

Hendron's Gate

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Non-fiction

Unless otherwise noted, all Bible quotations are from the King James Version.
Italics, bold and bracketed words are supplied by the author for emphasis.

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DEDICATION

“You’re weird.” That’s what Suzanne used to say. It hurt a little. But I’ve found some comfort in the fact that she married me anyway. So here’s to you, Zanny, one and weird with me.

1
INTRODUCTION

March 27, 1997: I awoke to breaking news of the Heaven's Gate cult suicides on my alarm clock / radio. As details unfolded, I was astonished at how familiar they all seemed. I too was beckoned to that ship of death, but never made the appointment. One might ask how anybody could fall for something so "far out." I owe an explanation.

"You should write a book," people have told me.¹ ...Easier said than done. I wished it were finished before now; closer to the events that inspired the title. On the recent the death of my wife's father and subsequent stay with his widow, I have found occasion to complete the manuscript. (Thank you, Fred and Brenda Bate; Bill and Linda Hubbs.)

What you have here is a shattered biography; splinters of childhood, juvenile and adult life which, initially, may have you questioning its relation to little green men. Read on, and you will find them emerging from the shadows. In the end, all the information streams together into a channel with a singular message ...from outer space.

There is no question in my mind that an alien invasion of our planet is well under way. After more than a decade of investigating the matter, and a number of personal encounters with these creatures, my question became this: What is the true *origin* of the phenomena?

It is easy to be overwhelmed and confused with the data. UFO reports are as varied as they are widespread. There seems to be as many different kinds of spacemen as there are races of earthling.

Among the many resources at my disposal, I eventually deemed the Bible to be admissible evidence.² Scripture speaks plainly of intelligent beings with supernatural ability visiting our planet. I have found that these writings give great clarity to the issue.

So come with me on a journey to the outermost cosmos, and the innermost workings of the human psyche. Keep looking for the big picture, as different parts come to view. You may be shocked, even disappointed, but you will never be the same. This is a one way trip; no turning back, once you've entered... *Hendron's Gate*.

¹ Perhaps they've said it of you also. If told well, I believe, the story of each and every soul is a compelling drama.

² Sound proud? Just wait. "The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me" Ps 116:6.

“Bong, bong, bong”...beautiful. The campus clock chimes-in with my cheerful heart, in full agreement that these are the best of times. In the year 1998, as I lay on my lawn in warm sunshine at Collegedale Tennessee, I can’t recall ever being so content. Then it hits me: one decade before, at another university, such bells rang with *torment*.

“Who cares!?!” I screamed at the dorm room walls. Those bells only taunted me, announcing that time marches on indifferent to my tears. The ringing in of another hour, as if to signal some important event, clanged in my ears as an empty promise.

The heart of this struggling sophomore was as desolate as the desert landscape he had crossed to attend WSU. Coming from the lush Puget Sound area, I was surprised to see so many tumbleweeds after crossing the Cascade Mountains that divide Washington down the middle. I thought we were supposed to be “The Evergreen State.”

The real disillusionment, however, set in as classes began. In Business Law, our female professor informed us that huge barges dump their loads of grain into the sea rather than upset economies. (What about the starving masses?!) Nike and Wal-Mart ran sweat-shops in the Third World, working children long hours for tiny wages.

Intending to make the world a better place through innovative industry, my hopes were dashed on seeing how the Big Boys operate. The shrewdness of Darwinian business “survival” tactics challenged my altruistic aspirations. How could I compete without becoming “one of *them*”?

The more I learned, the more I lost hope. Multinational corporations, I found, rule the planet and dictate politics, leading governments like a bull by the nose. Translation: greed rules the world. Macro-Economics relegated everything to dollar value. Even things like air, speech, and friends, all carried a price tag; a net worth. After awhile, the material world seemed pretty petty. My interests turned to the realm of spirit.

“You're going to be hard-put to find anything like that here.” The guidance counselor scratched his head at my request to drop business management and invent a new liberal arts degree. “This subject is difficult to define,” he cautioned. “What is spirit? What is the soul? Are they the same thing, or different?”¹ Off to the library...

“Spirit-beings will answer your questions,” claimed one author. “Holding your microphone into the open air, tell them what you desire to know; then wait for a response. Play back the recording, and listen carefully for their voices.” Following these instructions from a book in the metaphysical section met with disappointing results. After several attempts, as I strained to hear the faintest response, the silence was broken only by the clock-tower outside, and my desperate sobs.

You might wonder at such gullibility. But people actually do “break on

¹ Since then I’ve discovered the answer to these questions. (See Appendix A.)

through to the other side,”² by employing³ such simplistic methods. Shamans in Mongolia walk circles 'round a Barissa tree to contact the spirit world. Witchdoctors in Africa hear voices emanating from consecrated tin cans. And yes, westerners do get mystical messages from Ouija boards.

The Other Side,³ another book I checked out, told how the son of Bishop James Pike, “high” on LSD, killed himself. (Does one break into the spirit world by breaking his body?) Shortly after, the father presumed to be hearing his dead boy's voice. Pike's séances were broadcast on network television in 1967. Later, this voice commanded the bishop and his wife to venture alone deep into the desert, where they would succumb to the elements and perish.

Dance with Death

“Killing yourself takes more courage than anything,” said Jake, the head-shaved Jewish kid who played bass in my band. That was his retort to my statement that “the best choices are usually the most difficult.” Our juvenile minds toyed with philosophy. Tired of textbook learning, we were eager to explore more tangible experiences. I was the vocalist, writing songs like *Real Life Drama*, about “narrowly escaping from the jaws of peril.” Little did I know, the drama was just beginning.

The big city beckoned me: Seattle. Surely answers awaited me here—the greatest concentration of culture and ideas in the Northwest. I dropped out of college and moved to the metropolis. Before long I was strolling down “the Ave,”⁴ the treasured turf of neo-hippies and young seekers, when the cat caught my curiosity in a shop window. Its eyes were closed, but the kitty wasn't stuffed; you could see it breathing. I entered the bookstore and discovered my new favorite reading section: “Occult.”

A volume titled *The Dead Are Alive* reasoned that ghosts haunt because they haven't come to terms with their own death. They hover and brood over the scene of murder or accident, looking for resolve. (As my bassist buddy had implied, it seems best to take control over one's passing, rather than just waiting for death to happen, perhaps being caught unprepared.) The author claimed to have established contact with these distressed spirits, began escorting them to “higher realms,” and invited his readers to share in the mission.

“There's always death,” said a stringy-haired guitarist on his way out the door of my Capital Hill⁵ home. It was a strange parting remark, without explanation. Was he proposing a better or worse alternative to our jam session? (Different band.) Those words lodged in my mind like a cockle burr.

Most of my research made netherworld sound like sweet relief from the

² Quoting Jim Morrison of *The Doors* first hit single (Elektra/Asylum records, 1967).

³ Written with Diane Kennedy (1968, Doubleday books).

⁴ Local nickname for University Avenue.

⁵ Another district of Seattle.

tedium and chaos of earth. Thus we have⁴“The Grateful Dead.” *Nirvana’s* lead singer Kurt Cobain chose suicide as the solution to his pain. (He and I were the same age.) Kurt’s mother begged him not to join “that club,” she called it, where talented musicians like Hendrix, Holly, Joplin, and Morrison have gone to spend their early retirement. If “only the good die young” I thought, I’d better improve myself.

No One Gets Out Alive,⁶ is the title of a biography on The Doors’ lead singer, Jim Morrison. I’m not sure how “good” this guy was, but he certainly was brave. Or should I say, he was a “dare devil.” Jim took all kinds of drugs and had all kinds of women. Besides these companions, he also claimed to be inhabited by the spirit of a dead Pueblo Indian. Further detailing his inspiration, Morrison tells of a being named Lucifer jogging with him on the beach (spawning the Van Halen song, *Runnin’ with the devil*.⁷)

Absent from the Body⁸

The fabled “out of body experience”—Now *there’s* a way, I thought, to visit the spirit world without having to die. (Maybe I’d better check it out first; see if it’s really as nice as they say it is.) *In My Soul I am Free*⁹ was a book that advocated liberating one’s spirit to explore life *outside* the body. This idea has become very popular, popping up everywhere from Twix commercials to *Talking Heads* tunes. (“And she was,” sings David Byrne, “rising up above the earth, moving into the universe, drifting this way and that, not touching ground at all, up above the yard.”¹⁰) The question is: How does one obtain this experience?

Timothy Leary, pioneer in the use of LSD, wrote a companion volume¹¹ to the Tibetan Book of the Dead (a Buddhist guide to the spirit world). The acid guru claims that this drug can do for westerners what long hours of meditation achieve for eastern adepts. Borrowing ideas from Alduous Huxley (author of *Brave New World*¹²), Leary believes that psychedelics can “cleanse the doors of perception,” affording extra-sensory ability to those who partake of this “modern sacrament.”¹³ It reminds me now of Satan’s enticement to eat the forbidden fruit: “You shall be like God”¹⁴ (enlightened; transcendent).

⁶ Danny Sugerman, Jerry Hopkins (1985, Warner Books).

⁷ First album; first track (1978, Warner Brothers records).

⁸ This is a biblical phrase, see Appendix A for details.

⁹ Brad Steiger (1968, Illuminated Way Publishers). I picked up this book years ago while attending the church of Eckankar. (Just the other day I saw another one of their bumper stickers: “The truth is within.”) This religion encourages its adherents to contact a spirit guide for midnight journeys on the astral plane. The danger of this practice is explained as the reader continues.

¹⁰ Album: “Little Creatures” (1990, Warner Brothers records).

¹¹ *The Psychedelic Experience* (1995, Citadel Press).

¹² (1932, Clays Ltd.)

¹³ Sacraments are religious rites. Huxley and Leary both mock Christianity in their writings.

¹⁴ Genesis 3:5.

"I'm curious what's down there; thinking about checking it out" a young man told his friend. "Looks dark and forbidding," said the other, "I wouldn't bother." They were in line next to me, waiting to enter a movie theater. The subject of discussion was a large stairwell beside us. "Where's Adam?" said the one. "I don't know," his friend replied, "I thought he was supposed to meet us."

**"And the LORD God called unto Adam,
and said unto him, Where art thou?"**

Genesis 3:9.

The conversation creeped me out. I had just dropped acid and was feeling sheepish in the first place. In pursuit of secret knowledge, I had broken the law (ingesting an illegal substance) just as ancient Adam had violated God's command not to eat of a particular tree. Was the Lord seeking *me*? And where was the serpent?

...A big golden tooth gleamed in the front of his mouth, every time the man smiled. Seated next to me in the theater was this fellow whose words were more interesting than the film. He was a Scientologist.¹⁵ (Their beliefs were familiar to me. One gave me a copy of *Dianetics*¹⁶ on the street in Hollywood. My visual-artist friend Linda told me of their late-night chanting in the office below her loft apartment.)

This man was once the leader of a Scientology group, but had to move on, he said, in order to take the experience to a higher level. Now an independent businessman, he spent long hours on the road in a trance state, allowing others to do the driving. But he was the only person in the car! His spirit, the man explained, would swap bodies with extra-terrestrial beings and attend to matters in distant worlds. This was a novel idea to me. What a way to beat boring drives!

The concept had a shiny new face, but has actually been a tenant of eastern religion for centuries, I found. At Govinda's Indian restaurant in Eugene Oregon, I found literature explaining the age-old practice of transcendental meditation, touting such interstellar journeys among its practitioners. Equally ancient, I found later, are the Scriptures which declare the devastating consequences of hosting a demon.¹⁷

Historically, insane asylums are well stocked with people having visions and hearing voices; feeling compelled to do harm against their better judgment. Today, some spirits take a subtler approach, in order to reach a greater number of people without alarm; they are congenial, giving the impression that the host has control of the relationship. The affair is drawn out until a person is no longer deemed useful and is driven to destruction. Such is the case of Jane Roberts, who channeled many books for a spirit named Seth—who later inspired her to commit suicide.

¹⁵ This Church's founder was a disciple of British Satanist Aleister Crowley. See *The Hubbard is Bare* by Jeff Jacobsen (1992, P.O. Box 3541, Scottsdale, AZ 85271).

¹⁶ Lafayette Ronald Hubbard, (originally published in 1950, by the American Saint Hill Organization).

¹⁷ Ezek 13:6-10, Acts 16:16, Mat 4:24, 8:16, 9:32; 12:22. Yes, the Holy Spirit also bestows visions, but never contradicting the Bible. See Isa 8:20; Jn 14:26.

“Can you read my mind?” Lips sealed, I asked the question internally, while looking into another's eyes. Spanky, he preferred to be called, had just shared some pot with me. We sat on a stairway landing, quietly reeling from the effects of inhaling marijuana smoke. Then Spanky broke the silence with a single word: “Yes.” We never discussed the exchange further.

I gave the matter considerable thought afterward. Was it I, rather than Spanky, who deserved a child's name? Could it be that everyone else was divine and I was the neophyte, forestalling godhood? Until I should independently conceive of the possibility, they kept their clairvoyance to themselves, lest my tender identity shatter with the shock. Actors, they were, waiting for me to catch on; to catch up.

Now according to *Scripture*, only *God* knows the minds of men.¹⁸ Our Heavenly Father affords us the peace of being his little children,¹⁹ without the burden of omniscience. Ours is the joy of discovery; of being surprised—a privilege unavailable to deity. Yet how can my communication with Spanky be explained?

Biblically speaking, I had defiled my body—the temple of the Holy Spirit²⁰—inviting the influence of an *unclean* spirit. In that moment of empty-minded abandon, the Father of Lies²¹ planted the idea in my head to ask that question of my friend. In turn, the same agent moved on Spanky's heart to respond in the affirmative.²²

“I can read your mind, looking at you,” the pop song goes.²³ “....Dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind.” We are sitting ducks for the devil's deceptions, when rejecting the idea of his existence as mere superstition. In that case, we must also reject the plain words of Christ: “I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven” Luke 10:18. We must make Jesus a liar, to deny the presence of demons. Most people would prefer to do both.

¹⁸ “For thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men” 1 Ki 8:39. See also Jn 2:24-25; Lk 6:8.

¹⁹ Jesus said, “Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein” Mk 10:15. Proud; insecure, we construct elaborate theories in attempt to gain the assurance Christ alone imparts, “Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ” 2 Cor 10:5.

²⁰ 1 Cor 3:16.

²¹ Jn 8:44.

²² Jesus identified one of his own disciples as speaking at the behest of Satan (Mt 16:22-23). The same dynamic is at work in fortune telling. Fallen angels cannot see the future, but upon those who submit themselves to forbidden channels (see De 18:10-12), these demons can readily fulfill their own predictions. “Ye are of your father the devil,” said Jesus, “and the lusts [desires] of your father ye will do” Jn 8:44.

²³ Alan Parson's Project, *Eye in the Sky* (1982, Arista Records).

Burned

Sally dumped me for another guy. At age sixteen, it was my first serious relationship, and the heartbreak was intense. That morning at school, someone asked me if I had any friends to lean on. “No one,” I answered, “Just God, I guess.” The statement was sarcastic; intended for dramatic effect. I only wanted the sympathy of my peers. But what happened that evening showed the truth of those words.

I was to burn a brush pile in the back yard. My step-father, John, gave me a mason jar of gasoline and some matches. After my initial attempt to light the twigs, I realized how green they were, as the flames quickly died. The pile was located on a steep slope, so I walked around to the uphill side and onto the debris itself. Pouring the remainder of the fuel down into the center, I felt assured that this penetrating dose would bring success. Turning away, I heard a roar of combustion behind me. I leapt to the ground, narrowly escaping cremation.

Perhaps it was the emotional drain of that morning that left me so forgetful of the rules of fire. I did not stop to think that smoldering embers from the first ignition still lived. But the bigger lesson for me came home that night, as I lay in bed contemplating all the events of that day. Indeed, there were worse things than losing a girlfriend. Having been rescued from the flames, I confessed that God was truly my best friend.

That same year, as a birthday gift, I was given a Bible from John’s new wife, Sharon.²⁴ “Adam Hendron” was printed in gold letters atop the burgundy leather cover. But I received no formal introduction to Christianity. When staying at John’s house, I perused the pages casually, returning it to the nightstand before going to sleep.

During this period, a strange noise started near the foot of that bed. Night after night as I lay there, a coarse breathing sound seethed from behind the opposite wall. Explaining it to Sharon, the only description I could think of was that of a large lizard.

“And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old *serpent*, called the devil, and Satan”

Revelation 12:7.

One night the disturbance went to a new level; the thunder of a terrific tussle taking place downstairs. Awakened from my slumber, I was sure a thief had broken into our house, and encountered John with a violent defense. (He’d been in some brawls before, and I never knew him to lose.)

Walls thudded and furniture crashed, as I pictured the men wrestling through various rooms. Terrified, I shrunk beneath the blankets, hoping it would soon pass. Then, the unlikeliest thing happened. I fell asleep! In fact, the battle was forgotten until John returned from work the next day. Memory jostled, I eagerly

²⁴ My mother and step-father had divorced. But he always welcomed me at his home.

inquired about the night's events. He⁸recalled none.

At the time, I did not perceive the significance of those noises. I was not well acquainted with my Bible. Now a student of theology, the meaning is clear to me:

My step-father is the man who raised me and has been representative of my Heavenly Father in a number of dreams. John was a noble man in my eyes, providing for and defending his family with strong devotion. (This gave me confidence enough to return to sleep that night.)

As for the intruder, I refer to the earlier sound. The lizard voice I now equate with "that old serpent, called the devil, and Satan." The adversary was agitated by my budding relationship with Christ—through God's Word. The battle I heard was my Heavenly Father casting out that demon, just as in heaven of old. How I wish that someone had explained to me then, the great controversy between Christ and Satan, that I might have clung to God for protection from the folly that followed.

“And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst [middle] of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it”

Genesis 3:2-3.

It was Saturday night at Midway Tavern, in the small town mid-way between Seattle and Tacoma. This was where I would talk with the tempter—face to face—as Eve did, “in the midst of the garden.”

I had never been to a bar before. The crowd was a little rough for my tastes. But a dare-devil attitude had come over me, and I felt led to what seemed enchanted ground.

While waiting for my next clue on this vision quest, I accepted the challenge of a young man to a game of pool. Inexperienced, I quickly found myself losing. Pursuant to my emerging belief that rules were for fools, I plucked the eight-ball from the table, just as he was about to sink it. My opponent surprised *me*, in turn, by darting directly out the back door, wordless. Moments later he returned to a barstool; then glanced over his shoulder. Looking at me, the back door,¹ and then me again, he aroused my curiosity. Well after midnight, I ventured into the darkness.

Where Do You Want to Go?

There stood the silhouette of a man in the moonlight. A shadow also of smoke slithered skyward, punctuated by the glow of his cigarette. The stranger’s words came coarsely: “What do you want?” A little unnerved; yet determined that this was my opportunity, I mustered the response: “I want to know... the secret.”

“Get in the truck,” the man ordered. Intrigued; incorrigible, I complied. (Dumb move...could’ve killed me.)

My driver turned the key. “You’ve got a new name,” he said. “Al.” Wow... alright. I was looking for a new identity anyway.² “Last name?” I asked. “La,” he fired back, pulling out of the parking lot.

“Al La.” Hmmmm ... same thing forward as backward. Aleister Crowley’s *Magick in Theory and Practice*³ gave significance to such spellings. Later I saw a connection to Eastern deity: “Allah.” It was a high and mighty moniker for a chump like me. But, after all, “What if God was one of us?”⁴

¹ What does a back door symbolize, as compared to the front? Doors, passage ways, *gates*... that’s what this story is about.

² A reference to the last chapter, “Alias.”

³ (1932, Lécram Press)

⁴ Joan Osborne, *Relish*, (1995, Blue Gorilla records).

“And the serpent said... Ye shall be as¹⁰

Gods”

Genesis 3:4-5.

“What’s *your* name?” I queried. “Ron,” the man told me. Then came a question I’d never heard asked of anyone: “Who do you serve?”⁵ Whoa. . . You got me there. Gathering my thoughts, I finally resolved: “No one.”

“That don’t cut it,” said my surly chauffeur. “Everybody serves someone. Now who’s it gonna be?” (Years later, I’d hear Bob Dylan singing, “It may be the devil, or it may be the Lord, but you’re gonna have to serve somebody.”⁶ At Midway, however, that concept was still foreign to me. I fancied there were other options.)

“I serve myself, I guess.” Expecting the answer would further fluster my inquisitor, I saw instead that he was quite satisfied. “So be it,” he pronounced. The matter was settled.

Ron continued, “Where do you want to go?” I answered “Colorado” (a place of mystical significance, I’d been told). After he learned that I had no money, my host nonetheless proceeded to the airport. In the silence as we traveled, my head swam over the strangeness of it all. I began wondering exactly who this was at the wheel. What resources did he have?

“And the devil, taking him up into an high mountain, showed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it.”

Luke 4:5-6.

It was three in the morning; the ticket agent informed us that the next flight wasn’t until 7:30. “You don’t want to wait that long,” he said. “Come on.” With that we headed back to the parking garage.

“Plymouth van,” he said; “key’s in it” ...and Ron was gone. No goodbye. I stood there stunned, wondering if it was all a hoax. Then I heard the music: Debbie Gibson’s *Electric Youth*.⁷ Pursuing the source of the sound, I listened to the lyrics: “Feel the power. You see the energy comin’ up⁸; coming on strong. The future only belongs to the future itself, in the hands of itself, and the future is: Electric youth. It’s true; you can’t fight it. Live by it. The next generation... Don’t lose sight of potential mastermind... We do what comes naturally (naturally!)⁹ You see now. Wait for the possibility. Don’t you see a strong resemblance to yourself?” That’s it, I thought: a new breed of young people, like me, wired for action. It’s time to run this program to completion; take it to the next level!

The music beckoned me up the corkscrew ramp to another parking deck. Directly at the top, a Plymouth Voyager awaited, all clean and ready to go. An attendant had just finished vacuuming the van, Gibson’s voice still blaring from its

⁵ Grammatically incorrect, but those were the words.

⁶ *Slow Train Coming* (1979, Columbia Records).

⁷ (1989, Atlantic records.)

⁸ Up from the lower regions, like Kundalini “serpent power” through the chakra charade.

⁹ “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God” 2 Cor 2:14. “Ye must be born again” Jn 3:7.

rear speakers. The worker gave no¹reaction as I closed the hatch, walked around to the driver's seat, started the vehicle and eased away.

“Thou shalt not steal”

Exodus 20:1.

How many thieves are as deluded as I, thinking pilfered property was actually *given* them by a higher authority? The B-52's (pop musicians) put it this way: “Roam around the world. Roam¹⁰ if you want to, without anything but the love we feel.”¹¹ If I only stayed “in the groove,” my needs would be supplied. “Love is the law,”¹² wrote Crowley, “Do what thou wilt, shall be the whole of the law.” This is echoed in the Wiccan creed, “Do what you will, so long as it harms none.”¹³ That is, to the genuinely well intentioned, other rules did not apply. The word “no” was for those who didn't “know.”¹⁴ I had an inside connection. My initiation into the secret society of “free love”¹⁵ was evident. I was “in.”

Ron had told me: “You got to have an *act*” ...not necessarily a paying job, I gathered, but a *cover* for those on the outside. (I.e. “Look busy.”) Sensing he was tuned to my frenetic frequency, I asked a young D.J. on his way home from the club that morning, “Do we have to *work*?” Poised, the sound-man replied, “Yes, except on Sunday.” “What then?” I inquired. His answer surprised me: “Have sex.”¹⁶

“There shall no fornicator enter the kingdom”

1 Corinthians 5:9-10.

¹⁰ ...or Rome, if you want to. The Roman Church permits stealing, lying, and even murder in certain circumstances. See John Robbins' book, *Ecclesiastical Meglomania*.

¹¹ *Cosmic Thing* (1989, Warner Brothers records).

¹² *The Book of the Law*, (1938, privately issued by Ordo Templi Orientis). This phrase is a perverse parallel of the biblical maxim: “For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” Gal 5:14. Indeed, no one who loves his neighbor will violate the Ten Commandment law, but *Crowley's* idea of love gives license to break them all. Notice the misconduct that follows.

¹³ *The Old Laws* by Gerald Gardner, (1953).

¹⁴ Implying “gnosis”—a supposed direct *experience* of God, bypassing indoctrination. This approach deems the teachings of Christ unnecessary, leaving the gnostic no moral reference point to discern whether the encounter is truly divine or demonic. The private epiphany is self-validating, and reason is dismissed as banal.

¹⁵ “*Free love* is an ideology that love and sexual activities should be shared amongst many, and not be confined to long term relationships... The idea has appeared various times in history such as among the Cathars of Medieval France, the Saint-Simonians in the early 1800s, the Oneida Society in nineteenth century America (whose founder, John Humphrey Noyes, coined the term 'free love', although he preferred to use the term 'complex marriage'), the Greenwich Village movements of the early 1900s, and among hippies in the 1960s and 1970s. The movements which support free love tend to be utopian collectivist ones which see the traditional institutions of marriage and family as oppressive. Partly because of these anti-institutional views, free love cultures and those that support traditional, formalized forms of polygamy tend to be quite hostile to each other. As of the 1980s, concerns over AIDS and other sexual transmitted diseases has greatly diminished the popularity of the free love ideology”
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Free_love.

¹⁶ The worship of the Sun (hence Sun-day) is pagan tradition predating Christianity. Temple prostitution, also a long-standing practice of the heathen, was cause for great devotion. That is the kind of love that Crowley espoused. His famed orgies were carried to such excess that people were hospitalized and died. Today, millions succumb to AIDS and other STDs.

Later than morning, I walked into a grocery store, hungry. Presuming it was already mine, I lifted an item from the produce section and tossed it playfully in the air as I walked out of the store, smiling at the cashiers.¹⁷ No objections were made. In the parking lot, I saw what appeared to be a housewife loading the family groceries into her car. I felt impressed¹⁸ to proposition the woman—it was Sunday, after all. (Thankfully, she declined. Since sanity has returned, I wish to elude the title of Home-wrecker.)

Quantum Leap

One of my favorite bumper stickers, “Visualize Whirled Peas,” pokes fun at the concept of *creative visualization*¹⁹—a New Age cornerstone. The original slogan reads, “Visualize World Peace.” In this, a worthy goal is sought by seemingly superficial means: “picturing it in your mind.”

Hey, if it works for basketball, why can't it work for global unity? Many have heard the study showing that players who first practiced perfect free-throws in their minds were more accurate on the court afterward, compared to those who did not. Now this involves training the neurons in your brain to complete the action which an individual plans to perform. Can the same technique have an influence on anything outside ourselves?

Quantum theorists think so. Physicists have surmised that on the microscopic level, matter can be in two places at once until we look it. In the process of looking, we determine its position. This is called the “consciousness causes collapse” theory. (Akin to the question: “If a tree falls in the forest and no one hears it, does it make a sound?”) It should be noted that this is only one interpretation of many debated among scientists. “Some even suggest that some beings have a ‘higher consciousness’ and therefore more capability to collapse the wavefunction, whereas others believe all conscious entities have an equal capability. It has been claimed that the theory that meshes well with ancient Eastern mysticism and philosophy, including Hinduism and Taoism.”²⁰

“Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called” 1 Timothy 6:20.

Among the recommended reading in public high schools of my day was a

¹⁷ In Roger Morneau’s book, *Beware of Angels* (1997, Review and Herald publishing), this same “charmed thievery” was practiced by one family on a much larger scale. Following what appeared to be heavenly beings, the professed *Christians* carted off thousands of dollars in sizable merchandise before watching tellers—strangely blinded to the activity.

¹⁸ Professor Derek Morris counseled a young lady who was demon possessed. After her deliverance, she explained that what precipitated her possession was a determination to break every one of the Ten Commandments. That same spirit was leading me to violate God’s Law: “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife.”

¹⁹ A helpful practice in molding one’s own behavior, the concept becomes absurd when taken too far.

²⁰ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Consciousness_causes_collapse (see also

http://www.absoluteastronomy.com/encyclopedia/w/wh/what_the_bleep_do_we_know.htm)

book entitled, *Jonathan Livingston*¹³*Seagull*.²¹ It journals life from the perspective of a waterfowl of that name. The real bird-brain is author Richard Bach. He also penned *Illusions*,²² in which a Christ-figure performs various miracles related to aeronautics, such as flying without fuel and never hitting any bugs.

Here's where collapsing waves meet whirled peas. The wonder-worker teaches how we can make dreams become reality: by investing imagination with emotion.²³ Tiny particles so susceptible as to be moved by our minds, are just waiting to be assembled by a person of "vision." If you meditate passionately and long enough on a particular idea, it will eventually materialize. Thus Mr. Bach claims to have generated a blue feather (portrayed on the book cover). In another of his works, *The Bridge Across Forever*,²⁴ the love between Richard and his wife apparently reverses a fatal plane crash.

...Back to my magical mystery tour: Driving the Voyager on Interstate 5, I see something strange just outside the windshield. Hovering there is an image comprised of shadow and light, about two feet tall: a double helix turning on its axis. It is the symbol of DNA, the genetic blueprint for living organisms.

I began thinking about the claims of other New Age writers, that mankind is experiencing a kind of "spiritual evolution," making our current bodies obsolete. In light of quantum theory, my DNA seemed a prime candidate for alteration through meditation; thus I could truly become the master of my own destiny. Had not I heard the account of yogis who could seal their wounds almost instantaneously? Why...even death could be overcome!

"And the serpent said...Ye shall not surely die"

Genesis 3:4

"There is no legal limit."²⁵ On the shoulder of the highway, as I cruised by, these words appeared in neon-green pixels where a temporary road-sign was stationed. This, only moments after I had questioned aloud, "Do I have to obey the speed limit?" The answer was clear: The law is in your own hands; only *you* determine the limits. In a 60 m.p.h. zone, I accelerated to 90.²⁶

Space Age Messiah

²¹ (1976, Avon books.)

²² Subtitled, *The adventures of a reluctant Messiah* (1977, Delacorte Press).

²³ ...as opposed to the old truism: 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration.

²⁴ (1984, William Morrow & Company.)

²⁵ Notice the similarity of this phrase to the one preceding it: the same number of words (even syllables, except the last). No legal limit? "The lawless one will be in accordance with the work of Satan" 2 Thes 2:9 (NIV).

²⁶ Was this all the faster my imagination could go, or all the faster the van could go?

“I think I might be Jesus,” were my words to the little boy selling daffodils. His roadside stand was an inviting rest-stop, as new thoughts burdened me behind the wheel. What could account for the phenomena I was experiencing? Was I being called to teach these “liberating” principles to humanity?²⁷

I suppose the vendor being a child made it easier for me to share such a laughable notion. Yet his response was more encouraging than I had hoped: “I’m a Mormon,” he said. “We believe that Jesus has come to the Northwest.”

Was this a confirmation? Perhaps it was my destiny to save the world from its self-imposed limits; to initiate a new era of enlightenment, and to trigger a global evolution of consciousness. If a multitude of minds were properly trained, we could transform our planet into a paradise. Visualize Whirled Peas!

My unbiblical understanding of Christ held that anyone could fulfill the Messianic role; it was simply a matter of who would be first to respond to the spirit's call. After all, didn't the first Jesus begin his ministry after a special anointing in his adulthood? (My assumption was that Christ was just an ordinary man until his anointing.) Mind now transformed, had I not also come of age?

Not only was I ignoring Christ's unique entry into the world (virgin birth), but also his resurrection and ascension: After the crucifixion, Thomas doubted that Jesus actually arose from the dead, bodily. “Handle me, and see,” Jesus responded, “for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have” Luke 24:39. According to the Bible, it was not Christ's *spirit* that went up to heaven, but his *whole being*, body included. (See Appendix A; B). When he comes again, it will be “this same Jesus”,²⁸ not merely his essence embodied in another.

...But we're not there yet. First, I had to deal with the Alien “Jesus.”

²⁷ 20 years later, I picked up a hitch-hiker who claimed it was his mission to spread much of this very same nonsense. He was about 35 years old, had long hair and a beard, and called himself Michael.

²⁸ Acts 1:11

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