



BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE TO FLY

A New and Radical Approach To Spiritual Evolution

By Stephen Davis

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Table of Contents

Chapter 0 – Introduction

PART ONE – The Movie Theater Metaphor

Preface to Part One

Chapter 1 – Plato’s Cave

Chapter 2 – Joining Together

Chapter 3 – What’s Wrong with This Picture?

Chapter 4 – The Library

Chapter 5 – The Field

Chapter 6 – The Hologram

Chapter 7 – There is No “Out There” Out There

Chapter 8 – The Breakout

PART TWO – Inside the Cocoon

Preface to Part Two

Chapter 9 – The Consciousness Model

Chapter 10 – The Player Model

Chapter 11 – The Human Game Model

Chapter 12 – The Two Halves

Chapter 13 – The Process

Chapter 14 – Spiritual Autolysis

Chapter 15 – Detaching & “Desirelessness”

Chapter 16 – Judgment

Chapter 17 – Beliefs & Opinions

Chapter 18 – Resistance

Chapter 19 – Fear

Chapter 20 – Who Am I?

Chapter 21 – On Becoming a Butterfly

PART THREE – Questions & Answers

Preface to Part Three

Chapter 22 – One Big Hologram?

Chapter 23 – Other People

Chapter 24 – The “Earth Environment” Template

Chapter 25 – Are We All One?

Chapter 26 – One Player per Infinite I?

Chapter 27 – Past Lives?

Chapter 28 – Karma, Cause & Effect

Chapter 29 – Trust

Chapter 30 – Money
Chapter 31 – The Ego
Chapter 32 – Compassion
Chapter 33 – Robert Scheinfeld
Chapter 34 – Jed McKenna
Chapter 35 – U.G. Krishnamurti
Chapter 36 – The Future

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CHAPTER 0

INTRODUCTION

[Back to the Table of Contents](#)

*Sweet freedom whispered in my ear
You're a butterfly
And butterflies are free to fly
Fly away, high away, bye bye*

~ from *Someone Saved my Life Tonight*,
music by Elton John, lyrics by Bernie Taupin

George had a problem.

Although he hid it fairly well, George was basically unhappy. He was feeling unfulfilled; his life had become dull and boring; he hated his job; he was probably going to be fired soon because of the economic recession; his relationship with his wife had gone south; he couldn't communicate any more with his kids; he had no real life except working, eating, watching TV, and sleeping; he could count his real friends on one finger; and he saw no real way of changing anything, of making anything better.

But that wasn't George's biggest problem at the moment. His most pressing concern was that he had begun to walk in his sleep.

One night while George was out sleepwalking, he fell into a very deep hole. When he woke up, he discovered he was lying on the bottom in just his pajamas, and there was nothing in the hole except him. He looked up and saw the morning sky above him, with a few bare branches of trees overhanging the perfect circle of sunlight at the top. It was early spring, and there was a chill in the air. He saw no one, but he could hear the faint sound of voices.

He knew he had to try to get out; but the walls of the hole were straight and slippery and high, and there was nothing to use for climbing. Each time he tried, he fell back to the bottom, frustrated. He started crying out for help.

Suddenly, there was a man's face peering down at him from the top of the hole.

"What's your problem?" the man asked.

"Oh, thank God," George cried. "I'm stuck down here and can't get out!"

"Well, then, let me help," the man said. "What's your name?"

"George."

"Last name?"

"Zimmermann."

"One 'n' or two?"

"Two."

"I'll be right back."

When the face disappeared, George wondered what was so important about the spelling of his name; and then the man was back.

“This is your lucky day, George! I’m a billionaire, and I’m feeling generous this morning.”

The man let go of a small piece of paper he was holding in his hand and it floated slowly down into the hole. George caught it and looked up again. The man was gone.

George stared at the piece of paper. It was a check for a thousand dollars, made out in his name.

“What the hell? Where am I going to spend this down here?” he thought to himself. He folded it and put it in his pajama pocket.

Then he heard another voice coming.

“Please help me,” George yelled to the empty space at the top.

A second man’s face appeared, a kind and compassionate face.

“What can I do for you, my son?”

George could see the man’s clerical collar as he leaned over the edge.

“Father, help me get out of this hole... please.”

“My son...” The voice was soft and loving. “I must perform mass at the church in five minutes, so I can’t stop now. But we will say a special prayer for you today.” Then he reached into his pocket. “Here, this will help,” and he dropped a book into the hole before leaving.

George picked up the Bible, studied it and tried to imagine any possible way to use it to get out of the hole. Eventually he gave up and tossed it aside.

The next passerby was a woman. When she understood George’s predicament, she threw down some organic vegetables, along with vitamins and herbal supplements.

“Eat only these,” she said.

George put them in a pile on top of the Bible.

A doctor stopped and donated a few bottles of the sample medications he was being paid to peddle that week.

A lawyer came by and talked for a while about suing the city for not putting a fence around the hole. He left his card.

A politician promised to pass a law to protect sleepwalkers if George would vote for him in the election tomorrow, assuming he could get out of the hole.

By this time George had taken a seat on the bottom of the hole, shivering slightly from the chill, starting to give up hope that anyone would help him get out. He felt lonely, helpless, and a little fearful. He moved the drugs aside, picked up an organic banana off the pile and took a bite.

“I can help you get out.”

He heard a strong, convincing, powerful female voice. He wasn’t quite sure.... Did he recognize that voice? Had he seen her on TV or something?

“You just need to let go of all your negative thinking, learn to visualize, and then use the ‘Law of Attraction’.”

“But that’s exactly what I’m doing – trying to attract someone to help to get out of this hole!” George protested.

“You must not be doing it right,” came the response.

She tossed something thin and square that landed at George’s feet.

George yelled up to her, “But... wait!” There was no one there to answer.

He picked up the DVD, still shrink-wrapped, and stared at the cover. *The Teachings of Abraham Master Course DVD Program*.

“At least you could have thrown down a portable DVD player,” he said quietly, to no one in particular.

In a little while a Zen Buddhist sat down in a lotus position at the edge of the hole, wanting to teach George to meditate. “If nothing else,” the Master said, “if you practice long enough, you’ll feel better about being in the hole. Who knows, you might even be able to levitate your way out in a few lifetimes.”

George was about to resign himself to being in this hole forever when he heard the voice.

“Can you move over a few feet, out of the way?”

George looked up. “What?”

“Could you please move away from the center of the hole?”

George stood up and took a few steps back toward the side. “Why?” he was about to ask, when the man jumped into the hole, landing at George’s feet.

“Are you crazy?” George exclaimed as the man got up and brushed himself off. “Now we’re both in this hole together. Couldn’t you just throw me a rope or a ladder or something?”

The man looked at him gently. “They don’t work.”

“How do you know?” George asked incredulously.

“I’ve been here before, and I know the way out.”

* * *

I assume you’re asking for help, or you wouldn’t be reading this book. Something’s not right in your life and you want to change it.

So I’m about to jump into your hole, but not because I feel any desire or obligation to help anyone. Helping someone else is one of the biggest traps anyone can get caught in.

I also have no intention of becoming a teacher – yours or anyone else’s – or a guru, or a mentor, or a coach, or someone who pretends to have any or all of the answers.

If you want, you can think of me as a “scout” – like a scout on a wagon train in the Old West, whose job it was to ride ahead looking for a way over the Rocky Mountains to reach the Pacific Ocean, finding a path for others to follow with relative safety and security against the elements and the Indians.

I’m not the only scout out there, and I don’t claim to have reached the ocean yet. But I’m the only one who has taken this particular route, which turned out to be a very effective way to go and safe enough for me to return to talk about it.

On my journey, I explored some very radical territory and collected a lot of information about which paths work and don’t work that might benefit someone else. That’s the main reason I’m writing this book, to pass on that information, knowing there are others – not that many, but some – who want to go where I’m going and where I’ve been. Maybe you’re one of them.

You hired me to be your scout (whether you’re conscious of it or not), but you should know that it doesn’t matter to me what you think about this information, or what

you do with it. You can take it or leave it. My only job – and my total joy – is to report back to you what I’ve found.

So I’m jumping into your hole because it seems like fun and in alignment with what the universe has in store for me at the moment.

However, maybe you don’t want me in your hole. You should really think about this. If you keep reading, there will come a point where there’s no turning back. In a way, switching metaphors, it will be like climbing Mt. Everest. The journey can be very difficult, physically and emotionally; and it takes a while.

As I said, I’m not yet at the summit, but it’s in sight. I’ve reached a point high enough along the way that the appreciation, the joy, the peace, the serenity of being are already beyond expectation. What I know with certainty – and confirmed for the most part by eye-witness reports from other scouts – is that arriving at the peak is definitely worth the effort of getting there.

You may or may not want to go all the way. I will let you know when we reach the place where you can only go on and not back.

On the other hand, you may decide you don’t want to leave your hole at all. If so, you should stop reading now. There is nothing “wrong” with your staying there. You’ll have enough money and good organic food and books to read and DVDs to watch and drugs to take to keep you occupied and entertained.

It’s your choice.

PART ONE: THE MOVIE THEATER METAPHOR

[Back to the Table of Contents](#)

*This is the only radical thinking that you need to do.
But it is so radical, it is so difficult,
because our tendency is that the world is already “out there,”
independent of my experience. It is not.
Quantum physics has been so clear about it.*

- Dr. Amit Goswami

PREFACE TO PART ONE

There are three things you should know before we begin our journey across the Rocky Mountains....

ONE: Although this book carries a copyright, you are hereby granted permission to print it, copy it, share it, give it away to anyone else, quote it, do anything you want with it – except you cannot sell any part or the whole book, or make money from it in any way, or assist anyone else in making money from it in any way. I feel very strongly that the information in this book should always be available for free to anyone who wants to read it.

TWO: It seems many scouts encounter things that are hard to explain when they return to the group. It’s not easy trying to get people to understand something they have never directly experienced.

So from time to time I will use quotations from other sources. These quotes are not there to prove I am “right” just because someone else whose name you might recognize said the same thing. They are included mainly to try to further explain a concept which can be difficult to grasp and offer another viewpoint using words different than mine which you may relate to more easily.

With very few exceptions, all the quotes and many other references have footnotes to give you the opportunity to check out my sources for yourself. Simply click on the purple footnote number and that will take you to the footnote which will contain an active Internet link. If you want, you can then click on the Internet link to go directly to the source material in your Internet browser. Then click on the word “reading” in the footnote to return to the point you were reading in the text and continue. Try it here by clicking on the number₁

There are also links embedded in the text to various videos to watch as you read. As usual, click on the purple hyperlink. I have also included some Hollywood movie

suggestions at the end of a few chapters from time to time. These movies are not supposed to be viewed as perfect examples of the information you just read, but close enough to the subject matter to be interesting and pertinent as well as entertaining.

THREE: People apparently learn most easily when they can compare something new to something they already understand, called by some a “datum of comparable magnitude.”²

For example, if I were to try to tell you about a new game I saw while I was out scouting called “Blat-Blop,” and suggest you might enjoy playing it, you’d most likely have many questions before being willing to engage and ask for further explanation.

But Blat-Blop cannot be explained directly. It’s different than anything other game known to man. So what do I do?

I tell you that Blat-Blop is like American football, except there’s no ball and no goal posts.

Now, at least, you have some idea of what I’m talking about, as crazy and incomprehensible as it sounds. Your mind probably pictures a bunch of men running around a field all dressed up in heavy pads and helmets, which is true in Blat-Blop; but you still have no idea what they’re doing or why.

When I said “Blat-Blop is like American football,” I was using a *simile*, comparing two different things to create a new meaning.

There’s something else called a *metaphor*. A metaphor is a figure of speech using one thing to mean another and makes a comparison between the two. For example, Shakespeare’s line, “All the world’s a stage,” is a metaphor comparing the whole world to a theater stage. A metaphor is a lot like a simile, but without the direct comparative wording. We could turn Shakespeare’s metaphor into a simile by adding the word “like”: All the world is *like* a stage.

On the other hand, an *analogy* shows similarity between things that might seem different – much like an extended metaphor or simile. But analogy isn’t just a form of speech. It can also be a logical argument: if two things are alike in some ways, they are alike in some other ways as well. Analogy is often used to help provide insight by comparing an unknown subject to one that is more familiar.

Then there is something called an *allegory*, which is a one-to-one comparison or substitution of something figurative for something literal. While this is very similar to a metaphor, allegories are usually more subtle and a lot more involved, taking up entire books and pieces of art.

I say all of this for two reasons.

First, I’m forced to use a lot of similes, metaphors, and analogies in this book – and begin the book with an allegory – to try to explain what I’ve seen as a scout that is difficult at times to describe, and very new in many cases. I wish there were words and ways to say exactly what I’ve found without having to make these comparisons, but there aren’t. It’s that simple.

Secondly, I apparently have a small brain malfunction. (Maybe it’s the mad cow.) Despite all previous efforts and diligent study, and the definitions and differentiation I wrote above between *metaphor* and *analogy*, I still can’t tell the difference. So I warn you right now – and any English teachers who may be reading – that I might confuse those two words. If you wish, any such error can simply be chalked up to my personal weakness in this area.

Just be prepared for a lot of metaphors and analogies, whichever they may be.
Like...

FOOTNOTES

1. Now click on the word “reading” in – Back to [reading](#)
2. [Datum of Comparable Magnitude](#), or [Datum of Comparable Magnitude](#) – Back to [reading](#)

CHAPTER 1

PLATO'S CAVE

[Back to the Table of Contents](#)

Imagine that for your entire life you have been sitting in a chair in a movie theater. The place is dark, like all movie theaters; but you can feel...

No... wait! Before we go there...

There's a famous allegory called "Plato's Cave," written of course by Plato. It's a fictional conversation between Plato's teacher, Socrates, and Plato's brother, Glaucon; and, essentially, the first part of the allegory goes like this...

Socrates asks Glaucon to imagine a cave inhabited by prisoners who have been chained and held immobile since childhood. Not only are their arms and legs held in place, but their heads are also fixed so all they can see is a wall directly in front of them. Behind the prisoners is a large fire, and between the fire and the backs of the prisoners is a raised walkway.

As people and animals travel over the walkway between the fire and the backs of the prisoners, the light from the fire casts their shadows on the wall in front of the prisoners. The prisoners can only see the shadows, but they don't know they are shadows.

There are also echoes off the wall from the noises produced on the walkway. The prisoners can only hear the echoes, but they don't know they are echoes.

Socrates asks Glaucon if it is not reasonable that the prisoners would think the shadows were real things, and the echoes were real sounds, not just reflections of reality, since they are all the prisoners had ever seen or heard.

Socrates next introduces something new into this scenario. Suppose, Socrates surmises, a prisoner is freed and permitted to stand up and move around. If someone were to show him the actual things that had cast the shadows and caused the echoes – the fire, and the people and animals on the walkway – he would not know what they were and not recognize them as the cause of the shadows and sound; he would still believe the shadows on the wall to be more real than what he sees.¹

The allegory goes on, but I want to stop here. (If you are interested, you can watch a three-minute animated video at PlatosAllegory.com).

Now...

Imagine that for your entire life you have been sitting in a chair in a movie theater. The place is dark, like all movie theaters; but you can feel there are restraints – shackles – over your wrists and ankles, making it difficult to move your arms or legs. The back of your chair is high, rising above your head so it is impossible to look behind you. All you can see is the movie screen in front of you and the people sitting next to you in the same condition.

In front of you, sweeping around on all sides of the theater as far as you can see, is a gigantic IMAX 3D screen. You sit there watching movie after movie, and it seems as if

you're part of the movie itself, fully immersed in it. (Click [here](#) for Woody Allen's example of a *total immersion movie*, from *The Purple Rose of Cairo*.)

Like the shadows and echoes in Plato's Cave, these movies are all you have ever known. They are, in fact, your only reality, your life.

The actors are good and the scripts well-written, and you get emotionally involved in these movies, feeling anger, pain, sadness, regret, joy, enthusiasm, antagonism, fear, and a wide range of other emotions depending on the storyline. You have your favorite characters – family members and friends, for example – who show up often, and others you despise and wish would not appear at all.

Some movies are pleasurable to watch, even beautiful at times – happy, poignant, satisfying, enjoyable. Others are dark and ominous, disturbing, painful, producing reactions inside you which aren't very comfortable. You resist watching those and wish you didn't feel what you were feeling. You close your eyes at times, wanting the script to change.

But you're content to stay there and watch, because you've been told – and have come to believe from experience – this is the only reality there is, and you have to accept it.

The vast majority of people – 95% of the Earth's population, if I had to guess, maybe more – will die sitting in that movie chair.

For the others, something interesting will happen one day.

In a particularly uncomfortable movie, you might scream “No!” and forcefully twist your body in the chair. Suddenly you're aware that you no longer feel the shackles on your wrists and ankles, and you realize you can now move your arms and legs. You use your hands to feel around and discover the shackles had no locks on them – ever – and your panicked movements simply pried them open. All along you had just assumed – believed – you were a prisoner, like a dog who stays clear of an invisible fence.

You wonder what to do next. You realize you no longer have to sit there and watch the movies if you don't want to. You could get up; but you don't, not right away. You might lean over to the person next to you and start telling them there are no locks on the shackles, but all you get is a “Sshhhh” in response.

The fear of standing up is enormous; the thought of walking away goes against everything you have been taught. Finally – maybe it's curiosity, maybe it's anger, maybe it's just that you can no longer stand to feel what you're feeling – you decide “to hell with the fear.” You get up. Nothing happens. No sirens go off, no one comes to make you sit down again, and you begin to think maybe there was nothing to be afraid of.

So you decide to walk. As you move down the row toward the aisle, saying “Excuse me, excuse me,” people look at you in astonishment and wonder and dismay. Some even tell you to sit back down, get out of the way, behave. It's clear they all think you're crazy. But there's something inside of you that feels excited despite the fear and urges you on.

Finally you make it to the aisle, turn and see that it leads up between the seats; but you can't yet see the rear of the theater. What is clearer now is that the movie screen continues all the way around the building, 360 degrees; and hanging down from the ceiling in the middle of the theater is a large black ball. Out of the ball very bright light is streaming toward the screen on all sides. You have no idea what it is, or what it means.

As you walk up the aisle, you bump into a couple other people going in your direction, and some others returning to their seats. The ones heading back to their seats

give you a dirty look, almost hateful, mainly terrified, and someone warns you not to go any further. But you've gone this far, you think, and decide you want to find out what's at the end of the aisle.

When you finally make it to the back, you can see the entire design of the circular theater. In one half are the seats from where you came, all facing in one direction, filled with people staring straight ahead at the movie screens; and behind the seats is a large space where people like you are walking around. You also see a door in the middle of the far wall with a sign saying, "Do Not Enter – Extremely dangerous."

Since the IMAX 3D screen continues all the way around the structure, there's no way to escape the movies that are playing. In other words, your reality, your life follows you everywhere. But something's different, even if you can't say what at the moment. The movies haven't changed, but you have, in some way you can feel but don't yet understand.

There seem to be little groups of people gathering here and there – others like you who had gotten out of their chairs and made it to the back – discussing something that sounds important. It's all so new, so strange, so difficult to understand, so frightening, so... "unreal." You think for a minute about going back to your seat, back to the reality you know so well. Then you decide not to, to stay a little longer, at least for now.

You stop for a moment at the back of one group and ask, "What's going on?"

"We're trying to change things," is the answer.

"What do you mean?" you ask.

"We don't like the movies that are playing. We want different ones," the voice clarifies.

While seated in the movie theater, you never considered the idea of changing the movies. You didn't know it was possible. But now it's an interesting thought, and you admit there were movies you wish you hadn't had to be part of, aspects of your life you would have preferred not to watch and experience.

You eavesdrop on another group in time to hear a man say, "Yes, this is reality. But there's a better place we will all go to when we die, if you just have faith and follow a few simple rules...."

There's a Guru in the next group admonishing his followers, "Yes, we can leave this reality, but we must all go together. Have compassion for those left watching the movies...."

As you continue your trek around the back of the movie theater, you catch bits and pieces of other comments, like "This doesn't have to be your reality. You have the power to change it, and I can show you how;" and "Love is all there is;" and "Quiet your mind."

In all the confusion, it finally occurs to you for the first time that you have the choice of what to do next, and it feels exciting as well as scary, because you've just taken the first step toward self-responsibility and self-realization.

* * *

Once again, let's stop here for a minute.

In Books Two and Three of his *Enlightenment Trilogy*, Jed McKenna makes the distinction between a "Human Child" and a "Human Adult." This idea is worth playing with, especially in light of our Movie Theater Metaphor.

First of all, being a Human Child or a Human Adult has virtually no relationship to physical age. The vast majority of the world's population are Human Children, most of them older than twenty.

“Most human beings cease to develop at around the age of ten or twelve. The average seventy year-old is often a ten year-old with sixty years time-in-grade.... We must learn to see the difference between a Human Adult and a Human Child as easily and unmistakably as we see the difference between a sixty year-old and a six year-old. ... Our societies are of, by, and for Human Children, which explains the self-perpetuating nature of this ghoulish malady, as well as most of the silliness we see in the world.”²

Human Children are the ones sitting in their chairs in the movie theater. They might complain a lot about the movies they're watching, but they continue to watch without doing anything about it. They're convinced they are kept in their seats by some powerful, external force, and that they are helpless to change anything. In fact, they believe the thing that needs to change is “out there” – someone or something they have no control over. Even voting is an act of a Human Child, a statement that change is only possible by changing “them.” They're convinced the movies they're watching are “reality,” life as it has to be; and they take no responsibility for their condition.

Some Human Children might actually have discovered their shackles were not locked and they were free to stand up and walk whenever they wanted. Perhaps a few might have stood, even fewer took a few steps toward the aisle. But the fear soon becomes overwhelming, and back they go to their seats to put their shackles on again, comforted by the fact they are in such good and plentiful company.

“Human Childhood is the ego-bound state. It is, in [actual] human children, a healthy and natural state. In human adults, however, it's a hideous affliction. The only way such an affliction could go undetected and unremedied is if everyone were equally afflicted, which is exactly the case. No problem is recognized and no alternative is known, so no solution is sought and no hope for change exists.”³

Many people are happy to spend their entire lives as Human Children, settled into their chairs, immersed in their movies; and I'm not trying to suggest there is anything “wrong” with that. There isn't. It's exactly how it should be for them, and there is no reason at all to try to change their minds or make them into Human Adults, as we will discuss later.

But I assume you're not one of them, or you wouldn't be reading this book. You've stood up, made your way to the back of the movie theater, and started to behave like a Human Adult. This book is for you – about you – not them.

* * *

In Plato's Cave, the Human Adult is the freed prisoner who now stands behind the rest, sees the fire and the men walking, casting shadows on the wall. But, as Socrates points out, the shadows still represent “reality,” and the fire and men and animals on the walkway remain some kind of unexplained mystery.

At a minimum, a Human Adult has become aware there is something “wrong” with the life it has been experiencing through the total immersion movies and is not willing to accept that “reality” at face value any more. In the classic 1976 movie *Network*, news-anchor Howard Beale expresses what a number of new Human Adults feel when he rants, “I’m mad as hell and I’m not going to take it any more!”

A Human Child lives in ignorance, thinking they are awake with their eyes open when in fact they are sound asleep with their eyes closed. A new Human Adult has taken the first step of opening their eyes, even though they are still asleep and do not understand what they are now seeing.

Just so no one gets confused, Human Adulthood is not the state of so-called “spiritual enlightenment,” although it’s what most “seekers” are actually looking for and most “gurus” are actually selling. (We’ll talk more about this later as well.)

*“The difference between Adulthood and Enlightenment is that the former is awakening **within** the dreamstate and the latter is awakening **from** it.... Shallow, early-stage Adulthood is often mistaken for, and sold as, Spiritual Enlightenment, but it’s not. It’s just the first real glimpse of life.”⁴*

Have you ever had a dream in which you wake up and realize it’s just a dream, but you’re actually still dreaming and never really woke up, that waking up in the dream was part of the dream itself? That’s what Jed is talking about. A Human Child is asleep and dreaming, but thinks it’s awake and thinks the dreams are real. A Human Adult is asleep and dreaming and wakes up as part of the dream, but doesn’t wake up from the dream itself. Like a Human Child, it thinks it’s awake, but it’s really not.

The next step – actually waking up from the dream – is what this book is about.

Being a Human Adult is not a “bad” way to spend your life, especially if you compare it to Human Childhood. But it does have its limits.

As a Human Adult, you might be able to figure out how to better cope with the movies coming at you that define your life. There are all kinds of groups in the back of the theater claiming to be able to teach you various methods of filtering or improving or avoiding or denying or processing or dealing with the emotions that arise as a result of your immersion in your reality. We’re going to look closely at some of these groups in the next chapter.

But becoming a Human Adult is not the end; it’s really just the beginning.

* * *

I don’t know whether it’s helpful to remember when you transitioned from a Human Child to a Human Adult, getting up from your chair in the movie theater. Stories abound about life-changing car accidents, sudden and unexpected divorces, the loss of a loved one, a near-death experience, drug-induced glimpses of another world, and the like.

For me, it was very clear.

I was in my second semester at a small southern college, saying I wanted to become a doctor, but actually more interested in philosophy and religion. Two years prior a friend of mine in high school had recommended a book called *There is a River: The Story of*

Edgar Cayce, by Thomas Sugrue.⁵ One day during the semester break at college, I suddenly remembered it while browsing through a bookstore in New York City.

Back at school I cut classes for a week and read and re-read that book. It blew my mind. Until then, I had been asleep – sound asleep. My childhood and teenage years were spent being “normal,” like everyone else. Well, maybe my family was slightly more dysfunctional than most; but still, I was seated in my chair, watching the movies, experiencing all the discomfort, wishing things “out there” would change, and trying to find as much pleasure as I could to compensate for the pain.

There is a River ended with about 30 pages of philosophy from what are called Cayce’s “Life Readings.” It talked about the origin and destiny of humanity (“*All souls were created in the beginning, and are finding their way back to whence they came.*”); about reincarnation and astrology; about universal laws (“*As ye judge others, so shall ye be judged.*”); about meditation and extrasensory perception; about body, mind and spirit (“*Spirit is the life. Mind is the builder. Physical is the result.*”); about Atlantis and Earth changes; and about the unknown life of Jesus, whom Cayce called our “*elder brother.*”

My life changed overnight, in the same way Cayce predicted one day northern Europe would change “*as in the twinkling of an eye.*” My fraternity brothers didn’t know what to do with me. For one thing, I stopped eating pork, which had been my favorite meal and I would literally live for Wednesdays when pork chops were served for lunch at the frat house. I also spent the next summer working for Cayce’s son, Hugh Lynn, at the Association for Research and Enlightenment in Virginia Beach.

I stayed in school another year after reading the book, although I stopped going to classes. As one cleaning woman once told me, “Don’t worry about it none! What they’re teaching you here ain’t right anyway.” I was now a Human Adult, although I would need time to adjust to my new surroundings.

The consequences of getting up and walking to the back of the movie theater seemed overwhelming for me. My mother, of course, was against it. So was my girlfriend. I would be wasting a lot of money already spent on an education and maybe never get a diploma. I would most certainly never become a doctor. I had no idea of what I would do next, no prospects on the horizon. I would be leaving all my friends and a life that contained some moments of joy and pleasure for... what?

And perhaps most critically at the time, I would lose my college deferment and be subject to the draft, most likely ending up as a soldier in Vietnam, a war I opposed from the beginning.

In the end, however, my discontent and discomfort with sitting in my chair in the movie theater won out over the fear of leaving it.

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