form a circle. One ball alone misses the three-ball juggling dynamics of Sacred Ecstatics.

We could see that some people in the class were conceptually envisioning this shift to circularity. Seeing it, however, was not the same as enacting it. We added, “Observing the juggle is still not the same as its embodiment. You must hold the balls and actually throw them in the air to feel the dynamics of the juggle in play.”

We then taught everyone to juggle three balls as I had been taught by my friend, Glenn Collins, a Pulitzer Prize winning journalist for *The New York Times*. He taught me what he learned from a team of professional jugglers that he wrote a feature article on, *The Brothers Karamazov*. After a short time of practicing, everyone in the visionary class could sustain a short-lived juggle. They caught the feeling of circulating three balls in the air. We announced, “This is what it is to be a medium in the middle of a circle.”

Suddenly, I felt tempted to offer a demonstration of mediumship. I whispered to Hillary, “Perhaps I should commune with the other side and demonstrate the juggling associated with mediumship.” We both were hesitant, however, and still whispering so no one else could hear, we continued:

The medium juggles n/om with its trinity of emotion, song, and vibration. When any of these aspects are missing, the medium can only pretend to be a channel, mirroring a trickster-bred-and-led fantasy of the other side. If we explicitly demonstrate ecstatic mediumship, however, it may tempt observers to bring back old

habits of making cutouts and imposing frames. They ignore the n/om and focus only on the perceived magic of contacting a spirit, missing the ecstatic dynamics behind mystical communion and communication.

As we discussed the contrarian tension between wanting to demonstrate mediumship and not wanting to do so, some of the students became impatient and left the class. Others sensed that something important was about to happen. They moved closer to us.

Without any sign or clue as to what was forthcoming, we were thrown into the future. When we landed, I realized we had been in the future's past, which was in sync with the actual present. In the future I was over one hundred years old. I was sitting at the keyboard of a grand piano and was barely able to lift my hands to play. I did not have the physical power to strike the keys hard enough to make a sound. I barely struck three notes in succession to form the beginning of a melodic line that held an old-time swinging rhythm. A voice on high spoke: "What matters most in awakening the sacred vibration and emotion is the rag, the schlepp, and the drag in rhythmic groove time." This was all I needed to ecstatically perform and, even if the music could barely be heard, I could still set the room on fire.

In the future I felt even more strongly that it is time to advance the know-how of authentic *ecstatic* mediumship, the art of crossing over into the wobbling, vibratory middle. Suddenly, a force grabbed hold of me and spoke through my voice. I was unable to hold back its strength which made me feel young and fully alive like never before:

Everyone is always channeling something—bringing unconscious mentation across into conscious mentation and linguistic expression. The unconscious primarily concerns emotion, relationship, and the weave of circular interaction whereas the conscious handles the metaphors of evocation, naming, ordering, and lines of reason.

In the big room of the unconscious is found the trinity of sacred ecstasy—sacred vibration, emotion, and song. In the big room of the conscious mind is found the skillful means of evoking and sustaining sacred ecstasy through words and other expressive means. All mentation, perception, and action stem from the emotional roots planted in the soil. How deeply or shallowly you feel the inspiring emotion determines the size of the room you will

build and spectrum of experience and expression that will take place inside it. At the same time, how clearly you think determines whether you can wisely hold and convey whatever comes across the veil. The medium is a double whose conscious (*big me*) and unconscious (*little me*) must both be clean and able vessels for anything of value to come through.

Suddenly, a cloud of white light landed in the middle of the room. I opened my eyes and in the luminous amorphous shape we saw a number that looked like it was etched in ancient stone: “3044.” A voice immediately gave further instruction: “This number has different meanings. Find their sacred references and throw all the meanings in the air. In their juggle is found the higher truth concerning the evocation of the pinnacle experience of sacred ecstasy.”

I woke up and wrote down the number to make sure it was not forgotten. Later that morning, we found it referenced in three sacred books: Emmanuel Swedenborg’s *Arcana Coelestia (Heavenly Mysteries or Secrets of Heaven)*, the Greek and Hebrew Biblical words listed in *Strong’s Concordance*, and a document entitled, “Spiritual Transformations No. 3044,” a sermon given by the famous 19th century English preacher, Charles Spurgeon.

Swedenborg’s book was based on the primary assumption that “the truth is that everywhere in that Word [the Old Testament] there are internal things which never appear at all in the external things except a very few which the Lord revealed and explained to the Apostles.” He believed that the words and stories of Genesis and Exodus revealed the spiritual reality of the human soul, the nature of God, and the relationship between God and man. Entry 3044 of his *Arcana Coelestia* states: “*Only thou shalt not bring back my son thither.* That this signifies that from thence there could be no conjunction, is evident from what was said above (n. 3031, 3033), where the same words occur.” He is referring to the marriage of “affection” (emotion) with “thought” and “action,” saying earlier (in entry 3033) that no good thought or deed can arise from evil affection:

But when a man has not the affection of good, but the affection of evil, that is, then he wills evil (as when he believes all to be good that is for himself, so that he may become great and may be rich, thus possess honor and wealth, and this is his end), then when anything is to be thought of that is to be willed and done, his willing equally flows into his thinking, and there excites knowledges which appear in the semblance of truth; and so it impels the man to think, to will, and to do; and this by a wrong application of knowledges,

and by looking upon certain general truths which he has drawn from the sense of the letter of the Word or from other knowledge as being applicable in every sense: it is in this way that evil is coupled with falsity, for in this case the truth which is therein is deprived of all the essence of truth.

Swedenborg is reconfirming that emotion is the primary influence of thought and action. Emotional roots shape the nature of the performance of mind and body. Turning to *Strong's Concordance*, its reference to 3044 is an entry on the Greek word *Linos*, whose original word origin is *linon*, meaning the string of a musical instrument, that later became the name of a mythical minstrel, and finally became the name, *Linus*, designating a Christian in Rome. Its Hebrew word correspondence is *Yidlaph*, meaning a son of Nahor (its word origin is unknown). The son of Nahor was said to be a man with tears—*he wepeth*. It is also translated as *Jidlaph*, which means *to drip or drop*. An exemplary use is found in the verse, “My eye weeps to God” or “mine eye poureth out unto God.” Again, both Strong correspondences point to the underlying emotion that leads to an emotional relationship with God—here exemplified by music and tears.

Finally, we find Charles Spurgeon’s sermon number 3044 entitled, “Spiritual Transformations,” brings the teaching home. He laments that he is unable to bring people to God himself, no matter how many metaphors he uses to explain what must be done to evoke the holy spirit. Only *contact with God* can bring forth authentic spiritual transformation. His words echo what we heard in our visionary teaching:

We are to consider how this transformation is worked in men. It is worked by the *secret and mysterious agency of God the Holy Spirit*. Certainly, dear friends, it can never be worked in us by the power of man! Let us tremble if our religion rests upon any man, for that is a poor, unstable foundation. I learn each day more and more my utter inability to do good to my fellow men apart from the Spirit of God. There come to me, sometimes, cases that completely stagger me. I try, for instance, to comfort a broken heart. I seek, but in vain, all sorts of metaphors to make the truth of God clear. I quote the promises, bow the knee in prayer and yet, after all, the poor troubled spirit has to go away still unbelieving, for only God can give it faith! . . . Oh, it is hard work to deal with sinners! It needs a sharper tool than man can keep in his toolbox. Only God Himself

can break hearts—and when they are broken—only the same hand that broke them can bind them up.

It is the Holy Spirit, then, who is everywhere . . . and puts Himself into direct contact with a human spirit and, straightway, a change is effected. I cannot tell you with what part of man the Holy Spirit begins, but this I can tell you—He changes the whole man! The judgment no longer takes darkness for light and light for darkness! . . . The affections are no longer set upon sinful pleasure, but they are set upon Christ! It is true that corruption still remains in the heart, but a new heart and a right spirit are given. There is put into the quickened soul a living seed which cannot sin because it is born of God—a living Seed which lives and abides forever! “I don’t know,” said one, “whether the world is a new world, or whether I am a new creature, but it is one of the two, for, ‘old things are passed away, and all things are become new.’” . . . Therefore is “a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwells righteousness,” within that poor sinner’s heart! It is a complete change. . . this is a perfect re-creation, a making anew of the man and this happens to every one of us, by the power and energy of the divine Spirit, or else in the garden of the Lord we shall never bloom, nor ought we to join the Church of God on earth, for we have no part nor lot in the matter.

The way by which Christ comes into the soul is through Ear-gate. “Satan tries to stop up Ear-gate with mud,” says John Bunyan. But, oh, it is a glorious thing when God clears away the mud of prejudice so that men are willing to hear the truth of God! . . .

Now you know that simple trust in Christ is all that He asks of you—and even that He *gives* you. ‘Tis the work of His own Spirit. Hear this, then, you thorns and briers, before God sets Himself in battle array against you—before His fires devour you! Hear the gentle notes of a Father’s heart as He speaks in gospel invitations to you, “Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” “Ho, everyone that thirsts, come you to the waters.” May you all be brought there! May God’s grace bring you all to lay hold on Christ!

. . . As soon as that great sinner gets converted, it makes a buzz and a noise in the workshop where he goes. “What?” they ask, “has that wretch become a saint?” He used to curse, but, “Behold, he

prays!” He could drink with the drunk, but now he walks in the fear of God “in all temperance and sobriety.” He could not be trusted, but now temptation cannot turn him from his integrity. The name of Christ at one time brought the blood into his cheeks, but now—“Sweeter sounds than music knows, Charm him in Immanuel’s name.” . . . I had rather be a doorkeeper in the House of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. I hope many of us can say, again with [hymnwriter] Dr. Watts—

*“Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Your house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave
Your door.”*

No amount of talk, multiplication of metaphor, or complex elaboration can fill you with the transformative power of God. Yet, we must do all we can to help others find and enter the door to First Creation, and that includes using words to point the way. In the big room, the sacred vibration of the Creator waits to pierce, enter, and fill the body vessel. All anyone can do is help “soften others,” as the seiki masters and Bushman doctors say, to help God’s wonder working power get through. Whether we call it honey from the Mother Bee, the Greek string of a celestial harp, the n/om nail of a Nazarene spiritual carpenter, the prayer-poem-songs of a whirling dervish minstrel, or the blacksmithing spiritual alchemy of a Creole medium in New Orleans, the words, names, and metaphors matter less than the holy spirit rain that erases trickster fabrications of the brain and shoots a sacred ecstasy dart straight through the heart.

When you pray, aim to be in the double wobble of the double Tesla coils found in the middle of your pray-ear altar, the “ear-gate” to the other side. Reach your hands across the threshold and join the spiritual mothers and Sacred Ecstatics saints who are on the mainline. They are there to help focus, concentrate, and strengthen your divine connection. Here your *little me* can awaken and serve as a well-tuned medium for handling the highest communication between earth and heaven—the emotion of numinous communion. Rather than seek visionary displays or collect other worldly tales (let them come to you if that is divine will), dial the heart of God and go straight for the holy bread of divine love.

The Sacred Ecstatics Groove

In Brad’s previous dream, a voice spoke: “What matters most in awakening the pinnacle vibration and its conveyed emotion is the rag, the schlepp, and the drag in rhythmic groove time.” Brad learned that this principle was all he needed to ecstatically perform even if he someday became

so old and weak that he could barely press a piano key. In a subsequent vision, Brad was sent back to the spiritual classroom to learn more about this rhythmic instruction:

I woke up in the middle of the night hearing these words, “Pay attention to creating *the Sacred Ecstatics groove*.” I then spontaneously conducted a concert of inner rhythm-making that was followed by a nighttime teaching that I will later disclose. The day before, I had conducted a Google search for “rhythm 3044.” I immediately found an old record made by a jazz pianist I was not familiar with—Red Richards. His album, “Lullaby of Rhythm” had the number 3044 printed underneath its title—the recording company’s identification number for the album. After some research I found Richards was among the least known of the past great jazz pianists, a master of swing playing described as “a fine pianist with a marvelous, loose, swinging style.”^{xc} *The New York Times* summarized his playing this way: “Mr. Richards’s approach is based on a strongly rhythmic momentum . . .”^{xc} Another critic better captured the unique feeling of his music: “[the music of] Red Richards—it’s like home cooking, just pure, unadulterated swing.”^{xcii}

As a teenager Red Richards was mentored by the great masters of stride and swing who performed near his home in New York City—Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, and Willie “The Lion” Smith. He later played with Sidney Bechet, Doc Cheatham, Roy Eldridge, and even toured as the accompanist to Frank Sinatra. Richards died when he was 86 while playing the piano during a NYC club gig. In an interview with Marian McPartland, he mentioned that Fats Waller taught him that the piano is a “two-handed instrument,” that is, a double instrument, one for each hand, “a fact subsequently forgotten by too many pianists.”^{xciii}

Soaking in the syncopation of his two-handed style, I asked myself, “What is groove?” Music researchers define it as “the pleasurable desire to move to music” (Matthews, et al.).^{xciv} In other words, it is catching the feeling of music that makes you want to move your body. Bushman n/om-kxaosi might say they “own the groove of n/om.” A conductor of spiritual electricity, whether shamanically journeying, mystically communing, or ecstatically healing, needs a strongly felt groove—the fire of desire to move and boogie with the music. When the groove is sufficiently powerful, the music and dance combo light the match that sets the room and all its inhabiting souls on fire.

In his research study, Janata found that “higher-groove music gave rise to spontaneous body movements (e.g., of the head, torso, or foot) to a significantly greater degree than did low-groove music” and “syncopations and expressive timing deviations optimize the listener’s predictive engagement with the unfolding rhythm, making listening an active rather than passive activity.”^{xcv}

Scientific researchers confirm what is blatantly obvious to performers and critical listeners—swing time swings both the musical notes and the body parts. When sound and flesh work together, everyone is now “in the groove” of a music and dance track that amplifies the emotional intensity of both.

Back to the nighttime classroom: I was advised to pay more attention to those moments when I push myself to the utmost limit of spiritual cooking, feeling the need to pause and rest. This is when a very fascinating experience may take place. Within minutes of lying down, I feel a highspeed physical vibration in my head originating in the cervical vertebrae. I have written about this in the past and referred to it as an instantaneous energy recharge, like being filled with n/om at a higher power gas station. It happens quickly, efficiently, and powerfully. Like other ecstatic experiences, there is no way to describe this phenomenon to someone who has not experienced it. It is perhaps the most mysterious and yet the most practical outcome of spiritual cooking—an instant hookup to mystical, vibrational energy.

I have always taken this experience for granted and had not previously examined it with the participatory observing tools of spiritual engineering. After being instructed in the vision to do so, to my surprise I woke up and went straight into the rejuvenating, tuning vibration. I soon noticed how it, too, manifests the same alternation between rhythmic entrainment and detrainment. Its frequency of vibration is the same as the highest vibration of a Bushman n/om-kxao’s trembling hand—which I immediately performed to confirm. I went in and out of this head vibration numerous times in the night and found that it involved more rhythmic de-entrainment at its startup than it did later in the sequence. It felt somewhat like yanking the cord on a lawn mower to get the engine cranked up. During the initial activation, the energy spikes can be so strong that it feels jarring, precipitating a brief moment of concern. Those unfamiliar with n/om’s vibratory phenomenon might panic and take flight the first time it occurs—something reported by Kalahari Bushman n/om beginners. Yet no matter how many times I have experienced this energetic surprise over the decades, there are still moments when I think I may be about to have a neurological accident. I have learned to laugh, settle in, let it be, and take a ride.

In this nighttime tinkering, I wondered whether a similar movement dynamic is associated with the onset of a panic attack. Here the initial response of fear about anxiety triggers, amplifies, and sustains an uncomfortable oscillation, soon going into a runaway positive feedback loop that increases fear the more fear is feared. I hilariously pondered whether “anxiety” would be better called an “F.D.R. loop,” where “the only thing we have to fear is fear circularly interacting with

itself."^{xvii} I then switched back to seriously paying more attention to the ecstatic loop occurring in my own body, finding that the beginning groove of this vibrational ride is when I feel the dizziest. This is the body experience of being in the midst of a whirling gateway to First Creation. I have learned over the years to not emotionally overreact in either direction—with delight or fear—or else I risk short-circuiting what otherwise will naturally play itself out. Once a steady rhythm is established and the body is fully on board, the vibration proceeds to reset and recharge you automatically. The body then proceeds to successively shift ecstatic gears to keep the rhythmic vibration strong, with subsequent movement jerks now less chaotic and more enjoyed as bliss amplifiers rather than fear inducers.

As I studied this unique vibrational phenomenon, I began to internally add a percussive sound that matched my body vibration's rhythmic beats, off beats, changes, syncopations, polyrhythms, and the like. The only drumming I have heard that comes close to what was going on inside me was in the sacred rhythms of a Zambian tribe. But even they were not as well-timed and aligned to bring forth the energy download as a cooked body drum. As I carefully examined and studied what I tacitly knew for most of my life, but never made explicit, I remembered what I had learned in my previous dream of playing the piano as a one-hundred-year-old man: It is not the mechanical strength behind making a loud sound (or exaggerated movement) that matters most in the evocation of the sacred vibration. Higher power evocation comes from the drag or schlepp, small rhythmic variations that take place in microseconds and give good music its groove.

I smiled as I realized that the expression of the fire, soul, duende, and n/om of music and dance is accomplished by mastering microsecond variations in rhythm. The scientific confirmation and intellectual representation of groove, however, cannot assure that anyone learns to embody and enact its performance. You must catch the feeling for the groove and then learn how to not interfere with its ineffable quality coming through. The same is true for the higher power station hookup. The owner of n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit must possess it so strongly that their rope-wire can conduct electricity when needed. Such an ecstatic body instrument must remain empty of interfering thought and action for the higher groove to move the body in whatever way is necessary to let the wonder working power do its work.

I recognized that this dynamic underlies the highest middle of mediumship—being gently and powerfully rocked by a higher vibration that determines what comes through. Primarily rooted to sacred emotion, the vibrational power is turned on and off, as well as finely regulated, by micro-rhythmic variations. The body is the medium's drum whose rhythms help them tap into the higher current.

The body is also the tuning fork. Only when the body has been tuned by higher hands can it be instrumentally used to tune others. Furthermore, the body is the electrical receptacle, power cord, and transmitter of the sacred vibration. Only when it has both caught and transmitted electromagnetic-like vibrations can a signal come through the line. Finally, the body is the prayer, prayer wheel, singer, and dancer. When influenced by higher rhythmic grooves, magnetic pullings, and electrical currents, it wakes up its highest purpose—to be a Wichita line person for Mark Twain’s Electrical Power Company.

The wobbling medium’s occupation entails an experiential rope connection to the other side where numinous phenomena are handled vibrationally, magnetically, electrically, emotionally, ecstatically, performatively, interactionally, circularly, Ouroborally, alchemically, and transformatively. The wisdom medium wobbles, shakes, rattles, and rolls while trembling, dancing, and singing all the way to the First Creation whirling telecommunications station. This happens naturally and mysteriously, while letting all naming and claiming about what it is or isn’t drop so the numinous signal can come through the line.

When you have been sufficiently cooked, the rope and its plug-in directions arrive on their own. Until then, cook rather than look, bake rather than take, and pray for help rather than say you know. Learn the supreme teaching that is true for every moment in time: your immediate goal now and forevermore is to experience, without any filtration, sweeping the broom, humming the tune, praying the line, and moving on the seiki bench as the simultaneous beginning, middle, and end of the pinnacle ecstatic life. This is the middle wobbling of not separating where you are from where you think you should be. Are you there yet? Yes, you are, so please learn to wholly embrace this experiential truth. When you have given it your all, it’s time to stop and take a rest. Then you may be fortunate enough to receive the exciting gift of God’s spiritual alternating electricity.

Reach into the other side with both hands. Trust that the higher power outlet is there. Someday, if your ratio and concentration are aligned with those who got there before, you will be automatically plugged in. For now, act as if you’re plugged into the other side every time you reach for it. Walk through every door and reach through every window, learning more and more that this reaching is the teaching and preaching needed. Feel an increasing need to reach across. This is already happening on the other side, too. The spiritual mothers are reaching for you when you reach for them. The same is especially true for the longing mutually felt by you and your Creator.

Enjoy the idea of *little me* having a nightly sleepover in your altar. The seeds, garden ground, sky ears, ropes, wires, Tesla coils, spiritual mothers, shashlik, Mayan eraser, and everything else added are meant to be felt when you reach across the liminal border. You spiritually blossom the more this mystery touches you. Feel it, own it, and enact it repeatedly until it is habitual and

natural. Get all of this *under your skin*—especially the micro-variations in beat that rhythmically constitute your ticket to board a soul train bound for red glowing antler glory.

Correcting History in Albuquerque

Brad dreamed he went back in time to when he was nineteen years old. The past was no longer the same as it was before, providing an opportunity to set a new future in motion. In this regard, it was clear that the dream was helping us fulfill the mission given in the previous visionary encounter with J.B. Valmour—to “correct” the past and cast an alternative future track:

I was in an old laundry whose workers were Mexican women dressed in white, like nurses who were washing dirty clothes. They were very friendly and gave me a desk that made me feel at home. There I sat, working with a huge stack of old books, monographs, and unpublished manuscripts. The bindings of these texts had become so loose that many pages had separated and left everything disorganized. It was like a jigsaw puzzle where the pages were the pieces needing to be correctly placed together to see the whole picture. As I worked, the cleaning women walked by smiling, always asking if I wanted anything. They were watching over me and making sure my needs were met.

I looked outside the window and recognized that I was in Albuquerque, New Mexico. My family of origin was parked in a car about a block away, waiting for me to finish. As a child, my parents and grandparents frequently dropped me off at a library and then would come back at the end of the day to pick me up. I would go through the library stacks and select at least a dozen books. Then I’d go sit on the floor somewhere isolated and leaf through them. I seldom could patiently read one book at a time because I was too eager to digest them all. I would read a little bit out of each book, becoming intoxicated and dizzy with excitement while feeling I was transported to many worlds at the same time. I always felt the most at home in those libraries. When we drove to another city for a vacation, my parents also allowed me to visit my other two favorite haunts—the local music shop and the magic shop. The whole family would wait in the car until I was done. Looking back, I’m so appreciative for their generous patience.

Now in the dream they were waiting in the car like they used to in the past. From the laundry storefront, made entirely of glass, I could see my grandmother Doe and my grandfather—they looked like they did when I was young, as did my father and mother. My sister, for some unknown reason, was not in the car, unless she was asleep on someone’s lap. I went back to work at the desk that was covered with unsorted pages and document fragments. It seemed I was there for only one

day because it never grew dark outside and the women workers never left. Yet every time I looked out the window to check whether my family was still there, they looked like they were getting older, as if years were passing by. The laundry workers, who now felt more like mothers, comforted me and said, “They’re all right. You can go back to work. Is there anything you need?” One of them brought me a glass of water.

The pile in front of me was no typical stack. It was more like an entire library of manuscripts, and I had barely made any progress. I finally noticed something buried in a pile on the left side. About a dozen sections of a manuscript seemed to belong together. I pulled them out and somehow quickly arranged all the loose sections to perfectly fit together. I lifted the reassembled book to better see it in the sunlight. Its cover title emerged like invisible ink coming into sight when placed under the right kind of light. It was an original text about the literary work of Carlos Castaneda, telling more of the truth about his fabricated adventures into another reality. I assumed it was written by him but was unsure. When I opened it, I saw there were two photos in the book—one was of the author (in real life Castaneda was rarely photographed and avoided being seen) and the other image was of Don Juan, the brujo mentor who had never been photographed and is now regarded as never having existed. I stared at the black and white photo of this simple man who gave no impression of owning magical power. He looked more like a common worker.

It struck me that Don Juan was not photographed in color and that his black and white portrait reflected how critics connoted the accounts of his existence: as either total truth or absolute fiction, a duality with no middle wobble. As I wrote decades ago in *Aesthetics of Change*, any debate about the ontological status of Castaneda’s Don Juan is better regarded as an argument over different angles of observation. It is more interesting to examine how an observer determines what makes real feel *real*. In the case of Castaneda, his creative writing felt like real magic whereas the facts of his physical whereabouts and obvious conniving proved he had perpetuated an anthropological hoax.

As I stared at the photos in this newly discovered manuscript, I saw that another future had been set in motion. The new future asks more than whether magic is real or not; it also asks whether it matters. In other words, do tales of magic change the heart or only impress trickster mind? Do they teach the humble surrender required to become a hollow bone, or do they only promote the selfish desire to possess magical shamanic powers? Why would anyone value a psychic bending a spoon over a beekeeper's spoonful of honey, a singer's voice full of

emotion, or a dancer's body mastering motion? Changing or adding another question to the past alters the answers sought in the future.

I then noticed that many years had passed since people debated or cared whether Don Juan could actually fly. Hillary was now by my side as I got up to check on my family. They were no longer there. The women dressed in white, who I now fully accepted as my spiritual mothers, reassured me: "Don't worry, they have only parked on the other side. Look out the other window." I looked and there they were, but they did not look the same as before. They had crossed over from the physical world. The mothers, who had become elders now, pointed to the desk and expressed their excitement, as if an important breakthrough or discovery would soon come through. The desk now had two chairs, so Hillary and I both sat down to get back to our shared mission.

The reassembled book was now sitting on the right side of the desk. I assumed it had changed its location because a different future had been cast by the former altered history. I randomly opened the book as if doing a Biblical "prove" where you open a Bible and expect to find the scripture you are meant to read. The opened manuscript, however, had no words. In its place was a mysterious ancient iron key. The mothers, clapping with joy, shouted, "You found the Saberinian-Sabrinian key." They repeated their words slowly as if spelling it out to make sure we heard clearly: "You found the Saberinian-Sabrinian key." We laughed with scholarly delight because that conjunction of words referred to a saber (a sword), the name of one our Guild members, Sabrina, and also reminded us of the word "Siberian."

We were instantly flooded with a sense of the many layers of meaning held in the name of this key. The mothers then pointed out that a sword is needed to discern and separate a lie from truth, fantasy from reality, and trickster fluff from pure cornerstone. In Spanish the verb, *saber*, also means "to know," specifically pertaining to knowledge, truth, and facts. A sharp sword of discernment would certainly be useful for handling and evaluating Castaneda's written claims. Furthermore, one of the mothers explained that this kind of saber is a very rare aspect or side of the mystical key. She clearly emphasized that it is a "Calvary sword" designed to point toward the holy blood from the mystical fountain that cleans, births, mothers, and grows a newborn spiritual life. When the mother spoke, I was aware of the phonetic similarity between "cavalry sword" and "Calvary sword," the latter referring to the place where Jesus was crucified. We recognized how a slight change in the spelling of one word can alter history, in this case exchanging the senseless blood of war for the transforming blood of spiritual redemption. Later, after waking, we would realize that this dream occurred on the

day before Easter, a holiday celebrating the victory of life over death. Calvary or Golgotha means skull or cranium (Latin *Kranion*, rendered *Calvariæ*), that which covers the brain. On Easter, Jesus rose from the grave, escaped the cranial tomb, and became a boundless living spirit that shines light upon the entire world.

That explained the Saberinian side of the key. The other key's side, called Sabrinian, reminded us of Sabrina's remarkable vision of being thrown high into the sky where, in an ancient coliseum, she sang about "doin' this with the Lord." This Sabrinian aspect of the key reminded us that opening one's voice to sing is one of the keys to higher transformation. For many years we have said to one another that spiritual transformation requires both a sword and a song, referring to the need for precise wisdom discernment and the passionate singing of holy songs to awaken sacred emotion. Both are required to build the big room and ignite its fire. This double word, Saberinian-Sabrinian—also sounded like "Siberian" and this relit the fire of the red antlered shaman within each of us.^{xcvii}

The mothers then spoke in unison a final time, "This is the master skeleton key," meaning it could open all the mystical doors. We heard their words differently this time—as they spoke we were lifted by a mighty wind so strong that it carried us out of the laundromat and down a road. We landed in an Albuquerque drugstore.^{xcviii} It looked familiar because we had been there before. The master skeleton key had opened the door to Duran Central Pharmacy. It was a historic drugstore that was also a restaurant serving award winning New Mexico chile dishes. We were particularly fond of their carne adovada with cubed pork and dried red chile pods with a marinade made of flour, garlic, salt, and oregano. As we sat at the pharmacy counter excited about the forthcoming heat from the chile-saturated meat, the former jigsaw text we had pieced together landed on the table. The mothers were nowhere to be seen, but we heard the oldest of them speak: "The key to discerning a true alternative reality is found when you are at high altitude and fed some heat." We started laughing out loud because Carlos Castaneda had set his literary tales of surreal power in a low desert valley, beginning his trip in Tucson, Arizona. In contrast, we were in Albuquerque, the lesser-known mile high city (the other is Denver). We were also getting ready to eat some hot chiles. There was no need to elaborate that Castaneda and other popular spiritual teachers of his time never got off the ground because they were missing the n/om meat and chile heat required to make the spiritual temperature climb.

As we laughed, the napkin in front of us started to change its appearance. An invisible hand wrote a word on it—*noosphere*, a term attributed to Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, referring to the evolution of a higher complexity brought forth by the

interaction of synchronized human minds. He regarded the Christian notion of love as its principal force. Though scholars of “consciousness studies” would later hijack his term, Teilhard intended it to point toward humanity’s journey to the “Omega Point,” what he envisioned as an eschatological return of Christ as the “Light from Light.” As we stared at the mysteriously drawn word, it began to fade as if being erased by an invisible eraser. We knew that Teilhard’s idea was pointing in the right direction, but it, too, required some historical correction. Namely, like Castaneda’s fables, it needed spiritual heat. We joked that Teilhard needed a *n/om-osphere* rather than a noosphere to avoid the noose that separates the body from the head, leading to too much obsession with mindful consciousness and not enough emotion and embodiment. That said, we couldn’t help but notice that Teilhard’s notion of a higher web of timeless, interconnected consciousness offers an explanatory principle through which to understand the kind of history-altering time travel we were experiencing in the dream.

The napkin next started to spell out another word, this time constructing several sentences: “Remember the German and his past glass bead game.” This was a reference to Herman Hesse and his novel, *The Glass Bead Game* (sometimes entitled *Magister Ludi*). The book is set in the future in an imaginary elite European educational order called Castalia during the 25th century. Its monastic community of austere intellectuals plays a game that synthesizes all the arts and sciences. The players must make deep connections between elements that may initially seem unrelated. This future world is ironically a throwback to the past, evoking the Middle Ages. *New York Times* writer, Ralph Freedman, describes the game this way:

Something like chess yet far more intricate, the Glass Bead Game vividly and concretely illustrates how the most varied aspects of nature and human experience can become part of a universal harmony (such as we find in music, mathematics, and scientific law). Yet all this . . . results in Castalia's aloofness from life and mitigates against human commitments within the flow of history.

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While emphasizing the complex interplay of contraries and harmonies, the game fosters an abstract rather than directly engaged relationship to human experience. The future in which the novel takes place is found in the past and as Freedman suggests, the Glass Bead Game, like the magic theatre of Steppenwolf, has characters who warn that “the magic stage must not be soiled by the blood of

reality.”^c In the end, the main character, Josef Knecht, leaves Castalia and finds the sought unity of all opposites while walking through nature and playing a melody on his flute. Freedman quotes Hesse:

He brought the instrument to his lips and blew the melody, looking out into the radiant plain that arched toward the distant mountains, listening to the serenely devout song ringing out in the sweet notes of the flute, and feeling at one and content with the sky, the mountains, the song and the day.^{ci}

Back to the dream: We could feel the spiritual mothers patiently waiting for us to finish our remembrances and reflections on the extraordinary literary work of Herman Hesse. We concluded that, like Castaneda, Hesse explored the search for authenticity, self-knowledge, and spirituality, but with more literary and intellectual chops. Awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, his work was seldom read by Americans until the 1960s when he was rediscovered by a young counterculture searching for both its Castalia and Castaneda’s Don Juan. This German writer’s work was sometimes grossly reduced and misinterpreted as symbolic of psychedelia (there is no evidence that Hesse ever took a psychedelic drug of any kind).

We then heard one of the mother’s voices ask us to reassess what could be learned from this re-encounter with the notably schooled German and his glass bead game. After pondering it for a moment, we discussed how important it is to go back and examine every author’s work inside a larger room that includes the historical and cultural contexts in which they wrote. Otherwise, it is too easy for later interpreters to hijack or distort an author’s legacy by placing it inside their own preferred frame. That is the dark side of how history gets altered or re-written; future generations relate to a later re-framing of an historical contribution more than the original work itself. Again, it seemed we were being invited to circle back in time to provide a different historical account that would launch a different future relationship to the past. We then laughed at how we were sitting at a lunch counter discussing how to counter the past mistakes of 1960s *counterculture*!

Then it dawned on us that Castaneda, Teilhard de Chardin, and Hesse had all been at least partly misinterpreted through some of the New Age lenses that were popular during the counterculture era—the very same time in history in which the dream began, circa 1969. In Castaneda’s case, his book on Don Juan (published in 1968) was more a product of that era’s often misguided search for indigenous

wisdom. Certainly, interest in the evolution of consciousness, indigenous spirituality, and psychedelics was not limited to that cultural moment in history. Yet the impact of the discourse launched during that era is still shaping us today.

We continued to sit at the counter and realized another interesting dynamic found in 1960s counterculture. So many young people at that time, dissatisfied by the lies they had been told about history, sought to transform their future by reaching back for truths left behind in the past. African American youth wanted to reclaim a more direct relationship to their African cultural roots, Chicano activists re-examined their pre-colonial cultural histories, and indigenous activists in the Americas reignited their fight against land theft and cultural genocide. Many young white people, no longer buying into the myth of white European supremacy, went hunting for other cultures' spiritual wisdom that had been violently suppressed during the colonial era. Like all human endeavors, sometimes this collective search for past truths was trivial and shallow, and sometimes it was conducted with depth and wisdom discernment. Let's just say that our present relationship to past spiritual and literary wisdom, for both better and worse, is heavily shaped by the alternative tracks created during the 1960s. The degree to which those tracks contributed to a more wisdom-filled and song-saturated future likely depended on whether someone was holding the Saberinian-Sabrinian key when they sorted through the scattered pages of time.

After marveling at this complexity and enjoying some carne adovada, we discussed how there used to be a wonderful tortilla factory in Albuquerque that also served an amazing carne adovada burrito that caught the attention of New York food critics. We wondered if it still was around. A waitress overheard us and answered, "The Albuquerque Tortilla Company which used to be a family business with a restaurant sold years ago to a big company." We never heard if they still made that burrito. The mothers whispered, "Go ahead and enjoy your meal. Your family has moved on; they are happy you found your new home."

We turned to look out the window and sure enough, my family was nowhere in sight. We also noticed that in a distant booth was a plain-looking Mexican man pulling the needles out of a cactus. He looked like the earlier found photograph of Don Juan, but we felt unsure if that's who it was. We trusted that wobbling ambiguity over any presumed certainty about the character's true or false identity. The mothers, still unseen, whispered a question to us, "What's his historical mistake?" Without thinking, we immediately knew and answered, "He should be valuing the piercing needles rather than the hallucinogenic botanical chemicals." We heard the mothers laugh and we knew that another history and future had been altered in our visionary adventure to Albuquerque. It is the prick

of n/om rather than the intoxication of a chemical that radically changes reality as well as the criteria for determining what's real. To correct history, you must own and embody the song, emotion, and vibration of n/om. In the end, n/om is what matters, even more than love. N/om is love embodied, expressed, and shared.

Let's head to Albuquerque, a city whose name comes from the Latin words, "albus" and "quercus," meaning "white oak." Under this oak tree, history can be corrected.^{cii} Change former words, texts, and frames. Like a mystery-hungry child, ask your parents to drop you off at the First Creation library whose stacks hold many worlds, songs, and forms of magic. Change and rearrange the pages as you sit in between many realities that make you dizzy and wobbly, that is, more ready to cook. Please join us for some carne adovada whose chile heat has the power to cook the changes that history's next future is hungry to taste. Your family of origin is waiting outside until you meet your new spiritual family in the place where all forms of dirt are washed clean. There you can leave your former reality and head to the vast infinity of an ecstatically felt eternity.

Resurrecting Easter

On Easter morning, Brad woke up with no memory of what he had been dreaming, but felt energized with these surprising questions reverberating in his mind: "What is the body of the risen Christ? Is it made of earthy flesh or heavenly light? What happened to the body of Jesus on Easter day?" Brad then felt the middle wobble as he envisioned flying back to the tomb that was long ago opened on this celebrated date. It was reported that the body of Jesus was gone, nowhere to be found. That historically epic disappearing act became the fulcrum, crossroads, and crux of the Christian faith—Jesus conquered death with a resurrection show featuring the unexplainable vanishing of his flesh. Brad's morning question came back to him, this time radically altered: Why is the experience of magical illusion so often required to prompt belief in the ineffable? What really happened to the body of Jesus, a man made of flesh whose suffering on the cross was real enough to cry out that his divine father had forsaken him? Something smelled fishy and in need of a cleaning to remove former historical scales.

Any deception or illusion of permanence, whether made of flesh or carved in stone, is delivered by trickster's stage magic. Furthermore, any dependence on such sleight of hand or smoke and mirrors only leads to more encapsulation inside trickster's small parlor trick room that is missing a fireplace. Beware when truth and evidence are defined only as that which is material and solid, and when the visual is regarded as the long running singular sensation. Under this ontological spell, double worlds collapse to the ground and are buried in a soul forsaken grave. The tomb is the room that insists that the real is only material and never ethereal.

The alternative big room with an open-hearted door puts more empirical stock in mystical radiance—the ethereal light that shines when the fire of n/om is ecstatically felt in the body. Here the luminous Jesus is the numinous Christ, personally met and felt by many broken-hearted souls after the crucifixion, beginning with the closest members of his wandering apostle tribe. The mystical Jesus eschewed emphasis on the material, regarding it as superficial. Rather than connote the material and ethereal as a dichotomy, this master of non-illusion revealed them as a contrarian marriage of heaven and earth where hell is the scapegoated and triangulated third outsider invented by a fight between thought and matter, performed by an artificially separated mind and body.

A Zen roshi with one hand clapping and two worlds dancing would more wisely rearrange the Easter tomb to have the body remains left intact, stench and all. Amidst the maggots would also be found the nuggets of spiritual gold. For in death is found the reappearance of life, held inside the transient productions whose containers range from small cup to vast sea. First Creation cares not whether material is present or absent, for the dots, lines, circles, and Ouroborean patterns equally organize the visible and invisible sides of double, multiple worlds. In the boundaryless vastness, light, song, dance, and emotion prevail over any freeze-framed belief. First Creation’s Passover night is followed by a Makeover day. Today we join the overlapping circle dances of the Bushman n/om-kxaosi, the Gnostic Jesus fish fry tribe, the outskirts whirling dervishes, the ecstatic rabbis, the egg-and-bunny loving pagans of Europe, and the later Native American Ghost dancers. Our altering, alternating histories and futures are situated in First Creation where new creation and New Jerusalem arise after every Second Creation downfall. This is when the big room tomb transforms into the holy womb. Resurrection is not about any singular body—it is about the whole room. Kaboom! In the resurrection room, all lives are reborn as suffering becomes joy and death is another round of the living vibration.

Bede^{ciii}, the English Benedictine monk known as “the father of English history,” provided the only presumed documented source for the etymology of the word, Easter: *Ēosturmōnaþ* (Old English ‘Month of Ēostre’). This referred to the English month corresponding to April, which he claimed was named after a goddess named Eostre who was celebrated by feasts during that time of year. However, his account is now debated as very suspicious and intellectually wobbly. Some scholars wonder whether this goddess was an invention of Bede (like Eliade’s invention of the inflated importance of shamanic journeying). Perhaps he did more than resurrect this springtime goddess—he may have created her. Maybe he unconsciously knew this would help prepare him to enter the gates of First Creation heaven where improvised invention cooks better than memorized convention—that is, it’s easier to discard and let go of.

During the Last Supper in the upper room, Jesus prepared himself and his gathered spiritual outlaws for his big transition. He identified the matzah as his flesh and a cup of wine as his blood that would soon be shed for the good of the cause. Paul turns this prophecy into an instruction for the future: “Get rid of the old yeast that you may be a new batch without yeast—

as you really are. For Christ, our Passover lamb, has been sacrificed,” referring to the Passover requirement to have no yeast in the house and to Jesus, the Paschal lamb, who now mystically functions as the yeast giving rise to a newborn room. Rather than debate whether the body of Jesus was stolen by grave robbers, moved by the disciples, eaten by wild animals (common back then), or disappeared due to a magi’s stage magic, change the tomb room to see the mystical yeast that gives rise to illumined holy bread—a feast for the mystic rather than grist for the critical and noncritical sides of the trickster mill.

When you hunt for hidden Easter eggs, whether outside your house or inside your body temple garden, we hope you notice the Kalahari ostrich egg that is already cracked wide open. Inside it is found the luminous yeast that transforms the least of you, the *little me* within, into an abundant soul feast. Do not forget that your luminous double holds the nails that convey n/om’s songs, dances, and emotion. Your inner spiritual body is found amidst the changing forms, embellished fireside tales, and sweetly seasoned water pails of First Creation.

What prevails and never changes today and every day is the highest emotion of divine love. Rather than get stuck in proving the materiality of flesh or spirit, seek the electricity of higher emotion that spreads the fire, wind, earth, and rain. Do not run away from the body—its joys, sufferings, appearances, or disappearances. Embrace the ups and downs of your earthly somatics as the twin of your always-ready-to-be-felt-higher ecstasies. The body hosts your ongoing earthly transitions from wellbeing to illness and back again, the oscillations of pleasure and pain, the written and erased spiritual sentences, and diverse punctuations of breath, death, and resuscitation. Make the eternal vibration more primary than any passing materialization or dematerialization. Forget being impressed with claims of “going rainbow body” or any other kind of disappearing act when its hardened meaning evokes no surge of n/om or flood of redemptive love. Get amongst it all, including the trench and stench of sickness and death. Sweep away your old yeast collection and make room for the mystical carpenter’s re-birthing nails, resurrection eggs, ecstatic baking loaves, discerning lamb chops, sacred music tunes, holy dance moves, and soul fire matches. Reorient the twoness of you toward the eternal flickering light and everlasting wobbling delight.

***Wigram’s Trout Stream and its Many Tributaries:
Rediscovering the Aboriginal Means of Vibrational Time Travel***

Our most recent visionary teachings reverberate with what we formerly learned from Reverend William A. Wigram (1872-1953), the British scholar of world religions. Brad discovered his name decades ago when he dreamed of an Australian totem painting that served as a ticket of admission for him to meet a keeper of the Aboriginal Dreamtime in Halls Creek, Australia. In the dream, the name “Wigram” was written in the lower right corner of the Aboriginal image, as if he was the painter or the owner. Recently, Brad felt a new teaching was trying to get through

that would help clarify how the recent directive from Valmour could be facilitated by Wigram's syncretic and evolutionary view of religion. This time he dreamed we were in Arizona rather than New Mexico. We again had gone back to the days of the counterculture:

We were somewhere in Arizona in the past, between 1969 and the early 1970s, yet we were there with the knowledge we had gained from our recent experiments with Sacred Ecstasies. To be more accurate, we knew more than we do today, and this especially included how the original Wigram dream helped unlock the mystery of how to change the future through traveling back to the past to alter its course. In the dream, a "hippie couple" came to visit us. They had heard that we had something different to teach about spirituality and were eager to learn. Unfortunately, every time we tried to say something, it was clear that they did not have a sufficient attention span to focus for long. They were easily distracted and looked like they were going into a daydream or foggy mental state that made communication impossible. Each time they did this, I found that I snored so loudly that it woke me up from the dream. Their lack of concentration and mental acuity put me into a deep sleep that threw me out of the visionary realm. This went on and on throughout the night. I woke up feeling exhausted.

Each time I fell asleep, I went back inside the dream. The couple would again express great enthusiasm to listen but then soon look like they were on mind altering drugs—obviously spaced out in their own head trip. However, each time before we spoke, we'd be flooded with remembering more about what was important to say. In other words, the only value in the interaction was that their presence prompted us to advance our thinking. In this dream series we took unfamiliar future knowing back to the past and came back with more than we knew before the dream. It made us dizzy thinking about it.

What we learned about how Wigram can help us implement Valmour's prescription was far more than we can detail accurately—it's way over our heads. In fact, it's simply beyond human comprehension. We can only give a few clues and then leave it as unfinished scholarly business. What follows is an incomplete sketch of what we remember. It is not meant to be too clear or logical. We wrote it down for the experimental record and hope that history will later examine whether it evokes a relevant difference that matters to any future track.

We discovered that the Aboriginal drawing next to Wigram's name was the clue to time travel. You might say that it was an ineffable time machine. The ancient Aboriginal ways of entering the Dreamtime have been largely misunderstood by outsiders, including both Aboriginal non-initiates and other cultures. In Aboriginal history, the drawings were made on the ground. Like a Diné sandpainting, it was done in secret and immediately erased afterward. Unlike other

earth drawings, however, there was a haptic dimension that was ceremonially important. For example, the stick used to draw on the earth was tapped against the body and the drawing itself was three-dimensional rather than flat so its ridges, edges, and textures could be felt by touch. In addition, all markings were aligned with an acoustic dimension—the Dreamtime songs that came to life when drawing instruments, tapping rhythm sticks, and dancing feet touched the earth. The visual lines, waves, and other geometric images were indicative and evocative of vibrations that could be heard. There were also other mediums involved—after the image was made on the ground, it was then painted on the body. Through these multiple mediums of art and poly-sensory experience, everyday time shifts to the Dreamtime where the past is reentered and felt to be alive as participants are both further grounded and thrown skyward by music and dance. Anything more cannot or should not be said because it would be lost on the uninitiated and make it more difficult for future initiated elders to talk to others when they are later ready to become initiated. Only then can those without Dreamtime access look back and appreciate why certain things are never said.

One layer of Aboriginal art is a mythic-historic narrative called *Tjukurpa*, or “Dreamings” in English. Another layer of the Dreaming re-presents the past, and an additional layer evokes a present experience of the past when a wandering group walks about the earth’s landscape, linking them to ancestral animal forms. When the first dot paintings were made on canvas it marked a third transitional form. The markings then went from the earth to the ceremonial body to the observing public. This entry into the modern art gallery upset many elders who believed too much secret knowledge was being shown, something that could lessen its mysterious, unseen power. As a result, painters added new elements to their drawings that hid and neutralized the underlying patterns of Dreamtime vibration. What was not revealed to the non-initiated eye was that creating the drawing itself was a walk into the previous walk across the land whose energy was vibrational, similar to the vibration-like images of the drawings. These vibrations can be heard—they are the land singing. Dreamtime is an ongoing performance reenacted by those who enter it.

It is the haptic sense of tactile vibration that launches communion and union with nature’s land. Singing over the drawings then imbues them with the power of the ancestors. In this blend of body vibration and song vibration, ancestral relations come alive. The sound vibrations are the songs of the ancestors and their tracks—the song lines—awakened by rhythmic tapping and sound making. The action of creating a drawing is another layer of the Dreamtime walkabout, distinct from the solidified and pigmented form sold in a gallery. More importantly, it is the touching and singing that accompany its creation that matters as much as any viewing. To enter the Dreamtime, you must feel it vibrate and hear that vibration as a song.

The long ago dreamed association of an Aboriginal painting with Wigram’s name pointed to the instructions for journeying in the stream of a modulating, morphing source and force of religion. Recall that Wigram viewed all religions as belonging to one stream, with diverse names,

beliefs, and rituals regarded as tributaries of the same main flowing current. Here each religion was a modulation of another where varying truths reverberated with previous truths and experiences, setting the stage for new future forms to unfold. While Wigram intellectually understood this, he was unable to evoke it, enter into it, and experience its rippling current firsthand. He surely needed a stick to draw a dream on the land as he somatically felt a vibration give rise to a song.

Artists do not master their craft by viewing and explaining the meaning of a creative work after it is done, but by a performance in real time. This shift to action requires dropping the inhibition and abstract convention of post hoc reflection. Art is an original work of creation rather than a re-presentation validated by social confirmation, theoretical elaboration, or statistical interpretation. Once a discourse enters to dominate the scene, you are out of the action scene. This equally applies to ballet, opera, painting, a Kalahari cookout, or an Aboriginal walkabout. Only so much can be said until it is finally time to act. And sometimes little to nothing should be said until the right action is taken.

In the dream, we realized that the hippie couple from the past had no real commitment to the hard work involved in mastering any form of art, science, or spirituality. They would soon tire and fall asleep, and this interactionally led to Brad's falling so deeply into slumber that his snore woke us up. It later struck us as hilarious that early historical reports of Bushman healing depicted it as "snoring," likely because the guttural sound of 'doption was misinterpreted as a snore rather than the n/om roar associated with pulling out dirty nails.

In the present dream saga, we realized how much the flower children of the counterculture were in need of the old wisdom they were searching for, while at the same time they were seduced by the illusory shortcuts that proliferated during that era, as well as new-fangled promises that dismissed disciplined work, the development of sharper mental clarity, polished performance skills, better body attunement, and synchrony with multisensory experience. The New Age was the "in a hurry age," more comparable to fast food spirituality that brought whatever a seeker desired—a Native American vision, a Siberian shamanic journey, Don Juan's Mexican crow flight, a scoop of Tibetan enlightenment, a bowl of San Francisco Rice-a-Roni Zen, or an inner peak at the botanical light of higher consciousness by means of pill, smoke, or tea. In their impatient zeal, the deeply rooted contextual wisdom of old was filtered away. The so-called counterculture often ended up enacting the same cultural habits they were rebelling against. They were still in need of feeling a real need for the big room whose fire opens the door to First Creation, the Dreamtime, and the Wigram modulating religious stream.

Brad's mentor, Gregory Bateson, often said that nowhere is intellect more lost than it is in Western medicine, the social sciences, the helping professions, and the New Age spiritualities that claim to be superior to the former. They often cause more iatrogenic suffering in their muddle of logically mistyped abstraction, misplaced concreteness, naïve causal schemes, excessive extrapolation, and materialistic ambitions. Sadly, the ecology of mind in its multi-

splendored nature became further fractionated as the names of pathology, trauma, solution, and cure proliferated. “Better living through chemistry” not only defined psychological intervention back then and now, but it also promised an easy, lazy path to spiritual transformation. God became a molecule as human consciousness became the supreme divinity. The modern quest for the “trick,” “fix,” and “hex” misses the fact that no part can be made the whole without the latter falling apart.

What was and still today remains forgotten is *the room* in which life takes place. The change desired is found in the spiritual fire but needs enough room for the emotional leaps and falls and spontaneous whirlpools of the Wigram river. Here the First Creation and Dreamtime dynamics of song and dance reign over talking about the name or the state of mind’s latest hex, charm, or trick. When science lords over spiritual experience, giving the final word and granting explanatory proof, it also falsely promises a simple prescription that is only another trickster reduction. This is when you need to walk away with the Diné medicine man, He Who Walks Away. The use of science talk to manhandle spiritual phenomena is an ignorant assault on the complexity of complexity, the ecology of ecology, the mind of nature, and the heart of God. Richard Grossinger,^{civ} critiquing a New Age pop star, further shines the light on the kind of sloppy thinking promoted by New Age scientism that made Gregory Bateson want to jump off the scholar’s bridge:

When science presumes to concretize archetypes and spirits, it loses its value as science . . . we might as well invoke prana, ch’i, and Navaho sand-paintings; these at least come from sacred lineages and are refined by millennia of rigor . . .

In the end, most unified biological-field models, including those yoked from quantum mechanics and space-time acrobatics, are wild-goose chases, caught up in valorizations of tropes and sound bites, blind to how nature makes . . . changes and establishes order . . .

We have not begun to approach the real mystery. Declarations of “holism” and telekinetic resonance do not convert physical equations into biological systems . . . and does not explain the elevation of blithering nonsense to elegant design . . .

Not a single leader of the New Age or counterculture built a big room or owned a single drop of n/om. There, it has been said. May history be reread and altered, paving the way for a future of spiritual cooking rather than navel gazing and ego grazing. Before he passed away, Gregory Bateson wrote Brad a letter lamenting the ignorance of most science and all pseudoscience. He summarized his own life’s work as a fight against rusty, non-trustworthy orthodoxy:

Dear Friend,

[The purpose of my work] is to undermine the orthodoxy and give the new thinkers some ammunition. The confrontation can always be postponed—until there is nobody to confront.

Moloch, after all is very stupid and quite capable of swallowing the notion that he is, and was always, “right” in what he “meant to say.” It is *only* his language that was wrong. And if the battle must finally be joined, let us choose the battlefield.

Moloch will surely do his best to fight the battle on some ground on which he has an irrelevant advantage. (He will accuse us of Lamarckism, obscurantism, failure of scholarship, etc., etc.)

What is interesting is that the underlying battle is really about the choice of battlefield. Our stand is correctly and precisely upon the question: *Which language shall be used?*

Indeed it was only Moloch’s language that was wrong. But his choice of language vitiates (makes toxic) everything that he has been saying for 120 years.

But it is a long, slow business waiting for the orthodox scientific opinion to turn—lubricating its hinges with rust solvent.

Remember the old war horse. He smelleth the battle afar off. He saith among the trumpets, “Ha, Ha.” Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

With amusement and love,
Gregory

It is time to do more than sound the trumpet. It is more important that we go back in history and point out that there was no change of battlefield or room during the counterculture era with its infantile scientism and adolescent spiritual fantasies. It was little more than another modernist attempt to escape the encapsulated mind, only to find that its seekers never left establishment mentation. No matter how many hippies went to Oaxaca, California, or India, they remained in the mostly privileged homes and consumer rooms from which many of them came. The needed alteration of the past counterculture requires that its reality construction wheel turn in the counter direction—the room rather than the jargon must change. What the world needs most, even before love, is the room, dance ground, and higher sky village of n/om. The kind of love we need, after all, can only be felt and circulated in such a vast, spiritually cooking place. The big room is not found in either chemical alteration of the brain or in the eye-door of perception, but in the alchemical change of whole reality.

We are better served by longstanding “sacred lineages . . . refined by millennia of rigor” than muddled literary accounts of shamanic unsung realities or mushroom clouded spiritualities. Let us administer the antidote to anecdotal fiction that doesn’t have enough friction to strike a

Kalahari match. We offer you the alchemical medicinal blend of Wigram's Sacred Ecstatics trout stream that is reborn of religion, the Australian song lines of Dreamtime, and the First Creation dance of creative changing. When you go back to this future, surf the higher wave that takes you on the ecstatic good vibration ride. Never think that the former New Age brought anything new; it belonged to the ancient lineage found in the temple marketplace where vendors told fortunes, cast magical spells, and promised prosperous outcomes. Thanks to Wigram's big room wigwam and all that came afterward, the past New Age of the countercultural wheel of time has been rewound with its heart opened and mind sharpened. Here the room is big enough to soulfully feel its original African sky groove, its Mesopotamian valley garden of fertility gods, its New Orleans Creole blacksmith vibe, its universal trembling song of songs, its Dreamtime walking, and fire circle dancing.

We have risked saying more than ever should be said about the ineffable during these latest experiments of Sacred Ecstatics. Nonetheless, what is more important than understanding past, present, or future understandings and misunderstandings is this: act in order to catch the primary sacred emotion behind creation, its double realities, multiplicity of names, infinity of forms, and trinity of ecstatic dynamics. Unless you catch the utmost higher feeling, you will receive no vibratory, initiatory song that is marked on the ground. Without earth, body, and performance paint, you will be forever led astray. Pick up the Mayan eraser to clear the way and start again, this time cleaner and leaner than before. Do it again and again, especially when revisiting the historical past, until you nibble on the felt bait-on-the-hook that wants to catch and reel you in. You must feel your way to the other side of the wobbling fishing line while constantly being re-aligned with the double Kalahari rope to God and its twin outback rainbow serpent. Hold on to this doubly braided lifeline than only bends to keep you hooked and on board the changing vine with its Sacred Ecstatics climb. Believe that only the sound of the trumpet and its brass band will tumble the walls and set you free to sing and dance in the vastest field rather than claim to know inside your turtle shell.

One more thing about this looping dream: Near the end, we decided it was time to leave Arizona, but we were worried that we couldn't get out of the state due to rumors that the border would soon close. We hopped in the car and planned to travel east, heading for Albuquerque where the altitude is higher and the chile hotter. We wanted to make sure that we went further than Flagstaff, Arizona and Gallup, New Mexico, so we took the highway that is best and got our kicks on Route 66. We did so after changing the former sixties countercultural revolution, that is, altering the direction its wheel turned so now its odyssey burned a trailblazing path for others.

The Chladni Figures and Vibratory Cymatics of Sacred Ecstatics

Brad woke up in the middle of the night to have another look at the visionary Aboriginal drawing associated with Wigram. A voice instructed him to look at "the field" rather than the turtle. He

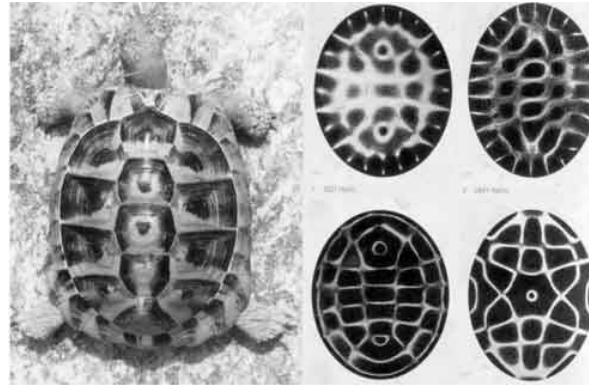
noticed that the turtle was only one layer of the drawing—it was laid over a whole network of hexagrams that surrounded concentric rings with lines connected to other hexagrams. In that instant Brad recognized that the background field, ecological network, or “room” of the drawing was a Chladni figure—the flat surface visual pattern created by an acoustic vibration.

Ernst Chladni gave lectures on law, mathematics, and physics at the University of Wittenberg in Germany (where Martin Luther was a former professor of theology) between 1783 to 1792. He began conducting acoustic experiments, repeating what Robert Hooke had done in 1680 and Galileo in 1630. Hooke rubbed a violin bow along the edge of a glass plate covered in flour and found that nodal patterns were created. Chladni later rubbed his violin bow along a metal plate covered with sand and when a resonance was reached, the pattern in the sand that resulted became known as a Chladni figure. This method of creating a visual pattern of a sonic vibration led to the design of acoustic musical instruments including violins, guitars, and cellos. This discovery later led to Schrodinger’s wave equation for quantum mechanics.

In 1967, Hans Jenny, a follower of Rudolph Steiner, reinvented the same method again, this time calling it “cymatics” after the Greek word, *kyma* for “wave.” He believed it could visually capture the invisible force field of the vibrational energy generated by sacred sounds like the chanting of “Om.” His reductionism (arguably another pseudoscience folly from the 1960s) advocated applying certain singular vibrations to specific organs in need of healing. But whole music in real time, with changing tones and rhythms, constitutes the ecology of healing rather than any single musical note or sonic vibration—an error also traceable to Pythagorean string plucking and found in contemporary Tibetan bowl sound healing (which is not from Tibet but is a New Age invention from the early 1970s).

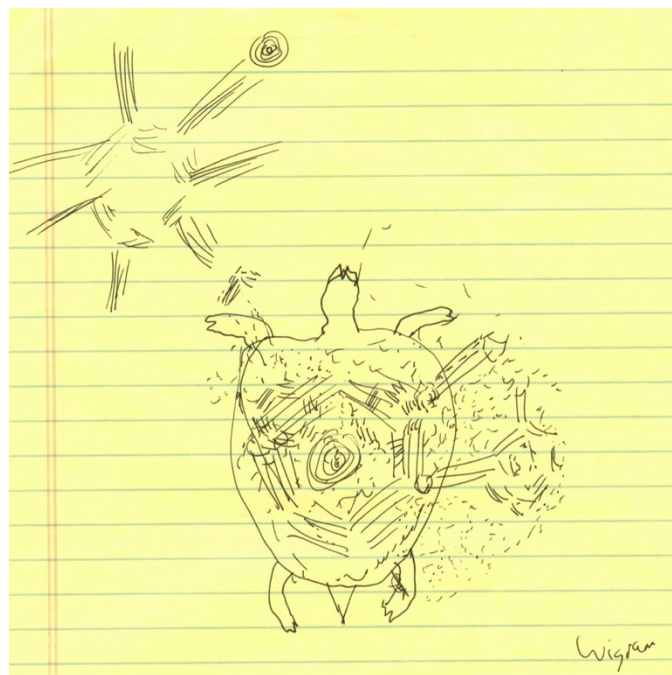
The generic term for surface patterns of vibrations produced by sound is “modal phenomena.” The resonating instrument itself contributes as much to the specific geometric pattern as the frequency of auditory vibration. To produce images of the more complex vibrations produced by music and musical instruments, the static methods of Jenny and those before him must be exchanged for the more recent device called a “cymascope,” what we regard as a kind of sound-driven kaleidoscope.^{cv}

A turtle shell is an acoustic resonator those aesthetic geometric design also looks similar to a Chladni figure or cymatic pattern. Look at these cymatic images of different tonal frequencies (photographed by Jenny) that are placed next to a turtle shell:



We are tempted to mythically imagine that the turtle shell's design first came into the world as a Chladni figure made on the ground when the Creator sang a vibration. In other words, the vibration of the turtle song brought the turtle's biological design into creation. While this is a mystical First Creation rumination, it meets its literal match in the sacred geometry of biological architecture. What meets the eye, in this case, may reflect what is heard by a vibrationally attuned Aboriginal elder of high degree.

Let us return to a closer examination of the abstract field pattern behind the visionary turtle, drawn by Brad, to see if anything else went unnoticed:



To the right of the turtle is a repeating network of geometric patterns, only partially drawn. These are most detailed in the middle of the turtle shell. Notice the concentric rings with a center

dot that look like the cross section of the Sacred Ecstasies rope formerly seen in vision. Here alternating rings reverberate with overlapping vibrations enabling mutual amplification with complex overtones. In the above figure, these rings are surrounded by multi-lined hexagons that are also crossed by tangential lines to form what looks like a series of ladders. These shapes are reminiscent of bees' honeycomb cells. The hexagon also contains the hexagram, the six-pointed star associated with the Star of David, the Kabbalistic tree of life, the Christian son of God, and numerous other spiritual traditions from Tibetan Buddhism to paganism. Finally, all these shapes, concentric rings, and multi-directional lines are themselves located near a second field of dots.

As interesting as these visual records of vibration are, they cannot by themselves bring you closer to what can only be felt in the song-filled, emotional, and vibrational trinity of n/om in action. Science and its mathematical formulae can only take us so far. To compose and perform music so it conveys n/om , art must take over with a muse able to inspire lighting the n/om fuse. The difference between a Bushman n/om - $kxao$ and a counterculture guru is that the former's First Creation to Second Creation ratio makes sure that First Creation is first, that is, n/om -filled singing and trembling are made primary to Second Creation talk. The absence of n/om among modern technicians with complexity reducers assures that the "experienced n/om to presumed known" ratio is zero—there is no ecstatic fire inside them that can transform or reform in a way that does not lead to more of the same room shrinking dynamics, even when metaphors change and proliferate. Even when something mystical is accidentally experienced, fools rush in to make it secondary to how its named, claimed, and explained. This is what shrinks and cools the room and extinguishes any former spark or hope for alternative reality construction. Harvey Cox, quoting a popular Pentecostal saying, put it this way: "When a man with an experience argues with a man who has an argument, the man with the experience wins."

Today, with the availability of complexity science that originated with cybernetics (still waiting to be further put to use by the medical and healing professions), there remains the same risk of inverting or deleting the sacred ratio. While complexity science is not as dumb as the combination of single factor reductionism and pseudoscience commercialism that began way before the 1960s, it still cannot sing life into creation. In other words, a more obscured reductionism continues today with technical scans of magnetic resonance, decoded genomes, Chladni moving pictures, quantum thoughts, fractal influences, fungal telepathy, and the like. Nothing we measure in a lab or conjure in a science fiction fantasy can ever lead to an algorithm, simple or complex, that can replace *catching the fire of old-fashioned religious emotion*.

When better sharpened knowledge helps us dismiss former grandiose hegemonic understanding, it helps sweep the room clean. This is the real contribution of science as an Occam's razor that gives trickster mind a close shave. Remember that science proves nothing; it only throws away former errors inherent in general conclusions. It certainly does not perpetuate unnecessary explanatory principles and needless neologisms like the verbally intoxicating rhetoricians of New Age "science." Besides serving as a clutter cutter, good thinking can also

provoke, shake, wobble, and evoke what is meant to melt and metaphorically soften rather than further reify and literally solidify. Trickster must be employed in its dual role of sweeping and inspiring good spiritual engineering action to light a fire.

Go back in history and change the former backfire that perpetuated small room refrigeration. Then return to the future with a changed past as the fire-breathing dragon rides its circular track. Spread its flames onto every static design as the wheel yearns and burns for transformation. Rearrange the historical rooms, set the Sacred Ecstasies ratio right, and bring a focus and concentration on the field rather than a fixation on a single totem or sign alone.

In this ecstatic mystical time traveling, there is no difference between past, present, and future. All temporal distinctions are the transient changing forms of the big room's infinity and eternity. You benefit from ecstatically relating to the three spiritual mothers on our Sacred Ecstasies altar with three lineage lines and three concentric room circles. One mother points to seiki that moves your body and reins in driftwoulda-coulda-shoulda thought, another mother points to n/om that cooks all of you, and the third mother points to the holy spirit's big love that keeps you sweet. 1, 2, 3: it takes three to wake up both of you, with *little me* in charge of the compass guiding your *big me*. 1, 2: it takes a double to find the one rope and its downpour of sacred ecstasy, the alternating song and electricity it co-inspires. Most importantly, it takes an empty room where nothing is required except admission based on your felt need to enter. Here the highest frequency will leave its mark on the floor, your body, and on the way you live.

The Sacred Ecstasies dots come in three varieties: seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit. Our three braided rope lines come from Japan, the Kalahari, and the Caribbean. The concentric circles oscillate between the double rings of big love and African ecstatic expression. The hexagons are the community hive's honeycomb, the sweetness shared with all. The turtle island is Mother Earth and inside all these layers, geometrical dimensions, dynamics, and complexities is found life as it is in First Creation. Second Creation must forever be more complex than we can ever assume to understand. Then First Creation can be simply experienced as a big love fountain, waterfall, and Wigram stream.

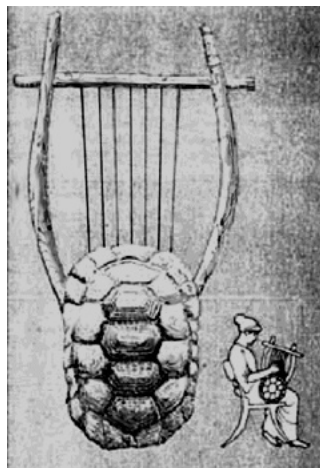
In his anthropological classic, *Aboriginal Men of Higher Degree*, A. P. Elkin discusses that there are invisible lines in Aboriginal sacred paintings that are only seen by a "strong eye." This kind of numinous perception is developed by a practice that maintains a non-focused attention on any part while grasping the whole landscape. You are then able to "see" the lines missed through conventional perception. Such "seeing" is more like an intense feeling than familiar visualization—similar to the kinesthetic-emotional synesthesia or multi-sensory perception of the Bushman ropes. An Australian Aboriginal man "seeing" a drawing of "Squid and Turtle Dreaming" by Liwukang Burkutlatjpi, told his interviewer, ". . . when I feel these lines my gut is happy."^{vi} The drawings of people of high degree "see" with the feelings of their bodies and this involves not visually focusing on objects but concentrating on the whole field. Then the

Dreamtime springs forth as its landscape markings vibrate and are heard singing, bringing somatic delight.

When you look back at the visionary drawing associated with Wigram, it can be seen strongly with a rising heart that feels the geometry of interacting relations while singing creation's vibration. In the Dreamtime of First Creation, the original aboriginal people on both sides of the world—the Australian outback and the Kalahari Desert—are not looking to understand the meaning of life through a newfangled and word entangled science. Let us correct the circle that recycles the past and future by reconnecting all the middle dots and lines. Only with strong seeing and proper singing may we feel the emotion inspiring this never-ending creation. The Chladni figures, photographed cymatics, sand paintings, dirt drawings, and every kind of visual of art are only transient forms. Permanence is found in the alternating beats of creation's jubilant vibration. This is the mother lode and ode to joy, felt as an extreme love that melts every mind invention, explanatory pretension, and cranky apprehension.

Postscript: Ode to the Greek Tortoise and Hermes

In the *Homeric Hymn to Hermes*, we find that Hermes was initiated and admitted to the pantheon of Greek gods by first inventing a musical instrument. On the second day of his life, a tortoise walked by the cave where he resided. Hermes grabbed hold of it, cut it up, ate its meat, and then created the first lyre whose resonator was the tortoise shell. He then composed a song. A born trickster, Hermes was easily distracted by whatever came along, including the former turtle passing by. However, the power of this newly crafted music caught everyone's attention and got him invited to the Greek gods' club. Here is an image of the tortoise shell lyre:



The animal he transformed into a musical instrument set the stage for the exchange later required for any mortal to gain admission to the heavenly realm. Here an animal must be ritually sacrificed so death is experienced before transformation into a musical instrument that can

perform a song for the gods. Walter Burkert, a scholar of Greek mythology, made this same point and claimed that “any new creation, even the birth of music, requires ritual killing.”^{cvi} Hermes’ first song “celebrates the transformation of the tortoise” and the unique power of music. His second song then “sings the origin of the world, the birth of the gods, in order of age, and how each one received his or her divine share.”^{cvi} As “the hymn tells of Hermes’ passage from newborn infant to god of craft, the hymn is at the same time celebrating its own origins, and those of the power of music, a power that comes from the conquering of death.”^{cix}

You, too, must allow your *big me* to experience a shamanic dismemberment and mystical rearrangement to become transformed into a song-and-dance *little me* instrument for the gods. After your song arrives and whenever it is next performed, the gods will hear, take your emotion, and convert it to the fire that sustains a cooking minstrel’s life. This is also what it means for a vibration to sing through a turtle and for a n/om hunter to catch a turtle song.

Living Inside the Rope Rings

Brad woke up in the middle of the night thinking about something Hillary had said earlier in the day. After discussing how Aboriginal people of high degree “strongly see” the whole landscape rather than “look” at its objects, she stated, “That’s exactly how you describe your experience of listening to people while conducting a session.” Her words struck me because I had never made that link before—Aboriginal “strong seeing,” perceiving the whole field rather than focusing on particular elements, is similar to what I used to call “not consciously listening to clients.” In both cases, this way of seeing and listening interrupts a focus on cutouts and sound bites. The wakeful state of spiritually cooked conductors notices the typically unseen and unheard lines of relationship that are alive within interaction, something that is more felt as a vibration than it is rationally interpreted. As I felt this pulsing truth about vibrational perception, I went into the Dreamtime:

An elder woman conveyed a thoughtful teaching not with words but through vibration. I caught the vibration and while feeling it, spontaneously translated it into words:

Perceiving the whole landscape, interacting system, or networked ecology is a process that is more felt than seen, heard, smelled, or tasted. This is the experience of being in the middle wobble whose vibration fosters whole rather than fractionated perception. Catch the groove and vibration rather than stare too long at any stationary image made on the ground. While the image may momentarily reveal something, it must soon be erased or its truth

will be hidden by another layer of paint, sound, rhythm, or words to protect its original potency. What is most important in spiritual transformation is owning the emotion of creation—the sacred emotion sought in Sacred Ecstatics. Music is valued over the visual arts because it often (but not always) better conveys emotion than images, symbols, or carved totems. Hear the singing vibration to feel the emotion of the Creator’s inspiration that awakens your performance of a new creation.

Hillary and I were then taken to a beautiful theatre in the round. We were surprised to see that the concentric rings around the circular stage looked like the cross section of the rope to God. “These rings hold the relations of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild,” the teacher on high commented. We looked and saw the whole situation at once. Some members of the Guild were on stage under the director’s supervision. Others wanted a ringside seat to feel as close to the stage as they could, waiting for the day when the casting call would invite them to more fully act. Another group was in the outer circle or the balcony, observing and interpreting rather than more actively participating. Finally, there were members alternating between the front and the back, unsure whether to jump in or move away.

The visionary classroom teacher then added, “You must not focus on any seating area or the distance to the stage. Only strongly see the whole room. Otherwise, you will lose the feeling of the vibration and become too focused on what someone is doing or not doing.” We realized that we must concentrate on the whole rather than on particularities to keep wobbling in the middle of all the concentric rings. Here we transition from narrow, partial looking to broader, feeling-based looking with second eyes and strong seeing. Only then do we catch the vibration that realigns, retunes, and re-inspires us to get back on the higher track.

Everyone is invited to the multi-ring big room theatre in the round of Sacred Ecstatics. Once through the admission gate, you must decide where you will sit—in the front or back rows, near the stage, or in the balcony. Don’t be so sure which row helps inhibit looking and which one fosters stronger seeing, hearing, and cooking.

Postscript

Soon after this visionary teaching and before we shared it with the Guild, Frank, a Sacred Ecstasics Guild member, wrote us this report:

I've not been one to retain much details from dreams, when I do dream at all. However, yesterday after one particularly long soak session I had a dream that left me with a beautiful shaking feeling. It has stayed with me ever since. In the dream I was in an expansive, cavernous old university-style lecture theatre with tiered seating in the main part and high ceiling and walls unseen in the dim distance. There was a softly spot-lit area at the front. There was nobody in this spotlight at the moment, but I could feel that this was where teachings were given.

Several Guild members were crowded in the first few rows near the spotlight, waiting expectantly. I crept in front of them and looked back, seeing nothing but their legs. Retreating away from the front I could see other members sitting solo or in pairs spread up the tiered seating. Along a hallway that curved away from the tiered seating there were others sitting out of sight but within listening distance. I climbed some stairs to a flat area toward the back where there was a camera crew of members with a movie camera facing down toward the front and ready to record. They were casually chatting, waiting for the next session. Although there was no teaching happening at the time, I felt that everybody had received so much, and yet more was on its way. I could sense we were all satiated with teachings but with high expectations for more to come. I feel that *little me* is being guided by the mothers each night through my pray-ear altar portal to this special shared place. Thank you, Lord, thank you. Thank you for sending us through. Serve that holy bread. Eat that bread!

Meeting a Whale

Hillary dreamed that we went back to Africa:

Brad and I arrived at a camp in the Kalahari. A few other people from the Guild were there. Though we were in Africa, I soon discovered that we were going to take part in a sweat lodge. A man steeped in Lakota ways was there gathering branches and preparing to build the lodge. I sat on a bench waiting, the sand beneath my feet, watching him cut wood.

Still in the Kalahari, some time passed in the dream and the landscape changed. We were now surrounded by a very large, sparkling lake. It seemed as if

this was the true purpose of our visit—to swim in this beautiful water that was one of the wonders of the world. There were wildlife freely moving about also enjoying the water, but all the animals were docile and there was no sense of danger. I saw two large cats. At first, I thought they were female lions because of their color, but then I realized they were North American cougars or mountain lions. We marveled at their gracefulness as they sauntered along the shore.

Brad and I then entered the lake. Floating in the water near the dock, I looked across the surface of the lake which was silver and sparkling in the light. Some people were in boats, and I noticed that Lynn was in the water near us. Just then, the most extraordinary thing happened. An enormous sperm whale swam slowly toward us. It appeared the way these whales are artistically drawn, rather than how they actually look in the wild. Most of its body was above the water, like a large ship. Its skin was a very deep navy blue, almost black. As it came closer to my right side, I looked directly into its eye, which was almost level with me in the water. We held each other's gaze. I was stunned, knowing that we were all witnessing a very special moment. After a long pause it slowly turned and began to swim away.

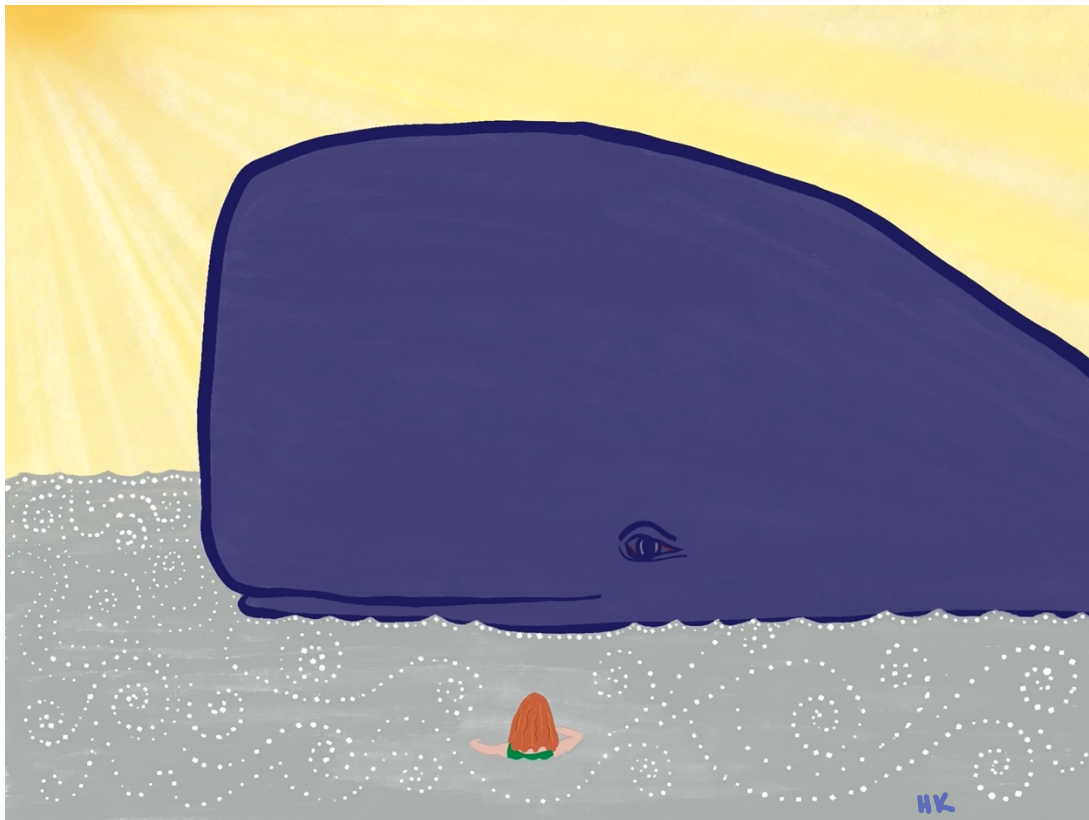
Now that we were behind the whale, I could see an opening near its tail that revealed a long, slightly pink, and hollow tube that went all the way up into the whale's body. I wondered for a moment if something was going to come out of the whale and almost warned the swimmers nearby. Watching its long tail glide away along the water, however, it swam off into the horizon. I was so deeply moved by this miraculous occurrence that I began weeping, overcome with great emotion.

When Hillary woke up from the dream, she remembered that as a child she was fascinated by whales. She specifically fantasized many times what it would be like to be a diver in the ocean and look directly in one of their eyes. It was exhilarating to contemplate the feeling of being so small, swimming next to something so large and gentle. In her dream, Hillary finally got to have this experience while swimming in a First Creation Eden where animals, people, and mystical whales move freely about in joyful peace. Somewhere in a wobble between Africa, North America, and a visionary lake, Hillary caught the feeling for that gentle swimming giant, and it pierced her heart.

As we have recently learned from the Australian Aborigines while dreaming inside the First Creation Dreamtime, you must stop looking with your mind's filters and learn to see strongly. This different seeing is what the Kalahari Bushmen call opening their second eyes or waking up their n/om so the heart rises. Spiritual seeing is less about visionary sight than it is about strong

emotion. When you own the rope to God, you feel whatever it connects you to. When you own anything in the world of spirit, you feel it strongly, that is, see it strongly.

A Bushman hunter who has a rope to a kudu, for example, “owns” that kudu. The strongest rope hookup takes place in a special vision when you stare into the eye of an animal as strong emotion pours into you. This is the African way of acquiring sacred ownership. When Hillary saw the long hollow tube at the rear of the whale, she wasn’t sure if it was the mammal’s rectum or birth canal. Among the Bushmen, the anus and rectum are respected as the physical site of the most transformation. One of the strongest visions experienced by the heart of the spears, Cgunta !Elae, involved him being thrown inside the intestines of a giraffe where he sang, danced, and was filled with its n/om. That was how he received his ownership of the giraffe. Whether the whale’s hollow tube in Hillary’s dream was the culminating site of digestion or the means of birthing something new, one thing is for certain: you cannot make heads or tails of this mystery through Second Creation rational means. You must go back to First Creation Africa where the spiritual gifts originally came from the wild. Hillary followed the oldest tracks to the African desert that was once a vast body of water. There, in the heart of Africa, she received ownership of the whale.



D. H. Lawrence Makes Another Slit in the Umbrella

Hillary dreamed that she was lying in bed awake during the middle of the night:

In my dream, I was puzzled to find that I couldn't name one book written by D.H. Lawrence. I wracked my brain but could not. I then realized I have never actually read any of his work. I knew I had come across a poem or two of his, but I couldn't recall which ones. I lamented this literary paucity, feeling ignorant and unlearned.

This dream didn't feel like a dream, however. I thought I was wide awake. It wasn't until the next morning, when something triggered my memory of it, that I realized I had been dreaming. I certainly would not have thought or worried about my knowledge of D.H. Lawrence while awake. I know I haven't come across his name or work in quite some time.

The last time I do remember reading Lawrence's words was in April 2019 when we published the revised edition of our book, *Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire*. In it we included this quote:

Man fixes some wonderful erection of his own between himself and the wild chaos, and gradually goes bleached and stifled under his own parasol. Then comes a poet, enemy of convention, and makes a slit in the umbrella; and lo! The glimpse of chaos is a vision, a window to the sun. (p. 209)

The next day after my dream, Brad told me that he had dreamed of menacing tricksters from his past. They disturbed his peace and made him feel weary. He had prayed hard in the night to be washed clean of the bad feelings associated with historical memories. Seeking guidance through prayer, he felt creative instruction pour down from above. In this shower of spoken blessings, he heard a teaching: "Everything comes as a double—a demon and angel come side by side." He recalled hearing Credo Mutwa say something like that to him in the past, and now it was echoing back. The marriage of heaven and hell assures that their offspring will doubly bring you both sides. When you dream it delivers both trickster signs and holy emotion. Your job is to get their ratio right without extinguishing either side, especially when reporting it afterward.

Standing on earth in between heaven and hell, we are never quite sure which of the two brings us order and which is the source of chaos. In other words, is order heavenly and chaos hellish? Or is it the other way around? Or do their roles alternate? Many of our dreams this past

year have brought us lessons on the double nature of things, and there is a doubleness in this chaos/order double dynamic as well. Trickster sometimes will impose the order of mind upon the chaos of the world—this is how reality is invented. Mind cuts, slits, and slices into the fabric of experience and then re-orders the pieces to please or ease the inventor. This action can be performed wisely or unwisely, depending on which aspect of the double-natured trickster is in play. The divine can then come in and serve as a holy interrupter and disruptor of trickster order, bringing a needed chaos that rips a hole in the ceiling, tears down walls, opens doors and windows, and blows a clearing wind. The spontaneous rhythms of de-entrainment are one spirit-led means of intervening when overly steady, soulless beats have put a human being into zombie-like sleep. All trancey, clock-like entrainment at some point benefits from a benevolent shock.

Of course, sometimes these roles are reversed, and it is trickster who comes to poke a hole in the established order that has gone dead. Lawrence's poet, the "enemy of convention," arrives to remind you that heaven is a "wild chaos" that shines like the sun.

Along with these rays of heavenly sunshine, a new order and New Jerusalem arrive—a bigger room that makes a different kind of sacred order out of the chaos below. A holy signal is made from earthly noise and joy is alchemically made from the raw ore of suffering. However, as soon as the newly expanded room goes stale, cold, soulless, bleached colorless, and stifled under its own parasol, the demons now start working for the gods and rip it all apart again, doing their part to bring the dance of order and chaos back to life again.

Order and chaos therefore go back and forth between being handled by demons and angels, each taking a turn at ordering and disordering the room and everything inside it. Should you find yourself unable to remember the name of any books, essays, and poems written by D. H. Lawrence, try an experiment. Choose to be stymied that you can't remember what his first two initials stand for. David Herbert Lawrence sounds less memorable than "D.H. Lawrence," does it not? Try disrupting your relationship with Mr. Lawrence and only call him with by his middle name. If you address this historic maverick and poetic enemy of convention as "Herbert," his ears will more likely pick up this surprising new signal on the other side. There he waits to respond,

That quote you mentioned was the herb in the middle of my literary garden. It is planted next to another one of my literary blossoms. You may be ready to pluck it and carry it to your future home. Here's to another slice in your parasol and our presently shared carousel:

Destroy! destroy! destroy! hums the under-consciousness. Love and produce! Love and produce! cackles the upper consciousness. And the world hears only the Love-and-produce cackle. Refuses to hear the hum of destruction under-neath. Until such time as it will have to hear.

Why understand, stand under the under-belly, or complain about a torn umbrella when you can fly across the border to where the names are allowed to die? Not sure what that means? “H,” the First Creation herb, has responded via DHL delivery:

Stand under the slice where the sun shines more brightly. Allow music and dance to sing and pull forth my third and final quotation. 1, 2, 3, here it goes: “One’s religion is never complete and final, it seems, but always must be undergoing some modification.” Never mind, let me change that sentence to more specific instruction: “Be still when you have nothing to say; when genuine passion moves you, say what you’ve got to say, and say it hot.”

The Earth Sings, and How to Get Your Message Across to the Other Side

Brad had a dream where he held a most surprising and unimaginable spiritual gift:

Hillary and I were sent to a visionary classroom where I found myself holding a rather large, irregularly shaped object made of many layers. It looked like a huge chunk of the Earth. It was as if a whole landscape had been removed from the planet and compressed, enabling it to be held by human hands. As I stared at it, the size of the landscape would alternate between being finely compressed and enormously expanded. I went back and forth between feeling I was impossibly holding an entire geographical part of the planet while grasping a compactly compressed version of it.

Hillary then said, “Listen to the music. It’s incredibly beautiful.” The room was filled with the most enchanting and mystically uplifting music we had ever heard. As I listened, I continued noticing that I was holding an irregularly shaped and multi-layered slice of earth in my hand, turning it every which way in order to further explore it. Hillary was becoming more completely absorbed in the music as she kept suggesting to me, “Listen to the music.” I wondered whether she wanted me to stop looking at the object and focus fully on the sound filling the room. In that moment, I accidentally discovered what neither of us noticed before—I was producing the music as I touched, rubbed, and turned the land mass in my hands. The earth, or at least a part of it, was the musical instrument.

The edges and geometric design of this earthy musical instrument consisted of irregular, ragged lines. Its boundaries appeared more like the edge of a cliff after an earthquake or landslide—it had no clear recognizable definition and appeared to have many angles, lines, and patterns. The bottom had sort of a

tapered point and the top was flat, making the whole thing look somewhat like a spinning top. I later laughed at the wordplay here because the bottom looked more like a top, while the top looked more like the ground. From the perspective of trying to maintain balance, it was upside down; but as a spinning object it was just right. Of course, it was too irregularly shaped to be a spinning top—it was only somewhat similar in shape.

A teacher then spoke to Hillary and me: “Catching a sacred song requires calling for it to respond. Make sure your call matches the rhythm of the song and the emotion that inspired its composition. The song arrives only when you are rhythmically aligned as the heart is rising.” We were then taught:

The cadence, meter, and rhythm of speech must be right to get a message across to the other side where words dissolve. Once the message has crossed over, only the emotion and rhythm of your plea remain which are then heard, taken in, and transformed into a response.

As I rubbed the earth to hear its music, I realized that this tactile contact was an “analogical” and continuous means of communication as opposed to the digital on/off communication of dots and dashes, discrete words, numbers, and literal definitions. The gentle touch of skin-to-earth was an older gate key and somatic haptic piano keyboard that predates a binary code. I remembered that Hillary’s whale is a mammal that enjoys rubbing against other whales, and that D. H. Lawrence preferred gentle touch with his beloved partner rather than the unfocused promiscuity he is narrowly interpreted as promoting. As these thoughts flowed through, I simultaneously tapped the earth instrument as if it were a telegraph key or drum skin. “Of course,” I spoke out loud,

both analogic and digital communication are themselves two forms, concentric rings, and intertwined layers. The tone of speech marks its emotion and better gives a sense of each word’s meaning. Reading a text requires a more complex means of catching its original inspiration since it is only heard in the reader’s mind. Here the whole weave of a text and its many contrarian tensions and juxtapositions provide the analogic context for words to call out their meaning.

When you dial the other side, your expression must contain the emotion you hope will be returned in amplified form. In addition,

to get your message through, make sure the rhythm you send matches the rhythm on the other side you want to receive in response. This alignment of emotion and rhythm is what helps you resonate with the higher amplified emotion and rhythm on the other side.

In the dream, I asked the teacher to provide more detail on the spiritual engineering involved in this communication process. A reply immediately came back: “You have the choice of either ‘feeling yourself through this process’ or using the ‘four fours and fives,’ but the latter are usually too complex for human beings to understand.”

We later discovered that the Pythagoreans, according to Nicomachus, regarded “four” as “the greatest miracle,” “a God after another manner,” a manifold divinity,” the fountain of Nature,” and its “key bearer.”^{cx} In dream it was felt, but not said, that the “four fours” point to the four divine doors on each side of the veil that are found in every direction—north, south, east, and west. Four doors on the inside correspond with four doors on the outside—one on each of the four directions. In the dream we gleaned many other layers of meaning applicable to the “four fours,” but none are necessary to now specify.

The teacher’s instruction mentioned two numerical series—four fours and four fives. We later found that “four fives” refer to a ceremonial ritual conducted by firemen that started in New York City in 1865. When a fireman dies, the bell is rung five times over four series of bell ringing. This also announces to those mystically inclined that the fireman has left this world for another. We laughed when we discovered this because in New Orleans we live next to an historic Irish bar owned by a rescue fireman who often speaks of how he communes with the other side (we’re referring to Kevin, bartender of Pete’s Out in the Cold in the Irish *Channel*). With both sides of our double numerical series accounted for, we mused that it takes “four fours” to contact an ecstatic “fireman” on the other side.

For the rest of the night, I went in and out of the same dream. Holding a landscape as a musical instrument, Hillary and I repeatedly soaked in other worldly sounds made of the earth. At times, the handheld land was a garden and at other times, it was an expansive field, the edge of a mighty canyon, a vast sea, a sprawling desert, a high mountain range, or a flooded riverbank overflowing with mud. This was First Creation earth that morphed its geographic form, size, and musical-mystical function. Each landscape was a divine musical instrument resonating the vibration of a transmissible and receivable song. In this way, we experienced the earth sing.

To commune with the other side, rhythm and emotion must align in four fours—this opens the door to the big room where spiritual cooking takes place. Don't call with just one rhythm, but two sets of double rhythms, one for earth and one for heaven. Do the same with multiple emotions. Come with suffering and joy, a pair for each side of the divide. Did we mention that the Pythagoreans regarded the five sides of the pentad to be the symbol of life and proved it was directly related to the "divine proportion"—and that it brings forth three dimensions? It was their secret membership sign. It might be said that no matter the direction they explored, they were a member of the "four fours and fives fire club."

Don't further verbally or mathematically specify what this means; tinker until you catch the feeling for it. After you catch it, then come back and study some more. This oscillation assures that the four fours and fives involve mystery doors and a fire in every direction. When finally caught by this mystical, musical, ecstatically emotional fire, you will feel like you alternate between holding a handful of compressed dirt and a landscape full of infinite wonder.

Do you hear the owl calling someone's name across the four floors, four ceilings, four inside walls, and four outside walls of every vertical and horizontal coordinate? Do you hear that its tone just changed to the fireman's bell ringing four fives? Those sounds came from long ago in history. Some saint, mystic, shaman, or cooked spiritual teacher just got their wings and flew away and is now ready to receive the ring of a future phone call. But don't you be in a hurry to talk to anyone other than the family of the Sky God. They are on the top, or is it the bottom, of the spinning mainline. Dial them up with the kind of rhythm and emotion they love to hear, dance to, and bounce back to you! Hello! Wake up! Wake up the other side!

Initial Findings from Experiment Five

Halfway through our scheduled period for conducting Experiment Five, we invited the Guild to post their findings online. What follows is a collage of cutouts from their individual reports that we put together and shared with the whole group:

How delightful to reach into the big room of divine mystery prior to entering the world of sleep, to hold hands with our anointed mothers, and to have *little me* gently float into my altar without even asking. Credo Mutwa tells us, "You must join hands and start the Dance of Life." The first night after preparing my strings, I went to my front door that opens to a darkened landscape. When I reached into the big room of divine mystery, numinous hands whispered a cool, almost ghostly greeting as a seiki shiver touched me, letting me know the Dance of Life was in hand.

The altar threads remind me that something's at work—it is unknown mystery that is beyond imagination. A juke box has been unleashed in my dreams, delivering delights for my broken heart. There fantasies are shattered, reformed, and transformed into ineffable gifts.

It took me some time to get beyond the noise and be in a room where I was jazzing with the words and really feeling the prayer—but boy was it worth it. My dreams left me with treasured snippets of faces at windows, a seat on a train looking at the countryside disappearing behind me, being inside a spaceship while tightly holding onto my seat, head on my knees, arms outstretched in front of me waiting for the blast of the next take-off.

Sometimes a sweet spot is felt in prayer. Other times, there is no outcome at all or just something else. No matter the result, I'm doin' this. I am reaching out to feel that Valmour kind of love, with all the ancestral mothers and God above in the circle, too.

I discovered that my mother and father were right about some things and that I was wrong. I couldn't hear it until they came to me in a dream last night. I see how I was wrong for so long. I don't have much time. How many hours of devoted action can I fit in? Will it be enough to accomplish what's needed? God only knows. Bring me home, Lord. If it isn't too late, I want to bloom. My garden was missing a broom. Thank you for giving it to me now.

This experiment surprisingly was the tipping point for me, as if I were experiencing the cumulative effects of all the experiments at once. I learned more about its aim, as it was written by Hillary and Brad:

We are here to help you enter infinity. To help you burn with each turn of the mystical wheel. To pray you are sent to the musical visionary classrooms. To help you have a close encounter with your maker. And to help you reset your life each day with a dose of n/om, God's sacred elation vibration.

Right now, in this moment, I'm again lost in my head. Excuse me while I return to the three holy threads encircling my wedding ring. This African gift from Credo Mutwa is not for *big me*, it is for *little me* to conduct and feel. There's the tingle again. I'm following it, waiting for the next step. There's so much sweet complexity in this cake that when the musical track, "Catch the Sacred Emotion," becomes a feeling tone, magic happens. That spark doesn't find me every time and when it does, I go past all words!

It's so good to be alive and feel swept away by the seasons of change. Sometimes I was surprised to feel grateful for the *suffer-sting* going through the skin as a reminder to take up the broom, sweep, and reach further. I have learned to say throughout the day and night, "This is a time for *little me* to conduct and feel it is collecting little drops of sacred emotion nectar. I know the bees love sweet *little me*."

My heart weeps like the cup that runs over. First praising the goodness and mercy, and mysteries of God. I thirst as my arms reach out to touch holy hands. Hello, hello!

By this pray-ear altar reaching means, my heart is again filled with love. I can't find the words to express my appreciation. Instead of writing it, I decided to take action and work on the altar. It now has a new heart on the doors that represent the love I feel for this experiment, for Hillary and Brad, the three mothers, for the BIG mystical, magical, creative life force, and for all of you.

Just opening the window and leaning into the dark, starry sky is a feast I cherish for my heart each night. I then close my eyes and invite *little me* to reach. Reaching for the connection, the mothers, the rope brings deep longing and tender feelings. Sometimes I feel a connection when I reach, and then I feel eager to pray harder. My mother altar moves around our house now, coming near my bed at night because I don't want *little me* to go very far away from me. I need thee and I need *little me*.

Tonight is the dance. Now is the dance. Last year is the dance. I have come, wordless, before the altar. The veil parts, there is a wobble at the double window over the trellis with the sweet smells of dusk flowers. The sweetness of Jesus. The mothers. The sorrow alchemically shifting to the light as the fish swim up through the deep blue middle layer of joy. The rose bud tight in the secret garden. *Big me* lets go with a laugh and *little me* sails through the window.

This experiment has me jumping from rote to emote! Not just words that are only thoughts, but *feelings*. Not just need but NEED. Every hour, I need Thee. Reaching outside: *little me* breathes in awe, the sky is SO BIG! Keeping the altar closer, all the better to alter.

Little me conducted this experiment with a minimum of words—but the songs and music came through! Later I heard that it is sometimes true that words are just words that do little to expand and warm a room. But at other times, as Hillary wrote, words are like birds—they are not a song, but they carry song; they are not joy, but they bring joy. These word-birds have wings. Their call sends a signal amidst the noise of non-visionary news. At times there are only a few on a live wire, at other times there is a whole flock swooping, chirping, singing, calling. Yes!

Love is all we need! Along with words, birds, pointing mothers, signals, noise, doubles, layers, and 1-2-3 prayer lines, and all the rest of it, especially during these crazy times.

We have all been reaching through, and I trust that the mothers are reaching back. As Brad and Hillary said, “This is the humble uncertainty the mothers want to hear. You must reach in order for them to teach. Such honesty keeps it real.”

With hands on my altar, I surprisingly feel that I am being cared for by parents. Weeping like a child, I am thankful to be in the care of these teachings, and unexpectedly so relieved to be in the middle for a moment. I'd rather have a moment in the middle than a lifetime without it. Just like someone said about Azusa, six months of this fire is worth trading for a whole lifetime without it.

I had a quick little dream-dive one night earlier this month. Brad and Hillary were in the dream though I don't remember any specifics other than that I walked into our bathroom to find a big well (the bathroom is not big, so the well was all that could fit in between toilet, shower and sink). Mildly surprised, I looked in and saw all kinds of whirling, colored plates opening and closing. The well went deep, deep down, kind of like a small, multi-colored vortex. Somehow, I knew that if I didn't dive in immediately, it would be too late. I remember thinking, “Oh, no! It's going to close if I don't dive in.” And dive in I did.

On another night I heard about someone else's dream. The members of the Sacred Ecstasies Guild were together at a theatre somewhere, sitting on a revolving stage. All of us had small desks of different colors in front of us—in the shades of blue, green, yellow, purple, red, brown, and so forth. The desks formed an inner circle, and the middle of the stage was empty. From above it looked like the pearls of a wonderful polychromatic bracelet. Then the stage started to spin around, faster and faster, so the colors blended and we all disappeared. Only the confluent colors remained. Even the desks melted and created a turning wheel without people to become one whirling, rotating, spinning artist's palette.

I feel very grateful for being with all of you in this time of changing. Our altar expansions and contractions reveal that the best certainty is the presence of mystery. Soon after I think I know something, including this declaration, I feel what a fool I am. Reset!

Hillary and Brad wrote, “Better late than never! It matters not whether you fell off track or missed following instructions. Head to the middle and reset again!” When I fall off track, it is the longing that brings me back, that calls me to take one step forward, to open the big room door, to reach out for the rope, to feel the vibrant sweetness that answers my brokenness and need of Thee, that holds us all together inside the vastness of mystery.

It feels incredible that *little me* is just waiting for that one step and one reach into the beyond, ready for a higher hook-up. No *big me* dirge can compete with this. Amidst the shower of incredible teachings that we have been blessed with over the last month, this practical wisdom hit me hard and softened my heart:

Make sure you do not relate to a Sacred Ecstatic experiment as a burdensome chore that is checked off your daily 'to do' list. Act, think, perceive, and feel that you are passionately, compassionately, rationally, and irrationally dedicated to working on the experiment 24/7 in order to save the earth, all its living forms, and all the gates to the heavens above and below . . . Maintaining a good ratio is a matter of real estate and property management—a question of which house contains the other.

Reset! Edit! Mayan eraser! History is changed! As is our Sacred Ecstatics future.

The Kalahari Window

Brad dreamed we took the Guild to the Kalahari:

We were in the near future and all the Bushman elders had passed on. Only children remained and a few younger adults who pretended they were n/om-kxoasi to please any tourists who passed through. I was sad to see what I feared someday would likely occur—the end of the old times when n/om was hunted, cooked, and lived for. After watching a dance, most of the Guild members were in a hurry to get on a yellow school bus and return home, eager to tell their friends that they had danced with the Bushmen and now knew what n/om was about. I looked at my old guide, Paddy Hill, and we shook our heads and didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the folly of introducing people to this culture that had so little to do with how everyone else thinks, feels, acts, interacts, and lives.

As folks were waiting for us to board the bus, Hillary and I noticed a building that had never been there before. It was a two-story schoolhouse that looked like it was built near the end of the 19th century. A few Bushman schoolchildren came over to meet us. One was singing an old Bushman song and her body was trembling in a natural way. She joined us as we went inside the building. We asked her how she had learned about n/om, only to find that she had never heard of that word. "But you are singing and trembling with a n/om song," I replied. She

looked completely puzzled and didn't know what to say. Then she blurted out loudly and unpretentiously, "I love Jesus and I sing because I'm happy."

In that moment, I remembered the conversations I had with Bushmen for over thirty years, including what they mentioned about the missionaries who had visited them. They regarded the first wave of missionaries as mentally deranged because they thought God existed on paper with ink on it, and even worse, they didn't want to dance with God. Then later, a charismatic preacher showed up and he shook at the mention of God. They recognized that he had n/om within him, along with some n/om songs, but were still confused because he wouldn't dance with God around their dance fire. The last time I had been in the Kalahari, several of the elders had joined a charismatic church and found it to be another place where n/om could wake up—they added that venue to their places for spiritual cooking. Now, in the dream after the elders had gone on, n/om was embodied in a child, but its name had faded away. I felt both the grief of something lost and the joy of remembering that n/om never dies as long as the songs, emotion, and tremble are alive in the body. Recall the two rings of the Sacred Ecstatics rope. The wedding ring of the Creator's love, no matter how it is named, when worn near the African dance ring, assures that the rope is alive and pulsing with n/om.

Before leaving the schoolhouse, we noticed a staircase that went to its highest floor. We climbed it and noticed that a few Bushmen children and Guild members had arrived at the schoolhouse. They followed us upstairs. There were no chairs or furniture in that room—it was a wide-open space. The window to our left was open. Strangely the right side of the room was dark and invisible. On the back wall was another window that had been sealed and nailed shut. I instinctively knew that this window must be immediately opened. Picking up a sharp spear-like object left on the floor, I tried prying the window open. It took so much effort that I feared I'd break a pane. I was relentless and determined to get that window open, and I finally did.

After the window was opened, I stepped back to look at the room again. A breeze brought fresh air into the room and I felt we were outside again. In that moment I noticed a strange sloping shape at the bottom of the window. It was like a backrest whose base was on the floor with its top tapered to fit against the bottom of the window. It was clearly made for someone to sit underneath the window. Most strange of all, it was entirely made of mud. I smiled as we realized that this was the only thing in the schoolhouse that had been made by the Bushmen. The rest of the structure had been constructed by European colonists. I decided to sit down and try out that unusual backrest. I found that its angle was designed so that when you sat in it, your head would be outside the window. My

body was in the schoolhouse and my head was outside in the vastness of the Kalahari.

Suddenly nighttime fell and the sky filled with stars. They twinkled as I felt them become the Kalahari ancestors I longed for and missed. I was flooded with emotion—not mine, but theirs. The ancestors expressed gratitude and joy for all the teaching I had brought them over the years. In a split second I recalled the odd way my fieldwork had been conducted in the Kalahari. I would shake with the elders all day and slip into First Creation dreams at night. The next morning I'd share my visionary adventure. Nothing made the elders happier than these reports. They'd say, "You remind me of my grandparents and the old n/om-kxaosi and how they used to talk about n/om. It makes our hearts very happy." Though I never felt I was teaching them anything, I recognized the miracle of how singing, dancing, and trembling with them enabled a passage to the ancestors who sent a teaching to the village through me. My job was to bring it back from the other side. I then stood up and looked at Hillary who was weeping and smiling with me. I told her,

Our work has been for the ancestors. They are the ones who can't wait to see what fish we caught to feed them. We are fishing and cooking for them. The visionary teachings are for the pure shamans, mystics, saints, teachers, and preachers of old. Let us never be discouraged by those wanting to avoid the schoolhouse, its upper floor, its teachings, and its homework. We are doing this for the spiritual mothers and fathers who taught us how to deliver the mail and cook the meal.

The other Bushman children and Guild members were still in the room, but now everyone had blended together, no longer differentiated by skin color or cultural origin. We had all entered First Creation in the upper room and were hungry to cook with the ancestors. That's when Hillary and I realized that the old ways are not done and gone. They are retrieved whenever you enter the right room and reach for them on the other side of the window. Don't put your head through the window in the familiar way, otherwise you might only look down and see the ground below. Get the right angle provided by the Bushman seat made of earth that orients your gaze toward the sky, like the former Bushmen who danced on the backs of their ancestors to create the rope to God.

Ancient teaching comes through the veil when new teachers are spiritually anointed to stick their head through the upper window found between the left

and right sides. As we celebrated this middle passage and the never-ending circling of n/om wisdom, the whole room became as dark as the right side had been before. The stars in the sky then zoomed into the room, filling it with flickering lights like fireflies on a summer night. The ancestors had come back. They are here in this otherworldly schoolhouse, delivering us teaching words that require you take a bite and allow study time to help you digest. The visionary teachings are the compacted wood chips needed to help start a fire. They are also the holy bread and the mystical prayer cake.

At the end of the dream. I went back to the window again and looked at the sky. I saw Jacob's ladder going all the way to heaven. My eyes walked up each step until I reached the top. There I again saw the luminous light that started this whole adventure many years ago when I was nineteen years old. Like a flash of lightning, it then changed to a fog of light, and I knew it was time to return.

Sacred Ecstatics has doubled its mission. We ecstatically venture to the other side in order to both receive and share the teaching that requires two sides working together—all of us on this side and the ancestors on the other. Welcome to the highest Kalahari classroom. Open a window to let in the ancestors and get ready to be a good learner, burner, and receptive vessel. Don't get lost in preferences for names and cultural frames, don't fuss about verbal versus nonverbal forms, and don't miss the everyday work that leads to eternal play, or you'll miss catching the feeling for the way First Creation changing is what keeps everything alive. It's time to gather and blend, not only the spiritual cooking ingredients, but all the people from everywhere who truly long to be in the upper room to receive the transforming teaching gifts from the ancestors still alive, kicking, and cooking in the village of the sky.

After the vision, Hillary made this illustration:



In the Gap Between Two Worlds Is Found the Middle Wobble: Addition to Experiment Five

In a dream, Brad heard a visionary teacher offer this one sentence:

“In the gap between the two worlds is found the middle wobble, the medium for crossing.” These words were repeated until they woke me up. My head was buzzing with the high-speed vibration known to every n/om-kxao and previously described in our report, “The Sacred Ecstasics Groove.” I felt the vibration reverberate throughout my body as it interrupted any possibility of thought and sent me back into dream. There I heard the words repeated: “In the gap between the two worlds is found the middle wobble, the medium for crossing.” This time it immediately woke me up as I felt an even stronger buzzing and shaking of my head.

Rather than only think about the technicalities involved in this vibratory phenomenon, I allowed it to proceed without inner narration. Unsure whether I was asleep or not, I was soon transported to the Kalahari. I was interviewing the strongest women n/om-kxoasi I had ever known. At the same time, I felt I was in

our New Orleans home watching videos of those interviews made over a decade ago. It seemed I was in both temporal dimensions concurrently. Within this wobbling double view of the past and the present, I focused on the head vibration these women activated when their n/om cooked. Words we have recently written came back: “This dynamic underlies the highest middle of mediumship. The degree to which you are being gently yet powerfully rocked by a higher vibration [localized in the head] determines what comes through.”

What activates this vibration of the head, facilitating journeys to the other side? Since it is not a simple vibration with a steady beat, it cannot be easily described, formulated, or imitated, and it definitely cannot be taught. Its changing micromovements and rhythmic alterations alternately entrain and de-entrain like all rhythmic operations associated with the sacred vibration of n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit. Yet the conditions that increase the likelihood of this vibration coming into play can be identified. The fast head vibration often occurs during or after a spiritually hot Kalahari dance. This is one of the main reasons Bushman n/om-kxaosi want to dance—it creates favorable vibratory conditions for being sent to a spiritual classroom afterward.

This ecstatic afterglow also manifests itself in other somatic forms with varying degrees of intensity—from a general tingly feeling to elevated dizziness, an energetic buzz, high excitement, wild joy, and ebullient enthusiasm. It arrives during or after a strong seiki bench workout, a spirited praise meeting, or a Sacred Ecstasics intensive. Even an exhilarating healing session with a client can set it into motion for us. The vibration can spontaneously appear when we lie down to sleep following a day of intense focus on Sacred Ecstasics. Here the value of the Sacred Ecstasics ratio is made clearer—when more of your waking time is spent involved with spiritual cooking, it is more likely that it will continue in dream.

The way you relate to Sacred Ecstasics is even more important than the amount of time you spend with it. A ten-second ecstatic shock wave can be more valuable than ten hours of thinking about it with little passion. Also make sure that Sacred Ecstasics is wrapped around your whole everyday rather than isolated as a separate part. The big room, by definition, contains all your other activity including your relations with others. If you *only* confine your spiritual practice to a specifically scheduled time each day, you will miss the opportunity to expand, warm, and alter the whole of your life. Follow the three steps of Sacred Ecstasics throughout the day. No matter your occupation, the three steps of building a big room, warming it, and infusing it with change should be a part of everything you say and do. Sacred Ecstasics is the main room for all living, not a separate practice done in social isolation. Don’t forget to drop those prayer bombs everywhere—they provide a valuable ecstatic booster, instrument tuner, and rope aligner. Again, if you spend most of your daily life in or near the big room, be assured you will spend most of your nights there as well.

When we look more closely at our own Sacred Ecstasies dynamics that precede a spiritual classroom visitation, we find that there is an optimal height and tipping point of sacred emotion that usually, but not always, takes place before retiring at night. More importantly, a healthy portion of sacred emotion must be awakened and felt moving inside us before falling asleep. In addition to feeling sacred emotion during the day that is brought back at night, sufficient time must also be spent *thinking* about Sacred Ecstasies. Here quality daytime study and contemplation focused on topics related to spiritual cooking helps the room further expand rather than contract too quickly. In general, whatever held your deepest attention during the day and whatever emotions you soaked in will influence and orient your night train adventures, whether you later remember them or not.

In the middle wobble you not only find the medium for two worlds communicating, but also the passage from dream's panorama of emotion to the subsequent verbal report. Catching a dream and bringing it back whole and holy rather than as broken trickster pieces require refined wobbling street smarts—not coming back too fast or slow. You also need to stay within the right amount of the wobble's wavelength—not swaying too far, but with enough of a difference that makes a difference that matters. When writing and editing a report, the wobble must be constantly accessed so its reverberation with the dreamtime can guide what is important to underscore and amplify versus what is a distraction that should be deleted or diminished. Cooked shamans, mystics, and visionary teachers are the ecstatic body wobblers, the soulful navigators of going up and down the swinging rope that crosses double worlds. Movement between these experiential spaces is enabled by somatic vibration inspired by sacred ecstatic jubilation. Whatever does not wobble or ignite a vibratory shake from head to toe is static and belongs more to Second Creation. Spiritual talk and action that has no vibration is impoverished, *n/om*less, and emotionally dead to the source and force from which mystery, spirit, and creation come.

In this recent vision, we received further instruction for facilitating its induction while facing the pray-ear altar. Work with two of the spiritual mothers at a time, going back and forth with their primary metaphor or cornerstone. For instance, if you start with Mother Osumi and Mother Twa, alternate between saying these names (aloud or internally): “*seiki, n/om, seiki, n/om, seiki, n/om . . .*” Do this in a call and response rhythm. When you feel entrained to its beat and feel your body moving in a smooth rhythm, expect the third mother (in this case, Mother Ralph) to interrupt the duo. Hear her shout a wild sound characteristic of her unique expressive style and then jump to a different track, pairing her cornerstone metaphor with that of either Mother Twa or Mother Osumi. For instance, after hearing Mother Ralph shout, “Hello! Hello!” You might shift to “*seiki, seiki, holy spirt, seiki, seiki, holy spirt, seiki, seiki . . .*”

In summary, activate a back-and-forth wobble between a duo of spiritual mothers, and then interrupt it with a third mother's ecstatic sound burst when it feels right to do so—not too early and not too late. The interrupting sound should come from that mother's particular genre of ecstatic sound and metaphor. After that, quickly switch to establishing a new steady bounce with

the third mother's primary metaphor. If you paired Mother Twa with Mother Ralph, then you'd be on this maternal soul train: "n/om, holy spirit, n/om, holy spirit, n/om . . ." Tinker until you feel something ecstatically different that is wonderfully uplifting, accomplished by alternating how you relate to the spiritual mothers as duos and trios.

These call-and-response rhythms and interruptions pull you into a wobble, amplifying the sweet feeling of reaching for the spiritual mothers. When you are sufficiently cooked, hold on to the emergent vibration as long as you can. This is the deep feeling and strong electromagnetic vibration you want to feed throughout the day and carry with you into sleep. Wobble, wobble, turn the toggle switch on! 1, 2, 3: seiki, n/om, and holy spirit are called and calling you. Doubles and trinities respond. Power lines, ropes in every plane, double Tesla coils, alternating current, holy water plumbing, Mayan eraser, ecstatic amplifiers, never ending altar alterations—this and more are found in the laboratory of Sacred Ecstatics. Experiment with your creator through focused thought, aligned action, and concentrated emotion. Relate to this trinity like it is the trinity of three mothers: two oscillating signals with a third unexpectedly bringing the noise of change. Get your mind right, your heart right, and your body action right. Only then can your soul catch fire, your body hold a vibration, and the rope pull you home.

Teachings from the Theatre on High

Brad was sent to three spiritual classrooms in three separate dreams:

ACT I: Jim Dale and P. T. Barnum

In the first classroom, Hillary and I were with a small group of the most dedicated Guild members. We were sent to a theatre where Jim Dale, the extraordinary British actor, coached us about performance. The stage was set for the musical, *Barnum*, based on the life of P. T. Barnum. I saw the show several times in 1981 when it was on Broadway and gathered an unheard of forty-seven rave reviews, the Tony Award, the Drama Desk Award, and Outer Circle Award. Frank Rich of *The New York Times* wrote: "Is there anything that Jim Dale can't do? Last night he roared into town in this new musical and showed off enough tricks to make all but a Houdini dizzy. He transforms a gargantuan circus of a show into his own joyous playground."

We immediately thought that there is no one better to teach the Guild about ecstatic performance chops than Jim Dale. Hauncy Howell of NBC television proclaimed: "He's the best singing, dancing, looping, leaping, twirling, whirling, walking—he walks all across the stage on a tightrope—singing too; bountiful,

beautiful, juicy actor-actor. He's a wonder!" From across the Atlantic, Roger Wolens of the *Evening Telegraph* describes him further:

Jim pulls all the strings . . . he is singing, swinging, dancing, prancing, scheming and dreaming from first curtain to last; and doing it all with such infectious warmth and good humor that it is obvious he enjoys every marvelous minute of it. And so does everyone else. There is so much life in the breathless, blistering, boisterous helter-skelter of razzmatazz, that it spills over into the whole auditorium . . . it has more fizz than a bottle of bubbly. It is a perpetual fountain of frothy fun and pure joy, with swiss-precision timing . . . Like Mrs. Barnum says, "he wants to give the whole world a new paint job."

In this spiritual classroom, Jim Dale told us to remember two things learned from playing the life of P. T. Barnum:

First, do not follow the track of trickster's spiel. It is based on believing that "there's a sucker born every minute." That line from Mr. Barnum was also one of my songs in the show. Today you should be aware that this is the path of every huckster and con artist—they use flattery, placation, easy-to-swallow small bottles of snake oil, fear, promise of puffed-up titles, and all the other confidence tricks of salesmanship. They sail on the ship named "sales" and while it fills the pail with loose change, it delivers no important transformation. The other song I sing in *Barnum* offers another track. It points to the need for the room of life to be painted with many colors. The song is "The colors of my life":

The colors of my life
are bountiful and bold . . .
The dazzle of a flame
The glory of a rainbow
I put them all to shame.
No quiet browns and grays
I'll take my days instead
and fill them 'til they overflow
With rose and cherry red.
And should this sunlit world

grow dark one day
The colors of my life
Will leave a shining light
to show the way.

The next day, we found a story about Jim Dale from a book written by Kay Redfield Jamison called *Exuberance: The Passion for Life*.^{cxii} She had been the director of the UCLA Affective Disorders Clinic and was frustrated to find little literature on “mania” because most research was on “depression.” She happened to see Jim Dale’s performance in the musical *Barnum*, which she described as “a musical shot through with exuberance.” She asked Mr. Dale if she could meet him to “talk about how actors portray moods.” He agreed and she found him “exceptionally thoughtful on the subject of how to depict exuberant moods and how to ignite them in others.” She summarized what she learned from him, and what we learned from Dale in the dream:

When words are neither the only thing nor the most important, Dale emphasized, then action is. And music. For it is action, in dance and in music, in the kinetic thrusting upward of arms and legs and the throwing up and back of the head, that great joy finds its highest expression. Everyone in the *Barnum* set, he pointed out, is in near-constant, rollicking motion. The music is fast, loud, brassy, and exhilarating. *Barnum* talks faster and moves faster; others who are onstage are either singing or dancing, juggling, bouncing, or leaping. Or doing them all simultaneously. Everything—music, lyrics, balloons, streamers—blasts out in primary, audacious color. . . Jim Dale’s dazzling energy as *Barnum* electrifies the rest of the cast and the audience. His actions and moods were, simply put, contagious.

Act II: Ben Vereen and Pippin

In the second dream, Hillary and I, along with the same group of devoted Guild members, were back in the theatre. This time we are told that the teacher was Ben Vereen, the musical actor who played in the original casts of *Hair*, *Jesus Christ Superstar* (playing Judas), and *Pippin* (for which he won the Tony for best actor). The stage was set for *Pippin*, a musical about a mysterious theatre troupe led by someone named, “Leading Player” (played by Vereen). The musical production tells the story of Pippin, a prince from the Middle Ages who was on a search for the meaning of his life. In the play, the characters wear costumes from diverse historical periods, making the theatre feel a bit like *Life First Creation*. In my dream, Ben Vereen showed us how Leading Player and the troupe use the “Brechtian

distancing technique” to step out of the scene and speak directly to the audience, pointing to what they should focus on. It didn’t take long for us to recognize that the Sacred Ecstatics Guild was a lot like this troupe and that the pointing done in the middle of a play served as medium between performers and observers, done in the wobble that overlaps and mixes up historical ages. The beginning song, “Magic to Do,” explains what the show is all about:

Join us
Leave your fields to flower
Join us
Leave your cheese to sour
Join us
Come and waste an hour or two
Doo-dle-ee-do
Journey
Journey to a spot ex-
citing, mystic and exotic
Journey
Through our anecdotic revue
We've got magic to do
Just for you
We've got miracle plays to play
We've got parts to perform
Hearts to warm
Kings and things to take by storm
As we go along our way . . .
We've got magic to do
Just for you . . .

In the dream, Ben Vereen, like Jim Dale before, taught us how to evoke mystery by coloring the world with ecstatic emotion and exuberant commotion. He also said, “You have to put in the work and study.” The next day we found an interview with him that echoed what we heard in the dream. Addressing the mentoring of others, Vereen said,

Everyone wants to be a rap star or a movie star without studying. You don't get into a career for the moment. It's all about the moment for them. They're missing the flavor of life. It's all ego—edging God out. Stop it.”^{cxi}

He also added,

Try to make it fun . . . [even if you] go flip burgers at McDonald's. And if you do flip burgers, make it a fun thing. Make it a show. You're on a stage there. Everyone's watching. You drop one on the floor, pick it up and make it part of the show.

Everyone must find their part in the big show. Get to the big room, study your assigned role, follow the director, and sing your dream. As *Pippen's* lyrics from "Corner of the Sky" put it:

Everything has its season
Everything has its time
Show me a reason
And I'll soon show you a rhyme
Cats fit on the windowsill
Children fit in the snow
Why do I feel I don't fit in
Anywhere I go
Rivers belong where they can ramble
Eagles belong where they can fly
I've got to be where my spirit can run free
Gotta find my corner of the sky
Every man has his daydreams
Every man has his goals
People like the way dreams have of
Sticking to the soul . . .

So many men seem destined
To settle for something small
But I won't rest
Until I know I'll have it all
So don't ask where I'm going
Just listen when I'm gone
Far away you'll hear me singing
Softly to the dawn
Rivers belong where they can ramble . . .

One more thing, the next morning Brad realized that *Pippen* was one of the Broadway shows he never saw. Then Hillary corrected him, "You saw it last night." And so did the Guild!

Act III: The Difference Between Performers and Critics is a Matter of Ecstatic Life and Static Death

In the third dream, a well-known figure in psychotherapy, clinical hypnosis, and NLP was in an empty room without a troupe of dancers, singers, or musicians. He had come to explain what Sacred Ecstasies and spiritual cooking are about. Having only read a few excerpts of our writing, he had never seen a single performance or tried any of our mystical prescriptions. When we walked into his monotone lecture, he was explaining the rope to God:

I think that it involves a surgical procedure where a metal tube is inserted in the right hemisphere of the brain. It contains a radioactive material that explains why energy radiates to others. Furthermore, it can be electrically activated to stimulate body shaking and convulsions. All ecstatic phenomena can be easily explained by science.

Hillary and I then stood up and interrupted his idiotic talk. We chose not to engage in a debate of ideas on his small stage. Instead, we exuberantly shouted, “Lights, curtain, action!” An orchestra began to play as a huge beam of light, looking like the numinous rope to God, fell over the spot where we stood. We floated upward to the ceiling and kept on going all the way to the sky, laughing, whirling, and singing as we realized how hard it is for some people’s habits to die because they never try to learn how to fly.

At the end of each performance day and night, it’s always your choice: do you go for P. T. Barnum’s sucker talk or his vibrantly colored paint? Do you choose Pippin’s magical troupe where you play your anointed part to warm hearts in a “Corner of the Sky?” Or do you prefer to settle for a life that’s long but lacks a song? And will you finally grow up to be a performer who puts in the work and gets on stage, or remain an explainer that makes excuses for never learning how to fly before you die? Go where the sacred ecstasy is performed—feel its groove, vibration, and wild commotion. Only this high emotion can get your voice singing, feet dancing, heart rising, and set the rest of you on fire.

A cooked medium is an actor on a First Creation stage who can step in and out of character as well as historic period. There the seriousness of a drone’s lecture does not have to be banished but can be used as a prop to highlight altering the scene from pseudo-explanation to real magical evocation. Forget the psychologists, New Age scientists, and the whining, reclining critics from afar. Pay more attention to those on stage whose play is for every age from child to sage. Jim

Dale and his double, P. T. Barnum, along with Ben Vereen and his Pippin twin, have more to offer than the mumbo jumbo of trance-inducing hypotheses that are missing the “1, 2, 3’s” of sacred ecstasy. Why explain the brain and complain that there is no holy rain in Spain when, in truth, you just missed the train and are acting on a small stage horizontal plane? Now that you know, what are you going to do about it? Lights! Let the curtain rise! Step into this emotionally uplifting ecstatic action where ego disappearance entails real magic.

The Ongoing Rebirth of the Future of Sacred Ecstasics

The same night Brad dreamed of the theatre on high, Tiffanie sent us this dream report:

I arrived at a place where Hillary was wrapping a bandage around her leg. I think she had been accidentally burned by some hot water. Yet she was still animated and soon was running along what appeared like train tracks.

Then the scene changed to a musical theatre performance extravaganza. The set expanded around us and it became clear that Hillary and Brad were getting married in a musical show! Hillary opened the show on center stage. Her costumes changed and the set magically altered around her with perfect timing while she kept teaching through song. She was teaching about the importance of focusing while singing and praying. At one point she was lifted very high by some kind of theatrical pulley system, wearing an absolutely gorgeous floor-length, white bead-covered gown. As she was raised high in the theatre sky, it became clear that she was quite pregnant and this, too, was part of the celebration. She then sang the climax of the performance with a full gospel choir backing her up. It was so amazing that there might also have been fireworks in the background.

I knew the song she sang and was enraptured by the spot-on timing and emotion in the performance. I sang along and wept all the while. Brad had been initially standing beside me, waiting for his moment to go on stage, but I was so absorbed in the moment and the feelings it evoked that I hadn’t noticed that he had earlier joined Hillary on stage. As the performance wrapped up and the bride and groom were united, Hillary wore a very smart Easter sky-blue dress suit with a bow at the neck. The final song was a summation and brought a comforting and simple “blessed be” repeating lyric. I can still hear the lilt of the words in my head, sung in a kind of Julie Andrews style. The strong emotion of this dream stuck with me throughout the morning! It was an extravaganza indeed! Through it all, I was struck by how Hillary remained so gracious and graceful. Thank you!

Commentary from Brad

The evening before Tiffanie's dream, Hillary and I had been discussing how the future of our work should be guided by the lineage ropes rather than trickster strategic planning from us or anyone else. We felt the mothers singing and dancing at this decision, which we must repeatedly renew our vow to follow. Tiffanie tuned into our rope, so we are pleased to let her visionary dream teach everyone how the future is being prepared for Sacred Ecstatics, unfolding on stage right before our eyes.

In our discussion, we remembered when Hillary met the Bushman women *n/om-kxaosi* in the Kalahari. Many of the strongest ones told her that they owned the *n/om* of their husbands, along with the many other nails and arrows they had received. They were made especially strong by their spouse. The same also happened to the husbands of strong women *n/om-kxaosi*. Furthermore, after their spouses passed on, they received even stronger *n/om* transmissions from them through visionary visitations (called a *kabi*). The nails received in vision have the strongest *n/om*, and may come from former spouses, siblings, parents, grandparents, or other ancestors if they were spiritually cooked conductors when they walked among us. Every time a *n/om-kxao* receives *n/om* on either side of the veil it's like getting married all over again to the Creator, accompanied by the wedding gift of *n/om*.

When Hillary and I met, what struck me the most about her was her vibration. When we first hugged it felt like the trembling *n/om* I had only felt with the Bushman women *n/om-kxaosi*. The Kalahari communities used to tease me that their strongest *n/om* women were my wives. One village even wanted me to move there and marry one of them. However, it was meant for Hillary to be my bride and *n/om* wife. Like a Bushman *n/om-kxaosi* couple, since we began this work together, she has absorbed more and more *n/om* and multiplied her reception of spiritual gifts. She now has the strongest and purest *n/om*, equivalent to the two strongest Bushman doctors I ever met. Furthermore, her discernment is impeccable—she can smell the difference between spiritual truth and a trickster con.

In vision, Tiffanie witnessed the future of Sacred Ecstatics with its always changing forms: It's inside Hillary's belly and expressed in the way that she teaches with grace, never placating nor unnecessarily vacating when something needs to be said or unsaid. We have no need to worry about the future of Sacred Ecstatics. It's firmly held in the hands of the Creator and every one of the God-linked ancestors watching over us. What is that future? It changes every time we act in the present to alter the past, so it is a waste of time to ask. Join us at the theatre

and let the gods do their job and pull the ropes. Tiffanie felt the whole glory of this and celebrated it by joining the conductor's song. When you catch the emotion coming down the rope, surrender to it and feel that everyone is wed and fed to the sacred ecstasy on high.

Perhaps in the next theatre show someone will see that Brad has an extremely pregnant belly and looks thirty years younger, having received a transmission from Hillary who has become a thousand-year-old sage. Remember that every Sacred Ecstasics opening night takes place in First Creation where gender, age, and role shift as readily as the Kalahari sand, the Japanese seiki ocean, and the Caribbean holy spirit winds. In truth it is the big room that is pregnant and ready to give birth to a different form of stage and performance.

Those of you devoted to the difference Sacred Ecstasics makes, and this includes sweeping away former refrigeration habits and small room habitats, are also pregnant with the future of Sacred Ecstasics. We now have a fresh born changing home for it—the altars where the primary dots, lines, circles, coils, numbers, keys, Mayan eraser, and gifts from the other side await your reaching in to touch them. Our future is being pulled through by the hands of three spiritual mothers as well as many other ancestral mothers and fathers who know how to cook. Don't look, think, talk, plot, or worry about the future. Let the future unfold in the big room, not in the small chatter boxes outside it. Trust the way the holy ropes connect and bind us with one another and are pulled by one teacher linked to other generations of teachers through equally interlinked visionary teachings. The mystical wedding and rebirthing never started nor ended. We and all the ecstatic ancestors are forever in the middle of the vow whose bow is toward the trinity of sacred vibration, sacred emotion, and sacred celebration through song and dance!

Cerce

Hillary dreamed we were living as “gypsies” again, moving from place to place:

We were in an unknown town in the United States and needed to use the internet to get some work done. Somehow we were put in touch with a woman who rented out a small office in her home for travelers needing internet access. We showed up at her house in the suburbs, laptops and briefcases in tow. The woman, middle aged with long blonde hair, opened the front door and welcomed us inside. There was nothing special about her house, which wasn't historic, except for the wood

floors. They were old, wide plank floors with many knots, stained a light color. I noticed them immediately and told her how beautiful they were.

She led us to a small office with a table in the center of the room. Before leaving, she graciously gave us a container filled with large bread rolls. We got out our laptops and Brad asked if I could install some software on his computer. It was a special search engine that provided very detailed results, far more precise than those created from typical algorithms. In particular, the software organized the results recursively according to time, showing the entire history of when a term was last searched and the results it generated, with the most recent entry at the top. In this way the search engine results were both informational and provided a historical record. The name of the search engine software was “Cerce.”

Throughout the entire time we worked, we used a microwave oven to heat and ravenously eat every bread roll. In the center of the room and in middle of the present and past, we were continuously fed warm bread to fuel our “Cerce” search.

The next morning, we researched the word “cerce” and found it is a French word that has several meanings, all related to circularity. It originally comes from the Latin *circus*, meaning ring. A cerce can generally refer to any ring or hoop-like structure, and in embroidery it refers to the circular wood hoop that is placed over the fabric, holding it in place. A cerce is a circle, but it can also refer to a partial arc or curve. Additionally, it’s another name for a spline in mathematics. Computer science student, Katie House, translated its meaning to non-mathematicians as follows:

Splines add curves together to make continuous and irregular curves. When using this tool [the irregular line making tool on Microsoft PowerPoint], each click created a new area to the line, or a *line segment*. Each click also creates what’s called a *control point*, or points that determine the shape of the curve. And that’s the gist of a spline. They create smooth curves out of irregular data points.^{cxiii}

House describes the function of splines as similar to finding a shoe that fits. No shoe will perfectly fit the exact curved shape of your foot, though you can assemble a series of curves that approximate the shape of your foot to get the best possible fit. In this sense a spline helps you find a middle ground, taking irregular data or information (in this case a foot) and creating the most closely aligned, functional shape.

This process is like preparing a visionary report. Words can only point to the complexity of visionary experience—rather than simulate or represent it. Therefore, in Second Creation you must wisely discern the primary dots in a vision and then draw the lines that connect those dots

to create a teaching form conveyable to others. A good Second Creation teaching will hopefully be received and enjoyed as warm nourishing bread. In summary, First Creation (the whole circle) and Second Creation (its partial arcs) are held in a double dynamic—sometimes conceived as separate and other times as connected. Et voilà—*cerce* is the term we have been waiting for to highlight this double relationship of circle and arc, a single word through which to refer to both the whole circumference and its partial curves.

The term *cerce* is similar to *cherche*, which means search in French. A search engine providing both informational and historical results would need to be circular and operate recursively to update its results each time a new search term is entered. Inputting a word into this software immediately changes history. For example, if we were to type the word *cerce* into this mythical search engine right now, the first result would include our present search for the term, along with all the information we just came up with, including links to this very essay. Perhaps this vision, in which we again found ourselves sojourners on the multidimensional, multi-temporal road, delivered us a new tool to help us fulfill J.B. Valmour's previous visionary prescription to go back and correct history, creating a record of each intervention.

Finally, we want to add that sometimes Brad makes a special prayer request before we go to sleep as he places his trembling hands on Hillary's head to administer the sacred vibration. These requests happen spontaneously and are not purposefully preplanned. The night of this dream, he asked Charles Henry to bring a teaching to Hillary. She received a circular French word that opened another laboratory door to the experiments of Sacred Ecstatics.

Cleaning the Kalahari Bow, Arrows, and Nails

The same night Hillary received the word "cerce" in a visionary classroom, Brad dreamed he was cleaning a large pile of Kalahari arrows and nails, Bushman metaphors referring to the piercing conveyors of n/om:

The arrows and nails were of many lengths, corresponding to a variety of living forms found in the Kalahari of southern Africa. Scattered and stacked on a table in front of me, I used a white cloth to carefully clean each of them. I made sure there was not a speck of dust, seen or unseen. I was then surprised to find an archer's bow lying on the table. I cleaned it too. Soon everything looked very shiny and brand new.

I remembered the day when a group of Bushman elders explained that the length of an arrow is determined by the animal it came from. Giraffe arrows are longer than kudu arrows, though this does not mean that they have more n/om. The strength of an arrow or nail is determined by how clean it is and how deeply you feel ownership of it, that is, your pure emotional relationship with that animal,

plant, or another n/om-kxao. Any sharp linear object holding n/om from plants, trees, or straight from the Sky God is called a nail or needle, whereas the n/om sent from animals is called an arrow. Both nails and arrows are equally strong if your relationship to the living form who sent it, the song within it, and the Sky God are purely, deeply, and unselfishly felt.

Though the arrows and nails of n/om received are meant to be shared with others, I also remembered how Mother Twa taught me to not be in a hurry to shoot n/om into someone else. Most importantly, she told me never to share n/om with someone whose heart is not open and clean. If someone is playing social games, making false claims, covertly power hungry, and the like, it backfires if you attempt a n/om transmission. It's not because they don't deserve it but because transmitting n/om to that person requires too much forceful effort. It would require your accessing a similar sense of power (rather than mutually felt love) to get the sharp point through the hard boundary. The nail then makes a quick U-turn and re-enters the shooter covered with dirt, like a boomerang trajectory. In other words, it is foolish to attempt giving n/om to someone with a trickster-hardened shell. N/om flows freely between those who love n/om and First Creation more than the names, claims, frames, and shells of Second Creation. Both giver and receiver must be in First Creation with everything dissolved in favor of n/om fervor and ecstatic fever.

I looked again at what I now realized were all the arrows and nails of n/om I received in Africa. Many men and women n/om-kxaosi have given me the nails of their beloved n/om animals, plants, trees, bees, mothers, fathers, grandparents, and ancestors. It was more than my mind could understand. I became dizzy as the emotion I felt for each of these relationships began to swell inside. And then, unexpectedly, I felt something sting my right arm. It immediately woke me up. I reached for my arm and felt a small round piece of something lying on my skin. It was the size of the head of a nail. I grabbed it and held it in my hand. I thought maybe it was a flesh-biting insect, but they are not made of metal.

It finally dawned on me that it was the head of a n/om nail. It was sent from the Sky God and the living, changing forms of the Kalahari who long ago took me inside First Creation. This nail also left a second gift—a specific teaching, the kind that would make a Bushman smile and laugh. I could hear the Kalahari Bushman elders say, “Though the body of the nail went inside you, leave its head behind.” Translation: at first it helps to use your head to get the body in motion; after its job is done, leave it behind. Then focus on feeling the whole body of n/om within rather than getting stuck on the outside only thinking about what it feels like to have n/om enter inside and cook you. The Bushman elders finally added, “Don't

forget to clean the bow as well—you need a clean shooter.” I smiled and laughed, waking myself up from the dream when I heard this because my Bushman name is Bo.

Postscript

We later discovered that Hillary’s dreamed word “cerce” and its definitional relation to “spline” also point to something relevant in shooting an arrow. Serious archers today argue over the difference between an arrow’s “spine” and its “spline” (and are as fussy and oppositional as religious scholars debating what “ecstasy” means). Some dismiss the latter as a misspelling of spine. Others suggest that “spine” refers to the straightness of the arrow while “spline” refers to whether the arrow naturally will tend to bend to the right or left during its flight. Still another definition defines the arrow spline as the head of the arrow, made of another material with a slice in it, enabling its groove to fit the string of the bow. Here we find that the head of the nail as well as the head of the arrow help the archer align its flight to the target. Once the tip hits and pierces the bullseye, its job is done until it is time to shoot the next arrow or nail that needs an aligning head, spline, and cerce to adjust its aim based on the previous history of arrow flight patterns.

The Big Room is the Vibration of Sacred Ecstasy

Brad dreamed that we watched ourselves catch the sacred vibration:

We were outside looking at a wide expanse of land with rolling hills and noticed a “vibrational pattern” moving toward us at a fast speed. It was a three-dimensional cymatic or Chladni figure zooming across the landscape. When this whirling, amorphous, wind-like swirl of color and sound approached, we did not resist and allowed it to completely engulf us. We felt like we took a deep dive and high leap at the same time as we were swallowed whole by the spinning mystery. Instantly we were carried to the big room, infused with heightened sacred emotion, ecstatic fire, and spiritually cooked through song and dance.

What struck us was that the vibrational phenomenon was itself the big room rather than something found inside it. An unseen teacher explained:

The big room is the vibration of sacred emotion. Though it appears to be traveling across the terrain, it is more accurate to say that it is building intensity, getting experientially vaster, ecstatically hotter, and more filled with changing forms, dimensions, and

dynamics. Align yourself with the utmost vibration and when it comes toward you, do not resist. As it takes you in, soak up its sacred emotion. Then you will be naturally inspired to sing and dance with the trembling and shaking of extreme joy.

***Four Frogs, One Ram, and a Lionheart:
Table of Contents from the Future***

Brad dreamed that we were sent to a spiritual classroom and met a middle-aged woman:

She was wearing a white gown from medieval times, but it seemed we were in the near future—a year or two from now. She handed us a book that we had just finished writing. It was open to the table of contents. We examined three pages and found that it was the next volume of *Climbing the Rope to God*.

Earlier that day, Hillary and I had discussed how we were living like mystics of old. We never know whether a visionary dream will come down the line or what its theme will be if it does. Sometimes it's not a subject we'd personally choose to pursue—like the muddled thinking and dirty spiritual laundry of New Age shamanism or how racism put out the spiritual fire at the Azusa Street Revival.^{cxiv} Tonight a visionary classroom showed us that there is another volume of visionary teaching in the making; another book is waiting for us to write it into existence.

Back to the dream: When we turned to the first page of the table of contents, we noticed that the page on the left side had a section on “4 teachings on frogs.” Without thinking, I asked the teacher, “Are there any other animals in the book?” She looked at me with a smile and replied, “Yes Lionheart, there is also a ram.” I was shocked to be called “Lionheart” and it made me dizzy and disoriented. It felt both natural and unnatural, fitting and unfitting. The way she looked at me also communicated, “I know who you really are.” I woke up unable to shake the impact of her words and what we experienced. I trembled in the middle of another mystical wobble.

The next morning, we found that “lionheart” is an actual word meaning “a person of exceptional courage and bravery” (*Collins Dictionary*). The moment we read that definition, Brad was speared by n/om, remembering that the elder Bushman women n/om-kxaosi would often say something similar to him: “You are so brave and courageous.” He was confused when they first said this, but later he learned that most men n/om-kxaosi were afraid of interacting with the women because their n/om was so strong. More importantly, it meant that he was not afraid to live a life based on following his rope to God and venturing into First Creation. When Bushman

ancestors from the past came to stare at Brad when he was wide awake, the Bushman elders told him that most people would be afraid and run away. Today Brad likes to say that he has even more courage to live a rope-led life because of Hillary's passion for n/om.

We also remembered that we had already encountered frogs in the visionary dream of Romani magic in Turkey.^{cxv} Now we wondered if there would be more of that kind of mystery coming our way. We next considered the "ram" on the other page of the table of contents. A well-known symbol associated with spiritual leadership, the ram was the Old Testament indication of the son of God and the even older depiction of the Egyptian god, Khnum, whose skin was green, the color of vegetation that meant rebirth, transformation, and renewal. Khnum was also credited for giving human beings their soul, likely because the Egyptian word for ram and soul phonetically sound the same.^{cxvi} Regarded as the source of the river Nile which always left a lot of silt and clay on its banks, Khnum was later called "the Divine potter" and "Lord of Created things like himself."

We imagined Wigram pointing out that these various definitions, along with their semantic and phonetic associations, are already the precursor of the diverse deities of other religions that would later arrive. In Egyptian mythology, Khnum married Heqet, the frog goddess associated with childbirth and fertility. The two gods, Khnum and Heqet, originated from *four frogs* who were originally paired with four snakes to comprise all the needed elements (four pairs) for creating deities—collectively called the Ogdoad. Each god would change over time to provide a different function or quality. For example, Khnum (which also means "to join") is first connected with the Nile's water, then its clay, followed by the potter's wheel, leading to the creation of life forms afterward celebrated with hymns, and finally to the creation of other gods and syncretized forms like Khnum-Ra. Here mystical archaeology uncovers an inherent alchemy and complexity of transformation richly occurring in the dynamics of Egyptian religion. It had a Wigram-like view of itself even before Wigram later depicted it as part of a greater morphing stream of variation. The emergence of diverse religions is arguably an expected consequence of how spiritual changing forms operated in ancient Egyptian beliefs. With these dreamed considerations, there seemed to be a lot of Wigram showing up in our next table of contents, from four frogs on the left side to a ram on the right side.

The experiments of Sacred Ecstatics have created an altar that functions like a mystical portal. When you reach across and feel the vibration of First Creation, the historical past and ongoing future become circularly linked, each affecting the other. As we are sent back in time to correct history, we alter the course of the Wigram stream and construct new ecstatic tracks for the future.

To help assure that no metaphor, name, frame, dot, line, or circle gets frozen and constricted, we keep many forms and dynamics in play. The Sacred Ecstatics juggle of polyphonies, symphonies, theophanies and mysteries leads to the blur and whirl of the multicolored mystical

wheel and Ouroborean meal. We stay inside its wobbly oscillations and accelerating recursions so that uncertainty about infinity brings the humility needed for greater combustibility.

The new knights of the mystical night are back to n/om-pierce the inflated bubbles and snake oil bottles of anyone claiming to have found the singular, one-dimensional, monophonic, moronic truth. Truth is juxtapositional, multidimensional, situational, alchemical, transformational, and ineffable; vibration rather than definition distinguishes its veracity. Be brave with the heart of a lion and the sword of a writing pen when facing those who are lying about life, art, mind, body, and spirituality. Above all else, wobble in the middle between four frogs and a ram so fresh edits of spiritual history and its altered future tracks encourage both a frog's leap and a ram's horn to sing and dance the hymns and hers of newborn creation as we merrily swim along in the Wigram stream.

Levantine

While Brad dreamed we were examining the table of contents from a future book, Hillary dreamed we were touring Rome:

Brad and I were heading out to see the sites. We and several other tourists boarded a few cars that had been sent to pick us up for the tour. As soon as we got on the road, however, Brad and I were in a car separate from the others, and I was driving. We were on the left side of the road, driving into oncoming traffic. What was strange in the dream is that none of the other drivers on the road were alarmed, as if driving into oncoming traffic was a perfectly normal thing to do in Rome. Each time I saw a car coming straight at us I would stop, let it pass, and swerve to miss the next car coming our way. I found it a bit nerve wracking, but mostly it was just frustrating and slow—I felt the clutch and gas pedal beneath my feet and was careful not to stall the car with all the stopping and starting. As soon as I saw an opening, I merged onto the right side of the road as quickly as possible. Once I did, Brad and I were back in the vehicle with the other travelers.

A young Italian man, one of the tour guides, was seated next to us. We soon drove by a large historic site. It seemed to take up several blocks. The center of the ruin was open to the air, much like the Roman Forum. However, this historic site had a large wall around it that looked different than other ruins in the city. Mostly still intact, the tall wall was made of bronze colored, smooth stone that shined slightly in the sun. Large red crosses decorated the stone on the main entrance and along its walls. The young tour guide said, "That's my favorite site in Rome." I asked him what it was called, and he replied, "It's the Levantine, built in the 12th Century." I remembered that the word, "Levantine" refers to countries in

the East where the sun rises. It originally comes from the Latin term, *levare*, meaning to lift or raise. After having that thought, I woke up from the dream.

“The Levant” are countries in the Mediterranean east of Italy, namely present-day Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Cyprus, Israel, Jordan, Palestine, and parts of Turkey. This region, more commonly referred to in English as “the Middle East,” has long been home to the middle wobble of multiple religions, cultures, and ruling kingdoms. Even before the Crusades (1096-1271), many groups that included the Roman Empire fought for control of its people, wealth, and trade routes.

The large red crosses on the mythical Roman historic site in Hillary’s dream looked identical to the famous crosses of the Knights of Templar. Beginning as a Christian military order in Jerusalem in 1118, the Knights of Templar came to Rome in the 12th Century and took over a former Benedictine Monastery on Aventine Hill. (Perhaps Hillary misheard the name of the ruin—was it Aventine instead of Levantine, or perhaps a middle wobble between them?) Though the Knights’ efforts in Jerusalem were initially supported by the Roman Catholic Church, after arriving in Rome they were eventually tried and convicted by the Pope Clement V in 1308. The only known surviving historic site related to the Knights of Templar in Rome is the Aventine Keyhole, located in a large door that leads to the Priory of the Knights of Malta. That building was constructed much later, in the 1400s. And, like all of Rome, it was built on top of all the ancient ruins that came before it. When you look through the keyhole you see that it lines up directly with dome of St. Peter’s in the Vatican.

Why were we led in vision to a mythical 12th Century ruin belonging to the Knights of Templar in Rome? Before we answer that question, let’s first make sure we’re traveling in the right lane instead of going against the grain, unnecessarily fighting our way through congested left-side trickster traffic. As Wigram-oriented mystical scholars, we celebrate the complex relationship of multiple religions, cultures, and histories as tributaries that flow from the same complex poly-stream of supreme First Creation changing truth. Rather than exalt those who fight and defend, we prefer to embrace the middle wobble blend. Rather than wage the war of the Knight, we want to wake up the leavening n/om that makes the heart rise. When religion becomes an endless struggle for political power, there is no escape from the back-and-forth flip flop between victim and perpetrator. One person’s righteous crusade is another person’s terrorist attack. Depending on what eyes you use to look through the keyhole, you either see a symbol of sacred beauty built upon a once-humble grave or a monument of death built from stolen wealth. This, of course, is the problem with too much looking and not enough spiritual cooking. This keyhole is missing its key, the prayer password that asks us to choose between owning all the goods of the world versus owning the Big Love of a *little me* who worships Thee. Wake up! It’s time to blend all the ingredients of the mystical prayer-song-dance wheel together with the colors, sounds, truths, songs, dances, peoples, and tastes from every direction.

Later we found that another Lionheart—King Richard the Lionheart from the 12th century—had the same red cross on his flag. It is also hypothesized that he was a part of the Knights of Templar. Today it is impossible to distinguish where and how the stories about him intersect between written history and the spoken lore of mystery. The red cross, crossroads, magical forest of Sherwood, grail quest, spiritual battle, sword, and song all become a whirl of color and sound. Rather than straighten it out as a linear line of history that serves easily accessible understanding, Sacred Ecstasies suggests letting it whirl on the boundary between the known and unknown—something felt as a mind and heart double melt. Between four frogs and a ram is found the First Creation changing of Egypt, Rome, England, Greece, and every place today that knows there is never a new age differentiated from the historical roots that intertwine and host the twin nature of everything.

If there is a worthy crusade, it is battling simplistic reductions to protect the complex *cercles* that keep us modulating in the Wigram religious stream, the Levantine river of Mesopotamia, the Irish poet's trout stream, the British king's uncertain history, the African clay shored, life sculpting Nile, and the Mississippi mud and double time jazz of New Orleans. Come along, all you Bravehearts unafraid to join the strong current that brings you back to your roots. Let's plant ancient seeds to grow a garden in complexly layered soil and wildly celebrate with anointed song and dance when the next cherry pink and apple blossom white season arrives,^{cxvii} waving a red crossroads flag that points the way to the intersecting middle east/west where all branches and streams come together as one.

The Juggle Is the Whirling Wind: Addition to Experiment Five

Brad dreamed he saw another whirling, blurry cloud of spinning colors and tones come into the room, similar to what he saw in a previous vision. A teacher then asked us, "What do you see?" We replied, "We see everything that is important to Sacred Ecstasies moving in a whole circle where each part interacts with all the other parts." The teacher nodded and then further explained:

The juggling of parts is the whirling wind of the divine force of creation. Every important cornerstone, ingredient, step, dynamic, dimension, and shifting alchemical form must be thrown into the air. When they circulate and never fall to the ground, the wind, earth, fire, and water of creation are alive and in constant transformational exchange.

The teacher then took us near a blackboard and wrote the word, "green." He added, "This is a cutout. It is meaningless unless it is connected to another cutout." He then wrote two more words on the board: "frog" and "vegetation." "If we place 'green' next to 'frog' it brings forth

something different than if we paired ‘green’ and ‘vegetation.’ Of course, the meaning is arguably more expansive if we make association between all three.” He then added the word, “life” and started to laugh as he excitedly announced, “When we add ‘life’ we see that all our words relate to life.” Finally, he added the word, “changing.” No longer laughing, he bent over and seriously explained, “Now we hint at First Creation where every word is a transform of every other word when all the words are thrown in the air and juggled in a circle that holds them together. This enables the creative life force to be felt.” He waited to see our response. We were stunned and excited as we added, “And we must jump into the circle as well!” The teacher quickly added, “Throw in all the names, terms, and words; don’t stop until all of Second Creation has been thrown in to the First Creation whirlwind. But don’t let a single word drop to the floor. Keep everything in the juggled loop.”

We were next shown an alteration to Experiment Five. As the teacher placed his hands into his pray-ear altar, we were whisked away into a school building. We watched him walk into every classroom, close his eyes, and reach into an unseen altar as if it was there. “Make sure your First Creation altar, the double of your physical altar, is felt in every room of your home.” He went on with further instruction:

When you place your hands into your altar, imagine throwing all its parts into the air—the threads, mothers, ears, Mayan eraser, Tesla coils, plumbing, wires . . . everything. Imagine all of it being juggled until it moves so fast in multiple circles that it appears as a whirling wind. Then leave it whirling when you step away. Feel that the First Creation altar is alive in every room of your house, no matter where your physical altar is located. Each day, go into any room in your house and reach into your unseen altar. Imagine that all the altar ingredients live in two worlds, one is static and fixed while the other is ecstatically dynamic and in whirling motion. This is true for you, too—you live in both a changing realm and a fixed realm that are meant to take turns alternating which hosts and surrounds the other.

The teacher showed us the Guild members performing this variation of the experiment. As we watched each person do it, the teacher said to everyone, “The whirling juggle is the medium for moving between the double worlds. Aim to become this multi-dimensional wind.” We then discerned each person’s present relationship with spiritual cooking, noticing whether certain ingredients were missing or were still on the ground and not yet thrown into the air. Each person’s prior development with all its progressions and regressions were also recognized. We laughed as we felt this was like grading students at the end of an academic semester—it was the spring final exam.

Brad woke up from the excitement and felt so much sacred vibration that he administered a long-distance transmission to each Guild member. It felt like he was giving it to them face to face,

but more intensely with less interference. While giving seiki, the whirlwind revealed each person's responsivity to seiki. One woman, a longstanding Guild member who had recently asked for a boost of prayer help, was given seiki six times over the course of the night. Brad talked with her *little me* and noted, "It's amazing how open you are to spiritual cooking, but it is strange how your *big me* twin doesn't know it." Her *little me* responded, "Actually she's more in her head than she and others think. She wants to feel mystery yet doesn't notice the extent to which she already does." Falling into the conductor's wobble, Brad envisioned the spiritual mothers welcoming her into the altar. They said, "It is time to reach in here *and* tremble your hands on the other side. Envision the altar home where we reside and reach for us while trembling your hands as we become a whirling holy wind."

As Brad came back to himself, he thought how this is a wonderful teaching for everyone. Do more than reach into the altar and imagine juggling its elements as a whirling wind. Tremble your hands to feel the vibration rather than solely rely on cognition. Reach into your altar, both seen and unseen, every hour throughout each day with the whirling holy wind near as your hands tremble and *little me* shouts, "Hello, hello, let's get on with this show!" No matter the condition of your *big me*, remember "1, 2, 3, *little me* is free!"

Human beings sometimes drop the juggled balls and leave the big room, but those who leave are welcome back whenever they desire to feel the fire. Remember the two dynamics of preparation for any kind of spiritual activity: First, embrace the insecurity of uncertainty so that you can deeply feel the need for higher intervention, and second, study and practice so that the seeds of performance are planted deep in your unconscious soil. And don't forget, there is a Sacred Ecstatics mother at the door making sure you are ready to sweep, cook, and change. All aboard, fellow whirling winds, we have some extraordinary traveling ahead!

Meetings with Remarkable Whirlwinds

Brad was taken to a series of visionary classrooms to learn more about relating to the numinous whirlwind:

My grandparents arrived and surprised us because they talked as if they had become teachers of Sacred Ecstatics:

Face the complexity of human life and feel the hopelessness of figuring out how to understand, discuss, or change it. Then wholeheartedly sing a gospel song. Keep everything whirling in the air and do not let any part fall to the ground. The impossibility of conquering suffering's irrational complexity must face the uplifting simplicity of song's high emotion.

As we sang the hymn, “Oh How I Love Jesus,” we felt how life and death, good and evil, and the whole kit and caboodle of oppositions are a necessary part of creation’s mojo blend. Again, while this is delightful to conceive, it must be musically, mystically, and vibrationally felt in the alchemical melt of a song whose emotion sets in motion the action perfectly designed for each unique situation.

In the dream, I asked my grandparents what can be said to those stuck in small rooms who claim they want to leave but refuse to take any action. My grandfather responded,

You must do more than exchange *the name* of the small room for another name that sounds bigger or higher, whether it’s “the big room,” “the healing space,” “the temple of love,” “the church of God,” and so on. No matter the name, your *big me* will resist the call to get down on your knees even though it’s logically necessary. Here shamanic dismemberment, Caribbean mourning, and old-fashioned religious contrition converge and urge you to take the fall. Until you have hit bottom and reach toward the altar, you remain lost. Fighting this “come-to-Jesus” moment is exhausting and this, too, can facilitate the needed fall. Sadly, some folks never get ready to cross over until they are on their deathbed. Why wait when the gate awaits you now?

I asked my grandfather again, “What can we say to someone who ignorantly and arrogantly insists that they are already in the big room with a spiritual anointment, when they are only in the grip of another trickster-driven *big me* trip?” He paused and waited for an answer to come down the pipeline. Finally, he replied, “Rather than tell them to leave their spiritual litter behind, ask them to throw it in the whirlwind. Let me show you what happens then.” My grandfather blew a wind out of his mouth that became a whirling blend of colors, tones, and many dynamics. “Watch as I throw in false idols and magic toys.” He tossed in every cherished trinket found in the New Age marketplace and they immediately burst into flames. Then he spoke again:

The wind becomes the fire when *everything* is thrown inside it. What is unnecessary will burn away. What remains will be refined. Why insist that people clear out their clutter *before* entering the big room? Have them bring everything, including themselves, and

throw it into the big room, its whirling, and its fire that burns and turns everything around.

I woke up feeling that what he said was true for everyone, especially conductors. Throw the drum, the keyboard, the computer, all your sensory organs, including mind and heart, into the whirlwind so your soul can be set on fire. I thanked my grandparents for their wisdom and prayed with renewed dedication.

I next had a dream that took us to Japan. We were with Osumi Sensei at a Kabuki theatre. She had arranged for us to see a play. Like she did in the past, she stared at me, watching every one of my reactions to what was going on. In the middle of the play, she snapped her finger and in that instant all the actors were lifted and suspended in the air. Just before they started to whirl, Sensei snapped her finger again and they were frozen in mid-air as if time had stopped. She leaned over to look at us even more closely. In that instant I felt arrows shoot into me from the stage. The arrows' trajectory could be clearly seen as if they left a vapor trail in the air. They originated not from the actors but from the lines that I now saw were connecting the actors and suspending them in the air like a spider web. The arrows were thrown from the midpoint of each line between them. As the arrows pierced me, I leapt out of the chair as Osumi Sensei clapped her hands and smiled, as she always did when strong seiki came through.

The next morning, we found out that "Kabuki" translates as "the art of singing and dancing." Its main theatrical theme is "sudden, dramatic revelation or transformation." Many stage tricks are used to make actors suddenly appear, disappear, and revolve on a circular stage, including the use of dramatic lighting for "darkened revolves" and "lighted revolves." In addition, kabuki theatre uses ropes or wires to lift performers off the ground in a flight that is defined as "riding in mid-air" (called *chūnori*).^{cxviii}

I woke up vibrating and still feeling like we were in Japan. The energy transference was so strong that I could not maintain consciousness and soon fell back to sleep. Another dream arrived where all three spiritual mothers from our altar were waiting. Mother Ralph sang the hymn that had arrived earlier in the dream with my grandparents, "Oh How I Love Jesus." She said, "I'm here with those songs. Use them when you feel the need for God." Mother Twa then stood and stared at me before she spoke,

Don't forget how your Bushman family talks more about battling trickster than we do about the Sky God. We have little to say about

God who we feel with our hearts and express in our songs, but we must constantly deal with trickster. When we take on trickster with all our might and fight the temptation to pursue power rather than rise with love, that's when God arrives with a song and dance. We taught this to you during all your years with us. Don't hesitate to take on trickster and battle its tricks for this will lead you to dance and sing with God.

Finally, Mother Osumi Sensei, smiled and bowed, saying nothing. In a flash I realized that she had choreographed all the dreams I received that night. She was the whirlwind of seiki that includes all names and forms of the ineffable. I also knew that each mother had been responsible for the visionary classroom productions. After Sensei nodded a second time, we noticed another ensemble of actors had assembled to perform one more show. There were now three actresses on stage, each playing the part of a spiritual mother. The play had barely started when one mother sang an old hymn we didn't recognize. Prompted by Mother Osumi, Johannes—the Austrian mountain beekeeper also known in Sacred Ecstasies as Thunder Shock—ran out on stage and announced to the audience, “This song is not a German or Austrian composition. It is a Slovenian hymn.” He then sat back down in the audience. Osumi Sensei was smiling and trying to hold back her laughter. The next day we would discover that “Slovene folk music follows less rigid rules than Austrian folk music.”^{cxix}

We soon caught the joke—people get too hung up on cultural and national borders. When it comes to seiki-filled singing, it does not matter where a song comes from or the particularities of the cultural context that gave rise to it, though these histories are fascinating to learn about. All songs, people, and cultures belong to the whirlwind. As we received this teaching, little bits of cutout paper fell from the sky. As they hit the ground, audience members went on stage to pick them up and read them out loud. Someone announced, “My spirit helper is a bear.” “No!” Mother Osumi Sensei shouted back. “The spirit is whirling in the air. When the spirit is real, its particular form is never spoken or named. It is only felt as part of the whirlwind.” I then remembered that Osumi Sensei never talked about the spirit snake inside her. It was unimaginable for her to say anything like, “My spirit snake says you should do such and such.” Or, “You should not worry because my snake helper has wrapped itself around your problem.”

A second audience member picked up another piece of a paper and read, “God always answers my requests.” Mother Ralph, shouted, “No!” “Don't use God's name that way. God is a wheel within a wheel and a fire felt in the bones.” A third

person picked up the next piece of paper from the ground: “Now I’m really spiritually cooking.” Mother Twa snapped back, “Don’t ever say such a thing. If you are cooking, you are unable to talk or have any interest in making any kind of claim.”

The three spiritual mothers then came on stage and gathered all the pieces of paper. Without saying a word, they taught that when a spiritual cutout sits still on the ground, it is never true. They subsequently threw all the cutouts in the air as we watched them become a whirling wind, followed by a wild cooking fire, and then a downpour of blessed rain. This was their way of teaching us that the truths of spirit are alive amidst the ambiguities and contradictions radiating out of complex changing. When thrown in the air to be juggled and spun, whole truths are evoked that avoid spotlighting any extracted part.

Mother Osumi Sensei finally came to the center of the stage and, with the fierceness of her samurai ancestry, shouted, “Cutting up spiritual work into simple, unmoving parts is a profanity. It leaves you worshipping the dirt on the floor.” Her clarity took our breath away and made us tremble in awe.

Mother Ralph came near Mother Osumi and added a question, “So what are you going to do about it?” Hearing that, Mother Twa ran over to the stage with a handful of tree branches and shouted, “It’s time to sing and dance around the fire. Throw everyone and everything into the circle.”

Hillary and I watched all three mothers jump into the whirling wind and invite everyone to take the leap and join them inside First Creation. As we jumped in, I woke up shaking with excitement, knowing that these three tracks take us deeper and higher into mystery.

The spiritual mothers have been good mothers, challenging us to face what we don’t always want to hear—reminding us to keep our room clean. They also know that the room of history must be regularly cleaned, altered, and seasoned to help it better host cooking in the future. We will assuredly receive more prophetic news from the mothers that shocks, displeases, or angers Lord *Big Me’s* small room king-dumb. Yet the altar door remains open, inviting you to face the crossroads again each day. The contrarian middle tension of whirling oppositions is the ecstatic ignition of the sacred vibration. Feel the shame of past mistakes and then reset your aim toward the redemptive flame. This calls for the response of a different drum that brings the altar-altered beats of spiritual heat. Sacred Ecstatics is a recursive spirited journey to the wobbling middle. It eschews emphasizing linear causality in favor of serving the Ouroborean meal that feeds blending and turning the wheel. Many receive the call to audition, but fewer choose to leap on stage. Lights! Curtain! The whirlwind show is about to blow itself in!

The Never Ending First Creation Sondheim Show

Brad dreamed the greatest Broadway musical he ever heard in his life:

It sounded like a Stephen Sondheim composition produced and performed in First Creation. I felt it improvised on the spot—completely crafted in the moment. The ongoing word play, rhymes, rhythms, and melodic modifications masterfully exemplified what a song must express to make the theatrical atmosphere pulse with creative life. We experienced being in the middle of the musical, mystery creation stage. Tonight’s extravaganza show was profoundly stunning, amazingly astonishing, and worth a lifetime of waiting to experience.

Even after I woke up from the dream, the musical numbers would not stop. I was able to invent more lyrics, music, and arrangements while wide awake, as if possessed by the gods of the Broadway stage. Few times in my life have I ever been this possessed by music. I have previously felt it in dream when my body was inhabited by the spirit of Erroll Garner, Hank Jones, Barry Harris, Miles Davis, Chet Baker, Phil Woods, Richie Cole, among other jazz luminaries, and with numerous anonymous old-school, sanctified gospel pianists, singers, and preachers. Tonight, something very different was brought to the dream stage—a theatrical musical that specially highlighted the relationship of lyrics to words.

The songs radiated the same kind of energetic magic as the career launching show Sondheim crafted with Leonard Bernstein, *West Side Story*: “Tonight, tonight the world is bright and light!” Yet it was something else—more Sondheim than Bernstein. Few people know that Sondheim felt embarrassed about the lyrics he wrote for his first Broadway blockbuster. He and Bernstein had opposite views on poetry, with Sondheim preferring lyrics that were “less self-conscious.” He believed that “a line in a song is like a scene in a play,” that is, it needs to be thought of as building a room for a new theatrical reality rather than only offering a pleasing sentiment. Speaking of what his compositions try to target, he said, “I like to surprise myself and surprise the audience.”^{cxx}

I was unable to sleep due to the nonstop musical surprises that continued to fuel the show. I even wondered if it would never stop and keep going to my last breath. I thought, “Is this the entrance to heaven, another Life Force Theatre musical hit, or both, wobbling back and forth?” There was no prayer, teacher, or pointing in this spiritual classroom. It was pure theatre, live and on stage!

Finally, I drifted into sleep and had another dream. This time Hillary and I were traveling with members of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. We had spent the night at a roadside motel, and it was early morning as we loaded our luggage in various cars

to travel on to the next stop. I then remembered something odd that had taken place in the night. I had awakened and noticed the closet door was open. In it was a Mexican mask that kept changing forms. It did not attract my curiosity, but only made me feel the need for prayer because it was unsettling. I turned to my old gospel repertoire and went to church. Now that it was morning in the dream, I remembered that we had forgotten that magical mask and left it behind. I turned to Hillary and asked her, “Did you see that weird thing in the closet?” She affirmed that she had also seen it and ignored it, preferring to have a sweet hour of prayer and song.

A few people in the Guild who overheard our conversation immediately headed to the room where we had slept. You could see the lust in their eyes for spiritual power. They wanted that mask, and they were going after it no matter what anyone might say. Hillary and I shook our heads and said, “It’s time to go. Some folks can’t resist the seduction of power, even when they have felt the sweet joy of simply praising divine creation.” We left the mask and those who wanted it behind.

I woke up wondering about the strange juxtaposition of a glorious Sondheim musical and an overnight stop at a cheap motel that had a magical object in the closet. It was the mask we had dreamed years ago—it had three shifting forms and was associated with Aztec spirituality.^{cxxi} In the dream its raw power was real but was missing joy, sweetness, and love. The mask offered a wisdom teaching, no doubt, but it was not important enough to get bent out of shape trying to lug it along. When Hillary and I each saw it, we had no attraction to it. In fact, it took more discipline to not ask the gods to exorcise it from the planet because we could feel it was owned by trickster. Yet we have learned that when the luminous ropes on the right side come to life, so do the changing trickster forms on the left side. That’s when you must neither be curious and drawn to power, nor should you naïvely go to battle with the dark, left side.

This, I remembered, was the final old-time test of the Zulu sangoma initiation in southern Africa. Facing evil, you must choose to remain in the middle of its relation to goodness, something that can never be fully understood. This does not mean that you should feel free to tinker with weird stuff that visits from the left side. Pay no attention to it—rein in your excitement, attraction, fear, and repulsion. Let it be, that is, let it be handled by higher hands in the vastest room. Take refuge in straight-rope prayer, giving praise to the whole mystery source and force that is beyond our mind’s ability to comprehend.

Once you’ve truly felt the fire of God’s sacred ecstasy, you will not be automatically charmed or easily tempted by magical power. My many meetings

with things that go bump in the middle of the night has only further riveted my attention to the lyrics and melodies of songs that better convey sacred emotion. Wrap that emotion around the complexities of living and it will protect you from getting lost in trickster distraction or attraction. In other words, I'd rather hang out with Sondheim on a Broadway stage for a lifetime than own a spooky mask found in a motel closet. How about you?

After the dream, we realized again that most of the teaching content of bona fide spiritual teachers is about resisting the temptations trickster brings to the everyday, especially the many forms of spiritual materialism offered in the marketplaces found on both sides of the veil. In contrast, when it's time to spiritually cook there is no need to mention trickster's stage props and magical devices. You're too busy being absorbed in the whirl of the prayer-song-dance-wheel that carries you into the fire. Before and after the spiritual thermometer climb is the time to deal with trickster fallout. In the middle there is only song and dance. Those are the seasons of Sacred Ecstasies—trickster fall and spring cleaning, with the spiritual cooking occurring in between.

Pay more attention to the tools of Sondheim if you want to be better aligned with the utmost pipeline. Leave power behind and allow love and its creative musical expression to take the lead. When housed in the room of sacred emotion, the left and right sides are twins with divine parentage that keeps them in a finely choreographed chorus line. Come, it's time to finish another hat on an ordinary Sunday in the park with George, meaning it's time to change the way your head thinks about everything. That's best accomplished by getting carried away on the lyrical song lines in the endlessly creative world of an improvised First Creation musical.

The Whirlwind Brings Three Teachings

Brad dreamed we went to a spiritual classroom where we were shown three breakthrough teachings. The first dream addressed a common roadblock on the path to sacred ecstasy:

Teaching One: The Toy Horse

"Today's teacher is the whirlwind," we heard a voice announce. As we felt the wind approach like it had in recent dreams, we saw it was bringing an object to us. In front of our eyes a small toy horse was suspended in mid-air. The voice spoke:

This is what many spiritual seekers end up chasing: a toy they believe has magical powers. This toy horse is all that trickster needs to dangle in front of people to own their soul. True magic is not held in any single form, but in the whirling wind itself.

We were faced with the utter stupidity of spiritual materialism—cutting apart, pulling out, reducing, and solidifying to “make material” that which is a fluid, whirling symphony of changing dynamics. The teacher, reading our thoughts, answered back, “Yes, and it is a hard habit to break. Once you acquire a taste for the easy pleasure of grabbing at magical signs, symbols, tokens, and fixed names, you can’t get enough and soon this habit owns your whole life.”

I looked at Hillary and said, “Sacred Ecstatics is trying to lead people away from a toy horse.” We burst into laughter from the absurdity of this truth. In that moment, we were whisked to another classroom with two movie screens. The projectionist shouted, “There are two floods being released, not one. Everything spiritually important comes in doubles.” Both screens lit up to reveal the two floods mentioned as the teacher continued talking:

There is a flood of visionary teaching that has been released. In addition, there is a flood of sacred emotion that is on its way. Together these floods create the deep immersion in the transformations of earth, fire, water, and wind. This is how the changing force of divine nature alters life.

Teaching Two: The Double Floods

Before, we thought that “the flood” mentioned in earlier visions only referred to flooding the heart with sacred ecstatic emotion. We had missed that there is also a twin flooding of the mind—teachings of complexity that overwhelm and wash away naïve, simplistic ideation about spirituality.

In the dream, the wind blew the toy horse back in front of us. “Look and doubly see it now.” We noticed that it required no mental effort to recognize what it was—a toy horse. We also felt how it brought a simple joy, like the thrill a child experiences when receiving a brand-new toy. Knowing and feeling this, we told the teacher, “We see that the toy horse is part of the whirlwind of creation. But by itself, when removed from the wind and set apart, it neither elevates thought nor excites emotion.” The wind and the toy horse immediately disappeared with a strong gust.

The popular draw of a spiritual toy stems from the fact that no big room need be built to host its perception and reception. Furthermore, trickster can convince you it feels real while it makes you feel like a big deal, and this has true marketing appeal. Past this small room fantasy world are the dynamics of activating the whirling juggles, vibrations, and reverberations of seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit. This requires that spiritual cooking skills replace former looking thrills. In the dream, we faced the toy horse again and doubly realized that the spiritual challenge everyone

faces is whether to stay in a small kiddie room filled with toys, which requires no effort, or to get busy learning how to build a big room.

The Kalahari Bushmen early on recognized that the constant changing of First Creation is our original home, but that we also live in the world of trickster's illusory and transient material forms. What matters is that you cease trying to stop the whirling wind by grabbing at the first magical sign that is momentarily suspended in front of you. The moment you take hold of a trickster toy, the ecstatic force of creation that created it dies, and all you are left with is token souvenir. Do not resist the whirlwind coming your way or the double flood waters that are filling the room.

Again, the overwhelm of mind *and* the heart are both required to get admission to the higher wisdom know-how of spiritual cooking. Don't be afraid that a flood of sacred ecstasy will sweep you off your feet and a flood of visionary teaching will shatter your habits of thought. The big room is a double flood and whirling wind that blows in all directions. Don't resist; step into it and be absorbed in its extreme love.

Teaching Three: Out of the Chaos and Noise of the Whirling Comes a Higher Order with a Purer Signal

The next visionary teaching brought something else to the blend. "Meet again the twins of chaos and order, also known as noise and signal," the whirlwind proclaimed as it made a whistling sound. These twins were also described as double rings with Ouroborean alternations—each swallowing the other and then rebirthing one another. The whistling teacher continued without words. Here is the translation:

The experience of a whirlwind is associated with chaos and noise. Faced with this turbulence, people often run to escape the overwhelm, returning to former predictable order and understanding. What they miss is meeting the primal source from which the new is created. Out of chaos, new order arises and out of noise, a different signal comes through.^{cxix} Trust that you need to value and move even closer to the drafty gust of chaos and noise. Get close enough to reach into the numinous whirlwind that births invention, composition, rejuvenation, and transformation. Facing the whirlwind is encountering the dynamic of changing creation—the godhead. From its complex chaos and polyphonic noise, a higher order and purer transformational signal come through.

At the end of the dream, we were taken to a final classroom. On the blackboard was a random assortment of dots, lines, wiggly curves, circles, and other geometric designs we witnessed in other visionary adventures. We carefully examined the blackboard display and heard the

Bushmen singing and dancing nearby. This sound reminded us that these same chalk markings were also seen on the stones of ancient rock art. As we felt music awaken our n/om, the markings leapt off the board and were suspended in mid-air. They began to whirl about and in this movement we saw, heard, and felt an endless morphing of forms. Giraffes, elands, and trees soon joined the singing and dancing. We were in the middle wobble, the numinous dance of First Creation and Second Creation.

In this swirl and whirl you might be given a drum and a horse, only to find that they shapeshift into a fife, horn, piano, Chrysler Imperial, train, or ship. More than this, your circular means of shamanic transportation becomes your Ouroborean spiritual instrument of ecstatic performance, as you, too, feel like a giraffe, eland, camel thorn tree, evergreen, oak, or elm tree. This is the 1, 2, 3 where anything simply said evokes the complex unsaid that begs for more to be said. Anything understood must wake up less certainty and inspire the search to know more than before. Furthermore, anything construed by the mind must help awaken the heart to rise as the heart's uplifting productions reorient the leap across every gap of thought and emotion, self and relation. In this grand ecology, creation never arrives and never departs. It dangles and bobbles on the fulcrum drum as it travels the spirit horse course.

Postscript

In the last dream Brad saw Jess, a Guild member, in the whirlwind and wrote her a letter about it:

Hi Jess,

I dreamed you last night, clearly seeing your face as if it was suspended in the air. A circle of illumined light bulbs then surrounded your face. Then you began darting around the room, and as you did the circle of lights went on and off. You were like a fast-moving lightning bug flickering in First Creation.

Sending our love,
Brad

Jess immediately wrote back:

This morning I woke up at three o'clock with a prayer in my heart, feeling a connection to the little light which reflects the C.M.C. ocean. I asked myself, "What will happen if I am always open to that flicker?"

A Cloud Above Your Altar: Addition to Experiment Five

Brad went to sleep and asked the gods if he could get a break from visionary dreaming. He added, “or please help me not remember if a dream comes down the line.” He went to sleep exhausted. Then came a dream:

The moment I entered the visionary classroom I thought to myself, “It looks like we have more work to do in the morning.” I still hoped I would forget the dream and get a free pass from the labor of writing and editing. But soon I started to wonder why I was being shown a new alteration of our altar. No words were conveyed, only an action. Upon waking, however, I did not remember the instructions that were given.

A second dream came and it, too, was about working on the altar. I woke up thinking of how some of the Guild members had made a reputation for themselves as master altar artists. Two of them, Linus and Dezsoe, we privately like to think of as the Guild’s “altar boys” because of their talents. Soon I was a little disappointed, instead of relieved, that I had completely forgotten the first dream, though I remembered it had something to do with making an altar modification.

While I had forgotten most of the beginning of the second dream, its main action scene remained extremely clear. We were handed the Japanese ceramic bowl that is presently in our kitchen next to a framed photo of Osumi Sensei. In the dream, the bowl was empty as a mysterious hand dropped an old piece of paper into it. There was one Japanese word written on the crinkled paper.

Before I could mention the dream to Hillary the next morning, she told me how she woke up with Osumi Sensei on her mind. She was flooded with emotion while pondering what a close relationship I had with her and the extraordinary fact that she gave me her seiki jutsu lineage. As Hillary spoke, I imagined the empty bowl from the dream. I suddenly remembered that we own a pair of those bowls. This led my mind’s eye to take another look at Osumi Sensei’s home altars. Her Shinto altar had two bowls to hold offerings—the far left one was filled with rice and the one on the right with salt. There were sometimes other bottles nearby with water and sake.

Vividly remembering the inside of Sensei’s house and facing her Shinto altar that sat across from her Buddhist altar, I recollected that Shintoism is based on relating to two powers—*Musubi* and *Tsumi*. *Musubi* is the power of creation via pure action. You are born full of *Musubi*. *Tsumi* is the power of destruction via trickster dirt, pollution, and wrong action that comes from the unwise handling of problems, inappropriate social triangulations, and spiritual errors of living. To

bring back whatever lost power of creation and purity you formerly had, you must constantly clean and sweep away the dirt of Tsumi. This Shinto twin form struck Hillary and I as another variation of the double whirling of trickster's cognitive constructions and the creator's purest emotion.

The Shinto follower does not believe in an overworld and underworld with a flat earth in between. They see two overlapping worlds, one material and visible (the *Kenkai*) and the other an invisible place of spirit (the *Yukai*). The medium that wobbles between these concentric worlds—enabling prayers to be sent and blessings to be received—is enacted by the *kami*, their word for spirit. There is a multitude of these spirits, especially in nature and for those ancestors who were spiritual notables during their lifetime. Osumi Sensei's ancient ancestor is a *kami* honored at a shrine near Gamo, Japan. The white snake in her belly enabled this *kami* to be in constant communion with her. This was not a disassociated experience she visualized in her mind, like contacting a pet spirit or superpower assistant. Her embodiment of the *kami* was enacted spontaneously and seamlessly.

As we wrote about this in the past, Osumi Sensei's white snake, a manifestation of her ancestral priest, later jumped into my belly. It is a part of the whirlwind in which I live, and it comes through every part and whole of my being. A shrine (*jinja*) was built a long time ago to honor this *kami* and Osumi Sensei took me there to be blessed by its Shinto priests and to celebrate this mystery with a day-long feast.

Each Shinto family's home also has an altar (*kamidana*). Inside its sanctified space is found a link to the shrine hosting the *kami* that helps their prayers go back and forth across the veil between the two worlds. How do you place this spirit in an altar? A piece of paper is given by an anointed priest or guardian of that *kami*. It has a word inscribed on it. This paper (called an *ofuda*) is the intermediary, the middle medium, of the altar. An altar is not empowered to commune with the other side without a consecrated *ofuda*.

In the dream, in addition to the bowl and paper, I also received a mysterious spiritual gift—a *shintai*, a physical object that holds the *kami*. It does not symbolize or represent the *kami* but physically *embodies* it. I can say nothing more about this other than the process involves the *kami* duplicating itself by splitting its soul in two. This object is meant to be concealed rather than revealed in our home altar.

Finally, I later found that the word on the piece of paper received in the dream was *kumo*. This word, meaning "cloud," points to the seiki-filled whirlwind on high. The Japanese character is traditionally written on paper and sanctified by a Shinto priest and then placed on the ceiling over the home altar.

To honor this vision and Osumi Sensei, obtain a small piece of wrinkled paper with two slight bends in its upper two corners. Next, write the Japanese character for kumo on the paper. You may either trace the image below, draw it free-hand, or print out the character and wrinkle the paper.



Attach the paper to your ceiling directly above the three spiritual mothers. After that, know that it is good to approach your altar in the traditional way done in every Japanese Shinto shrine whose altar is linked to the numinous: bow twice, clap twice, and then bow once. When you clap, make sure your right hand is slightly lower than the left one. When you leave, bow again before you leave the room.

The power of creation is always in relation to the power of destruction. There is no end to the sweeping and cleaning needed to keep the vessel empty enough to hold the power of creation, rejuvenation, and transformation. And there is no end to the inevitable performance errors and trickster pratfalls that come from getting on stage—or refusing to do so. In this double dynamic of construction and deconstruction, accompanied by purity and impurity, we feel two worlds embrace as duo hearts beat, relate, reverberate, and vibrate. Every mystery revealed leads to something else concealed, and then returns to reveal and conceal more than before. It is time for you to cover the ceiling over your altar with a numinous cloud of unknowing, the whirlwind of creation. Please bow to assure that your part-whole relations are aligned with this altar that bridges the seen and unseen and serves as the gate to the big room.

Reaching Across the Multipaned Windows

On the morning of our last day of reporting on Experiment Five, the final experiment of the 2019-2020 Guild season, Hillary dreamed that we were all gathered for a Sacred Ecstasies intensive:

I was surprised to discover that we were hosting the intensive in my paternal grandparent's house in Hazel Park, Michigan, one mile from the boundary of Detroit. My father grew up there in a small brick house built in the 1920s from a Sears Catalogue kit. Like the rest of the houses in the neighborhood, it was a "Tudor revival" style with coved ceilings and rounded archways. The last time I was there was before my grandfather died at age 97.

Still dreaming, I sat in the living room and thought to myself, "I'm so curious as to why I'm dreaming that we are hosting an intensive in my grandparents' house." From the living room I looked to my right toward the dining room. I noticed two large windows that opened like French doors out into the yard. Though the windows never actually existed in the house, in the dream I remembered them as if they had been there all along. I recalled that they had been beautiful, old, leaded glass windows with many panes, evoking the Tudor style.

Now, however, I saw that my aunt had replaced the old windows with new ones. They no longer had multiple panes; each side of the window was a large, solid piece of glass. I thought what a shame it was to lose the beauty and character of the old windows that also matched the vintage character of the house. Brad and I have seen this done many times in historic homes. People replace old windows with large, single panes of glass so that their view outside is unobstructed. While those kinds of windows can be very nice, we usually feel that they don't fit the feeling of old houses and the loss of aesthetics is not worth the better view.

Perhaps this is also true for spiritual windows to the other side; something is lost when people try to make everything too clear. It's so tempting to just look rather than learn to cook. Maybe the assumption is that if you could just see the big room then you would fully know it, understand it, and hence, finally feel a part of it. But if you could easily see across the veil you would be even less likely to make any spiritual effort. Observing to gain better understanding is one way trickster tries, in vain, to grasp the unknowable. The cost of wanting to see everything clearly on the other side is losing the character, beauty, aesthetics, cloudiness, and necessary distortion of the boundary between our double worlds.

Keep the old border between this world and the big room intact with all its interesting details, artistry, and imperfections. When it's time to commune with the other side, don't only look but open the window and reach through it. Reach to uncommonly feel rather than plainly see the whirling dynamics of First Creation.

***Summary of Findings for Experiment Five:
Entering the Whirlwind with the Spiritual Lineages of Sacred Ecstatics***

So many rich visionary teachings came down during Experiment Five that we all felt devoured by the mind-bending, heart-opening whirlwind. After reading the Guild's individual reports during the final weeks of the season, we responded with the following salient points:

- The assumption that emotion alone can lead you to the holy grail results in the same dead end as a solely contemplative mission. Sacred Ecstatics requires a double flood: sharpened mentation and heightened emotion must both be present and co-aligned with the highest sacred vibration.
- We find that there is no way to adequately host the high vibration of utmost elation unless the container, delivery pipe, receiving bowl, serving instrument, and performance room are empty and vast. Without ongoing mental hygiene and fine tuning of skillful relations, no fire can transpire, sustain, spread, or evoke change. This is the disciplined work required of everyone—doing your homework, steadfastly engaging, and constantly learning how to stay ahead of trickster's efforts to shrink mystery into a small room.
- The sacred vibration is the energizing pulse of creation, intensified by the double coil's alternating current of transformation. Embrace the middle wobble whirlwind rather than resist it. Its oscillating dynamic is what draws you further into the big room.
- The ancestral mothers of Sacred Ecstatics are here to guide and empower your life's highest mission. Rather than have trickster reimagine them to fit your whims and desires, bow to serve the intertwined main rope they share. They are not your spirit helpers; you are their helper and child. Always make sure that your *little me* oversees your relations to the mystery inside the altar. *Big me* will only try to pluck the mothers from the big room and their lineages so you can tap into them as you desire without having to accept whatever parts of their teaching you don't like. The mothers inspire us to feel as small as they do in the scheme of it all. Act how the saints of Sacred Ecstatics would act in your situation. Rather than turn your altar into another trickster dispenser of magic, become a rope climber who follows the tracks and honors its interlinked chain of anointed conductors.

- Whatever is said by past or present teachers and sacred texts can and will be usurped, reframed, and overturned by trickster to encourage the opposite meaning and action. If we point to the value of not obliterating the left side of spirituality, this will be taken by some as free license to seek the next Carlos Castaneda fictitious tale of power. Correcting this to mention the need for God on the mainline will, in turn, be exaggerated to ban all names but God while cutting off the rest of creation. When we advise that all these teachings should be thrown in the air to become a whirlwind, it is not as easy as it may seem. Merely tossing them up results in their falling back to the ground in a scatter plot. This is the outcome of an “anything goes” eclecticism. Avoiding such a muddle requires learning to juggle, and here we come back to the colossal leap to Ouroborean circularity. The mind of nature is *little me’s* eco-thinking where the dots, lines, and partial arcs of consciousness are whirling and dancing in the dark to create a spark that lights up the night.
- The Sacred Ecstatics mothers did not organize their lives by setting aside a separate time in the day to practice their spirituality. It was in play all the time whether tending the garden, cooking dinner, doctoring another person, house cleaning, or attending a praise meeting or dance. In other words, their experiments with the divine were not a small part of another room—it was the whole room of their life.
- Finally, we conclude with this post from Dominic, a longstanding Guild member, who elegantly expressed our collective experiences with Experiment Five and the Guild season as a whole:

Our final experiment, the culmination of our time together and the experiments we have shared, has felt like a kind of tipping point—a reckoning with the truth that my altar does not belong in a corner or any compartmentalized fragment of my life, but must be thrown in the air, so that all its moving and swirling parts envelop the room of my whole life, becoming the big room whirling that my *little me* yearns to reside in, and relieving my *big me* of its very insistent and ingenious project of dominion over the everyday.

Every day brings new and familiar renditions of *big me* bad habits, but every new vision, teaching and song from the mystical mainline touches me with joy and gives me hope for the future and for this community that we share. I am amazed and always

surprised by the transformative wonder working power of the musical tracks, and by the moments I have found myself standing in my kitchen or lying on my sofa after reading a visionary report and been seized by a jolt of seiki and a joyful n/om jiggle. Feeding this, feeling the need for Thee, and reaching for the rope when habits of refrigeration set in, feels like the adventure of a lifetime.

The Little Locomotive Is Back

Brad dreamed we were pushing an old-fashioned Victorian baby carriage:

Hillary and I were walking inside a whirling wind that operated like a tunnel for time travel. When we looked in the baby cart, we saw a small, antique metal locomotive. It was worn from previous use and, strangely, we felt that it was our child. As we walked further inside the whirlwind, the train gave birth to a snake carved out of wood. It was a perfect sine wave. We picked up the snake and rubbed it, believing it came from the Amazonian rainforest as a gift from the Guarani Indians. It came to life when we touched it and began to coil around our arms. We continued our walk and soon another object was born in the carriage—a baseball glove, just like the catcher's mitt I owned as a boy.

Before we could pick it up, the wind blew more strongly and threw us all the way to the Kalahari. The women n/om-kxaosi were waiting as they gathered and started to sing with excitement, celebrating our return. They reached into the baby carriage and pulled out the little train, treating it like it was a newborn baby. They passed it around and caressed it with motherly and grandmotherly adoration. In that moment, I recalled that the train had been dreamed before, but I could not recall the details. I knew that now it had become a powerful means of spiritual transportation and ecstatic steam (n/om) power. We also now owned a snake that can change from a line to a wave to a coil that delivers alternating electrical current. Finally, as we picked up the catcher's mitt, we were struck by an arrow of n/om as we realized we had mastered how to catch sacred emotion and throw it to others as if we were in a stadium in the sky, perhaps like the one I dreamed before.^{cxxiii}

The joy expressed by the Bushman mothers and grandmothers woke me up. I still could not remember when that train was dreamed before. Hillary found it written in *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred ecstasy*. We report it here again:

One night I decided to pray only with a singing voice. I heartily sang all my prayers internally to God. Later, at four in the morning, I heard a voice say in dream, “Sing in order to ring a prayer.”

It woke me up and I was pleased and tickled that I had dreamed words that were a response to how I had prayed. I then internally sang my prayers again, this time with even more variation of tone and rhythm. I included a sung prayer request for Hillary and me to be led wherever the next episode of our journey with Sacred Ecstatics would be housed.

I fell back to sleep and was sent to a spiritual classroom. In the dream, Hillary and I were shown a physical place to house our work. What was most striking were the floors—they were so beautiful that we couldn’t take our eyes off them. They were refinished old wood floors and their splendor powerfully mesmerized us. In fact, the floors were so incredibly gorgeous that we didn’t even look at the rest of the house. As we stood on the wooden planks, someone handed me a beautiful piece of amber that was shaped as a small train locomotive about ten inches in length and five inches wide. Inside the amber were around four or five different kinds of seeds, perfectly preserved from the past. I realize now that this object indicates the spiritual train, the ecstatic means of transportation that is created by blending the four ingredients—seeds from long ago lineages of ecstatic wisdom.

Hillary and I then said to each other at the same time, “We must live here because the floor is so beautiful.” The wood looked like it had been installed in the 1880s or 1890s, the historical time when Charles Henry conducted his work. We started to laugh because we had no clue as to our geographical whereabouts in city, nation, or continent. The dazzling floors were all we needed to make the decision to live there. Just then a large piece of paper, like a screen from above, dropped in front of our eyes and these words were written and heard spoken: *ORATIO MUSICA*.

Oratio is Latin for making a prayer and *musica* of course refers to music. We found the manor we were looking for by praying in a musical manner. Sacred music, the sound of cooked hallowed prayer words, establishes sacred ground for your life no matter where in the geographical world you are located. If the spiritual ground on which you live is holy and beautiful, this is all that matters. From a sacred musical foundation, prayer-songs soar as rhythm leaps across every trickster schism dividing heaven and earth, as well as each person from everyone and everything else.

We invite you to pray with ecstatic musicality rather than cling to any static semantic understanding of spirituality. Sung prayers carry the divine resonance

found in all instruments of creation from ringing rocks to clinking stones and even grand piano tones. Build the sacred ground that can host a heavenly song. When you sing your prayers you, too, become the ground, the sky, and the instrument of creation through which divine music can ring and wing you all the way home.

After that dream, we looked at a house for sale in New Orleans. When we first walked into it, we both said out loud, “Look at those beautiful floors.” We bought that house, in part, because of its floors and the dream that prophesized them. Sacred Ecstatics found its home in that room and it became the middle wobble ground and portal to the other side.

This season the Guild traveled to the Kalahari and many other places on a train that used to be made of amber, a substance older than human existence. In this fossilized resin were preserved the four ingredients for spiritual cooking, as well as the seeds we planted this year. We learned how to venture into the big room found inside our collective altars. Here the spiritual mothers of our garden lineages met us at the numinous gate. Our Guild journey awakened the alternating current and made us more able to catch the sacred emotion needed for climbing the rope to sacred ecstasy. You may borrow our catcher’s mitt to help you catch it, or rub the Tesla sine wave snake to feel the double prayer coils at work. In the final week, the oldest lineage mothers celebrated every Guild member who emerged as a newborn child. Make sure you continue boarding “Oratio Musica,” the prayer-song that takes you on a ride. This train is bound for jubilant glory, and nothing can hold back our maverick tribe from reaching the furthest outskirts. Your cooked spiritual life depends on each seed, train, changing wave, ecstatic track, and steam powered journey. Listen and feel the ancestral mothers forever ask, “What are going to do about it? Will you board now on your life bed or wait until your deathbed?”

The Cathedral of Sacred Ecstatics

Brad dreamed that we entered the largest Gothic cathedral we ever visited, more spacious than Notre-Dame in Paris:

As we walked along its many shrines, we found each saint of Sacred Ecstatics honored with an altar. The whole cathedral was devoted to paying homage to these ancestors from various religious, aesthetic, and scholarly traditions. As we approached the cathedral pulpit, I saw my grandfather, the Reverend W. L. Keeney, standing there like a marble statue. I could feel that he was sending me a message: “Play the piano, grandson.” There was a beautiful Steinway concert grand piano nearby, so I sat down and played. As I threw myself more into the music, Hillary shouted and sang. We noticed that the marble encasing my grandfather appeared to be melting and he was coming back to life. I continued

playing with more and more emotion until he was able to move and speak. Soon he was excitedly preaching, and this inspired me to play like I never had before. The accelerated rise of emotion finally hit a tipping point and the whole cathedral transformed into a giant whirlwind of color, tone, movement, and vibration. I somehow managed to say to Hillary:

Sacred Ecstatics is for the ancestors—the saints, mystics, shamans, preachers, and spiritual teachers of old. They still have the fire within them, and it will burn forevermore. When we help them and they help us, the whirlwind returns. Its changing wind is the big room. It is the multisensory bath of Charles Henry, the burning bush of Abraham, the Kalahari dance fire, the Caribbean praise house of heaven, the seiki bench flying through the cosmos, and every other changing form of the cathedral of Sacred Ecstatics.

I woke up trembling with the song I had been playing for my grandfather, the old hymn, “’Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.” Its lyrics were truly embodied by the life of my grandparents and its emotion is alive in the hearts of all the saints of Sacred Ecstatics. In the whirlwind, we have learned to more deeply appreciate how Jesus is one ambassador of the everlasting big love of the Creator. Let us remember that the latter’s form modulates throughout history, as Wigram taught years ago. Every time the n/om fire is lit and the holy wind of seiki blows, the saints blend together as fire tenders, archers, singers, and dancers of God. ‘Tis so sweet to trust in the rope that carries Jesus and all the spiritually cooked saints.

In the whirlwind we heard the hymn sung by a choir while at the same time the Bushmen women sang their n/om song, the Caribbean mothers were in ‘doption, and Osumi Sensei was waving her hands wildly in the air. In that moment, we felt our complete trust in the numinous mystery that comes most fully to life when all our three lineage ropes are blended. That’s when seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit become the song-vibration-and-emotion that inspires the Creator to create. Feeling God’s song-vibration-emotion is paradise, the paradox of two worlds interacting, overlapping, and whirling. It takes three mothers to host the double of everything needed to produce every dimension and dynamic of Sacred Ecstatics.

Here are the lyrics to the hymn we heard:

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His Word
Just to rest upon His promise,
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord!"
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him!
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
Oh, for grace to trust Him more!
I'm so glad I learned to trust Him,
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend
And I know that He is with me,
Will be with me to the end.
Oh, how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust His cleansing blood
And in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!
Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life and rest, and joy and peace.

Throw this in the whirlwind where names change and words melt so that n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit return as the 1, 2, 3 behind the double worlds of First and Second Creation. Don't try to understand this math—only reset your path to catch its sacred emotion. Take another listen, but do so in the big room:

'Tis so sweet to trust the mothers,
Just to take them at their word
Just to rest upon their promise,
Just to know, my hands they hold!
Our three mothers, how I trust them!
How I've proved them o'er and o'er
Mothers, Mothers, precious Mothers!
Oh, for grace to trust them more!
I'm so glad I learned to trust them,
Precious mothers, saviors, friends
And I know they are with me,
Will be with me to the end.

Oh, how sweet to trust in the mothers,
Just to trust their cleansing blood
And in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!
Yes, 'tis sweet to trust the mothers,
Just from sin and self to cease
Just from the mothers simply taking
Life and rest, and joy and peace.

Do you feel it? If not, get busy and make the room bigger until you find yourself inside the Sacred Ecstasies cathedral. There the saints are alive and ready to throw you into the whirlwind. Who calibrates your compass and thermostat settings: trickster mind or holy wind? Drop all former names and claims. Surrender to the sensory blurring and alchemical stirring of the highest whirling. In this mix, you allow divine chaos to disrupt your stale and ailing order. In this ecstatic complexity, God's noise silences your prefabricated knowing. Once you feel the ineffable nature of nature, a vaster order and purer signal come through like an arrow piercing the center of its target. 'Tis so sweet to trust in the big room cathedral where the music of heavenly joy and the whirlwind of extreme love are ready to melt all hardened shells and bring everyone back to life.

NOTES

ⁱ Carl Baermann, *Complete Method for the Clarinet*. (Dover Publications, 2018), 13.

ⁱⁱ Ted Panken, “It’s Barry Harris’ 84th Birthday: A Link to a 2011 Post of a Downbeat Article, and Several Verbatim Interviews Conducted for the Piece,” *Today Is The Question: Ted Panken on Music, Politics and the Arts*, December 15, 2013, <https://tedpanken.wordpress.com/2013/12/15/its-barry-harris-84th-birthday-a-link-to-a-2011-post-of-a-downbeat-article-and-several-verbatim-interviews-conducted-for-the-piece/>.

ⁱⁱⁱ Rafi Zabor, “Songs of Mirth and Melancholy Liner Notes | Marsalis Music,” marsalismusic.com, accessed August 3, 2021, <https://www.marsalismusic.com/songs-mirth-and-melancholy-liner-notes>.

^{iv} The notion of a *little me* was introduced in our book, *Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire* (2016/2019) and elaborated in *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy* (2018). It is inspired by spiritual testimonies in which people saw two selves in vision—their earthly body which appeared large and a smaller spiritual body on a road leading to heaven. *Little me* is also a metaphor for the inner homunculus or spiritual body that transcends the limitations of the physical plane.

^v See “The Book of Life” in our book, The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).

^{vi} John Fire and Richard Erdoes, *Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1972), 13.

^{vii} From a 2006 interview by John LeKay with Pete V. Catches or Zintkala Oyate. He says this in the interview about material exchange: “Of course a medicine man does not charge. But that does not mean that you are not supposed to pay him for what he does. Everyone has a different circumstance so what one would give would be of a different value to the person who is giving, say someone who had a lot, in relationship to someone who has nothing. There needs to be some exchange of energy so to speak, or if not it falls back on the medicine man and he becomes sick. In the old days there was not money so a person gave something of great value to them for them to help them. Just to talk to a medicine man they would bring him a horse. Later on as blankets were of great value to them, they would give a medicine man some blankets, etc. for helping them. So people hear that you gave him a blanket, now everyone gives me blankets. How many blankets can I use? People aren't using their heads or their heart. Today's form of barter is usually money. What is wrong with that? In the old days the people made sure that the medicine man had his needs met so that he could do his job . . . When you ask a medicine man to help you, there are two responsibilities expected from you. One is to realize in order for a medicine man to be able to do his job; people have some responsibility to help him. Prayer is a good way to find what is right here. The other responsibility is that within a year's time, that person has a responsibility to the spirits. The way they fulfill that is to do something for the people; to help the people. This is how the ‘giveaway’ came about. In the old days, when something happened like a son's life was saved, etc. they gave everything they had away to help the people. Their value was the value of family and love; not this material world.” John LeKay, “All about Heaven,” allaboutheaven.org, n.d., <https://allaboutheaven.org/sources/pete-catches/190>.

^{viii} We use this translation of Wakan Tanka, rather than “Great Spirit,” after we read it in Luther Standing Bear’s book, *Land of the Spotted Eagle* (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1933).

^{ix} John Fire and Richard Erdoes, *Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1972), 12.

^x *Ibid.* 263-264.

^{xi} C.M.C. are the initials of the woman who gave one of our favorite testimonies of sacred ecstasy. Originally published in R.M. Bucke’s book, *Cosmic Consciousness*, we included her testimony in *The Keeneys, Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire* (2016; repr., United States: The Keeneys, 2019).

- ^{xii} The four ingredients of ecstatic prayer are rhythm, tone, movement, and sacred emotion. Read more in our book, *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy*, (2018).
- ^{xiii} See “The Chrysler Imperial” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2017), 165.
- ^{xiv} In Oaxaca, these figures are a blend of indigenous art and the work of Mexico City artist, Pedro Linares López (1906-1992), who was the first to make the figures known as “alebrijes,” based on a visionary dream.
- ^{xv} John Calvin, *Institutes of the Christian Religion* (Edinburgh: Calvin Translation Society, 1845), <https://oll.libertyfund.org/title/calvin-the-institutes-of-the-christian-religion>.
- ^{xvi} Chris Meehan, “John Calvin We Hardly Knew Ye,” *The Banner*, January 8, 2011, <https://www.thebanner.org/features/2011/01/john-calvin-we-hardly-knew-ye>.
- ^{xvii} *Ibid.*
- ^{xviii} *Ibid.*
- ^{xix} Horace Greeley, Introduction to Phineas Camp Headley, *The Life of Louis Kossuth: Governor of Hungary, including Notices of the Men and Scenes of the Hungarian Revolution; to which is Added an Appendix Containing His Principal Speeches* (United States: Derby and Miller, 1852), xi.
- ^{xx} Abraham Lincoln, *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* (United States: Rutgers University Press, 2008), 116.
- ^{xxi} Balogh, Joseph F. n.d. “Kossuth’s Reception in New York, December 1851 on Magyar News Online.” *Magyarnews.org*. Accessed May 31, 2021. <http://magyarnews.org/news.php?viewStory=2610>.
- ^{xxii} Brad wrote the story of his first experience of sacred ecstasy most recently in our books *Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire* (2019) and *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (2017).
- ^{xxiii} Alan Watts, *This Is It, and Other Essays on Zen and Spiritual Experience* (1958; repr., New York: Vintage Books, 1973).
- ^{xxiv} Alan Watts, *The Book on the Taboo against Knowing Who You Are* (1966; repr., New York: Vintage Book, 1989), 124.
- ^{xxv} Mel Joulwan, “Shashlik (A.K.A., Shish Kebabs),” Mel Joulwan: Well Fed, June 12, 2017, <http://meljoulwan.com/2017/06/12/shashlik-shish-kebabs/>.
- ^{xxvi} P D Ouspensky, *In Search of the Miraculous: Fragments of an Unknown Teaching* (San Diego: Harcourt, Inc, 2001), 238.
- ^{xxvii} *Ibid.*, 273-274.
- ^{xxviii} Roger Lipsey, “Gurdjieff’s Apartment: ‘Here There Are No Spectators’, by Roger Lipsey | Parabola Essay,” *PARABOLA*, October 27, 2018, <https://parabola.org/2018/10/27/gurdjieffs-apartment-here-there-are-no-spectators-by-roger-lipsey/>.
- ^{xxix} Lina Slavova, “In the Kitchen with Gurdjieff,” *The Mary Poppins Effect* (The Mary Poppins Effect, October 19, 2019), <https://themarypoppinseffect.com/2019/10/19/in-the-kitchen-with-gurdjieff/>.
- ^{xxx} Amar Shamo (ed.), “Gurdjieff Quotes on Food & Eating & Cooking,” (February 8, 2006), <https://pdfcoffee.com/gurdjieffs-sayings-on-food-eating-amp-cooking-pdf-free.html>.
- ^{xxxi} Sadhguru. 2017. “Stories of Gurdjieff, the Rascal Saint - Isha.” *Isha Yoga*. April 22, 2017. <https://isha.sadhguru.org/yoga/history-of-yoga/stories-gurdjieff-rascal-saint/>.
- ^{xxxii} Jacob Needleman, *The Inner Journey: Views from the Gurdjieff Work* (Sandpoint, Id: Morning Light Press, 2008).
- ^{xxxiii} Jacob Needleman, “In Search of the Miraculous: A Synopsis,” *Gurdjieff International Review* Winter Issue 1998/1999 II, no. 2 (1999): n.p., <https://www.gurdjieff.org/needleman1.htm>.
- ^{xxxiv} *Ibid.*
- ^{xxxv} YouTube. 2019. “The Genius of Gurdjieff - the Fourth Way - Alan Watts.” www.youtube.com. August 6, 2019. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RGHdwP6RPMs>.

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- ^{xxxvi} Scott Myers, “Great Scene: ‘Amadeus,’” Medium, February 22, 2020, <https://gointothestory.blcklst.com/great-scene-amadeus-45918a2c5fb3>.
- ^{xxxvii} *Ostinato*: a continually repeated musical phrase that brings emotion.
- ^{xxxviii} The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2017), 198-199.
- ^{xxxix} This references the ecstatic awakening story of “C.M.C.” we quoted in our book *The Keeneys, Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire* (2016; repr., United States: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2019).
- ^{xl} For the case story, see Hillary Keeney and Bradford Keeney, *The Creative Therapist in Practice* (New York, NY; Abingdon, Oxon: Routledge, 2019), 206.
- ^{xli} Bradford Keeney and Paddy M Hill, *Ropes to God: Experiencing the Bushman Spiritual Universe* (Philadelphia, Pa: Ringing Rocks Press, In Association with Leete’s Island Books, 2003), 81.
- ^{xlii} See “Many Want to Catch the Fish, But Few Want to Clean Them” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).
- ^{xliii} See “In the Garden” in *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2017).
- ^{xliv} Earlier in his life, Solanus prayed to the Virgin Mary and heard Her speak to him: “Go to Detroit.”
- ^{xlv} “He had a terrible singing voice, attributed to his childhood speech impediment. Other friars could not refrain from rolling their eyes or coughing, so he would excuse himself politely and sneak down to the chapel to entertain an invisible audience at the tabernacle.” “Solanus Casey,” Wikipedia, May 1, 2021, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Solanus_Casey.
- ^{xlvi} Moshe Idel, *The Mystical Experience in Abraham Abulafia* (Albany: State University Of New York Press, 1987), 75-76.
- ^{xlvii} Shahar Arzy et al., “Speaking with One’s Self: Autoscopic Phenomena in Writings from the Ecstatic Kabbaah,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 12, no. 11 (2005): 4–30.
- ^{xlviii} Moshe Idel (1987) describes how Abulafia refers to a mystical conversational encounter where the “responder” is simultaneously both oneself and God. Though this may sound like a contradiction, it’s an example of the doubleness inherent in the notion of *little me*, which is both “you” and a more transcendent isomorph of you that is closer to God.
- ^{xlix} Moshe Idel, *The Mystical Experience in Abraham Abulafia* (Albany: State University Of New York Press, 1987), 87.
- ^l Kazuo Oda, “Z-Key,” www.cs.cmu.edu, January 4, 1996, <http://www.cs.cmu.edu/afs/cs/project/stereo-machine/www/z-key.html>.
- ^{li} See “The Rope Revealed: The Dot of Eternity and the Line of Temporality” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).
- ^{lii} See “Receiving a Mysterious Password to Joseph Hart” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2017).
- ^{liii} Ibid.
- ^{liv} See “Hungarian ‘Red’: One or Two?” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).
- ^{lv} Anna Wierzbicka, “The Semantics of Colour: A New Paradigm,” *Progress in Colour Studies* 1, no. 1 (January 1, 2006): 1–24.
- ^{lvi} See “Receiving the Wheel” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2017).
- ^{lvii} See “On the Other Side is Cappodocia” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).

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- ^{lviii} The Keeneys, *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy* (Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2018), 258.
- ^{lix} Steve Shelokhonov, "Grigory Rasputin," IMDb, n.d., <https://www.imdb.com/name/nm1391270/bio>.
- ^{lx} Jonathan Black, "Gurdjieff and Rasputin," Inside-Out Thinking, accessed August 4, 2021, <https://quercusblog.typepad.com/insideoutthinking/2008/07/gurdjieff-and-r.html>.
- ^{lxi} Jill Cook, "The Swimming Reindeer - a Masterpiece of Ice Age Art," www.bradshawfoundation.com, April 26, 2010, <http://www.bradshawfoundation.com/news/archaeology.php?id=The-swimming-reindeer---A-masterpiece-of-Ice-Age-art&ucat=3&template=Headlines>.
- ^{lxii} John Fire and Richard Erdoes, *Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1972), 211-212.
- ^{lxiii} See "the Glowing Red Antlers" in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).
- ^{lxiv} See "Mark Twain's Book of Life" in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).
- ^{lxv} Beesa Boo, Bradford Keeney, and Hillary Keeney, *Way of the Bushman: Spiritual Teachings and Practices of the Kalahari Ju/'Hoansi* (Rochester, Vermont: Bear & Company, 2015), 27-28.
- ^{lxvi} As cited in W Bernard Carlson, *Tesla: Inventor of the Electrical Age* (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 2015), 51-52.
- ^{lxvii} Andrzej Fludra, "Alternating Current (Ac)," [solar.bnsc.rl.ac.uk](https://solar.bnsc.rl.ac.uk/sb99/people/DMackay/ac.html), accessed June 19, 2021, <https://solar.bnsc.rl.ac.uk/sb99/people/DMackay/ac.html>.
- ^{lxviii} "Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832). Scenes from 'Faust'. Warner, et Al., Comp. 1917. The Library of the World's Best Literature," www.bartleby.com, accessed June 19, 2021, <https://www.bartleby.com/library/poem/2226.html>.
- ^{lix} John Noble Wilford, "Ezekiel's Wheel Ties African Spiritual Traditions to Christianity," *The New York Times*, November 7, 2016, sec. Science, <https://www.nytimes.com/2016/11/08/science/ezekiels-wheel-ties-african-spiritual-traditions-to-christianity.html>.
- ^{lxx} This is a song from the St. Vincent shakers that we often sing, recorded from a service led by the late Archbishop Pompey.
- ^{lxxi} See "Norbert Wiener Advises, 'Pay More Attention to the Inside Boxes—the Input'" in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).
- ^{lxxii} The Diné have always been protective of sharing their traditional ways with outsiders, however when Brad visited previously it was the medicine elders themselves who granted him access, not a bureaucratic agency. For more info on Walking Thunder see Walking Thunder, Bradford Keeney, and Kern L Nickerson, *Walking Thunder: Diné Medicine Woman* (Philadelphia, Pa.: Ringing Books Press In Association With Leete's Island Books; Chicago, IL, 2001).
- ^{lxxiii} Black Elk envisioned a with a flaming rainbow door. See John Neihardt's book, *Black Elk Speaks*. Walking Thunder's big vision was of a hogan that contained all the religions of the world. See Brad's book, *Walking Thunder: Diné Medicine Woman*. Both visions brought the lesson that the mystical tipi and hogan are vast enough to contain all the religions and people of the world.
- ^{lxxiv} "Just a Little Talk with Jesus" was written and composed by Cleavant Derricks in 1937.
- ^{lxxv} Wave Nunnally, "What Did Jesus Mean by 'Many Mansions'?", Center for Holy Land Studies, March 7, 2016, <https://www.holylandsstudies.org/post/what-did-jesus-mean-by-many-mansions>. Accessed June 10, 2021.
- ^{lxxvi} Ibid.
- ^{lxxvii} As cited in John Staller, *Pre-Columbian Landscapes of Creation and Origin*. (Springer, 2014), 83.
- ^{lxxviii} Ibid., 84.

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- ^{lxxix} Frühsorge, L. (2015). Sowing the stone: sacred geography and cultural continuity. Economy among the Highland Maya of Guatemala. *Estudios De Cultura Maya*, 45(45), 171–189. doi: 10.1016/s0185-2574(15)30006-x, 171.
- ^{lxxx} *Ibid.*, 184.
- ^{lxxxi} Claiborne, C. (1974, March 2). Renowned Chef Opens a Pastry Shop. Retrieved from <https://www.nytimes.com/1974/03/02/archives/renowned-chef-opens-a-pastry-shop.html>
- ^{lxxxii} *Ibid.*
- ^{lxxxiii} Bradford Keeney, *Shaking out the Spirits: A Psychotherapist's Entry into the Healing Mysteries of Global Shamanism* (Barrytown, N.Y.: Station Hill Press, 1994), 117.
- ^{lxxxiv} Credo Vusamazulu Mutwa et al., *Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa: Zulu High Sanusi* (Philadelphia, Pa: Ringing Rocks Press In Association With Leet's Island Books, 2001), 178.
- ^{lxxxv} *Ibid.*, 179.
- ^{lxxxvi} The Keeneys, *Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire* (2016; repr., Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2019), 293-4.
- ^{lxxxvii} 'doption is a St. Vincent Spiritual Baptist term that refers to being "adopted by" the spirit. It is expressed as strong rhythmic breathing, stomping, and guttural sound making. The St. Vincent Shakers say 'doption comes from Africa. See Bradford Keeney (ed.), *Shakers of St. Vincent* (Philadelphia, Pa: Ringing Rocks Press; Stony Creek, Ct, 2002).
- ^{lxxxviii} At the time of this writing, the United States and most of the world was in lockdown due to the coronavirus pandemic. We stopped leaving our house on March 9, 2020 and did not leave again for almost one year.
- ^{lxxxix} See "John B. Valmour and the Cercle Harmonique" in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).
- ^{xc} Steve Voce, "Obituary: Red Richards," *The Independent*, October 23, 2011, <https://www.independent.co.uk/news/obituaries/obituary-red-richards-1151109.html>.
- ^{xc} John S. Wilson, "Red Richards and Jazz Trio," *The New York Times*, September 12, 1977, sec. Archives, <https://www.nytimes.com/1977/09/12/archives/red-richards-and-jazz-trio.html>.
- ^{xcii} Dieter Antwritter, "Product Details," jazzpoint.de, accessed August 4, 2021, https://jazzpoint.de/jazzpoint/jazzpoint_shop/swing_mainstream/product_details_red_richards.htm.
- ^{xciii} Ralph Sutton, "Marian McPartland with Red Richards," *Jazz Times*, December 1994.
- ^{xciv} Tomas E. Matthews et al., "The Sensation of Groove Is Affected by the Interaction of Rhythmic and Harmonic Complexity," ed. Sara Finley, *PLOS ONE* 14, no. 1 (January 10, 2019): e0204539, <https://doi.org/10.1371/journal.pone.0204539>.
- ^{xcv} Daniel J. Levitan, Jessica A. Grahn, and Justin London, "The Psychology of Music: Rhythm and Music." *Annual Review of Psychology*, 69: 51-74, 2018, 64.
- ^{xcvi} This is a reference to the 1932 inaugural address by United States President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The famous line is, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."
- ^{xcvii} See "the Glowing Red Antlers" in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).
- ^{xcviii} In the mid-twentieth century it was common in the U.S. for "drugstores" to be a combination of pharmacy, general store for staples and supplies, and a lunch counter.
- ^{xcix} Ralph Freedman, "The Glass Bead Game," *The New York Times*, January 4, 1970, sec. Archives, <https://www.nytimes.com/1970/01/04/archives/the-glass-bead-game-glass-bead.html>.
- ^c *Ibid.*
- ^{ci} *Ibid.*
- ^{cii} We are referring to a previous vision where we were sent to London to find a single oak tree presiding over an earthen amphitheater and told to "correct history." See "It Is Time to Correct History" The

Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2017).

^{ciii} Bede is responsible for our knowing the story of Cædmon, the farmhand who mystically received his singing voice from a piebald cow. See The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2017), 206.

^{civ} Richard Grossinger, *Embryogenesis: Species, Gender, and Identity* (Berkeley, Calif.: North Atlantic Books, 2000), 294–96.

^{cv} Cymascope.com, “Home of the Cymatics,” Cymascope, 2017, <https://www.cymascope.com/cymascope.html>.

^{cvi} Etzel Cardeña and Michael Winkelman, *Altering Consciousness. Vol. 2: Multidisciplinary Perspectives: Biological and Psychological Perspectives* (Santa Barbara, Calif.: Praeger, 2011), 331.

^{cvi} As cited in Susan C. Shelmerdine, “Hermes and the Tortoise: A Prelude to Cult,” *Greek, Roman, and Byzantine Studies* 25, no. 3 (September 11, 1984): 201–8, <https://grbs.library.duke.edu/article/view/5481/5295>, 206.

^{cvi} Ibid., 207

^{cix} Ibid., 208.

^{cx} William Wynn Westcott, *Numbers, Their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues. Third Edition.* (1911), 50.

^{cx} Kay R. Jamison, *Exuberance: The Passion for Life* (New York: Vintage Books, 2005).

^{cxii} Tim Smith Sun The Baltimore, “Accentuating the Positive, Ben Vereen Comes to Baltimore,” baltimoresun.com, May 13, 2011, <https://www.baltimoresun.com/entertainment/bs-xpm-2011-05-13-bs-ae-ben-vereen-20110513-story.html>.

^{cxiii} Katie House, “Data Science Deciphered: What Is a Spline?,” Medium, August 11, 2018, <https://towardsdatascience.com/data-science-deciphered-what-is-a-spline-18632bf96646>.

^{cxiv} See the chapter “Solving the Mystery of the Azusa Fire” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).

^{cxv} See “The Frogs” in in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).

^{cxvi} “Ram-Headed God Khnum,” www.landofpyramids.org, accessed July 17, 2021, <http://www.landofpyramids.org/khnum.htm>.

^{cxvii} “Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White” is a love song sung by Pat Boone about lovers coming together underneath the intertwining of two branches. It is the English version of a song, “Cerisiers Roses et Pommiers Blancs,” composed by a Spanish-born French musician of Italian descent, Louis Guglielmi, who wrote under the nom de plume, Louiguy.

^{cxviii} Sources of references can be found here: Wikipedia Contributors, “Kabuki,” Wikipedia (Wikimedia Foundation, April 17, 2019), <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kabuki>.

^{cxix} Daniela Gronold, *Identity Matters: Different Conceptualisations of Belonging from the Perspective of Young Slovenes* (Münster; New York: Waxmann, 2010), 201.

^{cx} ABC News, “Stephen Sondheim: My ‘West Side Story’ Lyrics Are ‘Embarrassing,’” ABC News, December 8, 2010, <https://abcnews.go.com/Entertainment/stephen-sondheim-west-side-story-lyrics-embarrassing/story?id=12345243>.

^{cxxi} See “The Three Masks of Mexico” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II* (Seattle, WA: Amazon Kindle Direct, 2021).

^{cxvii} While this was formerly scientifically and mathematically worked out by one of Brad’s early mentors, Heinz von Foerster, we will not take you further down that hare hole.

^{cxviii} See “Diamond in the Sky” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (Seattle, WA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2017).