



C A S S I E L

2nd Chronicle
by
Cruise

Beyond the Veil : Seeing Past the Intent

Inner Alchemy is The Art of Mental Liberation

Through Renewal Using the Awareness of Recognition

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Heartfelt Greetings

Welcome back, esteemed readers, to the 2nd Chronicle.

As we continue our journey from the realm of believing to the profound understanding of knowing, I invite you to dig deeper into the ever evolving essence of living in the Now. This chronicle is not merely an exploration but more of a call to awaken to the present moment, where true wisdom resides. To achieve this crossing over, we must embark on a path of unlearning, shedding the layers of preconceptions that have been shaped by your past. You must re-evaluate your experiences with fresh eyes, scrutinizing the events of your life through this new lens of awareness.

As we compare new facts in evolving perspectives, we come to a humbling realization that our unknowing minds have played a pivotal role in crafting our current reality. Every decision, every action, consciously, unconsciously taken and even sometimes just simply not taken, have led us to this very moment. Embrace this journey of self-discovery and transformation, then let us together unravel the mysteries of existence, finding solace and empowerment in the present. Hat's off to all those who "Chose" to continue and learn more about themselves, as we together attempt to peel more layers away, while we endeavor to reveal more regarding your complexity.

Awareness of Knowing

Everything you know is a learnt process

Let's go over the previous Chronicle one more time, with a proper example shall we; When your brain accepts a piece of information and begins the process of believing in any given concept, it stores this information temporarily, then continues to gather more information on the subject for an undisclosed period of time. Your brain also compares this new information to other known facts stored as knowledge. As it is still in the decision processing stage, your mind compares it against everything you have learned, were told and experienced up until then, attempting to validate if this information you are trying to process is accurate or not. Remember, it's not because you want, or convince yourself you believe, that you actually do. Do you really think voicing your change of heart about a preconceived decision actually makes it true to you?

It's kind of like when you first learned to ride a bike, it started with the tricycle. You learn to be careful because in certain circumstances you can fall off the vehicle and injure yourself. Your mind registers the limitations involved and how it's not wise to take certain risks. Then you get the new bike with the training wheels. Your mind adapts to the new liberties,

then new limits and rules like gravity are reassessed against the accumulated knowledge. You realize that you must be more careful than on the tricycle and conduct yourself accordingly. After that, someone you "trust" takes the training wheels off, your mind has come to depend on these for stability, safety and balance. You learn the hard way that you can fall once more.

Now your mind has more data pointing to how dangerous this activity actually is, then doubt and fear settle in on your ability to complete the task at hand without risking the related injuries. Well, that did it! Your brain now thinks it's unsafe and with valid reason. All of a sudden everything you thought you knew is being re-evaluated and you categorize the bike riding as unsafe by analyzing and comparing it with other life threatening or dangerous events combined with past injuries in your head, while you experience in parallel the gripping emotion of "fear". Then the important factor of "trust" comes into play once more. The one you "trust" assures you that he/she will hold the seat and run behind you. Your mind then "believes" that it is in no immediate danger. Now your brain begins to believe but you still have the unavoidable reflex to look back and make sure he/she is still holding on, your mind is conflicted between the *trust* you have for this individual and how you know they would never allow you in the past to be in any situation that would put you in harms way.

Your mind won't accept that you are able to do it on your own right away because it's comparing what you have seen happen with what that person is saying then running it by past what you "*Know*".

You suddenly come to the realization that the individual is no longer holding the seat and strangely you manage to wobble a good distance further. Then the infamous feeling of *doubt* sets in, you question yourself and you fall once more. Most of us, know this to be true. Now this is where the; get back on the horse right away saying comes into effect. Either you will categorize your ability to ride the new vehicle as undoable, or you will get back on and analyze some more. You remember seeing others of similar or lesser age, with the same capabilities as you, succeed in this activity. Somehow you know it can be done. You get back on and try again, this time you get farther and by this you realize that you appear somehow to also be capable to ride the bike. Confidence takes over and you get farther analyzing how to take a turn and relearning the whole riding a bike theory. Here it is the fact that you "*Know*" it can be done that challenges the inevitable *doubt* from settling in. This takes you one step further than thinking or believing, information is key and "*Knowing*" dominates the reasoning via action. After an extended amount of successful attempts, an amazing thing happens and you categorize the lesson as learnt.

You start testing your limits, increasing speed and risk. Your mind now knows how to ride the new vehicle, and strangely, you start riding as naturally as you walk and run. Your mind will test these new boundaries. You will try to jump ramps and ride without holding the handlebars. Although you achieve these new feats, you nonetheless learn that you can still fall and injure yourself. Often, individuals revert to a place of safety. Others, with a natural grasp of the laws of physics at a young age, push these limits further.

Since your brain knows it can do this, you adapt and learn to handle new situations. What I am suggesting here is that I can be that "trusted" individual by sharing my credible life experiences and providing essential facts to help remove the training wheels from your way of thinking, until you realize you are doing it on your own. Essentially, I'm offering to hold the bike for a while, then, when you least expect it, let you go and show you that you can do this on your own. The key word here is trusted. It is crucial that you believe I can earn that trust. This is why we have a journey ahead of us before reaching that point. Trust must be earned and can not be granted on demand.

If you desire a change in the results, it is through actions like reading this, taking the time to Google, watch, or listen to what I point out, that you will successfully process the information I am providing.

This means you must learn to utilize the new knowledge introduced in this publication and continue with the subsequent volumes. I never said it would be easy. Yet, for some individuals like myself, encountering this information for the first time feels like unveiling crystal-clear lessons already learned, evoking a sense of déjà-vu. This certainty comes from accumulated knowledge and experience. Contrary to your current impression, this is achieved with simplified reasoning.

In the past, similar information might have been prematurely dismissed as improbable, influenced by teachers, parents, and other authority figures who shaped our understanding of what is possible or not. Now, with the chance to reassess past information with a broader perspective on facts and knowledge, you can unknowingly alter outcomes when categorizing and comparing. The question remains: How will "You" choose to internalize this life-changing information?

The primary purpose of this first box set is to present you with more complete information and "show" you how you have already done this unknowingly and that it is totally possible. All you need is an inquisitive attitude and a deeper understanding of the events or situations affecting your daily life. This will help you make new assessments that will alter the remainder of your existence. One assurance I can give you is this: If you allow the information being conveyed to pass your initial doubts, it can transform your perspective.

Meaning, if you give yourself the sincere opportunity to re-evaluate it without jumping to preconceived conclusions, you will without any hesitation at the least walk away from this experience with a new and altered perception of the reality that surrounds you. You will permanently alter interpretations that you believed until now as set in stone during your future comparisons. Everything you have read so far is merely preparation for what you are about to witness. Do yourself a favor: do Not ask others about this or listen to their views, for everyone makes up their minds and catalogs information according to their individual life experiences, as you will based on yours. This is a journey you must undertake independently, coming to your "own" conclusions. But we are getting ahead of ourselves again, so let us get back to the basics for now.

Let's do a short recap, shall we? Whether we say God is the creator or the Big Bang did it, we've hopefully established that we are speaking of the same concept. God, it is said, created us in His/Her image, and the energy from the Big Bang also permeates all of us, mirroring its creator. The soul is equivalent to energy, and the descriptions of energy by leading scientific minds are remarkably similar to those used to describe most Gods. Isn't that single fact fascinating? I know I did.

We have established that everything the brain does is a learned process, and its complexity seems almost limitless as is our universe. At the same time, we've discussed that our brains emit frequencies and operate on electrical signals. I once approached a retired scientist at a science museum in Ottawa. He was giving a workshop on electricity to a group of students. I asked him, "What is the definition of electricity?" He replied that electricity is energy. However, when you ask, "What is energy?" you either get a straightforward "we don't know" or an acknowledgment of our inability to provide a clear, non-vague answer. Alternatively, some experts echo the explanation from "The Secret": that energy cannot be destroyed, always has been, always will be, and descriptions of both God and energy are strikingly similar.

I have to; at this point tip my hat to that part of "The Secret" publication by the way. They were able to come up with an answer that most of the scholars I asked, weren't even able to provide. For the purpose of the rest of this three part series, I do not wish to offend those who have faith in whatever religion and know that they can adapt the rest of what they will read to their own beliefs. But I am a man of science and I have a soft spot for The Big Bang Theory, so from here on in, I will refer to that *sentient being* or singularity as energy or in direct religious context as God.

Besides it would not be fair to cite ones religion rather than another, not to mention it is the most neutral and natural way for me to continue addressing it from here on in.

Here's an intriguing fact: Sentience is the *only* aspect of consciousness that cannot be fully explained. Did you know that sentience refers to the study of consciousness, describing the ability to have sensations or experiences, known in Western philosophy as Qualia? Eastern religions like Hinduism, Buddhism, Sikhism, and Jainism recognize non-humans as sentient beings. According to Buddhism, beings made of pure consciousness are possible.

We've even created blockbuster series to explore the concept of sentience. Now, let's lighten the mood with an analogy. If sharks produce sharks and hamsters produce hamsters, doesn't it follow that energy would create energy if such is the creator? This makes it quite undeniable, doesn't it? Regardless of the differences in forms or bodies containing this energy, in comparison of Americans, Africans, Asians, or Indigenous peoples, logic dictates that we are all fundamentally the same when comparing the life energy located within. So, let's accept that fact: If I can make a thought occur and materialize in reality, it means everyone can. The only difference is what we have learned and experienced, and if we even noticed that we were doing it all along.

I will leave you to ponder on this subject with this new bit of fact/knowledge; If the whale is able to communicate with other whales that share the same body of water, over great distances through song (frequencies). Is it not possible for energy to communicate with other energy that shares the same body of space in a universe, over great distances through frequencies, using the exact same method used by the whales? And in the end, isn't this what the law of attraction really is about?

Doesn't the fact that mankind actually learned to communicate through radio frequencies and that television works on the same principle, convince you of this? Or do we need to point out what type of frequencies satellites use to transmit dispatch radio, or the new 5G networks your mobile devices currently use. You unknowingly know a lot more on the whole frequency subject than you initially thought and if you do a little research of your own, you will find many more applications mankind has found for frequencies such as routers, switches and anything you can find that use megahertz's. Only recently have I noticed to what point I have spent my entire existence submerged in frequencies. From music and television at a young age, to the telecommunications specialist I am today. Hopefully I have been able to convey my expertise in the field of frequencies and don't need to add to my credibility on the subject.

This being said, please take the time to consider this quote from Roy and then let's take a step back now to let that simmer while we continue with the next chapter.

"According to String Theory, what appears to be empty space is actually a tumultuous ocean of strings vibrating at the precise frequencies that create the 4 dimensions you and I call height, width, depth and time."

Roy H. Williams

"Knowing others is wisdom, knowing yourself is Enlightenment."

Lao Tzu

"I have been impressed with the urgency of doing. Knowing is not enough; we must apply. Being willing is not enough; we must do."

Leonardo da Vinci

"To fly as fast as thought, you must begin by knowing that you have already arrived."

Richard Bach

"The more extensive a man's knowledge of what has been done, the greater will be his power of knowing what to do."

Benjamin Disraeli

"There comes a time when the mind takes a higher plane of knowledge but can never prove how it got there."

Albert Einstein

"Science investigates religion interprets. Science gives man knowledge which is power, religion gives man wisdom which is control."

Martin Luther King, Jr

Attracting the Unthinkable

You can only Attract what is Possible to You

So we started our journey between 13.5 and 14 billion years ago with the Big Bang, up to to the beginning of our own time line, that is recognized as the BC or the AC time lines. Meaning we covered the beginning of the universe as we know it and fast forwarded our trip up to the birth of the doubtless one. Now that we have covered the power of believing and faith, vs. possible and impossible, we need to go over some background information about me. We need to establish my credibility and lay down why I qualify as the medium and life coach, you the reader need to perceive me as. I will attempt to clearly pass on how I came to own the wisdom that I will share with you throughout these three sets of publications.

Let's move forward to more recent times, around the 1970s. Up until recently, I had very limited memories of my life before the age of eight. All the professionals I dealt with, experts in psychology and of their respected fields, attributed this to suppressed or repressed memories. Repressed Memory Syndrome, the clinical term for repressed memories, is often compared to psychogenic amnesia, and some sources compare the two as equivalent.

The term is used to describe memories that have been dissociated from awareness as well as those that have been repressed without dissociation. According to the theory's proponents, repressed memories may sometimes be recovered years or decades after the event. Most often spontaneously, triggered by a particular smell, taste, other identifiers related to the lost memory or even via suggestion during psychotherapy. The existence of repressed memories is a controversial topic in psychology; some studies have concluded that it can occur in victims of trauma, while others dispute it. According to the APA American Psychological Association, it is not currently possible to distinguish a true repressed memory from a false one without corroborating evidence. Well I can't help you with false occurrences but I invite my distinguished fellow scholars from various science academies to please feel free in considering the following as corroborating evidence towards a true occurrence and to categorize it accordingly.

I only started remembering fragments of my childhood following my marriage, two decades later. More recent flashes have revealed much more crisp and vivid memories than I was ever able to access in the past, and this over four decades later at that. Now with the risk of sounding like a man on the couch of his psychoanalyst, let's begin with; "It all started when I was four."

One day, my father decided he was leaving my mother to start a new life with her best friend and neighbor. When my father made this decision, he had the brilliant idea to include me in his plans. So that day, we went out to get some ice-cream and I only returned four years later.

Here is a little more background on my heritage; my father is Métis, which means he is half Native and half French Canadian white man. His mother was sister to the chief of my tribe, head of the Huron nation on the reservation in a city known as Quebec. That makes me one quarter Indigenous. Our new dysfunctional family, meaning me, my father along with the neighbor and her son, moved into a mobile home in a trailer park, on a camp ground named "Lots of Fun" situated in Ontario, Canada. I was basically told that my mother was dead and this was my new mother/family, not in so many words but that is still the way it registered to me at that young age. The first portion of returned childhood memories I believe to have been induced by my own marriage and may have been the association my matured mind needed to trigger the recollection of these events. Meaning memories of my parents separation.

Let us take a closer look at the more common traditional union of two soul mates compared to today's less rugged marital bond shall we? In the older days, it

was more common for a married couple to live through the everyday disagreements. Divorce was frowned upon and unthinkable. In return the children were more accustomed to living with the fact their parents would fight. Although it didn't make it any easier for them to put up with it, divorce or separation in their young minds, was not registered as a possible solution for resolving these events. They would think about this for countless hours at night, sometimes even crying themselves to sleep with the only wish of finding a solution to end these unsupportable moments of their existences, which in those days could be quite violent ones at that. Let's apply the knowledge we now have about the law of attraction in this case, the child's mind is very limited in its possible solutions as they wish feverishly for a resolution to the ghastly chaos.

Your wish is my command would be the next step and the response is a solution according to what the mind was able to gather as possibilities in those present times. As times evolved, the divorce became a fact with precedence; it was now known to the mind and registered as a last resolve in the event of irreconcilable differences. Between 1786, the year of the first divorce petition, and 1827, the year of the first divorce act, the legislature approved only 42 divorces out of a total of 268 petitions. In more recent times, divorce has become a common solution to the disagreements of the conjugal couple,

divorce became a more and more popular solution until this trend hit its peak in 1981. When in the United States of America the number of marriages that year had reached an all time high of 2,438,000 and the number of divorces granted where 1,219,000. After this date less and less couples chose to get married, and the amount of time before two individuals would choose to get married had changed drastically also.

We where now centuries away from the old social out casting of living in sin and almost having to swear oath to your liege. Faith in the marital bond was now riddled with doubt. Commitment until death do us part seemed less and less likely. This reflected in the learning's and knowledge of the children also. The child could now know of a friend who he/she meets in school for example, whose parents had chosen to divorce. The child could see how happy or unhappy his/her friend was and make an educated decision as to how acceptable a solution this was for him/her on an individual basis. All this being based on individual perception, combined with separately lived experience, would bring the mind to classify and file the information differently from one child to the other.

Suddenly the similar situation of the child wishing feverishly for a solution to the fighting can allow him/her to consider in thought the parents getting a

divorce and start to wonder if him/her would like living in this possibility. Now that the mind can visualize such an event, would the natural response not be, your wish is my command also? Can you see how back in the 70's when I was listening to my parents fight, I might have unwillingly wanted the unthinkable to happen? How my wish to have all the fighting and arguing end would be granted in the worst way possible. Is it possible that I could have wished my parents apart? Just by not knowing better and falling asleep, screaming "Make it STOP" into my pillow. Because I am convinced that rare are wishes that are transmitted out to the universe with more passion and feeling than a breaking heart. I'm sure that me remembering of wishing I had a brother before these events had nothing to do with the fact that this fit almost too perfectly into my future reality either.

Which brings me to something I wanted to point out about "The Secret" publication. Rhonda's publication speaks a lot of how thoughts become real things but although the subject is mentioned, not enough emphasis is made on the involvement of the heart in this process. Even if it is mentioned quite a few times that feeling needs to be present in the process to make this work. Not enough focus is put on how crucial emotions are and how your feelings are key in the process of unlocking the door keeping you from accessing your full potential. We also need to underline and highlight

how everyone's realities would be inter affected by everyone else's wishes, a fact that "The Secret" also omits to go into more detail about. Don't get me wrong, that publication is very to the point and edited to cater a specific novice audience, it was more like an introduction to the law of attraction, not designed to be the fully phased, specifically designed, descriptive publications, I believe mine will become by the time I'm done typing. But that would take us way off topic here, so let's let that one go for now because I'm sure this was part of the marketing strategy, done intentionally to show how easy this was supposed to be and how anyone could do it.

Well I'm not sure about easy but indeed anyone can do it. I have been through and seen a lot in my life and I'm not easily amazed. Here is an example of an inspiring individual who was not taught certain limits and had accomplished what many described as a miracle. Aquanetta had the remarkable foresight to treat her son just as any other normal child. She refused to let her son feel or act as if he was handicapped, leading him to believe that he was just as normal as anyone else. Ben Underwood was a young boy who lived a blessed life. He went to high school in Sacramento California, where he enjoyed playing with his friends. Ben enjoyed doing things like play basket ball, ride a bicycle and even roller-blading. Unfortunately Ben was diagnosed with a rare form of optical cancer called

Retinoblastoma, left his mother with a difficult choice: follow traditional therapy with radiation, risking the cancer spreading to his brain through the optic nerve, or take a more aggressive approach and remove his eyes at the tender age of three. When Ben regained consciousness after the surgery, the first thing he told Aquanetta was that he couldn't see anymore. His mother reassured him, explaining that this was not true. She told him he could still see, despite his eyes being removed. She said he could see her with his nose, hands, and ears—by smelling, touching, and hearing her. She told young Ben he could still see her in his mind and refused to let him believe he was any lesser because of it.

Although Ben had a braille machine and a talking computer to assist with his homework, what truly set him apart was what he didn't use. He didn't rely on a seeing dog, a white cane, or even his hands to navigate. Ben did not see himself as different from the other boys his age. Remarkably, his *younger brother didn't realize* Ben was blind until he was old enough for school.

Ben could deftly navigate on his Rollerblades between parked cars and jump onto the sidewalk—a task even challenging for sighted children. He could shoot hoops and ride his bicycle just like any other 14 year old.

One day when his mother was driving in the metropolis, approximately 1 year after the surgery. Ben asked his mother from the back seat of the car, if she had seen the big building they had just drove by. Anquanetta said yes! of coarse "I" did, but did "You"? Knowing well her son was blind, even if she never openly admitted that to him. Ben acknowledged that he did indeed notice the building, to is mothers amazement. Fact of the matter is that Ben is the first recorded human being, to have developed echo location as an alternate form of sight. By emitting a paced clicking sound with is tongue, these clicks echoed around him and when they returned, he was able to draw in is head a very detailed map of his surroundings. The most amazing part of this, is that Ben is self taught in this remarkable talent and that he first noticed his ability to do so at the age of seven. There was no allowances to is condition at home. He was treated no differently and asked no less than of any other child of his equivalent age. Ben has even written a book, which most people don't accomplish until they are much older.

His mother taught him that nothing is impossible and look at the result that ensued. Ben's story can also be searched on You Tube, were you can watch a complete documentary. Ben has been an inspiration to me and I was humbled by his attitude and personality. Ben's success in training his brain to use a very unique

adaptation of the sonar technology used by our submarines, is entirely credited to his mother's extraordinary gift to believe that nothing is impossible. Now if I would have told you that a boy could see without possessing any eyes, would you have been inclined to believe me without the video documentary to support it? This is the hurdle you must find a way to overcome in order to manifest. I highly recommend the viewing of it, if you have not already done so, just to seal the deal. Because this is exactly what I am attempting to teach you in this book. You must unlearn the limitations that you were taught and understand that there is more to this than meets the eye. Because, you would be amazed at what your mind could come up with if you would just let it.

"The mind is everything. What you think you become."

Buddha

"The teacher who is indeed wise does not bid you to enter the house of his wisdom but rather leads you to the threshold of your mind."

Kahlil Gibran

"All our knowledge has its origins in our perceptions."

Leonardo da Vinci

"If you chose you know enough in any field, your ignorance of it grows exponentially, your lack of depth in the matter can be measured proportionately by what you are missing."

Cruise

The Tides of Change

Perception is Clouded because Your Facts are Interpretations

We will bounce around here and skip years at a time, remember the goal is to open your mind and establish credibility on the subject. Here is my recollection of a newly introduce memory, that I only recalled in detail after watching "The Secret" DVD. These new details about my past were confirmed later by my father. The following event occurred, between the ages of six and seven during one of the first warm spring evenings of that year. Enjoying one of the most beautiful and stunning sunsets my eyes have been blessed to capture in memory. My step brother, myself, my father and my new step mother, went for a walk after a satisfying supper on the BBQ. We headed down the path that leads to the beach. My step brother and I ran ahead of the group, chasing each other playing games like tag and hide n seek. Calling out to each other while running and giggling about.

When we got to the tanned sands of the beach I had a real brilliant moment. Since I was so hot, being wet and sticky from all the running around. In an attempt to find a good hiding place, I kept running when I got onto the peer and jumped off the end with the only intent of landing in the cold

refreshing water and to hide at the end of the dock. Guess you can say, I took a long walk off a short pier. In the past, not having learned how to swim, I had always been able to walk into the lake, and make my way on foot around the wooden structure over to the other side without any need to exit the water or cross the platform. I would in the past be able to accomplish this without the level of H₂O getting over my head. Unfortunately I was unfamiliar at that age with how the universe was created. I had no clue, how gravity affects everything and every one in that universe, including the waters in an every day event called the tide.

Today I know that the tidal phenomena can occur in other systems besides the ocean, whenever a gravitational field that varies in intensity is present. This meaning when both the sun and the moon are aligned on any given side of our planet. Again an astonishing example of how nature's laws are steadily unwavering and how they affect everything, even still non living objects. The tides cause changes in the depth of the marine and estuarine water bodies, producing oscillating currents known as tidal streams. Getting back to the present in space and time, you must have guessed it by now that I was quite literally in way over my head. Being that I had not yet learned how to navigate the waters to safety, my feeble first attempts at remaining afloat where failing rapidly. I do remember how icy cold the water felt and recall

moving my arms and legs frantically in an attempt to keep my head over the water. But this action, to my immediate dismay, would have the soul effect of making me spin uncontrollably and had only assisted in increasing my disorientation.

This somber moment in my existence seemed for me, to be a much longer period of time than just the few minutes that came to pass. As I floated around the unclear musky waters, every passing second stretched into what seemed to me, like at least a minute each. How was this possible, well today I know a lot more on the subject of how much information the mind is able to process in only one second and since my brain was thinking quicker than it ever has, calculating every possibility, going over every single memory, one by one (which is, by the way, my theory of why people claim to see their lives flash before their eyes when caught in the "conscious" inevitability of certain death) in order to find a way out of this very sudden conundrum. I clearly remember feeling my body aching desperately for another breath of fresh air. I remember my heart pounding, trying to escape my chest cavity on its own. Although the slight memory of my younger years had faintly surfaced about 2 years ago, I remembered the bitter details of the full event only 3 decades later when I experienced flashing during my screening of "The Secret" DVD?

I could not hold back the urge to breathe any longer. Through the ripping pain in my lungs added to the erratic pounding of my heart, I was still able to think quite clearly, once the initial panic had subsided. Even if I was disoriented and swimming in confusion, my forward thinking now was suddenly made aware of what I knew up to that point in my short life. The realization was, that fish could breathe under water and it had rather clumsily been explained to me that they pull the oxygen from the water in order to sustain their existence. So my only plausible solution and soul way to survive this moment was to trust my instincts. I didn't think... I knew that I needed to open the fiery passageways that lead to my lungs and let them flood with the water I needed to draw oxygen from. Key words here are I didn't think I could not, just like the lady that lifted the car. I just knew this was my only option and made the choice. I can only affirm that there was no second guessing and I trusted what I knew without hesitation.

I recall as if it was yesterday how I inhaled several times and how my mind was trying to adapt and pull the much needed oxygen from the water. I remember the fire in my lungs extinguished by the nice cool liquid that was let in voluntarily by my own choosing. Contrary; to the more common belief that it is a last minute reflex of desperation. I even remember the acidic taste of regurgitating part of my stomach content in the process.

The events that followed that moment where getting vague and distant as the gloomy waters became more and more out of focus, my eyes where failing me, I could barely decipher shapes or shades of gray. Apparently I had been floating in the water for quite some time. My step brother still playing hide and seek, had not seen me jump off the end of the pier, and by the time our parents had caught up with us on the beach to when I was found, at least 7 to 10 more minutes had come to pass. Now add to that the 5 to 10 minute head start we had on them as they walked calmly unaware down the path.

When they arrived on location they started to act like parents do, they started to get worried and they interrogated my step brother when I failed to respond to their hails. My fathers words when I interrogated him on the events, where that he looked around and saw nothing but the dog swimming in the water at the end of the pier. Upon a second look he realized that the dog was actually my hair floating on top of the water. I was then pulled out of the water and it was my father that gave me CPR. I even faintly recall the smothered desperation in the faint and distant screams. My understanding is that I coughed up a small river and was saved. No comma, no hospitalization of any kind needed. They carried me home and the next day I was running around as if nothing had happened.

I don't wish to loiter on the subject; I just wanted to get the facts out there, now let us go over the last part with a very much more experienced point of view. When one drowns, they sink to the bottom of the watery grave, once the lungs fill with water we tend to lose our buoyancy. How did my father see my hair floating on top of the water, when I know that I could not touch the bottom in order to push up for air? How do I remember his hand reaching for me? How can I recollect in a crystal clear fashion, not understanding why I was unable to gather the strength in my muscles to move or react accordingly and attempt to reach out to him?

Today I know that the lack of oxygen flowing through my veins, oxygen that was needed for my muscles to contract was unavailable, I know that every cubic fraction of oxygen I was able to pull from the liquid substance in my lungs was being used to sustain my brain functions only, because the body simply cannot exist without the mind. I firmly believe that the sentient energy within me, can however continue to evolve normally without either the brain or it's surrounding meat sack. In the end, I guess what I am trying to tell you is that I was "under the impression" that I was able to breathe water and pull enough oxygen from its content, to adequately sustain my existence long enough to be rescued approximately 15 to 20 minutes later. Now you're probably thinking, that's not possible, no one can hold their

breath for that long and the concept of breathing water is preposterous. Well I'm sitting here telling you that the child that had read from DC and Marvel comic strips did "Believe" just that. The same child that spent countless hours imagining how cool it would be to be able to do what a character named Aquaman was capable of. Well let's continue with the fact that my soul didn't leave my body, but I did indeed die that day, and as it turns out, it was the same for this eight year old boy named Samuel from Winnipeg, Canada. According to an article published a few days ago, in the National Post on Friday, April 24th, 2009 by Geoff Kirbyson, The article read as follows:

"Samuel Gross is awake, talking and wondering what all the fuss is about. The eight-year-old boy woke up from a coma Wednesday morning; nearly two weeks after flood waters sucked him into a culvert on Manitoba's Westroc Hutterite Colony, where he had been playing with friends. He spent about 20 minutes submerged below a layer of ice before his limp body could be pulled to dry ground. Samuel wasn't breathing, his heart wasn't beating and his lungs were filled with water and the content of his stomach. That was the beginning of the improbable string of events that saved the young boy's life and has doctors cautiously predicting a full recovery.

Neighbors immediately performed CPR on Samuel, to no avail. He was flown by air ambulance from the

religious colony 140 kilometers southeast to a Winnipeg hospital. Once in the intensive care unit, doctors kick started his heart (after *two hours* of CPR), they kept his body cool for the next 48 hours while his circulation was re-stored. "That helps protect the brain from inflammation," said Dr. Murray Kesselman, medical director of pediatrics at the city's Health Science Centre. Samuel started to emerge from his coma several days ago. His eyes were open, but he had no awareness of his surroundings and progressed rapidly from there. "He's the boy he was" Kesselman said. "There's a good chance he'll make a full recovery." Samuel's father, Robert Gross, said he was "overjoyed and overwhelmed" by his eldest child's improbable recovery. Samuel has four younger siblings.

When asked if he remembered his father's cell phone number, Samuel recited it perfectly. He also responded correctly when asked his age and birthday. "It's a miracle. The dear Lord heard our prayers," Gross said at a news conference. "We can't put into words how thankful we are for the prayers and support we have been getting." Kesselman stopped short of crediting divine intervention, but said everything had to unfold precisely as it did for Samuel to cheat death and then live to not tell about it. "He won't have any memory of these events," he said. We knew this type of survival was possible, but only in certain circumstances. His brain was very cold before his heart stopped.

(The Cold) protected his brain and heart," . Kesselman added: "If you look at a group of kids who were under water for 20 minutes, very few would get their hearts started and most would have irreversible brain damage." It's early in the recovery process, but he's optimistic Samuel will not have any brain damage.

Now I must ask you, are you still as skeptical of my version? I would think not. What's really going to spin your marbles later on is this: would you have believed me without a recent article from a more credible source like the National Post? Tell me, why was my simple explanation insufficient for your brain to register it as a possibility, let alone allow your mind to file the new information as real and true? For this reason alone, "You Must" continue to validate my credibility. When I ask you to look something up, you "Must" follow through. Just reading it here is Not sufficient. I ask that you take a few minutes to Google it. The mind is strange like that; you must solidify the foundation. Now you are beginning to open your eyes wide enough to have your mind as open and receptive as we need it to be for this journey that has been my life.

Oh I almost forgot, one of the first things I recall being able to remember clearly once I had started breathing air again was, and I quote "It's a Miracle." So in my case as well others like my father and step mother where praying/wishing me back fiercely as others did for Samuel.

Now go ahead and make your own deductions. Did believing I could breathe water like aqua man, save my life that day? The science behind it all, is that my body continued to use the oxygen available in my blood like a baby breathes the oxygen available in the blood of its mother through the umbilical cord. I may have been able to pull limited quantities of oxygen from the water due to the fact I inhaled and exhaled but our lungs are ill equipped to do so. Could it have been divine intervention? Some would say that believing is having faith, so would it be my faith that saved me? Consider this interesting fact. I wasn't praying. Did others faiths have anything to do in assisting with this incredible occurrence? Maybe the most interesting part of all this is that up until a few years ago, I didn't even remember any of this. I truly think that it doesn't matter what we believe as long as the outcome of my survival was achieved. Let us just file this away as food for thought and move on for now shall we?

When I reached the age of 8 years old, I had started stealing and had turned into quite the little rebel. Good old dad got me a therapist who after hours upon hours of senseless babbling, told my father that the reason I was the way I was, is because I missed my real mother. Now I don't know what happened but I think the law caught up to him for not having legal custody and the therapist thing seems to me now as having been his escape goat. Maybe his way of justifying what he was about to do to himself. Something he could use as an

excuse, because he couldn't bear to lose me. Any how, I was brought back to the woman that I was under the impression to be dead. This is just to show you how messed up a child I really was. So this woman I would be asked to call Mom, who had risen from the dead, naturally loathed my father and this with understandable reasons given their past history. I just happened to be the spitting image of my father, I talked like him, burped like him, walked like him and my mother wanted to change every aspect of me that reminded her of him. Needless to say that didn't sit too well with the hero image I retained of the man that raised me and had saved my life.

I did something rather odd when I was about 10 years of age however. I participated in a play that my 6th grade class was presenting at the local church called Jesus Christ Super Star. All the children of my age, that I knew to be catholic had already received their first communion. I was very much into reading the bible and researching what I could learn about God. The part that was odd was that I made a rather dramatic and emotion filled demand one night. I say demand because the way I went about the matter didn't leave my mother with much choice on the subject. I had done quite a number on my teacher and the local priest, who accompanied me when I confronted my mother on the subject. I remember well my conviction on the subject and how

I had to declare that I "*believed*" of my own free will. Anyhow, you will see the relevance of this later on. Needless to say, things didn't work out that good between me and my resurrected mother. I had developed an acute case of the liars not to mention when I did something wrong, she would apply punishment like any normal parent trying to install structure and discipline. So then I would do something else to get back at her, she would then punish me for that, and so on and so forth. Until it almost became a game for me, maybe my way of dealing with it, I'm still not sure. It got to the point where at the age of 13, I had ran away from home twice already without success, in futile attempts to find my father in Ontario. I finally left for good after being banned from the public school board, earlier that same day. My mother having had enough of me by then, refused to take me back. I had also on my part, already expressed my firm determination to never return to what I didn't consider home any more with the acting authorities. So what do you know, my mother and I finally agreed on something. I lived in a juvenile correction center for a while until they found a foster home for me.

Please by all means don't paint a bad picture of my mother from this; she did what she could with what she had. But there is a point to be made here and that is the fact that during approximately four years my mother wished, prayed and thought obsessively about getting

me back. Naturally the law of attraction responded to her but what you need to take from this is, be careful what you wish for; because getting me back didn't turn out the way she had pictured it. I didn't bring her the sunshine that was missing in her life. Wishing the wrong thing can often have the opposite desired effect, even if you think it's the best thing that could happen to you or is the thing you wish for the most. You will get a better example of this phenomenon later on.

"We would accomplish many more things, if we did not think of them as impossible."

Vince Lombardi

"It always seems impossible until its done."

Nelson Mandela

"Nothing is impossible, the word itself says, I'm possible!"

Audrey Hepburn

"All that spirits desire, spirits attain."

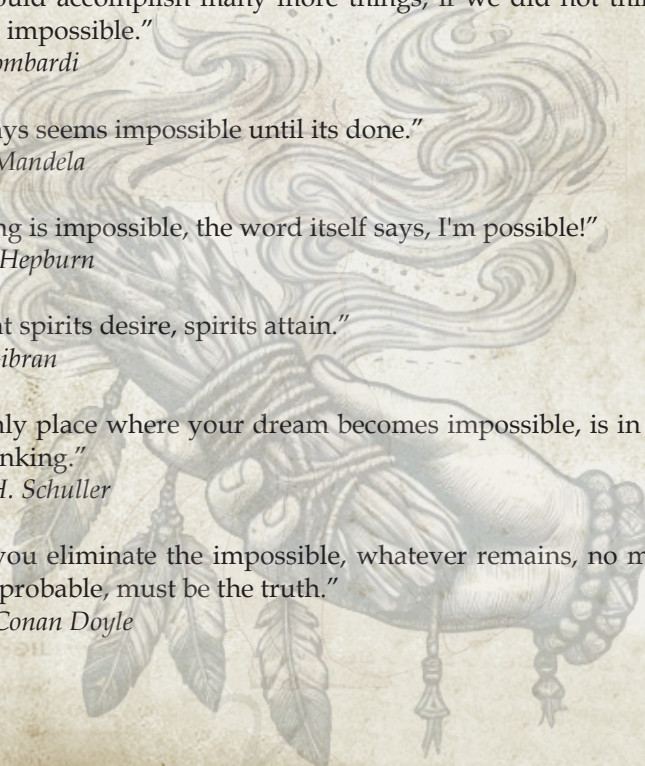
Khalil Gibran

"The only place where your dream becomes impossible, is in your own thinking."

Robert H. Schuller

"Once you eliminate the impossible, whatever remains, no matter how improbable, must be the truth."

Arthur Conan Doyle



Back to The Future

You Always had Your Say in the Way things Turned Out

Let me share another real-life example to add to your data. Always remember, money does not buy happiness. Take the time to prepare yourself mentally for the changes ahead and ensure you align with your aspirations. The key is communication; talk to your loved ones. Prepare them as well as you can, because life-changing events are called such for a reason. Your best defense is to bring them somewhat on board without forcing them to adhere to your new beliefs. Keep them informed of your progress and accomplishments towards specific goals. Show them instead of telling them to get it done..

I repeat one of the oldest and wisest pieces of advice: lead by example. Let them make up their minds about the validity of your new way of life. Set expectations and talk about the possibilities resulting from imminent manifestations. Have fun visualizing and discussing what they will do with the money. This will not only help you act as if you already have it but also spark surprising directions in your conversation. This helps ensure everyone is on the same page should such an event take place.

Now before we go on, let's give you the reader a little positive reinforcement and some confidence building comments shall we? Since by now I have most likely lost one third of the readers who had a preconception of what this book was going to be about. Since they put the book down saying I don't want to read this nobody's auto biography or some other unworthy comments. Congratulate yourself for your patience in coming this far and being able to broaden your views. Be proud that you are still reading this and get excited as to were this is going because the others were sadly mistaking if they thought I was spilling my guts like this without purpose.

Let's go back to my teenage years shall we and explain the part were I mentioned being banned from the whole school board. High school was interesting to say the least for me. I have always been an 80 average student. There is nothing amazing about that except the fact that I never needed to study in order to obtain the grades. Isn't this a fascinating fact, on its own? I was convinced that as long as I paid attention in class and took notes, all I would ever need to do, would be to rewrite my sloppy notes later, so they would be readable, when I got home from class.

I would also help tutor other kids that had more difficulty and this would reinforce in my mind the fact that I knew the subjects and act somewhat as my way to measure what I knew. This way I was certain before engaging in any given exams, that I knew the subject and I was really able to convince myself of this beyond any possible doubt. Bottom line being that I knew how I would make out in an exam and most of the time I was able to predict my grade before hand. Funny how I also had myself convinced that I never needed to study when that was exactly what I was doing by tutoring others and rewriting my notes.

Now let's take in the facts. A popular quote that is easy to find online says "We learn... 10 percent of what we read, 20 percent of what we hear, 30 percent of what we see, 50 percent of what we see and hear, 70 percent of what we discuss with others, 80 percent of what we experience, and 95 percent of what we teach to some-one." There are many methods you can use to keep something in memory. Remember that you are most likely to remember something if it is actually valuable to you as a person, meaning if you are interested. This is why one must *want* to learn what I am passing on and the reason IT CANNOT be forced on anyone. Just remember these few tricks. Live what you're learning in active daily applications. Talk the talk don't just learn it without applying it. Then *later* try to teach it to others. Again I stress "Later".

"You" need to learn it first. Note here that I had no knowledge of these numbers and percentages back then and how this came instinctively to me. Of course this must only be another pure coincidence. I just love the "C" word.

Well being a straight B student was not going to save me from what was coming up next. I got expelled from my first high school, then from the second one, and as if that wasn't enough, I got myself banned from the whole public school board for misbehaving and for a serious need of an attitude adjustment. I spent the better part of that year in a juvenile detention center with bars in the windows and locked doors. This is when I continued to broaden my research in religions. When I think about it now, I had way to much free time on my hands, and I used it to try and understand my situation. I needed to know why life was so unfair to me and I didn't understand *if* there *was* a greater being then why would these types of events be allowed, let alone to go unnoticed without objection.

Here is when I actually started gathering my first puzzle pieces and put them aside in an empty shoe box that I would hide under the bed in my locked room. That box, a bag of clothes and a few items of sentimental value, quickly became my way of life and is probably why the shoe box was so precious to me. I was assigned

a social worker who eventually became a sort of father figure to me. Now most kids where lucky if they got one foster home offered to them during their whole time within the juvenile assistance system. Many didn't even get one, only to go on and never leave Juvie hall until they came of age. Now listen closely to the next fact. I burned through five foster homes in the one school year that followed, and what a school year it was. Think about it 5 foster families in only one year, when the majority got none.

Note that at this point, I had been submitted to so much psychoanalysis, read quantifiable amounts of literature on the subject and commented on enough ink blots to almost qualify me a degree as a shrink. I would actually enjoy studying those who where trying to get into my head, in their futile attempts at figuring me out. They provided me with the incredible tools I needed to quickly master the art of mind games and manipulation. I figured out the power and usefulness of reversed psychology and quickly moved on towards more complicated techniques in no time flat. Five foster homes in one year! Let's think about that for a moment, this was no small feat, and I only realize now after remembering it all, that I was able to use the law of attraction my entire life. I mean if you can wrap your mind around the fact that I had wished my mother back from the dead, or at least that's the way I came to see it

back then. Apparently, I was able to manifest myself new families out of thin air, so consider this; after the first two authentic foster homes, I ran out of options. I was facing the eventuality of going back to the detention center. The next three foster homes, where actually consisted of parents to friends that I would sweet talk into processing an application and eventually take me in, becoming foster families of their own. Manipulating emotions, such as pity and shame, quickly became one of my strengths.

Those were the coolest living arrangements I could ever imagined. How cool was it to actually live with your best friends for as long as they could put up with me or chose to keep me around that is. Let's not fool ourselves here; I still was far from the model teenager. My curiosity for the softer drugs had started giving way to harder substances. I had this stupid motto that went as follows "I'll try anything once." I was determined to never say I didn't like something unless I had the knowledge first hand from having tried it, in order to base my opinion on. I was the living clone of Thomas the disciple, personally needing to see, touch or try everything prior to making up my mind about something. A complete 180 from the crying catholic boy that wanted to declare his faith so strongly in the past. Well going from weed to magic mushrooms and then to harder drugs such as acid and

cocaine, was inevitable with this type of reasoning. Followed by drinking 40 ounce's of amber rum in the school yard while skipping classes, which had its own set of consequences all together. Eventually this tendency to try everything once, peaked and led to inhaling gasoline fumes from the lawnmower at night in my foster family's back shed. I even remember one time waking up from unconsciousness on a stranger's lawn, staring my foster parent in the eyes, five houses down the street. With no recollection of how I got there, but having very vivid memories of the hallucinations that I had dangerously become very fond of. There is not much point in going further into detail here. The point is made and you now have a good understanding of how much of a troubled young adult I had actually become.

Getting back to the more pressing matters at that time of my life, I may have been a rebel child but contrary to first impressions, I was not and ignorant one. I did however realize that I needed a proper education, of which I was disallowed to pursue for the obvious reasons stated above. I was bagged and tagged in that department, written off as a lost cause from the start. The only way my social worker found to have me reintegrate the education system, was on the condition that I be made to attend a very special school. This school only had 80 students in total, but they where all Grade A, principal killer , type young adults.

I'm not kidding or exaggerating in any way, they where the toughest, roughest bunch of delinquents gathered under one roof I had ever laid my intimidated eyes upon. When I approached this school for the first time, walking towards the main entrance. A second story window opened as I witnessed a desk fly out with its accompanied chair. I watched in complete disbelief as they came crashing on the pavement before me in a pile of splinters and twisted metal. I began to panic immediately, my breathing became shallow and my pulse was racing uncontrollably. I needed a new strategy on the spot, I desperately needed to find a plan and fast. My head was spinning and my palms instantly sweaty. So thinking on my feet as I had always learned to do, I decided that from this point on I was simply going to be crazy. Yes you heard me right; I voluntarily decided that I was going to be a very mentally challenged individual with all the physical aspects, twitches and verbal slurs, that accompanied this condition. I also displayed all the inherent signs of a true personality disorder. Schizophrenia was not ruled out in my previous psychological assessments, so I went with that.

The first half of the first day went rather well, I was introduced to my new teacher and shown my new desk. When lunch time came around, I remember choosing the pasta item on the short menu, putting it in a tray and taking a seat at a long empty table, with the full intention of eating alone. Needless to say that didn't work out as planned. Tessier, the biggest, toughest and meanest kid in the school, tapped me on the shoulder, cleared his throat and said "That's my chair you're sitting in Shorty, speaking in French. Well this appeared to be as good a time as any, to show off my new identity. Since my growth spurt didn't come until two summer's later, being out sized and out numbered 3 to one. I stood up and quickly turned to face Tessier and his cronies saying "I don't see your name on it, taking a glance at the empty chair." I took one look at the intensity in Tessier's eyes and you could cut the tension in the air with a knife. There was no time left, I had to react now or face a promisingly long recovery in a hospital bed. In that split second, I jumped on the table, kicked the tray of spaghetti across the room and ripped my shirt off screaming in madness. Then I unhooked the fire extinguisher from its holster on the wall next to me. I proceeded to pull the pin out of the fiery red colored device that now matched the blazing flame that glittered in my eye. I remember emptying the white powdered content of the heavy canister into Lavern's face and hitting Tessier across the forehead with the now almost empty

container, then I got tackled off the table, onto the hard floor, hitting my head off the cement flooring covered with checkered black and white tiles.

Thank the God's that the vice principle walked in at that precise moment because the other two had gotten back up and I was about to get a taste of my own medicine. An impressive man the vice principal was, he often reminded me of Arnold Schwarzenegger. Once all the trouble and obvious discipline that followed blew over, Tessier and I had become quite close, he kept saying that I was crazy and he thought that made me cool. When I said I needed a new plan previously, that plan included making friends with the bully of the school. I had no clue all the students in this new school where natural bullies, born into this world with the genetic bully gene. Real funny, how my wish was granted. We became best buddies and keep in mind being friends with the toughest guy in the school had its advantages. Between Tessier's impressive size and Lavern missing one eye that was almost always covered with a black pirate patch, I was in good capable hands. They became my shields against the crazy world I had submerged myself in, as I labored towards what I needed to accomplish. Keep in mind here that I incontestably wished for all this to take place in full detail and make a mental note, on the emotional state I was in at the time of the decision. Or should I say request?

My new focus now was set on finding a way out of that school alive and to reintegrate the normal public school system I now missed so dearly, as quickly as possible. I knew to well that any extended amount of exposure to this type of environment would be devastating for me, for I was sure to loose myself in my own simulation of madness otherwise. I quickly pulled all the resources at my disposition and arranged a meeting between my social worker and the school councilor, making sure to include my new teacher. The only person that would be in on my little scam and would know I was not crazy in that entire school would have to be that teacher. After much deliberation through extensive discussion within the group. I decided that the only way out for me, would be to take advantage of the schools policy, that children where permitted to learn at their own pace in this school. One would actually be permitted to take two school calendar years time, to accomplish one year of high school requirements. Well that was the opportunity I needed, so I decided to do the opposite, I proposed reversing the process and to finish two years of high school curriculum in only one year.

This put me right back on track, regaining the year I missed during all the expulsions and relocating, thus permitting me to reintegrate the public school system as

if I hadn't missed a beat. All of a sudden the once impossibility of my reintegration into the public education system was not so impossible after all. Using this loop hole in my own twisted version of that program, had never been attempted before and actually created a precedence that gave the teaching staff new ideas on upcoming programs. The point to take in here, is that yet another of my seemingly impossible goals came to become a reality.

Such an accomplishment made it so that I was granted a pardon from the school board and I was able to get back into a regular "normal" high school the following year. Actually taking me, to the total disbelief of the acting principal, back to the first high school I had been expelled from. I'm positive that the fact that I made a promise to him out loud, that I would be back when I gave him the stink eye on my way out, had nothing to do with this. The whole running away from home, expelled from the school board, detention center and first three foster homes thing was all between the ages of 11 and 15. My plan was to finish school at the age of 16. I reintegrated the regular school system only to signed up for a short program that was kind of like trade school. So you can see that there was always a plan. Most boys that considered this option would take mechanics or wood shop, but I was very much into the first computer I had ever seen. It was a Tandy 80 and I was drawn to it like a magnet. Only 200,000 of these puppies where manufactured back in August 1977.

Even if the operating system was DOS and the display was only a 12-inch monochrome monitor with 64 X 16 text. It was still considered in my mind as the hottest thing I had ever laid my hands on. For a chance to use this amazing piece of equipment, I would spend my entire lunch periods just waiting in line, for an opportunity to use it.

I rapidly came to the realization that I needed to learn how to type. So I took the girls secretary short program instead of the usual testosterone driven wood shops or mechanics. Yes I was the only boy in a class of 30 girls, and quickly became the envy of all the boys on campus. Even if I was learning things I thought to be irrelevant at the time, it didn't matter because I was a pioneer. This had never been seen before, I was a local hero among my peers and I enjoyed every minute of it.

Although in retrospect, I'm not sure if it was not only due to my bald head and coming from that crazy school that just intimidated everyone into liking me. In stead of openly pointing out that most of them thought I was gay. Of course I met my first real love in that class, which really was effective at eliminating those rumors. How ironic was it do you think, to be the only boy in a classroom filled with 30 girls, while sharing all your classes with your new girlfriend. Little did I know that this was going to become a special form of training that would prepare me for more challenging

times to come. But for now, I was living in my first apartment with a roommate arrangement at the age of 16.

After some fancy reading of my rights, in the laws of child protection, a very interesting book that my social worker was kind enough to leave lying around. The arrangement I had made with social services, through my worker who I was driving completely mad, was that they would hand over a check to pay for my needs every month as long as I provided them with copies of my report cards and that my grades didn't go under the class average. I had a 23 year old room mate who worked as a welder. It wasn't long until the bills along with the pressure of keeping a part time job at the age of sixteen, made it so that I was unable to attend school any longer. Or was it the constant abuse of illegal substances during all the wild parties I hosted that contributed more to that fact? Either way I didn't care because I was the coolest kid in that whole school district as a consolation prize.

I was living a dream that I had pictured in all its details, in my head while in juvenile detention. I needed only attend a few necessary classes in order to not get expelled, so needless to point out that I skipped a lot more than I attended. I had money, a girlfriend and everything everyone wanted, including no nagging parents. But what made me so cool was that I had my own pad to top it off. Party central it was and it made me as cool as The

Fonz in Happy Days. You probably wonder how I was able to pull this off? Well I was quick to find another weakness in my arrangement with social services and I took great advantage of one key phrase in our agreement. "Provide a *"copy"* of my report cards" well that I did, even when I no longer attended school and my grades suffered reflecting my poor attendance, I would use the wonderful invention I had been introduced to called liquid paper to white out an old report card. With my newly learned secretary skills I would add a few things, then type in my new grades and since it was only a copy I needed to provide, the social services were none the wiser of my deception. You see, since I couldn't make it to the last two weeks of exams, I didn't get the opportunity to graduate. Now that you know some of my past you can realize as I do now, that I was never that lucky and even though some of you may interpret this only as a clever ruse, I definitely attribute all the credit to the law of attraction simply because of the details and circumstances, that I find at this point unnecessary to provide.

I was in heaven and happy beyond imagine, since I was still going steady with my first love of whose name I had tattooed on my left forearm. Of course all good things always have to come to an end and having supposedly graduated in the eyes of social services, resulted in cutting me off from the monthly income, I had become so Dependant upon.

Adding the fact that I was recently unemployed rendered me unable to afford the rent anymore; this meant I needed new living arrangements. I had however managed to convince my high school crush's mother; whom I had a good relationship with by then, to step up to the plate and become the last foster home to take me in.

Think about that for a moment, I was living in foster care, sharing my girlfriend's room, and the best part is her single parent mom had no issue with me sharing the same bed. I mean really, having intercourse with her 16 year old daughter in the room across the hall of her own, that we shared during my 1 year stay with them was definitely pulled from the pages of my deepest intense emotional desire to no longer be the virgin I was and was exactly what I asked for in it's every unpublished detail. Let me make this a little clearer, it wasn't kind of like what I wished for, it was in every aspect exactly how I imagined it to be. There was a lot of tension with the brother in law though, who was much older than his sister. He had put a premature end to his military career as a cook and was not fond at all of his baby sister's new living arrangements with the young rocker in the leather jacket. At one point it got to be too much to handle and we moved out of her moms and landed ourselves into our first apartment together.

Some of you are without a doubt questioning or having difficulty accepting my interpretation of things. Understand that this is a completely normal reaction to what you are perceiving as misinformation. Until you have all the background knowledge you need to process my accounts against, you may want to avoid disputing the interpretations. Keep in mind that even once you possess the knowledge to proceed, you will still have your own and original interpretations, because all the computations or reasoning used, will be based on your personal life experiences, but they will at least not be so drastically opposed to the versions I am providing any longer. This is why I mentioned that you should not judge what you are reading and how important it is to do this on your own. For now just read this with the same mind set that you would process a story book with. I will also once more underline that you will undeniably pick up on more of the overlooked details, on your second run across the pages of these publications, once you have read the conclusion and the entire series of books. I can however assure you that if you are shocked or appalled in any way at what you have read up until now, that your in for a real treat because "You aint seen nothing yet".

"Beware what you set your heart upon. For it shall surely be yours."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Advice is what we ask for when we already know the answer but wish we didn't."

Erica Jong

"Always bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any other thing."

Abraham Lincoln

"Believe that you are defeated, believe it long enough, and it is likely to become a fact."

Norman Vincent Peale

"If you Believe in the power of words, you can bring about physical changes in the universe." - *N Scott Momaday - Kiowa Tribe*
Pulitzer prize winner - Native American literature



Careful What You Wish For

Because you just might get it

Preamble: On a personal note; to her explicit request, some of the following additions, I did not share with my new life mate, whom I know will understand as usual that I had a past, but she had specified that she did not want to know the details. For this I'm truly sorry angel eyes, but it's imperative that I continue and share this relevant and important information. For the readers; this section of the book is not for everyone; this part digs deeply into religious folklore and touches on some subjects that many religious readers could find offensive. Please proceed and act accordingly, feel free to skip anything you do not want to know more about, but remember that I did ask you to keep an open mind previously and this is what I was referring to at that time. This information is a crucial piece of the puzzle and if I could have proceeded without including it, I would have happily done so, in order to avoid the criticism and all the jumping to conclusions that will become of it.

I tried desperately to find a job because life on government assistance did not provide enough income to sustain our lifestyle of drugs and alcohol abuse. We were Young and Naïve. After partying away all our financial resources, we still needed to make it through the rest of the month. Living on what the food bank could generously provide was also insufficient nourishment for both of us.

At night, I would raid the neighbors' vegetable gardens and by day, I begged for change on street corners doing the squeegee thing to feed us. My interest and research in religions had broadened significantly at this point in my life. Despite my contradicting way of life, my curiosity about various religions remained a constant. My library card was always crucial, allowing me to learn about other religions beyond my own. Sometimes, I even wondered if I was meant to be a man of God.

My shoe box had gained a lot of interesting content, but along with reading up on the creator, came enormous amounts of information about his rival and the apocalypse that was predicted to follow. Rather fascinating I found the dark side to be. As I read through books upon books of writings about Gods. While going threw books that where allot older than I was, I could not avoid picking up more and more information about cults and Satanism also. My life had become a living hell once more and I didn't know what to do about it. I had left a huge piece of the puzzle out, and now I was determind to follow through and learn everything I could on my new obsession. I was possessed with an uncontrollable urge to prove his existence. I couldn't bare my own existence as it was any longer, but was unable, unwilling or too cowardly to take my own life. I would walk down

dark streets in the early hours of the AM. Watching the houses I passed by, filled with people sleeping who possessed what I would call back then, "Normal Lives". I remember clearly as if it was yesterday, how I would scream WHY? Why was I denied this kind of life, why didn't I deserve to have a good job with a family, a nice house, a car and the white picket fence? I remember hours upon hours of reflection on the river banks that I would later pass off to my loved one, as time spent job hunting, when I no longer had it in me to take any more rejection from the system. I would walk around in the woods with my shoe box reading and taking more notes, and then spend other half days at the library desperately attempting to burry myself in my research like a work alcoholic in order to not have to face the painful reality that was my life at the time.

I had come upon some pretty authentic looking copies of documentation through connections of people who knew people. I got my hands on some actual photocopies of incantations and rituals in a language I did not know and couldn't even make out the phonetics correctly, it was very difficult to find someone trustworthy enough to translate the information I needed so desperately at the time to be made aware of. The same information which could allow, an individual to make a deal with the one who wears so many names such as Abbadon (Hebrew), Angra Mainyu (Avestan-language, Zurvanite Ulema-i Islam), Asmodai, Asmodée or Asmodeus

(Latin, French and Greek), Beelzebub (Jewish reference to Baal) yes just like in Stargate SG1 or Satan and Lucifer that you are probably more familiar with.

I no longer had anything else to loose and was ready to do what ever was necessary, in order to turn the life I despised so much around, with a simple unimaginable arrangement. I made up my mind and came to the conclusion, through the desperation, that a particular solution was becoming appealing to me. I began to gather the necessary props in order to prepare for one of the darkest moments of my existence. Now this is where I draw the line, I refuse to go into the grim details of the subject because I want to make sure no one uses what I am writing here to even attempt anything stupid or to recreate what I have foolishly done. But some details are in fact needed in order to make my version of that event verifiable or even credible, so after putting together the perfect environment and doing all the necessary preparations, including the forging a white steal blade upon which I engraved the name of God or Jehovah, Yahweh or in the Hebrew traditional Tetragrammaton fashion, it is basically believed in the Jewish ways, that the people had a strict rule to never erase the name if it was written, out of the highest respect for the name. So I proceeded to engrave the iron with some pretty fancy symbols set in a diagram. Using some tongue twisting incantations (leaving out a few crucial items here

intentionally), I actually went through with it. I can't decide today if I was naïve or smart enough to have believed such a thing possible. Take note that the key word there was *believed*. Either way, I believed in what I had just done more than I have ever believed in anything else in my life up to that point.

I had finally done it, I signed a deal to sell my soul to the devil himself or so I thought, but I will get deeper into that explanation in later chapters of my publications. It's amazing what a desperate, young man with enough drugs and alcohol in his system can imagine to have happened. I had seriously contemplated ending my own existence shortly before this event, so I naturally didn't ask or expect for much in exchange of my worthless soul. I put in the usual order that a hormone driven teen would have asked for. I wanted five years of happiness that's all. Five years with all the money I want, and to be surrounded with all the women I could handle. Seriously, you have no idea, how embarrassing it is to admit in writing how utterly stupid you were in the past. But in my despair, all that really mattered was asking for five years of what I thought would be bliss, before it was all taken away from me, in what I would often picture as the most horrible death imaginable. Well let me tell you that after so much preparation and all the fancy details and hard to pronounce incantations, I kind of

expected something grandiose and instant, you know what I mean. I had pictured in my mind, all the smoke and mirrors black magic apparition. I actually expected to wake up the next day to a new life, but nothing of the sort came to be.

I waited impatiently for days that seemed like weeks, dragging my sorry existence behind me, moving forward with no effort to make any changes knowing in my mind that this would work. A week went by and now I had become more depressed than ever before. Hope was fading; I kept going over the details in my head, had I missed something? Did the devil own my soul or not? I literally tortured myself mentally with a constant obsession as to why nothing had happened. Meanwhile, real life continued to be unbearable. One evening after a futile last effort in attending more interviews, only to have the system shoot me down again for not possessing the required magical document called a diploma. You know that piece of paper that decides if you're going to make a living at minimum wage or be cast out to live a life of misery and shame. Well that evening, my girlfriend served us the last can in the cupboard which had been given to us by the food bank. We had hit rock bottom spending the last few days eating the condiments left in the fridge. So after a few days of eating mustard from a spoon, she laid a plate in front

of me with my half of a can of pet food. Well needless to say I completely lost it at that point. I stood fast from my chair that dented the sheet rock wall behind me. I then proceeded to throw the plate against the opposite wall, making instant wallpaper of the smelly substance.

I'm still haunted to this day by how intense my emotions where at that moment, I wasn't sure how I was going to react and being afraid of loosing the little control I had left. I stormed out of the apartment and did what I do best when I loose my temper. I took a humongous walk. I walked for hours on hours before heading down to the river bed and thought so much my hair was sore. I suddenly remembered once when I still lived with my mother, about hearing how my uncle was a male stripper and what a pretty penny he made doing this odd trade. Eavesdropping is a nasty habit but it can have its rewards now and then. When I returned from my trip down intensity lane, I told my girl to pack her things, because we where about to leave this life of misery behind. I told her I had a plan and that we where about to have more money than we knew what to do with. I looked at some ads in the paper and after a few calls we had a couple auditions lined up.

One thing led to another and before we knew it, money was no longer an issue. Our lives had become a never ending party with every luxury you can imagine. Only the best for us was our new saying in our new and exciting way of life. Best restaurants, themed motel suites, Jacuzzi's, champagne and an inexhaustible supply of plane and bus tickets. At one point after two years of traveling from nightclub to nightclub, there was no reason to keep the apartment that we only used for two to four days a month at the most. We were always on the road so why pay rent?

We started booking ourselves from one club to the next, arranging for the owner of the following gig to dish out the expenses for transportation and living arrangements. All we had to pay for was the meals and expensive clothes, because it was essential to look our best at all times. Two years down the road, in a moment of sobriety, I came to realize what had actually become of us. The woman I loved had become an addicted junky and the vision of happiness I had painted for myself was strangely fading. It was like waking up from a two year road trip and the sight of my high school sweetheart shaking, while bent over a plastic garbage can, trying convulsively to regurgitate something she had not ingested to begin with, was too much for me to handle. It was like I finally had woken up and wiped the steam off the bathroom mirror. I could actually see what we had become.

When she went downstairs to start her shift in the club, I knew what I had to do. Only by ending my relationship with her, could I ever hope of one day seeing her free of this poisonous way of life and give her back a chance at a normal life (even if I still to this day try to define normal) After a few weeks of indifference and cheating on her she left as expected. I learned later that this was the best choice I could have made at the time. She cleaned up her act and although she didn't stop stripping, she did however loose the excessive use of the hard drugs and had toned it down just enough to look almost normal the next time we met in Chibougamau Quebec.

For myself I continued to strip for another year, wondering in a daze from job to job. I was numbed by the sharp pain that had permanently rented a room in my heart. Realizing that after all that money that had gone through my hands, that all I owned in this world was contained in the few canvas bags I carried. I couldn't bear that the only thing I had ever cared for was gone forever and appalled at what I had done to make it happen.

One odd evening I was in the 24 hour Montreal bus terminal, waiting for the greyhound that would bring me to my next lifeless destination, overwhelmed by my own self pity and dwelling in my semi depressive state. I let my mind wander and contemplated my past. I tried to understand where I had gone wrong, how my life had come to this unbearable burden once more. I drew back on how the last three years had been amazing and then once more wondered about my little contract with Satan, and asked myself again, why my wishes failed to materialize the next day. Did I miss a detail, a word miss pronounced? I knew I didn't follow the described ceremony to the exact detail. Simply because I didn't have it in me to do some of the things required. Had my substitutions been my downfall?

At that exact moment I remember well how my hands lost their grip as my arms failed me and my bags came crashing to the ground at my side. As reality surrounding me started to blur, giving way to memories of my last three years of shameful existence. I just stood there with my mouth opened wide, realizing that I had been so wrong all along. As the muffled sound of the security guard asking me if I was alright failed to reach any part of me that was wanting to pay attention.

It hit me like a brick in the face and I remember also feeling as if I had just been brutally raped, thinking how deceiving Lucifer had actually been. How could I have missed something so obvious? All my wishes had indeed actually been granted, I had received everything I had wished for. Five years of parties with all the money I wanted and all the women I could handle. I started adding it all up in my head and realized only then that we had been making between 150 to 200 thousand dollars a year. That was like half a million in today's dollars. On top of that, I just happened to share a dressing room with 15 to 30 naked women every night. Each of those evenings, my bachelor self would have a list of names and phone numbers to choose from. I had five girlfriends, if you could call them that, in five different cities. I was never hurting for money or women but the happiest years part I was unsure of, I guess I was happy in the beginning, but I felt so cheated at that moment. That's not what I wanted when I made the request. I'm lucky if I had two years of actual happiness, then it all turned into the perfect nightmare, he had found a way to give me everything I wanted but still make my life a miserable living hell.

I had lived every man's dream, but I almost fainted, when I realized the small fortune that had slipped through my hands and how ignorant I was in managing it. That was maybe one of the toughest years of my life.

I couldn't function correctly inside any more. I cancelled bookings without valid reasons and wandered pointlessly around down town, barely taking the time to feed myself. When I did get a feed it was from the dumpster behind the local McDonald's. I was almost in a hypnotic state, with my eyes glazed over and hardly a sober minute during one of the biggest binges I can remember. The reality of what I had done started to settle in. To top everything off, I came to false conclusions yet again, believing that I was still bound by the contract signed in my own blood. Horror settled in and I started to accept I only had, if I was lucky, one more year to live at best. Since I had been granted all my wishes, I was obviously convinced more than ever that I would be held to respect my end of the bargain. Well, so much for the five years, of euphoria and total bliss. Humiliation, abuse, deception and shame are more the adjectives that came to mind, that fueled the low self esteem of the actual experience.

"Remember that not getting what you want is sometimes a wonderful stroke of luck."

The Dalai Lama

"There are two tragedies in life. One is to lose your heart's desire. The other is to gain it."

George Bernard Shaw

"More tears are shed over answered prayers than unanswered ones."

Mother Teresa

Change of Plans

No Matter What you Believe, your World will Align with It

What was I going to do, how could someone continue, knowing how much time they have left? It was as if the doctor announced that you have very little time of this precious life to live, but without being terminally ill. Panic often came to mind and I would find myself having difficulty breathing every time I would think about it too much. I didn't want to respect my end of the unethical bargain any more, not after realizing the deception and dishonesty of it all. I was tricked and cheated of the only thing I had left, and that was my soul. I suddenly didn't want to die any more, now keep in mind I actually believed this at that point in time. I was beyond convinced of the treason, I tried to work a few jobs, things where not going too good. I was living on the streets and out of the darkness of despair, considering overdose as an option, it dawned on me that I wanted to live more than I ever wanted before. I had to change my ways and get out of this self produced night mare. No one would listen to my plea's for my accounts where considered stories and I was even taken for a schizophrenic at that point according to the Douglas psychiatric hospital in Montreal. I couldn't allow this to take place; there had to be a way out.

But how? I had just foolishly wasted the last year of my life preparing myself, or should I say conditioning myself for the end to come. It was ironic how I had been once again ready to leave this life prematurely. Noticing how my compass had changed so drastically, from accepting death, to embracing the gift of life, baffled me. The change was almost instant, I became a Good Samaritan taking every opportunity to do good deeds and thinking that maybe I could earn my way back into Gods good graces and be forgiven as preached by almost every religion possible. Oh but wait, I didn't believe in God. More research was definitely in order, strangely after all that traveling across the country, what where the chances that I would land back in Montreal again, so I just renewed the old library card that was gathering dust in my wallet and started looking for a way to dissolve this iron clad agreement that held my soul captive.

One thing I take note of here is how funny it is that we don't deny having a soul but chuckle at how most are at a loss of opinion about what comes of it. The only thing I was able to dig up and this was just theory with very little script available to back it up. Apparently love was the only thing that Lucifer had no power over, unconditional self sacrifice, exchanging a soul to save a soul seemed to be the only possible exit. Today I have allot more knowledge on the subject and it is easy to

find many accounts of this more and more popular belief as you can find it even in movies, like Constantine for example, just to put things into perspective. Either way, it didn't matter much if I believed this possibility or not, for how was I going to find that? I had no love; I was the master of love'em and leave'em. I had a list of names that I would pick from to choose who I would steal a meal with some comfort and hugs from each night. I had to be the most shallow and self centered individual on the face of the earth at that time.

I was stripped of emotions, hardened by the life of decadence that I led. Yeah, right about now your thinking, why is he telling us all this? How could all this possibly be relevant in any way to why I'm reading this. Believe me, if I didn't have to, I wouldn't. This has never been something I shared freely with anyone. But the whole point of explaining this is that I believed in that wish to a point that it really happened. Although today I'm well aware that it had nothing to do with the actual ritual or any contract with Satan or any other nonsense I allowed myself to be gullible enough to swallow. That was the law of attraction in its purest form. So this being said, in an attempt to move forward, I no longer believed my wish had come to be, In fact at that point, I *knew* it had and I indeed thought, spoke and acted like it had also. In retrospective, this was something I could not skip in this publication, even if I wanted to, for it was the

perfect example of how some people use "The Law of Attraction" unknowingly every day without even a suspicion of what they are actually accomplishing.

Well, I decided to make a permanent and radical change to my existence; I was going to cease stripping, and clean up my act. I was going to at least give myself a chance to make my way out of it. There is nothing that was more important to me at this time in my life and nothing I wished more for. This proved more difficult than it seemed, for I quickly came to the conclusion that I was addicted to the money. I tried to take up a job on minimum wage unloading semi's by hand. I was in good physical condition and was able to handle the labor. The thing I was in turmoil with was when my first full paycheck was handed to me, one month later because they held back one two week pay period. I took a "royal" fit and I was like a child wiggling out at the local mall. I ripped up the insulting check and threw the confetti of paper in my bosses face, almost slurring my words out of rage on how I was able to make that much money in only one night in the clubs. I remember feeling the warmth of my blood rushing to my face as I stormed out feeling once more the most extreme and intense spectrums of anger and frustration.

I went straight back to stripping but in my renewed disappointment, I was convinced to continue in trying to put an end to this crazy way of life. I met a good buddy of mine named Joel, another male stripper I had worked with in the past. We would book ourselves at the same clubs and did the tour thing together. Aside from all the expected partying, we both had a common goal and had agreed on the need to find a way to quit this insane profession somehow. Joel had fallen in love with a local girl at one of the clubs we worked at regularly and he too desired a more normal existence. Shortly after our discussion on the subject and taking the decision to act together, another strange occurrence took place. The owner of the establishment I was working for offered me the doorman's job after I had single handedly removed one of the customers from the premises, for applying his fist to the face of one of the girls, simply because she refused him the right to defile her with his hands. This all happened while the acting doorman stood there watching and doing nothing. I had no clue the big cheese was in the building, but was very happy to accept the new job offer, as I watched him escort the other mountain of muscles to the door. Picture me getting off from my stool while executing a table dance of my own and throwing a customer out of the club while being completely naked, now that is a very funny memory that I still laugh at every now and then.

Do you already see how the events and people needed for my wish to become a reality, are conveniently starting to align them selves before me?

Let's see what happened next shall we? I got myself an apartment and took in Joel as a room mate. Things were going well regarding my new employment, when one afternoon a new batch of girls arrived, to work for that week at the night club. I was obviously not the shy type and one girl in particular had caught my eye. She hadn't been working this trade for long and had booked herself with one of her more experienced friends who was surely the influential factor in her decision to take up this crazy way of life. I took the first opportunity I could grasp and asked her to go out for a night on the town. She accepted and at the end of the evening the DJ played the traditional slow songs, and that is when we had a moment. Come to think of it, it was more a moment for me than it was for we. Well she was 6 feet tall bare footed and wearing 4 inch heels, while I was only 5'8 and a half. So needless to point out that being a man, that's all it took for me to instantly forget the pain of love and jump right back in.

Typical isn't it? Anyhow, the week flew by way to quickly and ended with my heart sinking and heavy. The girls left on the next available transportation back to where they came from, as usual after collecting their pay checks.

I felt an emptiness I had not felt in a very long time. There was no way I was going to let this happen again. She had been gone for only a few days and I knew that I had no reason to stay there any longer. I knew it was time to retire from the profession for good, frame the memories and hang them on some wall with a little hammer and a sign that read; "Break Glass in Case of Emergency." I needed to leave that scene for good. I made up my mind and told Joel I was leaving. I wished him good luck with his new relationship and that he could keep the apartment along with everything in it.

I only took what I could bring with me and headed down to Quebec City and knocked on her door with the full intention to proclaim my eternal devotion. Well little did I know that my future wife to be was still living with her parents. How was I to reveal my feelings? I felt panic and hesitation, after failing to come up with anything original and in fear of backing down, I chose to go with a classic. I had a florist knock on the door and deliver a beautiful dozen of red roses with a card. I was pulling all the stops and it was certain in my mind beyond a doubt that I was not about to let this one slip through my fingers. Once the news was announced and I met my new in-laws to be, it was just a matter of time before I moved in with her and we shared her room in the basement. Now there was no way I was going to let her continue a life as a stripper either.

She was still new at the trade and I had all the intentions of salvaging her before she turned into the train wreck I knew she was destined to become. I knew to well how the addiction to the money was something I had no argument to rebuttal and that she would not listen or reason with me on it. Especially due to the circumstances of our first meet and how she would expect me to accept that fact since that is the way it was when we met. I wished a way would come to me to ensure she would never do it again. Well, well your wish is my command, and a few months later my wife to be found herself pregnant.

It was exactly what I had wished for, the mother instinct kicked in and aware of her condition she stopped all drugs and alcohol. Plus there was no way a club owner would parade a girl in that condition on his stage. Once more I am going to stress how I wanted this more than anything in the whole world and it came out of no where as if I made it happen. Keep in mind she was taking contraception pills and had only forgotten one. Now to make things more interesting, I was using condoms. One single pill missed, using a condom and the one her family came to call "the little miracle child" came to be. They called my first born a little miracle because the event of his birth mended a feud between her and her sister that had been going on forever. This was one of her wishes, she had confided in me

when she was still working at the club during the first week we met. For this alone; I had won the eternal gratitude of her entire family without exception. They all loved the new son in law to be. The detail that evades the reader here is that the new born child answered 6 wishes in one miraculous act of nature, that in itself went against all odds dripping with inconceivability.

Now I had to live up to the high set expectations of being a father. With my childhood experience, I had always said I would never have children of my own, until I found a wife. More important than finding a wife, was my promise to mean it and not raise my children in a broken family. If I was to marry, it would have to be forever. So this was obviously not something I had put much time into planning in advance. What was I going to do? I had nothing I could put on a resume, not even a high school degree to show for it.

I wasn't about to let my kid go to school and say his dad was a bouncer at a strip joint selling drugs now was I? So I did the only thing I could think of, and being the authority rejecting rebel that I was, it was the obvious choice. I went down town to the local recruitment center and signed up to join the military. Here I want to emphasize on my desire to be all you can be and join the armed forces. I had no other options available to me and this was the deal breaker, I still didn't possess the

high school diploma that was necessary as a minimum requirement to be recruited. I was a smoking asthmatic and this was not an acceptable medical condition either. I also had flat feet which are known to cause severe back pains when standing still for extended periods of time, and since we were required to do parades in the military, this was also a regrettable condition that I would be refused for.

Wow, the odds were stacked against me, but I wanted it and on my unborn son's head I swore I would make it in. First hurdle when they refused my application was to work my way up the grape vine in the recruitment center ranks and make an appointment with the captain. I pleaded my case and showed the photocopies of my fake report cards that led up to the last two weeks of my high school. I believe the turning point in the conversation with the Infantry Captain was mentioning how the only thing I didn't do where the finals and how my life experience up until now would qualify me for an equivalency in high school education. Once more the impossible became reality, just like when Luke would use the force to sway someone, but the captain's response was the part I remember the most, his words are almost as if they were scripted. He leaned closer looking me straight in the eye and said "Careful what you wish for son, I will

sign your draft papers but you will join the 22nd infantry regiment just like me and you better not let me down. I shook the hand he held out to me firmly and he closed the conversation with the following phrase, "But you still need to pass the physical for this to be official." then he proceeded with signing the application.

Now bear with me because I need you to witness the insurmountable odds I over came that allowed me to have a 6 year military career. I started to panic, what was I to do? I surely was not going to be able to lie my way out of this one. When I walked into the doctors office bare foot in that little hospital gown that you can't tie up because the stupid ropes are always in the back. I felt a little bit deprived of ammunition. How was I going to get my sorry ass through this one? After taking my weight and height, the first thing he noticed where my feet, I immediately curled my toes when he wasn't looking creating an arch under my feet so he would stop staring at them. It was close to impossible to walk this way but for the sake of the task at hand I managed it, in a convincing fashion.

Everything else checked out, I was almost out of the woods when he listened to my lungs and heard the wheezing. He immediately coiled back and asked if I had asthma? I calmly replied yes but it only surfaces

when I have a chest cold and I don't use any medication, which was untrue at the time. He said "Take a week to get over your cold and go to the general hospital for an asthma test." handing me the paper work. Let me tell you that was a long week, I trained and ran every single day. Each day I would be able to run farther in hopes that this would help me in my upcoming medical examination.

Finally the day came for my appointment and the physician explained, that the test consisted of putting an oxygen mask on my face, that he would then introduce medication into, with the purpose of triggering a bronchial reaction. Then once he had me wheezing real good, he would make me blow in a tube to measure my lung capacity once more and compare the results. Ok I admit when I saw that mask heading for my face, I was sweating bullets at that point. I then pinched my lips tight while in the corner of my mouth, I opened a small gap through which I would imitate the sound of inhaling which the mask would normally make if I would have really done so. Then I only needed to exhaled into the mask creating the condensation needed to make my pretending to breathe in the medication believable. I effortlessly blew into the tube being very careful as to not over do it and make it look like I did have a very slight reaction before he compared it to my first, non medicated trial run.

Well I'll be damned! I passed with flying colors, what where the chances. Celebration was in order because in a few weeks I was going to boot camp. Before I left for basic training, upon a bottle of my favorite scotch I took the time to explain the whole devil deal to my soon to be wife. I was however very surprised at her acceptance of these facts and how she didn't look at me differently as if I was out of my mind. Then the surprise I had not expected came about, and without me even mentioning it. She said she would not let the devil take me and how he would have to take her instead. Again! What where the chances. I had found true love and the self sacrifice I thought was needed to free me of my obligations. I was quick to forget about this unbelievable coincidence from the previous night, when I woke up the next day with one serious hangover.

When we got to basic training, the first thing we did is continue with more tests. "What? You got to be kidding" was the only thing I could come up with. It's going to be ok I thought, trying to calm myself, how hard could it be? Running, pushups, chin ups and some more vaccinations along with a hearing test. I made it through the physical hurdles without any issues, I thought I had it made, vaccination was no problem either but when I finished my hearing test, they called me back in. As it appears, I was informed that I cannot hear a certain frequency and that I failed to apply

pressure on the red button for one of the high pitched sounds that came to pass, So the corporal said I had better hold my earphones tight and get this one right or I was going to be sent home. Really? I didn't come this far to fail now. I paid real attention to the sounds and to the time elapsed between each burst, when I noticed that no sound came I pressed the button anyways as if I had heard it.

I was proud of my new ruse and was certain to have passed the test. The corporal then proceeded to inform me that I had applied pressure on the button before he had actually produced the sound, making him wise to my deception. He then proceeded to add, that it would be a shame to ruin a career over one single point. He winked at me and said I won't tell anyone if you don't and signed the document I desperately needed so much in order to pass. I hope you able to grasp, the special circumstances that I am describing and how upon retrospect, I know today that there is no way I could have pulled all that off on my own without a little help from the universe and its amazing undeniable laws. Anyhow, moving on to a random night during my basic training I realized that the time for the devil to claim his prize had come to pass. I was still alive. I didn't die, so what was I to believe. This definitely tipped the scales in God's favor. I actually came to the wrong conclusion yet again.

Thinking that the love she had for me had saved me and that I had earned forgiveness. I was under a new impression that I had earned my rights to pass thru the pearly gates, to which I had, all of a sudden, started to believe existed. I believed that I also had saved her from the pits of darkness by making her stop stripping in return. We baptized the first son in the military chapel after getting married in an old traditional church with the most beautiful architecture. I was ok with this conclusion and more than happy to leave it at that.

Later during basic training, a serious injury occurred from a 13-foot fall, landing sideways on the right leg and tearing tendons in the hip, knee, and ankle. The warrant officer informed that joining one of the ongoing training groups and completing basic training within a specific timeframe was crucial. Without this, the military career would end abruptly. It was pointed out that graduation from basic training was required to officially become a soldier. Adding to the challenge, doctors doubted the ability to walk again. Determined not to give up, a wheelchair chase down the hall ensued, wielding a crutch between strides, driven by the proximity to the goal. His words haunted my nights in the dark of the hospital; not graduating high school is something that tormented my existence for years now.

I was not about to fail again and live with another burden of that nature or let something like this stand between me and my family's "happy ever after".

I was beyond committed in my mind and actually refused the surgeries. I began to exercise, instead of doing physiotherapy. Against all odds and to everyone's disbelief, within a few weeks I joined another group. Then despite my injuries, completed basic training and moved on to combat training school. I eventually upon further injury ended up getting medically disqualified from being able to pursue an infantry career and was put behind a desk as a teleoperator. Communications was my new line of work and it didn't imply the same camaraderie that I was used to in the infantry. In the infantry I could count on my team mates to risk their lives to save mine, as I would for theirs. In the office environment the team work was no where near that level of commitment. I found myself in a hostile environment with individuals backstabbing others for promotions. Well needless to say I could find a job like that as a civilian and there was no need to put my life at risk for this. I began to want out of the military life and I knew my contract was coming to an end.

As you can see I always did do things backwards. Even the notes on the pages of my diary start on the last page working my way to the front of the note book. Think about it, I had a child, then I got the career, and only then did I get married... See! All backwards. My first three year contract with the military came to an end and my wife announced that we were pregnant again. I signed up for another 3 year contract with the Canadian Armed Forces and we had another son. When that contract ended I realized that I had a very big difference of opinion with the military's ways and with their decision process. So I opted to not sign the following offer, that comprised of committing to 20 years or until I was 40 years of age, along with a tempting promotion to master corporal.

No way Jose, I had already signed my soul over to the devil once and I wasn't about to do it again. With my new found extension on life I did however have time to reflect a lot upon what my past had been. While in the woods, in the trenches during the long winter warfare exercises or when it would be my turn to stay up all night and make sure the fire didn't burn out. I had endless opportunities away from the family on the trade courses or other tasks. I finally came to realize that the whole deal with evil thing made no sense. Well come on, it had to be something else. After hours upon hours of letting it all

simmer in my head. I started to understand more and more and eventually came to the conclusion that it was the undeniable commitment to it all that was the deciding factor. All of a sudden all the drawings I had made and all the research came flooding back into my mind like a high tide, I could not, nor wanted to escape from. It was so obvious; I didn't understand why I didn't see it before. It had to be the faith. It was all because I believed it, just like Jesus, well maybe not as much as him but the so called miracles suddenly began to make sense. The faith and the simple word believe, came to explain a lot of events that I had endured during my challenging life. So I started practicing my religion again. I even got married in a church, I didn't get that it had nothing to do with the actual religion and that it was only because I believed it beyond any doubt. That nothing about the holy walls I visited every now and then had anything to do with it all.

Another of the items that I had in my shoe box is summed up in this following experience. Remember when I mentioned my injuries during my military career? Well one of the side effects I had attributed to these events, was the fact that when I kneel down and sit on my legs, my tendons behind the knees lock into that position. Meaning I would require the assistance of a family member to help physically unbend my leg creating a considerable amount of pain to myself. When my leg would unlock from its position it would produce an audible pop and one could feel the crunch still

holding the leg they where unfolding. An unfortunate but acceptable side effect from me getting back on a course immediately and finishing my basic training. Well up until now I had always attributed this side effect to my military injury, but during my recent flashes I remembered that before I had started my military career, I had one day went camping with my first loves family. I had decided to go swimming and wandered out to the middle of the lake. I was an excellent swimmer and had no worries. All of a sudden my leg had locked into the folded position that I'm used to now, and I was left with only one leg and two arms to freely move around in order to remain afloat.

This was an unfortunate incident but I was still able to manage and had started to swim back in the shores direction. Then the strangest thing happened, my other leg locked in the same fashion, leaving me with only my arms to keep my head over the water level. There was no chance of me being able to swim my way back now. I was barely able to stay alive. My brother in law, at the time, noticed my predicament and dove in to rescue me. After asking a few questions and understanding the situation, he told me to roll up into a ball and that he would push me to shore. All I needed to do was pop my head up every now and then to take some air and we would make it to shore. Well I still to this day owe that man my life, but the point I came to realize was that this started before my army accident.

This was the same brother in law that despised me and had ended a military career as a cook remember?

The item I suddenly remembered from my stolen shoe box was a saying my Native side of the family often used and it went something like this: "Do not make fun of a man on crutches or you will end up crippled." My people believed that mocking a disabled person would lead to an experience akin to what the white man later termed as karma.

Back in the early teens, the first girlfriend was met while working in the strawberry fields during summer to earn some extra cash. Walks home would always include a stop in the cornfields for some "necking," as it was called. First base was easily reached, but attempts to advance to second base were met with complaints about a locked leg, which seemed like an excuse at the time. Feeling ashamed now, it's clear that shallowness led to ending the relationship and silently mocking her. This memory resurfaced through flashes of the past, revealing how another piece of the puzzle fell into place, even after nearly 30 years.

What I once dismissed as a mere superstition now seems to hold profound significance. Could my prolonged obsession and frustration over not experiencing that first time be the reason I'm enduring this condition? Is it possible that my relentless focus on it has manifested this peculiar handicap? While discussing this, I thought it worth mentioning. The remarkable aspect of this process is how each event from my past triggers the memory of another, making it appear almost self-orchestrated. Every flashback reinforces my belief in the truth of the video I was watching. This compulsion to write these books is unstoppable, much like the many authors inspired by "The Secret" publication to explore this fascinating subject.

"The conscious mind may be compared to a fountain, playing in the sun and falling back into the great subterranean pool of subconscious from which it rises."

Sigmund Freud

"Perception is a never ending conflict between your visual cortex and your psyche, for your mind only wants to see what it believes and your eyes try to convince your mind that what it sees is true." Cruise

Humankind has not woven the web of life. We are but one thread within it. Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves. All things are bound together. All things connect.

Chief Seattle



In retrospect, even if unnoticed in real time, everything you *intensely* requested has been granted, albeit in the strangest ways, even if you're unaware of when and where it comes to be. *Be mindful of your desires*, as the changes you seek have lasting, non-reversible effects on not only *your* reality and mental states, but also on those of *others*.

Prepare your requests with caution and clear objectives to minimize misinterpretation. Gradually seek results to reinforce your belief in this process. The more proof you gather, the stronger your conviction will become. Eventually, belief turns into certainty, allowing you to pursue more significant, life-altering goals with a better handle on the risk management.

The importance of *intention* is deeply rooted in my people's ways. Aligning with the concept of manifesting "*positive*" outcomes is more about the process than the result. Being mindful of your thoughts, in harmony with nature, is seen as a path to balance, health, and well-being, for in the end, it is all about "what" you are requesting it for. Through prayers and offerings to our ancestral spirits, such as tobacco, food, or other items, we express *gratitude* and seek *blessings* for safe travels in our life journeys. Smudging with sacred herbs purifies and cleanses, *removing negative energy* while promoting healing and protection on that path.

Most importantly, our Spirit Guide (Guardian Angel) provides guidance, insight, and clarity during our vision quests, helping us find wisdom in the face of or dilemmas and assist when navigating more turbulent waters towards a better tomorrow.

CASSIEL - 2nd Chronicle

Master Your Mind: The techniques and knowledge shared in this volume are indispensable.

Stay tuned: For the next volume, where the journey of self-discovery intensifies.

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Embrace the Journey: Join the quest for deeper understanding and unparalleled wisdom. This isn't just a book, it's a gateway to a new way of life.

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