

Visions and Beyond

By David Robert Ellinger, M.B.A.

A prophet

A messenger

A medium

An average Joe

A mountain path
waiting for you

A spiritual journey
unfolds before you.

A firm walking stick

A loaf of bread

A book of visions

Poetry to read along the way

One step, and then another

An average Joe,

An average Joe prophet

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Visions of the Future: 2010 through 2015

A Voice:

A prophet is “a messenger”. A medium who receives visions of the future.

You might say that I have always been an average joe. I went to high school, then went to college. From there a simple procurement job in the Government, then a subcontract administrator position with an Aerospace Company, and now a computer/pharmacy technician position for a large pharmaceutical claim processing company.

My hours are normal 6 am to 3 pm. I work in a small cubical area, 6ft by 6ft, with a telephone and a pen in hand. I live in an average house in the middle of town with a mortgage, have two cars, and one child. I sing in the church choir and go to church every Sunday. I like chocolate and apple pie with vanilla ice cream on top.

An average lifestyle, an average person, just an average joe.

What I am about to tell you is the truth as I have experienced it. I ask for nothing from you the reader, but an open mind, for I am just an average Joe like you that has been for years having extraordinary spiritual experiences in our shared journey together on Earth called life.

It was a foggy day in Grand Rapids Michigan. The fog was extremely thick in the low lying forest valley areas of town. The roads were slightly icy wet and the air was moist with the smell of the earth within a medium size midwestern town.

I was a thin, skinny, geeky kid with large thick glasses to correct my vision and astigmatism. Extremely shy because of a speech impairment, I kept mostly to myself and to reading books. I loved Lord of the Rings, the Foundation, and Steinbeck novels. I also enjoyed watching television. I do not think that I missed very many Star Trek episodes as a child.

It was my senior year at high school, Forrest Hills Central. Our colors were green and white, and our mascot was a Ranger. I was excited that morning, because I was given permission to take the family car to school. It was a blue pinto hatchback with a moon roof.

My new driver's license was in the back pocket of my faded blue jeans, and I was ready to go. Jumping into the Pinto hatchback, I started the engine and the car came to life. The radio was playing one of my favorite song's at the time, Hotel California, by the Eagles, as I carefully backed the car out of the garage. I then drove down our subdivision lined with Pine trees, hardwood trees of Maple and Apple trees. I picked up two of my friends, and one them asked if we could pick up a third. I did not want to let my friend down so I said sure, and soon we had a packed car heading to morning classes. We were like millions of other kids that day all over the country heading to their high school for morning classes.

At first, the road ahead of me was clear without any fog, and the first several miles were uneventful. My friends were talking to themselves, and I was keeping an eye on the road, as we past the white chapel that stood in the middle of Cascade, Michigan. The white chapel is like those you see on Christmas cards with old fashion horse and buggies. We were all enjoying the ride and were unsuspecting of what was going to happen just a few miles down the road.

It was clear one minute with the sun shining upon us, and then it was as if some one threw a switch and the car entered a thick pea soup fog. It's the type of fog that makes your stomach ache, and make you second guess if you would be wise to pull off to the side of the road, but I never had time to take that option.

Just minutes ago I was driving under sunny skies, and now I was in zero visibility with four taillights glaring out of the fog at me. A large pickup truck and a station wagon had just stopped in time in front of a pile up accident of several cars. I was not so fortunate, I reacted to the glaring taillights of the two cars by slamming on the brakes, and then everything seemed to start going in slow motion. The action of slamming on the brakes caused the Pinto to react by spinning and sliding out of control towards the pickup truck. Total fear engulfed me, as we were heading towards an immediate impact.

A clear voice then projected into my consciousness, "Let Go Of The Brakes Now, and Steer In Between"! Without hesitation, my body reacted by letting go of the brakes. Immediately the car straightened out, and with white knuckles stuck to the steering wheel, the car glided in between the large pickup truck and the station wagon. The small pinto did scrap the side of the pickup truck causing minor damage. The car then spun to a stop in front of the accident of piled-up of cars.

A police officer came running up to the car to see if we were OK. One of my friends jumped out of the back seat, and told the office that what I did was the best driving that he has ever witnessed. I was very much shaken behind the wheel. I thought of what would have happen if I did not listen to that voice that gave me directions. All four of us could have been killed, and boy my parents were going to be mad once they found out that I was in an accident and caused damaged to the family car.

I was now sitting in the back seat of the police car, as he checked my license and registration. I was told that no one was going to get a ticket that day due to the large number of cars in the accident and the weather that caused the accident that day. My stomach felt like butterflies were flying in it as I waited in total silence for my parents to arrive.

Everyone was happy there were no further injuries that day, but I felt that I could not take any of the credit. It was the voice that entered my consciousness that saved us. I was too shaken to talk to anyone about the voice, and I thought that people already thought that I was odd and geeky. There was no way that I was going to go around telling folks that I heard a voice from heaven that day.

After school, I went to my evening job as a grocery bagger. As I was putting a customer's groceries into paper bags, one of the supervisors stated that today was just not his day. He said that his pickup truck was hit by a geeky high school kid. I almost put one of the paper bags that I was using to fill groceries over my head, instead of putting groceries into them.

Lesson #1: Letting Go.

I learned several lessons that day. The first one was the simple act of letting go of control. If I did not listen to the voice, and kept my foot on the brakes, the car would have continued to spin out of control and would have been totaled with injuries to myself and to my friends. Therefore, I am truly thankful for the angel voice that gave me that important message. I believe that letting go is one of the very first spiritual lessons that we all must learn.

As the fog began to lift that day as the sun rose up into the morning sky, so did a little bit of the hidden veil that separated my world and my life that is here on earth, from the amazing spiritual world of heaven on the other side.

Soul of a Stone:

A stone that is polished
will be flat and smooth.

When tossed on to the surface of a pond,
it will glide on the surface
and not sink in the sand.

An unpolished stone
will fall and drop quickly
into the depths of mud and clay.

Your mindfulness is the polish

The water is your life.

Your soul is the stone.

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