

The  
Chasm  
Crossed

Kit Cain

# The Chasm Crossed

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# THE CHASM CROSSED

There was a time  
when I was lost;  
It seemed no pathway  
could be found.

No sign...  
No marking on the tree...  
No safe or hallowed ground.

The trees obscured my vision;  
I had left my world behind;  
The old familiar patterns gone...  
...that road so well defined.

The chasm crossed,  
The bridge removed,  
And on the other side....

.....my mind!

# CHAPTER 1.

My Father, Victor Cain, and his father before him, George Cain, were educators first, and teachers and school headmasters by trade. Prior to that for as far back as the four or five generations I can trace, my forbears on my Father's side were sea captains and men of the sea. On my Mother's side were traveling salesmen, newspaper owners and editors, and more sea captains. All without exception were born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada, ventured outward into the world from there and were either buried at sea, lost at sea, buried in some far corner of the earth, or returned to Nova Scotia to live out their final years.

At about the turn of the last century (1898), George Cain founded a summer wilderness camp for boys far back in the forests and lakes of Nova Scotia at Lake Annis. Victor Cain and his brother Carroll Cain operated the camp after George Cain died, bringing boys from Boston and from the Canadian Maritimes for three months of experiences in tents, canoes, and discipline that their lives had never had before .... and which most would never forget.

The only connection Lake Annis had with the outside world was 16 miles of dusty dirt road which led to the town of Yarmouth, and a tiny little flag-stop station on the Dominion Atlantic Railway which ran a steam engine and some baggage cars through hamlets like Lake Annis for passenger travel to Halifax or Yarmouth, and for milk pickup from the farms along its right-of-way. There was also a daily mail delivery by the train, and perhaps an occasional package mail-ordered from Sear's and Roebuck's nearest Catalogue store six hours away in Halifax. The only other public transportation to Yarmouth was by farm truck on Fridays and Saturdays. Being packed in like sardines on wooden benches set against high boarded sides with a tightly stretched canvas for a roof was just part of that way of life. The discomfort of bouncing over corduroy dirt roads filled with potholes, and breathing dust for the half-hour ride were a welcome relief from the long hours of work in the kitchens, garden, oxen and cow barns, and woodlots of any small country farm.

There were all of eighteen or twenty summer cottages which made up the village of Lake Annis, most of them sitting side by side just off the maple-tree-lined dirt road known as the Lake Annis Loop, but a few hugged the shore along the lake's edge. The brisk early-morning mist off the lake often intermingled with the smell of smoke from the woodstoves, and the quietness of it all made an impression on some part of me that was always there as a reference point in some hidden part of my being ... an unforgettable memory of the peaceful, unhurried days of country living that would contrast so sharply with my hurried

later life. It also had a permanence like the deep, low rumble of the Cape Forchu foghorn to the fishermen: a fixed point that told the way home on a constantly moving world of tidal currents that brought 22-foot tides, thick, dense fogs, wild storms, and never-ending change.

The low-frequency, thundering rumble of the foghorn easily carried the 16 miles from Yarmouth to Lake Annis when the fog lay still on the harbor or the wind blew out of the South. The memory of its sounds coupled with the smells of wood smoke, the spruce tree forest, and the mist rising quietly off the lake were subtly imbued lifelong reminders of a stable portion of life that stayed very much the same from year to year.....a portion of life that wasn't constantly in some kind of motion or tumultuous change requiring endless responses, reactions, thoughts, and adaptations. It was as though my world in the woods of Nova Scotia was an indelible part of my soul, and everything else some kind of rude intrusion.

At Camp "Mooswa", a Micmac Indian word meaning "protector of the child", my greatest joy was to forsake the organized activities and youthful competitions to wander alone for miles through the forest, exploring. The narrow logging roads, swampy areas, changes from evergreen to deciduous tree cover, creeks, shorelines, cattle fences, and lonely farmhouses were familiar landmarks to me and served to guide me unerringly home. I was never lost, and most of the time I imagined that no-one knew I was gone or where I was. If my Father ever noticed my conspicuous absence from a ball game or a tennis match, he never said anything to me. Having grown up in that same summer camp as a boy himself he must have understood the free spirit of an adventurous, eternally-restless traveler. Not for many years did I realize that in my own life I had forsaken all he considered to be his "responsibilities" and "sacrifices", and chosen to live out the dreams he had put aside for the sake of his own children and the children of others. Only by recalling his collection of World War II plastic airplanes and his favorite painting of a P-51 fighter could I realize that he, too, had dreamed of being the military pilot I later became.

Only by inheriting what was left of the perfect scale model of the famous Nova Scotia schooner, Bluenose, which Dad had made, piece by laboriously-whittled piece, over the two years he was immobilized from a childhood sledding back-injury, did I realize that his dreams of life at sea had been set aside for some higher purpose his generation and values could not permit him to forsake.

Shortly after Dad passed away, and the summer camp had long since been closed down, I moved back to Nova Scotia from the US to begin construction on a 51-foot sailboat which would take me four and a half years of hard labor to build, using the

hand tools and power tools of my Father's workshop. I had done this because I was lost on a sea of my own making: the sea of all unknown things which is a landmark in the journey of all spiritual seekers. I had forsaken the life of a very busy and reasonably successful business executive to pursue my childhood affinity for the journeyings of my soul. Wealth, position, and "responsibility" were like an Albatross about the neck of the Ancient Mariner who was still very much alive within me. The only dream left for me was the boat dream, the dream which is inextricably intertwined in all men's minds with the journey into the unknown and uncharted waters of the soul. But that is another story for another time.

The "other" part of my youthful life—the part from September to June—I spent being educated in the best of schools and amongst those persons of some social position. It was Dad's strong conviction that life was not only a matter of *what* you knew, but, equally importantly, a matter of *whom* you knew. I could never quite buy this equation. There was no-one I knew with whom I shared any close kinship, and no business I wanted to spend a boring life within. I don't know who in Hell I thought I was, but I did know I seemed to myself to be different than all the rest. Mechanical things and distant places were more important to me than book learning or any association I could imagine with the "good old boys" of school and social activity. But Dad was a stern taskmaster. He was, perhaps, too stern, but then, who is to say? Perhaps these words would never have been written had he not been so eloquent himself with Latin and French as well as English, and insisted on the best *from* his children as well as *for* them. Only with the perspective of increasing age do I realize that no small part of me can see so far because I am standing on my Father's powerful shoulders, looking out through the eyes of my Mother's gentle heart.

It is only from the perspective of advancing time when the unfolding of inescapable events have taken their toll on the ego, the vanity, the self-importance, and the apparent indestructibility of youthful energy, that the true patterns begin to emerge. These are the patterns of soul; the parts of us that go on.....and on.....and on through lifetime after lifetime. In early life we are too busy being challenged, having fun, proving something to ourselves or the world, or carrying responsibility. The overview of the patterns and cycles of time are obscured from our vision. That is.....that's the case for most of us! With myself.....well.....I was sixteen years old when I realized that I could never reconcile myself with the way the "Butler" of life—my "responsibility"—had laid out the choices before me. I didn't know it at the time, but that was the soul of Kit Cain speaking to itself.....and to its Source..... and I was heard!

There were other events in my younger years that portended my future interest in the mystical and esoteric things of life, but one in particular stands out above all the others. Each year, during my summers as a camper at Camp Mooswa, there would be an

unannounced morning when we all came into the dining room with our breakfast dishes of oatmeal or Red River cereal, eggs any way we wanted them, oatmeal-brownbread toast, and cows milk fresh from the cow's udder, to discover to our surprise a scarecrow of lifelike proportions, stuffed with straw and sporting a head made of a carefully carved coconut with small seashells for eyes hanging by a noose around the neck from the dining hall rafters. This, we learned later, was "Coconut Joe", when grandfather George Cain—affectionately known as "Pater"—stood up and announced that the pirate Bloody Pete had once again visited the camp grounds in search of his hidden treasure which he had lost a hundred years before. As usual, Bloody Pete had left Coconut Joe hanging from the rafter as he'd been hung from the "yardarm" .....this as a warning that the specter of Death is always before those who venture upon the sea of life without sufficient light and knowledge. According to Pater, the treasure Bloody Pete had lost was the "Key to Knowledge", and it was contained within and upon a candlestick.....the candlestick, of course, being the physical symbol of Light.....and whoever found the candlestick would be forever-after filled with light and knowledge.

Pater then announced that promptly at ten that morning, the first of seven clues would be pinned to a post outside the counselor's headquarters cabin—known as the "Gull's Nest"—with a marlin spike, and may the Gods of Good Fortune smile upon all those diligent, perceptive, and discerning enough to decipher from the cleverly-worded verse the location of the second clue..... which led to the third and so forth to the treasure itself. All twenty-five of us, aged seven to 12 could hardly hold back our excitement and when Pater came out of the Gull's Nest, he held in his hand a large piece of parchment with burn marks around the edges which he affixed to the post with an ordinary spike.... marlin spikes being a little large and cumbersome for the task. The older, taller campers, by dint of their size alone, muscled their way to get the first readings of the verse and inevitably headed off in directions either deliberately misleading or directly to what they had deciphered to be the clue's location. The younger boys, some of whom could hardly make out the verse, just followed the most charismatic or excited senior. Oftentimes one of the clues would stump everyone for two or three years and, through Pater's constant encouragement and affirmation that the clue was still hidden exactly where the previous clue had said it was, the diligent were constrained to continue.

So it was, in my twelfth year, a few years after Pater's death and the assumption of his duties by my Father, that the third clue had not been discovered for two years. Most of that summer, even before the Treasure Hunt had officially been announced, I searched the area of the main swim dock which I was certain was the clue's general location, turning over every rock, looking under every plank. I did this off and on throughout the summer, but the effort proved fruitless. Finally one sunny day, weeks after the season's Treasure

Hunt had been resumed, I was sitting on a huge boulder next to the dock contemplating what other possibilities I might have missed. I was staring absentmindedly at the butt end of one of the huge foundation logs beneath the dock platform when I suddenly became aware that there was something unusual about the grain on the sawn-off end of the log. Upon closer inspection I could see one small spot about a half-inch in diameter where the concentric rings of the logs ran the wrong way.....yet the weathered color of the log end was uniform throughout, having been exposed to the elements for two full years. There was no-one else about, even the most diligent treasure hunters having lost interest weeks before, when I dug out the plug and pulled out the clue. How clever Dad had been. He had pounded in the plug and then sawn off a small slab of the log's end so it would look uniform, then removed every trace of sawdust. He then did the same to each end of the dock's four main support logs to be further misleading.

The rules of the hunt stipulated that anyone finding a clue was allowed a 24-hour head start before the clue was posted and made public. It was from that point on that I could not be stopped, finding each of the seven clues within the 24-hour grace period, and finally the candlestick itself, hidden shortly before the discovery of the seventh clue in an old hollow stump. I quickly took it to Dad to claim it as mine.

“ Well now, Kit, good enough for you!” he said to me. “A little harder than the chocolate marshmallow men your Grandfather used to hide for your pleasure and fun, eh? Now let me see you interpret the symbols engraved on the candlestick!”

Up to that point I hadn't noticed any symbols at all. The candlestick itself had been carefully made by a jeweler from a highly polished brass 12-gauge shotgun shell—a rarity in itself—with a polished silver handle silver-soldered to each side. A short white candle complete with burnt wick and wax drippings protruded from the shell's top. Engraved on the face in a semi-circular pattern was the name Camp Mooswa, and beneath that the year: 1948. Below that there were engraved several symbols: the number 4; below that a horseshoe with the prongs facing upward; and below that the capital letter B nestled into the inner angle of a carpenter's square.

I could not, for the life of me, figure out what the symbols meant, and so Dad interpreted the symbols, replacing them with easily understood words:

#### **4 good luck B on the square**

Here was the real beginning of my journey into further light and knowledge. The message was about the absolute importance of honesty and integrity in a world filled with multitudinous perversions of both qualities. Not for many years did I come to realize that the major key to inner peace and fulfillment lay in the discovery of the inner self through

being absolutely and brutally honest with one's-self, and the production of outer success through the implementation of impeccable integrity in all agreements, relationships, and dealings with the world at large. The ultimate result of always "Being on the square" is Respect ... self-respect first, and next the respect accorded by others. The hard-earned quality of respect is an absolutely essential cornerstone for the expression and reception of true friendship and the abiding feelings of love.

I was twelve years old at the time, and I did not realize until much older how powerful the symbology of the number twelve—my chronological age at the time—really was. It was the hidden symbol to me that in the finding of this treasure I was to later uncover many of the hidden treasures of life, and finally discover the greatest treasure of all: the key to understanding life itself.

## CHAPTER 2.

I have often said that if there is such a thing as reincarnation and I have to start all over again from infancy, and thence to youth, to adolescence, to young adulthood, maturity, and old age, the part I want to skip is adolescence. In childhood, a child can dwell with some measure of spontaneity and carefree enthusiasm for life by dwelling in an active imagination—given caring parents who provide conditions for such behavior.

But adolescence has no escape mechanism. In the male in particular, dragons emerge as hormones from some unknown part of the physical realm and trigger a physical confusion of self-awareness the child has no choice but to confront head-on. The animal instincts seem to creep unseen and unnoticed from their lair, and urges hitherto unknown direct attention to the mating game—a game which seems to have rigid surface rules, but which, below the surface in the dark and unseen recesses of personal behavior, are subject only to the excesses of the imagination and physical/emotional titillation.

Couple that with the newly emerged importance of self image—the hair, the clothes, the walk, the talk, and the search for love and acceptance—and suddenly the world is an all-consuming whirlpool requiring total focus of attention on outward appearances. The imagination becomes less of a friend and more of an enemy—fear and self-consciousness trigger feelings of unworthiness, lack of self-esteem, and rejection. Or the opposite can manifest just as easily, according to the dictates of external circumstances, leading to conceit, vanity, and the ruthless manipulation of others for selfish ends.

Is it this way with everyone? Certainly I have no way of knowing, but I would hope not. I know that in my own case all the feelings and thoughts of human form and psyche seemed amplified as though to produce an experiential fervor. Was there some part of my being that knew that such intensity was an essential adjunct to the poet and writer I was later to become? ... or was the effect of eloquence caused by the anguish and unrest of personal experience? From where I stand at present I can see both cause and effect as being of equal possibility and probability ... and issuing forth from the same Source. During adolescence, however, I had no thoughts of cause, effect, or control ... only reaction to the events that unfolded before me.

I remember how important it was to comb my hair so that there was a little curl on one side ... and how important it seemed for that curl to stay there undisturbed throughout the

day. I remember studying the walk and body movements of the “tough guys”, changing my own style so I would appear more threatening, for I was always small in stature for my age.

But the biggest problem I had—and it was a problem for many years—was shyness, my lack of capacity to carry on an intelligent conversation with the opposite sex. Having been raised in a family situation with one brother and zero sisters; having attended private elementary school where girls were on one side of the building in their own classrooms; and having spent every summer of my life in a boy’s summer camp in the wilderness, I had no idea what to say to a girl or how to carry on an intelligent conversation without my face turning beet red with self-conscious nervous uncertainty. I remember struggling with all kinds of thoughts like what to do with my hands ... whether to put them in my pockets ... or behind my back ... or one hand on my hip ... or maybe just one hand in my pocket. I wondered how to stand so it looked casual and cool. And what the hell was there to talk about? Women were just totally different animals, with totally different interests. I had no idea where to even begin to communicate.

That, at least, was the state of my social development in 1950—the year I told my father that I wanted to go to public high school because the Gilman Country Day School didn’t seem to have anything at all that I wanted ... or the type of learning I could handle. The fact that I failed mathematics totally, could not in any way fathom the intricacies of metric measurement, and could hardly have cared less about History, English Classics, or Chemistry, simply added further discouragement to my feelings of self-worth. And though I was very well coordinated and quite fleet afoot, I was extremely sensitive to pain and not one to enjoy with any relish being bashed about in the game of football, which, at that time, was all there was.

I often wondered later in my life how my poor father, who was the Assistant Headmaster and a teacher at the Calvert School not far away, and of which a great many of the Gilman students were comprised, felt about the lack of performance of his eldest son. He used to say to me that automobile mechanics’ cars were the worst maintained in the world; chef’s families the poorest fed; and social workers’ children the poorest behaved. I suppose he felt it was quite normal that a schoolteacher’s child might naturally have a severe learning deficit! The term “attention deficit syndrome” had not been coined in that day and age, but the minute I heard the term spoken I knew it referred to me and those like me. I distinctly remember telling my father about the problem I had with school learning when we were driving to school early one morning in the 1940 Woody station wagon Dad had purchased to supplement his meager teacher’s income by using it as a

sort of small school bus. I'm sure he didn't realize how important the words of his reply were, but they stayed with me for years as the most important words I had ever heard him say to me. He said:

"Kit, your mind does not work like other peoples' minds. It is unique in and of itself, and you will find ways to use it and express with it as you grow older. I have great faith in you; and you're no different than I was at your age. Just do the best you can with your schooling, for the fact that you have been to school is more important than what you have learned there."

Little did I know at the time how important and meaningful my father's words would become to me in later life. And so, after the humiliation of largely failing grades at the Gilman Country Day School, off I went at age 14 to the brand new Milford Mill High School in Pikesville, Maryland. Was I ever in for a different kind of education! It was really first-degree culture shock! Never in my life had I been so close to so many girls in one place ... girls in tight T-shirts with two bumps in them, and skin-tight jeans that left no room for imagination. With that kind of distraction, there was still no way my attention could be drawn to English, American History, Science, Chemistry, or any other course in rote memorization. At Milford Mill High, however, there was some salvation.

We had a very droll science teacher who found it impossible to control his class activities, try as he might, so he very intelligently stopped even trying to give us information we either didn't want or couldn't handle. I don't recall all the various creative yet totally unorthodox activities he employed to maintain order in his Science classroom, but I do remember that one corner of the classroom was reserved for guitar lessons as taught by one of the more talented students. I borrowed my father's cheap classical guitar which he had purchased some years before in the hopes that he'd find time to learn to how to use, but never did, took it to Science class and struggled with chords and fingerings until I could make sounds emanate from it that actually had rhythm and harmony resembling a song. That training was the beginning of my constant companionship with guitars, a companionship that has entertained me every year of my life, providing me with endless hours of enjoyment... and perhaps was even the beginning of my poetic sense.

Then there was Mechanical Drafting, and Carpentry, and Metalworking shop ... all of which were of far greater interest to me because I was just naturally talented at all of them. Additionally, the classes were for males only and I didn't have to try to look like I wasn't staring at that little nipple poking through that tight white t-shirt on that dark-haired little angel at the desk two rows—and a whole world—away from where I sat. Had the classes been co-ed I'm certain I'd have lost a few fingers—if not a whole hand—to a table saw for the distraction of attention.

There were no satin high school jackets at private school, just white shirts and pleated trousers ... anything but satin! But the “In” crowd at Milford Mill High School all wore satin jackets ... horrid, pukey-green, the color of green mold ... and some other non-nondescript color like silver that I don’t even want to remember. Sewn on the back, giant letters announced Milford Mill High as though it were the local Harvard or Yale.

I desperately wanted one of those jackets, but Dad would have none of it. He talked me out of that the same way he did when he wouldn’t settle for his eldest son’s having a tattoo, long hair with a “D.A.” in back, pegged pants, or a wallet with a long chain. In 1950, the guys to be envied all had “chopped” 1940 Ford or Mercury coupes with fender skirts, loud dual exhausts, dual carburetors ... and lots of tales about liquor and loose women. “Forget it!” Dad would say. “Don’t shrink yourself to that size! You don’t come from that class, so don’t advertise the fact that you do.”

As for me, I had my bike—a six-speed, which was pretty advanced for 1950—and I’d ride it 7 miles to visit Maryanne who lived near the High School ... but on the “other side of the tracks”... a factor which it occurred to me to never mention to Mom or Dad! She was sweet and nice and full of fun and we’d mutter a few words about the weather or school or something equally as trivial and then I’d feel so uneasy I’d get back on my bike and ride the 7 miles back home. One day when I arrived at Maryanne’s, she greeted me at the door wearing a leopard-skin bikini—what there was of it looked like leopard skin anyway—and she invited me in the house. She said her parents were away for the day and then lay down on the couch ... and right away I started to sweat and get real nervous. She started to giggle, and not until many years later did I realize how ridiculous I must have looked. She got up, offered me a Coke, which I downed in a gulp or two, and then climbed on my bike and went home. I never went back to Maryanne’s House. She’d scared the hell out of me!

Back then there were no foolproof contraceptives and as a result, every month or so, someone else in high school would have to get married and start a family. At least that was the part of life everyone saw. What went on behind the scenes of respectability no-one ever heard about. My father’s instructions to me regarding my desire for promiscuity were quite explicit: “Don’t sleep with any girl you wouldn’t marry”. As a result I had few girlfriends, and the two or three I had through adolescence were chosen very carefully.

There were still other factors limiting my desire for promiscuity. Family life was the last thing on earth I wanted to experience in my adolescent years. The distant horizon was always too far away for me, and in my imagination I journeyed to the far corners of the Earth, worked on oil rigs, and sailed on world-traveling sailboats while my schoolwork

bored me to sleep. I was no student of rote memorization. Practical mechanics magnetized my attention. If a thing was mechanical I had to know how it worked, and if it was broken I had to fix it. I was—and still am—controlled by these inner compulsions ... characteristics of my personality which are my talents together with those imbalances which require constant vigilance until re-trained or trained to remain under control.

Being of very high Aries energy, physically quite strong, and very active athletically, the procreational urge seemed to create constant conflict with my desire and need for freedom. I had to deal with this paradoxical nature of my being—as do more than a few of us—and the polar nature of this desire mechanism seems to me to be one of the biggest challenges for males from adolescence onward. It seems also to be particularly true with the more sensitive souls—those who are as conscious of how their actions impact on others as they are of their own desires. Sexually I was as desirous as any other healthy young man, but also as aware that the feminine gender sought considerably more than physical stimulation. At least that was true amongst the more attractive women who had more than a small measure of choice, and those seemed to be the only ones who were attractive to me.

So it was with great difficulty, inner dissatisfaction, and turmoil that I went off to a co-educational college—Middlebury College—in the rolling hills of Vermont. How I ended up being accepted into college was a mystery to me as I was certainly not college material academically. I later discovered that it was due almost entirely to the efforts of Walden Pell, Headmaster at the time of Saint Andrew's School in Middletown, Delaware, which I had attended for my final three years of high school.

Nor could I afford to go to college ... but there seemed nothing else to do more interesting than that, so, with a little financial help from my family and Buck Stewart, father of my closest friend, Van Stewart, I had enough for my first year of college.

“After your first year”, Dad told me, “You’re on your own. I’m tired of being a teacher and headmaster. It’s time for a major change in my life, and so I’ve changed professions. That’s going to mean a few hungry years ahead for the whole family”.

Hungry years they were for Mom, Dad, Brother Scott, and me as Dad was not nearly as successful at selling life insurance as he had been as a school teacher and school administrator.

Not for many years did I realize how valuable my summer experiences of forced manual labor in preparing Camp Mooswa for summer use would later be. Ever since I had turned ten years old, Dad required that I help with the myriad labors of sanding and painting

rowboats, canoes, oars, paddles, sailboats, rigging sailboats, building docks, putting docks in the water and taking them out, maintaining generators, outboard motors, maintaining vehicles, building cabins, fixing roofs, cleaning out septic tanks and sink drains, pulling grass and weeds from clay tennis courts, cutting up blown-down trees with an axe and a chain saw, installing and climbing power poles to hang electric lines, and mowing the huge ball-field and many pathways with a big, old-fashioned, hand scythe.

Hours of hard work and sweat were not new to me by the time I reached college and so it was easy for me to apply for jobs in my fraternity residence in exchange for room and board ... jobs like stoking the coal furnace during winter and hauling its ashes; or washing pots and pans after each meal. On weekends I pumped gas at the local gas station, and in return had the use of the car hoist and mechanic's tools to maintain my old Ford—otherwise I couldn't have afforded to own or maintain a car while at college. Between classes and on weekends I managed the ice rink maintenance crew and together we scraped the ice three times a day on skates using snow shovels for scrapers. On holidays I contracted myself out with my chainsaw to remove trees, do silviculture work for the college tree plantations, and any other maintenance work resulting from ads on the Student Union bulletin board.

Still I had to borrow money from the College Loan Board to pay my tuition—I was never smart enough for a scholarship. In fact, I barely graduated. I'll never know where that final, single credit came from, but I didn't have time for another semester. The draft in 1958 was very real; we all served our time in the service without exception. Having seen that requirement looming large on the horizon, and not wishing to be a part of the Army ROTC training, I signed up with the U.S. Marines in my junior year, and went from college graduation into the U.S. Navy flight training program as a Marine Second Lieutenant.

But there was another event that happened at Middlebury College that turned my world upside down, shook it to its foundations, and began the process of introspection that would compel me inwardly as well as outwardly for the next 40 years. I fell in love--and it was at least a 2-story fall because there were times I didn't think I'd survive the repercussions that falling into love produced inside me. Like all the other ingeniously contrived traps of Planet Earth life, this kind of love crept up on me like a boa constrictor in the jungle, wrapped me in its clutches, and almost squeezed the life out of me both then and for several years afterwards.

I was a very active member of the Middlebury Mountain Club and one of the club's major functions was to maintain a section of the Long Trail through the Green Mountains. Quite often there were organized hikes and backpacking trips to various Long Trail huts and

log cabins, and on one of these trips I met a girl from Colorado who love the outdoors and the mountains as much as I did. She had bright blue eyes, long blond hair that she braided into single or double braids, and the strong, firm of body of an athlete.

Over a period of six months we grew closer until finally our feelings for each other began to express themselves physically—a dangerous state of affairs considering my naiveté—until finally one month she missed her menstrual period. I don't know exactly what happened from there, but the Dean of Women does—as would any good Dean of Women at a co-educational college—and the final conclusion came down to the fact that the affair had to end abruptly because neither of us were capable of ending it partially. The grip of physical/emotional indulgence being as powerful and binding as it can be at age 18 and 19, it was difficult for both of us, but she handled it far better than I.

I, of course, being Aries/Taurus by nature, was not inclined to listen to reason or exercise the essential level of detachment and self-control, so finally she whacked me over the head with some observations I had no choice but to confront.

“I want to go on to nursing school,” she said, thinking she might like a career similar to her father's (that of a Medical Doctor in the field of Public Health administration). “And furthermore, you have no idea what you want to do—or be—and it doesn't appear that you would make a very good provider for me or any family we might have.”

Bingo! She had sent a fiery arrow to the very core of my being--or I should say of my non-being. There it was: I was unworthy! Rejected! Not good enough! ... issues I'd successfully avoided since childhood, but hurdles I could no longer avoid. What a confused mess I became after those statements had time to sink in. I began feeling so sorry for myself, tormenting myself with so many unanswerable questions about myself that my friends began avoiding me. The end of the world loomed just a few feet away constantly.

Fortunately, however, the net result was a firm resolve to abandon my free-spirited, devil-may-care spontaneity, and buckle down to the serious job of “responsibility”. It was a drastic measure, but an essential effort for me at that point in time and space. It was this level of resolve and effort that finally earned my graduation, and this level of resolve and focused attention that took me through my pilot's flight training successfully. In fact, my battle with “responsibility” lasted about 12 years before I realized that financial success carries a heavy price in lack of consideration for others and family. Just as quickly did I learn that wealth breeds the need and desire for “more”, and with that “more” comes greater and greater responsibility ... not such a bad thing if one is built to carry heavy mental and emotional loads, but I was not so constituted. Fortunately for many or most

of the souls of Planet Earth, the rewards of effort appear to be worth the price paid. Not so with me! It would be many years before I could reasonably explain that part of my being.

Another event of profound importance that occurred to me during adolescence happened in my seventeenth year while attending St. Andrew's School. The school had arranged for a battery of aptitude and psychological tests for students approaching their final year of high school training so they would have some idea of what careers they were best suited to pursue. The tests lasted for several days, during which time classes for those being tested were suspended. Finally, the results came back several weeks later after we had all but forgotten about the tests. We were each called in for private consultation and the test results explained along with career recommendations. Everyone was quite excited about their potential in fields such as law, medicine, science, politics, public-service, business, or education. The more I heard, the more self-conscious I felt, and the more I avoided questions about my own tests by saying I had not been interviewed yet or that my test results had not yet arrived, but that was a straight-faced lie. My tests showed that I would make a very good maintenance man, janitor, carpenter, or tradesman!

I don't know who wrote those tests, but I can assure you they'd had no experience with anything but the academic life. It has been my unfortunate experience to discover that the Halls of Learningdom, though overflowing with theory and volumes of information, have something considerably less than practical theories of how life really works, and little or no real wisdom at all. Fortunately for me, the mental setback was only temporary and I quickly forgot about my condemnation to blue-collar status. Not until 20 years later did I begin to appreciate my true mechanical nature. It took 20 years of the pressures and pettiness of corporate and business life before I graduated from it and began to appreciate the freedoms and continuous challenges of new learning as I became the self-employed tradesman.

I still don't know how to define the difference between a trade and a profession; the words seem to have been coined to define more of a class distinction than anything else. Class distinction, however, was never a state of consciousness I allowed to interfere with my interests or inner motivations ... as a list of my various trades/professions would indicate. At various times since leaving college I have earned a living as an itinerant salesman, licensed real-estate broker in five states and Canada, real estate appraiser, commercial pilot, bush pilot, photographer/cinematographer, part-time actor, Nutrition Consultant and Naturopathic Physician, Contractor, Maintenance Supervisor, Victorian house renovator, Landlord, traveling lecturer, carpenter, and house painter, to name the major categories. In addition, each of these vocations carried with it numerous applications essential to

vocational success. Not the least of these avocations were the designing and building of boats, wiring and plumbing houses, installing and repairing furnaces, being a locksmith, a computer builder, a bookkeeper, a woodsman, a house builder, cabinet maker, musician, writer, poet, and philosopher ... while also raising two families.

Though a “Jack of many trades”, I was most assuredly not a master of any one of them. It was almost as though I chose each field for the experiencing of it rather than the perfecting of it. From my personal perspective, perfection is simply the carrot hung before the donkey’s nose to get him moving and keep him moving. It only works for a little while. Perfection is what humans may strive for, but we never quite achieve it ... and it seems to be purposefully planned that way. It seems to me as though once perfection is achieved, there is no further room for growth and improvement. That would be contrary to the primary, instructional nature of experience here on this Planet.

I had often heard that learning really begins only after formal schooling. Little did I know how true that saying was...and it was thus that my true education really began.

## CHAPTER 3.

That understanding did not come with any full-blown revelation or voice from the Heavens. It came one single building block at a time—each building block being a string of experiences with a lesson attached, and the lessons were not the school classroom type! They were lessons in bad judgment, wrong choices, naive impulses lacking careful thought, and traps organized around my every weakness.

St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Delaware, is a group of classical, old-English style buildings with ivy-covered stone walls, slate roofs, slate-tiled hallways, and oak floors. Small wonder that the movie *The Dead Poet Society* was filmed there. It is a classical learning "Institution" originally funded and still maintained through trusts established by the DuPont family. I'm not sure whether I learned anything in the classrooms during my three years there or not, but I'm sure I learned more than my mind retained. I think the Headmaster at the time, Dr. Walden Pell, who was an Episcopal minister and our teacher in Religion, managed to sneak a few lines of Chaucer and Shakespeare into my dull mind, but when he tried to explain the significance of C. S. Lewis's *Screwtape Letters*, I found my head nodding itself to sleep. I couldn't have been less interested. And though I did sing in the choir and enjoyed the musical participation, the religious dogma didn't make sense to me at all. We were, however, required to attend chapel service daily and there didn't seem to be any doubt in my mind that there was a God somewhere who could hear my prayers. Besides, I needed all the help I could get in order to make the "Right" things happen in my life.

I was much more interested in sneaking down the silent, dark corridors of the main school building at two or three o'clock in the morning to Dr. Pell's office storeroom, opening the locked door using a piece of stiff plastic, and "borrowing" keys from the main key box inside. Next afternoon, I would ride into town on my bike, have the key copied as though it were a key to my room, and return the original to the key box the next night. The reason for doing this in the first place was because the classrooms were all kept locked at night and I had a very good reason for wanting to get into the classroom that lay immediately below the room I shared with another classmate off the second floor corridor. Lights went out and power went off to all rooms on each corridor promptly at 10:00PM by means of a master power switch in the corridor master's apartment. I didn't particularly agree with that rule, and since I hadn't voted on it, I made a slight adjustment to the rule without having to create a disciplinary infraction for myself. I strung a long brown extension cord out my window, concealed it in the ivy of the outside wall, and would then sneak quietly

out of my room and down the hall late at night, let myself into the classroom immediately below with my key, fish the cord in through the slightly ajar window, and plug it into one of the classroom electrical outlets. I thus had power to my room for late night studying, or for my radio which I listened to with earphones. I would, of course, have to hide both ends of the extension cord when I was through and prior to classes the next day.

That worked so well that I made a few more trips to Dr. Pell's storeroom and finally ended up with a copy of every master key to the entire school. I was particularly interested in a key to the kitchen pantry where the cookies were kept, but it meant that I would have to sneak past the cook's quarters and that was a little too scary to do more than once or twice. I thought I was being very clever until I discovered that a friend of mine had figured out how to get into the main telephone exchange terminal room and plug in an Army surplus phone repairman's telephone into the main school line late at night to call his girlfriend in Philadelphia. It wasn't that we were really bad kids, it's just that we were a little bored and enjoyed thinking we had put something over on the established system. One day, however, it backfired.

At the end of my next-to-last year at St. Andrew's, I had accumulated a number of honorable positions such as Vice President of the class, a "Praefect" member of the student governing board, co-captain of the soccer team, and captain of the rowing team. Another adventurous member of the class and I decided to bring in a six-pack of beer to celebrate the end of the year—alcoholic beverages of any kind were strictly forbidden on the campus—so we talked the assistant cook into leaving a six-pack of beer on the seat of his car, giving him the necessary funds to make it happen. We planned to have a secret little party with four of our mutual friends and have a single can of beer apiece. We picked the beer up just after dark and were waiting until after midnight when everyone would be in bed before having our little party down in the lakeside shed (which I also had a key to) where the rowing shells and motor launch were kept. It was off by itself and hidden among the trees at the lake's edge so what little noise we would make would not be noticed. My friend took the beer to his room and hid it under his bed. Somehow his stupid idiot of a roommate found the beer and decided to drink all six cans himself before we could get to it. In a drunken stupor he loaded all six empty cans into an overnight bag, stumbled out into the hall and promptly fell on the floor in front of the corridor master's door. The master promptly came out to see what all the racket was about ... and that was the end of the show for us.

The next morning Dad arrived to pick me up and take me home from school for the summer vacation only to discover that I had been hauled up before the Disciplinary Committee behind closed doors to decide my fate. I was stripped of all my class honors

positions, allowed to keep my athletic titles, and suspended from school for six days at the end of summer and the beginning of the next school year. The funny thing was that Dad didn't seem angry at all. I told him the whole story as we drove the two-hour ride home, and I think I caught him trying hard not to smile several times. It wasn't until many years later that he let on that he had flunked out of his first year at Harvard because he was having too much fun drinking, carousing with women, and roaring around Cambridge on his Indian motorcycle. Judging from the stories he told me, women are no more promiscuous today with birth control than they were back in 1924. Back then the girls just had to be little more clever in order to get away with it.

That was my first lesson in learning to keep my mouth shut when I was going to do something not quite legal; to go it completely alone; and stay away from the idiots of the world who are legion in number. There were two other events which occurred during my years at St. Andrew's which had much greater effect on me than the incident mentioned above. The first event was the series of aptitude tests described in detail in the previous chapter.

The second event actually occurred at my home, and may even have occurred before I went off to school at St. Andrew's. I can only recall the powerful impact of the experience rather than the time or the surrounding circumstances. Adolescence was an extremely difficult time for me, the hidden inner social pressures being almost greater than I could reconcile. There was the family situation where for two generations the male members of the Cain family had sacrificed any personal desires to serve as teachers, educators, headmasters, and camp owners and directors. Though no one ever suggested that they expected me to move in a similar family direction, I felt a strong inner pressure to follow the family dedication to duty and responsibility. I didn't really know how to get out of it. All I knew is that I wanted to choose my own direction.

The biggest problem of all was that I could find no direction that interested me by examining the social group which I had grown up with in the Baltimore area. The expectation of "Responsibility" was that a young man would choose a respectable occupation, marry one of the well-educated, socially acceptable girls he had grown up with, attended dancing classes with, and eventually came to know better at the Country Club and the formal debutante cotillion parties. There would naturally be children, their education, and the same repeated patterns year after year after year. I had one of my two feet in this camp, but I had my other foot in an entirely different camp ... the back woods and the small towns of southern Nova Scotia. It seemed that my whole genetic pattern, my deepest pleasures and joys, lay in freer and less boring directions. The magical world of sailing ships and distant horizons had not only been a part of my early childhood

stories and dreams , but there were at least four generations of seagoing sea captains in my genetic past, and there was no denying the pull of that type of adventure from the innermost parts of my being.

Whenever there seemed to be a choice between responsibility, wealth, fame, power or freedom in my life, I have always opted for freedom ... with one exception: the birth of my first and only child. The first eight years of her life were the best that I could give her. After that, the overwhelming pull of my journey to spiritual understanding had become the primary motivating force in my life. That journey really began in my sixteenth year in Stevenson, Maryland late one clear starry night. As I mentioned briefly in the first chapter, for the hundredth time I had run through my mind the various choices of occupation which seem respectable to me, and, one by one, rejected each one. With tears streaming down my face from the indecision and the bleak future I felt lay before me, I looked up at the stars and said matter-of-factly to a God I wasn't really sure was there:

“Look, if You're there, I can't do this thing by myself. I can't be any of the things anyone else knows they're going to be. The options are all too boring. I can't see the path before me, and so I guess I'll have to leave it up to you”.

So saying, I wiped the tears from eyes, went to bed, and left the matter open to whatever might come my way. I need not have worried. The path that lay before me was far more interesting, challenging and different than any path I could have imagined. There were times when I tried to force my circumstances into the mold of respectability and responsibility, but I could never seem to stay there. I was always drawn like a moth to the flame into the world of the unknown and unseen ... the far horizons of the Earth at first, and then the more distant horizons of worlds and realms beyond this one.

It's interesting to look back on my experiences at St. Andrew's School from the vantage point of older age and a considerably expanded perspective. I suddenly recall an event, or rather series of events, which I never realized would have the effect on my future that they did. My father insisted that I write home weekly on Sunday nights as a sort of “Log” of my daily events and thoughts, and to do this on a disciplined and regular basis ... if I ever expected to receive any money from home! Naturally, that motivation was considerable as I had no other way to earn pocket money for the weekend trips Bill Barnett and I would make to Philadelphia to visit our girlfriends ... another illicit activity which we covered with the help of Bill's grandmother in Wilmington who ostensibly invited us up for the weekend and loaned us her brand new Buick for the trip to Philadelphia.

Dad, in his infinite wisdom, must have known what sort of effect the enforced discipline of writing home would have on my ability to communicate ... particularly in writing. In order to write a halfway intelligent two-page letter, I had to go over all of the events of

the previous week, censor some, embellish others, and even learn to ask for worldly advice at points in time when I needed that kind of guidance. Either Mom or Dad would, of course, write back so that there was always mail in my school mailbox or some of Mom's chocolate chip cookies which I would readily have died for, plus their constructive comments or trivial details from their own lives. Neither Mom nor Dad ever discussed their personal issues or problems with me by letter or in person, and I realized later in life that was a characteristic of their generation and prior generations. It was as though they didn't want to burden their children with their own personal problems. I later felt that was a serious mistake because it led a child to believe that his parents had no problems, and lived in a perfect world. As a consequence, I made every effort to explain to daughter Bambi many issues that I was confronted with in the family's daily life, and I did this from the time she was able to stand up until I left home when she was eight years old.

I'm certain now that this three years of weekly effort to explain my life and communicate properly to my parents played a much greater role than I ever realized in my ability to communicate well in my future writings. I've come to realize that efforts made in any direction have long-lasting effects not only on the personality, but on the soul as well.

After graduating from St. Andrew's School and going off to Middlebury College in Vermont, my education took a radically different turn. Being coeducational, Middlebury had a prodigious supply of very intelligent, nice looking, and very capable young women to help me get over my shyness and embarrassing red face whenever I tried to carry on a conversation with one of them. In retrospect, I have a very difficult time trying to reconcile my purposes in going to college. I had sort of been talked into it by my father and my friends and it seemed to be the only option that was placed before me when everyone else at St. Andrews was applying for entrance to colleges. If I have to be very honest with myself, I have to say that my major at Middlebury was in extracurricular activities, and looking back on my four years in college I would also say that a liberal arts education is probably just as well served by extracurricular activities as by lectures on social science, economics, biology, chemistry, and the myriad other choices of courses which either laid the foundation for a future professional pursuit, or else seemed to have no practical purpose other than to train the mind's capacity for rote memorization.

Having been burdened as well as blessed with a mind whose attention span was extremely limited, whose memory was limited to the observation of physical acts performed (like memorizing in precise detail the manner in which an engine was disassembled), and whose interests lay almost entirely in the practical application of information, it was natural that I would choose simple courses that had visual applications. Since it was the Earth and the great outdoors that interested me most, I chose Geography as a major and

Geology as a minor. But what I loved was tramping through the Green Mountains with a chainsaw and pack on my back to clear trails and maintain the chain of log cabins built for backpackers and hikers. Middlebury was my introduction to downhill and cross-country skiing, which became an integral part of my life for the next seventeen years. It was my introduction to supporting myself with hard physical work, and it was my introduction to borrowing money to pay for future benefits. It was also a way to put off being drafted into the Army.

The draft was a very real requirement that loomed on the horizon for every young man who reached the age of eighteen. It meant at least six months on active duty as an enlisted man, plus a number of years in the Army Reserve. One could put off the draft in favor of a college education, but the Piper had to be paid upon graduation. With this specter looming on the horizon, several of my friends were joining the U.S. Marines, an act which made them a commissioned officer upon graduation from college and the fulfillment of twelve weeks of summer camp training. I joined up too, and later decided to apply for flight training.

## CHAPTER 4.

Having already passed the numerous physical examinations and detailed vision tests given during the twelve weeks of Marine Corps “Boot Camp” summer training, I had been accepted into the U.S. Navy Flight Training Program in Pensacola, Florida, and began that training as a second lieutenant in the Marines shortly after graduating from Middlebury College. Those of us who had been accepted into flight training were ordered to first go to Quantico, Virginia, and await assignment to the next available flight training class. We were there for several months and during that time I started having trouble with my teeth, so I went to the very excellent Navy dentists and they discovered that nearly every molar in my mouth needed attention. This came as quite a surprise to me because throughout my earlier years I had perfect teeth. Mom and Dad saw to it that I went to a dentist at least once a year for a checkup and I don’t believe there was a single filling in my mouth before attending college. The combination of institutional food and the stress I had experienced as a result of my failed love affair, plus the stress from my efforts to make up for two and a half years of unfocused mental attention seem to be the only causes I can attribute to my poor dental state. The rejection I felt from that failed love affair did accomplish one very positive end, however: It picked me up and placed me squarely and firmly on the “Warrior’s Path” to achievement ... that path was to continue for the next twelve years.

After sitting around for several months in the high humidity and heat of Summer in Quantico, Virginia, a group of us finally received our orders to go to Pensacola and begin the fourteen weeks of the ground school portion of our flight training. If I had thought my college educational courses were difficult, I soon learned that they were child’s play next to the mathematics, aeronautical engineering, and navigation courses required to graduate from Pre-flight Ground School. Well over half of our class consisted of Naval Academy graduates, all of whom had considerable engineering training and were familiar with slide rule calculations. As for me, I had never seen a slide rule before and hadn’t the faintest idea how to use one. Fortunately, I couldn’t have found myself in the company of more helpful companions, many of whom became close friends throughout the rest of my life. Without their help I would have been doomed. The hand-held calculator had not come into existence in 1958, and when it did, the slide rule was suddenly relegated to Abacus status, but it remains in my mind an ingenious human invention.

I was determined to end up in the top ten percent of my class so that I would have my choice of duty stations and the type of aircraft I wanted to fly, and that level of mental stress

later put me in the Naval Hospital for thirty days of rest in a dark room to recover from mononucleosis and the beginnings of yellow jaundice. I did not come into the world with a cell structure of strong molecular integrity ... a condition known in Human Physiology as a strong "Body Constitution". Consequently, I have never been equipped for long-term stress or events which require maximum stamina. Though I have had a strong, muscular body, it only has only served me well for short bursts of maximal energy or exertion.

I did finally end up in the top ten percent of the class, but only because many of the Naval Academy graduates breezed through the courses without serious effort. It would be interesting for me to know the futures of those members of my two pre-flight classes "9-58" and "10-58" (I was in two classes because of my period in the hospital). They were all achievers of unusual abilities. Future Senator John McCain was one whom I recall because his name was somewhat similar to mine. Carl Vogt has remained a lifelong friend; he later became manager of the law firm of Fulbright and Jaworski, consulting attorneys in the demise of Richard Nixon's political career. Emmett DeMoss and I remained close friends and business associates for years after completion of our Armed Forces duties.

After completion of our basic training in the powerful Navy version of the T-28, we were given two choices as to future career: jet fighters or helicopters. My choice was helicopters primarily because it gave me a broader category of training that I could rely on professionally when released from active duty. As a helicopter pilot, I would emerge from the Marines with a Commercial Pilot's license having single-engine, multi-engine, helicopter, and instrument ratings. That training was to serve me well for several years after getting out of the service.

One of the things I enjoyed most about my ground school training was the instruction we received in trampoline acrobatics. Due to the unusual attitudes prevalent in flying airplanes, and particularly for fighter pilots, trampoline training helps tremendously with spatial orientation and creates instinctive responses that no other kind of training can produce. Every spare moment I had I would head for the gym and pester Joe Lowder, our trampoline instructor, for more training. My limited mind/body response never allowed me to reach the status of expert, but I later purchased my own trampoline and used it as an exercise medium for years afterwards. It never ceased to amaze me how the members of the Pensacola acrobatic team could so effortlessly execute things like a double somersault with a half twist and a myriad of other almost-unbelievable human contortions. Their performances were certainly beyond my abilities and capacities, but every exposure I had to excellence, and to human limitation, gave me a better knowledge of my own interests, capabilities, and limitations ... essential characteristics for sound judgment in the world that was to be my future playground.

During ground school and primary training in the Beechcraft T-34, events were pretty standardized and we were seldom flying when not in the company of an instructor. The T-34 was a relatively safe high-performance training aircraft with a reciprocating engine at the time I went through primary training. They were later equipped with turbine engines as reciprocating engines began being phased out of the Fleet Marine Force. Upon transition to Basic Training, however, flight became considerably more challenging and hair-raising incidents more common. The Navy T-28 was a very large and powerful aircraft with a huge radial engine driving an equally large three-bladed propeller. Sitting alone in the forward seat of the plexiglass-covered cockpit was very much like sitting on top of a huge, thundering, vibrating engine on stilts. The plane was so big and heavy, it seemed to be unsuited to its small wheels and long landing gear struts, but once off the runway it was exciting beyond measure to me. As a trainer it was designed to land and take off from an Aircraft Carrier without steam catapult assistance, and was the final level of training before a pilot transferred to the Fleet Marine Force and began flying the even more powerful ground support aircraft based on aircraft carriers.

It was, I believe, my second or third familiarization flight with an instructor and we were flying over what seemed like thousands of square miles of Jack Pine forests or “Barrens” as they were known, when I noticed a parachute coming down from the sky above and off my right wing. I called my instructor’s attention to the fact, and then noticed a second parachute above the first one. We moved quickly out of the way and climbed around in a circle so we could see what was happening. Obviously, a student and instructor had bailed out of their aircraft at about 3,000 feet altitude, but the strange thing was that their aircraft had its gear down, its cockpit open, and seemed to be flying by itself, perfectly upright, in a very gradual spiral turn. My instructor immediately knew what had happened. The other aircraft’s instructor had been training the student in recovery from “Unusual Attitudes” under instrument conditions, and they had somehow gotten into an inverted spin ... the only maneuver the T-28 could not recover from with two people aboard. One of the Emergency procedures was to immediately lower the landing gear. If that failed to stop the spin, the next emergency procedure was to bail out. That was obviously what had happened, and later conversations with the student and instructor attested to the unusual and unique experience.

My instructor immediately radioed in on the VHF emergency channel, and we circled slowly down hoping the abandoned airplane would not collide with one of the parachuting pilots. Fortunately, the unpiloted aircraft increased its rate of descent and finally crashed in a ball of flame into the Pine Barrens below us. We continued to circle lower and lower with the pilots until they landed safely in the trees and gave us a thumbs-up that they were safe and unhurt. By that time we had located their precise position on the aeronautical

charts we carried, called in the position to the Search and Rescue helicopter, and then continued on with our own training knowing that they would be picked up shortly by helicopter. The event was slightly unsettling in some ways, but very reassuring in others, particularly in the fact that we always had a parachute strapped to our backs on all flights.... as was the case on all Fleet Marine Force flights as well.

Before we were ever allowed to solo alone in the T-28, we were warned about the very high level of torque from the big radial engine ... a twisting force that could actually drop the wing abruptly if the throttle was applied too rapidly. Under certain conditions, the torque could actually flip the plane over on its back. I had heard the warning, and was always prepared for that eventuality when I had to add throttle at slow speeds, but events occur so rapidly in high-performance aircraft that there is often little time to think. Response has to be instinctive and instantaneous or it's too late. I was practicing landings without an instructor one day on a small paved strip out in the Pine Barrens quite a distance from base when I let myself get too close to the aircraft landing in front of me. In these practice "touch-and-go" landings, the procedure was to make a normal approach and landing and, as soon as the wheels touched down, instead of cutting off the power and rolling to a stop, we would simply add throttle and take off to make another practice landing. I felt certain that I was at a safe distance, but I ended up caught in the propeller wash of the airplane in front of me. Suddenly my right wing dropped ... and this only 20 feet above the trees approaching the end of the runway. Using the stick and ailerons to recover proved useless, and only by slamming the left rudder forward as hard as I could with my left foot did the plane begin to recover. By the time I regained some maneuverability I was well off to the right of the runway, almost into the trees, and only barely clear of the ground. My mind wanted to slam the throttle forward, but my thorough training prevailed and I just eased it forward into maximum power setting. After that hair-raising experience, I always stayed at least half a mile back behind any other landing aircraft.

Another incident I recall during Basic Training had nothing to do with flying aircraft. It was more educational in nature, and gave me a deep insight into the racist issues prevalent in the South in 1959 before the radical racial movements of the '60s. By the time Basic Training was almost over, I had paid off my college loans and bought myself a six year-old Jaguar XK120 ... the first indulgence of my new-found financial independence and freedom from having to scrimp for every penny I could earn. On a particularly quiet Sunday morning, I decided to go for a long drive through the Pine Barrens to Dothan, Alabama. I was cruising along at about 55 miles an hour—well within the normal speed limit—drove down into a long, low gully with very steep banks that rose at least 30 feet above the roadway on either side. As I came up out of the gully, I noticed a white car parked on the left side of the road. No sooner had I noticed this car than a red gumball

machine light started flashing on its roof. I was flagged to a stop by a typical Hollywood movie image of a fat, Southern redneck Sheriff.

“You was doin’ 25 miles an hour over the speed limit, young Fella,” he says to me.

“But, Sheriff,” I said. “We’re in the middle of nowhere and there isn’t a sign to be seen.”

“You look back there behind you on top of that bank and you’ll see the speed limit sign,” he says very importantly. “It says 25 miles an hour and you was doin’ 50. That’s gonna cost you \$25.00 and you can pay that right now or go to jail.”

“I don’t have \$25.00 on me, Sheriff,” I said. “But I can write you out a check for \$25.00. Is that all right?”

“Can’t take checks for speeding violations,” says the Sheriff, “And since its Sunday, you’ll have to come with me to the jail and wait ‘til the Judge gets home from his weekend.”

That was my introduction to an Alabama speeding trap. \$25.00 was a lot of money in 1959 ... probably very close to \$250.00 in today’s money. So I spent eight hours in the Dothan, Alabama jail listening to that ignorant Redneck Sheriff brag about how many “Niggers” he’d shot, or busted, or beaten, until the judge returned from his weekend at 5 o’clock in the afternoon and told me he would accept my check for \$25.00. That was an education of a kind I didn’t want to recognize as possible in what I had previously thought of as a “free” nation.

Upon successfully completing all phases of my flight training, I was given the duty station of my choice: The Marine Corps Air Facility helicopter base in Tustin, California. I was a reasonably competent pilot ... but not a very good Marine! There were basically two categories which all officers were divided into: career officers and reserve officers. I fell into the latter category due to the fact that I was only serving my three and a half years time on active duty as was required for pilots. Career officers remained on active duty for at least twenty years until retirement. All “Reservists” were relegated to dull and boring training squadrons, and often times had commanding officers of limited abilities who had been passed over for the highly competitive, ever-diminishing stations of higher rank. Because there were no wartime activities during my tour of active duty—a situation for which I have been eternally grateful—our days were filled with trivial duties too numerous to mention, and so rather than sit around, look bored, and drink 20 cups of coffee a day on the days I was not scheduled to fly, I would load up my surfboard on my little VW camper and spend the afternoon surfing the waves on Camp Pendleton’s long stretch of excellent beach ... a stretch of beach which on the weekends had been leased to the infamous San Onofre Surfing Club. Needless to say, my Commanding Officer did not appreciate my absences ... but I never missed a chance to fly.

Our training as helicopter pilots was still quite extensive despite the limited availability of government funds for fuel and maintenance. We served as the Search and Rescue

helicopter for most U.S. Marine ground forces exercises both at Camp Pendleton and at 29 Palms Marine base on the Mojave Desert where it got so hot you could actually fry an egg on the helicopter's skin. We were additionally trained in formation flying, night landings on unlighted mountain landing pads, instrument flying, and flying from Aircraft Carriers both at night in blackout conditions and during bad weather. Even under the most trying conditions, however, it was not as stressful as flying in the wild winds, freezing fogs, precipitous mountains, and rapidly changing weather conditions of the Yukon Territory ... which was my next occupation after being released from active military duty. My experiences as a helicopter pilot in the Yukon Territory of Canada were interesting enough for me to tell the tale as a short story called FLYING THE YUKON'S BUSH, a story which appears on my website ([www.kitcain.com](http://www.kitcain.com)) complete with color photos.

In terms of perspective, it's important to note here that all of the events described in this and the previous two chapters involved, with a few exceptions, confrontations and challenges of a physical, emotional, or mental variety. I had not yet had to come to terms with the religious or spiritual aspects of my life—the confrontations, experiences, and challenges of dealing with the unknown and unseen sources of life's events, and the mystical nature of the source of all phenomenae in the microcosm and macrocosm. Learning how to deal with the physical, emotional, and mental challenges of life is commonly termed “The Warrior's Path” in esoterical terms. This learning how to survive, how to equate with others, how to satisfy selfish desires, and how to “Achieve” or become a “Responsible” person most often involves responding to the values of others about us in that portion of society within which we wish to identify ourselves. Though there is undoubtedly a great deal of mental thought and effort involved in the establishment of that status, I still consider it to be a preoccupation with the external events of life ... a reaction or response to standards established primarily by others. We look about us and decide what we want of what we see. The leaders, in many cases, have evolved by becoming the best followers.

Up until I was thirty-five years old, I was motivated by the values that everyone in my peer group appeared to have. My “Success” just naturally followed the trends of my associations. I felt that my happiness and security—and freedom—were a direct function of the amount of money I made, the responsibilities inherent in the business or professional position I held, and the nature of the family I would eventually have. My “History” was terribly important to me as evidence of my self-importance and personal path of achievement. The “Trappings” of my success would be obvious in the quality of car I drove, the size and location of home I lived in, the “Toys” I had accumulated to play with, the schools my children attended, and so on according to the values as evidenced in modern America today.

Little did I know that all of these carefully made choices over the first thirty-five years of my life on the Warrior's path would soon vanish into a chasm I could not seem to bridge or cross. Not that they weren't essential to my arrival at the chasm in the first place, because they were, but there seemed to be such a gap between what I had already diligently learned and applied and the final quieting and control of the mind so essential to inner peace that I did not see how it was possible to reconcile the two. The dissolving of this enigma of opposites and the reconciliation of polarities is the Chasm all Warrior's eventually reach. The bridging of that Chasm is the discovery of the true nature of mind and what it can, as well as what it cannot, comprehend.

To graduate from the Warriors' path and become the true Spiritual Traveler is almost like taking the Warriors' path in reverse. Each of the carefully contrived concepts which form the foundation of self-importance, confidential achievement, egotistical pride, and apparent personal power are forced to crumble into unimportance until there seems no value system on which to depend in order to proceed with life. All previous motivations vanish like the morning mist gives way to the warming light of a sunny day. It can take years to recover from the shock ... from the feeling of being "Lost" after so diligently working to be "Found". And that is precisely where I found myself, but we haven't quite come to that point just yet.

## CHAPTER 5.

1967 was a very successful year for me. I had obtained my California Real Estate Salesman's license in 1964, and gone to work for Coldwell, Banker and Company when it was a local California company. I had first started out with a small real-estate firm in Corte Madera just north of San Francisco in Marin County and my first month or two in the business had earned almost \$3,000.00 by knocking on doors and listing properties in a nearby subdivision. My instant success gave me a very one-sided picture of the real-estate business, leaving me with the impression that it was a little like knocking over Kewpie dolls in a County Fair side show. I began talking with some of my weekend ski companions who were all driving fancy sports cars and talking about their big commercial deals they were working on from their offices at Coldwell, Banker and Company in San Rafael. I was immediately more than a little envious and talked to them about working with them on commercial properties. They assured me that I would do better with them than I'd ever do in the tiny little real-estate office I was working in, and so, being naive and believing in everyone's inherent integrity, I transferred to the more important commercial division of Coldwell, Banker and Company.

It took me about six months to realize that I couldn't have made a bigger mistake! Marin County was a bedroom community for San Francisco with a very small percentage of commercially zoned properties and an even smaller volume of commercial transactions. I discovered that all the big deals my friends were working on were always "about" to happen, and the fancy cars were either leased, paid for by parents, or purchased several years before from some windfall deal seldom duplicated again.

Consequently, by the end of 1964 I was down to my last few hundred dollars saved from my bush flying days when my apartment-mate, my old friend Emmett DeMoss from our Marine Corps Flight Training days, suggested that I go to work for him as a salesman selling Lots and Condominiums on a brand new, 5,000-acre, second-home community on the North California coast known as The Sea Ranch. It took me quite a while to swallow my pride and take what seemed like a step backward into residential lot sales instead of daydreaming about big numbers that never materialized in the self-important commercial ventures. But there was another event which transpired that left no doubt in my mind which direction I was to take.

After a year of learning the ropes of the commercial real-estate business and poking my head into the various corners of commercial property development, I had finally

ended up developing a working relationship with a shopping center developer in the Bay area whose major anchor tenant was Lucky Markets. I had located a very nice potential shopping center development property for the development company and they began negotiations to purchase it. Not a week after introducing Lucky Markets to the site, I received a call from the head office of Coldwell, Banker and Company with instructions for me to proceed immediately to Mr. Coldwell's office. As I recall his rather blustery, self-important words, they went something like this:

"Mr. Cain, this company represents Safeway markets in their shopping center negotiations. We do not represent competing companies on the same property sites. You will no longer represent Lucky Markets on this site or any other site. Is that clear?"

I was really taken by surprise. I had no way of knowing that Safeway markets had some sort of exclusive arrangement with Coldwell, Banker and Company ... and furthermore our in-house training was as poorly implemented as the company's inter-office communications. The incident, however, had the desired effect. I resigned the next day and shortly thereafter went to work for Emmett at Oceanic Properties, a division of Castle and Cooke of Hawaii. The move proved to be as fortunate and synergistic as my relationship with Coldwell, Banker and Company had been disastrous.

My relationship with the Sea Ranch lasted for several financially rewarding years, by which time I had turned 30. It was at this point in my life that I had decided it was time for me to find a wife and get married and be even more responsible since it now looked like I had found a unique "niche" in the resort development field ... a field which was enjoying an explosive growth at the time. The profession of being a developer's marketing salesman and ultimately vice-president of marketing and project manager for other resort development companies stood me in good stead for the next ten years until the stock-market took a major tumble putting an end to second home sales for a very long period of time. In fact, they never recovered to the level of that 1965-1975 boom decade.

In November of 1966, I decided to spend some of my hard-earned capital on a trip to East Africa, and on the way I would keep my eyes open for a young lady who would have to answer to five specific characteristics.

1. She would have to come from a background and social level similar to mine.
2. She would have to come from a family with enough financial independence and willingness to care for her and any children we might have if something happened to me.
3. She would have to be attractive enough and of strong enough physical stature to produce strong, healthy, attractive children.
4. She would have to have interests similar to mine.
5. And she would have to be resourceful, creative and independent in her own way.

Now that I look back on that point in my life, I ask myself who in hell I thought I was that I could expect those kinds of standards from this kind of universe, especially since I myself fell short on more than a few of those standards. Conspicuously absent from the standards was any provision for love or friendship ... due largely to my disastrous love affair twelve years prior. Not until many years later did I even begin to understand the many faces of love ... what they looked like, what they felt like, and how easily they could be masked by outward appearance and social programming.

Armed with these parameters I set off from California to Africa driving my nice new dark-blue Porsche 912 with tan leather interior, headed first for my family home in Nova Scotia. From there I would fly to London, to Rome, and finally to Nairobi with stops in each place for several days. I planned to spend a few days' skiing in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, on my way across the country, which I did, and there met Ann McAlpin—the first Ann in my life, but not the last. Ann happened to be a professional ski instructor for Jackson Hole Ski Area at that time.

She and one of the other instructors were skiing down the slope just above where I had stopped for a moment to rest. As they swung gracefully back and forth from turn to turn in front of me, Ann caught an edge, dropped onto her seat for just an instant, caught herself, and continued on downhill as though nothing had happened. As she went by me, she looked at me, gave an embarrassed smile (ski instructors never fall!) and what I saw was a beautiful face, beautiful smile, and the impression of a very competent skier. I followed at a discreet distance down the hill and when she stopped at the restaurant for lunch I went over and introduced myself.

It did not take long for me to discover that she filled all of the qualifications that I had set forth for my future companion, so I continued on my journey to Africa, vowing to return on the way back across the country so we could spend more time getting to know each other. As we got to know each other better, it became rather obvious that the relationship was going to be a stormy one at best. I was far from a good communicator, not at all knowledgeable about male and female relationships, and equally as stubborn and selfish as she was. What decided the matter in the final analysis was the sudden appearance of a potential child about to be born in nine months. There was no backing out of that situation, so we both decided to make it work as best we could. We did a reasonably good job at working out a relationship, but a very excellent job of raising a beautiful daughter. It was the joyful, happy spirit of this beautiful child that began to make me aware of the deeper meanings of love and I would mark this event as one of the beginnings of my spiritual journey.

There was, however, another event which transpired during daughter Bambi's youthful growth which more specifically marked the beginnings of my spiritual journey. Ann mentioned to me one day that she thought it might be helpful for me to look into spiritual and religious things as she had noticed me searching for some deeper meaning to my life than I was finding in our considerable financial success. I agreed that I'd be interested, but nothing more was said until the three of us had gone to visit Ann's parents at their summer camp at Brandreth Lake in upstate New York's Adirondack National Park. It was there that Ann's mother, Helen, handed me two books.

"Here, Kit," she said. "Read these while you're here at the lake. I think you'll find them interesting."

One of the books was called *The Sleeping Prophet* by Edgar Stearns, and the other was called *Autobiography Of A Yogi* by Paramhansa Yogananda. I don't know whether it was the absolute calm and stillness of Brandreth Lake or the forested setting and thousands of acres of wilderness, but by the time I had read the two books an entirely new dimension had been added to my thinking. *The Sleeping Prophet* is a book about the life of one of the most unusual psychics of our times—a gentleman named Edgar Cayce who could quickly and easily induce a state of altered consciousness known as a "trance" and from that state of consciousness he could somehow sense the Conscious, Sub-conscious, and even Soul levels of another person, thus giving him an inside perspective into not only the other person's history in this particular lifetime, but also the present as it might have been affected by the soul's many past lifetime experiences. Almost every concept put forth in the book was a totally new experience for me to consider.

The book was written by Edgar Stearns, a ruthless reporter and investigator, not someone who would write a bunch of hearsay or gossip for the sake of making a buck. I, of course, had never heard any of the possibilities Edgar Casey accepted as *Daily News and Gospel*. I was quite put off by the whole thing, put the book down about halfway through, and decided it was not anything practical that I could use or apply or even want to know about. *The Sleeping Prophet* appeared to be "Second hand" information to me, not information from out of the mouth of the person who had lived it.

*Autobiography Of A Yogi*, however, was a book written in the first person by a man who had experienced far different, but equally as unusual experiences. I could not have been handed two more unusual testimonies to different dimensions of life on Planet Earth. They were almost too diametrically opposed to life as it is daily observed and experienced for me to except ... but not quite! Yogananda's training and growth amongst the Spiritual adepts and a long line of Yoga Masters in India led him to experience phenomena like the appearance and disappearance of a person's physical being exercised at will until it became, to him, a normal occurrence.

What stopped my world was the possibility that it all might be true. In fact, unless someone was pulling some very cleverly-conceived piece of storytelling—which was even harder to imagine as possible than what I was reading—the two books carried more pregnant possibility within them than any multi-thousand-year-old piece of dogma, story-telling, or mythology contained between the covers of a leather bound volume of so-called “Scripture”. What the two books said to me was simply this:

“There’s more here on Planet Earth and within this Universe than you have personally experienced and it is here, now, not thousands of years ago. But unless you consider this information as more than just possible, then you’ll have to relegate the books to the level of interesting entertainment.”

I had to decide whether the information bore any relevance to my daily life, and that was a more difficult issue to resolve. However, hidden within the deeper recesses of my being there was a curiosity and a hope that Planet Earth is not “all there is”, and the only way to find out if there was something else was to start looking for it because things that are not looked for are never found.

I also had a deep hope that the two books really were true and that there must surely be other books of an even more “mind-stretching” experience. There proved to be more ... hundreds more ... but all of them out of the “mainstream” of life in the backwaters of the paths less traveled. The so-called “Secrets of the Universe” seemed only to be revealed to those hounds who are compelled by some unknown part of their being to remain on the trail of the elusive fox until they discover him laughing at their efforts—well out of reach, but more real than any fox known to human senses.

My interest in things esoteric did not manifest itself overnight. It took more than a little while for me to feel comfortable with the ideas and concepts which were the daily bread of Yogananda and Casey. Contained in Yogananda’s book was an invitation to subscribe to a home study course of fifty-two lessons—lessons which in reality launched one on the age-old path of Kriya Yoga. I don’t think that path will ever become out-dated. I subscribed to the lessons and began them in earnest, doing everything suggested ... and even a little more. I would wake myself up between 2:00AM and 3:00AM to practice the meditation techniques for twenty minutes to half an hour, then repeat the procedure upon awakening and before going to bed at night. This went on for months during which time the lessons instructed me to listen for certain sounds indicative of consciousness on different planes. Whatever that meant, I was never quite sure. Nothing unusual ever happened. My consciousness seemed about as receptive as a stone. There were no voices from out of the night, no bells, thunderings, or personal appearances from some Master of the Universe. I was beginning to think I was embarked on a futile pursuit that wasn’t worth the effort.

What I didn't realize until several years later was that things were beginning to change ever-so-slowly within my being and within my immediate world. They happened as slowly and gradually as the imperceptible naturally-occurring changes to the economy, my home life, and the world about me ... but most imperceptibly within my own capacity to perceive myself.

The single most prominent effect resulting from the continued practice of these Kriya Yoga exercises was a gradual change in my perspective. Until beginning the exercises, my "position of awareness"—of observing the world—was, quite naturally, through the senses. Vision through the eyes seemed to play the most important role. I had always been observing the world about myself as though in a dream where I was a participator in a dream, but I could not see my "self" clearly. Perhaps I should say that I could not see myself the way others saw me. I had no concept of how I equated with my world other than by reaction to it and by observing what others were doing. My sense of "self" was not entirely objective at all. Certain issues about myself that I had avoided confronting down through the years had been replaced by false assumptions which enabled me to carry on, but the way I saw myself was not entirely the way others saw me.

Up until beginning these spiritual exercises, I was looking at the world and myself from an almost totally objective, left-brain, rational, reasonable, logical way that seemed incapable of questioning beyond the easily-answered issues as though there simply were no answers to some questions and they were thus better left unexplored. Complete objectivity appeared to be simply not possible, and any outside help firmly resisted in order to sustain the fragile ego image of myself I had created. As the exercises progressed, however, I began to see Kit Cain as though looking down on him from above and seeing him in a more subjective manner ... perhaps more the way others would see him. This took several years to unfold to the point where I could see with perspective what was actually happening.

The net result was that I began to see Kit Cain as a very selfish, ego-centered personality not nearly so competent or capable as I had imagined myself to be. The elements of "doubt" about myself that I had felt so strongly as a shy child and masked with false assumptions began to reappear along with a capacity to see my true self more clearly. More importantly, I now *desired* to see myself more clearly. Along with that came the strong compulsion to know who I was, and what I was doing here on Planet Earth ... very unsettling compulsions often having no easy or apparent answers. My carefully fabricated goal and achievement-oriented world began to fall apart. The warrior had reached the end of his journey as a warrior ... but could not have arrived at this point without first becoming a Warrior!

This is not an easy path—and obviously not a path for everyone. It is a journey of exploration into new horizons of the self wherein all the previous programming and observations of the years spent from infancy through youth, adolescence, and thence on to the Warrior's Path of disciplined, persevering achievement and impeccability are suddenly eclipsed—while new and expanded horizons are built on the previously-learned responses.

For example: actions that were previously taken for the sake of cultural or social responsibility begin to be seen with a “world view” rather than a “local” view. The symbols of achievement, i.e. the car one drives; the schools one attended; the neighborhood one lives in; the status of one's friends and social acquaintances; the clothes one wears; occupation one has; etc., dissolve slowly into unimportance until one wonders how he could have been so much of a sheep when he thought himself a shepherd.

The difference is like having spent one's life learning the neighborhood, city, town, forest or wilderness and then viewing it from the cockpit of an airplane or the top of a mountain. The perspective is so expanded that one is never quite the same again. Where once there was a “route” from one street to the next, or from one lake through the forest, along a stream, along a path to another lake, suddenly the “mind's eye” is equipped with an entire new view. The old path or route is replaced by new visionary knowledge which simply “knows” that the destination is “over there” in a definitive direction not requiring landmarks. It is probably the same kind of perspective that migrating birds have. There may be some geographical or topographically unique landmarks resulting from prior experience, but now they navigate by the sun or the instinctive knowledge that food availability moves South with the sun's changing position.

For humans, this new perspective is what I refer to as “The view from soul” because part of the Kriya Yoga training is a focus of the entire attention for short periods on the Pineal gland in the center of head ... the gland known as the “Seat of the Soul”. Much as this may sound like a flight of fancy or esoterical nonsense to the modern technologically, scientifically, and mathematically trained mind, from my own perspective years later, the whole thing is laughable—not because one is true and the other false—but because both views are both true and false and so why not expand one's perspective with some seemingly impractical information about the soul when it actually provides an ultimate and unequalled view of creation, its Source, and gives a logical explanation as to why so many seemingly-unexplainable things happen the way they do.

This expanded perspective is the final reconciliation of opposites. Truth and untruth are both equally essential for the capacity to differentiate between the two. The highest realization is that they both originate from the same Source. To deny there being a single Source is to deny the entire intelligent order of Creation.

Duality is to me the single most important underlying theme of all phenomenae. Duality is the separation of all phenomenae into opposites. Only by being separated from our original Source can we come to a knowledge of our Source. Separation carries within it the implication of unity, but the full realization of that unity is only possible in the soul which goes looking for the unity. The profound secret is that we only find what we're looking for ... or are receptive to. Times too numerous to mention I have had to decide what is the absolute highest thing I could imagine to look for. What higher treasure could one hunt for than the Source of all consciousness?

Being "found" is a far more satisfying state of consciousness to the soul than being lost, uncertain, or in doubt. For me it was a 25 or 30 year journey to this level of comprehension/realization ... and most of it through a forest with no apparent pathway.

## CHAPTER 6.

After about six months of meditation exercises, the first signs of discontent with my life began to manifest themselves. The very high focus of attention required to close sales on expensive items such as were the Snowmass-at-Aspen Condominiums and Lots began to become more and more difficult for me. I began to lose interest in my work and consequently my sales volume fell. It was then that the stock market took a major tumble and brought vacation and second home sales to a screeching halt. In 1974, or thereabouts, I resigned from my job with Snowmass-at-Aspen and began looking for other things to do. I looked back at the many things I had learned to do along the way for clues to the future.

It seems to be a peculiarity of my nature that when I finish learning one thing, I start on another with a sort of thirst for new knowledge and the discovery of my own potentialities and hidden talents. During my initial activities in the real-estate business back in 1964 I attended night school at the Marin County Community College to take courses in Real Estate Law, Real Estate Finance, and Real-Estate Practices in order to qualify for a California real-estate broker's license. After completing those courses successfully, I decided to take several courses in advanced mathematics just to see if my difficulties with math as a youngster and in high school had been due to a lack of ability, a lack of effort, or a lack of focus of attention. Though I completed these courses with an A average, I discovered that I was definitely not cut out to be an engineer. The effort required seemed too strenuous ..... I just didn't seem to have that kind of a mindset. At any rate I could not see myself going back to college for more degrees and more training.

Prior to entering the real-estate business in 1964, and immediately after returning from my Yukon adventures, I had considered a career as a writer. I subsequently used my American GI Bill to pay for a correspondence writing course from the Famous Writers School in Westport, Connecticut. About halfway through that correspondence course, I realized that the field of being a commercial writer was not at all what I had imagined it to be. For one thing, I knew I could never sit still long enough to finish what I had started writing! The instructors were excellent. They knew every aspect of the writing profession and I was soon told I had to choose what specialized field of writing I was interested in so they could assign an appropriate expert in that field to guide my efforts. I could choose to write fiction; non-fiction as in biographies, reporting, or magazine articles; or I could write about my own personal life and experiences. I decided that the latter was much more

interesting to me, but the next thing I discovered was that I had little or nothing to say of any consequence. I had only just begun to live my life at that age and consequently had few experiences and little to say that would be of interest to a large audience. I should have researched the field of writing long before even beginning the course, but the imaginative 26-year-old sees the romance of the writer—not the long hours of boredom and hard work required to successfully achieve the envisioned goal. The more I thought about it, the more I realized I just wanted to be a “Storyteller”—a writer of short stories that were interesting and entertaining, but not the kind of novel that drags someone’s emotions over the coals for hours on end of suspense.

The net realization that I had no stories to tell and little or nothing to write about finished my venture into writing ... but it only finished it for about thirty years. Coming from two generations of educators, I was born with a natural ability to express myself well with the written word. Spelling had been my number one talent since age seven. As I grew older and had a variety of different experiences I had more and more to say, and more and better ability to say it, but I was always too busy to sit down long enough to organize it and write it down. It would all have to wait until my legs grew weary of their traveling and my mind and soul had reconciled all the enigmas of life.

While working as a salesman at Snowmass I had long periods of inactivity—as is typical of any resort business—followed by five or six months of intense, long, hectic days during high season. During the quiet periods I called upon my GI bill once again for a course in being a professional photographer—a correspondence course offered by a companion school to the Famous Writer’s School, the newly-organized Famous Photographer’s School. I worked diligently at this course and completed it successfully, but not, I must admit, with any level of creative photographic genius. My primary interest lay in cinematography, but the Famous Photographers School had no specialty in that field so I had to train myself with numerous books and any cinematographers I could work with or learn from. The basics, however, were the same for still photography as well as cinematography and, as it turned out, being versatile in both fields was essential in the area where I was living.

As a result, when I resigned from my real estate job at Snowmass, I launched myself as a still photographer and cinematographer. It was not, I soon discovered, a very secure way to make a living. I did a still-photography assignment for the cover and interior illustrations of a Helicopter trade magazine story; did the cinematography for several promotional ski films; a series of cross country ski training films for Denver television; and finally a sales promotional film for a new Colorado ski area. I was never really impressed with my creative capabilities, nor did I fool myself into thinking I could make a good living as a photographer in my location at that point in time.

The demise of my short-lived photography career occurred about the same time as the demise of my marriage. Ann and Bambi and I now lived in a beautiful home on ten acres in Snowmass-at-Aspen with a guest house, log barn, and an unequalled view of Colorado's 13,000-foot-high mountain peaks. Ann had decided she was going to raise and train horses, and that became a consuming interest for her—financially as well as mentally, emotionally and physically. We had also founded a Montessori pre-school in Snowmass along with ten or twelve other parents of small children in the local area, and hired a trained Montessori teacher to staff it. It was a wonderful head start for daughter Bambi as well as the other children. But all of these things required money to sustain them and I no longer could work in my previously well-paying capacity—not only because I had “burned out”, but so, obviously, had the economy and the market for second homes. And then there was this other almost sub-conscious Spiritual turmoil brewing its own changes within my psyche.

Ann's kind and generous father and mother had given us some stock to sell to build the house in Aspen, and given Ann some additional money as a sort of “emergency fund”. As the money began to diminish, so also did our relationship, and when Ann's father found out that his emergency fund had been spent on horses and horse training, that was the end of that source of funding. Ann insisted on being supported in a “manner to which she was accustomed”. There were other factors involved as well, and I just didn't feel the reward justified the price I had to pay ... or even could pay. The impasse resulted in Ann's announcing to me that she was going to Europe for a year with Bambi to be trained as an elementary Montessori instructor... and that I was going to pay for it. I agreed to it, knowing it was good for both Ann and Bambi, and feeling more than a little guilt for the abrupt devastation of my worldly life ... to say nothing of the cessation of all previous carefully planned goals, training and steps to achieve success. Even at that, I had absolutely no idea how I was going to pay for Ann and Bambi's year in Europe.

Here again came another of those landmark mystical events which helped reinforce for me the benevolent and protective nature of whatever it is that forms the events of life on Planet Earth. Shortly after Ann's decision to leave for Europe, a man called me—completely out of the blue—telling me that one of my previous sales colleagues had recommended me as a marketing manager for a very unusual project he was developing at the Breckenridge ski area just west of Denver. I told him his project sounded both interesting and challenging, and two weeks later I had a job which provided enough income to cover the cost of Ann and Bambi's year in Europe as well as my own living expenses for that period of time. Ann completed the course in Italy and became as good a Montessori instructor and administrator as she had been an excellent ski instructor.

The Breckinridge project proved very successful—at least as far as sales and marketing were concerned—but construction problems at 9,000 feet elevation and in a valley packed solid with boulders and rocks from gold dredge tailings produced more construction obstacles than could be overcome in order to meet the scheduled sales closing dates. When a marketing project fails to meet its deadlines or other representations, the major momentum of excitement and its synergy of word-of-mouth advertising very quickly die. A year later, the project was still awaiting construction completion and finally had to be auctioned off. I had left as soon as I began losing sales and commissions due to canceled contracts and the destruction of project credibility.

Having nothing in particular to do one day, I decided to pay a visit to the Catholic monastery in the Snowmass Valley just over the mountain from the Snowmass ski area. Ann had been buying hay for her horses from their farm operation for several years and during one of their hay deliveries with an eighteen-wheel tractor-trailer I had gotten to know a number of them ... one of whom turned out to be from Nova Scotia, my heritage home. The monks of the Snowmass monastery were eighteen in number at that point in time and the monastery was one of a number of orders known as the Cistercian Order Of Strict Observance. All of their tasks had to be performed in monastic robes, and they lived in a world of complete silence where talk was only permitted on special occasions. Shortly before my getting to know them, the rules of the order were broadened to allow conventional clothing during work hours and much fewer limitations on speech, though silence and stillness were still a primary pre-requisite for monastic life.

I quickly discovered that the Monks themselves were embarked on a spiritual search for cosmic understanding ... a search which was not confined to Catholicism alone. I found myself in good company when talking about my new experiences with Kriya Yoga and the Self Realization Fellowship of Los Angeles. Their Abbott seemed concerned that the monastic ranks were neither growing nor replenishing themselves and found himself at quite a loss as to what to do about it. He was considering re-making their brochure in order to make their particular kind of monastic life more appealing.

“Why don’t you let me help you with that, Father Michael?” I asked. “Marketing is one of my specialities, and perhaps my view of monastic life from the outside looking in might be more appropriate to the situation.”

“Can you be more specific?” he asked.

After looking at the existing brochure I told him that as far as I was concerned his present brochure didn’t give a realistic picture of monastic life as I had witnessed it in my few visits and associations. The brochure gave the impression of life in the monastery as a rather austere and drudgerous life of prayer, work, and study—which, of course, it was to a certain extent—but not at all unlike the realities of life in the outside world. The elements of joyful personality interaction, and some of the very unique experiences of monastic life

such as storytelling during meals in the refectory, chanting and singing in the incredible acoustics of the stone chapel, contacts with the “outside” world as in their commercial transactions of farm sales and eggs sales (the monastery owned and operated a 20,000-chicken egg production business), were not contained in their present brochure. There was also inadequate coverage of the exquisitely-designed, inspirational beauty of the green brick monastery building with slate stone roofs and floors nestled in a valley of rolling hayfields and surrounded by 13,000-foot, snow-capped mountain peaks.

Monastic life did not appear to be any different than any other aspect of life in the outside world where it's the hours we live for, but the moments we love ... except that here one's life experiences were uninterrupted by competitive stress, peer pressure, financial pressures, and the normal responsibilities of life where survival appears to be the number one consideration. I suggested to Father Michael that I live in the monastery for two weeks as a Monk, follow their daily rituals with my camera clicking away to make a photographic picture story of the Brothers at work and play. These pictures he could use in his brochure to present a true picture of monastic life which the present brochure fell short of doing. He agreed, and the next week I moved in for two of the more interesting weeks of my life.

The monastery library was filled with books from all religious and spiritual disciplines. There seemed to be an encouragement to explore all aspects of the religious experience regardless of doctrine. What I perceived was an entirely new look at monastic life and at Catholicism in particular. A Zen Roshi, or teacher, had been invited from Los Angeles for a week to teach the Monks Zen meditation. There were small group experiences in speaking in tongues, and discussion groups about various aspects of different religious thought.

And then there was Brother Ben! Perhaps it was because of Brother Benedict's quiet, humble way of speaking ... or perhaps it was his ever-present smile ... or the twinkle in his eye ... or the fact that his favorite place was the farm workshop ... that made me feel a certain kinship with him. He would spend hours in his workshop welding together artistic forms, shapes, and figurines made from the steel spokes and parts of abandoned farm machinery equipment. He was amazingly adept at caricaturing people and situations in simple steel forms. His favorite was a perfect representation of The Last Supper done in welded steel, which I must admit was a true work of art such as I'd never seen before. Ben had been a real honest-to-goodness cowboy in his younger days, and in later years left the monastery to attend law school and become a lawyer in Denver. I have often wondered how Ben fared in the world of mental manipulators, ambulance chasers, and devil's advocates. I'm sure he would have found a niche in the legal iceberg that would not require him to compromise the integrity of his very beautiful soul.

I finally had the pictures I wanted, organized the best of hundreds into a slide presentation, and made a presentation to the entire monastic Brotherhood. I had tried to do justice to the moments of inspiration as well as the hours of hard work—very difficult to even begin to do with still photography. I don't know to this day whether I succeeded or not. I think many of the Monks were quite surprised to see themselves happily joking and smiling as they washed up pots and pans in the kitchen, loaded hay on the truck, or worked at sizing and inspecting eggs. What finally transpired with the new brochure I never did discover since I moved away from Colorado shortly afterward.

We sold the house in Snowmass when Ann finished her Montessori Elementary level training in Italy, and decided to make a new beginning—as much for Bambi's sake as anything—wherein each of us had our own separate agendas. Ultimately, It did not work out the way we hoped as there was no bridging the gaps in personal expectations or willingness to compromise on either of our parts. This was really quite a disappointment to me because Ann was the one who really sent me out on this spiritual journey to self-discovery and wherever that journey finally led.

We decided we liked the climate and countryside north of San Francisco, particularly the area in and around Santa Rosa where there was already a Montessori school Bambi could attend. We looked at property for weeks and finally found a very nice ranch-style house whose walls inside and out were made from a wide redwood boards. The living room looked out over a swimming pool and for 5 miles down the Bennett Valley amongst the rolling hills of the wine country just east of Santa Rosa.

Once we had moved in and I had built a barn and fencing for Ann 's animals, I began to cast about for some way to earn a living. I did not have long to wait. The “Event Former” of unknown and unseen origin (and often of dubious distinction) had concocted a most devious, unpredictable, an unexpected next event in my spiritual journey.

Having by now had my formal initiation into Kriya Yoga, and practiced the breathing, concentration, and stillness exercises for over two years, the constant practicing had gradually created habit patterns in my life so that I no longer had to set aside definite periods in which to practice. My breathing had developed into a new harmony between the different parts of my being, and I could slip without thinking into the relaxing, stress-neutralizing brain rhythms and mind stillness of meditation without looking like some Hindu Yogi with his legs folded beneath himself, fingertips together, gazing upwards with only the whites of his eyes showing. Some things work fine in India, but seem very out of place in North America. The entire aim of Kriya Yoga training seemed to me to be to produce a state of consciousness from which one views the world with the discerning,

discriminating eye of the Eagle without the attendant disciplinary postures—postures which are part of the training, but not necessarily essential to the production of a state of consciousness. Before I could begin to feel very smug or self important in my new consciousness, however, my life was to take an entirely different spiritual turn.

Shortly after moving to Santa Rosa, there was a Northern California truck strike that opened my eyes to how dependent we are as a society on fossil fuels, and more particularly, on trucks. Within three days of the beginning of the truck strike, there was absolutely nothing left on the supermarket store shelves, display counters, or in the refrigerators and freezers. It was really quite a shock to discover that we had to live on what food reserve sat on our pantry shelves and kitchen cabinets.

I began to think what a great idea it would be to have a reserve food storage area in some part of every house. It appeared to me that there was not only a need for it, but it was not an idea already being marketed or exploited to any degree. My experiences as a backpacker had already given me ample knowledge of how viable, tasty, indestructible, and easy to carry, store and prepare freeze-dried foods were. I began looking around the San Francisco Bay area for companies whose specialty was freeze-dried foods thinking I might make a business venture of food stored for emergency situations.

To make a long story short, I quickly discovered that the Mormon Church was already aware of the volatile nature of economies, truck deliveries, natural disasters, family incomes, and family health. Part of their very wise teachings involved encouraging family members to prepare for changes before they arrived by maintaining a six months reserve supply of food which they lived from and constantly re-supplied. The Church food program suppliers were independent businesses who already manufactured sealed tins of all kinds of freeze-dried foods and sold them by the case in well-rounded dietary programs.

Well ... I bought a truckload of freeze-dried foods. And the next thing that happened ... the truck strike ended! Any motivation to invest in a food storage program instantly vanished because, of course, 99% of the everyday world lives from one day to the next ... and most of that on borrowed money to boot. There I sat with a truckload of freeze-dried foods that I had to store and sell. It took me three years to sell it all, and I barely got my money back. Salesman I may be, but businessman I am not! There were, however, a number of interesting by-products of this venture which, from a higher perspective and years further down the road, were undeniably an essential part of my spiritual journey.

In a rather surprise maneuver, the gentleman who owned the food storage company offered me a job helping with his sales marketing program. I ended up traveling with

three fervent Mormon missionaries to various parts of North America and Hawaii where the church had strong footholds, and it wasn't long before the rather unique way the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints convinces people of the church's viability also convinced me that there was something here for me to learn. My joining the L D S Church was not something I would have done prior to my Kriya Yoga training as I was at that point just not open to spiritual things. But now I was lost in a forest without a well-defined pathway in any direction except behind me over territory already covered. I had to believe that the path as it was placed before me from moment to moment, day-to-day, and month-to-month was a benevolent, instructive, protective learning process that would ultimately lead me to the knowledge I sought. And so I move forward into it with my own fervent Aries/Taurus energy.

I must admit that my spiritual search was, at first, a search for power. It was a desire to obtain the unusual abilities peculiar to those represented as "Masters of the Universe". These would be recognized as things like access to information not available to normal human mind and senses, the ability to disappear from sight, the ability to appear simultaneously in another location, and other powers similar to these. There should be no doubt now that I was born with an inordinate amount of imagination and more than a small tendency to whimsical fancy. It could have been worse!

As I began to mature spiritually, these unusual "powers" or abilities seemed less and less important until they finally appeared as entirely irrelevant to the true spiritual search. Regardless of how whimsical, frivolous, or foolish the origin of a spiritual journey may appear to be, no spiritual journey ever ends up back at its point of beginning. It always ends up above its point of beginning. The experiences of the journey inevitably expand the perspective.

I consider my experiences in the LDS Church as sort of an introduction to Christian spirituality—an essential point in my perspective enabling me to converse, write about, and understand Christian concepts in addition to my several years of training in Hinduism, Buddhism, Zen and anything else that contained even a hint of understanding as to how the universe works. Not only did the LDS Church teach me very sound (and very expanded) Christian principles, but members of the Church offered me a helping hand in totally unselfish ways. In my travels around the country with the food storage company, one of my fellow travelers was a Nutrition Consultant as adamant about physical body health as he was about the Church.

Physical health seemed to interest me more than any other single thing simply because I realized that we could not have an earthly experience without a physical body, nor

could we have a high quality or quantity of life without good health. There was also a teaching in the doctrines of the church called the “Word of Wisdom” which was a very rudimentary few paragraphs pertaining to physical health principles that probably caused more problems than it solved, but its main purpose served to reinforce to Church members the essential nature of a healthy and sound physical body. As a result I set out to learn as much about human health as I could learn.

One member of the Church in particular, Dr. Ken Bernd, a Chiropractor with a local practice, shared my interest in physical health and offered to train me as a Nutritionist if I joined him in his practice. I jumped at the chance because Ken was more than just a Chiropractor. He was a “Healer” with one foot in every camp of the Healing Arts who used chiropractic as his licensed source of income. I will never forget the first day in his office.

“Where is your liver and what does it do?” he asked me.

I stammered like the ignorant fool I was. He just laughed, went into his library, and returned with several books on human physiology.

“Take these home with you,” he said, “And don’t put them down until you know what the important organs of the body are.”

That was the beginning of the major thrust of my life for the next eight years.

## CHAPTER 7.

One of the great herbalists of the time was Dr. John Ray Christopher. Ray was also a devout Mormon though he was a little too unorthodox in his health and healing principles for most members of the Church, including its authorities. Rather ironically, Dr. Christopher's major appeal was to the New Age young people of Northern California, and the various small pockets of New Age thinking west of the Rocky Mountains. He was also well known among the Utah Mormons due to their long history of using herbal medicines. As I learned more and more from Ken Bernd, I also went to Dr. Christopher's seminars whenever he came to a nearby area, thus broadening even further my understanding of natural healing.

Ken Bernd introduced me to an entirely new method of testing for nutritional deficiencies called "muscle testing" or "applied kinesiology" ... a technique which remains questionable in many minds today due to its difficult-to-explain nature, but which gave indications of physical conditions not obtainable except by expensive laboratory testing techniques. With this simple procedure I was able to obtain a reasonably accurate picture of someone's vitamin or mineral deficiencies as well as any digestive deficiencies. Not infrequently patients would require \$50.00 or \$60.00 worth of very specialized nutrients which, when taken over a two week period, would balance out the deficiency. After several months I began testing for digestive deficiencies first, thinking they might affect the nutritional deficiencies. As it turned out, they did ... and quite radically. The supplementation with digestive enzymes for short periods of time eliminated all other nutritional deficiencies. This posed a rather difficult ethical problem for me as the digestive enzymes were very inexpensive and they virtually eliminated the need for vitamin/mineral supplementation.

Obviously, this affected the business income and up popped the ubiquitous dragon of selfish interest. Which came first ... the patient or the business? To complicate matters even further, I discovered that when I put patients on a short detoxifying fast, such as a liquid diet of juices and broth for five to seven days, their digestive deficiencies were removed as well as other nutritional deficiencies. I was suddenly confronted with the age-old problem confronting any professional in the health field. Wherein does the balance of selfish interest lie? I came to terms with the problem by realizing that if the business didn't exist, the patients would have no place to go for help. But this is a serious ethical problem for any soul who has come to the point of spiritual development where other people are more important than himself ... and this was the point that I had come to.

In addition, the problem of restoring health, as opposed to treating disease, was almost entirely an educational process ... a process of convincing people that they should alter the habit patterns that produced their illness condition, and then instructing them as to the fine details involved in a healthy lifestyle. It took me a number of years to realize that not all souls on the earth are equal in ability or capacity, and it took an even greater number of years to be able to satisfactorily explain to myself why that might be so. All told, I spent roughly ten years in the health field learning how to be a Nutrition Consultant and Naturopathic Physician—and this had to be done by apprenticeship and self-education as there were no accredited schools of training, nor were there professional licenses issued at the time in either of the two fields.

After functioning for several years as a Naturopath and Nutrition Consultant under various Chiropractor's licenses, a rather interesting event occurred which caused me to take stock of what I was doing because I was barely earning a living and seemed to be constantly beating my head against the public's stone wall of ignorance, apathy, and fear. A young lady from one of the New Age, back-to-the-soil communities had come to me after having been diagnosed with cancer; she was looking for some other alternative to the standard medical practices of the time. The most successful alternative cancer specialist I knew of at the time was Dr. William Donald Kelly, a dentist in the state of Washington. I called him on the telephone, made an appointment for her, and then drove her and her husband to Dr. Kelly's office, arriving there early one morning after driving most of the night. I must have been quite tired and somewhat emotionally distraught because Dr. Kelly was in his office with a young child and the child's parents and he was taking a blood sample by pricking the child's finger. The child was screaming at the top of his lungs, no doubt out of fear more than pain, but the effect on me was to start the tears rolling down my face for several minutes. Dr. Kelly then came out and took the young girl and her husband back into his office. He must have noticed my condition because he returned, put his hand on my shoulder, and spoke quietly to me in private.

"Young man," he said. "You are in the wrong business!"

I nodded in agreement and thanked him, finally coming to the full realization that I was far too sensitive than to be taking on other people's problems as I was. Shortly after that, I turned to lecturing and teaching more than functioning as a physician.

It's interesting to note here what the nature of a true "Spiritual" path really is, and how devious it may seem in its focus on worldly things as much as, and sometimes more than, on matters of belief, faith, and more esoteric subjects. My personal focus on health as a major means of expression was certainly a way to help others, but more than that, it was a way for me to learn more about myself. Ultimately I feel that any spiritual journey is first of all a discovery of the self. Since we are each an entire universe within

the Universe at large, it seems as though this is one of the first steps to discovering how vast an intelligence forms our daily lives and its events.

Simultaneously with my Nutritional, Naturopathic, and Herbal training, I was having some very unusual experiences in spiritual healing within the framework of the LDS Church. After two years of active membership in the Church, and subject to certain standards of integrity, self discipline, and what I would describe as “purity of intent”, male members of the LDS Church are invited to hold a level of “Priesthood” which, in effect, enables them to legally perform baptisms, marriages, services for the dead and other ministerial functions.

I come from a very “New England” type of family background and breeding—probably not too far removed from the “Witch Hunter” mentality, and certainly not the type to seek out, or even accept, spiritual healing such as the “laying on of hands” or the “power of group prayer” as viable healing alternatives. But, skeptic though I am, I have to say that the things I have personally experienced—or been a party to—leave absolutely no doubt in my mind of the power of love as expressed through prayer and its associated compassionate, emotionally-charged responses. Several instances remain embedded in my memory as unforgettable events, not only for the effect they had on other persons, but for the effect they had on me.

One quiet day in Ken Bernd’s Santa Rosa office, Ken came back into my office and asked me if I’d take some time to talk with a fellow in the outer waiting room.

“He has a sick daughter,” said Ken. “He’s spent almost every cent he has trying to make her well, but to no avail. You’ll have to talk to him without charging him for the consultation. Interested?”

“Sure ,” I said. “Send him in.”

Several minutes later, a man in his late forties or early fifties walk into my office, sat down, and told me the story about his search for some way to cure his sixteen-year-old daughter of cancer of the lower brain stem ... a cancer which was too high-risk to remove by surgery. Tears streamed down his tired face as he recounted his year or two of efforts that had left him drained financially and with no alternative but to watch as she lay in her hospital bed at home, her life slowly ebbing away.

“I love this child,” he said to me. “I can’t just let her slip away. Can you do anything to help?”

“I don’t know,” I replied, “But I can certainly try.”

I outlined the most powerful natural procedures I knew of for him to use, then told him that he should look for any sort of change in her psyche, eliminations, eye movement, or anything else. Two weeks later he returned to my office looking very disappointed.

“Nothing,” he said. “No changes.”

“Well,” I said, “There is one last thing we can try. Do you have any objection to several of us Mormon Elders laying our hands on her head and giving her a blessing?”

“Of course not,” he replied. “I’d welcome anything ... anything at all.”

His response, of course, had passed the acid test for me. It indicated that he was “open” to all possibilities. That was essential, especially since he was her father.

I have to digress for a moment here to explain that during my 3-year tenure in the LDS Church, I have listened to numerous “Testimonials” as they’re called, of the young 18-22 year-old Elders returning from their “Missions” to the far corners of the world wherever the Church has gained at least a small foothold. Their two-year terms—always at a considerable distance from their home territory—have inevitably been filled with hours of hard work knocking on doors looking for individuals, male or female, who are willing to take their first steps into the vast world of the unknown which is the Church’s primary purpose and function. Despite their hours of knocking on doors and multitudinous expressions of disinterest and rejection, there was invariably a story or two which bolstered their belief that there was, at the very least, “Something out there” that heard their pleas for help or responded to some other poor soul’s need for help as administered through their hands. The stories were too numerous to mention, but the one I’m telling is one that I lived and one I’ll not forget.

I arranged to arrive at the sick child’s house the next evening at about 8:00PM and told the father I would have two other Elders with me. I called the Elders who were on their mission in the Santa Rosa area, asked if they would go with me so that we could administer a blessing together. They willingly agreed and arrived promptly at 8:00 when the shadows of evening were gradually dimming into night. The house was dark as the three of us were led into a room off the front hall where there was a hospital bed and a very lovely young face with long brown hair propped up on the clean white pillow. We were introduced and she tried to smile a welcome. We gathered closely around her bed, put our hands on her head, and one of the visiting Elders started to speak. His words were beautiful. They reached down into that hidden, protected, very powerful and mystical part of each of our beings, multiplied that feeling by the power of three, or ten, or a hundred, and when he finished we could feel a flow of energy through our hands that none of us understood.

Tears poured down my cheeks that had seldom been there before, but today, thirty years later, they are as familiar to me as the warm summer rain. They come from some part of my Being I cannot explain. They come like a wellspring that has a bottomless Source ... without heed to my public embarrassment, and at totally unpredictable times and

places, sometimes as a testimony to the truth of some poem I've written, some words I've spoken, some event I've observed, or some inspiring thought that awakens me in the early hours of the morning with my face lying on a pillow wet with tears. I call them of my Tears Of Power, which is somewhat misleading because they leave me almost powerless ... and this after having spent most of my life learning to control my emotions and build my capacities for physical, emotional, and mental power.

After that beautiful invocation, there was not a dry eye or cheek on any of us, and, as we left quietly, there was no doubt that something very unusual had happened. It was late in the morning of the next day when the girl's father asked to see me in my office. His face looked quite elated.

"I don't know what happened or what you did," he said, "But some time during the night the color of her urine changed, and in the morning I could feel that her whole energy had changed. Those are the first positive signs I've seen since she became sick."

It was quite an affirmation for me as well, especially when I discovered that six months later the daughter had begun to speak again. A year later, she was on her feet and well on the road to recovery.

As humans we tend to explain unusual events in mechanical terms, as though the unseen doesn't exist. But the unseen molecule and atom didn't exist for us either ... at least not until we assumed they were there mathematically and began looking for them in different ways. The same seems true about the Soul. The word Soul has been with us for thousands of years to describe a phenomenon seen and sensed by a few, but never adequately defined.

The availability of "outside help" that produces events beyond the framework of Planet Earth's normal game plan is evident beyond any shadow of doubt or logical mechanical explanation for those who are looking for it in the Spiritual/Religious dimensions. But in the more mundane dimensions of daily life these things are passed off as luck, fate, coincidence, and numerous other words coined to propagate continued ignorance ... which is simply "ignore-ance".

If there's any logical explanation for the prevalent emphasis on human self-sufficiency, I can only assume that the illusions of self-importance and self-sufficiency are essential primary acquisitions for the game plan at some level of soul development. The only way I can ascribe value to these acquisitions is that they seem to produce quite a variety of different types of focused expressions of "Power" for whatever or whoever it is that wrote the game plan and referees it in the first place.

## CHAPTER 8.

Another event which occurred as a direct result of my LDS Church association, beliefs, and acquired “powers” might seem to the average uninitiated, non-questioning mind more than a bit whimsical and frivolous as it involved the “raising of the dead”. When I decided to take the journey down the Spiritual/Religious path, I opened my mind to all possibilities, experimented at the fringe of those placed before me, and drew my conclusions over time as I processed the events through my intuitive as well as rational, reasonable, logical mind. I took nothing for granted, and fully accepted the Apostle Paul’s biblical admonition: “Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good.” Here’s a description of the event and the way it affected me.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and many of the family members of the Church, including me and my family, were attending a picnic in a Santa Rosa public park where there was a large pond or small man-made lake with a sandy beach and bottom which served as a very large swimming pool. A lifeguard tower stood well above the water in the center of the pond, and there were life-guard towers at strategic points all around the perimeter. The pond itself was not crowded with swimmers ... most of the people lying on the sand in the sun. I happened to be looking at the pond when I noticed the lifeguard in the center tower give a yell of alarm and leap off the tower into the water. Several other lifeguards ran into the water and they all converged on a body lying inert, face down, in the pond about midway between the center lifeguard stand and shore. They gradually swam the body to shore, dragged it up on the beach, and began administering CPR because the man’s heart and breathing had ceased functioning. Within a few minutes, and off in the distance, I could hear an ambulance siren’s wails of urgency as it made its way through town toward the park.

“What am I supposed to do?” I asked myself quietly “...stand here and watch this whole event happening? ... or am I supposed to somehow be a participator in some capacity?”

I had heard several testimonies of young missionaries who had arrived at accident scenes, administered blessings, or commanded the soul of an accident victim to return to its body, so I thought to myself that there was certainly nothing to be lost by a ministerial blessing for this unfortunate man. I didn’t want to hesitate long enough for the opportunity to evaporate, so I made my way down to the area.

A large crowd had gathered around. The ambulance attendants had arrived by this time and were busily arranging their electrical heart cardioversion paddles, all the while

administering CPR with great urgency. Three lifeguards kept the crowd back. I made my way through the crowd and moved quickly to the drowned man's head. I was rather surprised that no one either stopped me or seemed to notice me as I put my hands on the man's head—he was obviously of Mexican birth—and silently commanded by the powers of my priesthood for his soul to return to his body. Doing so took about five seconds, and then I vanished back into the crowd and returned to the church picnic without another thought or word about the incident.

A week later I thought to myself it would be interesting to call the hospital to see if I could find out the final result of that incident. So I called the hospital, told the receptionist the circumstances of the accident, and asked if she could tell me something about the person involved.

"Oh, yes," said the receptionist. "I recall the incident."

"Can you tell me how that individual is?" I asked.

"We can't give out patient information," she said. "Are you a member of his family?"

"In a sense, yes," I answered, stretching my relationship more than a little. "I'm his Minister."

"Oh," she replied. "That would have been Mr. Garcia. Let's see ... yes, he was released two days ago."

"Thank you," I said. "That's all I need to know."

It was all I needed to know because the man had certainly been dead as to cardio-pulmonary function at the edge of the lake. At the same time, the miracles of modern medicine come close to mimicking the miracles of spontaneous remission in many cases, so I can hardly attribute the man's return to life to my own intervention, but it did prompt no small amount of thought on my part. As I mentioned earlier, the net result of the event affected me in a way that could not have happened any other way given the nature of the event. As I pondered the event from the perspective of the objective contemplator, I began to ask myself a number of devil's advocate questions.

Who in Hell (or Heaven!) did I think I was to command another soul to return to its body ... even imagining that I could? Maybe his death was a blessing—perhaps a relief from some other private kind of Hell. Who did I think I was to decide the proper time for another person to live or die? There seemed to be more than a little too much presumptuous ego involved in my expressing the "Powers of the Priesthood" or playing God. If I'm not mistaken, that same problem has plagued mankind since the advent of all Priesthoods and the age-old struggle for power between the Church and State.

Humbleness (not "Humility") is a sign of true spiritual development, but it's a quality that's hard to find—especially when it expresses itself through a human being with unusual

capacities of power. I made a mental note to examine my motivations carefully before I took any future actions of a similar nature. Still later on, after my “graduate courses” in Spirituality and Religion, I learned to be more of an Observer of the Event-Former’s show than a Participator within it.

There were a number of beliefs, moralistic precepts, basic assumptions, and procedures connected with Christianity that I, for the life of me, could not by any intuitive or logical rationale put into practical perspective I could see as truth. I don’t want to mention them here as they are all peculiar to my own expanded perspective of truth, and they do have their purpose being what and where they are. But it took many years of growth, study, contemplation and patient exposure to life’s experiences as they unfolded before I could see everything clearly as being in its proper place and happening according to a plan as vast as it is intricate and difficult to comprehend. I had to also assume that there was, in fact, a plan ... and that I could begin to understand it if I looked for it.

At the same time as I was being carefully indoctrinated into the beliefs and basic assumptions of the LDS Church, I was also being discovered by the “Back to the Basics” young men and women of the New Age movement who were eagerly looking for the same kind of information as was I about keeping their physical body healthy, eating properly, and using herbs instead of allopathic drugs to solve problems of sickness and disease. When they discovered that I was also a “card carrying” Minister, I began being asked to perform christenings, ceremonies for the dead, and an occasional marriage. I didn’t ask the local LDS Church authorities what they thought about my actions as I somehow felt they might be uneasy with them ... though there was no real reason why they should be. A true minister is not a man of any kind of discrimination other than that of spiritual intent. These kids were not looking for some dogmatic conversion; they wanted someone who at least understood their thinking and could reach out and touch their hearts at a time when they needed it most ... particularly in times of sickness or death. I could and did do that, while still remaining cognizant of the fact that the two quite different expressions of social value—Church and New Age Movement—could never meet, and were never intended to do so. It was, however, a chasm I could bridge because all my life I had had one foot in a variety of different camps, and one foot in another, and never the same foot deeply enough in any one camp to get stuck there. This is a most helpful trait for one who crosses chasms of various sorts as a matter of course. With me it was a compulsion, not a choice!

There was, however, one chasm I couldn’t cross—or rather chose not to cross. One hot summer day on a farm property just outside Santa Rosa, Rosemary Gladstar, the local Guerneville herbalist and organic food store owner, had organized a huge gathering of

new-age families with open-air classes in all kinds of alternative healing techniques from massage to acupuncture, herbology to naturopathy, and more that I don't even recall. Dr. Christopher was there in his black three-piece suit, white shirt, and tie. I was there dressed in a pair of jeans and a blue and white Hawaiian shirt.

By noon the sun was high in a cloudless sky and temperatures climbed to ninety degrees or more. Clothing started coming off ... first on the men who were the most generously endowed genitally, but the trend quickly degenerated into a free-for-all to see who could get all their clothes off the fastest. It didn't take long for there to be only two people left with any clothes on at all: Dr. Christopher, and yours truly. Dr. Christopher refused to shed even his suit coat, sitting in the shade of a huge tree with his head of curly white hair making him stand out like a blond-haired white Anglo-Saxon in an African marketplace.

As for me, I managed to get my shirt off and down to my jeans and a dark blue undershirt, but beyond that I could not go. I thought of a sequel to one of my Father's favorite sayings that went something like this:

“ 'tis better to be thought not well endowed than to take your clothes off and erase all doubt!”

So ... modesty became my excuse, but it may have been more like the fear of being laughed at! Conducting a seminar on Natural Healing in front of forty or so naked bodies sitting cross-legged on straw mats, logs, or chairs was a first for me, and about as far in the opposite direction as I could get from the coats and ties of my next day at Church. As it turned out, both extremes were a little too far from what I considered to be my balanced center. Coats and ties always represented a degree of regimentation contrary to my basically spontaneous nature and free spirit. Though I had spent enough of my life wearing a coat and tie to be aware of the benefits a code of dress announces to the world at large, I had long since attempted to leave as far behind as possible the consciousness of the world at large.

After three years of active participation in the LDS Church, I had learned about as much as the Church, its doctrines, and its very instructive programs could teach me ... and things began to feel more and more confining. I found that my intuitive thought processes were expanding at a more rapid rate than those of the other members of the Church, and I thus frequently found myself with more information than anyone else found interesting or curious to explore. It was as though everyone had found a comfortable, non-questioning space that was “Safe”—as though they all agreed that what they had was all they wanted and the group consciousness and constant group affirmation made life far more comfortable for them than the powerfully compelling role of the truth seeker who is inevitably required to travel alone into the very unsettling realms of the unknown.

I can't say that I fault anyone for that perspective. I would probably have remained there myself had I not this monkey on my back compelling me to discover the answer to all things. The hound on the trail of truth often gives up everything—family, children, group affirmation, job, friends, and personal comforts in pursuit of that “Holy Grail” and its uncertain, unseen, and unprovable rewards. My problem was not with the Church or its doctrine any more than it would've been had I chosen to stay in my final year of college forever. I simply couldn't stop seeking and couldn't stop growing—couldn't stop reaching out into the unknown for more. I was never exactly sure what it was that I was looking for, but there was no doubt in my mind that I had not yet arrived where I was going. The Church seemed to be saying:

“This is the end of the road; this is all you need to know.”

What really seemed to be happening was that the Church was demanding more and more of my time. Finally one day I was called into the Bishop's office and told that I had been “Called” to a “Mission”. Since I had a family, my mission was to be in the local Santa Rosa area. That wasn't so bad; I thought I could handle that. But then I was given a goal: a quota of converts to strive for.

“Oh, Shit!” I thought to myself. “My Spiritual Search has suddenly turned into a marketing program!”

My idea of the true spiritual search was that it was motivated by a point of consciousness the soul had come to ... a point of “Self-compulsion”. But perhaps I'm being too limited in my perspective by commenting in this manner. There are obviously an increasing number of people on the Earth looking for just what the Church has to offer, and the only way to reach them is to knock on their door and present them with the concepts.

That “Calling” may have been fine for the vast majority of the members of the Church, but it was the beginning of the end for me. I could not, however, simply drop out of the Church. I could not deny the value of the many things I had learned, nor could I negate the value of the Church as a training ground for the adding of unknown/unseen dimensions to the very marginally aware human mind. I was suddenly faced with what seemed to me an unresolvable enigma. How was I going to bridge that chasm between affirmation and negation? There seemed no middle ground.

I needn't have been too concerned! As usual, that clever “Event-Former” was never so far away that my concerns went unnoticed. Surprisingly, my New Age friends came to my rescue in a rather indirect manner, but the process of resolving enigmatic situations is not accomplished overnight. Consciousness expands ever-so-slowly.

I was attending one of Dr. Christopher's evening Herbal classes that I had arranged for the New-Age group in Santa Rosa. During a break, about 9:00PM, I was standing out under the stars on a clear night when one of the class students, inspired by the peace and calm of the night, started reciting a particularly beautiful section from the LDS Doctrine and Covenants. It went like this:

“The Earth rolls upon her wings, and the Sun giveth his light by day, and the Moon giveth her light by night, and the Stars also give their light as they roll upon their wings in their glory in the midst of the power of God. Unto what shall I liken these Kingdoms that ye may understand? Behold, all these are Kingdoms, and any man who has seen any or the least of these hath seen God moving in His majesty and power.”

Being quite surprised, as it was one of my favorite sections of all the LDS scriptures, I moved in the direction of the speaker, expecting to see someone from the Church I may have missed seeing inside the conference room. Instead I found myself looking into a pair of intense, almost-wild, blue eyes beneath a head of frazzled hair. It was a young man dressed in jeans and a t-shirt reciting the verse from memory.

“Are you a Mormon?” I asked, thinking he might be a member of some renegade branch of the Church—of which there are quite a few.

“Huh! ... Not likely!” he sneered.

“That particular verse is taken from Mormon scripture,” I replied, “The 88th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, to be exact.”

“Well, I don't know where you heard it, but I read it in one of Annalee Skarin's books,” he said.

“Would you mind telling me who Annalee Skarin is?” I asked.

He then went into some detail about how Annalee Skarin had been a devout active member of the LDS Church ... so much so that her first book, *Ye Are Gods*, was carried by many missionaries on their missions. But as her next nine books began to appear—one at a time—they became intimidating to the Church's leadership, especially since she was female and a woman's role in the Church is “supportive” of male leadership rather than “instructive” of male leadership. She was later excommunicated—probably for stepping beyond the bounds of proprietary behavior—and I am reminded of Stewart Holbrook's admonition in his book, *Dreamers Of The American Dream*, wherein he states that “Shakers of trees usually end up hanging from one” ... women not excepted!

I had taken issue with some of the Church's teachings before, but never vocally as I never felt it was my job to tell the “School Administration” how to run their “School”. Structure and its limitations are types of training within themselves. I was there to learn

as much as I could—which I had done—and now I had been handed “Further light and knowledge”.

“Where does one obtain Annalee Skarin’s books?” I asked my wild-eyed guide. “Zion’s Bookstore,” he said, “In downtown Salt Lake City.”

Within the next few days I had ordered the first four of Annalee Skarin’s books. They arrived a week or so later and I began reading them. One by one, I threw them into the wastebasket! So much for my mind’s capacity for expansion and growth! Fortunately, I remembered that I had gone through this same procedure at every quantum leap in my consciousness. Another chasm to cross! Hell, I had chasms in front, on all sides, above and below ... but none behind. No wonder most people either stopped or backed up. I hauled the books back out of the wastebasket and slowly, page by page, considered each of the concepts as possible, probable, or obvious. By the time I had contemplated the materials thoroughly, I knew that I needn’t worry about having to reject anything I had learned.

What I finally came up with was the concept of “graduation”—a concept unheard of in the Church’s doctrines and not a concept dear to the heart of the Church’s broad, supportive role of helping its membership financially and in numerous other ways such as the proliferation of the faith. My “calling”, as far as I’ve been concerned personally, has never been to any single doctrine, school of thinking, scripture, religion, science, or individual of mythological renown. If the truth be known, my calling has always been to myself and my graduation from Planet Earth, but I did not know this at that time or until many difficult years later.

It was unclear to me for many years that what I was actually doing by stretching my thinking into possibilities and probabilities was building my next world beyond this one a single brick at a time—one expanded basic assumption after another. The chasm I was bridging was, first of all, the possibility that there actually were other realms than Planet Earth, and second of all, that a simple glance at the heavens at night would preclude the possibility that they were absolutely countless in number and only limited by the imagination.

Still, the mind being what it is demands rationale, reason, and logic in one’s first steps in this direction, so any realm one builds at first is naturally not going to be too far removed from this present one—not at first anyway! If this all seems too fanciful and whimsical at first reading, don’t forget that it certainly was for me, as well, at first thinking. Twenty years later, however, it appears to be eminently possible to me that all Creation is nothing *but* imagination. What then is the purpose of any religion or spiritual path other

than to provide the human mind with a few beginning steps in “Thinking out of the box”. Planet Earth may be more than enough for those who love its challenges, those lost in it, or those who grovel in its indulgences, power plays, narcissism, and manipulations ... but what about those who are sick of those games? What about those who are “sick and tired” of butting their ever-more-enlightened heads against the frustrating wall of dominant negativity: engines that wear out; wood that rots; steel that rusts; homes and boats that need constant maintenance; humans with little or no integrity; possessions that imprison and are constantly preyed upon by governments as well as other people; the never-ending work ethic; the food chain; and, finally, that greatly over-rated, over-emphasized, over-imagined, and over-played ultimate thrill—the ten second orgasm! Really, Mankind, where is our imagination anyway? Do we really think this is all there is?

Despite Planet Earth’s inherent natural beauty and its few moments of sublime pleasure, it still appears to me that none of Earth’s rewards justifies the effort that has to be paid for them. I have to keep reminding myself that there is probably a new group of Souls entering Planet Earth for the first time every day just as there is probably a group ready to graduate at the same time.

My answer to graduation from the Church was to vanish as completely as I could with as little trace left behind as possible, becoming an inactive yet positively supportive member. One would have to disappear from the face of the Earth entirely in order to not be found by the Church, as I have discovered with a smile each time I move. At least their interest appears to be more than financial (though perhaps not entirely) unlike the blatant financial interest of my many various schools and colleges which also seem to always find me and assume that my “loyalty” accrues to the great benefit of that school’s undoubtable influence on my successful indoctrination into life. I don’t want to deny that my schooling had more than a small amount of influence on my successful integration with society, but I’m willing to bet that integration had been 90% accomplished by the sixth grade and my successful completion of readin’, writin’, and ‘rithmetic à la Calvert School, Baltimore, Maryland. My education really began after I had slept through my last formal schooling class, but I wouldn’t trade it for anything because I didn’t really begin to grow up until my formal schooling had been completed.

## CHAPTER 9.

Having finally decided how to handle my relationship with the LDS Church, my final responsibility was to satisfactorily take care of my relationship with Ann. We put the house in Santa Rosa up for sale and, with my being a California real-estate broker, handled the sale myself. It did not sell quickly, so Ann had time to find a good job as a Montessori school instructor in Ogden, Utah. I had told her that I was leaving and had no idea where I'd end up or what I'd be doing. When the house finally did sell, it gave Ann enough cash to buy a small farm in Eden, Utah, not far from Ogden. It had several acres of irrigated alfalfa pasture, a rather run-down old hay barn, and a small farmhouse that desperately needed more than a little attention.

In Santa Rosa I had built Ann a very nice four-stall steel and wood barn and she now had four horses, seven goats, a dog, a cat, and thirty chickens. They had to be transported from Santa Rosa to Eden along with all our household furniture and belongings, and so I looked in the newspaper for a used truck for sale. United Van lines had one of their older, gasoline-engine-powered, single-axle tractors for sale along with a 40-foot-long, thirty-year-old moving van trailer with the United Van Lines logo on the side. They were only asking \$2,500.00 for the tractor and trailer so I bought it without hesitation. Before it could be used, however, it had to be fitted out with a long ramp in the rear and several removable stalls for horses and goats inside. I also had to take a new driver's license test to upgrade my driver's license to include a tractor/trailer classification. All these things managed to get done, one item at a time, and two trips from California to Utah moved everything we owned into the barn and tiny farmhouse.

After Ann and Bambi were securely settled, and before I could be hornswoggled into building fences, rebuilding the barn, and renovating the farmhouse, I excused myself and headed back east to my family home in Nova Scotia for a short visit and rest. I still had no idea what to do with myself and could make no rational decision as to what future direction to take. It was a very unsettled time ... certainly one of the more difficult times of my life. My Father had just retired from being a Headmaster in the Nova Scotia school system and by the time I arrived he and Mother were making preparations to spend the winter in a rented house in Tampa, Florida, where Dad could play golf to his heart's content.

Several weeks after they had left, I decided to go to Florida as well, but to the east coast somewhere around Miami. Once there, I found a tiny little one-bedroom apartment and

decided that I would hold evening classes once a week as a Health Lecturer. I found a local health food store whose proprietor I liked and whose products I could promote, and then set up a number of radio talk shows in Miami to both introduce myself to the area and start a series of private consultations. That worked very well for six months, giving me enough income to buy food and gas and pay rent, but I seldom had more than a few dollars in my pocket after paying my living expenses.

Then one day, on one of my not-too-frequent phone calls to find out how Bambi and Ann we're doing, Ann mentioned that her Montessori School had closed down, but the parents had all agreed to send their children to any school she started. She told me she had located a residential house that could be acceptably converted to a private school and then asked if I would come back and help her make the building suitable enough to pass the local building inspections and convert the rooms into classrooms. One situation being as bad as the other, I agreed, and drove back to Utah in my little Datsun. In less than three weeks Ann had a functional Montessori School in operation.

I remained with Ann and Bambi in Eden for over a year, trying my hand at being a real-estate salesman again, but the motivation just wasn't there. I decided to write a book which would outline everything I'd learned about alternative health procedures, and that book I completed after six months of hard work. I called it Natural Practices For Body Balance, had it typeset and privately published as a 3-ring binder so I could use it in future seminars. As a result of a number of different "coincidences" which almost completely masked the "Event-Former's" well-disguised hand, the book found its way into the offices of a young but growing local herb manufacturing and distribution company named Solaray Herbs. Discussions with them followed in which I agreed to add their special herbal formulas by Neva Jensen to the book's contents along with explanations as to how to use them. As a result, they hired me to travel around the U.S. representing their products and lecturing wherever I could gather a group together to listen. I certainly didn't start any gold rush sales results, but in 1979 there was still a considerable resistance to alternative health products.

After two years of traveling, I ended up focusing my attention almost entirely on the Florida area where results seemed more rewarding. By the time my contract term with Solaray ended, I had made many contacts and friends in the health field in Florida. One in particular triggered a major phase of my spiritual journey. The Health Awareness Center in Stuart was one of my regular stops and a consistent user of the Solaray formulas. The founder of the center, Bill Lenz, invited me into his office one day after he had come to know me reasonably well.

"If you'd like to come over to the house for dinner with Jane and me some evening,"

he said. "I'll tell you about some rather unusual experiences I've had that might be of interest you."

"Certainly," I replied. "I'd love to."

That turned out to be the beginning of a major phase of my spiritual journey.

Bill had been a close associate of a man named Paul Twitchell who was the founder of a spiritual movement called Eckankar. Bill was an active member of that movement for a few years until he had learned all he wanted to know. Bill "graduated" shortly before Paul died, choosing to continue his journey alone and beyond the petty internal politics of the organization. Both Bill and his wife Jane would be classified as "hounds on the trail of truth", preferring to have their understanding of life expanded in its own unique, individualistic way. There comes a time in any and all spiritual journeys where the student says goodbye to his teacher and the inner teacher takes over. Such had been the situation with Paul and Bill, and such would be the case with Bill and me, but not before a year of very intense instruction and contemplation had transpired.

That first dinner with Bill and Jane was quite an exciting event for me. After having graduated from the LDS Church and wandered virtually lost for several years, here, suddenly and obviously, was the next phase of instruction. I knew this within an hour's conversation with Bill, but had no inkling as to how mystically and synergistically the relationship would unfold. Within two weeks, Solaray changed their marketing plan in Florida for budgetary reasons, asked me to return their thirty-foot Airstream trailer that I had been traveling around the country in, and suddenly there I was without a home, without an income, and without a job. I mentioned my predicament to Bill during my final visit to the Health Awareness Center.

"That's opportune," Bill says. "Why don't you come live with us in our downstairs apartment. I've decided to install two colonic irrigation machines in the Health Awareness Center as you suggested several times and was wondering how I was going to train therapists to use them. Now you can do that and both of our problems are solved."

Amazing! What perfect timing! How could I ever see some part of my mind setting that situation up in such a smoothly transitioning manner? The more I looked at it the more it appeared to me that the spiritual journey just "unfolds". Once I set out on the spiritual path of discovery I never had a road map laid out before me or had any inkling where the road would lead next. The journey always led into a dark forest with no well-defined pathways. It seemed to be always purposefully fearful because of its very nature as a journey into the unknown. Had I not reached the point of compulsion where I had no choice but to walk further into the forest, I would undoubtedly have preferred a few beers and a good football game on TV, but, alas, such an option was never part of my nature from day one.

After moving into Bill and Jane's small corner apartment next to their swimming pool, the next thing to impress me was Bill's very extensive library. I don't think there was a book on spirituality, expanded thinking, or self-development that was not in that library—and Bill was familiar with almost every one, referring to them frequently and often suggesting that I read a particular volume. Of all the books in the library, however, I found Paul Twitchell's books to be the most challenging, interesting, and enlightening. In particular: *Dialogues With The Master*; *The Far Country*; and *The Tiger's Fang*, were my favorites, but there were many more which opened up possibilities and probabilities beyond the here and now, stretching my beliefs to their limits.

I had belabored Bill with a thousand questions which he seemed to enjoy answering as much as I enjoyed hearing them answered. It would be next to impossible for me to remember those thousands of questions—and beyond the scope of this book to describe the nature of the spiritual journey without getting lost in issues which take time and considerable contemplation to slowly expand into. I did, however, summarize the net result of most of Bill's and my conversations, as well as my own years of contemplations, in a book called *Soul And Man*, published simultaneously with this one.

The most noteworthy result of my year of study and Bill's endless willingness to answer questions was that I gradually had fewer and fewer questions. And that seems to be one of the final points to which any spiritual journey leads. As the overall picture unfolds, there are fewer and fewer questions—but none-the-less awe at the vastness of the intelligence hidden within all things. None of this knowledge, however, seems to be available unless one is actively, continually looking for it.

After fulfilling my obligations to the Health Awareness Center, the colon therapy clinic became well established and the therapists trained. As I gradually trained myself out of my initial value to the center, I began to wonder what to do with myself next. Nothing seemed to be "arriving" on my doorstep and I was growing restless once again—this time in some new direction that would take me out of the health and degenerative disease field completely. I felt I was through bearing my cross for humanity and that it was time I did something for myself for a change. I had come full circle: from selfish Interest, to social/philanthropical interests, and back to individual needs and desires.

The only problem was, there was getting to be less and less on Planet Earth that captured my attention for any length of time. There seemed no reward that justified the price I had to pay for it. After months of thought, and a few bad starts in directions that failed, I finally decided that the only dream left that I hadn't fully lived seemed to stem from my genetic heritage and youthful close ties with the sea and boats. I could get myself motivated

about buying or building a boat, but, how could I afford the opportunity? I thought to myself ...

“Well, you’ve come a long way on your journey to spiritual understanding, so let’s put what you’ve learned to the test. Can you manifest something from nothing? Just exactly how far can the Laws of Manifestation be stretched?”

I set out on a long and arduous journey to find out. And that story is one of such a different nature that it is also a separate book entitled: Ride The Wind Laughing. It is the story about the building of the boat I named WIND RIDER, and is one man’s (my own) look at how the Laws Of Manifestation work ... and don’t work! It was not so much a story about a chasm crossed as it was about a chasm I leaped into and had to drag myself out of, one painful handhold at a time! Spiritual journeys are not always fun and—more often than not—are fraught with difficult lessons of a painful personal nature.

I write these words twenty-five years after leaving Florida, the Health Awareness Center, and Bill and Jane’s care—though we remain good friends to this day despite the differences in time and distance. I asked myself what has changed within me over those twenty-five years, and even including the previous five or six years which were so heavily influenced by my Kriya Yoga training. To put it into a single word, I would say that the primary change has been one of perspective.

There is a huge, dark chasm between the mind and soul of man and it is the bridging of that chasm which is a major part of the spiritual journey. There is, however, another huge, dark chasm which lies beyond the soul—and I’m not sure these chasms or leaps of consciousness ever really end. Nor can they be “Proven” to the untrained, unexpanded mind or undeveloped Soul ... or even put into words that replace the experiences of discovery.

Once the chasm is crossed, however, the proof is so obvious as to be laughable. The blind ignorance of man is so blatant as to be as incomprehensible as is man’s initial inability to comprehend his Source. It seems to me inevitable that every human soul will sooner or later be compelled to embark on its own spiritual journey of discovery ... which basically is what is happening as we live our lives, but it’s just not labeled as such. To me, Earth is just a school for the soul and graduation the inevitable result whether striven for or not. The chasm is something we fall into first ... and only many lifetimes later learn to leap over with newly-acquired wings.

## CHAPTER 10.

As of this writing it is some 35 years after my placing both feet on the spiritual path of discovery, a point which I would mark as beginning with my introduction to the expanded perspectives of Edgar Cayce and Paramhansa Yogananda, and my subsequent training in the Kriya Yoga meditation techniques. Now that the path behind me is clearly marked by events and realizations peculiar to the personality, psyche, soul and physical/emotional/mental matrix known as Kit Cain, I can ask myself what has been the result of this reaching out into the unknown and pondering the unusual experiences of those who have been given glimpses of a life beyond the prison walls of this Planet Earth game arena we seem to have no choice but to learn to swim in or drown.

I can answer my own question by saying that the result has been multi-faceted, affecting almost every part of my inner and outer life. I have had to refocus my attention on the mundane processes of life with a new perspective and energy. My family situation has changed in ways I could never have predicted. There have been subtle changes in my sexuality and sexual response. My personal health bears testimony to my long-term efforts in that direction. I have had to redefine the meaning of the word “power”, particularly as it applies to my mental and soul levels of consciousness. I have come to know that I am not alone and, in fact, can never possibly be alone despite outward appearances. When I need “outside help” it is always there and but a single thought away. I have also been forced to realize that there is little produced or accomplished on Planet Earth without one main ingredient: hard work!

Initially I had somehow thought (hoped) that spiritual development would eliminate or alleviate the necessity for hard work and involvement in the mundane problems of daily life. I have since had to alter my definition of “spirituality” so that it includes all the processes and principles of daily life in addition to the formulation of an understanding of where they may originate and why. Though my basic assumptions and conclusions may not be 100% correct, they are at the very least better than any concepts I had before trying to understand them, and better organized than any concepts I have read about in my years of study. For me, my newly-acquired assumptions and conclusions “work”. They help me to better understand why I am where I am, and give at least some explanation for the paradoxical behavior of life and humankind.

I seem to have a penchant for tackling projects much bigger than myself, and one of those was the effort to describe and define a frame of reference for the word “Soul”. There is certainly a dearth of information describing what the Soul’s function really is. There’s a meager amount of descriptive information in esoteric and religious literature,

but nothing that describes it in quite the way the information came to me intuitively. My most basic assumption was that the Soul accumulated data from its numerous lifetimes in male and female form throughout its lifetimes in the earth, and perhaps even from other realms different from the earth, and that accumulated data had a direct effect on the physical body, emotional body and mental body in each lifetime. I attempted to categorize this data and soon realized that it could all be conveniently described by a single word: that word was “power”. Since characteristics such as perspective, discrimination, non-attachment, flexibility, patience, compassion, and a long list of others would not normally be classified as “powers” in the daily use of the word, I felt it better to coin a new term which describes them more succinctly and uniquely so I now describe them as the “Powers of Soul”.

Through the use of the above concepts, together with the assumption that soul has more experiences in physical bodies than just a single lifetime, I find considerable support in seeing the events of life as learning experiences whose net effect is retained and accumulated rather than lost or of no value whatsoever. In fact, each concept seems to support the other. In no other way could I logically explain the apparent inequalities between souls born to radically varying circumstances.

The belief, acceptance, and well-proven knowledge of the concept of Reincarnation is part and parcel of 2/3 of the world’s religions, so it is more than just a whimsical idea of my own origin. In fact, very little of my understandings along the spiritual journey originated in my own mind. I chose as my educators and concept originators those who, through personal contact or their writings, put forth ideas which, though not always provable, bore the test of rational, reasonable, and logical contemplation. I felt obliged to at first limit my imagination and thinking to those ideas which fit the parameters of Planet Earth reality even if not generally accepted by the prevalent mass consciousness.

I have also discovered what is to me a rather interesting observation, that being the fact that those who are not interested in religious or spiritual things are either lost in their victimization by the process of life or are reveling in their newly-acquired manipulative powers. The last thing they seem to express is dissatisfaction with life ... frustration perhaps, but not real, eloquently-expressed dissatisfaction. Those who seem to express eloquent dissatisfaction seem to be those who, like myself, are searching for some way “out of here”. These individuals seem to be thoroughly fed up with the nature of “duality”; the amount of effort required to produce—and hang onto—questionable rewards; tired of dealing with other souls of totally unpredictable motivations in an arena where true insight and knowledge is blocked; can’t help but wonder about the nature of a Creator whose food chain requires us to kill in order to live; finished with a reality where control of things like natural events is at best marginal and apparently random; and so on. With

only a little imagination and some objective contemplation, it is not difficult to see Planet Earth as the garbage can of creation ... in which event I have to ask myself what I have done (or not done) to deserve being locked in here for a term that is too long in most respects.

The flip side of the coin, of course, is the probability that the Powers of Soul can only be developed by total immersion in some very trying and distasteful illusionary game arenas. How else could one develop patience without being confronted by constant frustration—and that by a personality with built-in impatience? How else could freedom be comprehended without having been forced to live long without it? If you, the reader, have a mind for it—and an interest in it—there's more on the Soul and the Powers of Soul in the book *Soul And Man* which I was galvanized into writing immediately after the events of September 11, 2001. It is, however, not easy reading!

I suppose it would be interesting to ask at this point why someone would embark on a spiritual journey of exploration into unknown and unprovable areas when there is definitely no money in it and it definitely messes up your whole life! I can only answer this question from a personal point of view and by saying that I really had no choice. The onus was on me like a monkey on an organ grinder's back. I was born with a larger than normal amount of brain material in the frontal lobes or subjective thinking area of the brain. If there was a single eternal question running constantly through my mind, it was simply the word "why?". Running a close second was the word "how?". Too bad the study of the science of Personology wasn't a required course for my parents. They might have better understood how to handle a personality trait indicated by a perfectly vertical forehead. That particular kind of a mind is slow to respond until it fully understands why it has to. How many times did I try my poor Father's patience to its limit? And now I ask myself if the personality trait was not a direct result of a questioning soul. Somehow I don't believe the two can be separated. At any rate, I have carried with me since the beginning of conscious thought the compulsion to understand what life is all about. The problem with trying to describe the many characteristics of life within Realms of Duality such as is Planet Earth, is a problem of both perspective and words. From the human viewpoint, there isn't paper enough to hold the words which describe and define life on planet earth. From the Divine viewpoint there are no words which can adequately define the Divine.

So why (there's that word again) would anyone go on a long and arduous journey to discover the Source of things when the Source is indefinable? The only answer I can come up with is that the human mind seems to be goal, or object-oriented, where the Soul is more "experience" oriented. As humans, we are accustomed (programmed) to going to some destination or accomplishing some goal whereas the experience of getting there

(the journey) is what matters to the Soul. The journey to discover the Source reveals all kinds of possibilities that are not evident in a game arena like Planet Earth which requires a 100% focus of attention in order to just survive. Until I had begun stretching my thinking beyond the limitations of human body and mind, I was essentially trapped within the limits of my own imagination, which was in turn limited largely to what I had seen, felt, and could identify with through prior experience.

One of the most important discoveries revealed in this journey to the Source is the realization that Imagination is a primal element of creation, perhaps even a major characteristic of the Source. Science has discovered that the microcosm is finally reduced to pure energy, that solid matter is only a term used to describe certain frequencies of vibration as they register on human sensing mechanisms. I would carry this a bit further and dare to say that energy finally reduces itself to imagination with a formative power. Why go on a spiritual journey in the first place? ... because it reveals worlds within worlds, knowledge obtainable in no other way, feelings of being “found” instead of alone or lost, unique powers of perception and perspective, and, most importantly to me anyway, it blows the lid off the garbage can to reveal vistas of other worlds beyond this one.

Soul doesn't go where Soul can't imagine going! Until the chasm between the imaginative Soul and the programmed Mind is crossed, Man remains his own prisoner.

It takes a long period of adjustment to feel comfortable with the fact that there are no solid underpinnings for “reality”. It takes an even longer period of adjustment to feel comfortable with the fact that our ideas and thoughts originate from some source beyond ourselves. The untrained, “un-traveled” human ego simply refuses to accept its subservience. It takes a considerable stretch to see that the wars, trauma, pain, injustices, problems and predominant negativity all originate from the same Source as the natural beauty, beautiful sounds and smells, harmonious inter-relationships, and peaceful serenity. Such, however is the nature of the Planet Earth game arena where perception is magnified and enhanced primarily through its relationship with its opposite. The only way I can reconcile the broad variations in different individuals' ability to be either victim or master of this situation is by seeing the human soul as an evolving, developing, increasingly-experienced manipulator of its reality and its physical/emotional/ mental vehicle ... and even that is illusionary.

As I mentioned earlier, one of my prime motivations in deciding to embark on this journey to spiritual discovery was to acquire unusual powers so that I could make life easier for myself and have more of what I thought I wanted at the time. My initial focus of attention was therefor a search for unusual individuals who described the unusual experiences

they'd had. Books like *The Life and Teachings of the Masters of the Far East*, by Baird Spalding, held an endless fascination for me. There were hundreds of others. The result was a growing discontent with the drudgeries of Planet Earth and a frustration which was, if anything, increased by the inability to manifest things more readily and in keeping with my personally imagined desires and ideals. I spent years in this state of being "lost" ... unable to reconcile the obstructed nature of the universe, the false motivational values, and the fruitless search for monetary satisfaction which seemed to bring only more problems.

All during this "lost" period however, there were things happening inside of me that went largely unnoticed. The Kriya Yoga meditation training had activated the contemplative portion my mind and soul (I have no other way to describe the phenomenon) so that all the while that I was finding fault with the Earthly game plan, explanations for why it is the way it is kept popping into my intuitive mind. Those explanations, over the years, began to take on logical patterns. As I studied and read more and more, new ideas from other thinkers began to synergize my own thinking until I could begin to see Planet Earth as a school, each event being a lesson with an obvious or hidden meaning and with a flawlessly conceived pattern that could only emanate from a single source because of the ultimate unity that became the final expression of all experiential learning.

More and more over the years, I was forced to focus on the lessons of daily events—the here and now of daily living as my ultimate teacher. Somewhere along the way I recalled or read the story of the Zen Master who was asked by his student what happens after God realization. I re-wrote the story with a few modifications. It goes like this:

### **Za Zen Master**

The Zen master and his protégé walked along a narrow trail through the rugged mountains, the wild winds occasionally almost sweeping them off their feet. The protégé, carrying the heavy backpack with their shelter and provisions, perspired profusely, and though near the point of exhaustion, labored on in silence.

At the turn of the trail, the sound of a roaring torrent of water greeted their ears and a river revealed itself to them, tumbling and frothing down the mountainside into a fertile green valley far below. At the point where the trail met the river, they stopped and rested among some rocks out of the wind, the tumbling torrent making its own music with the wind above them. As they finished their snack of dried fruit and nuts and prepared to continue on, the protégé asked:

“Master, forgive me, but what lies on the other side of God realization?”

The master *picked up the heavy load the protégé had been carrying, threw it on his own back*, looked at the protégé with a smile, and said:

“More God realization!”

They both laughed heartily.

“Lead the way”, the master said.

“But I don’t know the way”, the protégé replied, puzzled.

“The way is always before you”, the master replied.

And the protégé led the way from there onward.

Only the master, however, realized they were now going *downhill!*

The unspoken lesson here is that mastery is simply a point of increased perspective: the young are better equipped to carry the load of manual labor than the elderly; the way being “always before you” is to accept the Event-Former’s guidance as paramount; and that God realization, as in once again picking up the heavy load of mundane life, never really ends. It takes more than a quantum leap in perspective for the human mind—so ego-oriented by default, creation, and training—to “see” or “realize” the almost unimaginably vast intelligence which governs and creates every single event in this game we humans are lost in which we call “life”. The wind doesn’t “blow”; there is no such thing as “motion”; what we consider to be the invisible “body” of God is actually constituted entirely of God’s creations; and there is no such thing as a human-originated thought or idea, to name just a few enigmatic phenomenae. There exists only the effect of a higher cause. It is our limited perspective and intelligence which sees ourselves as the originating cause. It is, however, no accident that things are this way. It seems that the human mind is purposefully limited in its capacities just as all events are purposefully made to appear self-originated. The discovery of the Source therefore takes a considerable “stretch”, a diligent and persevering effort, and a soul developed to the point of cognition. But I’m getting ahead of myself.

Gradually I came to realize that life itself was my ultimate instructor. I suppose I could have written a book or two and held myself out as a spiritual Guru or teacher, but by the time I had enough knowledge about how things really worked, I also had gained a knowledge of my own ego, self-importance, and built-in human narcissistic desire to be a center of attention and affirmation. I couldn’t really hold myself out to be any kind of an “authority” on Spirituality in the face of the growing knowledge of my own ignorance and relative unimportance as being a tiny speck of dust in a vast Divine panorama which dwarfs the human ego when the real truth is uncovered. I had no choice other than to do and be what I was created to do and be: a maintenance man, carpenter, salesman,

people manager, contractor—basically a tradesmen not unlike the man from Galilee himself, except that I have no powers beyond the ordinary or fabricated myths which separate me from my humdrum human nature.

It was thus that I decided to build the boat, Wind Rider, as a sort of testing ground for the Laws of Manifestation. The book, Ride The Wind Laughing, is that story in detail. My ultimate realizations resulting from the experience—realizations which a bit of common sense would have told me without the gargantuan effort—were also realizations that there is an unexplainable dimension to everything we do, and that dimension makes itself seen and felt often enough to be a constant reminder of not only where things really come from, but that there is an additional source of outside help not only for those desperately in need of help, but also as a source of guidance and inspiration for those venturing into the unknown.

When I had come to the end of my boat experience, my mother died quite suddenly and left me a small inheritance: a beautiful log home in the country and a small amount of cash which paid off the mortgage on Wind Rider. Anne, Kelly, Daylian, and I moved from South Carolina into the family home in the countryside outside of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in June of 1987. Having been introduced to the construction business in South Carolina, it was not difficult for me to find work almost immediately as a house painter, carpenter, house builder, and landscape contractor in the local area. The mundane tasks of daily life and the hard physical labor involved in doing construction and maintenance work redirected my focus of attention from esoterically spiritual concepts to the now spiritual effort of living daily life with a degree of tranquility and peaceful enjoyment. This was not so difficult for me as it might seem to be to others since I had, since early childhood, enjoyed creating things with my hands like toy sailboats, log rafts, hideouts in the woods, and the assembling and disassembling of all manner of mechanical things like outboard motors, old car engines, and electronic gadgets.

There was, however, always an invisible wall between work and play that I could never seem to reconcile until having traveled a considerable distance on my spiritual journey. Even then it is almost impossible for me to determine why and when I stopped playing and went to work in earnest, but somewhere along the way in about middle age the “fun” vanished from any sort of play I could involve myself in. Not only that, but shortly thereafter the drudgery of stressful work and the pressures required to succeed at anything businesslike relegated me to a rather interesting position. I found myself responding instinctively to situations where others requested help of a maintenance or mechanical nature, but only where that help was adequately rewarded by appreciation as well as financial remuneration.

Now ... setting a minimum standard which includes appreciation coupled with financial remuneration as a prerequisite for one's entire motivational energy is almost a guaranteed formula for failed expectations and minimal wealth on Planet Earth, especially in what are considered to be the "lesser" fields of endeavor. But I have always expected a lot more out of life than it has ever produced without its demanding a sacrificial offering of some very high ideals. For example, I consider it a basic injustice of life that a tradesman like a plumber, for example, whose work is grossly dirty and difficult, not to be rewarded in a manner commensurate with the wealth of the person who's plumbing he repairs. In other words, if a doctor or attorney takes home \$200,000.00 a year it means their average earning over a 40-hour week is \$100.00 per hour. The simple fact that they have been relieved of the dirty and difficult work of repairing their plumbing should be worth \$100.00 per hour to them. At the same time, a retiree whose income is at the poverty level of say \$20,000.00 a year should be charged at the rate of \$10.00 an hour. This unspoken standard does exist, to a certain extent, but it is most definitely not appreciated or expressed with alacrity at either end of the spectrum. Granted that selfish interest is a basic prerequisite for survival, but wherein does the balance lie? The high ideal of serving others in balance with serving the self does not normally lead to the accumulation of wealth though it certainly can under certain circumstances, but the instinctive implementation of this ideal seems to be a by-product of the spiritual path. The element of necessity also throws a curve ball into the effort to express the ideal life, but here again is reinforcement for the basic assumption that soul increases in power as a direct function of the multitudinous experiences from lifetime to lifetime.

Through an unexpected turn of events, Anne and I became landlords in 1991 and my load of responsibility began to increase. Anne's Aunt had some money to invest and became intrigued with Anne's idea of investing it in rental income property. We looked around for suitable properties and finally found three properties that were about to go into foreclosure that could be purchased for a reasonable price and fixed up without major expenditures. At the last minute, Anne's Aunt developed cold feet (how wise she was!), so Anne and I decided to attempt to borrow the money using my family residence as collateral. The project proved at first to not be overburdening, in fact it proved to be quite rewarding as the buildings responded to their new level of care and maintenance.

By 1996 we had bought and renovated seventeen old Queen Anne Victorian homes whose large size made them suitable as apartment buildings, thus saving them from years of rot and disrepair. I lasted for six years as a landlord before it became painfully obvious to me that I was not getting back the effort I was putting out, either financially or in appreciation. The pressures of economic instability, mortgage payments, never-ending repairs, and regulatory agencies with too much control over rents and difficult tenants finally brought me to a point of nervous disintegration. I decided the price of being a

landlord had no amount of financial reward which justified the grief and pressures that I personally felt considering my level of sensitivity. Anne, however, still wanted to buy more buildings and when I refused the responsibility, she went out and bought two more buildings with other partners who were supposed to do all the work. They had good intentions, but nothing worked out the way it was intended. Anne had also not realized that one of the inextricable entwinements of marriage law required me to co-sign the respective mortgages as a guarantor.

As a result, Anne and I decided she should go into business for herself. We would sell off those buildings which were the biggest white elephants, and I would sell her my interest in the rest of the buildings for the amount of my inheritance that I had used to purchase them in the first place. I took back a non-interest-bearing note for that amount, due in ten years, and we filed for an amicable divorce that would separate me from further responsibilities both as a landlord and as a mortgage guarantor. Being far more tolerant of other peoples' shortcomings than I, and less sensitive to maintenance problems than I, Anne has proved to be a successful landlord (or should I say landlady) ever since. We remain today the best of friends, sharing space in the same house and dedicated to helping each other through the remainder of our lives.

Changes in family status are no less a part of the spiritual journey than they are of the journey through life. Flexibility, patience, and consideration seem to be the keynotes of mutual respect required for successful relationships whether they be marital, business-related, or between friends, and Anne and I seem to have an adequate supply of those qualities to at least remain good friends even though no longer married or operating as business partners.

As individuals we grow at different rates and in different directions. Pressures and stress severely try and sometimes destroy relationships between sensitive people, particularly those with high expectations for their relationships, but in this day and age there is far greater freedom for personal desires and freedoms to be expressed. Another inconspicuous by-product of my spiritual journey is that I have become a real champion of female power. I personally feel that the world has seen more than enough of male ego, aggressiveness, and inconsiderateness.

In conclusion I have to say that the net result of my own personal spiritual journey has produced changes at the deepest level of my being ... changes I heartily recommend to anyone having the power and the interest to pursue them. I also feel that these kinds of changes are essential prerequisites for the graduating class members who find themselves compelled to reach incessantly upward into the next realm.

## CHAPTER 11.

A spiritual or divine perspective also affects other aspects of life such as sexuality and physical health. I must admit to not being an expert on sexuality ... or highly experienced in its practice. However, spending 70 years on Planet Earth as an Aries fire sign on the cusp of Taurus forces me to be aware of the many ways sexuality manifests itself in both men and women and so I make a few comments for what they're worth.

To me, celibacy is not a pre-requisite for spiritual growth. Spirituality is not really a mode of behavior or a collection of moral principles, either. After all, what is it but God Itself that creates sexuality and all its multitudinous diversions, perversions, and expressions? Religion and a large part of all Spiritual teachings tend to see the Creative Force with blinders and filters on. The fact remains that everything that exists is in some way "spiritual" and unquestionably (to me, at least) issues forth from the same singular Source through Its established hierarchy. That hierarchy consists of Gods too numerous to count. Because of the myriad connotations and limitations associated with the word "God", I choose to use other words in order to establish new, and hopefully broader, frames of reference.

The words "spiritual" and "spirituality" seem take on different meanings according to the manner in which they are used. To add a spiritual dimension to a personality, story, book, myth, or event means, to me, to add some sort of divine perspective. Quite often in the past, and still in the present, religious ceremonies incorporate sex into their expression and practices because of the power the urge for sexual procreation carries in the human matrix. This appears to me to be nothing more than a matter of manipulative control on the part of the priesthood and has little or nothing to do with higher levels of spirituality where the ego sees itself clearly as an inseparable part of a far more vast intelligence. The result of this clear perspective should rather be a continuous humble seeking instead of an assumption of godlike powers or the belief that some lesser God has relinquished His own omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent powers as an Event Former in favor of some limited human image of Himself. Even if this were so, it would still be an exception to the rules of the game for everyone else, thus serving a very minor purpose.

In my own personal case, what I classify as my "spiritual" growth took me from the point where sex was a biological, hormonal drive with little perspective attached to it other than the satisfaction of selfish pleasure, or the desire to produce children, to the point where

consideration for the other person's needs and desires were of greater importance than my own personal desires or drives. This is what I refer to as a "perspective"—a rising above the physical, biological and emotional matrix into the realm of mind, and even higher into the governing intuitive impulses of the developed and experienced soul. It was not a perspective I strived to achieve, but rather a perspective which unfolded as I became more and more aware of my relationship to the Single Source of everything, and the instructional nature of life's daily events. It was a by-product of the spiritual journey, a journey in which the natural progression seems to be from things of a lesser or lower vibrational nature toward things of a higher vibrational nature by mandate. And where do these divine mandates issue from? Certainly not from some cosmic explosion!

Control of the mind is another by-product of soul development and spiritual growth. It is not so much that one turns off the mind the same way one turns off a radio, but rather that one overlooks its ceaseless prattlings and negative outside influences very much as an Eagle looks down on its prey far below. As a person develops this capacity to view life from higher and broader points of view, they are automatically developing what I refer to as the Powers of Soul. As the awareness of—and within—the soul, expands, an interesting phenomenon occurs. The individual becomes aware that he or she is "looking down on the mind". Mind becomes a noisy, programmed, endless tape of chatter continually repeating its social, cultural, and educational programming. But with this new awareness originating from the soul, the chatter has less and less influence on outer behavior. Powerful negative influences from other realms which affect mind psychically (and they are considerable) diminish in power and influence. The hierarchy of human control has taken on a new dimension with the addition of the knowledge and influence of the soul. Not only does the mind now fall under soul's silent, wise, knowing control, but so also does the emotional matrix as well as the physical body.

The net result of these higher perspectives is that desire for sexual satisfaction recedes further and further into the distance until it is barely discernible as a motivational force at all. The entire sexual act is increasingly seen as over-played, over-emphasized, and mostly just not worth the effort and commensurate problems except in cases where it becomes a non-habitual expression of physical love or a spontaneous form of play.

More important by far than the spiritual perspective of sex is the spiritual perspective of health. I refer here not just to physical health, but emotional and mental health as well. What can be more important to human life than the production and maintenance of a balanced healthy mind, emotional state, and physical body? Ask any person on the street what their most prized and important possession is, and few will answer instinctively: "my physical body". Fewer still are aware of their emotions as being a part of an emotional matrix or body, and the same applies to the mind. Even less is known or contemplated about the soul.

Times are changing though. In 1974, when I started out as a Nutrition Consultant and Naturopathic Physician, the interest in understanding health principles seemed of little concern to the public at large. Today it is touted everywhere in a confusing array of magical health potions, herbs, drugs, mushrooms, plants, and so-on backed by “scientific” double-blind testing. The real problem is that every one of us is different, and so, consequently, is the combination of remedies and remedial procedures that can restore balance. Our genetically weak points are as varied as our physical appearance, and the road to balanced health a road that requires a certain amount of effort and intelligent control all the while it is diminishing to its final, ugly demise. The mandated Earthly game plan of old age seems firmly intent on hammering vanity to the status of road kill.

Modern medicine has, however, made quantum leaps in the area of pain relief and the mechanical repair of physical aberrations from normal. We are on the verge of even greater discoveries in genetic manipulation, but still the basic principles of health production remain the same as they have been for thousands of years. The most basic principle is a balanced interaction of activity and rest, and that balance is largely a function of each individual’s “body constitution” ... the molecular integrity of the individual cell. Abstinence and restraint are as important and essential in this day of abundance as is intelligent choice.

Fasting is still the king of physical purifiers and the producer of robust health just as it has been for thousands of years. It is naught but a form of rest for an overstuffed, overworked digestive tract.

“Effort” is the king of power builders. This is a hard and fast rule for the creation of a strong and sound physical body just as the effort of carefully trained control is a source of power for the emotional body. The constant efforts of thoughtful study and contemplation coupled with humor, stillness, and stimulating communication build and maintain a balanced, healthy mind. The repository of the positive benefits of these multi-faceted efforts over numerous lifetimes has to be the soul ... if rational purpose carries with it any meaning at all.

The only way I can reconcile the inequalities between humans is by assuming soul to be a major source of cause and effect in each lifetime’s personality expression, and by assuming the experiential progression of soul over lifetimes. For example, the soul just beginning its journey through the Earth might accept almost any social position or geographical location in its eagerness (or in its assignment by some hierarchical power) for the experience.

In addition, it seems that the wiser soul becomes, the more freedom it earns in its choices. That is to say, the more experienced the soul, the more discriminating, careful, and rewarding its choices. Soul's experiential development contributes to its Powers of Soul which enable it to intuitively make wise choices because it can "see the end from the beginning". Those souls who have little or no power of perspective or experience are relegated (assigned by a hierarchy of power and perspective such as are those who operate from a higher realm than this one) to life situations where they have to experience what they've put out in other lifetimes. How else can the apparent traumas, trials, pain and injustices of life be rationally explained? What better learning tool could there be for the soul than to experience what it has forced others to experience as a result of its greed, self-importance, improper use of power, inconsiderate indulgences of desire, and the myriad other imbalances inherent in any realm of "duality".

The production of balanced health is no accident. Nor is it necessarily a physical phenomenon resulting alone from what we do or do not eat. What we take into the body has its relative importance just as does what we eliminate. It is actually a spiritual phenomenon which has to be produced by a conscious awareness of the interplay of physical, emotional, and mental factors once the soul is adequately developed.

Balanced health may also be produced by the innermost feelings and intuitive guidance of a spiritually developed soul without any conscious awareness of doing so at all. The fact that a physical body can survive into old age is not at all a testimony to balanced health. It is rather a testimony to the more miraculous nature of the physical mechanism's ability to survive in the face of ignorance and overindulgence. Intelligently or spiritually derived health is visible to the eye of the beholder who knows what to look for, but it is not a common sight; nor is it necessarily important to the fulfillment of soul's schooling here on the earth. It is just another by-product of the highly experienced and developed soul, and not always an emphasized focus of attention for many of them.

Variations in levels and types of consciousness are too numerous to count. Spirituality cannot really be measured in any way except by those who, by dint of having the developed capacity within themselves, recognize the characteristic kinship almost at a glance. Let me try to explain it in another way.

Imagine yourself to be in a very large graduating class in a school. You would know most of the souls in this class quite well through having participated in numerous events with them during your years of schooling together. Imagine that you have been given a special assignment. Instead of going on to another level of schooling similar to the one just completed, or out into the world to apply what you've learned, you've been chosen

to lead an expedition to another planet and start an entirely new colony there with values unique to that colony. You are next told to choose carefully your companions for this venture from members of your class. What traits would you look for in choosing those individuals?

I dare say you would not choose for your constant companions those who were the most rebellious, egotistical, self-centered, vindictive, reactive, opinionated, addicted, lazy, undisciplined, sick, mentally/emotionally/physically handicapped, or those with no willpower of self-control, to name just a few characteristics. You would probably choose those whom you thought to be wise, possessed of sound judgment, carefully thought-out responses, controlled physical/emotional/and mental actions; those who are persevering in effort despite life's obstructions; those who are adaptable to change and new situations; and a long list of additional soul traits which would fall under the heading of a "developed" or highly experienced and wise soul. In a word, you would probably be most inclined to choose those for whom you had "respect", and those whom you would classify as a true friend. You would also be unwilling (and probably unable) to take with you those who were fearful of an uncertain future, or those who enjoyed their indulgences here to such an extent that they would rather remain in order to continue repeating them with endless variations.

The conclusion that you might come to from the above example is that a developed or highly experienced soul will demonstrate only positive personality characteristics. Would that the description were so simple! Few there be who fall easily into this category, and how crushingly boring and uninteresting the life which skirts all problematic issues and is so unruffled by the plethora of human problems that their worldly (as well as other-worldly) perpetrators go looking for more fertile and reactive ground for their energy-sucking fun. In actual fact, no matter how highly developed or experienced the soul, there is inevitably an event carefully tailored to each soul's individual weaknesses which brings it to its knees literally and figuratively. Such is the nature of one of the mandates for the Planet Earth game plan. All roads lead to the Source; all problems and the multitudinous issues of Duality vanish at Its doorstep.

Once soul has developed the Powers of Soul, it quickly tires of the workaday world with its Pandora's box of Kewpie Doll rewards and begins reaching out into the unknown with the only tool it has which can do so: the imagination. Only then does it realize how vast and how perfect the intelligence which forms the universe really is. The inexperienced and undeveloped souls have their own little prison to rattle around in ... a prison from which there is no escape from lifetime to lifetime until the soul's metallurgy has been thoroughly hammered into a power akin to that of the unbreakable Samurai sword. Once

soul has reached an advanced level of consciousness, it proceeds onward and upward to that level which it has, through diligent and persevering effort, earned for itself. Each new realm protects itself by insurmountable separation from those of a lesser vibration and consciousness until soul finally arrives in the lap of that which creates it and energizes it from millisecond to millisecond.

To sum up this chapter, then, I would have to say that had I not even begun the spiritual journey I embarked upon 35 years ago, I could not write the things written in this chapter or the several books I have written so far. Whether they are 100% correct ... or even 10% correct ... or not true at all, the effort to understand is what is ultimately important. Furthermore, since everything in creation is formed by imagination in the first place, is it not man's imagination which gives him the capacity to be a God in his own right? If all the words I have ever written are no more than an imagined path to an imagined Source, how better can I use my imagination?

## CHAPTER 12.

“And so,” I ask myself, “what new powers has the Journey to Spirituality produced in me?”

Certainly not the power to disappear from one location and appear in another, or manifest something from nothing with little or no effort. And though these imagined results were part and parcel of my rather whimsical fancies and hopes for the spiritual journey derived from reading unusual testimonials purported to be true, how do I feel about such possibilities 35 years further along on the journey?

The answer, in as few words as possible, is that my expanded perspective tells me I no longer need them. I no longer see myself—or any single person or group—as being essential to the salvation of Planet Earth. It is now an unquestionable knowledge—a chasm crossed and the bridge removed—that the intelligence which forms creation anew from millisecond to millisecond is far more capable of performing that task subtly, unnoticeably, and without any human intervention or expression at all. Furthermore, it does not appear to me to be within the mandates of Planet Earth experience to produce humans with that kind of power. Such an imbalance of power would be created as to almost totally annihilate the appearance of free choice which, at present, levels the human playing field. It’s bad enough being given an extra margin of power as a dictator or elected leader. In any polarized reality such as this one, a leader is “damned if he does; and damned if he doesn’t”. The middle road is actually the point at which half his constituents are in favor of a proposal and half are opposed. It seems to me it would take a very durable, insensitive, and opinionated personality to prevail against that level of negativity and its subsequent demonstrations.

Actually, the planetary “free-for-all” game-plan belies an extremely intelligent and creative process. The strong victimize the weak; the weak affirm the power of the strong; and the spiritual avoided the manipulations of both weak and strong by dint of their highly experienced and wise soul. With what spiritually expanded perspective I do have, I see myself as a single molecule of water in an ocean; as a single speck of sand on the beaches and deserts of Creation, with no greater and no lesser importance than any one, or a voluminous number together. I am no longer a single, separate entity—a tin soldier set in motion with a wind-up spring 73 years or so in duration; no longer a separate ego mandated to be the salvation of mankind ... or even of myself. My salvation from anything I may need salvation from (and I can no longer find anything I need saving from) lies entirely in that which creates me and my every thought as an individuated expression of Its own imagination, power, and splendor.

One of the final big questions I struggled long to answer was the question of how to relate my limited individual consciousness and appearance of separation with this enormously vast intelligence—this Source of which I am an inseparable part. Why might one small speck of sand on the desert floor be smiled upon more favorably than the countless number of others? Does this actually happen? ... or is it just a matter of recognition ... of seeing the minor miracles in the daily events of life. I was given a rather interesting analogy as an answer to that question. It came to me as a sort of day-dreamed parable, and I would describe the imagery in this fashion:

In my imagination I saw myself to be a Father with countless numbers of children that I myself had created. I sat on my chair in one corner of their playground observing them at play, each totally absorbed in the love of that which they were created to express or lost in the overwhelming power of a situation or event they had previously had no experience in confronting or dealing with. Others just wandered about in a semi-dazed and reactive state in an attempt to satisfy their thousand-fold insatiable desires and curiosities.

But there was one who paused in his play and looked around to see his Father smiling at him in recognition. This particular child arose from his play, walked deliberately to where his Father sat, climbed up into His lap and looked up into his Father's loving eyes.

"I love you, Daddy," he said as innocently as only a child could say it.

Now I ask you, how could any Father not favor that child in some way—even given the hard and fast and ruthless rules of the realm. Without question in my mind, all phenomenae in Creation receive the same level and kind of attention, but it appears to me that only beyond a certain point of human soul development is it recognized, appreciated, and thus synergized in such a way as the emotional body and the feelings of the soul do in the above parable.

These imagined insights and story-like parables drift through my day-dreaming consciousness only when the busy, pre-occupied mind has purposefully given itself little to focus upon. Being by nature a very high energy type of person, it is inevitable that I have to periodically disentangle and disconnect myself from those job responsibilities that do not leave me with time or energy for contemplation. As a result (and with a few exceptions) my occupational pursuits have carried with them a minimal exposure to what the world at large refers to as "responsibility". The spiritual journey carries with it its own price, and it often wends its way through a dark and foreboding forest with no obvious pathway through the trees, but always there is that imagined image of the smiling face and the barely-discernible laughter at each new realization on the journey. It draws closer to me only as I draw closer to it. All else is a seemingly endless and fruitless struggle to prove the ego a God in its own right—a struggle doomed to failure from its inception, but paradoxically essential for the building of power and awareness.

The enigma is that the Warrior's Path requires a god-like warrior to swing the two-edged sword of discipline, perseverance, discrimination, and ruthless self-control. Once attained, however, the warrior must then sheath his sword and slowly divest himself of his outer armor, then strip himself of his inner self-importance and the five Hindu Krodhas of Lust, Anger, Greed, Attachment, and Vanity. Only then do the real Tears of Power start to flow.

One might next ask: "What about all the horrible things that are happening to Planet Earth?"

With a little spiritual perspective it doesn't take much of a stretch to see the Creative Force as having enough intelligence to know what It's doing. When one assumes this to be the case and then takes the position of viewing events as part of a divine plan, it is not difficult to assume that, for example, planetary depletion of natural resources is a natural process that is part of the divine design. Once one becomes constantly aware of the polarized nature of life's expression on the Earth, it becomes readily understandable that some individuals will be hell-bent to deplete the natural resources as rapidly as it can fill their personal pockets with wealth, and others will be equally as hell-bent to implement controls which maintain the natural beauty of the land and sustain the yield of natural resources in consideration of the oncoming generations.

Only a very broadened perspective would envision Planet Earth being kicked out of orbit as a natural progression of events—like the numerous other planets before it, once their natural resources were depleted—and replaced by a newly-created planet like Venus whose physical status, once moved into the earth orbit, could well herald an entirely new civilization with similar forms of life, but different forms of energy.

A major point here, and the main point divergent from science, is that cause and effect take on new meanings when viewed from the perspective of different assumptions. The viewpoint that mankind is his own creator is only an assumption, and though partially correct, is an entirely naïve assumption given the fact that man can't create anything at all from nothing at all, yet that is exactly what is happening all about him all the time. When one assumes an intelligent force creating everything, an entirely different picture in the puzzle emerges. The spiritual path eventually arrives at this perspective. By all rights, the scientific path should also arrive at the same point of realization. I'm certain that more than a few scientists do realize this fact, but no one seems to have the balls to admit it. Perhaps it will take a female scientist to dispel the heresy!

The mechanistic view of cause and effect never seems to delve far enough into "original cause". Neither does the theory or assumption of "evolution". No-one—scientists and

religionists included—seems to want to recognize the evidence currently revealed to the human mind in the microcosm. I'm speaking of the transition from wave to particle—from imagination into solidified imagination. This is, to me, irrefutable evidence that creation is an ongoing process. All phenomenae in creation issue forth from a Single Source (which is "everywhere") as a continuous flow of still images. The origin of creation begins and ends with each still image which in turn changes with each millisecond ... not from some explosion in the heavens in the distant past. The illusion is such that all events appear to be mechanical, and also have the vague appearance of being evolutionary, but such are the "trappings" of the game. Ultimately there is only one reality and that is the Source and all its mind-boggling array of phenomenae which Its imagination expresses as parts of Itself. Thoughts, ideas, concepts, space, time, energy ... these are all "things" manifested anew each millisecond. The search for truth begins and ends with the discovery of the Source; all else is illusion.

Another of the more important discoveries for me on the spiritual journey was the final proof that there is what I call "outside help". I'm not referring here to "miracles" alone. I refer to the fact that becoming cognizant of the higher formative forces of creation and realizing that they are no more than a thought a way adds an entirely new dimension to the otherwise very lonely life on Planet Earth. Learning to utilizing this "outside help" takes more than a little time and subtle awareness. It takes, first of all, a state of consciousness which is no longer rebellious to the obstructed nature of life. The positive side of rebellion is acceptance—acceptance that Earth is the school and Soul is the student. It takes an acceptance that every event in life carries with it an instructive message, difficult though that may be for the ego-centered personality to see.

There are times when life just seems to be too overwhelming. When that occurs, I never neglect to call for outside help. In fact, working with mechanical things—particularly those that are old and rusted or in locations difficult to work on—can be one of the more frustrating experiences in life. I no longer hesitate for a second to call for outside help when, for example, a tiny screw or washer seems to disappear completely from the Universe as it falls to the floor or into some impossible-to-find location. It seems that the basic prerequisite for the manifestation of this outside help is that I must be making some sort of effort in some direction and all I need is a little help from outside. I can even call for motivational help, or energy when I'm exhausted, and it is instantly there.

My final testimony to the value of the spiritual journey is probably best described in poetic form. Over the years that I have been traveling the rocky road of discovery and expansion of perspective I have often put the more poignant moments of realization into verse. This accumulation of verse increased over time until I began to realize that it told

its own unique story in a poetic way. It seemed like a good idea to organize all of these poetic efforts into a book, and the result is the book called *On Pegasus' Wings*. I have never imagined myself to be a poet, nor did I ever set out with this goal in mind. Each poem was more of a spontaneous event prompted by the more emotional or inspirational musings of the moment. I don't know whether other poets love to read their own poetry to themselves once in awhile, but I do; and it will be interesting for me to see if other readers are as moved by many of them as I am. They seem to emanate from some part of my being that I would never otherwise have accessed had it not been for the lengthy and sometimes trying nature of the spiritual journey. I'll close this story and chapter with one of them:

## RELEASED

I have been released from all the manacles of matter  
The shackles and the tyrannies of having to survive  
Released from reams of busy thoughts ,  
And ceaseless mental chatter,  
Lust, and greed, and vanity  
Their measure do derive.  
And yet as long as I remain  
within this frame of clay,  
My freedom's just a point of view  
From well above the fray.

I do hereby release myself  
From holding on too tight,  
From good...  
...or bad...  
From being sad  
or choosing wrong from right.  
I do hereby release myself  
To ponder greater things  
And find I do  
Prefer the view  
From whence the pendant swings.

I have been released just like a soldier from his battle  
Or even like the dairyman  
Who's freed from all his cattle.  
I have been released just like an inmate from a prison  
Who finds, in time, his freedom blocked  
Where newer walls have risen.  
"Up" cannot be "Up" without some "Down" firmly attached  
Wisdom does not come unless...  
.....from Ignorance it's snatched!  
I have been released from being lost and being found  
From wandering through the forest  
In search for higher ground.  
I have been released from all the sickness and the pain  
I have been released from all this "coming back again"  
I see that what I am  
Is what I find myself to be,  
And in the finding comes the gift  
Of being, almost, free

As I look back along the track  
Of my journey through time and space  
I see no atom nor event  
Not perfect in its place.  
And though confused and often lost  
I stumble and I rise  
Each rock and rift upon the road  
Expands my soul in size  
Until at last I stand before  
A mirror bright and clear  
Proclaiming to the image there  
Without an ounce of fear  
I do hereby release myself....  
.....from further busyness here!

*The End*

## **If you enjoyed this story....**

There are others by Kit Cain at your local bookstore

Or at [www.kitcain.com](http://www.kitcain.com)

The first three chapters of each book can be read for free on the above website and they are available as Paperback Books or E-Books in Adobe .pdf format.

**Leaves In The Wind**: a story of diffident origin about a biker who formed his own major motorcycle club in L.A. and Vegas ... and lived to tell me his story.

**Master Of The Welded Bead**: a fictitious short story comparing the lifestyles and attitudes of two men: one who chooses to live a whimsical and humorous life on the “road less traveled”; the other who chooses to live a life of selfish interest on the road too-often traveled. It is an entirely personal idea of how I imagine a disinterested Master Of The Universe might lead an unusual yet entertaining life in a predominantly negative and otherwise boring world.

**An Arrow To The Heart**: a fictitious short story placing the hero of Master Of The Welded Bead in a close-encounter family situation with the “Mother from Heaven” and the beautiful, desirable, precocious “Daughter from Hell”.

**Ride the Wind Laughing**: An Illustrated autobiographical story describing the mystical events and experiences which contributed in major ways to my building a 51-foot sailboat in my mother’s back yard in rural Nova Scotia— an event which began with no money in an effort to test the Laws of Manifestation and prove to myself the efficacy and practical value of my years of spiritual training.

**Soul And Man**: is a major work attempting to define and describe the parameters of the word “Soul”— particularly as it applies to the human soul. The very nature of its perspective brings together the various schools of Religious, Scientific, Philosophical, Spiritual, and Mystical thought suggestive of a unified frame of reference and vocabulary for all. This book is not easy reading. It can be discomfoting and thought-provoking for those new to the Spiritual Journey. I wrote it primarily to further define and synergize my own thinking ... and for the benefit of those compelled—as am I—to journey into areas of the unknown, uncertain, and impossible to define.

**On Pegasus' Wings**: is a collection of personal poems and song lyrics begun in 1962 solely as a means of inner expression and never intended for the eyes of the world. Only in later years have I realized that in their number and variety there might be at least a single poem among the many for each person. The knowledge of such would give me great satisfaction.

**The Tears Of Power**: is a fable for all ages from ten to eternity about a mouse named Victor who lives in Edgeville—which is at the edge of everything: the river, the fields, the forest, the mountains, and the sky. Edgeville quickly becomes too small for his adventurous soul so he ventures out into the world of the great unknown, learning to pilot tugboats, fly helicopters, and meet some unusual friends like Oddie the Otter, Mo the musical Mole, and Minkie, his flight instructor. It is Eagle, though, who finally tells him what the tears of power really are.

**Flying The Yukon's Bush**: is the recounting of my adventures as a helicopter bush pilot in the Yukon Territory in 1962. Part 1 is the story in writing, and Part 2 is a slightly different story in pictures. Both parts can be downloaded from my website for free.

**Perfect Health For Dogs And Cats**: First wife Ann loved animals and so we always lived on a farm surrounded by dogs, cats, chickens, goats, and horses. Her dedication leaned toward the health and healing of animals by natural means, while mine leaned in a similar direction with humans. Contained in this small booklet are the simplest principles of health and healing for dogs and cats supported by our own experience and that of a major research foundation.