

# ESCAPE

## *from Samsara*



AMY WILLIAMS

THE LAST LIFE ON EARTH

Escape from Samsara,  
THE LAST LIFE ON EARTH

by Amy Williams

An anamnesis experience leads to  
dangerous choices and amazing adventures filled with  
drama, comedy, and surprising lessons.



Amy Williams

Hiking/Resting in Boulder, Colorado 2011

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# Dedication

This is not your ordinary spiritual journey. This story starts with a vision and truth, moves through the lies and bondage of a cult, experiences with men and the dangers inherent in the material world and explores the challenges encountered with the search for a mystical liberation.

I dedicate this work to my children who have been so kind as to put up with me as I stormed through changes one after another and put them through changes as I progressed. May they always be blessed and happy!

**Special thanks** to my sanskrit editor, Karuna Mayi, for her diligence in helping with “Escape From Samsara.” Her long hours and thoughtful comments helped to make this book both easily readable and enjoyable for the lay person who is not familiar with all the sanskrit terms, as well as professionals who know the history and details of the various subjects contained within the book. Thanks as well to all the editors consulted who gave me excellent advice. They were kind to donate their professional suggestions and wish me well in this endeavor.

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# Preface

This book is based on a true story, a spiritual journey that I myself find almost unbelievable as I write. Something amazing happened in my lifetime. The world's young adults were fed up with war and lies. We were becoming aware that there was something more to life than earning a living, having kids and buying stuff. LSD was changing the way we thought. We wanted truth and wisdom and love. The illusion was beginning to dissolve as we said yes to the truth.

The story starts with an *Anamnesis* experience, an experience triggered by acid, which was real in every way. This experience led to searching, truth, cults, lies, and reconciliation between ultimate reality and the desire to enjoy the highest material pleasures. Because I have embellished some parts of the story for emphasis and excitement, as well as added some beautiful fiction, I must say the story should be considered a Spiritual and Psychological Fiction. There is history here, there is truth, there is psychology, philosophy, spirituality and fantasy. The story follows a trend described by great sages with an ending meant to inspire and amaze.

# Prologue

I was always alone.

And it didn't feel right for some reason.

I was alone even when people were surrounding me. In fact, I felt more alone when I was in a crowd than in any other place. I wanted to back off into a corner and pull a curtain in front of me so no one would notice my awkward appearance. Funny thing is, that mostly, no one noticed me anyway. It was almost like I wasn't there! Was I? I actually wondered sometimes if I was invisible. When passing out pencils in class or party favors or questionnaires, people would skip right over me. I must be invisible, I thought! This is incredible! It happens all the time!

When I went to bed at night, I was afraid. Darkness surrounded me as I slipped in between the cold sheets and closed my eyes and I wondered, *why am I alone?* It wasn't right. Somehow I knew that I was not meant to be alone. Something was very wrong. Every day I spoke with some unknown god in my heart but I didn't get answers! Why was I doing this? I knew. I needed someone to talk to! Desperately!

And did anyone hear me when I prayed? Where was this God I was supposed to be praying to? Why doesn't anybody know

who this God is or where He is? If He exists, why doesn't He give me a sign. The whole thing was extremely weird. How can you just *believe* in something without knowing? As a child I was told to bow my head and pray silently to this unknown god. "Where are you?" I cried. No answer.

It was sad. I wanted a friend. I was invisible, you know. I wanted to be with someone who would treat me like I wanted to be treated. I wanted to be lavished with affection, love and kindness. Yeah, that's it. I wanted love! But I never felt it. What I felt was that love was just around the corner. It was coming soon. I just had to keep making the effort and one day, someone would love me.

But it never manifested. One relationship after another only lead to disappointment, starting with my family, my childhood friends and then on to boyfriends. It just wasn't happening! So, I drank. A lot. Then I smoked pot. And finally I did Lysergic Acid. Yes, LSD. And there, I thought, I had found real love. It was a temporary feeling, but I knew it was real. Love existed! Not with one person, but with the whole world. Therefore, I had to find a way to make that LSD feeling a permanent one, a feeling that manifested naturally, a love that would last forever!

# PART I

## THE GIFT OF REALITY

## Chapter 1

# Purple Haze

Once again I found myself alone. Alone beside my husband. Rusty. We tripped all night with Sandy and Jim and when we all said good night, Rusty and I laid on the floor with a bed made of blankets while Sandy and Jim retired to her bedroom. Rusty drifted off quickly but my mind was still working at full speed which meant - no sleep. I was thinking how we are always alone with our thoughts. No one can really be with us one hundred percent. Rusty was with me, but yet, he was not. He could not be inside my mind. And at that moment, my mind was filled with exploding fireworks displaying brilliant colors. Now that was cool once upon a time, but I was bored with it. The novelty had worn off and I just wanted to go to sleep.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Sandy was my roommate in college and Jim was someone we met as a neighbor. We introduced the two and they hit it off instantly. Sandy was a tall, thin, blonde woman, beautiful and intelligent. She was a concert pianist and music teacher. Jim was very handsome with brown hair that fell over one side of his forehead. He worked selling high-end cars and made quite a nice

living for himself. They were both brilliant conversationalists, so we always talked late into the evening. Jim was a Sagittarius, like myself, and philosophy simply rolled off this tongue.

Rusty and I met in high school. Rusty was a Leo, my perfect match, astrologically. I was head cheerleader, a short, blue-eyed blonde. Very straight. No drugs. No sex in the back seat. I was more athletic than he. He was more technically minded. He was one of the best looking guys in school, as far as I was concerned. His hair was almost black and his eyes were a sincere hazel green. He was in a fraternity and I was a sorority girl. He was a little shy, but asked me out with no trouble at all and I loved the way he kissed. I melted in his arms right from the start.

When he graduated from high school, he joined the Coast Guard and worked as a Quartermaster, or a navigator, learning the positions of the stars using a sextant, as well as various other instruments to locate the position of the ship and any oncoming traffic. He came home from time to time and charmed me with his knowledge of the constellations. Lying in the grass we would stare up at the stars and he would point out the most brilliant ones in the sky. After two years, Rusty returned to the mainland (poor thing was stationed in Hawaii) and we married, having a huge wedding, as was the tradition in the South, 300 people, 7 bridesmaids, a beautiful off-white silk dress, decorated with pearls and crystals and fitting snugly to my body. We spent our honeymoon in New Orleans during the first week of Mardi Gras,

then I left college and moved with him near his base on Dolphin Island in Southern Alabama.

When his service was over, we moved to Auburn, Alabama where he was studying Veterinary Medicine at the University. I worked as a secretary and went back to school to study Philosophy. We would come back to Birmingham from time to time and visit friends and at the same time we were starting to smoke a lot of pot and drop acid. Things were starting to change. We were home from Auburn that weekend, ready to free our minds and get to the place of happiness where love was the only thing that was real. That evening, as we tripped with Sandy and Jim, something was different in an astonishing way. The acid we took was incredibly pure and giving us all hallucinations we had never experienced before.

Jim noticed it first and said, "Do you see the angels surrounding us? Tilt your head backwards a little and close your eyes half way and allow them to come in to your vision." We thought, ok, why not? So collectively we sat around in a circle on the floor with no lights but candlelight and did as he said. It didn't take long until I could see these heavenly creatures surrounding us with love and affection. Their bodies were transparent and luminous and I was stunned into stillness as they hovered above us and between us, moving in and out. Then, in an instant, they disappeared and I saw the entire universe with the planets revolving around the sun and the stars shining benevolently, all filled with compassion and love and in the next

instant, it was gone! Apparently, I was the only one of the four of us who saw the universal vision, and it was so brief I was not sure *I* actually had seen it.

When it was over, we all fell backwards on the floor, starrng at the ceiling wondering what just happened. We talked for hours, each of us trying to describe our own take of the vision until we were so tired that our eyes were beginning to close on us even though our minds were filled with amazement. Gradually we decided to give it up to the comforts of sleep and went our separate ways.

As we laid on the floor, I could hear Sandy and Jim laughing, tumbling around on the bed and springs squeaking. I had been married now for three years and sex was not in the forefront of Rusty's mind. Besides, I never felt horny on acid, so I wondered how they could get it on. I was a little jealous, but realized their new fascination with each other. Anyway, I was really tired and the thought of sex melted away with the next thought flowing in. We had partied long into the evening, taking a hit of LSD called Purple Haze. It was sweet and mellow and gave the most wonderful gifts with it's gentle lavender glow!

Jim turned us on at a party around six months previous to this night. "You guys are gonna LOVE this! Its Mescaline! It'll make you laugh and see colors. We're having so much fun! Come on and try it!" We were a little afraid but everyone at the party was affirming Jim's declaration. "It's fantastic" they all said. "People have been lying to us all along. There are no bad effects! It's all

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