

Live the Impossible

Dream!



Life is a Grand Adventure

Nick Good

Forward

Your pain is the breaking of the shell which encloses your understanding.

—Khalil Gibran, The Prophet

I once kept a Chipmunk as a pet. I had him in a cage in my room. He would spend every second of his waking hours passionately and feverishly trying to find a way out of that cage. I had fashioned a small leather jacket for him, from which I could tie a leash, imagining that I could somehow tame him and take him for walks outside. Every time we would venture out he would simply fling himself in every direction in his ceaseless desire to escape. Eventually I set him free.

We all have something inside of us that yearns unceasingly for its freedom. I am in touch with it. It is my spirit and it is the spirit of life. The world today is calling each of us to heed the cry of our inner yearnings and to open the cages of our closed hearts and minds. It is time for us all to break free from the chains of misconception and dissolve the shackles and fetters of our false and ignorant judgments and denial of the true greatness of ourselves. Life is a wonderful and amazing journey. If you are not experiencing it as such, then it is time for you live it that way.

We all face challenges in life. Challenges are a natural and necessary part of growing. There is no genuine, authentic evolution of consciousness without challenge. The challenges we all face today in the modern world are fast assuming the appearance of overwhelming and impossible-to-meet proportions.

There are many tales, stories and legends of heroes who surmounted impossible odds and accomplished extraordinary feats and deeds of valor. Some of them are history, some of them are myth, all of them are true. The reason they are true is that they are communicating most vital messages that you should well understand.

The immense difficulties and trials humanity is facing today and the shocking revelations of the powers of darkness active in the world are throwing down the gauntlet in front of us all. The big question is, will you pick it up?

Rather than waste time in our petty judgments and political debates, we should see the immense opportunity which is presenting itself here, for in order for us to

demonstrate our true greatness we need an impossible puzzle to solve. In order for us to shine with our true brightness, we need an equivalent amount of darkness in which to blaze. In order for us to demonstrate our true strength, we need an impossible foe to wrestle, and in order to express the power of Love that we are, we need an unforgivable wound to forgive.

Life is not a little game—it is a big one. Life is not a cheap, soap opera sit-com—it is a soul-shaking, epic event. You are being called to face your personal challenges and we are being called to face our collective challenges together for the raising of the consciousness of the world. In the same spirit that David met Goliath, Jesus met the cross, Skywalker met Vader, and Avatar defeated the machine, we must, like Arjuna on the battlefield of Kurukshetra, wipe the tears of ignorance from our eyes and see the world for what it truly is. Like reluctant Hobbits facing the hordes of Mordor, we are looking for the savior in someone else; but all these challenges, unbeknown to so many, are initiations of consciousness, for the benefit of soul.

The great challenge of the times, instead of being dragged kicking and screaming towards our fate, is to turn willingly within to summon the courage and power we need to face the extraordinary initiations before us all. In order to accomplish this successfully, we need, as individuals, to be motivated and inspired so we can take the appropriate action to change our own lives.

Perhaps the most inspiring tales of accomplishment are true stories of individuals who, against all odds, have achieved a seemingly impossible dream. As I look back upon the journey of my humble life I see many milestones of “impossible” goals attained. If indeed, as quantum science and the purest spiritual perspectives would have us believe, there is only One of us here, then the story of one is the story of all. I offer this tale in the hope that it inspires you to accomplish what may today, for you, appear an impossible dream.

Love and Blessings,

Nick Good

Kauai, 2011



Part One

The Initiation Begins

*Even as the stone of the fruit must break that its heart may stand
in the sun, so must you know pain.*

—Khalil Gibran, *The Prophet*

Early Challenges

I was born on a small farm in the Shire of Lincoln in the heart of England. The farm was nestled in the elbow of two adjoining rivers and provided an idyllic surrounding for the genesis of the individual I am today. Robin Hood and his merry men had walked the fields of that land before me, and I, like their ilk, was born with an innate soul purpose to defy the iron fist of unnatural authority that sought to own not only the land, but the very spirit that moved me.

My mother was a heartbroken woman grieving for the loss of her first-born son. I soaked in the waters of her saddened womb and imbibed the chemicals from the cigarettes she washed down with whiskey every day. Before I left the womb I was addicted to alcohol and cigarettes. By eight years old I was smoking, and then drinking by the age of ten. The emotional and biochemical cocktail in which I gestated provided the first significant challenge of my life. Anyone who understands the mysteries of health appreciates how the atmosphere and environment of the womb defines the strength and vitality of one's immune system for the rest of one's life. On top of this, being born and emerging into a strange, cold world, I, like many children of the day, was denied the comfort and nourishment of the milk-rich breast. The British government at the time was deftly engaged in a campaign of disinformation and propaganda which brainwashed swollen mothers into believing that the milk in their breasts was somehow inferior to the dried cow's milk powder they were now being sold. The shocking obviousness of this lie is a reflection of the way we, like cattle and sheep, are even today impotently following the herd-masters' dictates.

Strangely enough, the farmhouse in which I grew was haunted. A young monk would ghost through the walls, very often sitting in sad contemplation in front of us all. My father and his sisters, their parents and friends, and especially my brother were all familiar with the sight of this sad little chap. Father and grandfather were both veterans of war. My dad had been to the second world war and my grandfather had been to the first. Both were wounded, deeply psychologically scarred and mutilated in their souls by the shock and horror of it all. Violence and anger whirled around shattered psyches in the toxic emotional climate of my home. This provided a unique situation. Because of the presence of the ghost, the veil between worlds was thin and what was attracted into the house through the astral portal were entities equivalent to the prevailing emotional and psychological climate. Because the men who dominated the atmosphere, in their schizophrenia, toxicity, emotional trauma and angst, were driven by demons themselves, they attracted into that space apparitions and beings I hope you never witness yourself.

For myself, a young child, this was a terrifying ordeal. It formed the basis for an understanding and appreciation of life, the nature and substance of creation, and the relationship between invisible and visible worlds that, as a boy, I had no ability to comprehend. Many a night I awakened to the presence of some horrific apparition in my room, sometimes sitting on my chest, sometimes on my bed, sometimes just watching in the darkness. Thus began the second great challenge of my life: to deal with a shattered and terrified mind. This particular initiation through fear, then confrontation and conflict, and eventually to peace, took a good thirty-five years.

Unbeknown to me at the time, this unique foundation was a perfect holistic challenge. Its physical, mental, emotional and spiritual complexity penetrated to the depths of my soul. Being challenged so young with supernatural ordeals which were a cruel testimony to the wondrous nature of life provided a template for psychological maturity and depth of understanding that took decades to integrate. For many years it was a dreadful burden to bear and provided the fuel for the victim consciousness which haunted me for decades. It was, as so many of our challenges are, a great blessing in disguise due to the depth and power of the mix.

And could you but keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would seem no less wondrous than your joy.

—Khalil Gibran, *The Prophet*

This England was a tough, hard place, and education was very often delivered by the fist. The British Empire, although in decline, was still close to its inglorious peak and its method of brutal intrusion into sovereign and indigenous lands penetrated to the heart of the family unit. Our parents, our friends, our family, our teachers and all individuals of authority were unconscious administrators of its violent way. The shattering of the psyche and the wounding of the emotional body continued through the institution and structure of our culture. Sensitivity was a curse, open-mindedness a blight. Treated with derision and disdain, I wandered and wondered in the fields and by the rivers alone. Struggling to integrate feelings I did not understand, deafened by words that were never said, my best friends were trees and dogs, my favorite music the morning birds and sound of burning logs.

I was kicked and punched every day through my early school years. Even the local girls were dangerous; I remember being chased around the village by one in particular who delighted in wrapping the toilet chain she always carried around my scrawny neck. I was in and out of the hospital with one ailment after another and did not see an adult man and woman demonstrating any affection towards each other, except on TV, till I was twenty-two years old. My headmaster from seven to eleven years old was a big-fisted man, who wore a Hitler style mustache and loved to drive his fist into and under the fledgling ribs of my child's back, affirming with dripping venom that I was no good and never would be.

All of this brings to mind the image of a tiny flower growing in the cracks of a concrete path. Even though trampled and worn, starved of water and light, and sometimes the color of petals disappears, nothing and no one can stop the power seeking to express through that flower. There is something altogether unstoppable in the blazing magnificence of the human spirit. If you prune a tree it only grows more vigorously. If you chop back the bush it only comes back thicker. And if you batter a

child, who is in touch with that same wild thing, he will, one day, ascend to a far brighter sphere on account of that treatment. Life knows this and you should too.

Throughout all of this brutality and toxic expression of well-meaning, shell-shocked maniacs, there were so many victims who fell by the way. So many youngsters, even today, are the specific target of an aggressive, invasive, well-engineered system that is perfectly designed to disable, confuse, castrate and permanently wound the very seeds of Life itself. Like the god Cronos who ate his own children, the modern world in which I grew was doing the same. Although this is my story of yesterday, all of it is still happening today.

The gift in all of this madness is that in order to rise above it, to transcend its shuddering toxic effect, qualities of being must be found—virtues of invincibility. Like sleeping seeds in the soil of your inner nature, they await being watered by your own unshakable faith, faith in Life itself, faith in that pure and natural thing that you eternally are. All of this pain is to drive us deeper into that soil, into the very roots of ourselves to that splendid secret place where all of your riches lie.

*And you would accept the seasons of your heart, even as you
have always accepted the seasons which pass over your fields.
And you would watch with serenity through the winters of your
grief.*

—Khalil Gibran, *The Prophet*

The lonely days I spent wandering the flat fields of Lincolnshire, climbing trees and watching the river flow gently by, created a connection with something real that no amount of violence, psychological or otherwise, could sever. That subtle, invisible, nameless thing which laps gently against the shores of our souls was finding a way in to mine. The succor it provided was the perfect contrast to the hard edges of the toxic, unnatural world which I was trying to make sense of through an already shattered and terrified mind.

There were precious few moments for dreamtime and even fewer for fairy tale romance. A harsh and sobering realism was ever present in my early days. My father's drawer in the big kitchen was full of broken tobacco pipes and spare sets of false teeth. In it he also kept his medals and mementos of war. A collection of black and white

photographs was also always there. Most of them were of bloody, twisted bodies of his dead friends. They were part of the British tank regiment which spearheaded the push into Palestine, driving a bloody wedge between the Arab peoples and establishing the state of Israel shortly after the second world war. Most of the “Death or Glory Boys” had found the former and their inglorious fate was permanently burned into the celluloid. The photos gave me a very early glimpse into other harsh realities—a stark contrast to the peaceful beauty of nature surrounding me—and a clue to understanding part of the reason why things were the way they were in our home.

Deepening the Wound

The mythological journey of the Hero is the journey of soul. It is the adventure of self-discovery which calls in different ways to us all. In this journey there are certain milestones, rites of passage and initiatory junctures which cannot be avoided. One of these significant stages is the receiving of a wound. We have all been wounded and there is a very deep soul wound in the world. The purpose of our life experience is to heal it.

The journey of the soul is being played out in the world and the physical body. Everything which occurs on the surface of life is for a far deeper reason. Ancient and indigenous cultures understood and still understand instinctively the part pain plays in the evolution of consciousness and purification of the soul. Wounding was and is integrated into their ritual and ceremony, and is purposefully associated with their Source of spiritual empowerment through these ancient rites of passage. Our society and culture has no such structure in which to use pain intelligently to re-shape the psyche of the youth in an appropriate container guided by the mentorship of elders. Life, therefore, must administer wounding in seemingly random events of misfortune or fate.

When I was around nine years old, maybe even younger, a gang of local roughs and scruffs assembled at our farm. It was summertime and the shed was full of hay bales. We climbed to the top of the haystack and a bountiful amount of corn lay in piles which resembled sand dunes about twenty feet below us. There was a large thick rope suspended from the steel framed roof hanging down about ten feet away from the

edge of the bales. Our fun that day was running full sprint and diving off the stack, grabbing the rope, swinging around the shed like Tarzan on a vine, and dropping into the dunes of wheat below. When it was my turn, on my second revolution above the corn, I smashed into a large steel girder and dropped twenty feet, sliding down the wall of the shed and landing on the back of my left thigh, on the very sharp edge of a brick wall. I then fell the remaining eight feet onto the very hard concrete below.

The leg wound appears regularly in myth and legend. Jacob's leg was wounded by the angel in the morning after they had wrestled all night. These kinds of wounds are soul wounds. They open up channels in the psyche which otherwise remain closed. It was, perhaps, the severest pain I have ever endured, magnified no doubt by my tender age. What it also did was permit me a flash of a terrible near-death experience from a former incarnation. It was a bewildering moment that wounded me deeply. Later that year I broke both my legs and my right arm.

Life is always communicating, teaching and showing the way, if only our eyes are open to the true brightness behind the daylight. I remember my favorite pony that as a boy I was often chosen to ride. "Trigger" was his name, and he was pure black with four white socks and a brilliant white blaze. Trigger was a rig, which means that when they castrated him they did not get both of his stones. Rigs are inherently wild, unpredictable and mad. I loved riding Trigger because without any warning he was prone to rearing up on his back legs and just galloping off and away. He had the most sophisticated equipment for keeping control of a horse—a double curb chain bit, double reins and martingale tied tight—but it was useless on Trigger. When he was off there was no stopping him and secretly I really didn't care. Imagine the scene at the local gymkhanas where we would all gather to compete. Everything and everyone was in good, old-fashioned English order and there is but one horse and rider galloping here and there, rearing and charging around, a shining spark of chaos in an organized and structured hierarchy. The secret joy I felt as I struggled to hold Trigger's head fed a part of my aliveness that the system would have much preferred dead. I loved that horse and his spirit and for years I have mirrored his madness and unpredictable surging rush for a freedom that I knew not where to find. I give thanks for the lessons he taught me.

Animals have always played a significant part in my life. They are wonderful messengers and carriers of the frequency of innocent being. As a boy, dogs were always my best friends. Hunting was a big part of farming life and the dogs were there to assist the hunt. If a dog got too far ahead of the hunters and flushed out the birds out of range of the guns, then my dad, screaming and cursing, would fire a warning shot across his back and call him to come. If the dog still kept running ahead my dad would shoot him dead in the field. I lost a lot of my best friends that way. One day my brother and I were digging a grave for one of those friends. It was a bitterly cold morning and the spades and iron bar barely made a dent on the deeply frosted ground. Struggling to hold back the tears, we made a pact I shall never forget. During the emotion, a car rolled in to the farmyard. A woman emerged, took out a wheelchair, and proceeded to help her husband into it. They disappeared into our house. My brother turned to me and asked me to promise him that if ever he could not do for himself and ended up in a wheelchair, disabled or whatever the case, that I would shoot him. I agreed and made him promise the same. He was sixteen, I was eighteen. Seventeen years later it was a promise I was destined to fulfill.

At the age of eleven, life changed in a big way for me—for the first time, I experienced life away from the nest. I was enrolled in a boarding school about twenty-five miles away from the farm. It was a traditional school based on corporal punishment and something called "fagging," where the younger boys were obliged to serve the older ones. Designed to instill a servant/master mentality, it was a more sophisticated version of the caste system from which I had come, the preferred tool of motivation shifting from fist to stick. I had the school record for canings, mostly for smoking and running away. Virtually every Saturday I and some of my friends would just head for the hills, running we knew not where and did not particularly care, just following that innate and primordial urge to escape from the cage of our oppressor. It was during this time, perhaps as puberty kicked in, that the experiences of my youth began to integrate and a more intelligent rebel was born.

Thankfully the cushion of laughter provided a release valve for our stressed-out psyches. Along with the birth of punk rock came Monty Python and the apparently official approval by the British Broadcasting Corporation to express our insanity,

frustration and eccentricity with gay abandon. This, to us, was a very welcome and unexpected release and we took full advantage of it—so much so that for the seven years my secondary education endured, we did little more than laugh and rebel while feigning interest in the system's tripe.

Being such a scrawny runt of a kid, my immune system, which had soaked in that sad and blessed, toxic womb, had inherited a certain toughness that I now was being called to express. The windswept rugby fields provided the arena for the beginning of an athletic career and the first genuine footsteps upon the path to achieving impossible dreams. To be a capable and competent rugby player, one needs skills, toughness and speed, and perhaps above all an ability to master fear and keep a cool head in the heat of the battle. Of course I possessed none of these abilities but I did have the spirit of that trampled flower, destined one day to shine. Like most boys, my main motivation to succeed was to receive the approval of my father, to hear the words that mean so much. To a beaten dog the tender touch which comes from the hand that both owns and wounds him means more—so very much more—than any amount of tenderness from a stranger's hand. For years and years I just wanted him to watch me play. Sometimes he did, but he could not hide his contempt at the pathetic performance of his wimpy son diving out of the way of collisions and tackles, instead of into them, overwhelmed once again by fear. The runt, however, persevered.

They were wonderful days, and absolutely unique. Gone now, perhaps forever, the fabulous spirit which pervaded the amateur game of rugby. Our school fields were close enough to the senior men's clubhouse and very often, after we played for the school in the morning on Saturday, the captain of the local fourth team, short on players, would come looking for us at lunch and invite us to play. Can you imagine us? Stuffing down our beans and chips, fetching our still wet, dirty kit, fourteen or fifteen years old, following Basil, the 230 pound gentle giant, up to the ground to play against fully grown men. It was like sending kids out against gladiators in the Coliseum—such a challenge!—and thus the warrior seed was watered.

Apart from reinforcing a distaste and distrust for anything being forced upon me by the system, school also succeeded in presenting spirituality and religion in a sufficiently repulsive light that I actually could not even bring myself to say the word

“God” until I was almost thirty years old. That particular combination of violence and indoctrination is the perfect catalyst to drive any spirited child a long way away from the pulpit and the Bible. Church was obligatory and misbehavior within the cold stone walls, was a capital offense. This was an almost impossible challenge to overcome. After receiving communion in front of the altar one was obliged to return to one’s seat in the congregation. Imagine the self control being called forth as on that short but oh, so significant journey you were faced by the faces of all your best friends, twisted and contorted in ways designed to trigger the laughter and hilarity which was the safety valve for all of our madness. This impossible challenge was dramatically compounded because sitting behind our friends, with boiling, threatening countenance, was the teaching staff, the wielders of the big sticks. Sometimes we could manage it, sometimes we could not. If smiling in church was a sin, then laughter was the devil himself. I don’t ever remember reading it in the Book, but the rod was never spared in exorcising the beast from our fledgling souls if we cracked up on the pilgrimage back to our seats.

Exposing us to punk rock and Monty Python was a subconscious green light from the system to go crazy, and we took it to the extreme. This extraordinary permission to loudly express our eccentricity was the absolute antithesis of post Victorian England conservatism. The healing effect of the gut-splitting laughter we shared so often had more value and healing power than the beatings we received. No amount of brutality could suppress the unstoppable outpouring of spirit through cathartic laughter. This was shamanic experience in its purest form. There we were, this merry band of hobbits rebelling against the very processes which would have turned us into orcs—or worse still, like it did to some of the lads, mere specters, wandering grey and shell-shocked in a psychological graveyard, bleeding sad tears and soul wounds for the rest of our lives. They say all life is a metaphor for deeper, invisible causal forces at work. Perhaps, then, even the most base demonstrations of childlike behavior, when interpreted accurately, represent powerful, significant shifts in gigantic invisible realms.

I was in my final year at school and re-taking the exams I had failed miserably the year before. My imagination had been primed by a new teacher and his class of contemporary English literature. Bill Byford and our study of twentieth century contemporary great authors—not so much their work, but the lives of these legendary

scribes—ignited the passion in me to write. Not just to write, but to produce great literature. I realized at this tender age, in the midst of a teenage metamorphosis, that the reason why they were all great writers is that they lived great and adventurous lives. Thus began my commitment to live life as a grand adventure.

The very system that had sought in vain to imprison my spirit had inadvertently set it ablaze. My consciousness, like some perfect wild creature, suddenly saw its way out of the cage. This marvelous and significant turning of the tables on the institution was, rudely, played out in a church.

It was Christmas time and in a gesture of yuletide unity, the local clergy decided to join forces and share a service together in the shining stadium of the local Catholic church. We were all invited and the usual threats pertaining to misbehavior were communicated with appropriate menace suiting the grand proportion of the occasion. The whole town would be there and we, the school boarding house, were carrying the reputation of the school into the meet. We were all suitably sober and morose, nodding compliance to the master's decree, who laid out clearly the consequences of any nonsense stopping barely short of death itself.

It was a change from the usual routine and we were in high spirits as we were frog-marched in crocodile file down the mile into town. The high spirits turned quickly into incredulous rapture as we were ushered into the highest seats in the house, rather resembling the royal box at the opera, complete with gold leaf architecture and cherubs all around us. The biggest bonus of all was that for the first time in our religious history we, from our happy vantage point, were also sitting well away, above and behind, all traces of authority. This was all too much fuel to contain. Placing sixteen young madmen together like this and expecting them to behave themselves, at a religious service in their final year of school, especially after struggling to suppress and contain the natural eruptions of euphoria for so very long, was asking for a little too much. The madhouse carryings-on continued unabated throughout the service, culminating in one of our gang, obviously inspired by Ayurvedic medical advice pertaining to the serious detriment to health if one suppresses any release of natural gas, chose the perfect moment of silence to shift the residue of his baked beans from an internal to external location. The sound of this trigger, not unlike a Chinese firecracker,

was the final catalyst for an emotional release of such power that all sixteen of us promptly disappeared from public view beneath our pews and became instantly incontinent. Thus, my formal education was complete.

Part Two

The Wild Man is Out of the Cage



First Freedom

Getting out of school was a great relief. The traditional template for the oldest son of a Lincolnshire farmer was to follow the father's path onto the farm, so it was a natural movement for me at seventeen to find myself behind the steering wheel of a tractor cultivating the land. One day at the local village pub, I was introduced to the landlord's sons who were both playing rugby for a works team in town. I began training that week and the innocent madness I had hitherto been expressing with my school chums was now shared with grown men and amplified by huge amounts of ale. I took the training seriously and my skinny body began to toughen. We trained on weights between rugby practice nights and also ran about five miles once or twice a week. We traveled around to away games within a forty-mile radius of our home base and often resembled the bus of inmates from *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. They were wild and carefree days, full of drunken hilarity as our rudimentary rugby skills began to improve.

Work on the farm and life at home was still a challenge and I began to wonder what was beyond the shire. The answer to my yearnings came one day in a pub in town when I was eighteen. After a particularly violent confrontation with my Dad, I left home in the middle of the night and was staying with my rugby-playing chums. We were talking about travel and adventure and I mentioned that I had an uncle who lived in Durban, South Africa. I was immediately dispatched to purchase a map so we could plan a travel route. I returned to the pub with map in hand and we eagerly spread it out on the floor. My goodness! Africa is so big and Europe so small. It looked like a mere hop and a skip to Egypt—we could probably drive it in a couple of days! In our enthusiasm we failed to notice that the map I had bought was a map of Africa which also included a small map of the world as reference. Africa was shown large and the rest of the world was shown small, giving the appearance that we had a very short

distance to travel. These were all minor details to Vikings like us, and the next step was to find suitable transportation for the grand adventure. That night we visited the local gypsy haunt where, after 11 pm and suitably lubricated, just about any man in there would sell you his van. We found the right fellow and did the deal in the car park for fifty quid. We left our newfound friend alone in the dark, surrounded by a pile of his belongings which he had simply thrown out of the van onto the ground before giving us the keys.

Off we went. I was eighteen years old and this was the beginning of my international traveling adventures and my first experience of genuine hunger. After driving south through France and a month's work picking grapes in the breathtaking beauty of Les Pyrenées, we headed east for Italy. Before we even crossed France it was obvious that our financial resources were dwindling rapidly. We spent the next six weeks traversing Italy and Greece, living on bread and jam and catching chickens wherever we could find them before eventually conking out in -26°F weather in Yugoslavia. This was the end of my first attempt to make it to South Africa. Eventually I did arrive, not as a starving waif but, seven years later, as an accomplished rugby player playing my part in another very successful team.

The Rugby Years

I think that above all else, rugby taught me the power of a group and of the voice. While still at home, I found myself playing for a works team in Lincoln after school. At first, with the exception of a few key individuals, we were a pretty untalented lot, odd shapes and sizes, ignorant and uncouth. What we did have, however, was team spirit. We loved to drink beer and sing. We loved the game, we loved the team, we loved each other, and we loved to sing rugby songs while swagging down impossible quantities of ale. Rugby in England at that time was considered a “gentleman’s game.” It was born and nurtured in the exclusive schools of southern England where the offspring of landed and titled gentry were being groomed to lead the country. As all games do, it had spread in popularity and geographically away from the blue blood clubs of the south to every corner of the British Isles, attracting working-class types from every strata of society. This was a mini revolution in its own right as the conservative

well-to-do were often locking horns with a variety of ne'er do wells on a Saturday afternoon. Rugby, like many sports, is a great leveler. Class and education are irrelevant credentials on the rugby field where ability and performance speak loudest of all. Here we see the warrior archetype in a rudimentary form where men can appreciate each other for their skills and powers and abilities, rather than judge each other from false positions of class that the system has programmed us to strongly believe in. Unbeknown to me at the time, this sense of honor between combatants would one day save my life.

I suppose those formative years of young manhood were my first primitive introduction to personal empowerment strategies. They clearly defined a template for victory against all odds. Group cohesion in dynamic creative movement, and the power of harmony in soulful song, are incredibly powerful resources. They are perhaps the most effective means of galvanizing the latent potential that exists within us all to throw off the shackles that corporate, political, pseudo-religious and spiritual slave masters have long imposed in their efforts to divide, conquer and enslave the human spirit. Team spirit and harmonious singing allowed me and my teammates to transcend the limitations of our skills to achieve levels of performance far beyond our regular abilities.

In our second season together we were ambitious and confident, and we entered a local competition known as the second team cup. All of the senior clubs in the county of Lincolnshire had four or five teams playing each week. We had one. Our regular fixtures were always against the fifth or fourth teams of these senior clubs. Sometimes we won, sometimes we lost, but we always had a loud and hilarious night full of song and laughter. For the cup, all the names of the teams went into a hat and a draw was made. It was a straight knockout contest—if you lost, it was over. Our draw was to play in weekly succession against the top three teams in the county.

We got off to a roaring start, winning our first game and playing out of our skins. The harmony that had galvanized our spirits through our song and laughter had now transposed into flowing team rugby. We scored magnificent tries, sometimes with all fifteen players touching the ball. The second game was miraculous. Scunthorpe was the hardest, toughest and best team in the county. Aggressive and able, they stood head

and shoulders above the competition and were the out-and-out favorites to take the cup.

We played them at home in the evening on a Wednesday. Miraculously, one of their cars got lost en route and ended up arriving twenty minutes late. Because darkness was falling there could be no delay in kickoff time, so we began the game significantly outnumbering them and we raked up a good lead. When their full complement took the field they were still a little disoriented and we scored again before half time. After the break we had to endure the full wrath of “Scunny,” as they tried to intimidate us off the field. But it didn’t work. We hung on, playing as one, flying into rucks and mauls, tackles and kicks with such spirit that in that one half, as a team, we truly came of age. It was a nail-biting, nerve-wracking finish, but the whistle finally blew and “The Bees,” as we were known, had beaten the best club in the county.

Our next hurdle was the senior team in our town, the local champions. Lincoln Rugby Club had a reputation for arrogance and exuded a superiority complex which they did not fully deserve at the time. Fortified by our victorious coming of age, we ripped into them with controlled aggression, shocking our opponents across the whole field. We continued to play our open, expansive, full team game and our camaraderie and spirit simply overwhelmed them. We ran out fairly comfortable victors in the end.

As we had already beaten the best teams, the final was a bit of an anti-climax, but it was a hotly contested affair which we deservedly won in the end.

At the time I was also attending the local agricultural college and was the captain of the rugby team. Sometimes I would play three full contact games a week. That is equivalent to being in three car wrecks in a seven-day span. We would train on the nights we were not playing, and continued our beer drinking exploits with unabated enthusiasm. On top of this, I was very often handling some of the most toxic chemicals in the public domain. It was the early days of the agro-chemical industry and farmers were guinea pigs for the early prototype sprays. Fungicides, herbicides, larvicides, insecticides, pesticides, extremely powerful weed killing agents, and all kinds of synthetic fertilizers were and still are an integral part of modern day farming methods. All of this poison enters the food chain. I was handling and breathing it regularly. A body can only take so much, and mine had already been hammered from the start. I

would often collapse in a burning sweat and vomit for hours as my body tried to purge itself of the toxicity with which it was being assaulted. No one understood it, least of all the medical system, of course. Riseholme Agricultural College was my first introduction to serious physiological breakdown. Being only twenty years old I bounced back and continued to play for both college and club.

At the end of the season our star player of The Bees decided to join Lincoln Rugby Club to pursue his ambitions of playing representative rugby for the Shire. My best friend followed along, and I soon after.

All three of us made it into the senior first team. I, at twenty-one, was the youngest on the team. During our second season, we hit the harmonics and were unbeaten throughout the whole year, winning forty-seven games in a row. To date, that team is the most successful team in the club's history. I myself played for Lincolnshire Under-23, while both my friends played Senior County. We all lived our dreams. I lived even beyond mine. It was an astonishing achievement, especially after receiving so much discouragement from my former peers. The secret to it all was undoubtedly the team spirit through song. We taught the Lincoln Rugby Football Club every song we knew, and they loved it. Many Saturday nights we would often have every single person, even the stuffy old stalwarts, singing their hearts out, weaving together all our spirits. It was a wonderful time—one of the happiest in my life. It laid the foundation for further adventure and a massive shift in the evolution and unfolding of the contents of my soul.



The Southern Hemisphere Calls

There was a player in Lincoln rugby club who came from Taranaki in New Zealand. He was a bit of a wild man, and, apart from being regularly found scrapping on the ground with his wife, was a likable chap. One day he invited me to come to Taranaki to work on his pig farm and play rugby in New Zealand. It was a portal of opportunity which immediately shined brighter and brighter in my imagination. Things were still pretty challenging on the farm. One night I presented the idea to my Dad, asking him what he thought about me going off for a year to play rugby and get some experience on other farms before taking over from him at home. To my surprise

he thought it was a good plan. Immediately I set things in motion and in the spring of 1984, at the age of twenty-two, I was winging my way across the world into a new chapter of my life which would define the man I was to become.

I landed in Auckland and immediately began my writing career by visiting the offices of the largest newspaper in the country. I prematurely announced that I was a freelance journalist doing a story on rugby in New Zealand. Amazingly enough, in true New Zealand fashion, they offered me a desk and an old-fashioned typewriter. I had seen a typewriter before but that wasn't quite qualification enough to figure out how not to get the long metal printing arms all tangled up, much to the amusement of my newfound peers.

Within a week I was playing for a club in Auckland's senior first division, writing ridiculously verbose and dramatic match reports for the local rag which somehow were never edited. I turned out for the Senior Reserves (second team) in ferociously competitive games in a club which put out forty teams on a Saturday. It was a tremendous shock to my system. Country rugby in Lincolnshire was a girl's game compared to the sheer aggression on display here. Coming from the birthplace of rugby and having enjoyed the pure spirit of the "gentleman's game" for so long, it was somewhat sickening to witness the cheap shots, brutality and violence that were and still are part and parcel of the Kiwi game. The "win at all costs" mentality was fully integrated into their way and is perhaps the reason why the New Zealanders are invariably the best team in the world. From my point of view, when win-at-all-costs dominates over the beautiful, free flowing spirit of the original amateur ethos, then something essential and vital dies. It is exactly this invisible, priceless thing that has all but disappeared from the world and has turned the daily lives of so many into a battlefield instead of a magical garden.

Auckland first division was intense and possibly boasts the highest standard of competitive rugby played anywhere in the world. That year the Auckland side was unbeatable and provided most of the players for the New Zealand national team. I was way out of my depth. Talk about being thrown in at the deep end! If the move from The Bees to Lincoln First XV was a big stretch, this was a quantum jump into another universe, and provided me with the one of the most significant initiations of my life.

The club had what was for me a strange custom: immediately after finishing playing their game, some of the Senior Reserve players were asked to stand by as replacements for the Seniors. I remember standing on the sidelines of Eden Park, one of the most famous international stadiums in the world—battered, bleeding and bruised, praying so hard that no one got injured—as temporarily psychotic men collided with each other with ferocious impact, ripping shreds and chunks out of each other in a merciless, driving game. It was a good honest reality check. We can quantum jump in life from one level to the next, but we need the skill set to pull it off. It took me two more seasons of initiation, one in Auckland the next in Sydney, before I trotted out on the rock hard grounds of South Africa to reach the pinnacle of my rugby-playing career.

While living in Auckland, I studied massage and now possessed two diplomas. I immediately opened my own practice and rented a room from a local chiropractor. As fate would have it, he was married to the world record holder for the women's marathon at the time. Her name was Alison Roe and she had suffered a terrible injury. Her hamstring muscle had pulled so violently that it had actually detached a piece of her pelvic girdle. She had an operation in which the surgeon sliced through the gluteal muscle, removed the bone, and stapled the tendons and ligaments back to the pelvis. When I met her she could barely walk without pain. At the time I was also a student of Dr. Charles Garfield, the sports psychologist for the American Olympic team. He had impressed upon me the vital importance of visualization and the power of imagination. The results of his studies demonstrated that the optimal ratio between physical and mental training to guarantee the best results was 75% mental to 25% physical. I took this wisdom into my massage practice and began working with Alison, encouraging her to use the power of her mind to visualize herself healthy and complete, while I rubbed away the scar tissue. Within six weeks she was once again breaking New Zealand records. For the rest of my time in New Zealand I worked with many of the country's top athletes, rehabilitating even the most painful injuries rapidly and with constant success. I earned the nickname "Healing Hands Good," which I took with a pinch of salt, but the whole episode opened my mind to extraordinary possibilities. This experience provided the foundation for the powerful technology I have incorporated into the personal development programs I have shared with

thousands of people all over the world. The same wisdom has allowed me to carve a successful career working with many world champions and record holders, particularly from the southern hemisphere.

While in Auckland I began a deeper exploration into boxing and joined a professional gym. I was a regular sparring partner for the pros and enjoyed a short but very successful amateur career. Rugby and amateur boxing were my two primary ways of facing fear, but both of them required a capacity for violence that innately I did not possess. The pattern I was dealing with on the inner psychic planes was being played out on the rugby field and in the boxing ring. But it wasn't time for me to walk away from the rough and tumble of the game because the initiation was incomplete.

Fight the Good Fight with all thy Might

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

—Ephesians 6:12

In many ways the whole human world is a battlefield. War, the desecration of nature, all forms of social disharmony and schism, and even toxicity and disease are a reflection of the state of the human psyche. The simple truth is: ***we are at war within ourselves.***

The theme of conflict within has appeared in all mythology and story since the beginning of time. Every culture, indigenous or foreign, ancient or modern, without exception, is replete with the theme of struggle for supremacy between two sharply opposing forces. This archetypal motif, as perennial as grass, as constant as the sun, has hidden within it the secret keys to unlock the wellspring of human greatness.

The modern world today, magnificent mirror that it is, reflects back to us the contents of our soul. All of the wonder—the dizzy, spinning marvels of our creation—are soaked in the blood of innocent children, and no amount of tears can wash that blood away. The whole world is crying out for the healing of the schism within us all. This great dramatic call for peace is not for the warrior within us to lay down and

sleep, but to awaken. Perhaps Percy Bysshe Shelley put it as well as anyone when he wrote,

*Rise like Lions after slumber
in unvanquishable number
Shake your chains to earth like dew
which in sleep had fallen on you
Ye are many—they are few*

When the penny finally and definitively drops and we realize that all of this world, with all its twisted horror and heart-opening wonder, is actually a reflection of Oneself, it heralds a marvelous maturation of the psyche. It is as sobering as it is awe-inspiring. This moment occurs in myth and legend when the reluctant hero finally accepts the challenge of the quest for which he has been chosen. Usually accompanied by an overwhelming emotional catharsis, it is the shamanic death of his former persona which the hero is destined to endure. Recall Neo, in *The Matrix*, when he resisted the prodding of Morpheus before finally accepting and accommodating the massive challenge of the new perspective on reality with which he was faced.

The part of us which is being called to face the Goliath or Minotaur within is as unlikely a hero as Harry Potter or Clark Kent—but that is exactly the point, is it not? Deep down inside of you, you know this is true. And part of you yearns for this meeting more than anything else in your life. Once the fear of accepting the call of your soul has been faced, then only the frustration which remains comes from not knowing how to answer it.

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not just in some of us; it's

in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.

—Marianne Williamson, *Return to Love*

The Warrior within, the spiritual warrior of light and consciousness, has to rise from the grave of ego and ascend into the expression of its higher self. This is a process of initiation. It is an internal process of becoming which has its roots deep in the soul and is catalyzed by an attitude of forgiveness, the core of compassion and the highest octave of love.

Just as a baby must crawl before it can walk, this deep shift in consciousness follows a definite archetypal sequence. It is very helpful for an initiate upon the path to be aware of this well-defined, inescapable pattern. Like any journey, knowing which direction to travel, and what to prepare for along the way, can make the difference between success and failure, or at least increase the possibility of successfully navigating the challenges with the appropriate equipment and skills.

In myths this is often represented by an encounter with a wise guide who prepares the reluctant hero for the trials that lie before him—the meeting with the monster, so to speak—and imparts a secret which guarantees victory, without which many had failed before. Think of Luke Skywalker and Yoda, or Neo and Morpheus.

True wisdom is harvested from the fires of experience alone and I hope the stories I share with you from my own experience inspire and catalyze the resurrection of that essential part of you that may be bruised and battered and lying in chains in some neglected part of yourself.

This wise counsel also exists within us and it is highly advisable to attune to its silent promptings. Additionally, though it may not seem so, we are surrounded by invisible helpers. The invisible realms form the overwhelming substance of life and are perhaps far more relevant to our futures than the gross lumps of stuff we consider the limits of our reality. The true warrior is wide awake to these invisible realms and is keenly attuned to their vibrations, listening intently, tuning in to subtle movements in the ethers which may offer a subtle clue or prompting of when, where and how to advance.

My experiences with the inner realms and the battle within have been extremely vivid since a tender age. Today I am acutely aware of subtle shifts in the field from which all substance takes its form. Our rudimentary five senses perceive only a tiny fragment of one percent of the quantifiable energy spectrum which surrounds us.

This minuscule fraction, as wonderful as it is, is then processed through a conscious mind that is so conditioned and programmed by negative, distorting influences that it is virtually insane. For any of us to arrogantly conclude that we know what's going on behind the superficial scenes of our lives, and thus base our conclusions on materialistic calculations alone, is as fragile as a spider's web in gale force winds.

Great winds of change are blowing, blowing away the ego's elaborate webs of fantasy. The challenge now is to awaken from slumber and to seek the connection with life which transcends the five senses and sharpens our awareness. With trust, faith, and certainty, in sweet surrender a marriage occurs with that great, all-encompassing something which fills the vast emptiness between atoms and galaxies with a benevolence we are all destined to fully imbibe. This subtle yet profound shift in consciousness requires consistent focus of our will and intent.

The Fight

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

—*Shakespeare, Hamlet*

Conflict was a part of my life from a very early on. From the age of about five, for years I would awaken in the middle of the night and be faced with some horrific apparition. These entities appeared as real as anyone else in my life. It was a terrible challenge for my fledgling psyche to integrate and accommodate them into my reality. This early education gave me an apprenticeship in the appreciation and understanding of the supernatural.

These apparitions also provided an amazing initiation into reality-creation dynamics. As soul seeds, we are planted deep in the fertile soil and substance of

material creation. Earth, air, fire, water and the fifth element ether (a composite of time and space) are the elements which form the energy substance of our reality.

Soul seeds, sparks of Divinity, fragments and molecules of God are the children of Life planted in this wonderful medium. It is here that we learn the basic skill of wielding the power of creation in a responsible and harmonious way. Our thoughts, words and actions are the tools we use. Our feelings are the magnetic power by which the substance of creation is bonded and attracted to form around us. It is by observing the world around us that we receive the most accurate feedback from life as to the state of health of our inner natures and confirmation of the level of mastery we have achieved as conscious co-creators of our world.

The whole world—literally everything and everyone within it—is a reflection shining from the holographic mirror that our greater reality is. As we look around this world and see the chaos and conflict, war and toxicity, fear and confusion, we see that it all exists superimposed upon something of such extraordinary wonder that its complexity and detail call forth immediate states of rapture and awe.

*To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.*

—*William Blake*

All of this, of course, was way beyond my ken at the tender age of five, for it is not during the forging experience that wisdom and clarity are found, but afterward. It is when the sword has been removed from the fire, hammered into shape, and finally cooled that its strength is found. This forging experience took decades to complete. With the inner fight came the outer one.

My brother Rick was two and a half years my junior and developed an interest in boxing at an early age. When we were teenagers working on the farm we had a unique nightly ritual. After returning from a long day in the cold, windswept fields we enjoyed a hearty meal in the warmth of the big farmhouse kitchen. After eating, our father retired to the fireside in the living room and our mother began washing up. This was our signal to fetch the boxing gloves. Our makeshift ring was created by shoving the

big wooden table across the kitchen tight up against the back of our mother's thighs as she did the washing up, and then closing the two doors to the room. We would tear into each other with furious delight, enjoying the rough and tumble, driving each other from one side of the kitchen to the other with great wallops in the guts as we expressed our affection in the only way we knew how. Whether or not it helped our digestion I cannot say, but it did give us an outlet we both needed and enjoyed.

These moments of physicality were the only times I ever touched my brother. For decades after, boxing provided the sole means of communicating a love that neither of us could find a better way to express. When I began to travel internationally, the very first thing after returning home from distant lands, before the bags were unpacked or gifts shared and tales exchanged, the small red leather boxing gloves would be on and we would be tearing it up together.

This touch, as primitive and barbaric as it may seem to those of more tender hue, was a lifeline for us. It was a profound early teaching for me in non-verbal communication. Boxing was a language we understood. It provided a channel for an innate wildness, a fiery spirited passion, that we all possess to one degree or another. However in so many people it lies festering and smothered, suffocating in the straitjacket of convention and socially acceptable norm. Not so in us lads! Rather than discourage us from our passion, our mum, as the only child of one of Lincoln's first professional boxers, enjoyed it and seemed to instinctively appreciate the value of our high-spirited ritual.

Dad boxed for his regiment in the army. When he was younger, he would invite all the Irishmen down after they finished drinking at the local pub and take them all on in his makeshift ring underneath the apple trees in the orchard. The rare times my Dad touched me were when we arm wrestled or played knuckles together.

There is an undeniable disease in many men in the modern world. Our culture is sick, unnaturally engineered by malevolent invisible forces. Individuals in modern society manifest dysfunction virtually all of their lives. Traditional rites of passage performed at appropriate junctures in a boy's growing provided his psyche with an essential form of nourishment, without which he would starve the rest of his life. Because of the critical lack of these rites of initiation, modern men are thirsting for

meaning and depth. Many men misinterpret this yearning because there is no emphasis upon its vital importance and, they channel their soul desires into fruitless, frustrating materialistic conquest.

Feeding the evolving consciousness of a young, developing psyche is far more essential than providing any vitamin found in food. The consequence of this lack of soul nurturing is devastating for the whole culture, as well as for individuals. We see an epidemic of soul deficiency reflected back to us by the modern world today. Women everywhere, intuitively recognizing this deficiency, are on a hunt for real men. But where are these men?

Every myth and tale which communicates in any way the archetype of the hero's journey, in all indigenous cultures, includes a chapter on warrior training and initiation for the young man. Skills honed in simulated conflict, a battle with rules, and development of abilities required to win are well-trying and tested means of developing the warrior archetype within. Expanding one's awareness, activating instinct and intuition, developing fluidity in movement and the ability to act without hesitation, sharpening one's focus and relying entirely on one's own inner strength, especially if one feels threatened, are all essential qualities of manhood. When expressed outwardly and creatively in service of the family or tribe, these qualities lay the foundation for a healthy, enduring culture.

Perhaps the greatest service provided by appropriate rites of initiation is an introduction to the wounding nature of life. Appropriately accommodating "the wound" in a developing psyche, especially when that wound is linked to the highest expression of Divinity, is an effective means of instilling the understanding at a sensitive age that there is pain in life and that all pain, when appreciated and understood, is a messenger from the highest.

The conflict I experienced in my youth was without the guidance of responsible elders who could provide a safe environment and the ingredients required for integration. I was forged, like so many of us are, in the crucible of toxic madness. The essential form of a swift and effective initiation was incomplete. The initiatory challenge was there, especially in the form of those astral monsters, and in my sense of

aloneness, but there was no indication of a connecting link to Divinity. It took me three decades to forge it alone.

In our culture today, we need a clearer understanding of the hero's journey, and we need to present the necessary components to boys on the path to manhood in a sufficiently challenging context. In this way we can birth men from boys in a powerful and appropriate way. This unavoidable initiation, like so much of what we are being called to endure, may very well be coming our way in the form of the breakdown of our social structures. As we look around the modern world, it seems that all the pieces are forming and a challenge of sufficient impact is being presented to us all.

As the false comfort zone of modern materialistic society implodes, the monster of ego, once denied its pacifying distractions and toys, expresses its dark and twisted nature. It is at this juncture that the hero within us is called to face this creature. If we are prepared and our inner hero is victorious then we will birth a wonderful world, a veritable heaven on Earth. This birthing process is now breach. Too many “champions of light” are impotent and looking in the wrong direction for power. The power to change the world lies within our own darkness. The door to this darkness lies buried under our wounds. Just as Jesus came, in his own words, not to bring peace but to cause a necessary upheaval in the closest-knit structures, so must we challenge the very beliefs which bind our psyches like glue.

If we don't do it consciously, then life will provide experiences that encourage us to do so. This is what is happening now in our world. So many institutions and traditions are crumbling. All around us the irresistible force is meeting the immovable object. Most importantly, however, this great archetypal showdown between forces of extraordinary power is challenging the strongest amongst us to deal with psychic upheavals of unprecedented magnitude deep within us all.

The backdrop for this extraordinary drama is the wonder of nature and the infinite magnitude of our cosmic reality. The potential shock factor contained in this equation, as waves of Truth collide with the falsehood of the world, literally wrench our consciousness from clinging to its silly ego games. This, for so many, is a rude awakening to an amazing experience of reality that has always been available but for generations has been ignored.

A New Psyche is Forged

The psyche is a very fragile thing. There is nothing more sensitive than the soul. At a very early age I was challenged quite literally by apparitions from another realm of such gruesome appearance that they terrified me. This early opening of my mind to the existence of other worlds and the subsequent fear it provoked was the perfect catalyst for a shift in consciousness that we will all be obliged to make. Fear of the unknown and darkness and what it contains is a reflection of the fear we have of facing our own inner darkness. Even when we first overcome this fear and look at the dark content of our own hidden realms, it is usually accompanied by some form of judgmental attack. This attack is the basis of self-loathing and lack of self-esteem. It reinforces the fractures of an already shattered and wounded inner self-image.

For me, this movement from fear into confrontation was played out externally in quite a dramatic way. Around the age of twenty-three, I would awaken in the wee hours of the night whenever these astral entities would appear. Rather than allowing fear to paralyze me, I used it as motivation and impetus to catapult myself into the domain of these creatures and fearlessly rampage through their ranks, chasing them all over the place with tremendous explosions of violence. My physical body, still in the bedroom, would unfortunately mirror exactly the movements of my spirit body in the astral realms. The result of this was that, time and again over a period of about ten years, any bedroom in which I stayed could possibly be destroyed or at best severely rearranged. Wardrobe doors would be pulled off, paintings smashed, and drawers and shelves obliterated. The only thing that would bring me back into my physical body was a sufficient amount of pain. If I were chasing some creature in the astral, in the bedroom I would run full sprint into the wall with my nose. If I had hold of some beast in the invisible, bashing its head in with my knee, then in the bedroom a maniac could be witnessed attacking the chest of drawers, violently kneeing the sharp edge of a heavy wooden object until the excruciating trigger kicked in and I was back in my body—heart pounding, overloaded with adrenalin, trying to make sense of the scene. That scene very often included the astonished faces of girlfriends and sometimes their parents and families, peering around the bedroom door in abject shock and incredulity.

It was not until I was thirty-five years old, after being introduced to Jesus by some super cool surfers, that I sang a little song we used to sing together after Bible study and closed that chapter of my life. One night, after returning from the jungles of Hawaii to the concrete and bricks of Lincoln, I awoke around 3 am to witness two intimidating fellows close by. One stood towering above me, shrouded in a long dark coat at the foot of my bed, the other crouched menacingly, goblin-like, on the floor. I felt no fear and no ambition for a scrap. I merely sang the little Jesus song, rolled over in a fit of giggling, and drifted sublimely back to sleep.

This final event popped the bubble of trouble that had haunted me for so long. It represents an essential shift we are all well advised to understand. The contents of our inner darkness and all the horrors of the world are here to offer us a challenging path that moves from fear through conflict to peace. In order for us to find this peace we need to experience a genuine and authentic connection with a Higher power. The authenticity of this spiritual connection is demonstrated in how effective it is in dissolving a problem as it appears. It needs to be so real that it not only protects one completely but also lifts one up into a perfect realm of sublime peace and beauty. This power does exist and if we are sincere in dissolving the monstrosities in the modern world, then we are well advised to practice communion and merging with the cure for all ills. Far from being complicated, this entails only a simple act of humble surrender in pure-hearted faith and knowingness to the spirit of Life within us. This certainty is rendered more potent by an attitude of love and gratitude. The deeper we take it within ourselves, the more effective it becomes. There is nothing more debilitating than fear. Although conflict represents a cathartic shift out of the paralysis of fear, it is when we truly transcend the ego's realm of fear and attack that we arrive at the deep abiding peace for which we yearn.

A hero has faced it all: he need not be undefeated, but he must be undaunted.

—Andrew Bernstein

Return To The Shire

After playing some scorching rugby in South Africa, again for an unbeaten team in their ascension, I returned to England's green and pleasant land. With more than four years of travel in the southern hemisphere, my mind had begun to open to possibilities far removed from the dominant mentality of my native culture. Close-mindedness, resistance to change, negative emotionally-charged judgment, toxic, smoldering, brooding criticism, clinging to archaic values and traditions, and the numbing distraction of constant TV in smoke-filled rooms were becoming repulsive to my soul. Now even rugby had lost its allure. What had been the perfect environment for the evolution of the boy was now obsolete. The wild, drunken revelry which had been a part of my life for so long was now anathema. I yearned for adventure and a new arena in which I could express.

They say that fortune favors the brave, and if one is willing and able enough, then the waves of destiny will carry you away to the next initiation for your consciousness. I have proven to myself over and over that there is a hidden and silent current in Life which carries us ever onwards toward the next phase of our grand adventure if we will but allow it. The qualifications and credentials for catching these magical waves are qualities of being. Virtues and powers are the skill set of the individual who, rather than being engulfed and overwhelmed by fate, can actually define one's destiny. The real skills of life are the sensitivity to feel the silent inner promptings of one's heart, and the courage to follow these promptings. One needs the honesty and integrity to sense the guidance of one's own conscience. One needs perseverance and commitment to carry on when the challenges of life become severe, and an abiding faith to light the road ahead—especially when we are called to face our own darkness.

The Love Story

Life has a way of arranging things, and anyone who has done much traveling knows how to adapt to synchronicity. When I arrived back in England, there was a surfboard in the house left by a visitor, who was now living in southwest France. I

decided that it would be a good adventure to take it down and check out the scene. So off I went.

I carried that thing on buses and trains and planes, eventually arriving in Hossegor, a small resort town on the Bay of Biscay about twenty miles north of Biarritz. It was a wonderful place. Powerful surf crashed on the shore and offered the challenge to master fear in a perfectly natural surrounding. While in New Zealand I had taken lifeguard exams and managed to pass the swim tests. The ocean is such a mighty thing and a wonderful environment in which to learn about currents and waves, energy and flow. Water is the perfect teacher and holds such powerful information in its energy and light. The surf in Hossegor was tremendous and could thrash the life out of any man on the right day. The sand bars were shallow and the body surfing spectacular. The light in Hossegor, especially September in late afternoon, is as golden and as beauty-filled as anywhere in the world. I was in love with the place. Thus began another chapter of my life.

The first day in Hossegor I was introduced to Jeff Leisk, the Australian 500cc motocross champion, who was competing in the European world championships. He was looking for a personal trainer and I was his man. We began a very successful partnership which lasted all summer. We boxed and swam, raced our bikes and ran. I made his food and massaged him, motivating him and guiding him through visualizations of his success. It was an awesome time. I also ran a small massage business in town out of a tiny gym which attracted a lot of the local women and would take on all comers in boxing matches. There was no shortage of rivals for this lone Englishman in the wilds of southwest France.

Hossegor is also on the world circuit of the professional surfing tour, and every year the best pro surfers in the world would come through town. I would massage them and spar with the toughest of them all. It was a very inspiring time and my mind was opened to new exciting vistas of possibility as I was introduced to very high frequency foods and philosophies by some of these world-class athletes. It was also my first consciously nourishing experience with spirituality. These guys read the Bible, talked to Jesus, used the I Ching, quoted Yogananda, practiced yoga, could scrap like the wind, prayed, meditated and smoked hashish. They surfed really big waves, were

world-class athletes and had a connection to Nature which bordered on mystique. I was very impressed. They seeded in an appreciation of a way of living that I have pursued to this day.

It was a wild and wonderful year. I was peaking as an athlete and as a young man. For the first time in my life I was in love with Life itself. I felt so free. I needed nothing or no one to complete me. That was the day I met her.

I shall call her "Françoise." She lived a separate life from her husband, and unbeknown to me at the time, was already a veteran of extramarital affairs, living like some wild-hearted Spanish gypsy dancer. Born into a prison of poverty, the child of a violent man and a melancholy mother, she snatched fleeting moments of illusive happiness and sensual freedom in love's seductive dream. Her former lovers were mostly bullfighters—proud and passionate, violent and tormented men. Her husband was the son of the president of France himself and when I met her she was ugly, sad, and beautiful, like a pupating chrysalis, anxious to shed the skins of unhappiness that hung like old cobwebs all about her loveliness.

Like so many of us who yearn for happiness and fulfillment, she looked outside of herself for its source, and was at the time having another affair with one of her best and oldest friends. Her father had died very recently, but hope shone like some angelic beacon from her crystal blue eyes. Amidst her tears, as we sat beneath shade trees in Capbreton, a small fishing village on the Bay of Biscay where she was born, we fell in love.

I, blessed with the hands and heart to do it, busily set about dissolving the dead skins of her past. That day I began a journey of immense transformation that dragged me across the merciless rocks of self destruction, eventually lying swamped and helpless, completely overwhelmed by a Force far beyond my control.

Françoise was "assisted" by a strong band of professional bodyguards, ex-military men and the elite of the French secret police. Our intimacy began in Paris and one autumn evening I was picked up at the airport to be whisked away, sirens flashing, into the heart of the Parisian night. Now, when a Lincolnshire wild boy, with a passion for adventure and a better imagination than Billy Liar, after years of loneliness working in fields, finds himself in this situation, he is going to make the best of it. My psyche had

been shaped by years of fantasies about a swashbuckling life, and fortified by boyhood heroes James Bond and Batman; now add to the equation a fabulously sexy French woman, her seductive wine and hashish, blossoming fearless bravado, and my athletic prowess. It is no wonder that as my ego ran wild, my spirit burst out of its shell.

The secret police who constantly guarded her family were all well-trained assassins, handpicked for their expertise in killing. They acted like guard dogs, and honed their fighting skills at special training centers. Françoise lived in an enclave in the woods about two miles or so from my camp. Her house and grounds and the surrounding woods were guarded 24 hours a day by regular soldiers, all armed to the teeth and equipped with night vision and radios.

The whole scenario was a fabulous challenge. Madly in love, I would sneak in and out of the place. Our rendezvous were always secret, and we would meet all over France—sometimes in the mountains, sometimes by the ocean, sometimes in the city, sometimes in the woods. Nothing could keep us apart, but soon enough the men who guarded her became only too aware of my presence.

Eventually, in response to much animosity, death threats, and warnings to stay away, I set my sights on conquering their champion. Frank, the President's most preferred *garde de corps*, was a giant of a man with piercing blue eyes. He accepted my challenge, and one cold winter's night I arrived at his favorite training center. I will never forget the air of invincibility I breathed as I laced up my brother's small red boxing gloves before we fought, my soul aflame, roaring in the fires of love.

There is a Force that fuels this world. It is a natural force, and when aligned with it, our hearts and minds pure in their intent, we harness it and our actions become supercharged with its power, and we become capable of the seemingly miraculous. It is the very Force of Life itself, and is reflected in everything natural that exists; it lies as pure potential within and around us all, and the only way to know it is to experience it and, once done, even for a moment, one's life is changed forever.

That night, strengthened by this Force, Frank was no match for me at all. It was the only time I ever beat him, and we were eventually to become as close friends as circumstance would allow.

Françoise and I lived a life of wild romance. I stayed in the woods, close to the ocean and not far from her home, becoming wilder by the day, often running naked on the fullest of moons, howling like a wolf, waves cracking, dogs barking—while armed soldiers, guarding her house, wondered at the noise in the night. Françoise would come to me, bringing a basket of food and wine, and we would eat, drink, smoke hashish, and then intertwine, slowly but surely gorging ourselves on passion's hidden poison. Then she would be gone and I would be left in meditation of love's ecstatic peace. The silence of the forest was broken only by the sound of raindrops dripping from trees, music for my poetry and company for my tears.

All the while, as I fell deeper in love with the enchanting form of this woman, I fell deeper in love with love Itself. This is the great message of my tale. My Spirit soared like an eagle to a vantage point from which I caught fleeting glimpses of my future destiny, one of great service to humankind. Was it my imagination, or truly a vision of things to come? Whatever the case, my mission herein is to convey the importance and magnificence of the inner relationship that any of us can enjoy with the very Force of Life itself.

At first I thought it was Françoise. I mistakenly believed that she was the source of this amazing power that was energizing me and making me capable of hitherto impossible things. Even before meeting her, I had often been capable of fixing even the worst injuries of muscles and tendons, even ligaments, just with my hands, as a professional masseur in New Zealand.

While relaxing after a secret rendezvous with Françoise in Thailand, I massaged a young man by the name of Jason Harmon. He was so uplifted by the transformational energies I conducted that we immediately became the best of friends, holding each other in the highest esteem. Almost two years later, out of the blue, he telephoned me, excitedly reporting his recurring dream that I should come to America and that he was prepared to pay the fare. Waiving the latter but not the first, I gratefully accepted the

opportunity for more adventure, and arrived in Boulder, Colorado, several weeks later after a grueling bus trip from New York.

As soon as we were alone, he told me that his girlfriend had a cancerous ovarian cyst the size of a pineapple. It was scheduled for surgical removal the coming Friday; could we do some hands-on healing together? Of course we did, and when she went for surgery on Friday, the pre-op scan revealed that it had completely dissolved. In my book, what occurred is the purely natural consequence of open-minded acceptance and focus of purely natural energy, integrity and concentration. Three open minds and hearts had willed the Force to flow. As *A Course in Miracles* states, "If miracles aren't occurring, then we're doing something wrong." The nature of life is infinite love, if only we could all truly experience it.

During the six weeks in Colorado, I experienced a most unusual phenomenon wherein a light in my head—a brilliant egg-shaped crystal structure situated in the middle of my forehead—was suddenly turned on. I could see it perfectly clearly. While lying down on the grass one night I enjoyed its presence for twenty minutes, fascinated by what I beheld. The vision ended as the light exploded into incalculable fragments, each one an identical miniature of itself, all zooming off into the outer spaces of my open mind.

On my return to France and the sanctuary of the forest, I found that in the dark I could actually see in clear detail the structure of the major energy centers of the body. One night while kneeling over the naked body of Françoise, my fingers dipped in her throat, I watched in awe as millions of tiny particles of light whizzed around a crystal blue whirlpool with which my hands were one. It was a deeply transformational time. Even more astonishing for me was my ability to stand at the water's edge where waves were washing upon the sand and, with my mind determinedly set, prevent them from touching my feet. It was so wonderful to watch them splashing all around me while my toes would always stay dry.

I feel we are given the opportunity to live many lives in a single span. We can rebirth ourselves if we have the courage and sensitivity to accept the opportunities destiny throws our way. At this time in my life I was peaking as the young aspiring athlete from Lincolnshire. The farmer's son, secretly yearning to eclipse his father's

achievements and establish himself as a champion within that template, was reaching his zenith.

During this time I had traveled the world, fighting champions on three different continents, and held my own with them all. In the jungles of Thailand I had trained with wild animals, snakes, elephants and scorpions and learned how to absorb their spirit. Blazing in love, I had initiated myself in extraordinary ways. I remember one particular walk that was extremely challenging for the faint of heart. There was a very small restaurant in a small, private home in the jungle close to the beach on the island of Ko Phi Phi. It was very important to make the return journey before darkness, and certainly before it rained, because every night after sunset and the evening rain, literally thousands of small black scorpions emerged from the undergrowth of the jungle and congregated on the tiny muddy path. Needless to say, this restaurant was not popular at night. I, however, loved the path in the darkness, scorpions shining dark poison and mystique, glistening in the moonlight, wet with rain, as I walked home after an enjoyable meal, barefoot and confident, invincible in my mind.

So fortified was I by the power of love and by the results of my own personal exploration that I exuded confidence in a way that most men have never even touched. During a visit to the back country in the state of Victoria, Australia, while training for a scheduled underground fight with the European light heavyweight kick boxing champion, I happened to spend time in a large country pub. These drinking houses boast no chairs in the bar and have room for one thousand men, all leaning against tall tables stacked with beer jugs and glasses.

This particular day they had gathered to watch a boxing match between Australian champion Jeff Harding and British champion Dennis Andries. They were fighting for the world light heavyweight championship. Andries had been training at the Kronk gym in Detroit, one of the toughest and most intimidating places in which to box. I had just come from Kronk myself; I used to rollerblade there, and had been run off the road three times and had to jump over the barrier to literally save my life. Now, in this pub, I was the only Englishman among hundreds of Australian men.

At that time of my life I enjoyed wearing the most ridiculously loud and colorful clothes. Fluorescent pink and electric green, bright purple and neon blues were my

preferred choice of attire. I wore a rainbow-colored headband and skated around on bright pink rollerblades with their brakes removed.

I had learned to rollerblade in Paris. The first day I took the blades out of the box I went to Trocadero, just in front of the Eiffel Tower, where there is a magnificent arena of pure marble floor where many street skaters and skateboarders congregate. I was befriended by a young urchin of the street. He was four feet six and thin as a rail, and one of the best skaters I've ever seen in my life. He delighted in speeding through the crowd heading for the three flights of marble stairs. Descending some thirty or forty feet, he would, with a big smile on his face, fly off the precipice, turn around in midair, and land on the stairs going down backwards with a thundering demonstration of his skill and courage. He was my newfound friend and coach. The first thing he told me was to remove my brakes, which I duly did. Although I never attempted his extreme skating stunts on the stairs, I loved hills and hairpin bends. Many a time, wearing my wetsuit and Gremlin hat, especially on the winding country roads of Lincolnshire, sometimes on full moons, I could be found haring down the hills, screaming round blind corners, dodging cars, making impossible turns—reinforcing my faith and zest for life.

So there I was in the Victoria pub, without my blades, dressed in eye-catching attire, with hundreds of Australian men drinking heavily and watching the fight. Eventually Denis Andries won. The British champion was now the champion of the world. Fortified by this marvelous result, I finished my beer, tied two feathers in my hair and began a journey around the place in my pink and electric green tasseled Kosmic gear. Walking around from table to table into the sweaty throng of these thick-armed men, I looked every man who would return my gaze deeply into his eyes, penetrating through his heart, into his soul. When a man looks another man directly in the eyes, a deep and powerful archetypal question is asked. It is a challenge every man instinctively recognizes—man to man, warrior to warrior. That day I offered the challenge to perhaps a hundred different men; not one of them, thank God, picked up the gauntlet. This kind of confidence, this recklessness, was the absolute pinnacle of this phase of my life.



The Beginning of the End

Perhaps it was the beginning of the end for Françoise and me when I began to focus excessively this seemingly amazing power I could direct by will into our sexual relationship. I would too often watch, with a growing ego pride that sullied both the sanctity of our love and my relationship with The Force, as she writhed on the bedroom floor, knocking things over, pulling down shelves, tearing at curtains, completely oblivious, in an epilepsy of orgasmic ecstasy that I could intensify without even touching her, merely with the power of my focused intent.

Yes, indeed—love is mighty, its full Force incomprehensible to the human mind. Even these first few drops, I was later to painfully learn, are in no way to be wielded by an ignorant and selfish personality.

It was when I realized that the universally available Source of this wonder was actually within me, and that I personally communed with it most easily alone in nature, that our relationship began to deteriorate. My focus shifted swiftly from worshipping her to discovering myself in nature's almighty womb. I took to spending hours alone in the waves. Often, with tears streaming down my cheeks, I surrendered myself to the mercy of the most angry looking seas. With lightning and thunder shattering the skies and winds whipping the ocean into a frenzy, I would enter the cauldron of boiling mayhem, offering my physical body as a sacrifice to my highest beliefs. Time after time this inner Force that pervades all things proved that it loves me so, so much, for an hour or so later in pitch dark I was washed up gently on the sand, my soul welded to it all. Françoise, meanwhile, sure I had drowned in my madness, was searching for me frantically all over the woods.

At this time that I began to write more seriously and became driven to somehow record my amazing metamorphosis. Ideas and concepts I had never been told or read presented themselves to my mind in flashes of clarity, and I frantically scribbled these morsels of enlightenment lest they be lost on the winds of the ethers.

Like great philosophers and poets of yore, my close friend and brother-in-arms, Rob Rowley, and I would sit and discuss all manner of fabulous notions. Then, invincible in our imaginations, we would charge about doing all manner of equally

fabulous stunts. Our faces dyed green with wheat grass, our bellies full of the elixir that is its powerful healing juice, and with hearts fair bursting with aliveness, we would dive into the mightiest of seas, him paddling like a young titan upon his surfboard screaming, "Kick, Goodacre! Kick!" towing me swimming behind. We would break through even the heaviest of Hossegor shore break while many, unable or unwilling to run the gauntlet as we, sat wishing on the sand.

In those days we were like pioneers who had discovered a new world, a new world of freedom. We felt unstoppable, defiant, confident and bold. Fortified by our beliefs, we were the living embodiments of our study. We were like mad professors who had blown up the garden shed time and again during early experiments, but now we had finally found the perfect formula and explosions occurred no more. Like the happiest of children, we sat for hours hypnotized by the beauty of nature and life. We watched in wonder as sunset moments glowed living love—water dripping from our arms, the light and wetness and us a simple, obvious oneness as life shared with us timeless secrets—and then we would laugh and laugh some more. In the evenings I would read poetry. When I read it to Françoise I would cry, sometimes really letting go, unable to complete my readings, uncontrollably releasing huge sobs of yesterday's pain, and then I would sleep in the bosom of her love, the sleep of the innocent.

On my return to England and the long-awaited return match with Jack, the former European light heavyweight kick boxing champion and coach to the current world champion, I managed to exude so much wildness and intimidating presence that the man, in his own gym, surrounded by dozens of his lads, would not even climb into the ring. It was one of the most profound experiences of empowerment in my life. Although I have little interest whatsoever in fighting today, I have taken that certainty and welded it in pure faith, in the heat of knowingness of the spirit in my soul.

Fortified with confidence I returned to France and was invited to take part in the selection process that the bodyguards of the president underwent. One of the tests was to swim a mile with my hands and feet tied together. While preparing for this challenge I unintentionally triggered a catharsis which spelled the death of the man I had become. Unbeknown to me at the time, it was the beginning of the end of the warrior athlete and the birth of a completely new identity and expression of my self.

*To every thing there is a season
And a time to every purpose under heaven
A time to be born and a time to die
A time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted
A time to kill and a time to heal
A time to break down and a time to build up
A time to weep and a time to laugh
A time to mourn and a time to dance*

—*Ecclesiastes 3:1-4*

It was only a matter of time. To each thing there is a season, and our relationship was ripe. The winds of change were stirring my restless nature and I could feel myself being pried by the hands of destiny from the warmth of yesterday's tender embrace. It doesn't do to get too dependent on any form, and the wanderer in me was waking from his long and restful sleep. The writer I had always dreamed to be was now impatient for serenity, solitude's priceless gift.

One day, after a particularly arduous training session, I collapsed on the ground and for several days could not stop vomiting and sweating. Two weeks later I was thirty pounds lighter and a different consciousness possessed me. It was an extraordinary purification, as close to death as I have ever been. The mindset of the old rugby player and fighter had been upgraded to something far more unlimited. Extraordinary concepts of transmutation, metamorphosis, transfiguration and such like flooded my mind. The light within me was driving me forward, visions were appearing of elsewhere, it was time to move on and, little did I know, time to face the darkness within.

Three and a half years after I met Françoise she was no longer the frightened, saddened shell that she had been. The cobwebs had gone, her divorce was almost final, and the relationship with her longtime best friend was clarified, ambiguous no more. She stood upon the threshold of true self-discovery and I had played my part. As I left The Refuge that day, Rowley by my side, twenty surf boards on the roof of our battered old bug, I remembered the words of a wise man: "Be careful, mate, be careful."

They were words of advice offered to me as I was diving into this affair, words that I ignored. A young man in his prime had been struck by the lightning of love. Now it was an exhausted and shattered remnant of my former physical presence that drove away that day. What followed was a two-year sojourn through the living hell of heartbreak's emotional insanity as I hacked my way through a jungle of self-pity, confusion and contempt, terrorized and wrestling all of the way with the frightening beast of self-destruction that the curse of ignorance is.

■ The Depths

Behind me were the dizzy heights of human love, from whose lofty peaks I had seen the vision of an even greater mountain that lay ahead, dwarfing the one I had fought so hard to climb. Not realizing the degree of purity one needs to fly, and not for the first time in my life, I had gamely leaped into an abyss of giddy fortune. The chains of misconception leadened my wings and I fell to my fate, landing with a dreadful, heartbreaking thump in a valley of darkness below.

For two years in Hawaii, I licked clean the wounds of heartbreak, continuing my personal transformation and subconsciously preparing for the final stage of an incredibly powerful seven-year cycle of metamorphosis. The final test to come was the combined deaths of my father and brother. During this time I enjoyed the company of a native people, many of whom have a close relationship with their natural world.

These people know without any kind of doubt that they are an inseparable part of natural creation, an indivisible facet of nature. They feel and know that one central creative intelligence is responsible for all of this natural wonder and that this Force oversees the whole of creation. Nature is everywhere; indeed, it could be said that nature is everything. But it is The Great Spirit, out of which *all* that is manifest has flowed, that is the primary cause of life. Is this not the principle of God that unites us all? Isn't this living, dynamic, super-intelligent, all-seeing, all-knowing, ever-present everywhere, totally infinite power the ruler of all life and the invisible substance out of which nature takes its form? With this in mind, is it not in our very best interests to

live life in harmony with the will of this incredible power, surely our most abundant natural resource?

Perhaps this is the only way of guaranteeing that we may enjoy a constant abundance of health and contentment; surely this is not a difficult thing to comprehend. If we consider our unnatural world with all its trouble and strife, we see clearly that the consequences of living out of harmony with nature will manifest every day in a multitude of ways, all of which are problems that face the human race.

The nature of life is wisdom, power, and love, an unconditional benevolent, all-powerful force that wills the best for all. In Hawaii, the most consciously aware, natural people seek to become one with that Great Natural Spirit, allowing themselves to breathe its free flowing goodness into all of their thoughts, words, and actions. They call this “Aloha.”

There are many reasons why the modern world with all of its violence, greed, toxicity, and warfare is the way it is, but there is only one cause and there is only one solution and that is us. The sooner we accept this fact, the better. With acceptance comes responsibility and the ability to respond.

Most people do not see, understand, or care very much about this catastrophe of the planet because they are overwhelmingly preoccupied with grave psychological problems. The environmental crisis is rooted in the psychological crisis of the modern individual. This makes the search for an eco-psychology crucial; we must understand better what terrible thing is happening to the modern human mind, why it is happening, and what can be done about it.

—Glenn Parton, *The Machine in our Heads*

When a human being realizes that, indeed, it is he/she to a greater or lesser degree who is creating, sustaining, or destroying every aspect of human affairs, then that individual opens to their divine nature. It is when the very same being, moment to moment, chooses to respond to the outer world not with judgment and condemnation, but with compassion, while holding the vision of perfection, that they become masters

of their own minds and ultimately masters of nature. Nothing less than this radical shift in personal orientation is called for in these shocking times.

Till now man has been up against Nature. From now he will be up against his own nature.

—Dennis Gabor

The good news is that even as the forces of darkness wage their final battle and all manner of negativity threatens to engulf the world, a new world is actually already here. Perhaps it always was here. You can feel it—invisible and yet, oh, so real. Don't believe me? Close your eyes now, take a breath, in love and gratitude, in sensitivity, and allow your most tender awareness to reach out from your heart to an almighty invisible presence; look up within and say, "Yes!" Do it again, and again. See, I told you so!—and so have many others before me.

*Thou shalt know:
Self-chosen are the woes that fall on men
How wretched, for they see not good so near,
Nor hearken to its voice
Few only know the pathway of deliverance from ill*

—Pythagoras

The purpose of this short work is to communicate to you an essential message not merely of hope, but of certainty, to encourage you—yes, you!—to embrace a universal power, impersonal and yet deeply personal. It is the same power, the same Force, that David had when he slew Goliath, the same force that Luke had when he faced his dark father (Darth Vader), and the same spirit that Jesus and all other masters embodied to such a high degree. This almighty power is there for us all. Yet it is not enough to merely know of its existence—we must become one with it. We must be one with its nature, be in harmony with its spirit—which is to be at one with our very selves, for indeed, as spiritual beings, we are made in its image and likeness. Once attuned through thought, word, action and feelings, we are lifted up, and our reality becomes a different reality. Our world becomes a different world. To know this Force truly is to truly know ourselves.

There is much great work being done in the world today and made available through the internet by noble-hearted researchers such as Michael Tsarion, Jordan Maxwell, David Icke, Alex Jones, Jeff Rense, and George Noory. All of these men have one thing in common: their emphasis is mainly on exposing problems, rather than creating solutions. Theirs is a great service, but now it is time for the next step. We need to become solution-oriented individuals—not just philosophically and intellectually, but in every cell of our being and every vibration of our souls. We must be the living embodiment of the solution!

Above all else in this work I wish to convey the simplicity of a solution-oriented individual. "Become as little children," said the great master. He referred to the childlike state of innocence (transparent, non-judgmental attitudes), simplicity, being fully present in the moment, breathing from the belly in a relaxed state, and seeing the world as a grand adventure to discover—which it surely is.

We must know why it is that we are condemned to live the kind of disempowered, confused and mediocre lives we live, and why it is that our world is plagued with corruption. We must know why it is that in a mere 200 years over 160 million people have suffered violent deaths at the hands of other human beings, and why 50,000 species of plant and animal life are destroyed forever per one single year. It is our right to know why we experience inner psychic and moral commotion, and why we often experience constant mental and emotional turmoil. The reasons for social and existential conflict were known to our ancestors, who were, themselves, inheritors of the "bad genes." The time has come to heed their counsel and wisdom. Behind the poesy lies the profoundest wisdom.

—Michael Tsarion

There are many reasons why we suffer, but for the awakened being there is only one cause and that is us. Perhaps the most sobering facet of maturing spiritually and psychologically is accepting that fact. If we are truly interested in effecting change in the world we perceive around us, developing mastery over our own selves is a fundamental prerequisite. Radiating compassion and good will to all, our very

presence a living blessing, are the qualities of being of the innocent child and the master.

The gigantic catastrophes that threaten us today are not elemental happenings of a physical or biological order, but psychic events. To a quite terrifying degree we are threatened by wars and revolutions which are nothing other than psychic epidemics. At any moment several millions of human beings may be smitten with a new madness, and then we shall have another world war or devastating revolution. Instead of being at the mercy of wild beasts, earthquakes, landslides, and inundations, modern man is battered by the elemental forces of his own psyche.

—Carl Gustav Jung

There is a very great difference between the ego's anxious love attachments to the world of form, and the Divine Love which the soul experiences for the invisible within. The Greatest Love Story Ever Told is a story—it is your story, my story, our story, the human story. It is the story of the soul shifting its allegiance from the outer to the inner. Something extraordinary indeed exists inside of us all, and being in love with that is the best way I know to allow its presence to bring magic and miracles to your world. If ever there were a time in human history when magic and miracles were needed, surely this is the time.

The Great Call of the times is to stand in the light of your own unique truth and to live it. The nature of truth is light and the light is living information, intelligence. In order to experience this intelligence you must know yourself through gratitude and love and deep inner peace. The experience of peace through love is the essence of relationship. Relationship between feminine and masculine, within and outside of ourselves, is a metaphor for the dance between spiritual being and physicality.

There is no peace without love and no love without peace.

—A Course In Miracles

In order to better appreciate the relationship between spiritual essence and physical being, we can investigate various sources. Scriptures of various religions are

one avenue. Poetry and philosophy are another. There is also the world of mythology and ancient stories.

Legend says that many of the myths, stories, and fairy tales that have found their way through the ages were specifically structured to act as a guiding beacon for a lost humanity. Could it be that these enchanting tales have been carefully preserved and cherished in their telling, handed verbally from father to son, grandmother to granddaughter, to guide future generations? As the dawning age awakens to the sound of the destruction of the earth, surely there can be no doubt that modern man with his diabolical military industrial system is utterly lost.

Part Three

Transformation and Death

Death is not the terrible foe you imagine him to be, my son. Like a faithful worker in the garden of Life, he gathers the autumn leaves, picks clean the bones of time, and grants future's eternal promise.

Darkness and Tears

The journey to the jungles of Hawaii only added more fuel to the fires of purification and transformation which were raging so powerfully within me. After leaving France, my first three months were devoted entirely to writing. Through floods of tears, in freezing cold, I unloaded the contents of my soul.

At the beginning of a blind odyssey looking only for God, I spent six weeks in a Christian Hindu monastery in Wales and had a *kundalini* activation while watching a sunset of such perfection that I was utterly overwhelmed by the vision I beheld. I had driven to many of the sacred sites of England in a sky blue beetle Volkswagen that looked like someone had spent a whole day bashing it with a big hammer. I had traveled to the wilds of Alaska on a spiritual quest, published my first manuscript, and hitchhiked into the far north of the Yukon, watched dozens of hours entranced by the Northern lights, utterly amazed, once again, by the unspeakable power and magnificence of nature.

I had journeyed south through Canada all the way to Arizona and participated in “The Gathering of Many Tribes” which was the fulfillment of Hopi Indian prophecy. We drummed nonstop for three days and three nights. The energy field we created was so powerful that even though the police were not allowed on the reservation, they assembled just outside in large numbers with guns, and sent threatening messages to the organizers of the gathering to close it down. The Hopi begged us to stay, imploring

us to make this stand. They were fully aware of the significance of this moment. It was after this extraordinary experience that I made my way to Hawaii for the first time.

Desperately needing to integrate the mind-shattering experiences and opening of my heart which had overwhelmed me during the last few years, I retreated to the jungle and gladly crawled into my little tent, secluded in a grove of hau trees in the heart of Oahu's North Shore.

Returning from Hawaii was a massive jolt to my system. The love I had opened to with Françoise had utterly transformed me. The deeds I had accomplished while supercharged by its power were supernatural, to say the least. The consciousness that now possessed the skin sack of the man I was now, from the boy I was before, was radically different from the one I had when I first arrived in France.

I spend the next eighteen months attempting to integrate the last pages of this current chapter of my life. But the initiations, unabated, kept coming. It was a wild and crazy time. I lived like a hermit—a wild, strange fellow from the woods, avoiding social interaction as much as possible. I became more and more absorbed by the forces of nature. I lived on wild mushrooms and purple flowers and befriended soul surfers, also seeking the path less traveled, who rode some of the biggest waves in the world. I was heartbroken and desperately trying to integrate the mind-shattering experiences that lay behind me. The smoking addiction I had struggled with all my life had shifted from cigarettes to marijuana at the age of twenty-two when I was in New Zealand. Like many lost souls disenchanted by the counterfeit world who make their way to the North Shore of Oahu, I balanced the ocean element with the fire of burning green smoke.

It is going to take everything you have to become all you can be.

—David Wolfe

Mythologically speaking, this was the descent of the warrior into ashes and grief. Spiritually speaking, it was my dark night of the soul. My only solace was the ocean. The waves that particular winter were some of the biggest in the history of Hawaii. I had evolved from my body surfing endeavors and was now charging the gigantic shore break of Waimea Bay on a tiny body board with a couple of fins. I had no genuine

preference whether I lived or died. Death held no fear and the world held no particular allure.

Standing upon the sandy shore of Waimea when a big winter swell is driving huge waves into the Bay is one of the most exhilarating experiences anyone can have. When those waves of energy unload on the sand, watching the sheer magnitude of their power is an awe-inspiring experience. What a reflection the ocean is for anyone who wishes to look into one's soul. I have seen men quake and tremble at the prospect of stepping forth from the safety of the golden shore into the hazard of the boiling blue. It is the same fear which paralyzes that essential movement from the familiar island of ego into the unknown ocean within.

During that time deep in the womb of nature, I communed with spirits, energies and beings, which most people are completely unaware even exist. Knowledge direct from nature continued to pour into my mind and soul, purifying the toxicity and madness that possessed my soul and had been programmed and conditioned into me for lifetimes.

I was befriended by pig hunters and outcasts like myself. Despite the softening of my inner processes, on the outside it was a toughening time. Many of the men loved to fight. They were handy with knives and had traveled the world competing in underground bare-knuckle contests. I willingly entertained their fancies in memorable scraps up and down the whole North Shore.

Towards the end of this period, while living in the sand dunes looking after twenty-six horses for the Hawaiian international Polo club, I received a message from my brother in England informing me that my father was dying of cancer, and asking me to return.

I made the necessary arrangements and began the long journey for home. Although the future was daunting, it was a great relief to remove myself from the elemental intensity of Hawaii for a while. During the next thirteen months I first watched my father die a slow miserable death from cancer, and then eight weeks later my younger brother also. During this time I was myself diagnosed with the same disease, allowing me to gather a deeper understanding and appreciation of the true nature of human dysfunction and ill health.

There is nothing noble in disease and dying a miserable death. Sickness and ill health is merely a reflection of breaking essential natural rules, a consequence of ignorance. Our society is sick. Our culture is sick. The vast majority of individuals in our culture die miserable deaths. The principles of physical, mental, emotional and spiritual health are a total mystery to almost everyone. Ignorance and disinformation abound everywhere. I had a crash course in the subject.

Not only was I faced with an extreme physical challenge myself, receiving a prognosis of three months to live, but the devastation to my psyche, already shattered to say the least, and the opening of my deepest emotional wounds obliged me to descend into an arena of darkness and madness that, outside of an asylum, I had no idea could even exist.

The culminating initiation to this incredible period of my life was when I was called to administer a very large syringe of morphine, enough to kill three men, into the vein of my younger brother. This fulfilled the pact we had made over the dead body of our best friend, the dog, on that freezing cold morning so many years before. As I looked into his eyes, pumping in the fatal dose, something in me snapped. I heard it and felt it. It felt like someone with heavy boots stepping on a twig in the woods on a very cold day. Snap!

During that moment I temporarily lost my mind. I now understand that what was broken was calcification around my pineal gland. Momentarily I had access to another facet of my multi-dimensional self. Suddenly I was transported into the body of a little boy in a cold, harsh Victorian lunatic asylum. There I was, surrounded by the inmates. I did not know who I was, where I was, or who any of these people were, but I was there. I was backed into the corner of two cold walls, squatting on my haunches observing a most disturbing scene, the details of which I shall spare you. It was a shocking experience to say the least, especially on top of everything else. Thankfully I returned from this unsavory experience, remembering again who I was. Although I knew something in me was broken, I vowed to heal it. I somehow instinctively knew that what was rent and torn would one day be whole again.

After my brother's funeral I quickly left England. I needed to breathe the ocean and forest. I hopped on a bus and headed once again to southwest France. I was deeply

broken inside—wounded, shocked, sickened and weak. The surf and trees helped, but it was the height of the summer tourist season and people were everywhere.

Craving solitude, I hitched a ride south into Spain and tried to join a Buddhist community in the north. That wasn't the place either, so I went deeper south and eventually arrived in Portugal at *Moinhos Velhos* (The Old Windmill), a cleansing center in the Algarve. I stayed there for close to a year and cleaned out my guts, especially my small intestines, rested when I could, gardened, and grew a lot of wheat grass.

Light Dawns

Even though my health was improving, I still had an immense, unhealed psycho-emotional wound. One day I chanced upon an advertisement for a teacher training in firewalking, beginning in the springtime in England. I immediately signed up and returned once again to the land of my birth.

The teacher training was fun and, for me, not too challenging. I made new friends and found an avenue of expression which would form the bedrock of the way I chose to present myself in the years to come. We walked not only on fire, but also on broken glass bottles. We bent steel bars with our throats and snapped arrows in the same way. It was an empowering time.

Like all power, it can be misused. I had a sense that purifying the heart, mind and soul was the way to really wield the power in a masterful way. It was this desire which led me to the Findhorn Foundation in northeast Scotland for the very first time.

Findhorn is one of the oldest spiritual communities in the western world and was founded upon the success of three people who had the sensitivity and courage to listen to—most importantly, follow—the advice of nature spirits. So successful was this unlikely trio that they were eventually able to produce 56-pound cabbages growing in the sand. They transformed their windswept caravan park, in the sandy dunes of Findhorn Bay, into a veritable garden of Eden. In so doing, they attracted people from all over the world to join them. Forty-nine years later, Findhorn is an eclectic blend of slightly eccentric upper-class English folk with a large quotient of new-age hippie types

who like to stuff themselves with vegetarian food. Although today, it is fair to say, it has lost the rootsy basis upon which it originally thrived, it still provides an educational opportunity for thousands of individuals from all over the world who are exploring the path of alternative community life.

I stayed there for a few months and it sowed within me the seeds of a deeper appreciation for the hidden forces and beings in nature. The sensitivity I had as a child revived, and ever since I nurture that awareness in consistently more wonderful ways. Most of Life—99.9%—is invisible and undetectable to our rudimentary five senses, but it is still there. If we truly wish to connect with the body and depth of the invisible substance of creation, then we need to engage other forms of interface which transcend the five sensory apparatus. This requires sensitivity and awareness. Consciousness is acutely sensitive. Although we cannot turn the five senses off, we can activate and engage a deeper sense of awareness and knowingness with which to navigate and explore the ocean of wonder within which we exist. This is a very exciting part of my life and so exceedingly nourishing for the soul.

I visited Findhorn several times over the next year or so and spent the rest of the time avoiding urban life and immersing myself deeply in nature, reaching out with my soul to connect with the creatures and beings that I could feel but as yet could not see. It was a deeply healing time, culminating in a journey deep into the New Forest of England on the trail of unicorns. While living in Findhorn I had purchased a book called *Unicorns I have Known* by Robert Vavra. I still have that book and it is full of color photographs Vavra has allegedly taken of Unicorns all over the world. This magnificent work stands as clear testimony to the undeniable existence of a world of wonder existing in parallel to, and interfacing with, ours. Regardless of the evidence I have felt this dichotomy within myself every day of my life. Like any facet of life, the more we focus upon it the more real it becomes. It is by focusing more on the invisible and supernatural, the wondrous and magical within and around ourselves, that we call it forth to center stage of our reality and our world.

That year winter was biting hard and I decided to head south once again to the volcanoes and surf of Lanzarote. I spent the next two years there enjoying the solitude of the Sahara and the pounding liquid beauty of the Atlantic surf. During this time I

did a lot of firewalking and barefoot glass walking, improving my focus and concentration and reclaiming the shattered fragments of my mind.

On my return to Lanzarote I made a clumsy attempt to integrate all of the experiences of the last ten years into a center for personal development. It was a happy time. We had a bed of broken glass bottles, glistening in the sun, always ready for anyone who was willing to make the walk. Glass walking has always been an enjoyable experience for me. I have always considered walking barefoot over razor sharp broken glass bottles a wonderful analogy for life. The glass is a composite of earth (sand), air, fire and water. The actual walk itself represents the spiritual path, with all its challenges along the way. These challenges often appear in frightening and intimidating, even impossible, forms. When the glass is sharp enough, this degree of challenge is often felt.

I once carried a 250 pound Maori warrior healer on my back over the glass. As far as I know I am the only man in the world to have achieved such a feat. No matter how challenging life may appear, there is a deeper reality which underpins it all.

Never mistake outward appearance for reality.

—Huang Po

If we can attune our awareness to this invisible, underlying presence and begin to harmonize with its nature, then we can slice through the appearance of all the superficial challenges and initiations of life with ease and grace. I remember when I took my first step onto cut glass with Anaru, the Maori healer, on my back. I allowed my concentration to waver for an instant as I happened to stand on a razor sharp and crystal hard spike, sticking straight up from the heel of a bottle. It penetrated quite deeply and asked me a straightforward question as it did so. My immediate response was total composure, and the rest of the walk was a definite experience in Grace. The goal of glass walking is not to walk without sustaining a cut, just the same as the goal of life is not to avoid pain or wounds. It is how we respond to these deeper initiations and moments of intense opportunity which define the rest of our days.

So I walked the glass, danced on fire, and boxed every man who fancied his chance. I grew wheat grass and charged the waves and employed extreme and

alternative methods to assist people in unfolding their human potential. One day I met a fellow who, the week before, had survived an unsuccessful suicide attempt. His name was Tura and he had tied a rope around his neck and jumped from a wooden pier into the ocean below. Having miscalculated the length of the rope, he had succeeded in bashing himself around and, half drowned, he emerged from the scene shocked and bedraggled but still very much alive. In the process he had managed to give himself a serious case of vertigo. I took him under my wing and he came to stay with us at our fledgling school. He was so traumatized by his experience that when he walked up the stairs onto the roof of the school he had to crawl, clinging to the wall, in abject terror of the height.

Tura and I became good friends and I was determined to help him overcome his fears. At the end of the beach, in the small village of Famara on the island of Lanzarote, sits El Risco, a 3,000 foot high mountain of crumbling basalt rock. Sometimes we would drive around to the other side of the island onto the top of El Risco and take advantage of the spectacular views. I instinctively knew this was where Tura's healing would take place.

One day I invited him to accompany me on a drive to the east side of Lanza and we ascended to the top of El Risco. It was a very, very windy day. The wind was blowing over the cliff and as I stood on the crumbling edge, a pulsing gale was buffeting me from behind, throwing my poncho wildly all around and challenging me to stay balanced and on my feet. Not many people like to get too close to that edge, as the whole face was made of very crumbly rock. I used to love to sit in its natural nooks and crannies feeding the part of me that is born to fly.

Tura, as you can imagine, was terrified and extremely concerned for my safety. He was pleading with me from twenty feet away to come away from the edge. I told him that for me it was easier to walk forward than back and implied I was seriously considering taking that step. He was mad with concern and crawled closer to where I stood. He was clinging to the rocks, shouting above the wind. As soon as he came within about six feet of the edge I immediately jumped upon him. Imagine this scene: here is a guy with acute vertigo being wrestled towards a 3,000 foot edge, by someone slightly stronger than him, as darkness is falling around. We had a marvelous time.

After about fifteen minutes of extreme catharsis I let him go and followed him back to my van laughing so hard I nearly cried. He didn't stop calling me crazy for the thirty-mile drive back to our school. When we got home I took him upstairs on the roof where we could see the mighty El Risco in the moonlight. As you can imagine, he had no fear of walking up those stairs ever again, and we remain the best of friends. We all wrestle with fear in one way or another. It does us good to face it and win.

Towards the end of this time a friend of mine from Findhorn called and offered me a position there which I decided to accept. Once again I headed north to the windswept beauty of northeast Scotland.

En route I had an experience which forever changed me as a man. While driving up a long slow climb, deeper and deeper and higher and higher into the mountains, I chanced upon a magnificent brown bird there on the verge by the side of the road. I stopped the truck and walked around to this wonderful creature. I had never seen a hawk as big as this one; it was more the size of a good turkey. As I picked it up and held it tenderly to my heart, I knew its spirit was with it still. It was warm and its neck was completely limp. I fully expected it to fly away as it was so warm and very alive. However, it did not. Soon I realized it was not about to leave, so I set off again, up the climb in the big white van. After a few miles of holding onto the bird and stroking it and loving it so, I was overcome with emotion and just allowed myself the freedom of tears. I grieved for my brother and father, whom I had very recently witnessed pass over. After some more miles of tears I very definitely felt the spirit of the bird enter my body through my sacral center. Then a voice came from within me "I am the messenger of Love. Take my wings, take my tail, and bury my body in the earth." I kept those wings for years and did incredible energy clearing work with them. The spirit of the bird may still reside within me.



Initiations at Findhorn

There is an extraordinary quality to the light in the Scottish highlands. Findhorn has a definite Angelic overlighting presence which is magnificent to behold. I began my duties on the staff of Minton House and quickly established a wheat grass growing operation. It was during this time that I was able to put into practice my own

co-creative relationship with the spirits of nature. I achieved what to many would seem an impossible result.

The lady of the house had rather reluctantly agreed to allow me to grow the grass in her dilapidated and engineless camper van which lay rusting in the garden, under the condition that I not allow it to get dirty or wet. This was a fascinating conundrum as grass is grown in dirt and is watered daily. I solved this problem by lining the interior of the van with polythene and removing all the trays (over two hundred) daily, watering them on the ground, and returning them. Not wishing to incur the electrical expense, she also refused to allow me to heat the van. Winter was coming on fast and the days grew shorter and duller. The sun would rise barely above the horizon at about 9:30 am, reach a pathetic zenith by 1 pm, and then disappear again by 3 pm. This was not at all conducive to growing bright green grass. What to do? I had forty people to which I delivered a daily dose of liquid sunshine. Some of them had cancer, others were diabetic, one had epilepsy and all of them were benefiting enormously from this liquid natural goodness. I knew the juice was an important factor in my healing process too and began to wonder how I could keep the momentum of growth.

There was only one answer. I began to sit for hours in the evening in complete darkness in the van with my trays of grass, talking to the nature spirits responsible for its growth. I explained that a lot of people were counting on me and I needed results. Sure enough, the response was almost immediate. From that day forth for the rest of the year, no matter how cold or dark the weather, I had consistent trays of magnificent wheat grass and continued to provide people with their daily doses of sunshine.

It was a powerful and wonderful time. I did a tremendous amount of healing myself. Riding around the bay and the village every morning in my kilt, rain or shine, delivering that juice brought so much joy to my heart and soul.

Deeper insight into the hidden realms of nature cultivates a natural yearning for communion with the invisible forces which reside there. In our current state of disharmony this is an impossible experience for the average individual to enjoy. The return to innocence or, as Jesus put it, becoming as little children, is a prerequisite for entry into the hidden kingdom.

Findhorn provided the first genuine opportunity in this decade of my life to get into some serious stillness without the psychic stimulation and fomenting effect of big waves and buds. Daily meditation was part of the community rhythm, and after my early morning sprint around with the green juicy goodness, it was into the internal realms.

Findhorn provides a living demonstration of the tremendous contrast which, in this world, we are being challenged to reconcile. Bordering the community land is an active Air Force base. The massive hunter killer submarine destroyer jets fired up their engines every day, and the roaring explosive power shattered the peace as if in blazing defiance of our peaceful protest. During meditation the huge machines would fire up and take off and circle the bay several times. It was amazing to witness the silence after and before they passed. That silence—despite the presence of any machine, especially the one in our heads—is forever present. The reclamation of our sanity, and indeed the sanity of the world, hinges upon our ability to exist from this fertile and wonderful realm within us.

Findhorn, in true gardening spirit, provided plenty of opportunity for growth. I had a girlfriend at the time, a young German dancer with a degree in sports science, who had suffered significant sexual trauma in her very early teens. It was my first introduction into the depths of woman's wounds. She had an extraordinary need for my attention, sometimes at the most inappropriate times. As my sensitivities and appreciation of the wonder in silence and stillness deepened, I loved to meditate whenever I could. A favorite time was early evening, after the duties and chores of the day were done. I had procured one of those mats usually found in the bathroom, all pink and soft on the toes. I loved to sit on the thing and be still and know.

Bine, which means "Bee" in German, somehow would always require my immediate attention at this time. She owned a pair of German paratrooper boots left over from the second world war, and would come slamming through the back kitchen door downstairs and then thumping up the stairs. The door to my room would fly open and in the beautiful whirlwind would come. She would come marching up to my little pink mat and demand my immediate regard, her muddy boots invading the delicate borders of my peaceful little island.

This habit was a marvelous trigger for the generations of fiery rage wound up and embedded inside me. Who knows what deep soul rifts we were healing in those classic moments of our stormy romance? Man and woman, German and English, peace and war, these are some of the landscapes through which the lava within me flowed. Boiling up steadily, I would politely ask her to step off the mat and excuse myself from the room. I had a contingency strategy in place for such moments in the form of a red leather boxing bag which I had secured to an apple tree in the orchard. I would bound down the stairs, three at a time, kick the back door open, gallop across the lawn to the orchard, and roar into that bag with all the ferocity and madness of my soul. Venting rage is essential for anyone wishing to enter into peaceful dialog with one's lover if the desired outcome is anything other than hurt.

The ego loves to wound. Bound up in our souls, formed from the magical substance of life, is a monstrous thing we call ego. A wounded child and a victim of causal factors beyond its control, the ego is the great challenge for us *all*. Once I had released a sufficient amount of venom I was able to return to my room and sit down with my love and share in the tears of our truth.

I had other experiences with the man-woman wound, including one I shall never forget. A visitor asked me for a healing session. At the time I was combining hands-on massage with the energy clearing I did with the Hawk wings I had been gifted at the beginning of this trip. I massaged her back, neck, shoulders and legs, then turned her over deeply relaxed. As I commenced to work on her belly she began to breathe into a deep emotional wound. Within five minutes or so she was letting go blood curdling screams and wailing a grievous lament. I sensed I was bringing something up and out of her body and reached to open the window behind me.

It was late summer and the night was warm. It was just after sunset and a group of people were laying on the grass outside, enjoying the late evening air. All eyes were fixed on my window, drawn of course by her screams. Suddenly out of the top of her head came flying some strange bat-like creature, a dark shadowy thing which went screaming directly over the folks on the grass and out into darkness over Findhorn Bay. It was not the last time I removed something like that from a woman.

When she calmed down she settled into a deep sleep, and eventually I left her alone to integrate her experience. The next day, before I could talk with her, she was gone. More than two years later that I received contact from her by email. She explained that she had been gang raped in New York and that she was reliving the experience during our session. It was a profound lesson, the wisdom of which still serves me well.

The Mentor is Challenged

In many ways I have always been a rebel; a "likable rogue," I was often called at school. Never being possessed by out-and-out destructive qualities, I was however born to challenge the status quo. One of the most significant turning points in my evolution came through initiation, not with a woman but with men. I had been anticipating eagerly the much publicized International men's gathering which was due to take place at Findhorn very soon.

Robert Bly was the star attraction and the ballyhoo surrounding it all had attracted sixty men from all over the world. I had been studying Bly's work, especially his "book for men" called *Iron John*. It contains a relatively complex archetypal journey of a young boy who is destined to leave the life he knows and go on a journey through a dark forest, eventually becoming a king. It is a good story full of the essential ingredients which serve as metaphors for the unfolding of our inner greatness. The key relationship in the tale focuses on the boy's meeting with "the wild man."

The format for the week involved us reading the story and then engaging in some emotionally charged release work and psychodrama, culminating in a three-day grieving ceremony copied straight from the ritual of an African tribe.

It was my first genuine insight into men's process work and I was deeply shocked. What amazed me more than anything was how disempowered all the men were, particularly the Americans. If the message of the book were to connect with the wild man, then the presenters had missed the point. Bly himself, in the book, encourages us to look outside for this essential relationship, and suggests that the wild man is the mentor figure. I feel this conclusion is at best incomplete, and at worst an excuse for wimping out from the essential task to which the hero within us all is now being called.

As much as a mentor is a valuable thing, there is something else far more essential. It exists in the primordial depths of our soul and cannot be resurrected in the chaos and distortion of civilization's synthetic song. It is found in nature. The power and presence of nature provides a catalyst for dissolving the fake sense of self. Without immersion in nature, we are likely to reproduce the same fabricated substitutes and pathetic excuses for culture, and indeed the plastic sense of self which consumes the world in epidemic proportions today.

A mentor's value can be gauged only by how in touch he is with that silent, invisible, wild and unstoppable thing that brings the whole world alive. That does not mean that every wild and hairy thing emerging from the dark, damp woods is carrying something of inestimable value and import, but it does mean that if the mentor is only a product of the modern cultural conditioning then he is impotent because he is not yet truly alive.

The world has produced untold numbers of mentors, but very few individuals who have truly come alive. I don't think it is enough any more to be well read and to be aware of the more superficial source of one's grief. I think there comes a time when the philosophies and gnosis of the world need to be surrendered willingly upon the sacrificial fires of beingness, and their essence distilled from the silence within—for it is not the mind which is carrying our spirit, but the soul.

The soul is a seed. Like all seeds, it grows best in a natural environment. It is the deep and natural silence of nature which nourishes growth. Nature is the place for the innocent childlike self to find the wild man within and thus release the gift of oneself. The whole world is crying out for this gift and it is the responsibility of anyone heeding that call to give it. This is not so much a process of adding to oneself, but of removing the encumbrance of an unnatural world.

If we continue to follow the guidance of mentors who have not truly come alive themselves, it is like the blind leading the blind. Although we might have a bit of fun on the way, the consequences may fall short of ideal.

One Christmas, three blind people came to stay with us at Findhorn. They were a marvelous trio I shall never forget. Jim was the leader of the group, a man in his late fifties who had been blind since birth. His girlfriend June was also completely blind

and the third was a man called Pat. Pat had a tiny bit of sight, aided by extremely thick glass lenses, but he was almost completely deaf.

They came to stay at Minton House and moved around the place in a pod, clinging to each other with Jim bellowing out commands to Pat as he navigated the corridors and halls. The day after Christmas in Britain it is a tradition to visit the local public house and enjoy a yuletide drink. I decided to invite the three of them, and they were excited to accompany me. We walked up the edge of Findhorn Bay on a bright and breezy, crisp winters day, the shells and pebbles were unfamiliar ground for them and we moved so slowly that as the tide came in we had to clamber up the sides of a twelve-foot sandy bank to avoid being caught in the flood.

We arrived at the pub in high spirits and proceeded to lubricate ourselves. Within a couple of hours they were all ready for the journey home. I had arranged for my girlfriend to pick us up in the tiny staff car and she had parked in the empty car park of a pub up the street. On the way to the car, jokingly, I asked Jim if he would like to drive us home. To my surprise he said he would. I do not know what possessed me to allow it, but I was determined somehow to pull it off.

It was another demonstration of a small miracle in my life but perhaps not the one you may suspect. Our lives are a series of initiations which prepare us for the service we are destined to gift to the world. How many are aware of this? How many of us actually review our lives and see these milestones of change along the winding river of our unfolding story?

Like all good things, my time at Findhorn came to an end and I decided to return to Lanzarote for a spell in the sun. It was during this time that I chanced upon a book on raw foods by an author named David Wolfe. He was one of a trio who had put the book together and provided good information on nutrition. He had some very strong things to say about living life in a heroic and meaningful way. Something told me I had a destiny with this guy and I set my sights on meeting him to find out where it was all going to lead. Little did I know at the time that indeed we were destined to establish one of the most powerful centers in the world.

A New Odyssey Begins

This time on my return to England I visited Cambridge and was introduced to Mike Mackintosh, who eventually became my partner in my website successultranow.com. He was teaching meditation at the time and we practiced regularly together for nigh on 2½ years. Our goal was to focus our minds on a tiny point of light we called soul consciousness. Through this portal we could magnetize with our love, appreciation and gratitude the infinite power on the other side. Soul consciousness is the opposite of ego consciousness. Instead of perceiving Life from the perspective of a wounded child with a victim mentality and built-in prostituting and self-sabotaging archetypal patterns as the ego does, we disciplined ourselves to immerse our consciousness in an eternal experience which was wonderfully illuminating and deeply peace-filled. Soul consciousness is integrated into all of our programs.

During this time I also worked on a manuscript called *The Biology of Peace* which detailed the fruits of the last few years of personal healing and presented a fresh perspective on how consciousness and biology interface.

We were doing a lot of meditation and eating raw foods, and it was a very purifying and spiritually empowering time. While in Cambridge, as synchronicity would have it, Dr. Gabriel Cousens came to present a talk. Gabriel runs a rejuvenation center in Arizona, blending the principles about which I had recently been writing into very effective healing protocols. I asked him if I could come and work on the land for a few months to further my studies, and he agreed. This was the beginning of an amazing series of events which led me to the place where I now sit.

After arriving in America I first went to California and surfed for a while just north of San Diego with the Willis brothers. It was here that I first met Thitch Nhat Hanh, a peace activist from Vietnam. He organized a peace march around MacArthur Park in downtown Los Angeles, an experience that changed my life. There were perhaps two hundred people, mostly monks, and we simply walked round and round the park, very slowly, repeating the following mantra:

I have arrived
I am home
In the here
And in the Now
I am solid
I am free
In the Ultimate being I dwell

It was a superb day. I was walking far slower than anyone. The monks were all lapping me. The joy of inner stillness in motion was pure revelation to me. I have never enjoyed sitting still. Long sitting meditation is pure hell for me. My spirit is flowing like a river and motion is medicine for my soul. This ultra slow walk and powerful mantra was the optimal fusion for this pilgrim and I was forever changed by the experience. I still use this format in every coaching program I teach. Try it out for yourself: simply walk slowly and repeat one line of the mantra with each step. Welcome home.

I arrived at The Tree of Life Rejuvenation Center in Patagonia, Arizona, very inspired, superbly focused and ready to work. Almost immediately I began the creative download which formed the basis for the foundational programs of successultranow.com. It was as if the past several years were all integrating swiftly, and all the practice and study in which I had been so passionately engaged was now formulating itself in clearly defined personal development programs which other people could use.

En route to The Tree I contacted an old acquaintance whom I had met in Alaska a decade earlier named Jay Iversen. He had lived in Arizona and was also a friend of David Wolfe. The Amazing Grace of synchronicity was in full effect as I found out he was actually on his way from Canada to Arizona to participate in a retreat with David Wolfe. The location was only a few hours away and I asked Jay if he could arrange an interview for me with David for my website plans. Jay hooked me up and I arrived at Eden Hot Springs on a summer Sunday afternoon. The night when David and I met was a meeting which was to dramatically change both of our lives.

We sat for hours drinking herbal tea and I told him an ancient mythological tale. The power of the moment and the synergy of our souls inspired him to hire me

immediately as his personal trainer with one specific goal in mind. This goal was to manifest something very significant he wished to change in his life. Within two weeks he achieved his goal. This was one of a series of mini-miracles which we have witnessed during our association, and it came simply from the power of unshakable focused intent.

From there we were invited to present at a retreat in Ontario, Canada. I was inspired to record the talk we gave together on the closing day of the retreat. It was an amazing day. The energy was incredible. We were speaking to a group of around seventy people and at one point the rain began to thunder down with such incredible force that we could barely be heard above the din. Something within inspired me to ask, “Shall we slow down the rain?”

People shouted, “Yes!”

We all stood up, took a few deep breaths, came into perfect harmony and unity together and simply willed the rain to slow. Immediately it responded and within moments the thunderous downpour became power-filled golden drips. The presence of Grace in the silence was utterly palpable. It was a beautiful, natural moment we shared, a perfect demonstration of the power of unity and focused intent. Later in the afternoon the rain again gathered some serious momentum and once again drowned our attempts to speak with a roaring thunderous downpour. I immediately suggested we do it again. Once again, within a few moments of perfect harmony and unity we succeeded in reducing the storm to grace-filled drips. The whole event is recorded and available on my website under the name *Raw Magic*.

The words David and I spoke that day formed the basis of the transcript of our first book together. The spirit of the gathering, which moved through all the people present, changed something in us all. It was a living demonstration of Grace: simple unity, harmony and focused intent expressing with the forces of nature. In this perfect equation lies the soul-ution to all the perceived problems of humanity. The wisdom gleaned from this day appears in *Amazing Grace—The 9 Principles of Living In Natural Magic*.

Since that event, our crowning achievement has been in founding Noni Land Agricultural Research and Personal Development Center in the Hawaiian Islands. This

is the current epicenter of my life and as I write, I am sitting here in Noni Land looking out across a perfect landscape of green and blue. We combine holistic lifestyle education with personal development protocol, immerse ourselves in nature, and nurture the plants and bees, trees and land. Everyone who passes through this place experiences a phenomenal life-enhancing recharge. We call it Super Hero HQ and it is a magical, powerful place.

My experiences in wonder continue here. One night there was a spacecraft silently hovering over the house, lighting up the grounds with bright red, then green and blue lights. Another night a Manahune visited me in my tent. The Manahune are mystical, elemental beings which rarely appear to humans. Well known in Hawaiian culture, they are supposedly some of the original inhabitants of the ancient continent of which the present Hawaiian Islands formed a part. Noni Land is a portal between cosmic consciousness and the supernatural worlds of nature. It is up to us, as stewards of this land, to open that portal and bring it fully into the world. This is a process, the most important facet of which is the purification of ourselves.

An understanding of the forces that have shaped the events of the twentieth century is predicated not on facts to be learned, but rather on secrets to be discovered.

—Dr. Stanley Monteith

The journey of the hero is our favorite mythological theme. It is time now for us all to shift out of the disguise of mediocrity and actually live our greatness. This requires a super-heroic effort of focus and will. In addition we must possess essential wisdom. This wisdom is forged only from the fires of experience.

I was reminded of this powerful, unassailable truth at a spiritual gathering on sacred Hawaiian ground. It was the first new moon of 2011. During the ceremony the Hawaiian priestess took me aside and showed me an ancient manuscript dating back around 5,500 years. It was a condensation of the Vedic texts and one single line stood out to me as if burning in flames of fire. It alluded to the dissatisfaction a soul feels no matter how much information it obtains. Knowledge is not meant to be merely idea or philosophy. However much one studies or learns, one is fulfilled only when one has

fully integrated what one has studied, embodying it to the full. Then it becomes a living truth.

Herein lies the greatest and purest teaching of all illuminated spiritual teachers. This fundamental and essential truth is also the target of all disinformation which saturates every strata and facet of our modern day world. Whether it be the nonsense of an external savior, which fosters incredible laziness, judgment and sloth, or new-age hype of smiley faces, crystals and absolute denial of the muck in our souls, it matters not. A lie is a lie, whatever its version.

Life is all about living and becoming truly alive. Nature is the womb for this eternal journey of self-expression. We are all being called now to express qualities of being which will usher in a new world. The fact that extreme and dramatic change is upon us can no longer be hidden or denied. The only question is, are you experiencing these shifts in a positive or negative way? What my life is all about is helping people to make the adjustments within themselves that allow not just a positive transformation, but one of wonder and ease and Grace.

Beyond the distortion frequencies of ego's domain exists a vast and benevolent power. The reason so many critics of the modern world are so pessimistic is because they are out of touch with this realm. It is not enough to judge and criticize the toxicity of the system while one is living in it, stuffing oneself with its drink and food. We know there is a problem. Now is the time to solve it. We do this by becoming the living demonstration of a new and better way.

Super Hero Training and everything we do at successultranow.com and Noni Land is designed to effect a personal transformation based upon real spiritual principles, psychological perspectives and emotionally empowering strategies combined with optimal physical health enhancing tools. All of these are harvested from the fires of experience and have been tested upon the playing fields of life in every chapter of my existence.

If you are, like I once was, confused or overwhelmed by the reality you see around you, then I guarantee that if you apply sincerely what I offer here, this will all change for the good—perhaps as definitely and magically as the rain falling down in Canada.

If you, like I once was, are heartbroken and looking for something real in life, then you need look no further.

If you, like I once was, are struggling to birth something from deep within yourself, then your rebirth is about to begin.

Welcome home.



You made it.

Love and blessings,

Nick Good



Sharing My Gift

Men and women become accomplices to those evils they fail to oppose.

—Dr. Stanley Monteith

Here is a list of what I have overcome in my life and what I have integrated into Super Hero Training:

- Psycho-emotional trauma
- Debilitating Fear
- Suppressed anger and rage
- Trauma from Violence
- Ingrained Negative Family soul patterns
- Emotional, psychological, spiritual and physical toxicity
- Massive psychological conditioning and negative mind programming
- Inability to deal with, accommodate and integrate the shocking reality of life
- Poor self-image and low self esteem
- Communication disability
- Fear of intimacy
- Fear of expressing unconditional love
- Relationship dysfunction
- Immune system deficiency
- Addiction
- Terminal Disease
- Ignorance of my own Divinity and the sacredness of Life
- Knowledge and experience of the presence of God, The Great Spirit of Life

I have also learned:

- How to communicate with Love
- The power of prayer
- How to use the power of the mind to heal