

# **ACROSS THE GOLDEN BRIDGE**

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## INTRODUCTION

Across the Golden Bridge is a unique book written by 62 different people about their personal experiences on the spiritual path. Their expressions are as varied as people themselves, and yet are all unified in that these people have found that the "Light," the Mystical Traveler Consciousness, and the teachings of the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness. This is only a handful of people out of so many who are active in the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness, yet their experiences represent many levels of consciousness and points of view. Some the reader may recognize as similar to his or her own experience and thus may be able to learn more about oneself. Other experiences may be quite different which will increase one's awareness by expanding one's consciousness of the life experience.

Everyone is moving in their spiritual inner awareness. In searching for answers we come across the idea of God, or Spirit, whatever we call the reality that is greater than ourselves. Ultimately, each one of us moves into a quest to become more aware of Spirit, or the true essence of life. The Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness (MSIA, pronounced "Messiah") offers conscious pathways in Light and Sound of the timeless knowledge of Soul Transcendence.

Starting January 1 and continuing through 1973, we interviewed many people who are consciously working in the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness and received a few letters, selected and edited the contributions, and arranged publication. The experiences that are presented here do not represent any group

or organization, but are solely individual expressions. Our remarks concerning each chapter appear at the beginning for general clarification and for explanation of terms that may be unique to the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness (MSIA). We encourage the reader to go beyond the word level, as the validity of these expressions is in the experience. We are grateful to all those who have contributed their efforts in sharing these heart-felt and sacred realizations and events in their lives. We always give thanks to the Mystical Traveler Consciousness and the Light and Sound of the Holy Spirit for guiding and sustaining us.

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The Editors

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## **PREFACE**

The Golden Bridge is a symbolic expression of God consciousness, Christ Consciousness, the Living Love. To move across this, there are precepts - acceptance, the first spiritual law, cooperating with what is accepted, gaining understanding with the cooperation, and then building enthusiasm. Look, listen, think, and do. Enlightenment is gaining knowledge, and illumination is having total spiritual flow. An illuminated one can illuminate the bridge, but will not walk it for another. The fun of the whole thing is walking it. The Golden Bridge has been called the true self, cosmic consciousness, or oneness, depending upon which group, conditioning, and environment. It is unique to each person and interpreted individually. Yet people can agree on a group understanding. Followers of Jesus would say Jesus. Inside of them, who knows what Jesus they are referring to --- the Jesus with the short hair, the long hair, on the cross, cleansing the temple, coming into Jerusalem triumphantly, being baptized? Which Jesus? These are all different Jesus', but they would all agree that he lived two thousand years ago in Jerusalem. Each one inside of them would look to him in a different way.

In moving across the Golden Bridge, one must have reference points of his progress --- inside and outside to help bypass the inner and outer illusions. The one who is the reference point outside must be relatively free of illusions. He can't be totally free, because he has a physical body, which is an illusion. The inner must be able to function both as an Inner Master, and as an outer Mystical Traveler, or whatever term is used. To go to one teacher for the outer and another for the inner would be conflicting, because of the illusions of the outer vocabulary. Finding one who can do both the inward and outward, gives a stability and a line of flow. When one reaches his own stability, he becomes that same person who is doing the inner and the outer, even though it's a different body. One may take this idea to another group, use different words, but it's still the same thing. Groups have to be careful not to fight each other over semantics. There is

no difference. When one says, "We are the only way" or "I am the only way," it means this is the bridge. The only way we can go is both inward and out.

Do everything perfectly today. When done perfectly the past reflects back into the present. The Golden Bridge is now --- activated now and perceived now and worked now. A year from now will still be now. The bridge is infinite; it goes from beginning to beginning, or from ending to ending, or from alpha to omega. Travelers crossing the bridge always lift to new levels, though at different points on the same bridge. "As above, so below, and as below, so above" applies up to soul realm. From soul realm and above, there are no reference points, because it just is.

John-Roger

## **The Quest**

Many are consciously searching and seeking to be happy, to find peace of mind and greater understanding, and to realize God. There are as many ways to fulfill one's quest as there are people. The following experiences reflect various individuals' attunement to their inner guidance as they follow their unique paths back into the one Source.

My life has always been an unceasing struggle, however blind, to master the riddle of human existence. My parents seemed uncomfortable with orthodox religion and especially the word "God." When I was a child we had a housekeeper, a simple, loving, religious woman, who taught me spirituals, and once took me to a meeting where I experienced Light and love. I remember being surrounded and filled with a tremendous love, and looking up to see faces wreathed in Light. As a child, it seemed so natural to me that I took it for granted. She would point to a part of the sky where there were no stars and tell me, "That is where heaven is." So I would direct my communions toward that place.

I became an atheist and rationalist for several years, and experienced despair, depression, and desperation. Yet somehow I was always guided and protected. Then I studied eastern religions, and fervently longed for the master who could make the oneness of Spirit a living reality for me. I thought it would take at least two or three more lifetimes before I would be ready. The spiritual seemed so separate from me and my life.

I am  
a child  
of God  
A Master

being born  
out of the agony  
of man.

When I saw John-Roger it was as though I'd been wandering around in a dark room, and he turned on the Light, not bright enough to blind me, but enough so I could begin to see. I realized that through all the stumbling, I'd always known, paradoxically, even though sometimes I'd had my eyes squeezed shut. The meaninglessness that had tormented me was gone, like a dream that fades into dawn.

Diana Davies

I went through a long period of depression and loneliness, and I wrote many poems describing how empty life was, and how there was no meaning. The only meaning I could find was in love. Yet I was far from love, because I didn't love myself. My father died, and then my younger brother died of cancer. I felt as if my family was dying out on me. I couldn't explain death to myself. I decided I wasn't going to shelter myself with illusions of God, that I was going to look into the face of "reality" and see existence for what I thought it was. I wanted to look into the horror of existence and find meaning in the emptiness. I found emptiness. I read Herman Hesse's *Steppenwolf*, in which Herman Haller is on the verge of committing suicide, totally disillusioned with life and its meaninglessness. In the depths of his despair Haller would come into contact for an instant with "the golden track of the divine." It would surprise him out of nowhere, maybe in a piece of music by Mozart, or walking down the street he would catch a glimpse of this golden track. Something inside of me said, "Yes, there is a golden track," but like Haller, I could only catch glimpses of it. I had a friend who wrote spiritual poetry about legends and mythological characters. I saw so much beauty in this person that I used to think of him as a god, but it never occurred to me that I might be one also. I wrote a poem then.

Eternity has not ended  
After all, though dead  
It seemed for all these years.  
Instead, we find that all our fears  
Of Love's decline and Truth's decease  
Were but reflections in the mirrors  
Of our own unrecognized decrease  
In faith and wonder, hope and dreams.  
But now the world no longer seems  
Unfriendly to the dreams of men.  
Eternity is born again.

I was back on the quest of the golden track of the divine.

Vera M. Sedler

I was born and raised a Methodist, went into the full Gospel Church (but found it too emotional), and then went back to Methodist. I studied Unity, Physicana, Seekers of Truth, Practical Christianity for two years, spent four years in Mayans and became a 4th degree initiate, and then studied Divine Truth and Divine Science under Dr. Murphy for three or four years. I was a doctor and licensed in the New Thought Movement, and a licensed minister in the Spiritualist Church, and also in Practical Christianity. From each of these groups I gained a deeper understanding, but something was missing. I kept a haphazard record of what was revealed to me, but could find no one to tell me whether these were valid. I searched for a teacher who would verify them. I all but despaired, but continued to search. I took a correspondence course from Better Humanity and through its teachings and meditations I knew I would meet my teacher, the Inner Master, and was given the direction to find him. A few weeks later Alma Clary told me about John-Roger and asked me to go with her to a seminar. I said, "Well, Alma, remember the "master" who wasn't interested after finding out what race I am. I don't want to be pushed around anymore."

She made inquiries, and the one she asked said, "He would love to have her." Out of curiosity and to please Alma, I went to Faye Shanklin's home in Temple City to a seminar. I was expecting someone entirely different from J-R, but I was interested in what he had to say, and proceeded to test him. Not saying a word to him, I tested him in Spirit, not only that night, but for six months. I had confidence in him, but this time I wanted to be sure. My sureness came to fulfillment on Palm Sunday, after going to every seminar in my area for six months. I awakened with joy thrilling every nerve and fiber of my being. I went outside to empty the garbage and at the door something hit me, and I began to rejoice, inwardly and outwardly. I was babbling and speaking so fast and rejoicing with so much enthusiasm that I hastened back into the house to keep my neighbors from thinking that I had gone loco. When I got inside, it seemed as though the house lit up, and I could hear a voice speaking to me and through me and out of me - a thrill, a joy, and upliftment that I had never before received. I had heard J-R say it was possible to be lifted into the higher states of consciousness and be aware of it, that it is not necessary to be asleep. I made up my mind that while going from level to level on the inner realms, I wanted to be awake. So I know that this experience had taken place in the outer, because this was what I had determined to do. Almost all the steps I have made, I have been consciously aware of, which gives me greater assurance and leaves no doubt.

Seleta M. Johnson

When I was 7 and on a farm, I went to the back door to get some milk. The sun was just coming up, and as I opened the door I got the impression of a most beautiful form twenty feet in front of me, hanging six feet off the ground. It was in the shape of an ovoid, in the form of Light. I stood there feeling it. Later I remembered what my eyes had seen. I didn't know what it was, nor do I remember much of the communication, except that it was an angel or spiritual traveler giving me energy, and telling me telepathically, "Don't let anything get you down, because you have many heavy things to go through. Always remember this consciousness, this perfected being. Don't look at people and see their outward form, but see what I am." It related to me its beingness and was masterful in giving of itself, totally unafraid, and in harmonic love with everything. I turned away. I don't know how a person can feel inwardly what this was and outwardly ignore it, but I did for many years. From the angelic experience until I was 19, I did not have one happy day in my life. This is no exaggeration. Everything I did was measured against suicide. I was deeply depressed, and in intense pain, because I could pick up impressions. I would see a drunk and be depressed for weeks. Every time I saw suffering, it would fill me until there was no room for anything else. I began resenting people for their suffering, and for hurting each other. I had forgotten about the angel. Then I started getting sick. I had taken this negative energy, and had developed a disease that would have been critical by the time I was 26. I got into my depression so deeply that when sitting in a darkened room across from a young lady, who was sensitive herself, we became so immobilized that neither of us could speak. We both were constantly living in pain. Then I felt an energy rise in myself, and I picked up more than impressions. I could know exactly what was going on in her mind. Then I could see through walls, and see through the back of my head; I had 365 degree vision. I immediately got up, feeling tremendous power come into the body, and walked down the street four houses to my home. I asked my son's baby-sitter if she saw anything strange. I told her I could see through the four houses to where my friend was, and that she was picking up the phone to call. "Here is the last digit, and the phone is going to ring." Bam, the phone rang. I told the baby-sitter what my friend would say, to check out whether or not it was an illusion, because I thought I was going crazy. I wasn't into anything psychic, and was the most anti-God person. (I couldn't see air unless there was smog.) I was not on drugs at this time, but a deep depression had opened the centers, or perhaps the Light was working with me, because this was a big turning point in my life. For the next three days I had this 365 degree vision. I could put out a mental thought and have somebody obey it; someone would pass a block down the street, and I could make them walk backward looking at me, without being strange about it. I went to a psychiatrist to whom I had gone earlier in my youth, and she sent me to Arthur Ford, the medium. He didn't want to touch me, so he sent me to a doctor who had been studying psychic

phenomena. His explanation was that I was having a psychic experience due to a chemical change in the body, resulting from emotional trauma. He mentioned that it happened to other people, and that it wouldn't last too long. It passed, and then for two years I was relatively happy. I was depressed many times; but during the three days I saw many things behind the physical. I went back over my life clairvoyantly, which gave me a new perspective and broke some old patterns. I thought of suicide every other day instead of every day. After that things got bad again. I was taking heroin, but I was not on drugs when I had this experience. I laid down, and as my head hit the pillow, the most beautiful hand came down, and my etheric hand reached up. I was pulled immediately out of the body before I could go to sleep. This happened two nights in a row, and both nights I was taken above the planet and shown enough of the evolution of the planet and my place in it to keep going. I saw men on the Earth walking around. They were made of Light, like little flames, some brighter than others. This gave me tremendous energy, and I vowed to try to stop thinking of killing myself and find out what these energies were. I started reading. I would read one sentence and tap into five paragraphs of knowledge that would come inwardly. However, I still had many old patterns. Hearing about the Vietnamese War on the radio and TV would get me very sick. I started taking as much heroin as I could get. Previously, I had been hospitalized for taking barbiturates, had been an alcoholic for years, and been on speed, not for the kick, but to find some Light and raise my consciousness so that the despair wasn't there. By the time I was 26 I had been snorting heroin for two and one-half years; not even during the evening would I miss a hit. My friends were supporting me. I loved my friends and was teaching them, but I was so sick I was bed-ridden. It got to the point where I knew I would be dying soon. I had studied medicine, and knew the signs as the organs stopped functioning, one by one. Then I was told telepathically I had about three days to live, at which point birds were flying into the window and killing themselves by the flock. I decided I would find out if this spiritual jazz was right and made a decision to ask God (whatever that was) for help. I had been reading about masters and angels, and didn't believe or disbelieve but thought it was a great opportunity to find out.

First, I had to make up my mind whether I was going to live or not. If I was, would I suffer any pain, and not look back and say it was a mistake? Would I have the courage, no matter what? I got the impression my part of the deal was "no matter what." I would live, be with my son, work with my friends, and someday learn something that would help many people. I prayed in the sense of outwardly saying, "This is it. I want to see if there is anything here. Do it, because I am going to do it." If I suffer and don't get negative, and still die, then just before I go, I will know it was bullshit. Then I went through all the pain. My mind got strung out, and my body got wasted; I almost died. Lightning didn't strike, and an angel didn't come down and whisper in my ear, and give me pills to take. But I did get information like, "Look into vitamin therapy. These products are good, and these are bad." Sometimes I wasted my money on junk reading, but

so many of my impressions were right that I helped myself. I found through the living-dying process that one can't do something half-way. I met Sri John-Roger six months after I had passed the crisis of dying, although I was still very sick. He gave me a Light Study, and when he said things I didn't know consciously, they fit. I didn't recognize him, but he seemed to be the person who had taken me out of the body when I was younger. He gave me an Aura Balance and then set me on the way. Ever since, there has been no doubt about who I am, where I am going, and that the Light is.

Michael Bookbinder

I died in Jamaica in 1969 thanks to a total stranger who stumbled upon me where I was living in the mountains about five miles outside of Montego Bay. He walked into my room and started talking to me about flying saucers. He ended up talking about God which was just about the last thing I ever discussed or even thought about. The next thing I knew I was on a plane back to the U.S., a move I had not previously considered likely. I said I died in Jamaica because the person who entered Miami (a city I had said I'd never revisit once I'd left) was by no means the person who had left Detroit two months before. When I got to my new home I quit smoking, stopped eating meat, dropped the drug consciousness, started eating health foods, and began meditating (something I didn't know enough about to even ridicule). I also started attending meetings of new age meditation and metaphysical groups where I hoped to discover my own inner nature. At that time I was 25 years old, but I was experiencing life more as might a young child. I had broken many old habit patterns and was kind of hanging because of it. Just not smoking left big gaps in my day, and I couldn't even sublimate by eating because my new lifestyle was, in a word, monastic. Further, I was in a new town that I didn't know; my only friend was a person I had known just over a week, and I couldn't walk because I had picked up a foot infection in Jamaica that left me all but immobile. Like a small child I couldn't even get around the block unless my friend drove me. My life was already in a state of flux so I can't say that MSIA changed my life. Perhaps it is better said that it gave me direction. A couple of months after my first meeting we were told that John-Roger, the man on the tapes, was coming to town and would be giving "Light Studies." I was reluctant to sign up because of the cost. But my friend, who never tried to compel people, compelled me to do it. All I can say about that first Light Study is that a perfect stranger told me more about myself than anybody could have known. He pointed out my weaknesses and showed me how to transform them into strong points. He mentioned my strengths and helped me to strengthen them. And, in the months that followed, the things that had really been troubling me, even though they had hardly been touched upon during the reading, began to clear up. Yet, it was so subtle that it was not until months later that I noticed that they had disappeared.

Larry Hartstein

As a youth I was adventurous and experienced different aspects of society by living in a city's wharf area and then moving to a rich area, etc. By the age of 21, I was wondering how I was going to experience everything, because I realized that's what I intended to do. This created some disturbance for me, and I realized I had to be selective. A fellow in Vietnam introduced me to Nichiren Shoshu of America, which is based on the chant "Nam myoho renge kyo." Our army unit would sit around and smoke volumes of dope while he told us how we could chant for material goods and get them. He mentioned also that one could chant for universal consciousness. I tried it, because I hadn't experienced universal consciousness yet. I chanted for that, and in three days I was a believer. New energy patterns, new thoughts, and frequencies were coming into my body so fast that within a couple of weeks my consciousness and attitude had changed tremendously. I would sit out by the guard posts, and chant for long periods. I was trying to find out what made this work. Why were people chanting for material successes when a wealth of energy and beauty would come through when chanting for universal consciousness? I decided to learn to teach this to people so that they could all enjoy the beauty that I was experiencing. When I came back to the United States, someone told me about a fellow named John-Roger, and the sensational things he does. I applied his teachings in my consciousness, and they worked beautifully. As I progress, I find greater truth, and more accurate perception, than what is taught in words.

Sherwood Platte

The first memory I have is before I was one year old: my parents took me along with them to a movie, *The Bluebird of Happiness* by Maeterlinck. The story was about two children who leave their home in search for the Bluebird of Happiness. They visited their grandparents in heaven, and also the isle on which the unborn children live before birth, from where the children took a ferry-boat across to the mainland to meet their parents. I marveled at how closely the Hollywood producers had come to describing the emotional content of the experiences before birth and after death. I was bed-ridden two years with tuberculosis when I was young, and denied much contact with people. As a result, I went into my mind and developed quite an imagination. My mother taught me to read Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, and Spenser, and also myths of all cultures. My early spiritual learning was gathered from fairy tales and primal myths.

When I recovered, I didn't lodge securely into society and perceived through archetypal images. When I was 14, we lived on California's northern

coastline in a fairly desolate area. In the attic of a run-down hotel, vacant for many years, I found a library of old books. Among them was Eugen Sue's *Wandering Jew*, a three-volume Victorian novel describing the adventures of a man who refused Christ refuge and was condemned to await His return. Reading this book, my mind encompassed the ensuing 2,000 years, and I was carried away from my physical environment. In the public library I discovered Oriental mysticism and the *I Ching*. I made up some Chinese wands to create the ideograms, and would sit cross-legged in a dark room and cast these wands. I visualized a door at the end of a long corridor on which these symbols were engraved, and in time I would find myself carried forward. The door would swing open, and I would be carried through and up into other worlds.

When I came to Berkeley to begin my sophomore year at Cal in 1960, I was studying to become a writer. I had the conviction from the time I was 6 that I could write, and consciously designed my life for that. My first exposure to literature had been classical, and I wanted so much to emulate the epic style that captures the essence of the civilization from which it emerges. I conscientiously avoided the popular forms, seeking out the experiences which would contribute to the epic narration of the soul of the era. I had already studied technique and form and had written plays which were produced, poetry, and short novels, but nothing that I considered more than an exercise. When I was 22, I experienced a devastating affair with a woman in San Francisco which submerged my childhood and initiated me into the urban pessimism of nightclubs and bars. I shared an apartment with a fretless banjo player now on the *Rolling Stone* staff, a Maoist revolutionary, and Augustus Owsley Stanley III, a soon-to-be famous underground chemist. They formed archetypes of Berkeley, yet I remained in neutral gear and very much alone. I suddenly decided to hitch-hike across to New York. There I saw a man die in the subways, and never before had death seemed so frightening, anonymous and horrendous. A girl in New York wanted me to marry her and settle down, and I was very confused. The *I Ching*, however, was quite clear in telling me to go back to California to get on my path. I have been chided back onto my path several times by "occult" sources.

I studied William Blake at the University, who I feel made the most recent attempt at writing the epic poem. His is very dense literature, and many people have had difficulty in understanding his work. He made reference in one letter to documents he had of the Atlantean origin of the English people and that he was reconstructing the myth that accounts for the soul of the people. In another letter he pointed out the relevance of astrology as a language, which struck me as would a thunderbolt. Astrology is perhaps the one major metaphor to which great writers such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton have referred. Very little academic research has been done on astrological metaphors. During the shootings, tear-gassings, and burnings at Berkeley, I did my thesis on Blake's use of astrology.

By doing people's astrological charts, I was learning about the spirit of

20th century America and the human race as an organism attempting to understand itself growing into a whole. I related the intellectual knowledge from books to living people. I became economically dependent upon astrology, casting charts, and teaching a non-accredited course at the University.

Astrology can be traditional (basic self), objectively scientific (conscious self), or humanistic (spiritual). Dane Rudhyar, who I most admire in astrology because of his humanistic approach, spoke to my class, and since then our friendship has deepened. He carries a strong Light and has given us much support and purpose. A group of local humanistic astrologers met in the basement of a Berkeley bookstore and discussed charts in a Jungian psychological orientation. Because of my vision of astrology and people's expectations, I became a leader. I found it difficult to assume the responsibility of telling people how to express their lives. I could only live my life as an example.

Barry Patch, an astrologer, came to us and played a recording of a seminar and his Light Study with John-Roger. We had conscientiously sought out a spiritual teacher, who could pace our growth. I felt J-R was very intelligent, though he wasn't trapped by his mind, as I recognized I was. He said the things on the tape that I had been waiting to hear. We immediately wrote, asking if he could come to Berkeley. He came in February 1971, and about fifty people heard him speak. We had been having astrology meetings once a week already, so as soon as the tapes arrived we started holding seminars. Every Friday night for many months we would have fifty to a hundred people - in our small living room on Woolsey Street, which will always be a little golden spot in the middle of Berkeley's dingiest district. Once a week the incredible Light that was developed in that one room flooded the neighborhood. We moved to Richmond and formed Astrologos, a group experience expressing the Light action within the metaphor of astrology, each person being sustained on his path by his brothers and sisters.

Jim Shere

I am the oldest of eight children, and fortunately, I came through a mother whom I love and admire. The relationship I had with my father was quite the opposite, as he left my mother and the children when I was 8. This parting was the beginning of an important growth cycle for me. I began to assume great responsibility in our family, and because of this my mother showered me with love and gratitude for my strength, maturity, and concern. She made me the model child, and I tried hard to live up to her image. I felt as if I had a position of respect and honor, and I loved it. I felt needed, and the more my mother (and other big people) praised me, the stronger I would be. Any sign of weakness I found in myself I would hide beneath my cover, forcing myself to handle these insecurities.

I did not have many friends. Our family was always the outcast in the neighborhood. We were rather wild and undisciplined in our behavior, barefoot and dirty-faced; we definitely did not keep up with the Joneses. I had a fear of not being accepted because of my family. I felt as if my friends were too young and that I could not communicate my inner feelings and experiences with them, which may have been an excuse for my shyness and resentment of their position. It seemed as if many people just did not know about life, and I saw many cruel games that were hard to understand.

Because relationships were difficult and since my own home was so chaotic and full of demands and pressures, I would find great pleasure in going away once a day to my little spot in Nature. Feeling quite alone I began to pray for guidance, and I felt that I formed communication with the Almighty Lord. I would dwell upon the Greatness of the Creator. Although I always thought of God as being outside of myself, in the heavens or trees or birds, I could experience great love and appreciation for my existence.

After my father left, it became important for me to understand the concept of the father. Since there were no men around of particular importance, I thought of God as being the Father (the Great Man). I looked as hard as I could to understand the order in the universe, because there definitely did not seem to be any order in my life. Childhood was very difficult, because we were in poverty, always wondering what we were going to be eating. When one struggles on those levels, one doesn't have much time to do anything else. But I started going to church, seeking for more understanding of God and a group experience to share God together. I read the Bible, and I had dreams where Jesus would come to me and give me guidance and comfort; this kept me searching even more to understand Life and God.

At about age 13 there was a moment of extreme clarity about my search for God in churches. I had gone to many different churches trying to find the right one, but I would have negative feelings about the hypocritical element of most of the people. I went to a church where guilt was popular, where one would cry out and beg the Lord for forgiveness. I did it, and it didn't feel right. I strongly objected to the idea that God was punishing us all for our mistakes and stopped going to church. My heart told me that God was Love.

I was entering into my teenage life and was anxious to grow and to experience. My mother had given me freedom to move in ways that I chose I could handle. I respect her for that, but I knew very little about what I was creating for myself. I would allow myself to roam only after my school and job and household responsibilities were done - and somehow I found time for a boyfriend. At 13 we were talking about marriage, and at 15 I married. I really wanted children and wasted no time, but my first husband was not ready. His life was complicated enough in trying to deal with his problems with authority. He was jailed shortly after our marriage, and when he was

released he still could not handle marriage or his role as father. He did not work, and I adapted to the same "do it yourself struggle" as my mother had. I had three children by him, one of whom died. I was losing faith. A very dark night of my life started, because I believed that my love had been crushed. I felt lost, confused, and could no longer see the beauty of life, and feared giving and loving and trusting. I felt trapped by my own creations and totally alone. It was a blind struggle, and the only meaning was in my children and my family. I began working two jobs at once. Putting out this energy, I avoided handling my own problems. Besides, working to support my children and my mother's family made me feel worthy. That situation was quite a trap. My children needed a mother, yet they needed to be supported financially - I was pulled apart by trying to do both and feeling as if I was failing. I knew that I was doing the best I could, yet I judged and condemned myself for creating the situation. I held much resentment within against the world and became reckless and accident-prone. I had a series of wrecks, hospitalizations and illnesses. Each one was trying to tell me something.

In September of 1967 I was on the way to Sacramento to get my driver's license cleared from previous accidents. All the way there strange feelings kept impressing themselves on my consciousness. I would see things in the clouds, and a message was emerging. I finally understood the message that I should not drive home. I asked my friend to drive. Five minutes out of town, there was a flash flood from a heavy rain, and a truck spun out; five cars behind crashed into it including ours. This time I saw it from the passenger's side, and I realized in one flash that those feelings I experienced were guiding me in the right direction. I did listen to my inner voice, and I did follow through. At last I was in touch.

I didn't get hurt, even though the car was totaled. The accident-proneness ended, and my pace of life slowed down. I began walking and was reunited with the universe, having mystical experiences and REALIZING that all is ONE. I started actively shaping myself from that point to do what God had planned, and what I had planned - living according to the Light within myself.

I quit work, went back to school, and dedicated myself to learning astrology. Philosophy and psychology courses aided greatly in preparing me for my work as an astrologer. Mental clarity brought my emotional nature into balance, and the process of Self-healing and actualization was under way. Day by day I understood more and freed myself from my own complexes.

One day Jim had to leave to take his brother to the hospital; it was a day of emergencies. I had to meditate lying down in those days, because I was very large (pregnant). I started going to a place where I had never been and seeing things I had never seen. Soon it got to be so beautiful and ecstatic that I knew I couldn't handle the energy any longer. I walked into the bathroom, looked directly into my eyes in the mirror and saw into myself,

and within thirty seconds the whole room was bright white Light. This introduced me to the Light.

Barbara Shere

I came to Berkeley, California for graduate school in American History; I was intellectually searching. I got married, bought a house in Berkeley, and life was beginning to become routine and boring. Then I met a man who taught me karate, and I found my energies going in new directions. I dropped out of school, and left my marriage behind. I moved away from the people I had known, and found myself alone, lonely, and misunderstood. I found out in a Light Study later that about this time an entity did possess me. I had created this in a past lifetime by a curse I had placed out, which came back, and I had to handle the negative energy. It led to some harrowing experiences, and I was tripping emotionally and mentally. My ego allowed this entity to control me, and I wound up at Napa State Mental Hospital for aberrated behavior. I had been a straight A student in high school, the well-adjusted person, well-liked by everyone, and the last one anybody would imagine going off the handle. It was a totally new experience for me, and I suffered tremendously. I saw some Light, but not handled in a correct manner it went astray. I thought that I had been Christ. I wound up out on the street with no friends, no money, feeling crucified psychically by the world, which I felt owed me something for my suffering. It was so painful that I had to get myself together to stop the pain, and so they wouldn't think I was exhibiting aberrated behavior anymore. I got out of the hospital, but I was absolutely at the bottom physically, emotionally, mentally, and spiritually. I got a job, even though it was painful to work right after my extremely weakening situation. John-Roger said later that it was necessary to ground me on the physical, because I had been tripping in the emotional and mental realms.

In the fall of 1971 I started working out in karate and eating health foods to get my body together physically. I discovered occult literature and delved into it with a fervor. It gave perspective to what I had been going through, because I found that the problems I had had were just part of being on the path. One of my karate students told me about her Aura Balance and Light Study by John-Roger. I was interested in going to see this person. I put it out of my mind, but that afternoon I got a clear message in my mind, "Don't forget to go hear John-Roger tonight."

So I went to a seminar in Berkeley and observed that he spoke without fear. He was talking about soul travel. He seemed to know, and he seemed not to care whether anybody else knew or not.

David Allen

For twenty-four years I taught first-grade children in Methodist Sunday school. I learned many things from the children, because they are so open and trusting. Their questions are so to the point, yet they are hard to answer in a meaningful way. One Christmas we were using the nine candles to teach the Hanukkah celebration of Light. I was holding my hands over the candles and realized that the warmth that comes from the light of a candle is like the warmth of love; children are so loving. It suddenly dawned on me that I wasn't teaching the feeling that comes from the emotions, which children already know, but adults have forgotten. Although I'd given years of service, I decided it was time for me to work on myself, and I gave up my job. I've thought about going back to it, but I am still seeking.

Alma Clary

I was sitting by the pool reading Siddhartha and fell asleep. The rest of the book came forward to me in the dream state. I woke up six hours later, and my sister Carol, who was a bit worried as it was nine in the evening, was sitting next to me; she wasn't sure what I was experiencing. I said that I was going to go lay down on the deck chair because it was so cool, and I fell asleep again. At 3 in the morning I went inside, and lay down on the sofa for another five hours. Within that space of seventeen hours, I knew that MSIA, John-Roger, and the Mystical Traveler - Preceptor Consciousness were what I had been crying out for.

Nicholas Brown

One day in London I was being delayed continually. I was going home to a seminar at Nicholas and Carol's house, when a man with long, flowing hair, dressed in Pakistani garb, boarded the train. His energy made everybody turn around and look. I could see love exuding forward; it was like he was floating. I saw that he had a little book on Sufism, so I started talking with him.

After a few minutes he said, "You're the person I've been waiting to meet. I've been walking all over London for the past two hours trying to find you." He told me that he was a scientist working for Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, when he was sent over to Pakistan to develop a computer and got involved with the culture which transformed him. Now he was on a spiritual quest. I told him about John-Roger and the Movement, inviting him to a seminar that night. Then he met the person who he was really coming to meet, John-Roger, through a tape discourse.

Randy Garver

While studying drama in graduate school at Berkeley, the confrontation that set off a real change in my thinking was the draft. I not only didn't believe in war, I didn't even believe in the military, because I could not give up my freedom to an outside organization or person. I knew that I could be free in prison but not in the military. I didn't have a religious background, so I hesitated before applying for Conscientious Objector. I knew in my own mind that I was conscientiously opposed to war; the only doubt was whether I would be considered as such by the authorities.

The first question on the C-O form was, "Do you believe in a Supreme Being?" I realized there must be a Supreme Being. When it was put that abstractly, I could go along with it. So I checked yes. Then I came to the second question, "Define the nature of the Supreme Being you believe in." I decided to do some research, and I am still investigating that subject. I read the Gospels, the Portable World Bible, philosophy, psychology, etc. I could agree with the Hindu ideas of the Self in all things - that when the Self leaves a tree, then it dies, and if it doesn't leave it, it doesn't die - the essence of life. When I was young, I had marveled at the miracle of life in plants, the miracle of animals, and the miracle of man. I also like the Buddha's teaching that "Hatred does not cease by hatred, but by love." In my imagination I visualized the complete transformation of contemporary society by a true religion of love, led by one who merely called people to join him in this perfect life.

In May 1968 while on LSD I saw 2001 A Space Odyssey and intuitively understood the symbolism. That night I read the little book called the Tao Teh Ching by Lao-tzu, which contains the mystical philosophy. I understood ideas as perfectly natural that I had not been exposed to in this lifetime. I turned in my application for Conscientious Objector, writing, "I believe in Tao, and I seek Teh" and giving them a copy of the book. I indicated that violence was contrary to my nature. Finally when I did appear before the draft board, I explained in my own words that since the unity exists, and everything is one consciousness, I no more would want to hurt my brothers and sisters than I would take my right hand and try to destroy my left hand. Apparently I was convincing, and was given the status of being conscientiously opposed to war in any form.

I went to the University of California at Santa Barbara to enroll in the Religious Studies program. I also studied astrology and gave Tarot readings. I observed people and how they fit with their signs, and the present time and how it fit with the planets. I examined myself most closely and the cosmic plan when I was born. It helped me to integrate my own personality and to understand my interest in drama and mystical philosophies. I read the Aquarian Gospel, and understood the cosmic change

of the ages - how the Piscean teachings were brought forward by Jesus and how now we are entering the Aquarian Age.

In a spiritual reading Gladys Jones told me I had refined out harsh qualities through many incarnations. Reincarnation was so natural and logical that I accepted it. When I mentioned the Tarot, she said that I was more mystical than occult and that I could develop direct communication with God. When I asked her if this would be my last lifetime, she seemed taken aback by the question and said she could not answer that. I encountered many spiritual groups but still hadn't met anyone who could show me how to break free of the wheel of reincarnation.

Continuing my investigation of Supreme Being, I developed a working, living philosophy that I could use. Love is paramount as being the unity of all; consciousness learns, understands, and knows; while creativity perceives the beautiful, contemplates the true, and acts for the good.

By January 1970 I was awakening to the reality of the Christ, the Buddha, the prophet Mohammed, or whatever terminology may be used - that that is in me. I did my best to carry that consciousness with me wherever I went. When I attended a seminar and experienced the consciousness of John-Roger, I went up to him afterward prayerfully in the sense of worshipping the God within him that is within everyone. I knew his Divine Nature was awakened. I said I was very impressed by where he is and asked him which of my chakras were open. He told me about chakras that I didn't even know about. When I said that most people aren't aware of those, he said that most people don't see.

I experienced the Mystical Traveler Consciousness working with me. Once before going to a pot-luck dinner where there were many people involved in MSIA, I asked to grow as fast as I could, asking John-Roger inwardly to really lay it on me, and he did! I must have had an illusion per minute snapped away or shown to me. The Holy Spirit was everywhere, and the Light was bouncing these reflections back to me. I kept thinking, "How do these people know exactly what to say?" But then I knew that it was John-Roger and the Light coming through. After that evening I decided to completely quit taking drugs and subsequently went through quite a hell getting free of the negative effects.

I had been searching for three years to find the Spirit and the guidance I needed. As I straightened my path I had to clean house of the repressed and hidden fears, resentments, etc. Through the support of MSIA and the guidance of John-Roger, I have walked through the shadows in the perfect protection of the Light. Now the way is becoming ever brighter and smoother, as the spiritual heart radiates the divine love that is in all. My gratitude can only express by using this Light for the highest good of everyone.

I see the beauty of acceptance in opening to the flow of Spirit. By

accepting that I am capable of doing something, the Spirit is able to work through me in writing or singing a song, acting or directing a play, writing poetry or philosophy, counseling or teaching with the Light, healing spiritually, soul traveling, etc. Consciously I would not have dreamed I could do works that are already being accomplished. The Light and the Mystical Traveler Consciousness accomplish all things in perfect harmony; we are but the channels as we allow ourselves to be. In this Golden Age of Living Love, the Holy Spirit is being poured forth through humanity in the freedom and grace of the Christ Consciousness which is transforming man's limited awareness into the infinite potential of the Hu-man divine creator. By opening to the Spirit that is eternally present, we truly realize that the blessings are already here now.

Sanderson Beck

## Seminars

Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness seminars are an experience in the Light and the Sound under the guidance and protection of the Mystical Traveler - Preceptor Consciousness. During contributions each soul is given an opportunity, as the focus of Light comes to him or her, to express whatever they wish. The Mystical Traveler Consciousness works with each one spiritually for their highest good to help release karma and to balance and lift the consciousness. John-Roger brings forward the teachings of the Mystical Traveler Consciousness either in person or through a tape discourse, and demonstrates the ability to work with each individual in their own inner levels.

When I first met John-Roger in May of 1968 at a seminar in Santa Barbara, he led us in meditation where we walked along the beach. We met the Christ and walked with Him. Something beautiful and lasting happened to me as the words, "Be still and know that I am God" flooded my consciousness. I felt deeply moved and silently wept, feeling I had come home after a long hard journey. I belonged, even though most of the people in the room were strangers. There was a feeling of oneness that was new to me.

Wanda Mansbach

The seminar started, and people were giving their contributions. I thought this was my chance. All my life I had been busy perfecting a facade, so people wouldn't know where I was coming from. I could be feeling tremendous

emotionality, but I wouldn't show it, because I didn't want to become vulnerable or be laughed at or scorned. I wanted to look like I had it all together. But that night at the seminar when it was my turn to talk, I sensed, "I've got to come clean if anything is going to happen here." My voice was catching as I spoke, getting emotional and overwrought, saying that I felt I had been pulled into this by some incredible attraction.

John-Roger replied, "Can I tell you something?" I said yes. He said, "Pull your emotions in; they are way out here." I don't know if he said it at the time, but it was the "wearing the heart on your sleeve" trait. I tried to figure out what that meant.

I went to the seminar every week. John-Roger would say, "I'll tune into that," or "I'll look into that." This man had cosmic consciousness. He could teach individuals soul travel. This was the heaviest thing I'd ever seen, and I was going to stay with it. John-Roger was dealing with seeing the aura, being more sensitive to one's guardian angel, and psychometrizing. He was also dealing heavily in areas of how to cope, which I had never done too successfully. He was giving pertinent information for all my levels from the mundane paper work, to accepting job responsibility, to having better emotional and mental balance, and in my spiritual growth. I was seeing answers to my questions. I had to have reasons, and I found that I could take the information John-Roger had given me and keep expanding it. There was always continuation and etcetera. Part of the teaching was to be able to use everything that happens; this is a fantastic key. If I was in a traffic jam, I could work on impatience. Or if I was required to do something that I didn't see any reason for, I could work on that area to make myself more complete. I started noticing things align in my daily life. I was taking on more responsibility. I even tried something adventurous like balancing my checkbook.

Gregory S. Smith

I have had out of the body experiences for the last twenty years. It used to scare the devil out of me, because I didn't know how to handle them. Whenever I would talk to people about it they would think I had gone off my rocker. I used to leave my body once or twice a day. If I took a nap during the day (I was a farmer then), as soon as I would feel myself about to leave the body, I would shake myself loose, throw myself off the bed or do anything to avoid it. One day, I was leaving my body but stopped myself. I was under the bedcovers and very frightened. I asked God for help. After a while I couldn't breathe under the covers, so I stuck my head out. I saw someone with long hair. I didn't know if it was a man or a woman, which scared me even more. I wouldn't get out of the covers the whole night. I had been searching for so long, but I didn't know how to handle these things.

A few years after that incident, our daughter Sherry became ill with Hodgkin's Disease, and we moved to Acapulco, Mexico. There we met a hotel owner who had a picture of a man on her desk. The next day I realized he was the person who had appeared to me when I had asked for help. I told the hotel owners, and they introduced me to Self Realization Fellowship. There was a very warm feeling, and I felt I had come home for the first time and that Paramahansa Yogananda was my true guru. I was in SRF for ten years, and became a lay disciple, but something was missing. I needed to know more. I went into Maharishi's Transcendental Meditation, but that didn't do it. I had become very friendly with Herbert Holmes and Robert Ford, and we shared SRF and the Flying Saucers Club of America together. We were searching all the time. Herbert called me one day and told me they had met a man named John-Roger who spoke at a Flying Saucer meeting, and that he was having his own seminar at Marvin Mochel's (head of the Amalgamated Flying Saucers of America in the Hollywood area). Would I like to go? I really did, but it was Friday night at the restaurant, the busiest night. He accepted that, and an hour later Robert Ford called and said, "I urge you brother, please, it is so important; you have got to make it." Because of the way he said it, something clicked. I knew that I must go, somehow. I asked my wife and son who assured me not to worry and to go; maybe this was what we had been looking for.

I went and sat up front. The vibrations of the Light were too strong for me to handle. I knew through yoga that I could block this by crossing my arms and legs. When the seminar was over, John-Roger asked me if I was in yoga. I felt Herbert and Robert had clued him in, but I didn't know and was suspicious. I asked, "How do you know?"

He replied, "There was a man who had his arms around you. He looked like Paramahansa Yogananda, but he was a much younger man. I asked him, 'What are you doing here?' and he said, 'Yogananda sent me here to watch over him!'" I felt that it was safe to be there as long as Yogananda protected me.

After I left, John-Roger told Robert and Herbert that I was a beautiful soul, but that there were three men who were blocking me spiritually and otherwise. They posed as my friends but really were not. His words hit me. I knew just who he meant. I had had a suspicion, but I was always easy-going and made excuses for people. I told the people that I didn't feel they were my friends and that I didn't want to be associated with them anymore. From that moment things changed. When I first went to seminars people would come to me after it was over and exclaim, "Wasn't that seminar fantastic?"

I didn't feel anything. I couldn't understand, but I would tell them, "Yeah, yeah, really great." They had the Light in their eyes and were so uplifted. Something was wrong. I didn't seem to be getting much out of it.

I made up my mind to watch them during contributions to see what was happening, why they were so lifted, and why I was not. It was very interesting. They were giving of themselves. I had come to seminars to see what I could get out of them never thinking that I had to give to get. Then, as every person spoke, I listened. If they were having problems, I would send them the Light, really being a part of them. I was giving of myself and sending the Light. The more I gave, the more I received. I would be bursting with the Light, and I would want to hug everyone. I was so glad that this awareness came to me early, because I have seen many people come to seminars looking to get something out of it and not getting it. I found this was a key. People would tell me they felt the Light coming through me. After many people told me, I realized the Light really works.

I thought if I could do this at seminars, then I could do it at my Italian restaurant where two or three hundred people a day come to me. I give the Light to every person who comes to the window. Practice makes perfect. Many of the people say, "I don't know if it was the food or if it came from you." I tell them it is the spark of God, the Light that we all have.

I think the biggest problem in my life was that I had been judged as a phony, and I believed it. I didn't like myself; I judged myself. During a Light Study, John-Roger told me how people see me, how I see myself, and how I really am. He told me that people judged me, even though they didn't know what I was like. Then he told me that I was more critical of myself than the people who judged me. Then he described the real me. This was the first time that I loved myself, and it was so nice. I thought of all the years that I didn't like "me," and I was ashamed of myself. I found the things that I disliked in me were really beautiful. It was like having my first love, and I wanted to cry. From that time everything opened up, and I was happier than I had ever been. I found that what I had learned in ten years in SRF, I had gone way past in six months. I had found myself. I started to understand "me." When I stopped judging myself, it made it so much easier to love others.

Reuben Paris

The freedom of expression in MSIA is what I needed for my inner growth. At the seminars during contributions, one can say or do anything one likes; sing a song, bitch about the terrible day one has had, or say God's name. Then the next half is John-Roger's spiritual wisdom. He tells us, "If it works for you, use it. If it doesn't, have the wit to let it go and go on to what works for you." I have a tendency to latch on to an idea and squeeze it, so I am learning a fluidness - to listen to the Inner Master. I found that I need not be bound permanently to anything. There are four billion people on the planet and four billion different ways. Everyone's movement of spiritual inner awareness is as unique as their fingerprints.

Each is special.

We used to go to seminars, and the contribution time would bug me no end. I'd think, "Won't these silly people ever shut up so I can listen to what John-Roger has to say? Why are they carrying on so? Who cares about that anyway?" Now we go, and I enjoy that part of the evening just as much as J-R's talk, because it is really all the same. Watching, supporting, and loving the movement of spiritual inner awareness in others is a fantastic, mind-expanding experience. The concept of "for the highest good of all concerned" is paramount in my philosophy right now. If I learn nothing else in MSIA except calling in the Light, channeling and intensifying it, and then putting it out for the highest good of all concerned, it will be worth the effort.

Keith Moore

In my search for Self and God-realization, I have taken many paths, side-roads and detours, all leading to the Supreme One, the Sarmad. As a student at the University of California at Santa Barbara, one "trip" which kept "tripping me up" was taking drugs, a short-lived but very heavy experience. In my attempt to give up this activity, I studied many religions and philosophies and took up meditation and yoga disciplines.

It wasn't until I made a conscious commitment to attend a MSIA seminar, that I was able to change my consciousness and break this pattern of drug-taking. The night before I was to attend a seminar in Thousand Oaks at precisely twelve o'clock, April 8th, 1969, a force overcame me. I was moved to get up from my bed and take out the vestiges of marijuana hidden in my closet. It didn't occur to me to doubt or hesitate as I flushed the drugs down the toilet.

The next day I walked around in a daze, unable to relate to the physical world, and unable to comprehend the meaning behind my actions of a few hours before. Yet when contributions began at the seminar in Wanda Mansbach's home, and Spirit wove It's way to me, a profound understanding and appreciation of each event in my life flooded me. On the way home I reviewed my life, and even in that neophyte stage of awareness I knew then that my drug-taking was not a detour but an avenue to greater spiritual awareness. In the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness, I have gained greater understanding of the ways in which the Mystical Traveler and the Holy Spirit work to unlock blocks in our consciousness and dissolve negative habit patterns and attitudes. Sometimes it is a powerful manifestation of the magnetic Light, as this first experience was for me, and sometimes the lessons are more subtle. The challenges present themselves when the law of reversibility, acting as a divine boomerang, returns to test our strength and purpose. Joy and wisdom pour forth in

realizing that each test is for our highest good, revealing once more that our true expression is that of soul transcendence.

KayAnn Turbak

I thought it was an earthquake, because I had my eyes closed. When I opened my eyes, I found out that the fellow behind me was shaking very much. John-Roger said, "That's the Holy Spirit. Don't worry about him. It's okay; he's being hit by the Holy Spirit."

I was thinking, "I hope the Holy Spirit doesn't hit me."

John-Roger said to us, "The day will come when someone will ask you, 'When did you first begin soul traveling?' and you won't be able to tell them." We move into it, and find our awareness is growing without even realizing it. John-Roger said to me, "Your truths will be changing as you lift higher."

Henry Conyers

When I first started coming to seminars, Michael and I (we weren't married yet) seemed to have a pretty good relationship. No ups, no downs, pretty steady, and everything was going fine. But by the third seminar, everything had suddenly fallen apart. We had split up, and my entire world was down around my head. I could not understand it. I knew it was connected somehow with the seminars and with John-Roger, but I said in my contribution, "I don't know what is happening, John-Roger, but since I have been coming to seminars, everything has gone wrong. It's terrible!"

Everyone laughed, and so did John-Roger. He said, "It looks as if you have been working off your karma prematurely - you are banging on the doors of Heaven wanting to get in, and things are coming down fast and heavy."

I asked, "But could I have some kind of respite? Just a day?" I wasn't going to ask for too much.

He said, "Okay, I can give you a day."

I could not believe those words, but from that moment on for an entire day, I was so high and free, and people were responding with such love to me. Then the next day, I was right back in it again. But that memory of knowing that John-Roger could actually help me in the distress boosted my faith in him tremendously. Since then, I have been able to inwardly ask him to do this for me. There will be nights and days when I go through heavy karma, and in the morning I'll awake and feel so tired, and then I'll drag through

the day. Then at night I'll go through it again and have nightmares. So the next day, I'll ask inwardly, "If it's for the highest good, John-Roger, could I have a night's rest?" It is so beautiful, because I'll sleep through with nice dreams and wake up feeling so good.

It is nice to know that someone is taking care of bringing my karma forward just right. His love floods me, and my love for him is so strong. At first my mind was skeptical about him, but something was awakening in me and saying, "Yes, Vivian, he is the one. You'd better listen." Thank God I listened to that voice.

Vivian Joseph

I had been in the Movement a few months when my cousin Sara Namias' husband died at age 32. Her whole world went to pieces, for her life had been wrapped around him. I had been to the funeral and to her home the week after and saw that she didn't care to live anymore. I told her about John-Roger, and she said, "Right now, no one can help me." About three weeks later she called and said she wanted to kill herself, but she didn't know what to do, because of her children. She couldn't bear her life without her husband.

"Would you like to come to a seminar?" I asked. She still didn't believe that anyone could help her, but getting out of the house was fine. I remember seeing her in the back sitting by herself, and suffering within, not listening to what John-Roger was saying. After the seminar about twenty people were waiting to talk with him. I was sitting on the side, watching Sara and hoping that he would have some time for her. I had asked her to go to him and talk with him, but she wouldn't. I was sending her the Light. Then John-Roger told everyone to sit down, and he called my cousin up; I was so pleased that he could tap into that. He did most of the talking, and she would cry and smile a little and cry some more. They spoke for about twenty minutes. She gave him a big hug, and her eyes lit up. I couldn't wait for her to share with me what happened. She was just beaming. "My God, he is really something. He knew everything about me, about Marvin, and I knew you clued him in."

"I never told him anything," I replied. "That's interesting, but I would have known it anyway, from the things he told me. He seemed to know, to understand what I was going through." Marvin had had a heart attack five years previously, and she was giving him her energy to keep him alive. "I knew the minute I came up and told him, I let Marvin go. I felt him die, but I couldn't hold out anymore. He told me many things about Marvin and how he was much happier now that he was free of the pressures as vice-president of the trucking company. He worked very hard, and sometimes came home at 3 o'clock in the morning completely exhausted. He would say, 'One of these

days I'm going to chuck it all and retire.' On the other side he was working with flowers, which is what he would have retired to do. John-Roger worded himself just the way my husband would have worded himself, and I knew where Marvin was and that he was okay." That lifted me and helped me so much.

Sara's husband had been dead for almost a year when Thanksgiving and Christmas arrived. She had been sustained by the seminars, but now they would be discontinued throughout the Christmas holidays, and she was going through a depression.

"How will I go through the whole Thanksgiving without a seminar? I will go out of my mind. It has been my breath."

I told her that we would send her the Light and that she could come and stay with us for a while, but she had three children, and it was hard.

At the next seminar, John-Roger said, "We are going to have a different seminar. We are going to call this a Love Feast. Someone get a chair and put it in the middle of the floor. Now we need a volunteer." People raised their hands, but he said, "No, Sara, do you want to come up here and sit down?" Although she didn't want to, she sat down. He had his hands on her shoulders from behind and said, "Sara, I love you so much." Then he told her why. "I remember when you first came here and how you have opened up to the Light, and even in your grief you have been supporting everyone else and sending them the Light. "He went on for about three or four minutes telling her how much she had grown and how much he loved her. Then everyone else came up. It helped many people, because they couldn't say that they loved, and when they opened up it lifted every person. She had been given so much love that for weeks after into Thanksgiving and Christmas she was floating full of bliss. She would call us and say, "God bless John-Roger. " He took his time, and it was so interesting to see the love he has for all of us. I don't think there is one person in MSIA who doesn't think John-Roger is giving him his personal attention. He really cares for each and every one of us.

Reuben Paris

My first encounter with the Movement was at a seminar in Berkeley. I discovered I knew many of the people already, and when they played the tape, I instantly recognized the voice of John-Roger. I felt that I knew that voice always; I had heard it speaking to me through many people. During the tape, I felt the wheels turning inside, and for the first time I experienced the Light. For me that experience was heat within the body, great heat in the chest area, and great joy. It didn't happen in a meditative state, but in a social atmosphere with people talking and

expressing love, joy, laughter, and acceptance. Acceptance is very important to me as I had a tendency to set up patterns of rejection in relation to negativity in myself. So I got hooked. I was back the next week, and I don't think I've missed a seminar since.

Rudy Tambone

In September 1971, I was looking for a new direction in astrology. One day I picked up a local Berkeley newspaper, "The Telegraph Monthly" and saw an article on astrology written by Jim and Barbara Shere. Their view of astrology was different than the popularized news-stand variety. I wrote them, and Jim responded, "We approach astrology in a humanistic and holistic way. By the way, we have a communion, meditation and mantram every Friday evening, and we certainly welcome you to come by and see what's going on."

I went there, expecting to see astrologers rapping, but this group was chanting the mantram HU and listening to a tape. I went home feeling pretty high. After a few weeks I realized that these tapes had to do with some movement. What I was learning made sense, so the externals didn't matter. At this point, smoking dope was giving me headaches, so I said, "I don't need this anymore, obviously; headaches every night - that's absurd!" So I quit dope altogether.

Rick Castellanos

I was in the Movement about a year when I called my mother in Miami and talked to my kid sister, whom I hadn't seen in ten years. I was always the weird one in the family. When I was sixteen I became a vegetarian, practiced yoga, and accepted flying saucers right away. Rebecca, at 26, found she was relating to me, as she was a vegetarian and had joined Zen Buddhism. We talked for five minutes, and it was so nice seeing that she didn't judge me. Three days later I received a letter from her saying she didn't understand why people were coming to her asking advice, seeking help, for she knew nothing. She needed help. "I am looking for a master, a teacher; I'm searching. I have joined Zen and Edgar Cayce, but that doesn't seem to be the answer."

I was so excited that I called her right away and told her about John-Roger. She asked, "What does he do? What is he like?"

"I don't know all of his capabilities, but he has helped me tremendously. I see him as ten times higher than Edgar Cayce." That hit her. She knew she must come.

In June she arrived for her three-week vacation. She asked to hear his voice. My son Mitchell was listening to his Light Study that morning, and she took the tape into the other room and played it. An hour and a half later she came out and said, "John-Roger knew I was coming." Nobody had spoken with him about her. "It is in Mitchell's tape."

It couldn't be, I thought, because I spoke to her for the first time in June, and Mitchell's reading was in March. John-Roger talked for the hour and a half about many different things and in between said, "When your aunt comes, we will work with her also." She was so excited. She felt that when she came to the seminar he was going to put his arms around her and say, "I've been waiting for you." I introduced J-R to her, and he seemed very cold and distant. She was so hurt. She had traveled thousands of miles across country, and he didn't care. Because of her ego, she needed this. She was supposed to stay for three weeks and stayed six, going through many changes. She wanted to stay in California and work with him, but he told her that there were many souls in Miami who were waiting for her and that she would bring the Light to them and would hold seminars there. She didn't know anything about the Movement or the Light and questioned how she would do seminars.

"If you allow me, I will work through you. Two men will come to you, and they will help you start the Movement and bring many people to assist you."

She called me four weeks later hysterically crying and laughing at the same time. "Exactly how John-Roger told me - that's how it happened. I'm having two seminars a week." Eventually she had seventy or eighty people attending. She was lecturing and would learn from the things she was saying.

Six months later John-Roger went to Miami for a conference with 350 people. Shortly after she called and informed me that she was no longer in the Movement and that John-Roger was a phony and out for the money. This brought me doubts. I had devoted my whole life to this. Could I have been mistaken? I stopped doing my spiritual exercises. Two weeks later J-R came to me and asked, "Do you want to talk to me?"

I didn't have the courage to come to him and tell him. "Yes. I spoke with my sister, and she said she is no longer in the Movement, and you are not the Mystical Traveler." I was ashamed, because I felt I wasn't as devoted as I thought I was; one person tells me negative things about the Movement, and I'm skeptical.

"I understand," he said. "Could you at least give me a chance to defend myself?" That hit me. Who am I? Why does he want to defend himself against me? I was suffering within, and he cared enough to lighten the burden. He told me what really happened and then called Phillip up for verification.

"It is important you don't go blindly into this. Be skeptical. Check me out. Don't give your heart to this until you really know." He explained that my sister helped everyone tremendously. They would call her at 3 or 4 in the morning. She was needed, because they needed John-Roger coming through her, and when John-Roger came physically they dropped her like a hot potato. Here was the master, and they ignored her and flocked around him. She was letting the ego go and showing anger and resentment, and he had to back off from her. She was hurt. "I am always with her. I had to stand back until she asked." For a year after that I checked and re-checked because there was a part of me that loved John-Roger so much, and a part that said maybe this isn't so.

I was counting the money intake at the seminars. At the first conference there were 500 people at \$5 a head, or \$2500, plus five seminars a week. I was counting all the money and thought that guy can become a millionaire in no time. It was disturbing. There was an hour intermission and Robert Ford, Herbert Holmes, Bill and Jean Baeli, Bernice and myself went to eat. "There is a problem that I feel. What does John-Roger do with all the money?"

Their feeling was, "I never even thought of it. It has changed my whole life. He probably uses it for the Movement."

We came back, and John-Roger excused himself from a crowd of people and came over to me and said, "How do you like the conference? Come sit down; I want to talk with you. The Movement is growing tremendously. It is in many parts of the world, and we send literature and tapes. This costs money." He was explaining to me that the money that comes in is used to further spread the Light. "I have an ability to know who is sincere and who really needs the help. "He must have tapped in or been right there when we were eating. He told me that he worked as a school teacher and that he doesn't take a penny out of the Movement. In fact, he gives.

I remember now never to take from the Movement, but to give. Automatically I am receiving much more. John-Roger gives so much of himself that I thought, "Who is this man? What is he?" He seems to have the ability to know everything about a person. He is here to help and to work with us.

Reuben Paris

When I was very young I experienced a moment of eternity when everything opened up, and I knew that dying was not the end. Then for many years I wandered up mountains and down into abysses searching, but not knowing for what.

In October 1969 I went to a MSIA seminar in Miami, and something inside me knew that at last I was going to discover myself. I absorbed the teachings

of the Mystical Traveler. I began to share with others love - a love that asked for nothing - a love that lifts me into joy and understanding. The chrysalis of despair and doubt and illusion broke, and in that pure Light I observed the new form of myself emerging, gradually reflecting to me the places I could go within and without.

For me now the greatest thing is to be in the awareness of total love, to be in tune with the consciousness of the Mystical Traveler, and to lift into that awareness.

In 1971 I returned to England to start MSIA seminars, all ways knowing that it is the Spirit working through me, and more and more I learned to tune into the Inner Master for guidance and to move on that which comes from within.

I am going to become one with the Light and Sound. Part of the greatness of John-Roger's teachings is simple perception, allowing the conditionings we have placed upon ourselves to break away.

I have experienced out-of-the-body movements and traveled in other dimensions of time and space, always knowing that I am walking in the protection that is.

Carol Nathan

Living in England, not having John-Roger in the physical, it is easier for me to flow, and break crystallized thinking patterns, programmed responses, and the facade. One is exposed to oneself. Sometimes I am lonely, because I know there is much happening in the United States. However, the love is always here, and as John-Roger says, the portable paradise is within. I know from communing with the Inner Master that the same spiritual promise is herein England.

The euphoria during the seminars is so special as we glimpse and feel the vibrant Light and listen to the sound of love. Perhaps one appreciates this more when there are fewer people, for each second is savored. When we are lifting above our feelings and being open and listening and learning from all people, we are living the movement of spiritual inner awareness. Even outside seminars, listening to someone express himself on whatever level is a joy. They don't have to express a jewel, like we might get in a seminar, because every ounce of joy is a treasure. Everyone is bringing forward their own spirit. Throughout the world people are working the Light and living the love, making a large family. Everywhere is home. The world is not a fearful place. There are loving people, who with every breath they breathe, love and give this breath out to the universe. Anyone can tune into Spirit and translate it through the body.

Nicholas Brown

I got my courage up and called Dr. John-Roger Hinkins. He listened to who I was and said, I would be welcome at a seminar. I had a feeling of excitement when I hung up the phone. That night when I got into bed, I looked up to my left, and although I didn't see anyone there physically, I heard a laugh. That laugh I have heard so often since. It was like, "You knew I was going to call, didn't you?"

"Yep. "

"You know me, don't you?"

"Yep."

I went to my first seminar by myself in Alhambra, and Seleta Maye Johnson greeted me lovingly and asked me to put my money in the basket. There was a tug in my consciousness, but I put in my money, went in and sat down. I became acutely aware of the conglomeration of people. I had always known that I was not prejudiced, but I had to admit I felt a little strange with the mixture. Thank God there were some housewives there with whom I could identify! I thought, "Oh, Carolyn, you have really been fooling yourself for a long time about accepting people." I was amazed at the expression of love in the room. Contributions started, and when it was my turn, I said, "Boy, you're all a bunch of weird people." Of course, everybody laughed which released much for me. Then I added how much at home I felt. Something inside of me said, "This is the freedom I've been looking for." I was experiencing the Darshan.

I could only remember two words that John-Roger talked about that night - "the Light." I noticed that many people went up to see JR after the seminar. I really wanted to, but I was shy. I felt accepted and felt his love, but I couldn't quite enter into an exchange. Yet I wanted so much to meet him. Finally I dragged my body to where he and Phillip were sitting and said, "I guess you're a very busy man."

"Yes."

"I guess you don't have much time to talk."

"No."

"I have these questions, and I'd love some answers...." Then I said, "I'll see you later tonight, and we'll talk, okay?" John-Roger said that was a very good idea, and I left feeling excited.

Carolyn McIlrath

In a seminar, each person makes his contribution, and the love and Light flow through him, as he expresses. One can accept it and send it back. Lately, I have been constantly on the verge of tears, especially when I'm thinking about John-Roger and the essence that he represents - the consciousness of the Preceptor and the Mystical Traveler. Since the Christmas Eve meditation, when John-Roger spoke of a living, loving heart, I picture him and think of the love that he manifests and constantly sends, and I send it back. I don't think one can come any closer to love than to experience John-Roger. My human vessel just can't contain it, so it has to overflow in the form of tears. Since I have been in the Movement, I know what love is. J-R is here to remind us and to awaken us to what we are. Love does whatever it has to do to awaken love in us.

Love is the Light Movement, reaching into each level and clearing like a healing balm. The weight of guilt that so many of us carry for so long can be lifted by a love that transcends these levels. In my Aura Balance I forgave myself for having done whatever I'd done to myself and forgave myself for feeling guilty. The Light simplifies our life, if we allow it.

Michael-Walter Joseph

I found my love-nature growing. I had always been striving toward a universal expression, and it is easy to love everybody. Hugging people in the seminars has become a definite part of the Movement where people express their love.

People told me, "You appeared in my room last night. What do you think about that?" What could I think about that? I wasn't going to deny their experience. But at the time they said I appeared in their room, I'd be either in a theatre or visiting friends or sometimes asleep. One person told me that she saw me as plain as day in New York, while I was in California.

I thought, "Obviously, something is going on, even though I am not aware of it consciously." Since we are all multi-dimensional in our consciousness, at some level of consciousness somebody knows something, even if I don't. I asked John-Roger about it. He shrugged it off as bi-location.

Henry Conyers

I had a psychic leader and was going to group meetings. We were constantly putting up guards against other people. I went into a restaurant down the street from where I was teaching acting. I met Marcie Martini, a waitress there, and my thing was to get it on with her. I was talking to her about the psychic teachings I was involved in, and she was telling me about spiritual teachings. She didn't try to convince me, but I was always trying to get her to go to my meetings. One day she asked me if I would like to go to a meeting. I said yes, but I couldn't understand why, because I didn't think there was anything like the psychic.

My psychic had told me to look for John-Roger's third eye and for a certain aura around him, because she felt that he was just a medium. I'm straining trying to see auras and things, and J-R was aware of this. I wasn't seeing anything, though I thought I was. During contributions I crossed my arms and legs so that I wouldn't pick up anything, because she taught me to cross my arms and legs to keep everything away from me. She also said that sometimes one can accept and see what happened. As soon as I did, my whole head got hot, and my body started getting warm all over. It panicked me, because the heat was flowing all over me; so I immediately crossed my body again. Then I let go again, and the feeling was nice. When it got to my contribution, John-Roger and I hit it right off, doing the joke thing back and forth. I came back a second time, but I couldn't understand why.

Tom Moses

One month after the loss of my husband, my son Wayne was trying to persuade me to attend a MSIA seminar. I wasn't very anxious to go, because I felt there wasn't much room for improvement where I was concerned. However, I decided that I would go, just to prove how wrong it was for me. That was the turning point in my life.

In November of 1971 I attended a seminar led by Dr. John-Roger Hinkins. At first I had a deep suspicion and doubt that this man would probably try to hypnotize me as he had my youngest son, or so I thought. I listened and watched him very carefully, waiting to see if he was going to give me the hypnotic eye. Not once did this spiritual leader even glance my way. This didn't do my ego any good, but it was the beginning of a deep respect and great affection for John-Roger. Before that, I couldn't possibly see where there was any room for improvement. That must have been my ego. I'd like to think that now I've improved to a much greater degree due to an excellent teacher and great leader. I used to be critical of others. Now instead of seeing faults in people, I notice their good points. John-Roger has opened my eyes to my imperfections, not in a verbal way, but through his discourses and seminars.

Hannah Wallis

For two and one-half years I wouldn't talk at seminars. Many people would come up with very inspiring words, but when it came my turn my mind would go blank. I would say, "My name is Reuben, and I'm glad to be here, and I love everyone." Many times I would rehearse at 3 o'clock in the morning, and the Light would be coming through and flowing. I was going to have pearls to inspire people. At the seminar I would rehearse, not listening to the other contributions, but when my turn came it was, "Reuben, and I'm glad to be here."

We had bought a house and were fixing it up, hoping to have John-Roger do seminars in our home. John-Roger said to wait and see until after the first of the year, and if he couldn't do it, then Phillip or Wes could. At the Christmas Eve meditation I asked Phillip if he was going to be able to do them, but he said he was very busy. I went to John-Roger, and he said to me, "Why don't you do it?" I panicked. I didn't even talk at seminars! Then I felt guilty. I had asked to be of service, and the first time John-Roger asks me to do something I get excited like a little kid. I went to J-R the next seminar and confessed I was foolish, and if it was for the highest good, I would do the seminar. I was inwardly thinking that once I said that, he would say it was okay, but he would have Phillip or Wes do it. Instead, he said, "I knew you would do it."

I was nervous about the seminar. I wanted to know what to do with the money that came in from it. We were having financial trouble at the time, and J-R indicated I could keep the money and buy tapes; he was really giving me an out. I wanted to give all the money to the Movement. It was like giving to myself anyway. I went to a Wednesday night Encino seminar and mentioned to Sandy Landen that I was scared. It is so beautiful the way people in the Movement help each other. "Don't worry," she said, "just glow, send everyone the Light, be the Light, and everyone will feel it." That was another key.

I found sitting in the chair conducting a seminar unique, because the Mystical Traveler is working through you, and you are a different person. I was so pleased, so honored to be in a different consciousness. I couldn't wait until the following week, and then the following week. Each was more beautiful, more precious. I had asked John-Roger what my life's work was so that I could prepare. He said, "How would you have felt if I had told you you were going to give seminars and lecture?"

"I would have gotten sick."

"This is the reason I can't tell you what your destiny is. It may very well block you. How do you like giving seminars?"

"I love it."

"You will have to wait until you are ready to do, and then you will do."

The Conference of Elation was coming, and I was thinking that J-R didn't call anybody about speaking. What if he called me? I got a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I figured he would never ask me, for I was not a speaker. Lo and behold, at the next seminar he whispered, "You are going to speak at the Conference, if you want to."

"Yeah, I'd be honored." It was the worst thing he could have said to me.

I asked people who had previously spoken, and some said the speeches were fifteen minutes long. I expressed that while rehearsing I spoke for one minute, the longest minute of my life.

"When you are up there, speak for ten minutes. What can they do?" they advised. "Say thank you very much and sit down, and everyone will applaud you." I started writing things down, and nothing hit. I just let it go. I spoke with John-Roger a few times, and he said not to worry, to relax. It was getting closer to the Conference, and I still didn't have anything. J-R told me that he saw it on the other side, and it would be all right.

Finally, at the Conference, the next to last speaker said, "By the way, John-Roger said to me you would speak for 45 minutes." That knocked me for a loop. I figured he must hate me. He knew what I was going through. Twenty minutes before I spoke I wrote little notes and then got up to speak. The support I was getting from everyone was fantastic, and everything was flowing beautifully. I was talking and crying, and the audience was crying. It was a breakthrough for me, because I never would have accepted this, and would have blocked it if it hadn't been for John-Roger. I thought, "Do I have any more time?" Looking down at my watch, I was ten minutes overtime. It was a beautiful conference.

Reuben Paris

## The Light

The Light of the Holy Spirit, or "Living In God's Holy Thoughts," is the invisible, infinite energy that is the essence of every soul as a direct extension of God. "I am the Light." This Light may be called upon at any time and used for the highest good of all concerned. Working consciously with this Light applies the divine energy in one's life.

I have found since coming into the Movement that my understanding of the Light and how it works has come more through my own personal experiences than through information received at seminars or written materials. In August 1971, Vera Sedler and I were camping at Jasper and Banff in the Canadian Rockies. One evening, after a very tiring day hiking above Lake Louise, we crashed early, about 8:30. Just as I was about asleep, some dudes drove in right below us to set up camp. In an otherwise perfectly quiet setting, all I could hear was clink, clank, bang, mutter, and swear. Then it sounded like this one dude was trying to pound tent stakes into the ground with a teaspoon - tink, tink, tink. This was taking him forever because the ground was hard. I knew, because I was lying on it! After awhile he started arguing loudly with his buddy. "I'm always the one that has to set the tent up. You always take off. And then I have to take it back down in the morning...." Argue, argue, argue. As in most arguments, when they had aired all the grievances through one time, they went back to the beginning and played the same tape over again.

About this time I started to lose my cool. I thought of my choices: I could yell at them, "Shut the hell up and let me sleep." Or I could put my boots on and go down there and tell them politely to, "Shut the hell up and let me sleep." Then I wondered what J-R would do in a situation like this. I remembered a story he once told at a seminar about a kid whose parents argued all the time. J-R's advice to the kid was to send them the Light and mentally say, "I love you." The boy did what J-R suggested the next time there was an argument, and it ended when one of the parents made a mistake, and they both started laughing at it. So I thought, "I'll just do the same thing and see if I can get these two cats to cool it." I asked for the Light for the highest good and started mentally saying to them, "God bless you" and "I love you." I kept saying it over and over. Nothing happened - they kept on arguing. I thought this isn't working the way I expected it to, but I'm going to keep it up anyway. I don't know whether or not those dudes ever stopped arguing, but within five minutes I was sound asleep! When I woke up the next morning, I told Vera that I understood better how the Light works: the Light always takes the line of least resistance. "Holding the Light" means being steady in my own consciousness - uninvolved and non-judging - so that I can discern just where this area of least resistance lies and can move directly into it, because that is where the Spirit flows.

Gary Collier

I started using the Light to get rides, and many times people would offer me a ride and take me exactly where I wanted to go. If I was going to a city, a person who was going to that city would stop. It happened so often that I nicknamed myself "The Golden Thumb." This is how the Light started

demonstrating itself to me in a practical way. I'd meet people, we'd start a conversation, and immediately strike up a rapport. I'd tell them about the Light. They'd say, "Thanks, I was looking for something like this." They'd take me to where I was going and go about their business. Later I'd see some of them at seminars.

Henry "The Golden Thumb" Conyers

I was always searching for something more. I had some experience using drugs, but I became frustrated when I saw that I couldn't get there by myself. A drug would take me up for a while, but then I would have to come back, and everything would be the same. Marijuana would lock me more deeply into the physical world. A friend of mine gave me peyote, thinking I knew what it was, but I thought it was herb tea. I was really upset when I discovered I was about to have a "psychedelic experience." I walked outside in the rain to go home. I became aware that each little drop of rain as it fell had this golden Light around it, and each little blade of grass had this golden Light, and the sky as far as the eye could see, all the clouds and everything that was had this golden Light shining through it. I could feel that it was intelligent, that it knew I was watching it and that I was a part of it.

Then I saw a person who I considered my worst enemy standing outside a shop, and I loved her. She was so beautiful! Afterward I couldn't believe I had had such loving feelings for her. It was disturbing to receive hints that there are states of consciousness where our hatreds don't exist. Were all these feelings and conditions I was so identified with mere illusions that evaporated when I entered into a higher consciousness?

I thought, "Before I wasn't sure whether or not there was a God." I considered myself an agnostic. "But now I know that there is definitely something happening." I decided not to use drugs and to wait until something came into my life that reminded me of that experience with the Light, and then whatever that was I would follow it.

Lenora Rayna Albro

I had gone on a camping trip to Big Sur with Janice Kramer and had come back with a bad case of poison oak. I didn't want to take cortisone shots to treat this condition and was waiting for a doctor to call with other suggestions, since I hadn't been able to get a good night's sleep for a week. The phone rang, and Seleta Johnson, who had given me a clairvoyant reading, asked if I was interested in classes in spiritual awareness. I was. I told her I had been looking forward to the call from the doctor. Her

only comment was, "I'll send you the Light."

My thought was, "Lady, you send anything you want. I don't care at this point." Janice later said that right after talking to Seleta I slept from 8 in the evening to 8 the next morning. I became interested in finding out about the Light. When I first had a reading from Seleta, she told me that I was impatient, and that was the first lesson I had to learn. "I want to learn patience as soon as I can!" I blurted.

After studying with Seleta a while, she took several of us to a MSIA seminar. I saw John-Roger come in and said to myself, "He doesn't have to have the white robe and beard to be a spiritual teacher."

I was sitting with an attitude of acceptance. Everything that came to my mind was something that John-Roger would say two or three sentences later. It was more than coincidence. I started thinking about acceptance, and John-Roger said, "If you just sit there with an attitude of acceptance..." Lights started popping in my head. Right after the contributions, John-Roger said, "The Light is effecting a narcotics cure on several people in the room."

I had been smoking for ten years, and the grass thing was getting a bit stale. My attitude had always been, "I'm going to smoke and take drugs as long as I want to." But as soon as I heard that the Light was effecting a cure, I knew I was one of them. I didn't feel anything, and he didn't look at me; it was a knowing. I toyed with the idea of quitting drugs after the seminar, and for the next week every time I smoked I would get a sore throat. Whenever I stopped it would go away.

I was going to a computer class at UCLA one night a week which was boring, and my mind would wander. The teacher was a nice guy, but not that dynamic. I said, "Okay, Light, I have a test for you. I understand you don't have to accept, but I offer it as a challenge anyway. I'm going to smoke a joint, get very loaded, drive out to class, and if my attention doesn't wander during the whole two hours of class, then I'll know that you exist, and I will stop smoking dope."

I was in a restroom in the building where I worked, and something said, "Stop. Do this slowly. Look at where you are. You are in a toilet. See how ridiculous this is." I did, and enjoyed the smoke. Then I drove to UCLA, and for the whole two hours my attention didn't leave the teacher. I was riveted!

On my way home I picked up a fellow hitch-hiking. He turned to me and asked, "Do we have time for a smoke?"

Without thinking, I answered, "We would, if we had anything to smoke." I was never so glad for bad grass! I remembered that John-Roger said it took

three days for dope to get out of the system, and I counted the days. All my desires for it had left. So the Light passed the test, and I failed, for the moment.

Name withheld

I first started going to MSIA seminars to show my husband Rick how full of errors this man John-Roger was. As I sat and listened I became aware that there was really nothing I could refute. Some of the language was new to me, but the whole atmosphere seemed very pleasing and open. I soon realized that my opinion was of absolutely no interest to anyone, and if I wanted to learn anything, I should open not only my ears but also my heart. I never liked going to church with its rules and regulations, and so I was very much impressed when John-Roger said, "If it works for you, use it, and if it doesn't, get to what will." I had the choice to come or go as I pleased, and any progress I made spiritually would be because I had worked to make it so. Working with John-Roger filled a void in my life I had been looking to fill in all the wrong places. To tune into Spirit was something quite new to me, yet I felt very much at ease and as if I was finally connecting with the true purpose of my life.

Having a stubborn nature I was glad to be offered many techniques to achieve spiritual freedom. Clearing up my hang-ups is a constant job. To be able to use the past as a stepping stone rather than as a weapon was a great lesson for me. If Rick and I were fighting, I could throw the past in his face. Instead of bringing in understanding, I would cause hurt and confusion. To take each new situation as it arises and handle it now makes me feel more complete and able to tackle new obstacles.

MSIA teaches us to use the Light, which means "Living In God's Holy Thoughts." To know the Light one has to use it. I know God is always with me and that by turning to the Light, I need not fear that any situation will ever bring anything which is not for my "highest good." Having John-Roger working and pulling for me is indeed my most precious gift. In stress situations I inwardly call on him for clarification and support. This helps me to clear up the situation rather than confuse or distort what is actually taking place. If I am down, or if my children are sick, just seeing the purple flashes which represent J-R allows me to realize that I am never alone. I am determined to seek and become one with the perfection of my soul.

Laurie Morgan

I had been in the Movement a year or two, when John-Roger was going to New

York during the summer. Since I was writing to him to order some publications, I asked if he would look in on my mother, giving her name, address, phone and date of birth. I had talked to her about the Light and MSIA previously, and her reaction had been, "Yes dear, this is what you are doing now. What are you going to be doing tomorrow? I love you; you are my daughter."

A few weeks later I received a letter from her saying she had been asleep when about 4 a.m. she woke up, heard my voice, and felt my hand on her face. She was so sure I was there that she got out of bed and looked for me. In the next paragraph she said, "I haven't heard from John-Roger as yet." That struck me as funny, because it was pretty obvious to me that if John-Roger had appeared as himself she could have dismissed it; but if I was used as a vehicle to express this, she couldn't deny it. From that point on she began using the Light. She is a religious Jewish woman and would always go to the synagogue for Jewish New Year and Day of Atonement services. That year she wrote me and explained that she was not going, saying, "The Light is my Temple."

Name withheld

At school I was passing all these gangs and big kids that pick on kids. I thought, "Light, Light, Light," and nobody bothered me. There was one kid who has a little gang and beats up on everybody. He pushes everybody around and picks fights. After recess I was carrying the ball, and I went into the bathroom. That kid was trying to get the ball away, but I wouldn't let him. So then he started hitting me, but through all that I was surrounding myself with the Light, and I didn't hit him once. He hit me in the face, and it felt like it just went right through. He hit me in the stomach; it just felt like a ghost. I didn't feel a thing.

Gary Alan Ginthner

One time a group of us from Berkeley were going down to Los Angeles. We had been driving side by side this funny, old car with an old Cadillac front and a big camper on the rear. We were on Highway 99 when our car conked out, so Jim Shere pulled it over to the side of the road. It sounded like the whole thing just fell apart. There we were sitting on the side of the road, and we asked for the Light. Who comes along but these people with this funny-looking car? We didn't wave them down; they just saw us and stopped. This dude who looked like he could have been an American Indian and anywhere from 50 to 80 years old, hops out of his car and comes over and looks at our car. Our radiator was over-heating. He just happened to have a big barrel of water, and he fills us up with water. We were looking

around trying to figure out what happened when I noticed that the core of one of the spark plugs had blown out. I pointed that out to Jim and asked, "What are we going to do? We're in the middle of nowhere." So we asked the guy, "You wouldn't happen to have a spark plug like this, would you?" He goes up to his camper and pulls out the exact same spark plug. So we put the spark plug in, and he got into his old camper and went on his way. We all looked at each other, wondering who this guy was, and marveled at this beautiful Light action.

Rudy Tambone

I guess about the 500th time that I used the Light, I finally realized that it was actually working. I was in the beginning more skeptical than I let on to other people. I can remember telling people to use the Light but inwardly thinking, "It may work for them, but I'm not so sure it works for me." Now one of my greatest joys is when I am feeling good and walking down the street silently sending the Light, saying, "God bless you," and "I love you" to people as I pass. I feel it come back to me and build and build. There are times it builds up so strongly that I want to start shouting, "Don't you know who you are? Don't you know what we are here for? Isn't it beautiful! Don't you know about the love that you can find within yourself - just look!" Of course, I restrain myself from doing this, but it builds so high inside of me that my smile makes people turn and wonder, and then they smile back. Sometimes the slightest thing will remind me of the Light and completely raise my consciousness, and I want to hug the whole world.

Vivian Joseph

A friend involved in anti-war protests brought over some pictures of napalmed children in living color from the Vietnam War. Suffering has always made me squirm, as I had never been able to stand it.

Once when I was 8 years old I was playing with the kids on the block. They found a bee that couldn't fly and were going to tear its wings off and torture it. I was standing there, and suddenly I got this impulse to save the bee. I was going to rush in and step on it as hard as I could so that if it had to die, it would die quickly. I was timid, shy and sensitive; so it was very hard for me to do that, but I wanted to help the bee so much that it gave me strength. I waited for my chance, and when they stepped aside for a moment, I dashed in yelling and stamped on it shouting, "Goodbye bee!"

They were really angry at me, saying, "Ah, what did you do that for? You spoiled the fun." Unable to answer, I ran across the street as fast as I

could to my house where my father was watching. He was upset and asked what was the matter with me.

I said, "No Daddy, you don't understand. I had to do it to save the bee from suffering."

A funny look came over his face as he said, "Keep it up, and someday you may become a sun."

I looked up in the sky and asked, "You mean like that sun?" He said yes.

So when I saw these pictures of the napalmed children, my inability to accept suffering was still a problem for me. I tried to sleep and couldn't; it was tormenting me. I was tossing and turning, thinking about Vietnam and what I'd heard about reincarnation. "Well, okay. What if these people who are suffering are former S. S. Gestapo people? They have to come back as Vietnamese children and experience the cruelty they once did to other people." Then I thought, "That is still not a good enough answer; there has to be a better answer for all humanity and for the planet." Suddenly I realized that Jesus and the Buddha had given their whole lives to studying this problem and in helping mankind to lift above their human suffering. They had spent every waking moment of their consciousness involved with helping, and I had only thought about it once in a while when something disturbed me. A feeling of remorse and shame came over me and a desire to change this. I wished there was some small way that I could help. As I was thinking that, I moved into what was perhaps a multi-dimensional consciousness where I was in bed, but I was also far beyond the planet looking down at it. As the planet was spinning around, millions of souls who had just died were floating up from the Earth plane; millions of other souls were simultaneously floating down to be born in the physical body. The motion they made was like a wheel of souls coming up and then going down. Then I saw some rays of Light in the corner of my room beyond this other thing that I was watching. I slowly turned my head to the right and saw rays coming from a radiant bluish white Light Being who was floating through the doorway of my room and hovering over my feet. I knew this Light Being and an intense feeling of love and joy filled my heart at this reunion. My first impulse was to rise up and put my arms around his feet, although there was no physical body within the Light for me to touch.

However, a fear of death suddenly overpowered me. Some part of me thought, "If I go into the Light, then I won't be me anymore." It was actually a fear of my personality disintegrating.

Then I received a telepathic message from the Light Being who said to me in perfect understanding and perfect compassion, "That's all right, some other time." It started floating out the door slowly, and gradually I was left alone in the darkness. For weeks and months after that my mind would return to this experience as the most important event of my life, but there was no one who could explain to me what had happened.

Lenora Rayna Albro

I began to move toward the center of this Light. As I moved closer consciously, the Light grew lighter, brighter, until the Light seemed to disappear, and moving toward me was a pure, bright, but not blinding, golden Light taking the shape of a man. As it grew nearer, I could see its perfectly beautiful form. I wondered, "Who is this being?"

Even before my thought was completed, a communication was established, saying, "I am Christ, the one of perfect love from the Father that is in the hearts of all beings. As Buddha I was called the Light of Asia. As Jesus I was called the Light of the world, and as the Mystical Traveler, I am known as the Light of the universe. Beloved John and beloved Baba are the known focuses of your world, to bridge the East with the West and bring in the consciousness of the union of two worlds - a world divided - again whole. I give you the right to call at all times of need on the Christ, that you may know that I walk with you and always shall be at your side."

Bill Varieur

## Attitude

Spiritual growth is often subtle, as a change in attitude may free us where we were before bound. When we move through a situation, we have the conscious choice of which attitude to take. Through acceptance and understanding we can handle any situation in a spiritual consciousness of happiness and freedom.

As the Light comes in and I feel it energizing every cell of my body, a feeling of expanding without limitation fills my consciousness. I would like to share my experience of this world without horizon, which, through the guidance of my beloved teacher, Sri John-Roger, is forever unfolding within me. A few years ago, while climbing some rocks on a beach in Big Sur, I came upon and followed a path which led me up and around out onto the face of a cliff with the ocean stretching out far below me. It was a clear day, and the view was amazing! Finding a comfortable spot on the ledge, I decided to just sit awhile, but somehow I could not relax. A crazy desire to jump was welling up within me to a point where I realized that if I did relax I would undoubtedly leap to what many would call my death. It was like the potential energy of being able to jump was pulling me toward

itself. The other side seemed so close I could taste it. As this feeling intensified, it was a constant struggle for me to cling to that mountain and life, as I knew it. Very, carefully I edged my way back down the path to the beach.

Moving along my path of Spiritual Inner Awareness, I find myself once again on the edge of a cliff, overlooking an ocean of infinite beingness. For me to remain compressed within this physical form is a state of extreme tension. My potential energy of soul awareness is gently tugging on my consciousness, and at times I feel that if I don't find the exit soon, I'm going to burst. But bursting won't get me there. It just strengthens the illusion that I'm not already complete, right here, right now. As J-R keeps saying, "Backing off from the desires and as the door opens inwardly relax. Let go and let God." It's just that E-A-S-Y. Let go and let God. In fact, it's so easy it "blows my mind," and then the mind turns around and blows it for me. Can we grasp the subtlety of this? It's toward this delicate state of balance that, with the direction of the Mystical Traveler and the Preceptor Consciousness, I am continually striving.

Rick Morgan

There is no limit to what I can do if I open up. The Movement has shown me an unlimited amount of love, expression, and support which comes from within. It has shown me that working with people who are experiencing the love and living the consciousness of freedom is an ultimate experience. In my Light Study, John-Roger told me I was getting near the end of my time on the planet and that I would be getting flashes of the greatness that is. It is hard to express this spiritual feeling through the physical level, but I know that I live in more beauty, balance, joy, and peace than ever before. What do I gather from these flashes of greatness? Nothing. It is. When I let myself see what is, without putting the personality in front, there is a calm; everything is moving, but everything is still. My ministry is seeing into the hearts of men, seeing the God in everything. I feel myself cooperating with living and breathing.

Steve Brisken

I went through a nervous breakdown ten years ago in Italy. I was so completely alone. I had my own spiritual thing going on in my head, but there was little substance to it, and I had never spoken to anyone about it. I got so lost and terrorized that I could not tune into Spirit, and I wanted to die - it was living hell for three months. I guess the Light was with me then too, but I didn't know it.

In my early twenties I could actually relate better to trees and clouds than I could to people, because I was trying to live so many illusions to make others and myself think I had certain qualities that I didn't have. With the trees and clouds, there were no pretenses. Now I am able to trust people, and most of all myself.

I have often denied the existence of certain fears or doubts, preventing me from being able to deal with them. But now with the Light working these fears came forward and hit me smack in the face. I have to say, "Oh yes, this is still with me. Should I deal with it now, or should I wait for the law of reversibility to bring it back once again?" I'm getting braver, facing and taking care of things right now so I won't have to go through them again. I know that the Mystical Traveler is the keeper of my karma now and that what is brought forward for me to handle is for my highest good. This makes facing anything that comes into my life so much easier.

Vivian Joseph

At times I get discouraged, because it seems that my progress is so slow. One day I was really feeling sorry for myself. I decided that I should go out and weed, that maybe some activity would make me feel better. As I was weeding, tears of self-pity came to my eyes, and I had the strong impulse to fling myself down on the ground and "wail aloud." However, I thought the neighbors might think it rather strange, so instead I sat down at the typewriter to get my feelings on paper. I found myself typing a "woe is me story" about when I was a little girl. I took swimming lessons, and all my friends were in the deep end swimming and diving, while I was still in the shallow end learning how to float. Then it dawned on me that not only did I finally learn to swim, but I eventually received my Life Saving Certificate, worked in a swimming pool and taught swimming lessons! I thought, "Oh, J-R," and started to cry, releasing. Of all the examples, I picked out the one that would help me to realize that I can spread the Light and that one just keeps hanging in there.

Muriel Moore

There is no doubt in my mind that spiritual power can move mountains. The key is being able to do it for the highest good. The activation of spiritual power is not getting something, but more a process of letting go. J-R told me to do free-form writing to break up subconscious blocks that were keeping me from realizing my true self. People search all over the world, but it is a matter of getting rid of the obstacles, whether karmic,

psychological, physical, or spiritual. Mentally it is easy to recognize that as a part of creation, one is in and of the same cosmic force that propels the planets through time and space in perfect harmony. But knowing the way and going the way are two different things. When the blocks are shown to one by the Mystical Traveler so that one can work through them, and have them lifted, the movement accelerates.

Keith Moore

Since I started attending seminars and studying in the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness, I have experienced a growing consciousness of oneness with mankind and all God's things. Sometimes it was unconscious, sometimes subtle, and sometimes it rose to pounding joy - but it was always there.

Earlier in my life this feeling of oneness came forth occasionally at a family get-together, in a shared experience with a group, or just caring for a person. But most of all, I felt it come with the spirit of Christmas and would strive to hold on to it, but somehow it would seem to get away. Now with more awareness I know that feeling of oneness with all is the God within recognizing the God in others and all things. It comes with joy, love, freedom, and security. Joy comes in sharing our oneness, and in observing our sameness. Love is loving itself in reality. There is freedom from the mind that would separate all people from being spiritual sisters and brothers. Security comes in knowing all things are part of God's body and that God always knows best. Our oneness is Light reflecting Light and increasing in it's glow. Surely it has always been so, but the joy of knowing it is so comes with the experience. With this awareness, I would not want to ask for less than "the highest good of all concerned." And now I'm aware that the oneness felt with the spirit of Christmas is here every day in every moment I am open to it.

MSIA has taught me the importance of detachment and that detachment does not separate us from our oneness with all that is God's. The more I continue to be detached from everyone and all things the more directly I can see God and His oneness. I recognize this within as the brotherhood of mankind and the fatherhood of God.

Gail Topal

I had a gardening job a few years ago, where I only worked fifteen hours a week, which was very enjoyable for me. I had a nice cottage which I had fixed up and was living with a beautiful girl. I was completely happy and fulfilled on the physical level.

None of this is important to me anymore. It was nice, but there is something else, something greater. I decided within myself at that time to go out to California and live near John-Roger. I said, "This is it for me, there is nothing else. If I go through life doing anything else, it will be inconsequential."

I talked it over with him, and he said, "We'll see what happens. Within two weeks after he left Miami I flew out with my one box of belongings and a few clothes and started working with him. It was one of the biggest shocks of my life, because things kept breaking loose. Working with him was different than I imagined. I guessed that I was going to have thunder and lightning realizations. However I became aware that the changes are subtle. Looking back six months I realized that things I used to do I don't even think about anymore. I wasn't trying to get rid of them or change them consciously; all I was doing was holding a frequency. Many tests were brought to me physically by John-Roger, because he was there to do it. The areas that I was weak in would break away. I found the best attitude to take is, "I know this is coming through the Mystical Traveler Consciousness, so it must be here to lift me. So I will use it to lift." I strive to hold this consciousness, and the more proficient I become the easier the tests are.

When I first came to California I was afraid to talk in front of people and terrified to give contributions at seminars. John-Roger gave me situations where I would lead meditations in front of seminars or talk at a conference. I found that when a feeling of inadequacy or fright would come in, I could replace it with the Light. So if I was afraid to talk at the conference, I would place the Light there, and when I got to the conference, I would walk into the Light, and everything would be all right. And it really worked. Instead of holding negative images of a situation, I continually replace it with the Light until there is no more negative energy. As I do this, I gain more confidence and feelings of success. I became more pure and found new areas of expression. I had always wanted to write music. I started using music and the voice in my own spiritual exercises, holding frequencies and tones, making them as pure as I could. I'd listen to it and then listen higher, using these to break through illusions. I'd hold a picture and keep purifying it.

Michael Sun

For several years, I've been working closely with John-Roger on his staff. I've noticed that we are always focusing on the little happy, positive, enjoyable, harmonious aspects of life. We joke and laugh with people and see the beauty around us. Before working with John-Roger I had overlooked much of the humorous and positive. Being on a negative planet, we tend to

focus on negative things; but part of the spiritual growth is to learn to see in a happy and joyful Light. By changing our attitude we can free ourselves from the negative worlds.

Wesley A. Whitmore

I have finally realized the fantastic fact that everyone is a soul and one consciousness. I used to pay such foolish attention to - and still do to an extent - the personality and basic self. When I jump up in my consciousness and am aware that I am dealing with a soul - and that I too am one - joy comes over me that is full of love.

I feel that my relationship with my husband, Michael, has especially changed since I have been in the Light. Before, I had been consciously or subconsciously attempting to change him, to make him the man that I wanted him to be or thought he should be. I was trying to pattern and control things. But since I've been in the Movement, this whole concept has been shattered, and the liberation has come forward. We are two souls who have decided to live with one another in this lifetime on earth to work through things and share in what we are doing. There is simply no hang-up about being a couple anymore. It took such a burden off to say, "Okay, I'm living my life; he is living his, and we're attempting to do it together. If we can't, that's fine."

Vivian Joseph

I strive to see the divine in people regardless of how they look or what they are doing, for they are learning from their experiences. My boss owns an apartment house, and we had a man working there who I didn't think was working too well. Somebody had thrown eggs up on the deck of an apartment, and I had asked him to clean it off. I went back a couple of weeks later, and the eggs were still there. I needled him with words, and we decided to get rid of him. He pointed out that he did his job well, and I pointed out it took two weeks to clean the eggs off the deck. The next morning I put eggs on to boil to take for lunch, and I left them cooking all day. When I came home, I had eggs all over the kitchen - I knew it was instant karma. I told the man about it, and he thanked me, because he knew it was hard for me to tell him. I knew it was my breakfast cereal.

Genie Lucille Ford

One of the greatest things I feel that has been taught to me is how to

forgive myself. I say, "Seleta, you made a mistake, but I forgive you for doing it." Then a peace and calm comes within myself with no regrets or recriminations. There are no depressions I can't handle, for I am walking the best I know how in the Light, and when one walks in the Light, one walks a true pathway.

Seleta M. Johnson

I've been able to deal with depression when it comes on me by seeing it and saying, "Okay, here comes experience number 12." I've been able to work through it while I was still hurting. I watched it in other people, which gave me the learning experience. When one sees someone else going through something and knows what they are going through, he can see it for what it is. I look at it, and it doesn't upset me, because I'm not in it. Then when it comes on me, I go back and say, "When I was looking at it as someone else's, it really didn't do a thing. Now I should be able to look at it from where I'm suffering depression and be able to work to be neutral." When I see things as they are, stand back from them and watch them work, it is really beautiful; but it's difficult.

Tom Moses

I was driving a Good Humor ice cream truck, yelling at kids for getting on my truck, becoming angry and frustrated. I learned how to work with the anger. The kids would still be on the truck, and I was still going to yell at them, but without becoming frustrated and out of balance. I was becoming aware that I was going to be held responsible for my creations - that any emotional negativity was going to come back on me.

Sometimes it would take a couple of months to understand the teachings within my own level of consciousness. The Mystical Traveler Consciousness would bring the experience to me specifically for that teaching. For instance, somebody pulled into a parking place that I had just gone around the block to get after driving and looking for a half an hour. At first my expression was anger: "Why that dirty crumb! He got my place." Immediately after creating the emotions in my body, the teaching came in. I thought, "Oh yeah, last night at the seminar I was told about this type of situation. Because I understand that now, I don't have to do it anymore." But I had already done it. That was okay, because John-Roger didn't mind; he would bring me the experience again, a hundred times if necessary. He was only interested in my being able to clear these patterns. After a while the frustration would start, and then the teaching would come in before I went all the way through the action. Later the teaching would come before the frustration started. Once I had learned the lesson, people didn't take

my parking place anymore.

Sherwood Platte

I have learned to be more detached from the emotions, because of situations that have been brought to me by this Consciousness to test and strengthen my weak areas. If someone has said something that bothers me, and it's running around in my mind over and over and involving my emotions, I use the Light to help move my awareness into a universal level. I might picture myself out in space floating around among the universes, seeing the stars, and feeling the vastness of eternity. From that perspective the problem is no longer important.

Wesley A. Whitmore

I was thinking at first that soul travel was going to be a magical process rather than persevering. But all along it is gradual. I've heard John-Roger say that the idea is to take people into soul consciousness so gradually that they'll end up there and not even realize they were ever not there. It is such a smooth progression.

Gregory S. Smith

I have been taught techniques and keys for knowing myself and for handling my emotions. Before coming into the Movement I worried about finances. I have come to know techniques that work to bring those things to me that are needed to maintain the physical level. Many times I have stood in awe to see God use people around me to bring about these miracles. I accept that my needs will be met, focus into the now, and don't worry about tomorrow. I turn things over to God, and focus on God.

Genie Lucille Ford

My second Light Study consisted of clarifying my involvement with homosexuality. I felt comfortable with it, but still wanted some clarification. John-Roger explained to me that one thing I would be doing was helping people accept their homosexuality, and I had fantasies of meeting gorgeous women and being involved with them. When that didn't happen I realized there must be a different interpretation to his remark. I started going to rap sessions at the Gay Community Services Center. Then a

friend asked me if I would be interested in being a facilitator for the weekly rap groups. I didn't like the idea of doing something where I had to keep my mouth shut, and in those groups I would have to monitor myself. Then she told me that the Center needed women to go to college campuses and other groups to talk about being gay. It felt right. That must have been what John-Roger meant! I could see many men and women who were not stereotype gay-looking people who had experienced trouble identifying their gay peers and expressing themselves to one another. I had been at that point not too long before where I didn't know how to meet lovely gay people. I knew I was beautiful and had more to offer than going to a bar on weekends. Besides, this gave me the opportunity to overcome my fear of speaking in public.

Name withheld

I had the love for a man who brought me into MSIA, and if that is what it took to find the Light, then that is all right. There are many ways of doing things, and there is no difference in how one gets to the Light as long as one gets there. Sometimes I think that I am worshipping false idols, that is, loving man before God, but in a sense they are one in the same. We are gods, each of us, but one must first love God to love man, because love comes from God. As time goes by the love for a man can change - sometimes flowing with ease and sometimes only a flicker. But love of God somehow does not change. It expands into a greater awareness of that love, as one is receptive. God's love is a permanent state, continually flowing like the Ocean of Divine Love and Mercy.

Elizabeth Childress

Spiritual understanding gives me many viewpoints about everyday situations. If someone says something terrible to me with the worst possible attitude, instead of reacting negatively, I can look at various perspectives. Maybe I have done something negative toward that person in another existence, and the law of karma is being fulfilled in this situation; if I can just hold the Light while they release that negativity toward me, that karma can be fulfilled. Or maybe they have to fulfill karma because of some action of theirs, and I am holding the Light for them. Or maybe it's a test to see whether I can love that person regardless of the attitude toward me, like Jesus said, "Love those who do spite to you." Can I fulfill that attitude? "Love your enemies." Can I fulfill that? Or maybe there is no karma and no spiritual test involved at all, but this person has to release some negativity because they have been holding it in, and things have been going wrong for them for so long. They don't know why, and they don't have any spiritual understanding of it. They just have to release some negativity,

and they want to do it in a way where they won't involve themselves in karma. So God sees to it that I am there in that situation where they can release their negativity while I hold the Light for them. Having these wider visions, I am able to fulfill the first spiritual law of acceptance and go beyond to acceptance without resistance, and then to acceptance with love.

Wesley A. Whitmore

## John-Roger

Dr. John-Roger Hinkins founder and spiritual director of the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness was initiated into the Mystical Traveler Consciousness in December of 1963 and also holds the Preceptor Consciousness. In this Consciousness he works spiritually with anyone who asks for assistance, but will not inflict on anyone's consciousness. John-Roger is an open receptacle for the flow of Spirit, as everything that goes into his consciousness is channeled into Spirit, and everything that comes from him is channeled from Spirit. Many have experienced his presence and spiritual commitment, "I am always with you. "

When I met John-Roger two years before the MSIA seminars first began, I thought he was the funniest person I had ever met. He had a quick wit and an amazing volume of jokes. Yet he was also more aware than anyone I had ever met. We quickly became friends, and I drove from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles many times to visit with him. Each time he would tell me progressively more interesting things about himself or myself or show me how to see auras or understand the spiritual plans behind physical events. It was like a dream world. No one was ever put down, and everyone was treated with love and humor. Once I received an instantaneous healing of a badly bruised wrist. Also he advised me that getting emotionally involved in the news was draining my energy and making me tired. So I was able to correct this. At another time J-R played for me an esoteric astrology reading done two years before the seminars started. It said that by 1972 he would be known around the world.

A year and a half after we met I was experiencing overwhelming depression, fear, and physical pain for the first time in my life. I was on the edge many times, and when I felt I couldn't handle things anymore, a talk with J-R would instantly put the situation into perspective. Without my telling him he knew what was happening, why it was happening, how the situation had

been set in motion, and exactly how to handle it.

In May of 1968 I was privileged to work with J-R in setting up the very first MSIA seminars. At seminars I was continually amazed by J-R's ability to work with so many different levels of consciousness and answer the unspoken questions of everyone in the room. Sometimes he gave us weekly assignments to work on. He'd say, "This week your challenge is to see if you can remain neutral about an issue, even when people pressure you, and know that the Light will take care of it." Then, for the next week countless opportunities of this nature were presented to us. Through these and many other experiences, we very quickly came to know that this man who called himself the Mystical Traveler had not only a wealth of useful and fascinating information, but also a tremendous power to make things happen. I think what drew most of us to him was his ability to work with us even when we were separated by great distances.

The experience that really drove that point home for me was during a trip I took to the East coast. Every time I called on him for clarification, he would appear in my mind and say a funny thing that would assure me it was him and not my imagination. Then he would give me the answer, which worked every time. Twice when working with a clairvoyant in Kansas City. I called on J-R for protection and each time the clairvoyant said. "That's funny; John-Roger just came and looked around." J-R says he is always with us, and I found he is there at once when I call on him, even if I am thousands of miles away. He can work with thousands of people all at once through this Mystical Traveler Consciousness.

The next summer while J-R was traveling, I led some seminars, where many young people in MSIA had an opportunity to share the lessons and experiences they were going through. Later that summer I found myself going into deep depression over very minor things. Finally I went to pieces. I even thought J-R had forsaken me and thought seriously about suicide or becoming a recluse. None of my friends could even approach me - I felt I was really on the verge. As a last act of desperation, I picked up the phone and called J-R. He answered with the words: "Jack, I've been sitting here waiting for your call before I go to dinner."

I cried and asked, "What's been happening?" He explained that because I had led the summer seminars when many people were releasing emotional burdens, they had gone to me, and I could not handle them. That was what I was going through. I learned not to take on other people's karma, and J-R lifted from me the rest of the emotional residue. He can lift karma from us, help us work it off on other realms while asleep, arrange it in doses we can easily handle, or speed it up so we can progress more rapidly.

After that, I came rather quickly into a greater balance than I had ever known. I experienced what J-R means by detachment: being involved in a situation without being controlled by it. Also I finally learned what is

meant by, "What is right for one person is not necessarily right for another. So there is no reason to attempt to control others."

MSIA is now around the world, and soon many more people will become aware of the Mystical Traveler and of what that Consciousness does. We may wait for many lifetimes here on earth for the opportunity to work with the Mystical Traveler. There has always been one on the planet to help us complete our lessons here and then usher us into the experience of oneness with pure Spirit. I am thankful that I could know and work with the Mystical Traveler this time.

Jack Reed

In 1967 I met John-Roger in the physical, whom I had previously known through continuing incarnations as a spiritual counselor, seer, sage, and prophet, helping me to unfold to attributes of purer Spirit. It was predicted two years before that I would meet a young man who would have a pervading influence in my life and with whom I would work closely. I was given a sign to confirm recognition, which was to be a "golden disc with praying hands on a golden chain." I had never disclosed this to anyone. Through Jack Reed's urging, we arranged a lecture for John-Roger in Santa Barbara. My first impression was that he was talented and clever. I was jolted out of my complacency when I heard him say, "I ask only that you keep an open mind. If it works for you, use it. If you have better methods that work for you, share them with me. If you ever hear me say 'This is the only way,' please ask me to sit down." My attention was riveted; this young man definitely had something to say that I wanted to hear, and that evening was a turning point in my life.

That evening when I volunteered for what we called a spot analysis, John-Roger predicted a change of consciousness for me around the first of the next year. When I could not interpret the comment, he changed the vocabulary. "Would you understand better if I said you will take another initiation?" He added that this might entail considerable travel. I understood the words but could not cognize their significance, because I was not planning any extensive travel. J-R, Jack and Anna Reed, my son Kenneth Marshall, and I wound up in our kitchen for a midnight supper, and the "sign was revealed."

With Indra Devi, my beloved "Mataji," which means holy or revered mother in Hindu philosophies, I have studied yoga and learned techniques of meditation. She took me to India in early 1968 to the lotus feet of Bhagavan Sri Sathya Sai Baba, the Shiva Avatar. Sai Baba is considered by many devotees to be the reincarnation of Krishna, and he certainly manifests many characteristics of that early Avatar. There is evidence that he is the re-embodiment of Shirdi Baba. He admits it, and I have talked to

devotees who attended the former Baba of Shirdi, now revered as a saint throughout India, and determined through personal verification that they are satisfied that this is the same soul returned who left the Shirdi body in 1918. Eight years later, born Sathya Narayana in the Raju family at Putta Parthi, his birth was attended with great evidence that this was no ordinary child. I recount to Christian friends that I have witnessed the same miracles from Baba that are accredited to Jesus. He has the power to create life as well as to restore it, and I knew one man he brought back to life. His divinity can manifest any miracle on the planet. But the miracles are not the important evidence of divinity; they are not what Baba has come to teach. They are only the "calling cards" he says to draw one close during discourse or spiritual counsel, to let one witness the powers so that by one's own experience he carries the memory of what has transpired in the presence of God consciousness. Never are these gifts used for his personal benefit. I have eaten food (prasada) which he has manifested in my presence for the delight of the company around him, and he consumes no part of it himself. His teachings are universal. He says, "Do not change your name of God because you have come to me. I am all forms; I answer to any name. I will help you on whatever path you choose if you are sincerely seeking God." I felt, indeed, that I had actually stood next to God and understood what is meant by God love; it is so overwhelming that I have seen many reduced to tears by the unaccountable magnificence of sitting in his presence.

In a private interview with Baba on the day we were leaving, I said to him, "I need a teacher for the young students who are coming to my home." He watched me quietly for a minute and said, "Your teacher is at hand. You will know." He pointed a finger at my chest, and since he had spent concentrated effort during our days with him to teach us to identify and claim the Inner Master, I was disappointed, thinking his reference was to the inner teacher. I felt the need was urgent, but I sensed no great mastership coming from myself. Dear to my heart are his words to Indra Devi as we were leaving the Ashram. "I am glad that you have brought this child to me." He also asked me when I would return.

A prophecy class had been set for the week after my return to California. I was a few minutes late and entered directly behind the speaker. She graciously announced they had waited so I could say a few words about my remarkable experience in India. Jack and Anna and a few UCSB students were there, but I knew very few people in that room; so I was surprised and delighted to catch in the middle of that group a dauntless wink from none other than John-Roger. I was so full to overflowing with the beneficence of Baba's great love and all that I had witnessed that I hit them smack between the eyes with the pronouncement that I had, just a few days before, stood in the presence of the Christ of our time. I watched the shutters close on those good faces like dominoes going down in regimented rows and realized too late that I had committed an unmitigated no-no. However, just before I tried to merge with oblivion and sit down, again from the one face

in the room I could relate to came another intrepid wink. After the meeting, John-Roger slid into the seat next to me and said, "I want to know more about this great soul you met in India." As the students gathered around us, we shared some of this experience, and after checking out a few points from his own levels of observation, J-R said to me, "Muriel, are you aware that this man has the Christ Consciousness?"

"Yes, that is what I said."

"No love," he chided me, "But that is what you should have said." I sat there a moment contemplating that comment, and I heard Baba's voice, "Your teacher is at hand. You will know." Suddenly flooding through me was a great certainty. As I began to discuss the idea of a seminar, I could see Jack Reed and those sitting on the floor around us, nodding assent in recognition too - "This is the One!" For many years I had asked for a teacher; this one certainly demonstrated a system that worked, and I have been striving toward greater awareness ever since. Thus began a growing love for this young Master that unfolds with continuing en-Lightenment in the journey of my soul, as I progress across the Golden Bridge.

A part of the blessing of Spirit in my ordination is, "Your ministry is one of co-ordination or catalyzing, of the peacemaker." I find no dichotomy in my love for and willingness to follow the path of the Mystical Traveler and the love and recognition I have for the great Lord Sai Baba. I find an increasing similarity in their teachings and techniques or discipline. Baba's pronouncement to me in the spring of 1972 was that this Movement will move through the world and that J-R is a "great Light." It was a privilege in October of 1972 to be instrumental in bringing John-Roger and Baba together, and it was evident that they knew each other. Never have I witnessed Baba express such love as he demonstrated to J-R, Phillip, Wes, and Michael. I have heard J-R and Baba each say of the other, "We are One." If in some small way I have been a channel in helping bridge the cultural differences to bring into conscious awareness that there should be no spiritual differences to separate mankind, then I have not lived in vain.

The real Movement of my own Spiritual Inner Awareness came when I said to God, "I've said yes to Life; I'll do it - truly, I will - but if you don't give me the Joy, you'll just have to listen to me complaining the rest of my life." I was given the Joy and with it the dawning that nothing is without purpose. With that gift and the magnificence of this most powerful flow of the Love force, nothing can be defeated. This above all is what I strive for.

Muriel J. Engle

During a group meditation, I felt like I was high up in the air, and

looking down I could see the other people. They were all facing in one direction, when suddenly they all looked up, opened their mouths, and flashes of purple came shooting out. Everything was purple again; this was going on all night. When the meditation was over, I'd look at somebody, and their shirt would turn purple, or the background would start dancing with purple Light. I thought, "God, I'm really going crazy."

The next day walking around I still saw flashes of purple Light. That night at the seminar I saw John-Roger and felt a oneness with him. I didn't know anything about him working with the purple Light or the Movement. After the seminar I felt overjoyed. He came up to me, and we started talking; I could feel strongly that he was tuning into me. He took me into a back room, and I didn't know what to think. He said to me, "Edgar, would you like to work with me?"

It seemed really heavy then. I had just finished reading a book about a man who had gone to Egypt and was approached by an Egyptian master, and he said yes. Then the master took him through little rooms in the pyramids, and he went through some heavy experiences. These things were running through my mind after John-Roger asked me if I would work with him. I thought, "Does this mean I'll have to give up everything and follow him wherever he goes and go live in an ashram?" Finally I just said, "Yes." I thought, "Wow! There goes all the things I own, my family; goodbye, everybody!"

He said, "Okay, just work with me on the other side." Then he said, "I have to see some other people now."

I thought, "You mean that's it, after I just gave up all these things, my family, and everything I own." I was more dazed than I was before.

When it came time to go, he said, "The train leaves at midnight. You'll know the train, because it has a purple Light on the caboose." I was flabbergasted.

Edgar Veytia

As the love increased, the awareness that the Mystical Traveler is always with me increased. On the way to Portland, Oregon, I put up three or four MSIA posters. When I came back through Berkeley, John-Roger was giving a seminar. I said, "Hi John-Roger!" and I gave him a great, big hug.

He said, "You could have put up more posters."

On another occasion, I had been talking with a woman about the Light. I touched her on the forehead and told her to concentrate her energies there. She felt the Light, and she saw it. Again at a seminar I went up to

John-Roger, and he asked, "How are you doing?"

I said, "That's what I wanted to ask you."

He said, "You must be doing pretty well if you can touch somebody on the forehead and let them see the Light. You didn't think I was there, did you?"

Henry Conyers

I met a psychic woman in Rumania who was very poor. The cards she used to do her readings were so worn out that she had to write the numbers on them. I called in John-Roger to be with me to make sure that I was protected. We lit a candle, and she started telling me that my grandfather had had an operation, which I later found out through a letter in Germany. She did various card routines and then described John-Roger perfectly. As she did the card tricks, continually this card kept coming up. "Here he is again. This person is thinking about you. Here he is again. Here he is again. It's just like he's here in this room."

Then I told my girlfriend, who is also in the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness in Rumania, that I had called in John-Roger. So she told the woman, and the woman said in great-excitement, "He's here; he's here!"

Randy Garver

When a crisis is coming upon me, Spirit shows up. Seminars started in Santa Barbara at Muriel Engle's, and I went up to the second or third one. When John-Roger walked into the room, and Muriel introduced him to me, he looked deeply into my eyes and said, "I know you." After he lectured for a while, there was a break, and I was talking to some of the young people who were gathered around me on the floor. He came to me and said, "Who are you, that you know so much?"

I spent the night with Muriel, as did John-Roger and Phillip. We talked and talked, and he said to me, "Now I know who you are and where I know you from. You were one of the high priestesses at the Delphi oracle." I could feel all the hairs on my body stand up. When I first read about the Delphi oracles, I was drawn to find all that I could about them, because it was familiar to me. When he told me that, I knew that it was true, although I had no conscious memory of it.

The next morning when we got up, J-R asked me, "Do you remember where you were last night?" I said no. He said, "I found that you and I attend the same of halls of learning." He told me that I had much more spiritual power

and consciousness than I was aware of. Then he said, "They told me that this meeting was no accident, that you are to have a reading this morning."

He gave me a reading and told me that my karma was going to be speeded up. In fact in the next few weeks it was going to "pow" me. I was concerned in two areas at that time: my daughter was expecting her child, and my son was scheduled to go in for heart surgery. Yet when he talked to me about my karma being hastened, I did not consciously tune in on the children. I didn't ask anything about them, but I thought about it after the reading. John-Roger asked Muriel what I would say if he told me that my son had only contracted for 32 years. Muriel said I'd have to accept it and asked him if I knew. He said, "Not consciously. She didn't bring in two areas where she was most concerned, but her higher self is well aware of what's going on and what's going to happen. She can't be aware of it at this time and handle it. But when it comes, she'll walk through it, and she'll handle it."

Even though I didn't talk to John-Roger for a long time, he was aware of what I was going through. I talked to him a few hours before my son passed on and told him that I didn't like the way his heart was acting. He didn't respond and then said, "Hold the Light for him."

When I hung up I thought, "If Carl was going to be all right, he would have said, he's going to be all right. But he didn't say anything." So I just let it go, and at 2:30 in the morning the hospital called and told us that our son had gone on. John-Roger helped me to understand about losing Carl.

The day after we put him to rest, my son appeared to me. He was very happy and had a big smile on his face, saying, "Hi Mommy, I'm home." He let me know that he got to where he was destined to go.

John-Roger told me as much as he could about my son. He said, "He is more spiritually aware than you ever thought, and he touched many people's lives in 32 years." I can believe this, because he had been in Special Service in the Army. He won a contest for pantomime and was comparable to Danny Kaye in the bubbly, happy character that he had; he was very funny and a fantastic showman. John-Roger told me that he was entertaining the angels and that he was on the Light team and doing the work of the Light on the other side.

I was grateful, because I had raised my children spiritually, which helped them through many things. My son taught me a great lesson. He was aware that he wasn't going to make it, because of the heart condition that he had. Yet he kept it to himself. It takes a very highly evolved soul to be able to walk through that path. It was hard for him at 32 to let go of a beautiful wife and two beautiful children. I only hope that I have the strength that this beautiful man had.

I re-dedicated myself more than ever after we lost Carl. I said to God, "If I must live, if You don't want to release me from this world where everything is constantly decaying and dying, then let me serve. Please don't let me wallow in my heartache and sorrow. Let me be the Light; let me work in it. Let me dedicate myself so that my life will be full and have meaning."

As time went on, J-R would come over to me and say, "You're doing fine; you're getting along." He helped me, like he was holding my hand and taking me down the road.

I have been tested in many ways in trying to find a teacher. People just don't know who this man John-Roger is, and what he has to offer. I'm constantly amazed at how he gives so much love, and then people turn around, take what he has to give, and kick him. I asked him, "Don't you know that that's going to happen?"

He answered, "I never allow myself to go into those areas, because if I did, I'd never be able to work with these people on a spiritual level."

I said, "I've seen hurt on your face."

He said, "It wasn't my hurt; it was your hurt reflected in my face." I thought about this and realized that it's true, that he sees us in our perfection, and he works with that perfection.

Luba Green

When I first came to Los Angeles, we went down to J-R's. I was real excited to see him. When he walked in through the door, I didn't know if he was J-R or not, but I jumped up and gave him a big hug. That day he gave me a little reading, and I said, "I'd really like to be like you." We went out, and he bought me some toys; there was a lot of love then. When J-R and my mother were alone, he said that I jumped up and gave him a hug, because he already knew me, and we have always worked together.

Gary Alan Ginthner

The conference began. John-Roger was sitting between Edgar Veytia and me as we listened to the speakers at the annual MSIA Miami conference in March 1971. Gradually for fifteen or twenty minutes the Light that tunes up J-R and fills him with energy before he speaks was shed on Edgar and myself. It is difficult to describe, but it was like 3,000 volts running through the center of my heart, giving warm ecstatic feelings of joy.

Gregory K. Stebbins

John-Roger talked to me about his travels in India and other places. When we went to San Diego, I thought, "This is going to be really neat. We get to see San Diego. Gee, the Mystical Traveler gets to travel around and sight-see; he's really got an easy life." But being around him up close I see how his work never seems to stop. If he's not doing Light Studies or seminars, then often he's out of the body doing some fantastic things, like fighting off earthquakes, etc. It seems like a task for Superman, and he's right there doing it.

Around Christmas when we traveled through Palm Springs and Arizona, he was hard at work transmuting many things. He would describe the different frequencies of what had happened in certain places and put Light forms in towns as we slowly drove through.

When we got to Death Valley, we weren't sure if we were going to go through or not, but the Light went down the road; so we just followed the Light. Death Valley seemed eerie, a vast and desolate place. As we were going through, J-R was transmuting things from people who had died there on the desert - not just cowboys and settlers who tried to cross Death Valley to get to California in the 1800s, but tribes of Indians from hundreds of years ago and through the ages people and different life forms who had stumbled onto the desert and died. He was out of the body for quite a while that day. We drove straight home, and afterward he came back into the body.

He transmutes many things physically. He has so much love for people, not just for the people close around him which is a tremendous love - but for anyone who is asking for help. People who pray, whether they pray to Jesus or whatever, who ask, "Help me," open themselves up to the helping Holy Spirit, and J-R is right there channeling the Holy Spirit through.

It's hard to put into words my appreciation for the training and the time that he's devoted to me. Sometimes I say to him, "Why are you doing all this for me? How will I ever be able to repay you?"

He says, "There's no way you'll be able to repay me," which is so true. He gives so much of himself. I think, "God, I'm so blessed with his presence. His cup keeps running over; he's got so much to give."

Edgar Veytia

Mystical Traveler Consciousness and Inner Master

The Mystical Traveler Consciousness has awareness on all realms of consciousness. The two primary functions of the Mystical Traveler are to balance all levels of creation and to help souls realize their divine nature and establish their consciousness on the soul realm. Thus working with the Mystical Traveler Consciousness an individual can more rapidly balance all their karma, complete the cycle of reincarnation, and become spiritually free. The Mystical Traveler Consciousness works on the inner levels with anyone who asks. Having the ability to act as an Inner Master, he can give guidance and direction to an individual's life. This Consciousness is a way-shower bringing greater awareness and clarity to a person's path, always allowing everyone complete freedom of choice to do it themselves.

Since I have moved to Portland, Oregon, I have felt J-R's presence so many times, directing me and telling me the way to go, when I ask him. Sometimes I can get deep in thought. I remember one instance clearly, and plainly. I was standing at the sink washing dishes thinking about J-R and Phillip and Wes and Michael and the others, saying, "Oh God, bless them and help them. "All of a sudden I felt J-R's presence near me, and I turned around and embraced the air, so to speak, because his presence was that strong. I laughed and cried and said, "J-R I love you. It is so nice to have you near me."

Knowing, as I have for some time, that he is my Inner Master, I ask for his presence and ask him questions and receive the answers in his tone and in his inimitable way. Some people may say it is uncanny, but to me it is not. I have a knowing that I am one with J-R, and one with all things, and in this I don't overstep my privileges and interfere with someone else's progression. I only tune in to others as a source of information that I need in order to help them, and I tap into J-R's consciousness to receive answers. We are all one in this understanding and have access to this knowledge.

Seleta M. Johnson

Springtime of 1968 found me in the midst of a problem which bound me in painful emotional turmoil. Friends seeking to help invited me to leave my Boston apartment and join them on an excursion to Rockport, a small town not far away. There the sea, my beloved friend always, crashing up to the jagged coast, called me to stay by her. I watched my friends disappear into the distance over a grassy hill on their Sunday adventure. Turning my face to the sea once more, I felt relieved to be alone with her. Standing on a rocky precipice, I began my mantram, which flowed to the same rhythm as the

crashing waves, the wheeling gulls, the spraying foam. We moved together in the heartbeat of someone somewhere, and soon the great ocean took me into her bosom. My mind was quieted - stood quite still. Peace.

Hours passed as a moment or as forever. When I turned to leave, the sun was sinking into his red nest for the night. The world was rose-colored. Each blade of grass, indeed, each living thing and each non-living thing actually reached out to me, and we smiled.

That night I went to bed in the place of my problems with a mind at peace and slept well. In the middle of the night though, I awoke suddenly, sat up, and a voice spoke, saying, "Don't be afraid. I am watching over you."

Nearly four years later on December 31, 1971, 3,000 miles away in San Francisco I sat with John-Roger and asked him who had spoken to me so clearly that night. His smiling reply - "That was the Mystical Traveler."

Muriel Merchant

J-R was so loving to me after the day of my new initiation. I called him, and after talking with him I said that I didn't want to hang up the phone. He said it was only his arm that was putting down the receiver and that he is always with me.

Muriel Moore

One of my friends was visiting, and we were sitting up one night talking about the psychic and the spiritual. We had worked with the Ouija Board. It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and we were smoking our last cigarettes before going to bed. As I was looking at Janet, I noticed her face was beginning to turn black and look funny. I thought to myself that I must really be tired and kept blinking and watching. Janet was not aware of what I was experiencing at all. Distorted faces started appearing on her, and because I was not seeing that clearly, I became frightened. So, being the Unity student that I was, I used an affirmation for assistance. The one that came into my head was, "Jesus Christ is the head of my life." I kept repeating that over and over. With that statement came a new face on Janet. At that time I interpreted it as the face of Jesus - with long blondish brown hair, olive skin, and the most beautiful clear blue eyes that I have ever seen. Also with it came the white Light, which was not actually white, but glowing. It was around Janet and me, and that beautiful face on Janet, that Light, and I were all One. This lasted 15 seconds, and the Light stayed in the room for about 10 minutes. Janet and I put our cigarettes out in a hurry and went right to bed. I really felt that I had seen the face of

Jesus, because of the affirmation that I had been using.

Many months later I went over to John-Roger's house for an Aura Balance. Afterward I went into the office to see Candy and Pauli. On the wall was a picture of someone with blondish hair, olive skin and beautiful clear blue eyes. I immediately recognized it as the face I had seen on Janet that night. I was excited and demanded to know who it was. Pauli told me I would have to check with John-Roger for verification, but she thought it was a painting of J-R's high self. I hesitated for a long time to get it verified, because on one level I was afraid that it might not be accurate. In a Light Study, I finally asked John-Roger if that had been the face I had seen on Janet two years before. I was told that I had not seen that clearly, but yes, it had been John-Roger. My joy was over-flowing.

Carolyn McIlrath

I was living in Canada and went to see some friends in the country. I was walking down a little path in the forest behind a friend of mine, and she was talking to me about life and love as the light was shining through the trees. Her green dress trailed on the ground, and a thick red braid hung down her back. She was like a young and beautiful "Fairy Godmother." I went into enlightenment where I suddenly realized that the karmic debt had been paid. It was time to move on, so I was free to go home. A silent voice asked me, "How long are you going to shut me out?" I've thought this was the voice of my teacher, my high self, or my inner self. That afternoon on the ferry boat coming back to Vancouver from the country, a most beautiful, bright rainbow reached all the way across the sky. I couldn't stop crying. I had been through my deepest agony and loneliness, and many beautiful souls had guided and comforted me.

Lenora Rayna Albro

When I was 21 years old, I was undergoing a nervous breakdown, and spent five weeks in a rest home high in the hills overlooking Los Angeles. The last week I was there, I went outdoors and saw the city changing colors from orange to red to purple as the sun set. When it changed to purple, suddenly I had a feeling of peace come upon me. I looked up in the heavens and saw a large star winking at me. I thought that I would soon be moving on to an exciting adventure. I felt hopeful and joyous and later discovered that John-Roger first revealed himself to me then.

Kathy Jeffares

One summer I flunked several tests, and as old habit patterns were being ripped away from me, I was staring at myself. Finally I called John-Roger's

house, and Rama Fox answered. In tears I told her I was desperate, that I didn't know what I was doing, and asked if she could help me. She said she was busy right then and would call me back. She told me to sit down, quiet myself and wait for the Inner Master. I said okay, but inside I was saying, "I don't want the Inner Master right now; I want someone to talk to." I sat down and took several deep breaths. The purple Light appeared. Nothing changed on the outside, but that purple Light engulfed me with love and peace and beauty. My depression began to lift, and I got up and went out to weed my rose garden. I realized that I was weeding many gardens.

When I came back into the house, the phone rang, and it was Rama. I was clear enough then to talk. After listening to my negativity for an hour, she said, "You have to decide what is most important for you. If you decide that it is God realization and reaching the soul realm, then all else will fall into place."

I hadn't really thought that was so important, and I realized that is what J-R talks about. Since then there has been marked change, and I have been experiencing the Inner Master.

Carolyn McIlrath

There were periods of deep despair and confusion, where I queried the meanings of actions and interactions of my own and others about me. It was frustrating to be in earnest search and to have the answer beyond my grasp. Although I had seen three rainbows of exquisite color and vibrancy simultaneously stretching themselves across the vast expanses of mid-Pacific, I had not yet caught the perfect wave. I had seen the geometrics of snowflakes falling on the Continental Divide but had not followed them individually from snowfall to waterfall. I had smelled the scent of life but had not yet fertilized the valley of the flowers with my earth. I felt limited, trapped. I was looking for the Light of the Holy Spirit.

I met a man who is a perfect mirror. He is always one step ahead, encouraging and helping, and letting me do it myself. His is a perfect love. He gives me the keys as fast as I can turn the locks. I began operating out of a state of Godness and Goodness, playing and praying everyday that I choose back, so that I might be chosen. It's a positive, joyous, wonderful free-living state - an "I do" state. I am learning within MSIA that the reward for doing is the ability to do more.

I see perfect love manifested here by Dr. John-Roger Hinkins. I see someone who is doing, and I know that I can do also. The Mystical Traveler Consciousness is with me at all times, an Inner Master to guide, to support, and to use. I'm beginning to understand Christmas, brotherhood, change, transcendence and love. Someone woke me up early one Sunday

morning with a phone call and asked, "What have you been doing?"

My answer was, "Taking every opportunity to lift up."

Mark T. Holmes

While attending the University of California at Santa Barbara as a pre-med. student, I met some people whose attitude reflected a quality of spiritual Light. I decided to go with them to a seminar in Los Angeles. I was excited to see the man John-Roger, although I didn't know then why. When he came in, I had an unusual feeling that he knew I was watching him, but he didn't look my way. I was so glad to be among people who had the Light. During the seminar John-Roger asked to see me afterward, and I felt privileged that this great teacher should ask to see me. He told me some personal things that helped me understand my awareness better. A blessing, indeed. At these seminars, it seemed like John-Roger was talking directly to me about things that were happening in my life. I wondered whether it was fair to the other people who were there, because he was taking all this time for me. But after talking to other people, I found out that they thought he was talking directly to them about things that were happening in their lives. The Holy Spirit through the Mystical Consciousness is able to talk to people on an individual level about their situations by matching the inward experience with what is said outwardly. So ordinary conversation becomes meaningful teachings.

Spiritual progress is subtle. It wasn't until a year later when I saw the reference point of an old situation that I realized how much I had grown. I was learning to endure and rise above all situations and to do it with love regardless of the environment. I was finding that true freedom comes from the True Self within. Spiritual progress for me is also attuning to an inner guidance. Working in this Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness I know that the Mystical Traveler Consciousness has the ability to be an inner guide for me. This inner guidance can be there, but it doesn't do much good unless I can attune myself to it. I have been learning to discriminate between the mind and this inner guidance, because the mind will try to hold me within certain mental restrictions. Understanding of this only comes through experience. It seems to me from observation of myself and others that we resist the teachings of truth that are brought to us. Perhaps somehow in our human consciousness we figure we are gods and can't be taught, because we already know. I have resisted truth, but much growth has come from learning to learn. By cooperating with the Mystical Traveler Consciousness, my resistance is transmuted into determination - a spiritual gift and a strength.

Wesley A. Whitmore

Because no one was around, I would ask myself "What should I do? I'd hear conflicting thoughts and whole conversations, which were getting me nowhere. I was trying to tune into a higher force. First, I had faith there was one. Then I was becoming more aware of the basic self and realized how it could come in and distort. I set up guidelines for myself, so I could tell if something was from the Inner Master or from the basic self. If it was for the highest good of all concerned, if it did not inflict on me or anyone else, and if it was of a lifting nature, then it is a Light action. I would ask, "Do I feel clear in this?" If I felt a doubt, sometimes I would do it anyway just to see - many times I got burned or shocked, and sometimes I didn't. It became a scientific process. When I talk to people I ask that the Light be with us, and I see it around me and the other person. I stay as clear as I can in that moment. If I didn't feel clear, I figured that there was a basic self reaction, or the high self was warning me. By assuming that I was working with the Light for the highest good of all concerned, I became increasingly aware.

The high self doesn't tell me what to do. It will say, "Be careful in this situation." Maybe I am walking on a roof, and it says, "Be careful how you walk," whereas the basic may come through with a fearful, "Watch it, you'll hurt yourself!" Different reference points inside started showing me. Not always did it work for me, but more and more I started seeing how the basic self acts in a situation. It is funny to see the basic going up and kicking someone, and then instead of giving it negative energy, I chuckle to myself and refocus on a lifting action.

I am learning not to take counsel of my fears or doubts, because then I see things through those eyes. In the mind it is impossible to have a God, for how would the mind consider anything greater than itself? When there is a threat of disturbance, I refocus my attention on the Divine. It is not important what comes, but how I handle what comes. I have watched John-Roger use situations to lift great numbers of people. It is an incredible opportunity to know someone who has a pure line to the God-source. Wherever he is, things are going on. Many people notice that when they are around him, that they start feeling their negativity or fear coming up, and if they let them go, they are pulled up and dispersed.

Michael Sun

I recognize the Inner Master, the Light, by its utter reasonability. Practicality. Pragmatism. Anytime I get to a situation where I involve emotions in a decision, I become imbalanced. I listen to John-Roger, the Inner Master, saying. "You have five choices. A will lead you to such and such; B is out of the question for you, and you know why; C will lead you

down a path of sorrow, but it will be good experience; D might be working; choice E ..." and then it stops talking to me and doesn't say what choice to make. Then I hear another voice saying, "Okay dummy, you heard what the man said; you have your choices." Sometimes I may stand pat, and on occasion I have ignored the Inner Master and gotten in a peck of trouble.

Penelope Rutherford

One summer I began feeling that I was tuning into the Inner Master. I would lay down on my bed and ask a question. There was a certain feeling that I knew was the Inner Master, a sureness that it was a good answer, which was a reference point. There have been many times when I have acted on the counsel of the Inner Master. Sometimes I would check it out with the I Ching, because the decisions were so important that I wanted to have two things going. The advice worked out beautifully.

One situation was refusing induction into the army. A year later I was tried and found innocent of illegally refusing induction. I look at the Inner Master not as something that tells me what to do but rather as making me aware of all the possibilities. I like to feel I am making my own decisions, and yet there is a part of me that would like someone or something to make my decisions for me. It has been a struggle.

To be tuned into the Inner Master means to be spiritually balanced, or rather to the extent one is balanced, one is able to tune into the Inner Master. I use the imagination as a prop to make the mind and the Inner Master meet - a bridge between. The Inner Master is too nebulous for my mind which tends to think in concrete symbols and images. The imagination will take the feeling and put it into a picture and concretize the message. Imagine John-Roger saying, "Well, sure." In a sense he is saying that, and in a sense he isn't, because he isn't here speaking physically. This process is subtle, as it involves sorting out the mind, the emotions, fears, and anxieties.

Last year things changed. I met a girl, and a whole sphere of love and affection came forward. Before this I had fixed ideas about spirituality, which weren't flexible or free-flowing. I saw myself as a native son of MSIA and in a very secure position. Then someone told me derogatory information about John-Roger, which I believed.... I found myself cut off from the Inner Master. Shock! How could I be cut off from the Inner Master? Does this mean I had to incarnate back for 25,000 years? As I understand it John-Roger has said if one turns from the Light, it may be 25,000 years before he gets another chance.

My first response was to humble myself, because I was frightened. I talked to John-Roger, and he said that because I believed that person's lies, I

had lost my initiation. I felt like I was being kicked out of the Movement, which terrified me. It appeared to me that he said it very gruffly, like, "Good luck, I hope you find someone else to tune you in." My illusions had caused me to be a fanatic, struggling to stay in the good graces of the Movement. Finally, I began thinking, "25,000 years. I can handle that, if being true to myself means 25,000 years of incarnations. It is okay." It was at this point that I began to tune back in, and later was re-initiated into the Sound Current of God in the Movement.

John Lee

I was becoming more aware of karma. I didn't want to have to reincarnate back on this planet, but I didn't know how to avoid it. I had been told by psychics that I would have an opportunity to graduate from returning to this planet. I would contemplate, "Okay, I know I don't want to come back here. That means I have to pay off all karma, not only from this lifetime, but all other lifetimes. Also I have to stop creating new karma. I'm willing to pay off all my karma no matter how long it takes, but how do I right here and now today stop creating new karma?" I knew if I was kind and loving to my neighbor, that I could keep from racking up too much new karma; yet it wasn't specific or definite enough. I thought, "I'll never be able to do this by myself. I need a teacher who knows how to show me exactly step by step, like a recipe for baking a cake, how to stop creating new karma. But gosh, I can't go to India or a Tibetan monastery or to an ashram in New Mexico. I'm right here in Los Angeles. What can I do?" I hoped to somehow stumble across the information.

I went to a friend's house one night where another girl was talking about how she was sitting at her typewriter and asked her teacher, "Are you with me, J-R?" and this purple Light appeared over her typewriter.

I exclaimed, "What? What are you talking about? Who are you talking about?"

She said, "Oh, a teacher."

"A teacher? A teacher who can make a purple Light appear over your typewriter?" I asked. I had been seeing a purple Light for five or six years. Sometimes before I would go to sleep at night when I'd close my eyes or after my spiritual exercises, I would see this purple Light that would come into me in a wave. "Where is he? How do I find him?" I didn't have to know his name or what he looked like or what country he came from or whether he was a Christian or a Moslem or a Hindu or a Buddhist; it made no difference to me. The purple Light was what did it. She told me about MSIA seminars in Los Angeles.

When I walked into the seminar, I noticed the people were very happy, and

their vibrations were very high. I saw a man saying hello to people and got a beautiful feeling in my heart for him. As he passed in front of me through the crowd, suddenly my whole head started burning and tingling with such a tremendous force that I was thrown back.

Then my friend said, "J-R, I'd like you to meet Rayna."

He looked at me and said, "God bless you." As he went and sat in his chair in front, I realized I had met him four years before in a so-called "dream" in May of 1968, which coincided with the first Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness seminars.

I "dreamed" that I went to see a helper or master who had come to give counsel to many people. He was giving interviews in a little bungalow by the ocean. There was a young man out in front who was taking appointments. I waited all day for my turn. Finally when the sun was setting over the ocean, I went to this secretary outside and said, "Can't I see him now? If I don't, I'll have to go back without talking to him. I've been waiting all day." He said I could be next.

I went inside the bungalow and sat opposite a man who was dressed in a turtle-neck sweater with a sport jacket. He was looking at me and smiling, and I immediately recognized him as one of my teachers, although to my conscious memory there was no reason why I should know him. He was smiling and sending me this telepathic thought, "Okay, what's your problem?" When I saw him I realized that I didn't have any problems, and I didn't have any questions. All the questions of cosmic importance that I thought I had to ask him were already answered, and since I had no questions, I started laughing. When he saw me doing that, he smiled and sent me this thought, "Oh good, you're catching on." Then I saw that he wasn't really there - a form of a body had been placed there for my convenience, because it may have been hard for me to relate to a purple Light in the middle of the room. The consciousness was there, but it could assume any form that it felt would be harmonious or needed. When he saw that I understood that, he gave me another little nod, "Oh good, you see that too."

Then he showed me a big picture of my mother's face. I felt a shock of fear and rejection. I said, "My mother! What does she have to do with all this?"

The next thing I knew, I was back in my bed on this plane. It was dawn, and the sun was just coming up. From that day I started mending my spoiled relationship with my mother, and today we are really good friends.

So in February of 1972 when I first saw J-R sitting in his chair at the seminar, I remembered I had met him four years before and that the Light Being was J-R too.

Lenora Rayna Albro

## Dreams

In the dream state a person can balance karmic situations, experience lessons for their spiritual growth, and receive guidance for their progression. Often through a dream, while working in one's inner realms, one can discover greater understanding of the patterns in one's life. Also, vivid dream experiences for many people are more real than the physical world, and may be an experience on the other side, or universal invisible realms of consciousness. While free of the limitations of the physical body during the sleep state, one may be taken by the Mystical Traveler in the protection of soul consciousness to experience the higher dimensions of life.

Before I met John-Roger in person, I dreamed I was someplace which felt very much like home to me. A boy was with me, and it seemed that we were waiting for guidance from a particular "teacher" who was also present. There was also a man there who had come with the other fellow. This man sat down beside me, and I felt a tremendous peace coming from him. I turned to look at him and saw that it was John-Roger. He placed his hand gently on my shoulder and asked me why I was so sad. I said I didn't know; yet we both knew why, but no words were necessary. (For the last few weeks my spirits had not been soaring. I had been wrapped in self. I had realized it but had not done too much about it.) I then placed my Light shield around me and began to call the white Light down upon me. Before I knew it, John-Roger was standing behind me. He bent down and kissed me, and I felt myself flying through space. At first I was frightened, but then I knew everything was all right. I had complete trust in this man. Colors were flashing before my eyes. Then I became aware of my physical body again, as energy entered through the top of my head, and I felt myself gradually beginning to vibrate with Light. Slowly opening one eye, I found that I was again tucked between the sheets. I haven't felt that uneasiness within me since, and my head has been filled with thoughts of this man.

Sallie Thomas

I spent seven months trapped in a wheelchair with a broken leg. At that time I had a vivid dream that I was climbing a hill. I was struggling through bramble bushes, while all along there was a paved road right up the hill, which I never seemed to see. I finally got to the top of the hill and discovered my wheelchair and crutches. I sat in my wheelchair for a few

moments. Then I got up and started along with the crutches. Suddenly the crutches disappeared, and I walked alone up to a large mansion. What bothered me was that there was no light inside; all the light was on the ground and shining on the mansion.

After I awoke, I went from friend to friend asking what it meant, but nothing seemed to satisfy me. One day I asked myself, "What does it mean?" I thought the mansion referred to the statement from the Bible: "In my Father's house are many mansions." My mansion is me, and there was no light in my mansion, meaning that I had not brought much Light into myself. Instead everything was on the outside shining on me. I deeply felt that I wanted to change my life.

Kathy Jeffares

I had a dream, or an experience on the other side, which really impressed me. I found myself with a friend, who is now in MSIA. A person who had given us psychic readings handed us a book on psychic phenomena. Then a jolly little fellow with a quality of mastership about him appeared in the distance wearing beautiful robes and a magician's cap. He said, "Come with me. I have something to show you." He led us up a winding staircase, and on the way we showed him the book that the psychic reader had given us. His attitude was, "Oh, that's very nice, but I have something else to show you." When we got to the end of the winding staircase, he took my friend into a room. After a while they came out, and I noticed how much Light there was around this strange little man. Then I went in. In the room there was a huge book, like a Bible with pictures. We opened it from the back, and on the last page it said, "This book begins at the end." So I started reading the book backwards. It was like an animated cartoon and fascinating, but as soon as I read a paragraph I would forget what it said, although I had understood while reading it. Then, in the physical, people were making noise outside my room, and I was starting to wake up, but I didn't want to. I kept trying to go back and read some more of this book. I was at the flood but kept getting pulled awake. The words and pictures would fade and then get clear and then fade again. When I finally woke up I was disappointed that I hadn't been able to finish reading that book. I think that the little man in the dream was John-Roger showing me the akashic records. He looked like John-Roger, and felt like John-Roger, although I had never seen or heard of him in the physical at that time.

Vera M. Sedler

I went to sleep after going to my first seminar and dreamed that John-Roger was walking me around an old dilapidated house with a big garage and

stairway coming down from the second floor. The stairway and the back part of the house were covered with ivy. John-Roger said, "That's what we are going to do with you."

"Hey, wait a minute, man, I don't need that."

"It's cool."

"Well, if you've got to, but you don't really mean me?" Some months later I recognized that he was going to take away the old stuff that wasn't working and leave the new that was growing - but it took two to three months to accept. Then I started cooperating and becoming the ivy that was growing.

Penelope Rutherford

I've had many dreams in which John-Roger played a starring role. I would tell someone about a dream, and they'd begin to tell me about the same dream. We would find out that there were three or four people in on the dream and that it was an actual experience on the other side in which we were all gathered.

Henry Conyers

One technique taught by the Movement is recording and studying dreams. Teaching actions can be brought from the other side into conscious awareness and use. I had a dream in which I was sitting in front of a classroom full of students listening to a lecture. There was quite a commotion going on at the back of the room caused by a youth who was having an epileptic fit. I walked back to the boy and put my left hand over his navel area. I didn't have the slightest idea what I was doing - it just seemed like a good idea. I wondered what all these people were thinking of me. I moved my hand down over the pubic area, and I could see that the boy was calming down. Then I placed my hand back over the navel area for a few more moments until the boy was asleep. Later I asked J-R what this dream was about, and he said I was being taught a healing technique. The stomach chakra is the center for epilepsy, and my left hand is my spiritual hand in healing. I was channeling the Light for that boy.

Gary Collier

One night before I fell asleep, I decided to send everybody I could think of the Light, which created a ball of Light. I put the people in it, seeing

them surrounded by the Light, and after fifteen minutes I fell asleep. On the other side I was standing in an open space as the Light hit me - pure 10,000 volt energy. My body turned pure white. I felt the Light came to me because I had sent the Light to other people.

Steve Brisken

During an operation they drugged me, and I remember one "dream" in which J-R took me by the hand and pulled me along through a tube or corridor in what looked like body cells. It was a gray corridor and had round cells in it, which opened into a bigger castle of long orange cells. I felt so wonderful, contented, and fulfilled within myself. Later I called J-R and asked if that was a fantastic voyage through my body. He said, "Yes, we did a change of consciousness on you." The next time he saw me, he said, "Yes, that is much better."

Cheryl Allen

The first time that John-Roger came to me in a dream was when I needed him very much. My husband and I were on a trip in Mexico on a very old train which had a flat wheel under our compartment. My husband was inebriated and in a bad condition. I thought how far I was from home and from the doctor's help. I called on John-Roger, and in the sleep state I saw him give my husband a treatment. The next day he was much better. When I was back in the states, I said to John-Roger, "I saw you give Ben a treatment." He nodded his head yes.

Alma Clary

It was on the third and last night of a camping trip that I was lying in my tent when I fell off to sleep. I had been asleep only a few minutes when I awoke from a dream experience that was as real as if I were awake. I was with many friends. I was talking to one of them when John-Roger approached me. He said, "Herb, come with me. I want to tell you something." We stepped aside so that we could talk without being disturbed. He began telling me about a member of my family who was away at school in Utah. He told me what was happening to this person and that my family would be very disturbed when they would hear about it. He went on to tell me that everything would be all right; there wasn't anything to worry about.

The next day when I returned home from my camping trip, there was a message

for me to call home as soon as possible. When I contacted my mother, she began telling me about this urgent situation in Utah, which was the same information I had received from John-Roger the night before. When I told her of my experience and about John-Roger saying that everything would work out just fine, she relaxed and didn't worry so much. Shortly, we heard from Utah that everything was indeed all right, just as John-Roger said it would be.

Herbert Holmes

Recently I found myself in a panicky situation in the dream state. Everything happened so quickly, and I reverted to an old habit pattern of fear for survival. I didn't think of the Light. I forgot everything except saving myself. I managed to do this but awakened feeling very depressed. I felt this had been a test, and I had blown it. I heard a voice say, "Why didn't you ask for the Light?" I had asked for the Light many times in the dream state, but this time there was no time to think. I realized I was being trained.

Wanda Mansbach

I had a dream where there was a woman in trouble, and she was talking to me on the telephone; she was in dire, desperate straights, suffering, and needed help immediately. There were many people around me cutting up, making noise, making fun, and pulling the telephone away. I got extremely angry and infuriated. In my earlier dreams I had lashed back at these people. By this time I was at the point where I just took a book and threw it against the wall. I wouldn't unleash it against somebody, but I still had it there to unleash. I woke up in a sweat, and said, "No, no, I blew it. I want to go back and do it right."

So I went back to sleep. Then the situation arose where there was a police line-up, and I suddenly found myself in the line. They got to me and said, "Okay, take down your pants."

I looked at this big policeman and said, "I love you." I really felt love toward him. I gave up. I thought, "Okay God, this is the end; this is the most horrible thing." It had the most horrible memories for me, and the only thing I could do was say, "I love you." Suddenly his face burst into flame and became plastic, and then it all burst into flame. Then there were suddenly many people around cheering and clapping their hands. In my dream I fell down in exhaustion and woke up completely exhausted, breathing heavily and in a cold sweat.

David Allen

I was sitting in a room with a man who was behind his desk. He said, "Perception, you understand, is not what you are perceiving, but how you are perceiving it." He asked me to walk over to a window which overlooked a city. I did and looked out. He asked me what I saw.

"A really smoggy city filled with noise and pollution," I said. "It is ugly out there."

"Did you know that there is great love there?" he asked. All of a sudden my consciousness zeroed in on people's faces. They were smiling. "Perception. Just decide how you want to handle this, and it shall be. If you look out and see that there is badness and negativity, then this is what will come forward. Feel the things that feel most comfortable."

I had another dream where I found myself walking toward a school, and I started talking. It didn't feel like my voice, as it was thunderous and seemed to come from all the people who were standing around the school. Like a Universal Voice we said, "Do it now." It was very loud and shook us all, yet there was no fear.

People started coming together into a great circle and began disrobing. We all joined hands and put our arms around each other. A tall young blond man came up and asked me, "Is this the Congregation of All the Children of Earth?" I said I didn't know, but whatever it was, it sure felt wonderful. We entered the circle, and I found myself in the center with a black man. He took my hands and began to swing me around. I told him we were moving too fast. He stepped aside, and John-Roger took my hands in his. He swung me around, our hands over our heads, London Bridges style. I felt I was the center attraction; everyone knew of the joy I was feeling, and I could hear laughing around me. I recognized the laughing, even though I could not see anybody. We kept circling around, and I felt my consciousness was being lifted above my body. My eyes were closed, and all I could see in my consciousness was spiraling purple. Our heads were butted together, and I felt the touch of total enlightenment. All questions, alienations, all forms of negativity, and all impure things were instantly lifted from me. I was so overjoyed that I woke myself up because I was laughing so loudly.

Bill Glazier

John-Roger came from Paris to Munich to visit with me, but the meeting didn't happen. The same Wednesday I worked late at my office. The girl who was living in the same house as me was killed in an automobile accident that day. She was in a car with her boyfriend; they hit a tree, and she

died. I hadn't been home or heard anything about the accident. That night I had a dream where some people were really afraid. I asked, "What are you so afraid of?"

They said, "The spirit of this person who had just died came back, and it's trying to kill its lover and doing nasty things like knocking things over and destroying houses." I didn't believe it.

I was walking around in this dream and came upon a newly built mausoleum. I looked at the paintings on the walls, and the paint was still fresh on them. Then I saw a spirit gliding across the room; so I grabbed hold of it, saying, "Why are you doing these things to the people? Why do you want to kill this person? Did he kill you? Did they murder you?"

She said, "No, they didn't murder me, but I just can't stand this person living on the planet without me being here too." I took it in front of a mirror that was divided off into several sections, and as I broke each section of the mirror, each level of its energy dissipated until there was just one section of the mirror left. At this point it asked me, "Please don't. Please work with me and help me be free of this."

I replied, "Okay." I knew once it had said that, it would be free. The other people were still afraid. They were watching it and brought more mirrors in case it went back on its word. I woke up and immediately turned on the light, because the presence was still there so strongly. I came back to my house on Friday and found out about the death of the girl on Wednesday afternoon.

I had a dream when I was in Sweden about the United States and other countries in the world getting into a nuclear holocaust where almost everything was destroyed. The social and governmental systems were no longer organized or functioning. What was left was completely destroyed by people looting and vandalizing. They had never lived in freedom where they didn't have policemen over them, and a "survival of the fittest" consciousness came forward. In the dream there were also people who had been studying Spirit and working with the Light consciousness, learning how to direct their consciousness. They came together and started working to build a new society within themselves, relying on each other and their techniques until there were little shelters being created all over the world. They were growing so large that people who were on the rampage and had burnt themselves out finally said, "Help us, please. Can we come into your community?"

We were saying, "Oh certainly, but these are some of the guidelines toward Spirit and the higher consciousness of the evolvement of mankind into a God awareness." Finally this spread over the planet until there was a new social structure that was directing itself as a responsible creator.

Randy Garver

## Children

Whoever becomes as a child enters into the Kingdom.

I said to my 4-year-old daughter, "Bridget, there is this man named John-Roger who is always with us. He's a Mystical Traveler, and he comes at night when we're sleeping and takes us out of our bodies to the soul realm. He helps us work off our karma, so we can be free." She understood. Shortly thereafter she came to me one morning and said, "You know, Mom, John-Roger came last night and took me right up to God. And Mom, did you know that God has no face or arms or legs?"

We all had worked hard to prepare the soil for our garden. On the day of planting, I worked several hours to make nice, neat, straight rows that were properly staked with the seed packets at the end of each row. The following weekend we had company, and the children went out back to play store. They used my seed packets in their little game. On Monday morning I discovered all my rows were without labels. Very indignantly, I reprimanded the children. "You took my seed packets off, and I worked very hard to get those right. Now how am I going to know what is in what row?"

Bridget said without one second hesitation, "Mom, when the carrots come up, they'll be in the carrot row, and when the corn comes up, they'll be in the corn row...." I thought if I needed labels in my life, I was blocking myself, and depending on labels when things were going to be flowing into my life anyway.

When I shared that experience in contributions at a seminar, J-R said, "You know, you should really listen to her. She's a good teacher."

I went home in a consciousness of, "Will the real mother please stand up!"

Bridget has had nasal congestion. Often she refuses to blow her nose, but instead sniffs up the mucous and eventually throws it up. One day when I came home from work, she was not feeling well and was running a pretty high fever. I immediately popped an antibiotic and some aspirin in her mouth much to her disgust. She was sitting on the dishwasher top, and before I could even lift her down, she threw up - all over the dishwasher, all over the floor, and all over herself. Then she said, "I don't like this pill stuff, Mom. I think I'll work with the green Light."

Carolyn McIlrath

Now I am becoming as close to Spirit as when I was less than 5 years old. At that time I had experiences out of the body where I would usually go down to my aunt's house, while I was asleep. I would float around the room, bounce off the ceiling, saying, "Look, it's fun; you can do it, come on; come on." Occasionally I would go outside and float way up over the neighborhood. It was so neat; I just loved it.

Sherwood Platte

I don't think there ever was a time when I wasn't aware of Spirit. When I was a child, the little boy next door to whom I was very closely attached, passed away at 3 o'clock in the morning. He came to me in oval white Light, seemingly coming from our living room into my bedroom, and stopped at the foot of my bed. In a miniature form right in the center of this white, egg-shaped object, he was standing and waving goodbye to me. He was two years older than I, being 9 when he died. He had talked to me about a world that he was very familiar with, but I didn't understand at the time. He had been taught early in life to read, because he was an invalid. I loved to listen to him read the fairy tale books. It was fantasy friendship. I didn't realize then that he was actually living more in the Spirit world of children than he was living on the physical, and he was constantly being prepared to go to the home he always talked about. We both experienced the wee folks many times, and of course when we talked about it, they said our heads were filled with fairy tales. What else could they expect of us?

He had gone through surgery and didn't survive. When I saw him at the foot of the bed, I became hysterical. My mother came running to me, and I said, "Bobby is dead! Bobby is dead!"

She said, "You had a bad dream."

I said, "No, my eyes were wide open, and he came by the bed and said goodbye to me, and he's dead." The next day my mother found out that he died at 3 o'clock in the morning. I just accepted it, because I didn't have any fear of death.

When I was in school, one of the teachers told us to write a composition on the most wonderful experience we had. So I wrote about my friend Bobby and how he came to say goodbye to me. I got a double A on it, but she said, "I would like to see your mother." She told my mother I was very bright, but I had a vivid imagination, and that could be dangerous, because I could get so that I wouldn't tell reality from unreality. I felt betrayed, because

she had questioned me about this and had me go into more detail; I really thought she was interested. From that experience I learned to keep my mouth shut.

Then my mother took me to see one of the head rabbis at the mystical school close to our house. These rabbis are well-versed in the mysticism and the know-how to exorcise and to communicate with the dead, and they have the secret key to the unwritten part of the ancient Hebrew wisdom. He re-assured me that I was very gifted and that God smiled at me and that when I would get older, many people would come to me for my wisdom and ability to help. He said, "Whatever you feel in your heart is right for you. The answers to many of the questions you have asked me will come as you grow older, and they will come from within you. Don't be afraid to question and to look and to ask, but be careful who you talk to on these same things."

I had never met my father-in-law, because he was dead when I married my husband. When I was pregnant with my son, I had the crib up in our room. One night I was drifting towards sleep while my husband was fast asleep. I had been looking out the window, when all of a sudden I turned my head, and there was this man wearing a dark suit with a chain across his vest. I knew he was my father-in-law, because my brother-in-law Phillip looked just like him. He was looking at my husband with so much love, and then he looked over at me and gave me the sweetest smile. Then he looked back at my husband and floated out of the room, and I knew that I was going to have a son. I had a son, and he was named after this man. About three years later my mother-in-law and I were looking through a box of pictures, and we found a picture of my father-in-law, the man who had come into the room.

Luba Green

I asked J-R if he could give our sons guardian angels, because they are so adventurous. J-R replied, "They don't need guardian angels; they have the Mystical Traveler."

I thought, "Whew, who needs more?"

Muriel Moore

When I was a kid, I was a migrant laborer, working on farms, staying in little shanties, and moving around. I would be in the rows of beans picking, and I'd see my step-dad and my mother and my sister in front of me in separate rows working under the hot sun, singing spiritual songs. I'd always lift and realize that someday I would be doing something better.

I've always known that the teachings of the Mystical Traveler were coming. I didn't know what they were, but I used to day dream. Now it's becoming a reality.

Tom Moses

One time in Mexico I was wearing my HU shirt, and my best friend who I had known since we were little babies, asked me in Spanish, "What does that mean?" I told him back in Spanish that it's the phone number of God.

Gary Alan Ginthner

I liked children in theory rather than in practice. I wasn't too sure how to act around them, and consequently they didn't know how to act around me. When walking on the beach attempting to tune inwardly to know the answer to a question, I was running different things through my consciousness to see which was the right one. A 4- or 5-year-old wearing an army outfit was pretending I was the enemy. He was hiding behind some sand dunes, and he thought I couldn't see him, but I could. I turned around and smiled at him, and he got a sheepish grin on his face. He was playing a game, and he knew it. I had been playing a game, but I had forgotten.

Jim Peterson

As a parent I have learned to know and understand that to guide and direct a child is a special privilege, as they are God's children. My 10-year-old daughter has brought some important lessons home to me, and through this opportunity I am able to see God a little more clearly. I recognize that my daughter is the total of all her existences, and she has brought forward certain characteristics with which she can best gain the experience for her soul's evolvment. At times I have felt guilty that she doesn't do and express as I would like. My lesson is to direct her into the positive sides of her nature, to understand and listen to her.

My son Bob, who is now 24, was already grown before I came into the Movement, but with the help of understanding myself, I have learned to be his friend. Through the Light I have been able to see the beauty of his soul and to understand and allow him to learn from his own experiences of life. A short time ago in the middle of the day, he took time out from work to call and tell me, "I wanted to say thank you for being my mother and to tell you that I really love you." This was the most precious gift I, as a parent, could receive.

## Genie Lucille Ford

I began knowing El when I was seventeen. Her spirit, her being, the feeling of who she is came through to me. I was really in love with her father Kerry, and we knew that someday we would have a child. Our relationship was stormy. When we were together, we were totally together; yet three months later we would be hundreds of miles from each other. I got pregnant with her on a mescaline trip in the middle of a meadow in spring when all the fruit trees were coming into bloom. I wanted it to be right. I wouldn't make love with her father for two years, because it was never right. I made love with his best friend, but not with him - it had to be perfect. It drove him mad, because we really loved each other. When we did love, it was as perfect as it could be. We came toward each other naked, and as we did I knew we were going to make love and have a child. The earth moved around us and through us. It was an act of total creation, and we had the awareness of that creation. When we were finished, I looked up at him and said, "We just made a baby." He shushed me; it was too special to talk about, so sacred.

Four months after I got pregnant Kerry left, and I was alone. All my dreams had been fulfilled, and then everything crashed. However, I had this baby growing within me. One beautiful guy came forward and said he would take care of me and my child. I knew that wasn't right and waited for Kerry to come back. He wrote me a letter saying he never loved me, and we had nothing in common. It knocked me flat, but through it I had to stand on my feet and become a person. For a long time I was in his shadow and didn't pay much attention to what I was to do. Then when the baby came, I had to be a complete person to be a mother. I wrote to him that if he wasn't there for her birth that he better forget about being a father to her. He knew one night in New Mexico that he had to get back to Berkeley. He hitch-hiked through a snow storm and arrived twelve hours before I went into labor. He supported me, and after that I was able to release this. He has come forward recently wanting to be a father, and now I am able to give him that opportunity.

I had El in a room in which I was surrounded by the most beautiful, high people I could find. During each contraction for about an hour everyone was chanting OM. During the entire labor, people were supporting me by meditating and playing Indian music. El was welcomed into the world with wild cheer. People went through changes at her birth. One guy who thought kids held one down, and that they were not hip, gained a new outlook and respect. I was lying naked in labor in great pain and discomfort. When I went into hard labor it was not just being physically naked in front of everyone, but it was like being spiritually naked too. I was stripped of every cover I had ever wrapped around me. There was no way I could be

phony. I was purely me, whatever that was worth. That was a frightening experience, an incredible cleansing bath. Afterward they still liked me; not only did they like me, but they loved me, and they knew me, the inner person.

I found out that J-R blesses children, and I asked that EI be blessed. In the blessing he said that she was a child of Light. She outsmarts me about twenty times a day, and I am not dumb. She is so aware that I have to be careful what I relate to her. It is one thing to watch one's words, but to have to watch what one feels around a child keeps one moving to the Light. My relationship with EI has changed dramatically since being in the Movement. I am here to cooperate with myself, express the cooperation, and be free. EI is here to express herself, cooperate with the expression, and then she is free. Our karma together is to be creative, but the negative is destructiveness. We flip back and forth with that, either loving and feeling close, or we are at each others' throats. She just turned 3 years old, but she doesn't believe that she is only 3.

Jackie Travis

## Healing

God heals.

My great grandfather was sick, and he was almost about to die. I started telling him about the Light. He said, "Oh wow! Look at that."

I told him about each color of the Light, what it means, "Like the yellow Light will give you concentration in school or whatever you're working on, and the green Light is what you need right now." He was in bed there, and I told him, "Uncross your legs and uncross your hands and close your eyes." He did that, and I brought in the Light. First of all I surrounded myself with the Light for the action. I said it out loud, and all this green Light came to him. I had my eyes closed, but I pictured the room. From a little corner in the roof, this green ray came out all over his body. When it was over, he said, "You know, I'm feeling a little bit better. How did you do that?"

One time I forgot my medicine, bronchade mist; I had asthma then. I was sleeping, and all of a sudden I start gasping, and I couldn't breathe at all. So I started bringing in the green Light and J-R. From the roof again all this green Light started coming down, and then I saw a little purple

ball there at the door. It came and bounced over here. Then it bounced onto the bed; it came a little closer. Then it sat on my lap, and I just wanted to touch it, but it went back. Then it came back again. I was feeling a little bit better. Then Elena, my mother, went to the manager's apartment. We didn't have a telephone. He was asleep, and she was knocking on the door and knocking on the door, and nobody would answer. When she walked away, the manager opened the door. She says, "Can I use your telephone, because Gary is really having trouble breathing?" He says sure.

So she calls J-R, and she thinks that everybody is asleep. She lets it ring until Michael answers; he was the only one awake. She came back, and Michael came over. He just came flying up. I could hardly walk, because I couldn't breathe at all. So we just zoomed down to the car, and I was feeling a little bit better with all that Light in that car. Michael had the same condition; he took the same thing that I did. He gave me some of that, and he asked us if we would like to spend the night over. Elena said she didn't know, but I said, "Yeah, yeah!" I slept on his Aura Balance couch, and that was really neat, because it really felt good. Then that morning I went to school, and I was feeling better.

Gary Alan Ginthner

When I met John-Roger, I didn't have long to live. My bones had osteoporosis, and walking on hard surfaces was painful. Even knocking on a door, if not done carefully, could leave my hands in pain. The spinal cord had bent into an "S," a disc had slipped, and the nerves were pinched. A form of attack occurred in which I lost all feeling in the lower half of my body. Some days I couldn't even get out of bed. At other times I could sit and stand and walk around, but the pain was so great that I was close to blacking out. Doctors suggested a treatment which would require being laid up in a hospital for at least six months and which, they said, would probably not succeed. The most that they hoped for was to keep the situation from worsening.

In addition, a peptic ulcer had developed, and I was spitting blood. Although I was only 25 years old at the time, my skin had the appearance of someone 50 or 60 years old. The toxicity of the body was very high, which resulted in tension, low energy, and loss of weight. It seemed as though I was a negativity magnet, attracting these things to me and holding them. The normal purifying action of the body just wasn't working for me.

I sold or gave away everything I owned except what would fit into a small duffel bag and boarded a plane in New York City headed for Auckland, New Zealand. The most positive plan I could perceive at the time was to "get away from it all." The plane stopped in Los Angeles, and between flights I decided to visit a friend through whom I met John-Roger. In him I saw

something completely new, something positive and uplifting. At the time I had no idea that it was taking place, and to this day I don't know for sure what happened, but since then the spine has straightened, the nerves are functioning perfectly, the bones have regained their strength, the ulcer has healed, the skin has regained its health, the weight was regained, the energy level has increased, and I look at least ten years younger. I can't help feeling that meeting John-Roger was the turning point for every one of the negative patterns I was experiencing.

Ted Drake

The first and most prominent change I was aware of after entering MSIA was that of my personality. Something inside me was very happy about this change. I used to be sarcastic and had a sharp tongue towards people. I always had a clever comeback, even if it was cutting. Shortly after joining MSIA, I would wake up mornings, and in my head I would hear the words, "Keep your mouth shut." This went on three to four months.

Finally, the importance of these words started sinking in as I realized, "Hey, maybe if I keep my mouth shut, things won't keep bouncing at me so much." It finally got through to me, and as I changed my attitude, my life also started to change.

I had a little callus that was growing above my upper lip. When I had my first Aura Balance, I said to John-Roger, "I have a feeling this started because of things I say that I shouldn't be saying. I realize how you've been telling me through night travel to keep my mouth shut, and I'm really working at it. Do you think this can be cleared through this Aura Balance?"

He said, "We'll see what we can do." After the Aura Balance, I kept applying Light to this area as well as monitoring my words. I was confident in knowing that John-Roger was bringing healing to the area, because I was cooperating. The callus started diminishing, and in three months it was gone, without even a scar as a reminder. I realized that something is working here that is beyond what we can see or comprehend.

I had a small tumor that was growing under my right eye, and the doctor said it must be removed. I have always been fearful of doctors; so I decided that the Saturday morning before going to his office I would drink wine for breakfast to be half numb when I got there. As I started to open the refrigerator door and reach for the bottle, something inside of me said, "Don't you believe in the Light and all the things you profess and have written about? Or, are you a big fake?"

I said to myself, "That's right. I can't drink this wine, because if I did, I would not be true to myself. I have J-R and the Light, and that's all I

need!" My husband, Sam, drove me to the doctor's office. I called in the Light while sitting in the car and asked it to act as a tranquilizer for me. By the time I got there I felt sedated and had no fear. I could feel J-R with me, and the Light flooding my body protecting me. I felt nothing as the doctor worked. When we left, I started to feel the Light lift, like sedation wearing off. We drove on to Big Bear for the day, and I needed no aspirin or pain pills. I applied Light to the area with my hand for 10 or 15 minutes every two hours, which took the stinging away. A week later when the doctor checked it, he said he couldn't believe how rapidly it was healing. I smiled and silently gave my thanks to J-R, the Light, and my True Self.

Louise Wyatt

I was on heavy medication given to me by doctors, including sleeping capsules, anti-depressants, tranquilizers, thyroid pills, etc. During my second Aura Balancing, it was brought to my attention that these drugs were placing a terrific strain on my body and emotions. I was a little surprised, but nonetheless felt that the suggestion that I could quit taking them was entirely possible. John-Roger indicated that I would not go through the withdrawal alone, which certainly was good enough for me. I quit taking the medication immediately. It has been about a year now, and even though I have been through some strenuous times, the Light and my faith in God and John-Roger have given me the strength and determination to pass through all experiences.

The Light and the Mystical Traveler helped me during surgery last fall and through the post-surgery time. Immediately after gall bladder surgery, I had no pain, just a little uncomfortable feeling. One of the nurses said, "Mrs. Leight, one just does not go through major surgery without pain. Don't wait until the pain gets so bad to ask for relief." I had no need for what they were offering. My Inner Master was taking excellent care of me.

Rhoda Leight

During my reading John-Roger said he could see my mother and how beautiful she is, but she had taken on weight. It caused her to suffer from low blood-sugar level, and the fat was pressing against her heart, giving her heart palpitations. I thought, "My mother is not fat," but I hadn't been home in about four years. He told me to call or write to her to tell her to follow particular instructions.

So I called her, and sure enough my mother had gotten fat, had been in the hospital a couple times, and wasn't working; she was sick. I told her what

he said. My mother is very spiritually minded and moved on it. A month later she called me and said, "I'm just fine; I've lost a lot of weight, and I'm working now and feeling much better."

After I gave my mother the instructions, it was 6 in the morning, and I called John-Roger's home. I thought I would put the information on the tape with my mother's phone number, because I didn't figure anyone would be up at that hour. When I called, the phone never rang. John-Roger picked it up and said he'd been waiting for my call. I told him about my mother, and he said, "Yes, I don't want to communicate with your mother, because I'd rather work with her silently now; it will be better." I said okay. He said some beautiful things to me, sounding the way I would perceive Christ - a very soft, beautiful tone that reached inside. Each time he has talked to me on the phone his voice has brought peace and everything was serene, like he was right inside of my soul, keeping everything in balance. He said, "Now you go lie down and get some rest."

I hung up the phone and immediately burst into emotion, flooding with tears. Then it totally stopped, and I didn't feel anything. But then the emotion returned, and I cried again. Consciously I was wondering what this was. I found out later that it was a cleansing.

Tom Moses

By the time I was 18, I was smoking marijuana, taking Dexedrine, Benzedrine, methadone, LSD, and heroin, and had contracted a disease called serum hepatitis, which is supposed to be terminal. I was told by a psychic to quit drugs, but I didn't do it, although I tried. I depended upon my friends for my happiness and inner peace, and they were taking drugs, which made it difficult not to take them myself. The hepatitis was really bouncing me around. I was getting attacks of jaundice and reached one point where I hadn't gone to the bathroom for 25 days and was continually heaving. I was dying inside. Inside I called out for help.

A few months later my step-father introduced me to MSIA seminars. At my second seminar I went up to John-Roger and told him about the disease that was troubling my liver and spleen. He said, "We'll see what we can do." At the seminar, John-Roger took us into meditation and called in the Light. When the Light came in, I had an instant healing from this disease; I went from pain to no pain. I've gone to doctors, and although this disease was supposed to be in the system, it is not. I thank God I was healed.

New Year's Eve of 1969 I put down drugs. I realized to quit taking drugs, I had to totally remove myself from people who were taking drugs. Continually I was tested with friends and situations that said, "If you're my friend, you're going to do this."

I said, "I'm your friend, but I love myself too much to allow myself to get back into that pattern." The strength that came from the seminars and John-Roger was enough to hold me through those times. I had created the drug action in a former life, and I had to be responsible for the action. I think I broke through the drug consciousness in the dream state. In the first dream I knew a girl who had been taking drugs but wanted to quit. She came to stay at my two-story house, and I was helping her out. Then one day I came home, and she wasn't here. I knew she had gone back into the pattern. Immediately she came riding up with a motorcycle gang. They started walking up the outside stairs to my apartment. One guy lit up a joint, a marijuana cigarette. I said, "You aren't coming into this house with that."

"Who's going to stop me?" he challenged.

I said, "You see that ground down there? I'll grab hold of you and take you over the side with me. You aren't entering my house no matter what." He came at me again but then saw that I was serious and backed off. I woke up from the dream.

The next night I dreamed I'd met a friend whom I hadn't seen for a long time. I'd been involved with him in a drug action. He lit up in front of me and said, "Here, you want to smoke with me?"

I said, "I'm sorry. I'm not into that anymore."

He asked, "What do you mean? Are you a narcotics agent now?"

"No."

"I think you are. Why did you quit?"

"I'm just not into it anymore; I found better ways."

"Listen, if you want to be my friend, you're going to smoke this with me."

I said, "Listen, I love you like my brother, but I'm not going into that." The guy got really up-tight and threatened me again. I just walked away, but I sent my love to the person.

I have a friend who was having severe back trouble and had been in excruciating pain for six months. She saw a big change in me since I was in the Movement and was wondering what was going on; so I took her to a seminar. We almost got in an accident and were late; her nerves were so tight that her back was in terrible pain. I enjoyed the seminar, but afterward she said, "I don't believe a word of it. Everybody in here is deluded. They want to believe these things; so they're believing them. That

guy is a big phony."

I said, "Okay, if that's the way you feel, I'll respect your opinion, but it's not mine by any means." Two or three days later I knocked on her door. The door flew open, and she was smiling like I hadn't seen for so long. She grabbed me and took me in the house saying, "Randy, the weirdest thing happened after the seminar. I came home and laid down on the bed, and this green Light came into the room and filled my body. I felt my back snapping, and ... and when is the next seminar?"

I got a letter from a friend in Rumania, whom I had given the seminar tape on the Inner Calm. A friend of hers had lumbago in her back and bones, which in the wintertime was unbearably painful. She told this woman how to do this exercise she learned on the Inner Calm. The woman used the exercise, and has no more pain.

Randy Garver

I was walking along an alley near where I was staying in Florence, and I felt a spooky feeling. Later that night when I was going to sleep, I switched off all the lights, but something told me, "Don't switch off the lights."

I said to myself, "This is nonsense; you haven't been bothered by the dark for years; just go to sleep." So I laid down to fall asleep, when suddenly I had a feeling of a spirit alighting on my chest. I said, "Oh no, not again," and jumped up out of bed and switched on the light. "Whatever it is, I'm getting rid of it!" I grabbed in the air and seemed to hold onto something. I yanked it with me and walked into the bathroom, opened the window, and threw it out of my hands. Wherever it went, it seemed to go down. I said, "Oh God, thank goodness I got rid of that." I went back into my room and said to myself, "Okay, there's nothing to worry about. Now you can go to sleep."

So I turned off the lights and went back to bed, and again there was this feeling of something hovering over me. I started to jump out of bed once more, when a voice seemed to come through to me like mental telepathy, saying, "Don't get upset; don't worry. I'm not here to harm you, but I have to tell you my story. I'm so upset."

So I asked in my mind, "What's your story?"

A woman spirit told me she had been murdered by her husband, who then had committed suicide or in some way died. The two of them were buried in the yard. Then as time went on, the yard was destroyed, and a roadway was paved over that area. Her grave was underneath the alley where I had felt uneasy.

She said that she had been hovering over her grave, because she could not forgive her husband for murdering her. Not being able to forgive, she was trapped with his spirit (the same one that I threw out the bathroom window). She had been there for about two centuries. I asked how she could be released from the position in which she had put herself.

She said, "I was a Catholic; if you pray the rosary for me, maybe I can learn to forgive myself." So I started praying the rosary and feeling empathy for her. I felt her tears hitting my cheeks and said to myself, "Yes, she is forgiving herself; she is coming out of it." Then I felt her getting lighter and lighter until finally I knew it was time for her to depart. I had finished the rosary and said, "Okay, it's time now for you to go. Everything is going to be all right." I took her to the window and let her out. I actually felt her rising from my hand. It was a beautiful experience.

I was brought up a Catholic and deeply believed in the Virgin Mary and all that she represents. I thought if I went to Lourdes and drank water from the miraculous stream, that maybe I would be healed of the narcolepsy I'd had for eight years. The first night I spent in Lourdes, the room I was in was very cold. So I asked for a heater, and a warm heater was brought in that lit up the whole room with a pink glow. I went to sleep and immediately went out of body and found myself knowing that the presence of the Virgin, or whatever she represents, was in my room, but I was unable to look at her. I said through mental telepathy, "I am not worthy to look at you."

She said, "That isn't true. There is only one thing that you have to do to reach a greater sense of yourself."

I asked, "What is that?"

She said, "I have a friend here whom you must forgive." Standing next to her was my former roommate whom I had had some problems with, and whom I had more or less left when I went and involved myself with a community of people. So I embraced her and felt like everything was cleared. Then I saw the Virgin smiling at me, saying, "Now walk through the wall."

I replied, "What? I can't do that."

She said, "Of course you can. You're out of body. It's just an experience to go through."

I said, "All right." I started walking into the wall, and the wall seemed to move into infinity; it kept going into space further and further back. I found that I was doing the same; I was moving into infinity. Then I woke up.

I went to the Lourdes shrine the next day, and felt ecstatic; I was dancing through the streets. I arrived at the shrine, and I took some of the water and drank it. I felt it was a healing water, but I still felt that it wasn't going to get rid of the narcolepsy.

When I was in Athens, climbing the hill of the Acropolis on a tour, I went through a *deja vu* experience. It was daytime and raining, but suddenly I thought I was in a candle-light procession singing hymns as we were going to the top of the Acropolis hill at night. When I got to the top of the hill, the sun came out, and again I was in present time, looking with wonder at the golden light reflecting off the temple pillars and broken walls. I was ecstatic with the beauty of it all and went dancing away seeing one building after another. I went into the Parthenon which is the temple dedicated to Athena, and if I really listened, I could hear a thousand voices singing. I kept feeling this music inside of myself, and I wanted to dance and shout and express so much joy at being in such a beautiful temple. I walked to the edge of the archway and looked out over the city, and suddenly a revelation came to me about woman's creative expression. Woman is deeply represented in Athena, and I felt Athena and the Virgin are the same. I was so excited over realizing this that I almost fell into a big pool of water.

During my first Aura Balance, John-Roger came in, put his hand on my back and told me he was removing a thought form that was draining me. That was my narcolepsy. He yanked this thing out of my back. Later I asked him, "What was that?"

He said, "If I told you what it was, you might pull it back to yourself, so I won't do that." For many months I really felt great, like a changed person. As the memory pattern had been with me for nine years, at times I still wanted to slip back into the sleepiness.

In my Light Reading, John-Roger told me about a past life where I had been trained in self-hypnosis to go out of body. In this lifetime I would hypnotize myself out of body. Thanks to John-Roger, I realized what I had to do to overcome that. Now I'm exercising on the beach, and losing weight, so that I can work with the Light better. I also learned in my Light Study that many people, who live in the same intentional community where I lived, were also involved in a Tibetan lamasery around 400 or 500 A.D., which created the group karma of our community. We are here to work out a need to cooperate with one another on all levels - physically, emotionally, intellectually, and finally spiritually. Those of us who have brought the Light of the Holy Spirit to this community feel that we are involved in a fantastic adventure.

Kathy Jeffares

In five years in the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness I have gone from failure to mediocrity. That may sound funny, but if one has another thirty or forty years on the planet, the possibilities are staggering.

I entered chiropractic college an avowed atheist. But when I looked at the perfection of body chemistry and function, I thought, "Wow! There has to be a fantastic intelligence, a tremendous power behind this whole operation." The healing arts offer a great chance to learn to serve and grow. We have an axiom called LSMFT - loving serving my first thought.

When I first started practice I was 22 years old and looked 14. I was so self-conscious that the only patients I attracted would come in and say, "My, you are a little young to be a doctor, aren't you, sonny?" I would go through the roof.

I finally went to one of my colleagues and said, "Jim, I keep having this same recurrent nightmare, while I'm awake."

After an in-depth discussion he said, "Keith, it sounds to me like you are so concerned about yourself and your appearance that you have no capacity to relate to and help other people. People somehow sense this, and you keep getting negative responses." When I learned to set myself aside and to be others-oriented, I opened to be a greater channel of service. One can be three-foot tall, green, and have three eyes, and still people will flock to him. The love that transpires between individuals is the catalyst for the healing process.

Keith Moore

A clinician is interested in restoration of health for the body, while a technician is like a robot, going up and down the spine hoping that the patient gets well. I examine and treat at the same time. I put my fingers on the chakras and wait for a pulsation, much like an acupuncture pulse diagnosis. This removes the congestion from the ganglionic areas, where any emotional, intellectual, or external insult registers as a blockage, called the shock syndrome. This will block the flow of the fluid or lumen throughout the tubes in the body. I first release the congestion of the lowest chakra on the lowest ganglion. Each ganglion relates to a chakra.

In the mountains where there is snow starting to melt, first it forms little tributaries, and eventually goes into big streams. Would we find any cess pools or algae around the bank in springtime? What happens in late summer when the water slows down? Vegetation. That is exactly what is wrong inside the body. An insult, which we traumatize with deep emotion, commanded on the conscious level, goes down to the subconscious level, and

then eventually to the adrenal glands, the stress glands of the body. From the adrenals it bounces back around the pancreas which harbors the emotions. 65 to 70% of the blood stream goes through the pancreas; so what we block or impede in the pancreas backlashes to other areas throughout the whole circuit.

There is an etheric pulse both underneath and over the arterial pulse. Basically, I am feeling the soul. My fingers are so sensitive that I can feel the tension or stress of the body. So I unstress it. I can determine how emoted a person is, and if they had a fight last night, etc. If one is pregnant, she is the host, and the baby is the parasite. To feed the parasite there is a tube between the two, and a peristaltic wave, like an ocean wave, moves through the tube to feed the baby. Seventeen weeks later we have a new pulsation inside the woman's abdomen, as the baby has a heart functioning before being delivered. Now there are two pulsations: the original and the heart, arteries, and veins. The baby is eventually delivered, and we cut the cord. Here is the secret of life. What happens to that previous pulsation after the cord is cut? Does it vanish, or does it remain, with the mother, or with the baby for the rest of his life? It is there - always is and always will be as long as he is alive. It relates to the silver cord. This pulsation doesn't vary: 68 pulsations per minute. The heart, arteries, and veins will speed up or slow down, but the one I am talking about is related to the internal mucousa of the body. This is constant, but through deep emotion, we can block it. We are attempting to let go through meditation. Detaching and letting go is balance. One has a body here for a span of life. It is loaned and doesn't belong to the individual personality. But one might be impeding the spirituality by blocking it on the mental. We command ourselves on the negative side. The only positive part of the body is the soul. A magnetized horseshoe will attract steel filings. We are like sponges for negative thoughts. Watch every thought, every word, every deed. Consciously eliminate negativity, because eventually the subtleties on the negative side will block. If it blocks the physical, it blocks the spiritual.

Nature has to restore its own balance. We say, "Physician, heal thyself." All I can do is restore the balance so that the patient can heal his own self. If we learn to understand the subtleties of emotional factors blocking ourselves, we can cope with them and change or dissolve them. If one wants change within himself, he can command himself to change. Ask and receive. Some people go under meditation hoping that this good Creator is going to change things for them, but they have to make the effort on the positive side. When they do, they will change it. How can one stay positive? It is the restoration of balance. What did Jesus say to the man who was blind and then was cured? He told him not to go through the same life path again, because he created his own problem with deep emotions. Where does arthritis come from? From crystallized personalities - people who know everything and aren't going to change. Diabetes affects the sweet type of people who harbor their emotions on the inside - a "peace at any

price" type. Be careful with the emotions. Sometimes we watch ourselves and think we are positive when we are negative. Have clarification; don't be fooled. The body doesn't lie.

My concentration is at the end of my fingertips, but I am always tuned with what I am doing. I am throwing the white Light from the end of my fingertips, although people may not be aware of that. When someone is depressed or emoted, I throw them off balance by telling a joke, changing their trend of thought to get them out of themselves. It is part of the healing program.

The kundalini is around the sacrum; it is the carnal sexual drive. The spade is mentioned in the Bible; the sacrum is shaped like a spade, which digs our degradation on the carnal level. We have to overcome that drive to grow spiritually. For this reason priests went away from the external world. Also the Bible mentioned seven churches, or spirits. Those are the seven chakras. Physiologically they are nerve centers. During meditation when reaching a certain level and knowing it, one can for the betterment of everyone command himself and ask for a change within. This is the mystery of the upward pattern. One can dissolve and transmute chakra imbalances. When we understand the simplicity, we get rid of the complexity. We learn to define ourselves inside of ourselves. The most powerful word is the "I," the "I Am." The "I Am" is in tune with the universal. When we reach this level, we envelope ourselves in the white Light. We can use the HU or the vowels, A, E, I, O, and U in a resonating, rolling motion, vibrating on all octaves to stimulate practically every chakra of the body. The glands are the booster stations of the body, its guardian angels. Spirit transfers through the glandular system; that is the secret. If we talk to the glands, we acquaint ourselves with the "I Am" inside and become a good friend to ourselves. Once we have gotten to a new frontier, we have eliminated the fear level. I am a pioneer within myself. I strive for increased spirituality and attunement within myself. I feel that one has to unlearn to relearn and grow. Once one admits he doesn't know, then life changes. I stay within the white Light of the Christ, the Grace within myself.

Dr. Floyd C. Davis

## Creativity

For a long time I was hung up on my art. It was frustration, aggravation, perspiration, and rarely inspiration and fulfillment. I was trying to create perfection through that expression. I related the negativity I was creating to my art, and soon I was blocked altogether. This went on for a few years until a Light Study with John-Roger brought forward the knowledge that perfection resides in the soul. Creating in art could come forward

through that consciousness. The blocks to my expression were lifted, and a new consciousness was initiated. I was opened to new horizons. Now I work from the soul to create my art, and I am happy with it.

I find I am not attached to the end result, for the expression is a reflection of where I am. I am no longer hassled about putting perfection down on paper. I use my tools as a means for the consciousness of God - the Source of creation. This Consciousness can flow through now clearer than ever.

One experience I had was bringing forward an image that people could identify as the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness. There were some changes in my attitude toward this new project. My feeling was, "It just doesn't matter how it turns out." When I let go, it came forward. When I stopped holding, it started flowing. It has budded out into one of the most learning and growing experiences of my life. The love that I have always felt is manifesting here and now. I let the living love come forward in everything I do. To work is to love, and love is to work.

Bill Glazier

In this lifetime I express as an artist and teacher. I can allow the Light to fill me and teach through my art, and then the art can open people to their inner treasures. Art can remind people, "Look within; look within." Our spiritual unfoldment is being aware of our true nature. The function of the teacher is the facilitator. The student has to teach himself. I feel that the best teacher is the best student, who is learning so much, so intensely, so joyfully, that he provides an example for his students. I work to respect my students and listen carefully as they tell me in many ways what might really work for them. Often I sit down and work beside my students, explaining the problems I'm working on. The level of mastery I represent is then not so aloof and unapproachable. They may also gain insight from the way I tackle a problem.

Diana Davies

The first time I received a song that I knew I hadn't made up out of my own consciousness, I was playing the guitar alone, going over two chords. Suddenly words started coming through. I wrote them down and saved them for a long, long time. This was before my role as "that girl who sings and plays the guitar instead of talking" during contributions.

I feel as though I am a helium-filled balloon bouncing against the ceiling. I know there is a trap door up there, and whenever I am in a clear state of

mind, the door will open. I will go through and collect words, poems, or a series of phrases, and bring them down. They may have no visible connection or meaning to me, but I will save them because I know sooner or later there will be a giant cogwheel coming through to roll over these words and sort them in the right order. Then I put music to them by simple chording, as I am not a professional musician. Sometimes I hear the entire song sung for me several times, as if on tape, so that I can stop it and take it down. It comes in different ways, and it gets clearer and clearer. Part of my spiritual growth is to accept what I hear and write it down better.

When I am alone, things become clearer, as I am not involved in other people's lives. Going out dissipates my energy, forestalling the future. I know songs are here. I only have to be still, quiet, and go within to bring them through. Often the songs correspond to my inner growth in that I can only go that far bringing songs through. I am not allowed to have any more until I have eaten what is on my plate.

Penelope Rutherford

Our biggest thrill was traveling with J-R and the Light Staff in Europe and India. We have been singing Light songs since our experience with bhajans at Puttaparthi, India, in Sai Baba's ashram. One morning in the open air temple I sat cross-legged in the midst of thousands of Hindus singing the chants which Baba had written. I got into the flow of the rhythm, and it really carried me. After that Michael Sun wrote some songs, and Muriel and I wrote some called Jars, because of the J-R sound, and because they are vessels for carrying the Light. The movement of our individual spiritual awareness wrote our songs.

Keith Moore

When I had my Light Study, the first thing John-Roger said was, "Have you ever written poetry?" I knew he knew what he was doing, because poetry is important in my life. Whenever I was positive in my life path, I was writing poetry, and when I was searching for the golden track I was writing poetry.

However, I had created an attitude of, "I can't do it, and it's not any good anyway. I'm not going to write poems, because it's only an ego manifestation, and that's not spiritual." After that I started writing poems again, and within a few months I had written as many poems since my Light Study as I had written in my life prior to that time.

When the seminars started in Berkeley, we had a reason to be together and

be friends. John-Roger has said that love is not two people looking at each other; love is looking in the same direction. These people who had been shuffling their feet and looking at each other trying to get together for so long were now looking in the same direction, and things were falling together.

A group of us drove down to Los Angeles for Aura Balances and Light Studies. We were sitting around the table, and John-Roger was talking to us. He played a tape of Florence Jolley's "The Light Has Come" and Larry Hartstein's song, when in my consciousness I heard, "Look around; you've found it. This is what you've been looking for. This man is your master." I was crying through the songs.

On the way home I wrote a poem that started. "We walked unknowingly into another dimension guided faultlessly by an unknown traveler onto secret paths through hidden doorways to which he held the keys." It ended, "He walked away into his own universe. We found ourselves back in our daily realities, but as he left, we could hear his parting words echoing through time: 'I have taken you on this journey that you may know what your inner worlds look like. When you see this place again, know then you have found the first key.'"

Vera M. Sedler

During my first Light Study John-Roger told me that I was here to express and to create. I mentally said to myself, "I don't think that is quite true, but I will see what else he has to say about me." At that time, I was not writing or doing much of anything. I didn't feel like I was creative or that I could express. I was very frustrated with myself, mainly because I had been unable to find a job in which I was happy, challenged, or fulfilled. I had just quit my job and was feeling worthless.

I was about to go to bed, feeling low, when Michael came into the room and said, "Do you want to listen to a seminar tape?"

Even that was not going to entice me, but I said, "Might as well." We had a large number of tapes, and he reached into the bag and picked one out at random. I asked, "What did you pick - Failure?" He answered yes. He started the tape, and five minutes later both of us were completely out, in a heavy sleep. I awoke about midnight, three or four hours later, and the tape was going around and around. I turned the tape off and could not wait to fall back down into bed again to go back to sleep - I felt drugged. I went back to bed and was just about out, when suddenly a funny little sentence started dancing through my mind. I said, "Oh, that's pretty good; I'm going to have to remember that tomorrow - that's really funny. So I made a mental note, hoping it would stick. A second one suddenly came into mind - and I

said, "That one is pretty good too; I'll have to remember both of those." Then came a third and a fourth and soon about six of them. I thought, "Oh my God, I'm not going to remember all these in the morning; this is terrible. Where is it all coming from, anyway?" I was still half asleep.

Finally I realized I would have to drag myself out of bed and get a pencil and paper and write them down so I wouldn't forget by morning. After forty-five minutes, I realized I had written an entire book. The words had all been in my mind, waiting for my awareness to become clear enough to see them. When it did, it was like taking a plug out - the words started falling out, channeled through my head. It was one o'clock in the morning, and I realized I had never written anything like it before in my life.

Now when I am told inwardly that a book or a work is ready to come through me, I still wonder if it is true. When I do sit down and call in the Light and the Mystical Traveler Consciousness, my consciousness is so filled with Light that I feel I am enchanted. I am not aware of the physical things that are going on, but simply that something strange is going on inside of me. When I come to the end of the writing, I have such a feeling of fulfillment that it is probably the greatest joy I know.

The next morning after the book came through, I decided that, "This should be a book. I wish I could draw. Maybe I could just draw stick figures...." So I assembled a rather crude version of the book and had much fun with it. I thought I would take it to John-Roger, because he might get a kick out of it, as it related to him and the Movement. I brought it to him and said, "I have something for you," and didn't know how he was going to act.

He immediately took it, opened it up to the first page, and said, "Oh yeah," like he had been waiting for it. "I want to read this." One of the later stories I wrote got out of his hands before he could read it, but he had seen it on the other side. When I asked him about it, he had to remember on which side he had seen it. We finally found it on this side.  
Vivian Joseph

During my second Light Study, John-Roger said to me, "You know, I see writing ability here."

I replied, "I used to write feature articles and poems on the high school and college papers, but I didn't feel it was great writing ability. I've had a strong desire to write this past year but haven't even been able to write silly poetry." John-Roger told me not to worry, because I was going through a change so that my writing could become spiritualized. Nothing happened with it in the following two weeks; so I forgot about it.

Eleven months later I was sitting at my office desk during lunch, and suddenly I got a tremendous urge to write something. I didn't know what, but I took out a tablet and with pen in hand started writing down the

thoughts that were coming forth so rapidly I could hardly keep up with them. I was wondering if I was even going to be able to read them. About 45 minutes later the communication stopped, and I read what I had written. The Inner Master identified himself to me in this uplifting message. I used to get thoughts every once in a while, and I wanted to believe it was the Inner Master. So I accepted that it was, and from this experience I really knew it!

From that day on, every single day, at least one discourse or poem would come through me. As experiences at work occurred, I would realize the lessons and feel that I had to write them down. Other times I would remember lessons and experiences from night travel, and upon awakening a discourse or a poem would come forth. That is how my first book came about. I don't think of the words; I just relax and bypass the mind, and these things come forth from the consciousness.

Later John-Roger told me the writings were coming from the Mystical Traveler Consciousness. He also said there were four or five others, one of whom is Omar Khayyam, who work with him from the other side who would, at times, bring these messages to my consciousness. He said this was going to be a book and that I did spend one year of training on the night side to learn to tap into this Consciousness. Most of the writings come through within 30 to 45 minutes, and the poems usually within 5 minutes. He explained that this is not automatic writing, as no one takes me over. I merely tap into the consciousness. I wanted to make sure that my own influence did not get into the writings. So one day I tried to direct the flow by putting my mind into it and thinking about what was coming out, trying to slant it a certain way. I was happy to see the information was shut off. So I knew it was coming from the Consciousness.

Louise Wyatt

The point at which I consciously began my personal movement towards spiritual inner awareness was two years ago when I began writing a book. Actually the book began writing me. It was not going to be any ordinary book; no indeed, it was going to be the next best thing to the Bible - maybe better! I like to deal in large concepts; it's easier to move the pieces around. I was swamped with an overwhelming feeling of disenchantment. The Revolution was going poorly; my job was crowding my freedom; my body kept breaking down; and I was being "used" by a global conspiracy whose sole purpose was to rob me of any vestige of real selfhood that I had left. The years before had been spent taking on other people's viewpoints, and the whole thing was beginning to disturb the innermost me. It did more than disturb me; it disgusted me. So, in August of 1971, I quit my employment and began my work. Much has come forward since I began this project, not the least of which has been my introduction to MSIA.

Initially, my book was a skeleton of a larger story composed of various short stories I had constructed. These stories would somehow come together to form the central theme, which simply was that this world would crumble if we continued to lose our sense of honesty - novel idea. All of this was going to be expressed through the medium of my protagonist, Alex Einhorn. Alex would be a unicorn of a man who spirits himself in and out of people's lives, sprinkling them with wonderment and then moving on. Through a series of strange events Alex becomes a third-party candidate for President of the United States on the Messiah ticket. A fine story indeed.

However, as I sat down to write this epic, huge areas of incredulity arose, and I was hit with the sobering realization that I was not yet prepared to do this work. First I had to do my homework. I had to give my protagonist something to believe in - some new insight into himself that could benefit all mankind. He would at least need a unique vision of his place in the universe. But what could that be? All I had knowledge of was a series of platitudes memorized as a child to keep from failing any given class. Even in college I was nothing more than an adept recording device that handed back to the professor information that he already knew. How in the world could I put forth a cosmic view so startlingly new that the course of history would be altered? My only hope was to find out what were the current viewpoints on existence and go one step further.

It wasn't long before I was knocking on doors at California Institute of Technology and the Jet Propulsion Laboratories asking questions that in less tolerant times would have sent new-thinkers to the stake. The physicists I interviewed were patient with me as they answered my queries about the construction of the universe. But a very disquieting thing happened when I pressed these men of science beyond the textbook replies. It usually took an extra cup of coffee, but what evolved was that each one of them had his own little idea hidden in the back of his mind regarding the purpose of this or any other universe. The alarmingly simple question, "Well, why do you think we are here?" brought such an array of responses that I was sure we are no more advanced in our knowledge of purpose than Homo Erectus.

As disarming as these inquiries were, they were not without their moments of reward. One such occasion occurred when discussing the construction of infinity with a master astronomer. Spurred by something larger than myself, I asked, "Doctor, in all your investigations and discoveries concerning the universe, has there ever been any evidence which demonstrated that there is a Divine Order guiding the stars?"

The highly respected professor closed his eyes, placed his hand to his forehead and after several minutes of deep concentration replied, "You know, for fifty years I have been observing the heavens but forgot to look for God!" He thanked me and walked away muttering that he must look into

that.

About this same time it became apparent that my protagonist should not only have some knowledge of the physical world but also of the metaphysical world. If he was to be a messiah, he would have to have some qualities that would convince even the most skeptical audience. As I asked around, I began to realize that a number of my friends had already been availing themselves of the various organizations in the Los Angeles area that dealt with the Spirit. "Spirit" is a magnificently misleading word. To a young man who had twelve years of parochial school and almost entered a Roman Catholic Seminary, "Spirit" referred either to the Third Person of the Holy Trinity or to those happenings of the occult which occurred behind sequestered doors and which could not be discussed except in whispers. Still, I was in the midst of numerous orientations toward self-knowledge. I knew I would have to go beyond their ceremonies and apprehend what it was that religiously brought these people together.

Almost overnight I found words like "karma" and "chakra" surfacing into the vocabularies of my closest friends. Each and every concept had to be scrutinized for validity lest I fall into my old pattern of getting caught up in the novelty of the viewpoint, rather than in the spirit of it. There was that word again! I couldn't avoid it. Wherever I went there was this common denominator of Spirit. Each orientation had outward differences which seemed to stem from individual needs for tradition, but they all possessed the inner knowledge that what they were doing was right. Ingrained in all the approaches was a down-home, ain't-no-doubt-about-it conviction that they were being guided by and toward Truth.

I remember my first seminar as a spectacularly uneventful occurrence. Penelope Townsend Rutherford invited me to a taped seminar at Gary Collier's home, and I had expectations of a séance or something equally entertaining. The people were nice, a little dingy, but nice. I still reserved the right to be analytical and not rush into anything. My first impression after the seminar was that J-R was a sharp salesman selling Judeo-Christian ethics, but it might as well have been used cars as far as I was concerned. Yet I found myself going back for more, and shortly I discovered I could be as dingy as anyone I had met. I realized that I could talk about my innermost experiences and not be chastised for it among people in the Light. I had had experiences in encounter groups, with psychiatrists, and various counselors, but even there I had felt inhibited from discussing events that I felt were peculiar to me regarding my relationship to a God Consciousness. There was a Renaissance going on, and I was just walking into it!

Now it is with a sense of ministry that I have given myself over to the task of sharing the information which is coming forward in preparation for what I believe to be the largest re-evaluation of our place in the universe since the end of the Dark Ages. Working in the Light has led me to some

strange and beautiful places, and wherever I have gone it has been with the knowledge that I am being compelled by cosmic circumstance. It is not an uncommon day when I end up having a discussion about the Spirit with a corporation executive or a pilgrim on a park bench. There is a conspiracy afoot of the highest order; an attempt to raise our level of consciousness is engulfing us. It is the most benign assault our sensibilities can accommodate, because it is attacking us on all sides of our insensibilities. The fact that there are so many people asking so many questions is proof that new answers will have to be formulated. And these new answers will create still newer questions until there are no more ironies. One of the most beguiling thoughts which has surfaced is that we are all so insignificant, and yet we are so monumental. Not one of us will be forgotten - there is conservation in all forms of energy.

Actually, it is now clear to me that I am not the only one writing my book. I have found many people in MSIA and elsewhere who have set about to do the same thing I have been doing, except that their vehicles are uniquely different. All of us are looking for a better way to take care of the business of being. We want a more viable approach to encounter destiny. It is because of this that I have titled my yet unfinished book, "Promise." All philosophies or ideologies have at least one thing in common - that things will be better. Every system of belief proposes that if it is espoused then the world will be better off. Each of us can contribute to the social-spiritual evolution of man simply by realizing our own potential. This is not an easy task; then again it is the easiest undertaking of all. All I have to do is become vulnerable to infinity. I don't mean becoming non-selective, blissful ninnies, but I do want to point out that everything we ever wanted is right here, right now. Our challenge is to likewise be right here, right now, openly, honestly - in thought, in word, indeed!

Tony Luna

## Light Studies, Aura Balancings and Innerphasings

The Light Studies given by Dr. John-Roger Hinkins are conducted through the direction of the person's high self. The primary purpose is to awaken one spiritually by bringing forward the information about one's life path, character traits, karmic relationships, etc., and how to work with these for the highest good.

In Aura Balances members of the MSIA Staff work with the Light of the Holy Spirit and the Mystical Traveler Consciousness to release negative thoughts and emotions which people have experienced and then held within the auric force field. Radiant energies are brought from different dimensions, using a pendulum as the tool to focus these energies into the aura, tuning up the

electro-magnetic force fields of the body, bringing balance and greater spiritual receptivity.

Innerphasings, given by the MSIA Staff, bring change in the area of the basic self, which includes the subconscious mind but goes even deeper. The basic self is the origin of many habitual responses; the processes learned on this level are recorded and played over and over through the unconscious levels, much like a continually repeating record. Through the Light of the Holy Spirit and the Mystical Traveler Consciousness, Innerphasings can be an effective way to remove blocks and free oneself from repetitious patterns by "programming out" old, undesirable responses, and "programming in" new, desirable responses.

I scheduled a Light Study with John-Roger, one of the few ones where he did measurements. He was measuring the spatial relationships of my face, and every time he would touch me I would pass out. While he was measuring my jaw, the blood would go shoom, right down out of my head. I'd say, "I think I've got to lie down." He'd laugh and go get me some water. I'd sit up and say, "Okay, I feel all right now." I'd drink some water. Then he'd touch me again, and I'd go zonk; this happened four times.

He was laughing and laughing and finally said, "Part of it is the Spirit coming in to align things, but also you needed a little proof."

I was very defensive, thinking, "No, not me; I believe you John-Roger." I'm glad that happened though, because every bit of phenomena substantiates my belief.

Gregory S. Smith

One personality trait that came out of my Light Study was my feeling of being cut off and alone in a group. He said that I could break through this pattern by introducing myself to fifty people. "Hi, my name is John. How are you?" I decided it was a good idea and started at a supermarket in Newport Beach, California, but I only introduced myself to a couple of people. Next I did it in Isla Vista, a UCSB student community. This time I introduced myself to about thirty people, although I would skip those who looked unfriendly. Finally one day between classes I started from the middle of campus and, even though I was scared, worked my way toward the edge, determined not to miss anyone. I stopped long enough to establish contact and then went on the next person. By the time I had gotten through fifty, I was ready to keep going. I broke through the pattern, which helped me to feel closer to people.

John Lee

In a reading John-Roger indicated that I should start giving astrological readings. I asked him why, since I was aware of the limitations of astrology. He said, "You will use it as a tool. You will start with astrological readings, but later you will lift and read directly from the soul. But you will start there, because you used to do this years ago with Solomon in his court of astrologers."

I thought, "Solomon and me used to hang out? Then why am I so dumb now?" Never one to turn down an adventure, I plunged in full ignorance and started probing into people's lives. Many times my experiences with the Light would cause me to say some weird things of which I had no knowledge of why I said them or what the connection was. The person would take it within, look at me strangely, and then relate fantastic occurrences due to the one thing I said. I became more aware that John-Roger was working with me. Many times I would set the chart aside, or we'd be riding in a car, and I'd have to tune in directly. I found this information to be as accurate as the chart; so I began relying more on the intuition.

Henry Conyers

I've always been in a job where I've had to work through personality conflicts. There was a time when if someone didn't smile at me I wanted to cry, because I felt that person didn't like me. I had to learn to overcome these sensitive emotions. I've been placed in jobs where personality conflicts have had to be worked out, and approximately every two years either my job or the personnel changed. I was only in the situation as long as it took for me to learn.

John-Roger says one never gets anything he can't handle. The first three months I was in my present job, there were no personality problems, because I was too busy learning the job itself. My boss was beautiful to me. However, after I had the job under control, a personality conflict came up between my boss and me. It lasted for a year and a half, and I felt I was in a prison and that he didn't like me. He made my basic self jittery, and communication was blocked. I asked for and received much help from the other side during night travel in working with my basic self. I began to see how my attitude compounded everything. When I realized this, I knew I was ready for an Innerphasing, for now my attitude was one where I could accept it and work with it. I programmed for confidence and attitude. I was shown how I could have confidence in myself, and how if I changed my attitude toward myself, the outer expressions of others would change. My basic self was made to realize that he didn't have to handle anything at

work; all he had to do was be there to sustain me. I, the conscious self, would take care of everything. My problem had been that I was trying to tell the basic, "You have to handle this; you have to make it right," and he started to fall apart, because that is not his job. Through the Innerphasing I started to know myself better and stopped believing what I thought my boss was projecting toward me. The following Monday I started projecting friendliness toward him and self-assurance of myself. I was no longer afraid of him, and he no longer reflected negativity back at me. He became friendly toward me, and before I knew it, I had all the freedom at work that I needed. We came into rapport with each other because of my new attitude. I am now using more conscious direction and keeping more aware - observing, evaluating and learning from each day's experience. I feel with this attitude that I can learn more in less time.

Louise Wyatt

I went to a tape seminar at Reuben Paris' house and was strongly attracted, but I had difficulty because my negativity was resisting. I would call Reuben on the phone, because he seemed to be tuned into what I wanted, and he would take off from work to come and talk to me at his house. He was so beautiful, but I wouldn't accept what he was telling me, even though I could still feel the love. I met Phillip Anthony one night at a tape seminar and asked him about J-R. I was interested in having either a Light Study or an Innerphasing. Phillip told me a little about them and said I could make an appointment, but it would take a while. However, he could give me an Aura Balancing. I was impatient and started fighting him with my negativity; so he just said, "Suit yourself." I walked out the door, because I was having a hard time accepting what he was telling me.

I got in my car to leave, but something inside me said, "Don't be a dummy; go and try. It is okay, because you don't have to believe anything or do anything other than show up." So I went back in, made an appointment, and had an Aura Balance . Things started changing around me, which surprised me. It was working, even though I couldn't figure out how. Now I have my aura tuned up every six months. It clears so many things, and there is a beautiful serene feeling of purity when I'm clear and uncluttered.

Jim Peterson

I had a series of Aura Balances. I didn't feel anything during the balances, and yet after them it was obvious something had happened. After the physical balancing, I had to work late that night, and when I got back to work I started feeling extremely tired, as though I were drugged. I knew from Phil's explanation that there are masters on the other levels of

consciousness working with one, even doing psychic operations for up to three days afterwards and that one may feel the effects of many things. I felt as though I were anaesthetized and kept drinking coffee and going to the restroom, saying, "I want to stay awake if it is for my highest good." No matter what I did, I became so tired I had to lie down. Finally someone took me home. I didn't want to tell my boss, a nice conservative Jewish man, that I had gone to have an Aura Balance; so I said I went to see my doctor. I didn't have to explain what kind of doctor. Dr. Hinkins is a Doctor of Divinity! I stayed in bed most of the weekend and by Monday felt fine. While I didn't feel anything mend physically, I felt there was something that had been out of balance. When I had my emotional balancing, I expected to feel either very high or very low because my emotions had been out of balance since I incarnated, but nothing happened. I was disappointed. A few weeks later people started telling me, "You've changed. You're a lot nicer to be around."

Name withheld

I would give Aura Balances credit for a great improvement in my arthritic condition. Before the Aura Balances, I couldn't get in or out of a car without some help, couldn't navigate too well by myself, and whenever I weeded the garden, I couldn't straighten up. The pain was very bad. Now I can weed and straighten up easily without pain.

Hannah Wallis

When I got my first Aura Balance, John-Roger came into the room and put his finger on my forehead and said, "Your third eye really wants to open, but drugs have prevented that." I went home and realized how much pain I had gone through, how much karma I had produced, how much guilt I had around me, and how much I had distorted my auric energy field. This man had just walked in and taken years and years if not lifetimes of pain and struggling from me. I was filled with so much Light I could hardly stand it.

Then about a month later I came to Los Angeles for an emotional Aura Balance. I had had a monkey on my back, and that was released. I'd had much guilt tacked onto my basic self, which was released during my spiritual Aura Balance. Guilt looks small when looked at with the mind, but it can block the energy throughout one's whole expression. I hadn't had a good hearty laugh at all in years like I had at the end of my spiritual Aura Balancing.

David Allen

## Soul Transcendence

To develop greater spiritual consciousness one can actively practice spiritual exercises, such as prayer, meditation, chanting a tone or mantram, gazing into a candle flame or water, or consciously directing the awareness into spiritual activities. The Mystical Traveler Consciousness can work with one more who is consciously focusing his attention and centering himself with a spiritual exercise. After two years of study within MSIA, one can be initiated into the Sound Current of God through the Mystical Traveler Consciousness, giving one a direct connection into Spirit. While on earth one can experience the heavenly realms through Soul Transcendence.

As I understand it through my own experiences, spiritual exercises are a way of re-focusing to fulfill our life destiny and overcome our own blocks. I have sat down loaded with negative situations, feeling physically weighted down and wondering how I would ever get out of that. Then by doing spiritual exercises for a half hour, focusing into higher dimensions, I am able to come back with renewed strength and awareness. It's like being born into a new world. To do this I have to let go of thinking about the negative situation and focus on the spiritual exercise. For me, this is cooperating with the Light.

Wesley A. Whitmore

For many days I used the spiritual exercise of looking in the water, but it seemed as though nothing was happening. My children, who knew I was looking in the water, presented me with a beautiful crystal ball. However, I've had more success looking in the mirror. I wanted to see my aura, and I knew that it could be reflected back to me in the mirror. I'd heard people talking at seminars about seeing their face so covered with Light that they could scarcely see their own facial features. So I kept looking in the mirror, and soon things began to change. My reflection in the mirror looked like a photographic negative. The light part became brighter, and the facial features disappeared. There was an aura of a golden Light from the head. I concentrated on the top of the head, because I knew that was where the silver cord is attached to the body, and I hoped to see it. I saw a shadowy figure over the head. I can understand why it might have been called a dove settling on Jesus' head when he was baptized by John the Baptist. Joseph Weed wrote that a person can concentrate on filling the room with Light. I have seen a purple, electric blue color fill the room

behind me while looking in the mirror. So I know that something is happening, and my spiritual eyes are beginning to open.

Alma Clary

My first conscious spiritual experience came when I was out of high school after a very difficult time, during which I would go within and alienate myself from people for weeks on end. I kept searching, questing, but I was looking the wrong way or with the wrong attitude. At one point I said, "Forget it; I give up. I am ready for something new." I was sleeping out on a porch with windows all around. That night I was awakened to semi-consciousness by the rain, which brought me back just enough so that I had awareness of other levels of consciousness. One consciousness was the body in the bed, and the other was my self flying over landscape.

The colors were lush and green, and I could magnify things so that they would get bigger anyplace I looked. I became aware of a voice speaking over my right shoulder. It seemed completely natural. The voice was directing and showing me another person who was flying. It wasn't that I had a body, and it wasn't that I didn't have a body; it wasn't important. The other person I later found out was John-Roger working with me. This was three or four years before I came into the Movement consciously, and he was saying, "Watch how he moves; watch how he does it - he gives up, lets go, and just does it." He was showing me how to get out of the body, saying, "Now you try it." I was in two consciousnesses at one time. I was aware of the consciousness suspended in space, and the one on the bed. When he would say, "Just let go," I would feel my body let go, and my consciousness would rise.

Then the landscape changed and became tremendous colors, each color becoming a reality, a field I was part of. I was no longer a body. I was the colors, and I could still hear the voice say, "Let go." I was taken by the colors and floated higher and higher. Colors were coming around from all directions at the same time. The colors then became music, and this whole action was so powerful. As the colors went into music, I said, "My God, this is incredible!" From that point I went into an unconsciousness state, because I remember being jolted back against the bed. There was a knocking at the door, and I came back into the body. I was still aware of this tremendous force; my whole body was shaking.

Michael Sun

I was using the spiritual exercises regularly when I first got into the Movement, because I was doing very little else. I had a couple of

experiences which made things tangible for me. I was lying in bed and feeling a pull, a drawing out, like suction. I was familiar with the idea of having the consciousness leave the body. I would feel myself rising up and would get anxious. If I did, I would wake up and lose the experience. But on a couple of occasions I lifted up; the consciousness was free of the body, and I was looking around. I was as awake as I am now and thinking, "Wow, my body is asleep, and my consciousness is not there." I could see colored lights all around, striations of purple and gold and yellow and orange-red. I was trying to see what was going on, and the next thing I knew I awoke into another level. I was with J-R and Phil, one of his staff, and we were walking down some stairs. I saw a few people I recognized, and I realized I was still not awake. I looked around for a while, and nothing was particularly happening; so I decided to wake up all the way. I tried to open my eyes, and I couldn't do it. It was like I wasn't all there. I worked on it, and finally straining I woke to full consciousness. I still had that vivid recollection, which verified what I had been told about having the consciousness separate from the body.

Gregory S. Smith

During one meditation, I got very far away in my consciousness from my body, and even though I didn't know exactly what was going on in this other greater reality, I had the perspective of looking back into this physical world and thinking, "That's going on too, but as a side project." The physical is important, but whether I do one thing or another, or live in this place or that, is irrelevant. All that is important is that I accept what comes forward for me and not resist it.

Vivian Joseph

The high experience of my quest was when I was connected to the Sound Current by the Mystical Traveler Consciousness after two years of concentrated study - the Ocean of Divine Love and Mercy, and the force of universes. The connection was made, and I felt a warm tide rising from the lower chakras to the third eye area, a physical pressure and a spiritual freedom. I was not evolved enough to experience my divinity consciously; so I went to a couch where in sleep I could release myself from bodily bondage. My point of view from that time has been that if I misplaced my friends and lost my possessions, I would have my tone, a key by which I can know the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Mankind.

Is it not divine that we  
the holders of the mind intact  
not only reflect back

but also create  
those things we make  
for Gods sake.

Mark T. Holmes

I am an architecture student, and often go for a day or two without sleeping to finish a project. Once I was about two days into a project without sleep, and it was due in four hours. I was blocked in a particular design aspect; I couldn't see anything. I was dry-heaving inside of myself, was really tired, and couldn't handle it. So I sat down in a chair and started doing spiritual exercises. Within two or three minutes I felt myself completely fall down in my chair and shoot out of my body like a rocket ship. I kept consciousness as long as I could, but it was moving so quickly. I came to 20 minutes later. My body was no longer tired, and I felt much energy within me. I looked down at my design problem on the floor and saw what I needed to do. I worked for 15 minutes to finish it and took it to school.

Randy Garver

The Sound is getting louder. I can hear it now after my most recent initiation, whereas after the previous initiation, it was colors, purple and green. J-R asked me to write him four to six weeks after the initiation and tell him how I was doing. I wrote that I was doing, "Pretty good, that I can hear the Sound, but that I don't know if it is an illusion, or if it is real." As soon as I wrote the letter the Sound stopped, and I was really desolate. Then after thinking a while that I was a dummy, I thought maybe he took it away to let me know it was real. The Sound came back. Then I began to wonder and asked in another letter, "Did you give me back my illusion as a pacifier to make me feel better because I wanted it back so much, or is this real?" I decided if I didn't have J-R to ask, then I would have to decide it was real. I was able to talk to John-Roger about this a short time later, and he said, "Yes, it's the Sound." On the mental level one doubts oneself a lot!

The tones are so subtle that I can't tell when it is running water or bells tinkling. I don't have to say my mantram always to get it; I can be still and tune in, and it comes. Other times I can't get it, and that is good, because otherwise I would take it for granted. I wouldn't want to be without it, as being away from it those few days was enough for me.

Muriel Moore

When I was 8 years old I began to have experiences of tuning into what I know now to be the Cosmic Sounds, an aspect of the Sound Current. The sound came in as a steady, high-pitched tone, heard in the center of my head. Because I heard it when everything became very quiet, I thought it must be what "silence" sounded like. I have recently learned that I can reach consciously into a peaceful, calm state by listening for that sound. The sound is a presence; it is always there. I have only to shift my attention from the chattering of my mind in order to hear it. And, if I listen to it closely enough, I can hear it differentiate itself into various tones, much as one can see the white light around a candle differentiate into color tones after gazing at it long enough.

Sometimes I hear a loud tone on one side of my head. This tone sounds like the distant ricochet of a bullet - strong at first, then gradually fading away. It's a real attention-grabber. J-R told me once that I was being instructed from the other side at those times. It might take a week or ten days for this information to be stepped down in frequency so that it could be filtered into the conscious level of awareness. Then the information might actually come through the agency of another person, a book, or through a learning experience. J-R said that if I could lift the frequency of my "receiving station" high enough, I could get the information directly and immediately. Until I can do that, I just say, "Thank you" whenever I hear this tone.

Gary Collier

I have experienced traveling in the higher realms of Light. One morning I was lying in bed thinking about soul travel and the Light. I had a strong feeling that I would like very much to leave my body and consciously travel. I had brought back memory of doing this in the dream state, but never consciously. I asked for the experience, "for the highest good." I had asked before, but this time it happened.

The feelings were intense and the vibrations very high. It was as though my body split, and I overflowed into this great ocean of love. I felt a total oneness, so complete, desire less. Things that seemed so important to me in the past meant nothing. I experienced fulfillment. God, Light, and love was all that mattered.

This helped me break many desire patterns. I was made aware of my responsibilities here and realized why it was so important to always ask for the highest good.

I later experienced being out in the universe. There were brilliant lights and rays of light. The feeling was one of total freedom. There was no fear. I had asked for the experience for the highest good. It was 8 a.m. There was construction going on near me. I wondered if I would be able to do it,

as I awaken very easily. It happened quickly. I was just there. It seemed like seconds. I was surprised when I opened my eyes, as two hours had passed.

After five years in the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness, my experiences are not so dramatic, but much more constant are the feelings of peace, oneness, inner strength and knowing. I feel more love and security than I've ever known before. The fears are falling away, and my life flows, when I work within the Light.

Wanda Mansbach

I found through doing, that the spiritual exercises are not passive - not a feeling of calmness all the time. Often a great agitation or irritation will come up. I say, "Today I want to affirm that I am working with the Mystical Traveler." Usually it tests my weakest points.

I relate back to the Bible where Jesus was in the garden with the disciples. They fell asleep, and Jesus said, "Can't you stay awake for one minute with me?" We sleep in areas where we are the weakest. So every day new things come up that maybe I have suppressed for years. Many times when a feeling of agitation or depression comes in, I remember techniques that take care of these things. It is not a divine right that we are here; it is a privilege. When I don't use these techniques I want to kick myself. The answers are here. I've often thought whether I should get another Light Study with John-Roger. The answer always is, "You know the answer, if you go inside." That is where J-R is, and that is where the work is. More and more his work is on the inner levels, and people must tune inwardly to get the answers. As soon as one finds these answers inside, he finds that he is in there too; so he finds himself.

I am finding that soul consciousness is different from anything I have ever thought of, felt or imagined, for these concepts are only partial realities. Instead of trying to be something or to imagine what it is like, I can just be and hold a frequency. I think this is why the initiation tones, the HU, and other frequencies that have been given are so valuable. One doesn't have a picture that is associated with them, because they are frequencies that one holds to keep the mind steady so that a pure essence can flow through. People in the initial stages have told me, "I do the spiritual exercises, but I don't feel anything." I went through that, expecting maybe to see cities on other realms. I found as I chant my tones I am building a bridge to the higher realms. It is so beautiful when I am living it, and so miserable when I am not. At first the negativity is brought up and cleared, so one can see straight; otherwise it will be cloudy. Letting the Spirit and life flow through is not trying to do or not to do, or reacting, but becoming an instrument for the Divine Melody.

Michael Sun