

What mind?

I said turning the TV off looking over to Bob for some answers. Bob. Do you think we're brainwashed doing these things? I seem to have caught Bob off guard with these questions. I knew Bob had been around for a long time. It's not really his age I was referring to. It was a category of life that meant very little to most people. Bob had known Dennis for some 30 years and the story about them meeting on Mount Sinai somewhere in the holy land with a cloud coming by that talk to Dennis with Bob's jaw dropping, only partially registered in my brain. Bob said I should not mention this to most people and he was right. I knew what John Lawrence said about Dennis and even though John mentioned that some of what Dennis was saying was true and some was misconstrued, John wanted me to be on this tour. As I listened to Bob's story in the hotel room somewhere along the eastern seaboard I could see Bob's sincere devotion driven by experience he had with Dennis on top of a holy mountain was real. I remembered these same stories 20 years earlier in the Moonies when there were talks about Rev. moon being imprisoned in a North Korean camp. I was always brought to tears from the stories. The miracles and the witnesses to those stories were so real in my heart. If these stories were true then Moon most likely was the logical candidate in being the savior to the world. And now, 20 years later, there is Dennis Lee with somewhat the same story. Of course falling short of saying he was the Messiah, Bob called him the anointed one. I saw myself in now another position as falling for another world wide scam. Another terrible embarrassing situation that has been ruled a brainwash to the public.

Now what? I said to myself as I watched Bob's mouth move working to convince me I was not brainwashed. The stadium we were getting ready for is only one week away. It looked as if I have drawn a line in my mind. That this stadium was going to be the last time for all the brainwashing. This will determine the end of all the turmoil, all the misconception. This event was the last stand at the gunfight at okay corral, the Pearl Harbor of wake-up calls for America or not. I could now, after this event, go back to California and tell John Lawrence he was wrong or right about the situation he got me into. There was one thing in that scenario that bothered me. John wanted me to go on this trip but said not to believe in everything that was being said. What were these things he was talking about? I knew that John could tell something about my intuition that would kick in and I would find a way in knowing what those things were. The only other option was to leave the situation and to apologize to my children and those I loved and to erase everything that was stored in my brain before it was too late.

There must have been an inkling of help in getting my intuition to kick in when we entered South Carolina. Another inspirational talk by Dennis in another town was our goal for half of that week. This was something we have perfected as a team. When all of the plays gave one more example in all of the greetings, all the political moves that needed to be addressed with even the most skeptical of those in the audience, this came as clockwork after the 34<sup>th</sup> city of the 36 city tour. The town of----- South Carolina brought a moderate group of people and it gave a reminder we are all just humans. The disappointment of a only few hundred people put pressure on what we were hoping would be a buildup. As we got closer to the Stadium in Philadelphia we thought we would bring more people. This disappointment brought more attention to the inner world. I would continue to wake up early before the rest of the group, find a place in the woods, draw a circle in the dust with a

cross in the middle representing North, East, West and South and begin my ceremony I learned at the Herb School. Performing what I knew was “ Yung Tai Chi”, then the prayers I learned from John Lawrence, I imagined there was the little I could do and I could only leave it all up to God and not just what He knew was my intent. Then the long walk back and the entering the hotel with everyone at the breakfast table gave me the clarity to allow me not to worry. “Now, where have you been?” Dennis said knowing I normally came late for breakfast. “Russ, this is Ward Williams, he is going to help us at the stadium.”

There were so many people who met with Dennis. Breakfast, lunch or dinner, didn't matter. There was always people who gathered around to explain their plan to Dennis. Whether they had a new technology or methodology, Dennis was in control. Ward was a different soul. He explained things in another fashion. “This is exactly what I have been searching for all my life”, Ward said to Dennis. My eyes began its normal roll into my head as a new Dennis had rejected so many of what looked as impressive.

But Ward seem to make an impression different than the others and I was curious as I grab the vegetarian part of the continental breakfast at the Embassy suites Hotel and sat on the corner of the table to find out what all the fuss was all about. “Then you will be in charge of sales at the stadium”, Dennis proclaimed as though he was dubbing Ward as a knight at the Round Table. I didn't hear much more than this at the table and I didn't actually relate the initiation has something I prayed about an hour earlier. To me it was just another person Dennis pulled in by his tremendous spirit that some called ego. Ward Williams must have something very important to offer. I knew Dennis would not bend for just anyone. I could not help but think so, that there was some sort of divine chess game going on here. The big test was now underway. If the stadium gig did not turn out there would now be two people to blame... myself and this new guy named Ward Williams. I looked over at Ward knowing he had no idea who I was thinking Ward might be the only one who will take part of the fall or the one who would go to the cross or one who gets to be burned by the stake alongside of me if the stadium is not successful. Ward looks like a guy who was true to his word. I couldn't tell if he was ready for the hordes of naysayers that would also include the wives of those who were on tour and didn't want to give up the \$80,000 for the cost of the stadium. Dennis and I were not alone in his decision to cough up the \$80,000. It would now be clear there would be three people burning at stake if it all failed. I wondered if I could suggest a weenie roast with s'mores.

New chapter

IT was September 22<sup>nd</sup> 1996 when we pulled in the Philadelphia. Driving the big truck I noticed the narrow streets in the familiar row houses all glued together. The recall of 20 years prior did not set in for me. I remembered almost unbearable pain from the punishment in being a Moonie then. The giving up of almost all of my freedom for the sake of getting a half 1 million people bussed to Washington DC from Philadelphia. The many months of campaigning in the humid heat in the town of brotherly love that a bunch of my Moonie companions and myself proved the town was not so brotherly. The slamming of the doors in the white districts from people who almost never would take an almost free ticket to Washington Monument and the extreme of the angry and violent people in the black communities began to naw at my brain as I as I drove through the streets of Philadelphia 20 years later. I watched where the cop cars were going to see if I could see where they held the overnight just before the

Washington Monument event. I wondered where the cops were now who arrested me back then and even where the big black guy was who was arrested for stabbing his neighbor to death that I shared a cell with that night. Never did I ever think I would come back to this city. I spent so many years on the West Coast vowing I would never come back to the East for those reasons and now I supposed it was time for some recognizable healing within me from my arrival. As I was driving I never recognize the fact it was the same time of year as it was 20 years ago. It did not register, in that it was 20 years ago or what significance the date was. As we pulled into the very large hotel across from the largest stadium in Philadelphia it did not register that this day was the exact day I was put in that jail 20 years ago and that tomorrow would be the same day we're going to bring a large amount of people together at Core Stadium in Philadelphia. These same day efforts was a piece of action that brought a half 1 million people together in Washington DC in 1976. All of this was for the same reason, to change the world. A world that was so resistant to change. This is all that I knew at the time. I didn't know, nor did anyone on the team, that's this was some sort of clockwork from the divine. We're heading for something we didn't really understand. No matter how much Dennis thought he knew, I knew he would not accept this one. I didn't have to explain it to him at the time because I didn't know it to explain it. It was time to perform. We parked the vehicle's, got into the elevators, found our hotel rooms, called our love ones and fell right to sleep in our bed as if it were the last day of our lives.

The morning of 23 September in Philadelphia was humid. There was no real park I could go to without being looked upon as being strange doing my rituals so I began my run around the buildings of Philadelphia before the crew woke up for breakfast. The large stadium, the hotels and some old buildings I did not remember from 20 years back. I looked for the buildings initiated as government buildings that Rocky Balboa ran to every morning 18 years ago so I could hum the famous music of the movie while I ran. But this was much more serious than the fictional Rocky, I thought. The faster I ran the deeper I got into the Rocky story. The sweat and the pain in my legs were like symbols of real friends reminding me I was alive. Picking up the pace enduring the body waiting for the endorphins to set in anticipating a second wind, I imagined and enacted my verbal conversation with Sylvester Stallone. "So you wrote up pretty good story about you against the rest of the world, ha. Well, try this one buddy."

I knew Philadelphia was the brotherly love city in the country but that was true only within the contingencies of the people who lived there. Philadelphia was divided between black and white and the rest of the country knew very little about this. The white people had the upper hand financially but the blacks were considered the athletes of the world. That was until the story of Rocky came around. Could the story of Rocky be something more than white over black? Here we were standing up to the world of tyranny introducing technology that would bring all people of all races together. The real heavyweight championship of the world was about to take place tonight, I thought, the night of September 23, 1996. We were about to apply a knockout punch to the greedy corporations of the world who had intentions of exploiting the earth and would not hear that there was a better way to make money. The one punch will be announced throughout the world has the biggest wake-up call to unity there had ever been in history, I thought.

I pulled the diesel truck into the back of the stadium noticing the large crew of workers loading and unloading two other trucks much larger than the "Better World Technology" truck. Dave, Tommy, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ waiting for the BWT truck, studied and marveled over the crew assigned by the "Core State Stadium" moving to create a stand over the ice the "Philadelphia Flyers" played hockey

on against an opponent the night before. There was another truck that pulled in that brought the other technologies \_\_\_\_\_ was working on in the B WT research laboratory in New Jersey. These technologies I have heard on the road would be in prototype by the time the Stadium was scheduled today and we who were on the road for three months were excited to see the new technologies that included.... More work on the low temperature phase change technologies, prototypes of the "Tesla" technologies now established after the repression from the Edison and Ford years, the motors designed to use Brown's gas from water in automobiles, and the new technologies designed as vibrational to heal the human body from an inventor back in the 30s called "Rife".

As the workers put the plywood over the ice, we began to design different platforms to display the different technologies. It was early afternoon when we finally finished and thinking I would find a place to lay my head down to rest was the time Dr. Yull Brown walked in. Pepper knew I was Dr. Brown's greatest fan. She knew what it took to get Dennis Lee to agree that I should be the one to run the Brown's gas machine in most every city in front of thousands of people. I watched Yull Brown from a distance in one of the cities as he was being hoarded by crowds of people with Dennis's introduction. Dennis was not yet at the stadium and the people were not allowed to enter the stadium until later that evening. Quickly, Tommy grabbed the video camera and Pepper walked up to Dr. Brown to introduce me. "Dr. Brown; I'm Pepper Hall; Mike's wife." Mike being Dennis's main assistants made it easier for Pepper to introduce me. "This is Russ Anderson, he is the reason we decided to get the stadium tonight instead of a hotel room. Russ was also one in charge of your gas machines in every city. He is so inspired with your work. Infact we have even put together a song called..The Stadium". I was hoping Pepper would tell the real story behind the reason we were standing in a stadium that held some 14 thousand people. But explain a mentor was part of my life and it was he that was responsible for all that would most likely be even more confusing.

About this time I was totally embarrassed and Pepper knew it as I could tell with her smirky smile. Tommy put in some words as he was filming. "Dr. Brown, could you sit over here so we can get a good shot of the stadium as you and Russ talk?" Dr. Brown was short and stocky he listened closely to Pepper and he reached out his hand to mine as I shook it. "How do you like my machines?", he said. I cleared my voice just in time with I knew it would tense up as it usually did when I was nervous. "They are amazing", I said. "Dr. Brown?", I asked, "the most amazing part of what you are doing is the purification part, I think. Are you really going to display how you neutralize nuclear waste tonight?". Brown smiles at me as though I asked the question of the year. He pointed at his suitcase and said, "I have cobalt in here. The DOE is probably here tonight and they will arrest me if they find out I was going to show the public how safe is". "But why are they going to do that when this is something that is important for them to know?" I said. Brown knew I knew the answer to that question but I wanted it to be answered on camera. This was the \$64,000 question for almost any inventor who decided to change the world from what he knew inside. Brown was one who knew he could not sell his soul to the established government and like Dennis he would not give up his anger towards them. The stories written about him and his desire to come to America to show us how the neutralization of nuclear waste was the most important issue I could think of for any country. I imagined how important it was to be talking to a person who is in touch with some part of the earth's vibrations. I was almost overcome by my urge to take on that deep disappointment he had in America and how heartbreaking it must be to see how apathetic America has become. I wanted to ask about his experience in the "Guloff", the most famous prison in Russia. Did he learn some profound depth of God or nature that he would like to speak about? I was sure now that he

had come to America in the last few years via Australia he would be one who held so much in side. Brown would call Dennis many times during the tour and we would get a report on his political progress."Hey Dennis, guess what?" He said. "They're making a movie about me. They came to my home and asked me all sorts of questions about how Brown's gas works..." This I knew brought hope for Dr. Brown and I wondered how that was going to happen at the time. "In the movie the head actor is going to be Kiano Reeves and I am killed in the movie". Brown said.

We were all hoping that the world would now respond... Fast-forward...

There was a movie done a year later with Kiano Reeves. It was called\_\_\_\_\_. The main scientist was killed while Reeves was trying to save him and his work. The movie came out in 1997 and that was the same year Brown was reported as dying with a massive heart attack. Many close to him were convinced he was killed. That same year of 1997 there was another movie about alternative energies with Val Kilmer as the actor. It was called\_\_\_\_\_. I do not recall any more movies with this same theme ever produced since from the land of Hollywood. I did look to see if there was any mention of Dr. Brown in the credits of the Reeves movie. There was none.

But this was 1996 and somehow I got it into my head that this day as I interviewed Yull Brown, would be a day marked as a day in the history and from this point forward there would be a big change in consciousness. I didn't know if in a few hours there would be crowds of people filling the stands as a young Christian boy named\_\_\_\_\_ had said there would be from that revelation he had received just before the Houston Texas show or only a few people would show up. As I spoke to Brown I could feel I was in the exact right place. Pepper looked over then nudged me to stop talking. Dennis Lee and the new guy, Ward Williams was walking toward us. "Dr. Brown", Dennis said. "This is Ward Williams. He is taking over the financial part of the stadium today. Anyone who wants to buy a dealership after today will come to him."

I didn't know the reason just then why Dr. Brown needed to know these details except I thought that Dennis had a lot of time and money invested in Dr. Brown and needed him to know he was working in always to please him. Ward was a professional and looked it in his suit with his striped white and blue shirt."Russ", Dennis ordered. "This is Dan Carlson. Could you show him around the stadium?". Dan Carlson stood behind Ward Williams. "Mr. Carlson will also be a keynote speaker tonight" Dennis said. Tommy handed me or the video camera and I started the walk with Mr. Carlson around the brand-new stadium. Dan smiled and like Dr. Yule Brown was cordial and interested in whom I was. Fatigue started to set in from all the drama but I knew I had to stay alive especially being with yet another major inventor the world needed to know about. Dan patented "Sonic Bloom" as an invention and was published in the Guinness book of records for growing the most tomatoes per plant, the highest corn, the largest squash and so many other plants. How could I resist such an opportunity? I filmed him as we walked to the heights of the stadium. He too had a story of miracles with an ambition to feed the world from a vision from God. This vision, apparently still waiting to be accomplished except tonight was the night, I thought, would be the beginning of his dream comes true and tired as I was I was convinced I was to stay awake at every moment of the day. This was the preparation needed that was something that was beyond me. What part of this was real? How was it I was put in this position and was it something that could have been accomplished without me being part of it? Apparently, there are mixed feelings about that. ....

It was now 6 PM in time for the doors to open to the seats above us as we stood on the cold plywood with a hockey ice below us. Starting with the trickle, I prepared myself for the shock of this even being a failure. This would all be depending on the presence of the physical bodies in the stands and as the people came slowly and I thought there was something wrong. This would be the most important event for the public to attend. If there was low attendance all of this would be in vain.

Then another door on the other side of the stadium opened in the large stream of people began to merge with the stadium. I started to breathe again as a "little old me of little faith" thing still continued to go on in my brain. I stood beside Dennis and the rest of the crew. Big Mike, Pepper, Charlie, Tommy, Bob, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ were all staring up at the stands watching in awe. Some of these people have flown in from all over the country. I forgot how many people I met in the 36 city tour but it seemed all of them now were at the stadium. "Hey Russ, we're here", a loud cry from the stands cried out. "Over here Russ", was the voice coming from somewhere else. Dennis looked over to me as I waving. "This is my show, not yours," Dennis said with a smile. "Dennis", I said expressing a point I wanted to make for many months, "these are all my friends".

We on the team all knew what to do next. Except for introducing the new technologies from New Jersey it was the same routine then all the other 35 cities we had shown in except this was different. It was the thing I regarded the most as the most dangerous. I was not in the position in saying it was the most foolish because I was always at liberty in doing foolish things yet to be honest with myself I was in in word in the two to my wishing that Dennis would not do this. Although I knew was brave, as the people coming in almost filling the front half of the stadium, Dennis called us all together to pray.

It would be said that with certain groups this would always be the right thing to do and if it was me being in Dennis physician 20 years earlier I would have called it the same way but something happened to me in 1976 that made me feel different as I watched one half 1 million people flowing into Washington monuments. This was a kernel of change in me that grew in a negative way about religion from that time until I met with a very holy man 18 years later. John would say, don't say anything against religion you wouldn't say about yourself. I knew he knew religion was a way of growing in understanding of purpose. This was a way to see things in the world of cause and effect, a way in checking in with the Creator. It was only two years since I was introduced to John Lawrence said. There was much for me to learn but the question was; why was I so upset that Dennis called us together with more than 5000 people watching us pray in a circle? These bombs have been dropped and few for the sake of different interpretations of God. The sense that this was yet another interpretation had overwhelmed me. And even if the majority of the people in the stands believed in that interpretation I knew the majority of these outside this circle, we then called the Stadium, would not agree in that interpretation. Bless his heart, I thought of Dennis but this would be the wrong move and lead this event even further into another us against them society. Was this effort in creating a stadium to gather our forces in remembering the story of David versus Goliath or was it that we need not show those forces when we already could show God exists through the science we were displaying? What then was Jesus referring to when he asked us not to display our prayers in public that we should go into our rooms and speak to God internally? Was this external display a shot from the ego of now thousands of people who are now in thought that they will all go to heaven for such work when what we were really trying to show was proof of how the earth works in conjunction with the God spirit and that in with that conclusion in the end all

will know God. We did what Dennis asked. We formed a circle hold hands and prayed. Would this battle we were winning actually win the war? I wondered.

The show went on that night. We began with a long familiar speech in addressing the changes needed in America by Dennis. Mike showed the low temperature phase change technology and I was called to show the Brown's gas imploding device and to show how the gas sublimates tungsten. Dennis then went into reasons we could not do as the test everyone was waiting for the neutralization of nuclear waste. Dr. Brown with the cobalt and the testing device he brought was to be next. There must have been some sort of mistake, I thought, so most powerful of all the events was that Dr. Brown would show us all this was possible and it was possible in front of 7000 people working on. For most there that came many miles, this was the major reason. This would settle all the drama created around Brown and Dennis Lee. It was obvious to the crowd there was something going on when an engineer comes up to the stage and offers his own piece of tungsten daring me to put an end to which was deemed impossible by most all the scientists in the crowd when it formed a large glowing flame and then disappeared at the face of the Brown's gas torch. It was another amazing event for the public to see. But the main event here was what Dr. Brown came to America to do. This was what Dennis had advertised in the BWT newsletter and in a front page ad in the US today published all over the country." I apologize "Dennis said," but the powers to be will not allow this test tonight ". The powers to be that Dennis was mentioning was the DOE or the Department of Energy. Instead Dennis presented a large screen that was then raised up to a video showing a US Congressman reporting what he saw in a DOE meeting earlier that year to the people at the Stadium through the video. The congressman said the test was very positive and successful to the rate of bringing the pollution of cobalt from 1000 on the giger counter down to 40 in one pass. Impressive as it was, it was not enough when they came to see Dr. Brown in action. The booze, probably from the intellectual skeptics in science in the crowd was quelled when the lights went on to the rest of the stadium and Dr. Brown stepped out of the audience and onto the stage.

With all of those months earlier learning how to operate the Brown's gas in showing it to the public I recognize this would one of another part to this equation. There was a man on the stage now in front of thousands of people who was or represented the cause of all of this. The group had campaigned for these moments, I thought. Putting all personality quirks aside of this man, because there seem to be many, he was a man who discovered a formula that could in a large part purify all things. I recognize the majority of the crowd were there to find a way to build a car that ran on water and this would champion over the petrochemical companies that were suppressing them but there were also those who knew how important the neutralization of the pollutions that were making their children sick. This seemed that all things in this case were possible. Somewhere in Yell Brown's mind at a certain time in his life and then clarified it in a Siberian prison he transferred this information over to America, the land of the free and now he was standing in front of 7000 people who could now transport this information to America and then to the rest of the world. I began to see images in my head of the holy Trinity that haunted me since I was a small child. This was now much clearer than ever before. Questions like...what was the holy Trinity? Why were thoughts of thousands of people thousands of years ago stopped and being told the Trinity was a mystery? Why did the Bible say God put his spirit in the water? Why was water in the form of the Trinity and how was that second H in H<sub>2</sub>O history in the world of science? These questions to this point were now answered. To me, it was now up to these 7000 people in the stands to get it to the rest of America before all hell broke loose. When Dan Carlson got in the stage with Brown and shook hands it was like to Saints were here to speak to the world about a real God with real plans. As far as I could see

this campaign was now over. There was another campaign we were about to enlist in with different responsibilities.

As the crowd began their dispersal other crowds of employees of the Core Stadium began their move to remove the equipment and the plywood from stage and the ice for the next day's hockey game or try out. The lights became brighter as the meeting between the groups was the first thing on my mind so we could survey the outcome of what just happened together. I looked over the corner of the stadium where there was Dennis talking to a large group of people with Brown and Ward Williams in the background. Ward had notebook in his hand where he was writing down most all the names of the people standing there. I could see this was now entering the world of big business. The price for a single dealership would now go up with what now happened at the Stadium. The average dealership was \$5000 apiece. I could not imagine the dealerships being price to the level of \$100,000 apiece months later but this was what I was told by others in that time span. This was a good thing and with Ward Williams organizing plan I could see the victory that night was now playing its part. Pepper walking with Charlie the young Christian boy who had a revelation in prayer months prior in Texas was heading toward me. Pepper ran when she saw me and landed a big hug of joy on my tired body. "Russ, you did it. The Stadium is a success, this would never have happened without you." she said. I assured Pepper I was grateful for her complement in the credits she gave me but I turn to Charlie to ask the most important question when I didn't quite believe everything that Pepper said about me. "Charlie," I said "in the revelation you received in Texas when you said there was a large crowd of people at the Stadium, is this what you saw?" Charlie's youth came up with a smile "yes, when we are standing on the plywood looking up at the crowd on this side" Charlie said as he pointed up to the stands, "it was exactly how I saw it in the vision". This statement was what I thought was the best confirmation I could get in that there was a divine explanation of this momentous event. That this day was one that was meant to happen for the sake of all. It seemed obvious to me that something had changed that day and that this was something everyone could recognize as a powerful story. But this feeling didn't end there that day.. I finally made it back to the hotel late that night, pick up the hotel phone and called into San Francisco where time was three hours earlier. John Lawrence was patient listening to something I knew he deserved all the description I could give him. John would make it clear he was not the reason for the stadium happening, so I did not say it even though I wanted to. John then said boldly "Babiji was there".

I know very little at the time about Babaji, the mystic considered a saint in all of India. It was the story I hoped was true about the meeting with Jesus one day in the Himalayas. The discussion was supposedly the connection between the East and West and would overlook the world in entering the new age in bringing heaven to earth. It was the story that inspired me and if it was true what John was saying then this was just that, a very special day. I hung up the phone and ended the day in deep sleep.

New chapter....

The decision to go back to New Jersey after the tour was made quickly rather than right away heading back to California. Colleen and Patrick were now in school and I had enough money for the sales of the dealerships to see what was happening in the research lab in New Jersey plus it was a free room and board in New Jersey community House Dennis had set up. Mike and Pepper were excited in his decision so I pulled in to the diesel truck with Tony with an another journey I was not all too sure I was ready for. The house was packed with new people I did not recognize. I heard Barbara had found a new job so I

didn't have to worry about her thinking she had a romantic flame with me although I sure would have been happy to see her.

I knew there was new money coming in. They had to hire more office staff along with paying into new research people and inventors themselves had to be paid. Walls came down in the first floor office to make room for the office desk in place of the beds needed to house the people coming in. I now irate and then found myself in a small area in the six-foot basement with my sleeping bag for a place to sleep. None of this bothered me after trading it for the Embassy suites in the 36 cities that were so much easier when I could sacrifice it for talking with the new inventors and to see some of the depth of what these mines could really do to change the world of mediocrity.

Pepper and Mike would head down to Piggly Wiggly's local supermarket to buy a bunch of food , set up the kitchen where I could pitch in with cooking the meals and put up with the fact that I was not it was not in my blood of ever being a cheff from the experience Mike had with my mother in Minnesota. The large table in the dining room we be ready at 6:30 PM when the staff from the research team came in from the other side of the parking lot and back of the large three-story house. Sometimes Dennis and Allison would visit at their leisure. We were then opened with a prayer and Dennis would give some of the heads of drama going on with Dr. Yule Brown, Dr. Fisher, the government and the percussions of what the stadium had done to upgrade better world technology.

New Jersey was the hub of Bruce Springsteen the large group of Mafia of of which I was pretty sure we're not part of. It was only many years later when big Mike called me in California and said "Russ, do you remember the old lady you used to play the guitar to in the office? "Yes" I said." Well, the reason she didn't want you to go over to her house was because her husband was in jail." He said. "That wasn't the reason we could not go over there, was it?" I said, thinking her husband would have no reason to be jealous of us. "I don't think you quite understand Russ," Mike said. "This guy was a hit man for the Mafia". "Was this the reason Dennis couldn't work with some of the people back then?" I said. "I don't think Dennis knew much about her husband back then." Mike said. "But now everybody knows". "Oh" I said. "Will they make a movie about him after he died in prison?". He killed over 100 men. The movie was called "the Iceman."

After hanging up the phone with Mike I thought about what my kids said this lady was a very sweet lady. I was a bit naïve back then I thought. I remembered how we would always invite her to the PDIP BT parties and home shy she was about her lifestyle writer husband was jail for life. I remember seeing a song in the office and when she said it would be nice that everyone came over to her house she quickly reneged knowing what would probably get back to her husband through the Mafia. She and her two daughters lived a very lonely life back then. I did not know how any of this had to do to with the technologies but I imagine the Mafia would be always looking out for a part of the peace of action. In the time living at the research lab in New Jersey in 1996 I was much too busy to imagine we had another agency to worry about. Organized crime, I thought was not going to knocking and hard-core. But then towards alternative energy was something everyone understood to be something of the future. The big guys in the Mafia could he tapping our phones just like what we thought the CIA, FBI or the illuminati was as suggested by Dennis lee. The personal calls from people I only vaguely knew became an everyday thing. I didn't think they were dangerous, only an annoyance when I knew they were trying to get my attention by obtaining information needed on new discoveries from the technicians and the inventors. It

was a bold phone call from China that disturbed me. Even when it was nice to hear my name amongst the Chinese I was disturbed. I'm only a worker has said I cannot give you access to the inventors or Dennis Lee on a personal level, I said to a slow talking Chinese man. Maybe, I thought, this could be my opportunity to learn how atrocious people out there were. To learn that people could actually kill for these technologies we possess. Dennis's most famous phrase in front of large crowds of people was if I told you I would have to kill you. I wasn't around to judge such statements such as Dr. Sigmund Freud but something was wrong with New Jersey and China. I had a big laugh about it and got to work writing long scenarios trying to decipher little pieces of Dennis Lee's brains when there was so much at stake whether it would be with so many people's finances or what was truly hope to be a large form of saving the world. Dennis locked into the hopes of some of the greatest of inventors and visionaries, in that, he would promote their dreams and their products for the sake of all or he was the most notorious of scam artists and saying he would. Interlock it into its strongest position, he was famous to some and having God on his side.

I was one to believe just that at the time but I also knew there needed to be some conditions met. Something that allowed the God Dennis was talking about to be universal and without conditions. I was determined to talk to Dennis. All I needed to do was to remind him of the eventful miracles that happened on the tour. The sales of the dealerships on the way to Reno, the setting up the stadium and the confirmation of it from the young Christian boy revelation in Texas.

Dennis didn't believe in bringing east and west together. That there was talk about Jesus visiting India before the Western world wrote about him. What was happening with the alternatives he represented. Was it for beyond Western thought? To me, one of this could happen without universal thought. Dennis also knew I had a mentor that was more than only a Christian. This would have to mean that the miracles that were set up at the Stadium and that then set up a sort of in part of those who truly believed we could change the economy for the better was also universal. All that was needed now was to sit down with dentists to remind him it would be clear sailing after this. Mike agreed in having this meeting than the day was set up that Dennis agreed to give me an hour of his time.

I knocked on the door to his office listening to him talk to another inventor on the phone know, this is not going to work. We're not going to give you money just for the research, there has to be more than just a bunch of papers for us to own. We need the prototype as well. Dennis said

as I said in the chair in front of his is task I imagined tennis is pulling another prank on me. The phone call could of been another scare tactic Dennis would always arrange to fool me. Look, Dennis said over the phone, I'll talk to you later, there is someone in my office right now. Dennis on up the phone.

I studied Dennis's face in the pause before he talked to me, wondering which conversation was going to be more stressful to Dennis. The one on the phone or the one with me. Well, here we are Russell, Dennis said. I'm not trying to avoid you I know you have done a lot of work year. Everyone loves you and I just have been so busy. Dennis, it's okay , I said trying to equalize someone I thought was tension. It was curious in what I thought what direction that he might have already prepared the speech for me with all that has happened between us. Russell, who have done so much for us. You have sped up our works so much with the Stadium, but sometimes we have to put on the brakes and slow down. TUC what I mean? He continued.

Even though I anticipated this statement shock began to permeate my body as I heard it. His statement made it clear that he didn't want to project he was in denial of what happened in the months we toured the country together. Yet there was a fear I felt he wasn't about to talk about. Something that had nothing to do with the explanation he just gave. Dennis, I said. I don't mind that you put on the brakes when you know there is something in the way but it looks to me that the road is wide open and there is no reason to put on the brakes.

I could tell I stirred a few brain cells in Dennis's head and I suppose he felt he did the same to me. He knew the code that Dennis had much he could not say. I was aware in all the briefings almost every morning. There was the enemy out there and whether it was the KGB the CIA or Wall Street or even Ford Motor Company or God forbid T all illuminati, Dennis had a lot to think about in this statement I had just made. Better world technology was flying high the 36 city tour in the Stadium in Philadelphia had put us all on the map and it was carpe diem time according to the words I was trying to say. In a long stare of Dennis, and probably only last three seconds, the question led up in my head; was Dennis trying to protect me from the most terrible people in the world? Was Dennis sinking I was not competent enough that I would make such a statement? Or God for bid again.. Was the major media in this country right about Dennis and saying Dennis was a charlatan and only siphoning money out of people who only believed he could bring free energy to the world? And what is that, what is enough for Dennis and was in achieving its out of the question?

I felt I was offering Dennis a way out all of the judgment crap and now he had the team and that really believed it. Could Dennis open up in these three seconds to actually believed it was not just him that was doing this? It was all of us and the God he was talking about so often that was the same God that set up the last three months of the tour. I pulled myself up off the chair seeking Dennis needed more time to think about the chess move that just happened. So Dennis made a move,; Ross, I'm sorry I have two other conference calls to be on.; I have to let you go. Dennis open the door and slipped into another stage of never never land waiting for a decision.

What I thought would be in a matter of minutes to solve the problem or to get an answer to where we were heading some months from now. I spent days working with the new inventors and Ward who then became Dennis's secretary. The shop behind the house was set up with equipment were when these certified welder that Dennis hired to prove that the Brown's gas machine was able to be marketed worked a 40 hour week and then there was me working at nights and weekends trying experiments with Ward's guidance and what he had recorded as information for engineers all over the country. This information showed us how to get the flame from the Brown's gas to weld better.

It was one cold weekend day when I built a barrier around the machine and decided to turn the gas up where it had never been. I could tell that it was at that point it would then backfire within the machine if I got too hot. Because I knew it was at this gas to not explode like petroleum did I was in for something I did not expect. When it did implode it made a loud noise alerting everyone in the neighborhoods something strange was going on. This put a hole in the wall and parts of the machine in other parts of the lab and this puts whoever was in the house in front of the door of the lab.; What the hell?; Dennis being the first at the door I was not in the mood for answering any questions. This situation was much more of an embarrassment then to the shock of the physical pain I was in. Big Mike, pepper, Ward and the new inventors Carlos was situated directly behind Dennis.; Hey Russ, are you okay,; Mike said with

concern.; Unsure; I responded with the same humor as ever. You see any blood anywhere?;; You'll live;; said pepper being the newer she had been for the trip though extended to the research lab. I could see this was going to be the next queue for Dennis to unleash and to justify some of what we discussed his office. I was to slow down for reasons I was not given yet. To put it in a nutshell, I was in check. Thinking now I was in checkmate there was no move I knew I could see that would justify the fact that Dennis was wrong about me. Whatever the point Dennis was trying to make about me and the movement of the movement, it was making his point apparently clarified. I just blew up for \$5000 machine in the name of research, I thought it it was now all on my shoulders no matter how we traced the steps in the tour. I didn't know why Dennis cannot see that. What was going on? That was the most important fact that needed clarifying to me but I could see I was not in a position to defend myself. What was eating Dennis? I had I to find out.

The one thing I didn't know I was not allowed to retaliate. That some code inside me came up where there was Dennis not actually being the bad guy. He was always impressive with Dennis as well despite his anger streaks that he was devoted in his mission. Like so many warrior types in history Dennis was zeroed into achieving a goal of changing history for the sake of good. I've heard all the stories by now in my past four months since I met Dennis physically. He had more enemies than he had friends. But even so, he wasn't going to have me as another enemy knowing what I knew on this trip. John Lawrence was right Dennis's heart was right. His his direction was right yet there was something I needed to experience it was like the divine order something and John knew to be the experienced in order for some important truths to come across.

It was then when Ward Williams spoke up.; Hey Dennis, you know that's not Russ's fault of the machine blew up. He's only looking for a way the flame can get hot enough to adapt to both metals is working with. It's not going to do that because the Brown's gas machine gets hot enough to melt them in order to weld them together. But they don't do that only because it needs of form of alcohol to make that chemical change more reaction;; Dennis;; work continued using the Russ blows up Brown's gas machine opportunity to initiate his point when he has been working on this type of research for the past week.; Methyl alcohol is what's needed to be added to the flame in order for the two metals to amalgamate together, not for the flame to get hotter.; Said Ward. This, to me, now was the time then a picture to behold. I truly didn't care about the two metals amalgamating together. But I didn't know Dennis did it was important he sell the Brown's gas machine as a welder now that the DOE Department of Energy decided not to fund us to use the gas machine in the neutralization of nuclear waste which is Dr. Q Brown's goal. Dennis had now hundreds of Brown's gas machines in the yard wars over \$5000 apiece shipped from China in his plan for plan B for selling the machines as a welder had to work or B WT better world technology has spent millions of dollars for nothing. Looking at Dennis staring at Ward's eyes, Mike and pepper with smiles on their faces in the room key inventors Carlos with his hands in his hips made this a moment picture-perfect. I was all keyed up and getting Plan B out of the way so we could gain enough momentum in the beginning of purifying all the toxic elements on earth but if we had to sell the machines as welders to prove the point then so be it. When Ward was saying was at that moment the answer to this particular plan if it be true. It seemed as if blowing up the machine to get this point across was needed. I didn't know where this guy Ward came from but it was looking as if that day was a day Ward Williams saved my ass.

All attention was now on the word. Dennis took his three seconds of thought and beginning his connected words to Ward. I sank into the damage would work and contentedly listened. How do you know this?;, Dennis said with his usual Earth's changing voice.; Well, use me to research the Brown's gas machine Dennis in this is what I found out. The chemistry needed to be changed in order to weld not the heat", Ward said. ; I called a friend who was a chemist he connected me to a company specialized in this. All we needed to do is to connect him methyl alcohol unit to the side of the Brown's gas machine in feed the tube back into the torch and it will work.; Dennis was amazed in now exact Ward was was is words. I was waiting for the frown on his face to turn into a smile from Moore's words after such an explosion. When that happened I could see this too was another miracle needed to get the ball rolling. This could be another point in history for old to learn what is needed to find the hidden door and loss connections to the earth; I thought.

The Brown's gas machine was nothing less than magic. Pour water in a machine and it comes out as hot as the surface of the sun. What is it that we've learned from? I was guessing it was what Ward just said. Was this how the earth and the universe the vibrations of God work? God put his spirit in the water. Could water actually talk to us? Could it be the real world of industry was directed by working with the wrist rather than exploiting it? I was working to make the Brown's gas machine work like a welder and the response came back that I was only to add another gas to allow to work that way. So now they're in New Jersey, USA we have formed a team of people who could ask these simple questions. If one did not get the point the other one will. We were off to now market the Brown's gas machine. This would then fund the larger goal of how the earth cleans itself. And then that would lead us to learn how we can heal ourselves.

It was a long day so from there we all gathered for dinner and like every day in the research lab dinner was like a science conference. Eric and his wife were working on the load temperature phase machine had gathered to lead the discussion on Carlos's debate adding and what he learned from the rife machine and how he could get these healing vibrations cordless. All of these decisions led deeper into spiritual debates that then added in to laughter of pepper who insisted I stand up and described the Native American medicine wheel. This was something that will was only teased about in the months we traveled the 36 city tour. Pepper or I would only talk alone in the travel after I came back from my morning tai chi/meditation/prayer/medicine will building in every place we stopped just before Continental breakfast every morning. Was this a chance needed in working this team together? Dennis was not usually there. He only came in announcements. Not at dinners. He lived in a separate house was his wife and teenage daughter some 5 miles away. It was my hope is that I would explain these things to Dennis to show him the these things are what fit together in what he was doing. Pepper was the angel that pulled this one together and Mike was always backing her as love for pepper was constantly losing a lot of Mike.

; Okay, pepper; I said. I rolled up the blackboard with the wheel to the dining table, drew a large round wheel with a cross in the center symbolizing North, East, West and South.; This is where we are at;, I emphasized on the horizontal line showing East on one side and west on the other. This is what we are;. I emphasized on the vertical line showing North and South.; We are all vertical beings well before we are horizontal;; That set;; Carlos screamed out pointing at me.; Your Palladian. You're just like me. You came here to this earth to teach us were those here on earth to bring heaven to earth;. I didn't know why Carlos said that in such an abrupt way but I then did say; Carlos, none of that really matters; I said. I only

remembered people speaking about people from outer space. I never believed I was one of them. John Lawrence was small jokingly that I could have been beamed up in my sleep one day as a little child so they could take sperm out of my penis and send me back unknowingly. That discussion was more than a year before this Discussion with Carlos. But just as the one with John, John knew it didn't matter. We were not separate beings.

This stirred up another conversation with Ward.; Carlos, I have read the books on the Palladian's,. This is not mean you are Palladian. I belonged to the organization where we learn about Palladian's.; Work continued to talk as there began a slight division between the two thoughts. I stopped what I was doing and listened knowing there was more physical work, meaning the science and the experience with the science needed to be experienced before I could speak about who we are. If all of this about the Palladian's needed to be learned then to me the Palladian's are than the enemy. I was taught we are ultimately all the same. I was not about to give that one up so I became silent until the day I could prove it. Maybe the Palladians themselves were waiting for this discovery. Maybe they needed their own liberation just as all of creation builders was waiting for the liberation of man. I could only look upon this as a life time journey and it would be up to me to enjoy that journey.; This is what I was saying; I said. It was not being helpful to talk over Carlos aboard but I started in talking about medicine wheel again.; We get all our energy from this vertical line not to physical or horizontal light;. Okay;. Said Carlos; from now on, we're going to call you Mr. vertical;. It was Carlos who led up to and a half months before Christmas on these concepts of bringing horizontal and vertical together.; Russ this is what antigravity is all about; he said. Carlos brought me back into a lab showing me a bunch of pictures of flying saucers said were not Photoshop and like Dennis told stories about people who were not aliens who could build the ships. The two differences in in Carlos indebtedness was a dentist it not believe in aliens and Carlos did. There were people on earth who were influenced by aliens. Who were building spaceships Carlos explained.; You might not be able to build a ship, Russ, but your concepts tell me you were influenced by aliens; Carlos said. None of these logistics seemed to matter to me. I knew if they did there would be more of a division in beliefs and it would be just a matter of time when progress would end if belief systems were to control whether something was true or not.; If I were an alien; I said.; And I was working for good, I wouldn't try to push the fact that I existed. This would not matter if I could show a way to transport energy and bring humanity together in harmony. What would it matter whether I existed physically or not? It's only that everyone and everything is one and that is what energy is; I said that ,this was the type of dialogue Carlos lived for. He openly agreed that the same was exactly the plan in how we were going to work together to get the point across and deliver these technologies to the public. Forget telling anyone including and especially Dennis Carlos said they were aliens out there.; We knew well enough there was work to do than there seemed to be little time to do it.\

While Ward worked on the rumors research on getting the Brown's gas to work as a welder, Carlos worked on the rife machine and the new technologies Dennis called the power controller that reduce the amount of electricity on a single phase motor by one half. The Brown's gas in the power controller were at the top priority to Dennis when the were thought to be more marketable at the time told was noted by a Carlos and Ward it was not considered as the most important research. According to Dennis we have just lost the battle with the Department of Energy and even the environmental fight is president hotel core. Brown's gas could have been excused first on the neutralization of dangerous particles that hold beings and not the trivial weld ING machine in Carlos's work on rife frequencies could heal people without even knowing it. Dennis continued in getting better over these situations. This became a great

challenge for Ward and Carlos. "Well", Carlos said, "we'll just have to give the public what they think they want P for the and what they really need". It was also noted that Mike David, Eric, pepper and he will all those in the house together they and Ward, Carlos and myself were then unveiled as the hard-core metaphysical group;. Although we were all a family and each person was needed I could tell metaphysical things to not set well with Dennis Mike and Allison. Metaphysics was considered new to born-again Christians and often brought up the Satanic in church, so to show that this was not the case the volunteered to go to the Baptist Church Dennis Allison Blake and pepper went to every Sunday.;; Carlos;; I said; it's not going to hurt you;. I wasn't sure this was a correct statement to relate to Carlos when I remember some years back there was some hurting involved in taking on the guilt of being a major center, but I thought it would be a way flake terms of calming down and the judgment tennis could be unhappy over this issue. Was there any way to spirit of God could work in bridging the gap between Eastern and Western thought? If so we might as well give it a shot. Carlos, I could tell was game so we got in the Van with Dennis and Mike drove.

New chapter.

"So what do you think Carlos" I said "Not so bad" Carlos responded. The music, singing and the waving of the hands was something everyone got into. Allison looked over to see if we're going to leave our seats but no, Carlos and I were not embarrassed but getting even deeper into the rock and Ann Rowland. Even a little more than what we're supposed to according to Dennis's look. The young preacher began his tribal role on everyone who he sensed disagreed with what he was saying. Happy he was seeing there was new faces in the crowd heat asked that we stand up and introduce ourselves and informed him we were saved by the blood of Jesus. I spoke with for Carlos "yes we are. Of course we were. What the hell do you think we been doing for so much of our lives. We've been out saving people's lives doing the Christ like service just like Jesus was doing. We got the call and we put words and deeds together into action. Our actions worry eventually to save thousands or millions of lives now may be billions of lives so they have the freedom to pray to the Lord all the time. Isn't that what we were put on the earth to do?" I only thought of course and did not say but I certainly gave the chance for Dennis to stand up to say it in our behalf. He knew that this was true. Was there anything else that meant more?

Mike Dennis pepper and Allison knew what happened on the tour. They saw the stadium transpire and the people coming to help to get it off the ground. They saw the passion and Carlos, in Ward in Eric David and all of those who volunteered knowing there was a very high level of evidence that God was working with all of us. Now we were in a church filled with people who live for God. What was it that could ever allow anyone there to say we were not full of the Holy Spirit? The preacher called us all in the room to come to the altar. So we did. Some started quivering, some were speaking in tongues or maybe just freaking out through the so as to show the preacher they were worthy of being saved and to stay away from the wrath of God or the preacher himself. Something was wrong. Something was wrong and was ripping apart the fiber of face inside of me. I felt that if this was not corrected there would be of greater division within America. I loved being with people who loved God. The meaning for love, the reason for existence. I just couldn't see that this meant enough in this church. The largest revelation came to mind at this point. Could this be the reason there seemed to be a stall in the work that we were doing.? Is it that the world of metaphysics will not fit into the world of judgment? The people rolled on the floor didn't seem to be motivated by God. There are people of judgment was in judgment. This was very sad to me. Was I to counter this was more judgment? This would be counteracted. It was something

I sense that most of everyone at that church did not know what they were doing. That this security they felt was not the Holy Spirit but the fact that they belong to an organization that approved of what they were doing I could not but to relate what Jesus was saying just before he died. "Forgive them they know not what they do." The moment at the time of being in this church was one I needed to realize that it would take more time for such consciousness was understood by the chosen people. Like the scribes and Pharisees of Jesus time. Heaven coming to earth needed to wait until there were enough of the world that could spread non-judgment for the new age to begin. I walked out of the church was posed love and sorrow in my heart. What was going to happen now? Was the line drawn in the sand? Could Dennis and Allison noticed Carlos and myself to not fit in with those who devoted their lives to? All the work done on the 36 city tour led to the 7000 people at Coors Stadium, I felt, was dependent on what we thought of each other at this time. To Dennis think we were traitors now because of the belief system they thought was the only way to think? Did he actually know they were thinking this way? It looked to me that the Western cerebral world had one of big battle against the intuitive Eastern world and what was needed to apply to the God-given technologies we were in charge of was the two worlds coming together. I haven't given up at this point but I could'nt help but see the Epiphany needed to achieve the goal needed a much larger act of God then I expected.

Could this be all my fault? Was it clear that I was taunting Dennis and that my effect in putting to rest our differences and go on with our important project was now crushed by my own ego of judgment as well? I remembered what John Lawrence said about the abilities he said I had hit I could have been consistently denying them." You are very psychic in Your Own Way, Russell"he said. I defined this time walking out of the church has a simple attempt in applying common sense yet all around me there seemed to be no one who could see such logic. Even Carlos saw nothing wrong, right or unusual about the situation. It would be only that he could continue with his research and not go to another church gathering. It was simply not his thing. I left it all along in hopes my intuition was wrong. We had a presentation that Dennis had planned for the next weekend at the lab and we were to show the Brown's gas changes and the power controller. Some 50 people showed up. Dennis spoke eloquently as you go. I did my thing was showing how to turn on the Brown's gas machine and to sublimate tungsten with the flame. After the meeting there were others who stayed and talked. Tennis last was Mike the office and I was left with a few others who traveled a long way to see this one presentation. They didn't want to leave right away. When they needed more information to be able to sell the machine from some more in the Midwest I was there to provide it. I spent more than an hour with some and in a darkening fall afternoon they got in their cars and left. Seconds later Dennis and Mike came out of another car in the parking lot angry as hell. "Russ, do you know what you just did?" Dennis said." Yes, I was showing your dealers how the Brown's gas machine worked." Those people could very well be part of a mafia and I'll might you know that you are part of them.?" Said Dennis.. That's ridiculous Dennis, I said, "they are poor people from Iowa, who would like to make it rich some day because they believe in you"

Dennis got into his car in peel loud in the mighty parking lot beating Mike to decide what to say to me." Come on Russ, let's go in the house, peppers God dinner ready"Mike said." Dennis will get over it in the morning. He is been going through a lot of things lately and it is hard to trust anyone these days especially when you're in your shoes."

Mike soothing remarks were nice but they were not true. The next morning after breakfast Dennis walked in the door." Okay everyone"he said." We're all gathering in the living room for me". Dennis was

always known as his and to the point statements and this signature move was no different. It was so agreed by everyone, friend and foe, as his way of getting things done. It was noted to me many times that it took good people in history with a strong ego for history to take place. So I was one in the group awaiting another big move in the world of history. Who was I to doubt it? This statement was true as I looked upon the next move by Dennis, I just didn't expect history to move in this one direction." Russ, you sit over here" Dennis said. I sat right beside Dennis in the large round table with everyone in the research team sitting around me wondering what was up. I was sure Dennis stayed up having that night discussion in what to say this morning with Allison last night about this new founded revelation. It was important to do so and this would be the right thing to do, I thought" I want to tell a very important story" Dennis said." You'll know Russ. He is been working hard for PW T and has achieved good things for us. But despite Russ being a nice guy he has lately been working against us unknowingly by working with the enemy. Whether this be the illuminati or the Mafia I do not yet know but I have two announced to you that I have to put a stop to these vulnerable actions.'

Everyone in the room was shocked as I looked down at the cookies on the table that pepper left for each one of us. I seemed to also look for any large nice wondering if Dennis had any idea of PE heading me in front of everyone. This practice was given up by the Christian church I thought maybe 400 years ago it may be for Dennis this could be the appropriate time of bringing all of this pack. I waited for someone in the room to said Dennis straight but that time never came. The strength of better world technology was at its highest point now just 1 ½ months after the Stadium public opinion and financial support was at its highest level. Even if it wasn't, it wasn't what those at the round table in new found New Jersey actually believed. It was not the time to challenge the leader of energy. I could understand why no one challenge Dennis. It was now the beginning of the end for me.

The meeting broke up when Dennis left everyone came to me to apologize for Dennis's actions. I stayed for a few more days and I packed my clothes, tickets to California wondered what my next step in the world was.

New chapter..

"Come back home" Elizabeth said." You can stay here until you get your bearings"

the flight to California was difficult. How was I going to explain this to my children? What about all those who bought dealerships would PW T knew me as a person the connection was made? A deep sadness came over me of what to do. We got off the plane that Elizabeth's it drove me to Santa Rosa right away to visit Colleen and Patrick for the weekend and then to Walnut Creek where she said I could rest as long as I needed to. Much of the time was just staring into space as I rejected the phone calls of people who were dealers or wanted to be dealers. I suppose that something would come to tell me what to do. Elisabeth was managing a large apartment complex in Walnut Creek California. I still had my California contractors license active and Elisabeth said it up where I was a contractor that could be on the spot on a place needed remodeling. It Me busy but in any conversation about construction with anyone I could see it meant so little and all too often I would mention solutions that were so far beyond just putting sheet rock on walls or the stress on the beam written in a termite report. My experience was the Brown's gas machine or the thought of how we could build houses without toxins poisoning our children was in the back of my mind as I sometimes blurted them out without warning. This would lead to two more visits to

San Francisco on Wednesdays healing class and long sessions with John at his home on Bay Street a stone's throw from peer 37.

"Things will come to you" John said. Sometimes it was as if John was torturing me with what I thought was empty words along with a smile. But it was always that he was rubbing it directly in my face with the truth and like other times when the miracle started happening I got a very pleasant egg in the face awakening when I could never expect anything whatever happened. Again, it did not seem logical that a guy like me was whoever go through these things can ever know the true meaning of them. John was a guy who held some sort of key to the meaning that now meant so little to me and this was a time I could feel myself the most resentful for it. The next morning I woke up in the sweat. So much it literally soaked into the bed. The dream was so vivid, all I can do was believe it was true and the crying began were Elizabeth could only hold me with a anti-explanation and say "it's okay, just cry".

### Dream

I fell from the sky and landed on a small platform in the small park in an urban area in the middle of the night. I noticed the place looked familiar because it was a platform I built some years prier. I hit the platform hard as it made a loud noise and woke up the neighbor hood. Lights went on everywhere. I knew the platform broke my fall from the long fall from the sky and that if I hit the ground I would be dead instantly, yet still I was barely alive. My body was very skinny and whatever blood I had in my body was seeping into the plywood. I had almost no energy and I was only waiting for the last minutes of life to take me over. In fact I had no desire to live. I wanted to die. As I waited for that final moment I notice people gathering around the platform. For some reason they could not step onto the platform. There was some sort of law or electrical charge that prevented them to enter the deck of the platform. They could only talk to me. At first I could only see that they gathered around to watch me die, similar to watching the 10 o'clock news at night. I was only grateful to die and it mattered not that they watch. But they started talking, encouraging me to get up. The numbers of people kept coming until there were people everywhere begging me to get up from the platform. "Please, we need you to stay on earth. You can help us from this terrible place," they said. I tried to tell him there was nothing I could do. They could see there was little life left in me but they persisted in begging me to get up. I moved my arms to push my skinny body up even just a little yet I fell down each time trying to show the crowd there was no use. Then there were children in the crowd that began to cry. So I pushed harder. I then could feel endorphins going through my body. I then woke up disappointed in the world I woke up to, trying then to go back to the dream.

I did not fully understand the effects of the dream. I spent days in sorting out in meditation of what just happened to me. John was right, something was revealed but then there needed to be some time to weed out the interpretation of how the ego interprets the dream. How would anyone do that? Who could you talk to about this? It was only John Lawrence who could say and John would do most of the smiling as if he knew but he wasn't going to tell. And it became evident that there were certain questions I was not to ask at this time. It wasn't John that made the dream. It was only that he knew I was going to get it and it was not between him and me. It was between me and the universe or God himself. I was locked into the need of solving another problem without being angry at any characters in the story. Like in the Moonies, I had the opportunity to blame Rev. moon for seven years of torture according to many of the book writers who sold books on the "what not to do when you're young" books

in the 70s. When the 90s came it was time again to go on campaign to hit hit it again as we say and see what or who there was to blame or what John asked me to do. Thinking there was much more to this puzzle than just to blame someone. Dennis Lee in this case would be the enemy. Just as confirming in the tabloids 20 years prior was Rev. moon and with the same type of escapades of drawing thousands of people together in Washington Monument and then the core Stadium in Philadelphia. These activities happen exactly 20 years apart. What really did all this mean? Was the time to quit all this stuff and just settle down and tried to raise all of this in my brain to give the status quo life another chance? Or do I look at this as basic training to something much larger? Was forgiveness the key and the tests that seem to be what John seemed to be mentioning?

A few days later I received a call from warden Carlos about the proposal the three of us could work together with. Then there was a knock on the door and a big hug from bridge who was passing through in his journey with Dr. heal Brown. We spent two days together talking about the 36 city tour, what the stadium really meant and that no matter what Dennis had thought of me, I was still recent back to it from all of the crew." Dennis is just afraid of losing everything" Rich said." He hasn't forgotten you were instrumental in creating the Stadium. He thinks this move was important for all of us".

Even though I could field which felt Dennis was wrong with this move I could tell it would be too much to ask rich to challenge Dennis when there was too much at stake. That was something my heart could hold onto. What John Lawrence had said what happened and the assistance of the dream had come true. There were people who who were still supporting me even when there was nothing I could hold on to. Riches deep stories about him being in charge of Dr. Brown has he traveled in the country with him reaching deep in my heart." Russ, even though Dr. Brown might even be the smartest person in the world right now, he has so many issues that prevent what he knows to get to the public. His years in the Guloff had damaged him with the public cannot believe in him".

Rich was so kind in his wisdom as this brought more perception in what little I could do at the time. Has he left, I began a beginning and as the dream implied; I began getting up from the plywood. I knew however, which were I lived. This time would never had been forgotten at least between the both of us. I began to recognize what I thought was needed in continuing his journey and that was just that;" this was a journey". Success was not directed in the world of material and there was something that always seemed to happen to all of us in order for us to recognize that." What was the cause of all of this?" That very question was enough needed for the energy to continue on this journey. I still never thought that the journey really didn't end. It would take some years after that moment to recognize that truth was progressive. Which put a smile on my face enough for me to accept a little bit of the light to come in from the journey through a long tunnel not knowing there was an end to it. I began again movement with my physical body. I truly had no choice. The light at the other side of the tunnel was completely out of sight. The light ahead was faint but I could see there was something there.

New chapter

I took this 60 miles trip to Santa Rosa California from Walnut Creek to visit Patrick and Colleen. In the meantime I visited the office of the Biel, a photographer and promoter of whatever he thought inspired him. The having given me several calls when I was on tour and invited me to visit him when I got back. As I walked into his office I noticed more pictures of Eastern spiritual people including the ones that John Lawrence had on his wall. This was something I needed to know. He gave me another opening in my

heart so to trust another person I still had the little reason to do so. I could tell he was impressed with the fact that I actually lived through the 36 city tour with Dennis Lee and he wanted to help in terms of building a business with the knowledge that I had some products that B WT was promoting.

I didn't think that was all bad so ice said I would think about it and before I left his office I was berated by these friends who all had been briefed about his stadium accomplishment. What seemed to be going on was something like a rock band. The guy named Kenny Rosler came into the office and started playing the guitar and harmonica than all of what seemed to be all the tunes of Bob Dylan. I joined the festivities and became part of what the community of Santa Rosa California stood for. There was a link that needed to be connected again. The link that began the connection to Dennis Lee, the 36 city tour and the Stadium. It all started in this town with the 'health and harmony fair' that everyone in town knew about. The Dennis Lee show was again on these people's minds with me being in town.

I picked up one of Kenny's extra guitars and played as background and then began the Moody blues songs." The rights and white satin and story in your eyes'. No matter what I did I could not shake off or overlook the Santa Rosa connection. The heart, the music in the sick jokes of Kenny Rosler was something that became contagious and synonymous of those in California with a high emphasis around Santa Rosa. I knew this from what I've learned from the herbs school and force Phil only 15 miles away from the center of Santa Rosa. I knew this same attitude of happiness from the Luther Burbank talk in connection with nature. I knew this because Santa Rosa was where my children lived went to school and were taught some of these things every day. I could see that I felt safe in this town and I was happy that my kids were safe here as well. Even when they disagreed with my travels around the country they were still proud.

Here was Kenny Rosler leading up a grade of people my age in the musical March very odd to those in the West by some standards yet seem to be the medicine of life itself. But Wesley wanted to get down to business and Kenny's joy in music would not be the large part of his plan." Okay Kenny, that's enough" Lee said." We're are here to talk about the inventions Russ has experienced during the tour and I hope we can build business from it". This brought more attention to the friend behind Kenny who was dancing to the hard of their harmonica." Russ, this is Bob Salinas. He wants to ask you a few questions" Lee said. I was all smiles as I could see there was all attention on me because I had experienced things no one in the room had experienced but I also knew it was because of the popularity of Dennis Lee at the time and there was so many other things I would need to say to these three people in order to tell the whole truth about alternative energy which seems to be the main subject to them. This subject was the subject in everyone's mind in the late 90s and to these three people in this office in Santa Rosa California, the home of the late Luther Burbank, it was considered to them a chance of a lifetime. Was this point understood fully with anyone in the room? No. Even with all the experience with Dennis Lee, the group traveling around the country with and was the concept of Brown's gas; I could not seize the correlation of what Santa Rosa, Luther Burbank and the people in it truly meant. It was only an intuitive inclination of the people in the room and their desire to make it big with the right reasons that drove them to this meeting in a little office in a small center in Santa Rosa.

"I had called the office of better world technologies in New Jersey to find out what it would cost me in California for a dealership" Bob said. They said I could get one for \$25,000. It had a lot to do with knowing you" he said" what you think and what will I get out of it?" My smiles and did as I had to come

up with some sort of in answering knowing it was probably Allison who had talked to Bob and there was no way I was going to explain another sale of a dealership when I knew where most of the money went on the sales of the last dealerships. I knew what Lee was looking at this point. He was the and between men, he was not going to buy a dealership but because he thought he knew more about technologies and business even without going on the tour he could use or be a partner with myself and Bob knowing I already own the dealership or if Bob we had money in real estate would buy one.

“I’ll tell you what, Bob” I said.” There was lots of talk about here. I’ve decided that I would set up office here in Santa Rosa. If you guys to work together you can sell the product through my dealership and if it works then you have a better reason in buying another dealership”. This was exactly what I could tell. I could see that it was not what Bob wanted and it didn’t matter at all to Kenny when he was more involved in being a rock ‘n roll star at the age of 48. I eventually moved over to Bob while Kenny was doing another Dylan tune and whispered in his ear “why don’t we get together some day and we can talk about it “, I said. Bob smiled with a degree of gratitude ‘I’m going up north to look at my property about 100 miles away. Do you want to go with me? We can then talk” “okay, I said.” I’ll meet you here on Tuesday “.

As Bob and I took the trip through wine country, a place where people throughout the world revered and some had said is the number 1 Best Place for connoisseurs of wine in the world. I recognize that Bob felt very secure in what I was about to tell them.” Bob, this is not the time to buy a dealership from better world technologies” I said. “It is not that I think the technologies to not work, but what seems to be happening is that there is more and more confusion in who actually owns them.”

Without more information Bob could only absorb a small percentage of what I said. It would’ve taken a 36 city tour to understand the effects of what seemed to be a simple yet so hard way to explain when talking about technologies. When I thought Bob was looking for was at better explanation to buy a dealership from B WT in all honesty I could not give that to him at this time.” Why is it not time?” Bob said. I reached deeper other words knowing Bob did not experience what they did in the last few months and the words I use needed a sense I too wasn’t ready to convey. So I blurted it out hoping it was true.” Well Bob, it seems that even mankind is not ready for these technologies. Again it is not that these technologies to not exist, it’s because those who think they own them will not release them in the fashion that is true kind and necessary. What I really wanted to say was “ people who are interested in technologies put themselves first and that is usually not the real reason or cause the technologies exist.” I felt it would be out of place to say that and I didn’t want to confuse Bob any more nor did I want to insult him with my opinion.. We drove to look at his land and to have conversation about nature because nature is true kind and necessary and people whose only exploit it are not..

This somewhat faint emphasis and messages from nature was not all I had to go by anymore. A small time in Santa Rosa conveyed the message I was not alone in this thought. Lee Beal , who tracked me down by phone on the 36 city tour had set up a small community beyond the hundreds from Santa Rosa who came to the Santa Rosa Fairgrounds to visit Dennis Lee the year prior. These were new blood who didn’t expect too much of me and were of forgiving and understanding in nature where I could get on my feet again and sort out what I thought was good reason for not considering suicide. Lee, Kenny and Bob were to support and are willing to explore options I did not consider at the time.” Okay”, I said in a casual meeting with the three of them. “I must tell you that I own one quarter of the B.W.T dealership.

There are three others that I will speak to about sharing this with you and I'm sure there are willing to work together with you in promoting these technologies. I will contact James Green, Evelyn Leigh and Elizabeth Van Pelt who own the other three quarters of the dealership and if it was okay with them then I will to my best to get this thing going again". This was this was the promise of the dream of me falling from the sky. This, the time of pushing myself up from the plywood gave the perspective of new life to my body. The okay from James, Evelyn and Elizabeth began the telephone calls to Ward and Carlos to see what we could do in the promotion of the power controller as soon as possible.

"Hi Carlos, how are things going with the research", I said. Carlos was smiling when he heard my voice. He didn't want Dennis said knowing I was talking to. Ward had been keeping him abreast to what was going on with me in California and in Carlos office in New Jersey Carlos had to make sure the lines were clear so no one in the front office knew he was talking to me.

"It is going very well with the power controller, Russ. Ward is working on getting it UL approved and if that is done then we will be able to get it into mass production. The real problem is getting Dennis to pay this \$30,000 in getting it UL approved." Carl said.

The power controller was probably the main product that would be the most practical in getting it marketed. It would be the head runner to all the other technologies because it would reduce the amount of electricity from this single phase motor by one half. When proven, which was now simple, almost every corporation in the US would want this product as well as anyone who had a refrigerator or an air conditioner. Saving one half of the electricity without losing horsepower was an amazing need in the world. Ward would secretly have conversation with me over the phone knowing how sensitive the situation was.

"Russ, all we need is \$30,000 to get this approach. I made a deal was an organization that said they would pay for the \$30,000 for a 1% of the profits but Dennis will not approve of that deal." Ward was sitting in his office realizing Dennis might be listening in on the conversation. I noticed Ward was stressed and being stressed was never of wards character in the past. I tried to tell wards what I thought knowing it would soothe his soul a bit but the real words would not come out. He knew that I knew that Dennis was not aware it was only coming from the cerebral part of his brain. He knew the discussions of spending millions of dollars on the Brown's gas machine only to make welders out of them was a big mistake at the time. He also knew the Department of Energy turned down Dennis in using the Brown's gas machine for the neutralization of nuclear waste. This situation might have been different if there were people in government positions that supported him. But these were the situations we were all in the. A smaller situation of just trusting someone in helping to get \$30,000 a UL approved status was now going down the drain and less Ward was successful in convincing Dennis to let go of his anger and follow through with the resources and the manufacturing of the power controller.

I had some of the early manufactured power controllers on the West Coast and I set up some meetings with Lee Kenny and Bob to display them with the efforts of a motor from a washing machine. I then brought them to an industrial convention in Sacramento where we set up the motor, the power controller in the watt meter. When plugging in the motor the wattage use showed 150 W. I would then connect the power controller between the electricity and the same motor. The wattage going into the motor was then 75 W with almost the same horsepower. Word got around the convention and within an hour of my booth was filled with people waiting to know what the trick was in the house soon will the

product get out how many of these power controllers could they buy. We had so many people on our side now. It was another instigator of truth or I was completely fooled place something I did not understand. All we needed now was to get the product UL approved and we were on the way of getting all the other projects off the ground was in a few years. Ward was going to find a way to get Dennis to approve. No problem. I will wait for word to begin again in awakening California.

That were did not come. Wards where were "Russ, Dennis is just plain stubborn". Disappointment after disappointment was a call from Ward and there was little I knew to do in talking to Denis myself when he was so sure I was Satan himself and when I challenged change in what I knew was to be Christianity.

Question is continued in my mind "is something is just devilish to be true then why can't we share it to all?" I always thought Dennis was doing what he thought was necessary in protecting the technologies but they were going nowhere by hiding them under a bushel. But according to his belief, he was the anointed one and I was the devil incarnate. Jesus did not travel to India in his 20s and that was it. The thought of such possibility to him was treason. What is there now a plan B within plan B I asked myself? I spent many hours in this type of meditation and more hours visiting John Lawrence hoping to get correct answers when I knew he would encourage me to go forward with this insane mission. "You are forming this in the universe" he would say." What the hell does that mean" I would say. His smile always gave me his answer and mine as well would be the beginning of a newfound journey in solving the problem.

I had to find a way in reaching hearts and Dennis's heart was one of. My first thought was that Dennis was a gatekeeper. I brought this up with John and he nodded his head as if I was finally getting the same black hole in my brain." Always pray for your enemies" he said. There was never a time when John did not seize the opportunity to display "the Devine Principle according to John". His simple explanation for me to learn from my mistakes while making sure I learn to stand up for truth and still able to forgive those who don't were the better ways to make it through the mission he said I was on. The Dennis Lee experience was the best example of this time.

## New Chapter

it wasn't long before John's divine principle kicked in. I went back into working construction in my partnership with Elizabeth. We're making money with her managing large complexes of apartments with me maintaining in remodeling them. Elizabeth knew it came natural to me but my heart was not in it. She knew my mind was many miles away. She wanted to supply information to me that would keep me grounded in her world of real estate and to forget about the technologies and saving the world. But she also knew it would be impossible without linking the romance of the visual and conceptual world together. The relationship was mostly based on the concepts she remembered that warmed her soul. There was what was said the most important part of the relationship. This was a reason Elizabeth admired what I was doing and the main ingredients that propelled the physical part of the relationship. The concepts we spoke of was the aphrodisiac that The love of life going between us even with the damage of our parts." Love is stronger than law" was the strongest concept we both knew when the laws of nature work continued to be violated, loved than begins to fall apart. When spirit cannot provide for the physical it cares apart the relationship. The feminine physical needs to be assured of its existence in order to achieve balance. With all the time I used to make B WT work without allowing financial success put Elizabeth in a do or die situation. She began to believe it would never happen and that it was her job to prove to me it wasn't. To Elizabeth this was now a matter of exploring my past. The record showed

this was a pattern in my life and that pattern was wrong. If she could prove this then I would change. This would settle me into focusing completely on contracting and we would then live happily ever after. If she could show I was mistaken with what I looked as being a mission we could cultivate our love again.

Elizabeth was part of an organization of well learned people in the Bay Area she told me of a woman in Berkeley that claim to be the daughter of Albert Einstein. Eva Einstein was born an illegitimate child during Einstein's professional career. She was put in a boarding school most of her childhood. Yet admitted by her father and the Einstein family never did. Eva was educated in the world of sociology. Her ambition was to be as great of a psychiatrist as her father was a scientist. When Elizabeth spoke of me to heal the eye became the number one example that could save her career." How could this be? So why doesn't the world know about this?" I asked Elizabeth." All I can tell you is that she was an embarrassment to the family and she was not exposed to the press back then". I did not understand why I would play such a role until Elizabeth told me this lady called Eva was at the programmer in the 70s and the Moonies were the number one enemy of the notorious deprogramming of that time.

I had no idea if this woman was truly Einstein's daughter or that she was at programmer in the 70s." I'm not afraid to meet up with her" I said, if she truly is Einstein's daughter I would be honored to meet her" I said

the appointment came almost a month later. Elizabeth Jo me to a large high-rise along Highway 80 in Berkeley where I was told Eva lived in the suite at the top. We were to pick Eva up and have our conversation at the nearest Japanese restaurant. Some of the stories seemed to revealing to me when Eva it came out of the building. I never paid attention to anyone's exact weight but Eva must have been over 300 pounds. Rather than thinking how dare her for using me as an example of a brainwashed Moni, I could only see a lot of the same pain so many's seekers experienced in the 70s. D programmers, Hare Krishnas, Moonies and so many who had an agenda for truth were then the same to me. Whether this woman was who she said she was I was both curious and honored she had the guts to come out of that building to meet with me. At the restaurant she ordered her favorite sushi the lighting of foods knowing I wanted to ask her why she was addicted to it but did not. She brought out pictures of her father or more she thought was her father. She later that we read a letter stating" I am so sorry I abandoned you" from what she said was her father. This then came with a long story about her days in the boarding school in the long abandonment of the Einstein family. The tears coming from her eyes gave me little reason to doubt her he had my trust that nothing at this point.

"Are you saying the Einstein family Your name out of the limelight so many years ago?" I said." They were ashamed to me"she said. "Okay then" I asked "what is it you want with me". "Elizabeth says you are a moony and you have never been D programed". I looked over to Elizabeth and smiled as if it was okay that she brought me here." That was 20 years ago Eva". It looks like he was working up as much fear out of me as she could." You are still brainwashed. It shows in your everyday life. This is why you travel all around the country thinking you are changing the world. It's causing a lot of pain to those who love you. You haven't been able to give it up. You think you have left the Moonies but you have not.'

I began my memories of being a Moonie 25 years ago . Things were certainly a lot different since then. I had a much better handle on what I was doing since then. I didn't want to go back to those days but I felt like a better person for it. Was it possible all of this, what I thought was growing was wrong and what I presented Woody in the long run be an illusion? Was it possible this overweight woman who called

herself the daughter of the smartest man who ever lived was right about me even if she was wrong about herself? It was true there is pain that goes along with this way of life and my children, as well as those who love me along the way. But who was living a lie here I asked myself.

“What about your father”, I asked Eva “what about his theory of relativity. His ideas of change and what he discovered. Isn’t that what he meant by changing the world?”. I was going to mention what I thought she already knew with the many hours she spent talking to Elizabeth. This was a hole in the level of thought. What about the mentor John Lawrence? She must know something about him.” You must continue what you are doing”he told me. What does Elizabeth think of that? I thought could that be a branch of brainwashing to and could Eva’s surface can rid of all of that in my brain as well?

You know I met someone very much like your father”I said to you.” He discovered a way to neutralize nuclear waste with water”. There was a calm in the room has both Eva and Elizabeth felt they were not reaching me. I didn’t want to lose Elizabeth and I was impressed and honored to meet the mysterious Eva Einstein but this sort of talk did not make sense to me. Why couldn’t we talk about change? Is change a brainwash or is no change a brainwash? I continue to ask more questions about Eva’s father. Eva started to cry as though she missed her father. Whatever this meeting was all about I could see it had to end there.

I wasn’t sure what the true facts of turning down a free T programming session with the smartest mans in the worlds daughter did to Elizabeth. She saw things differently in favor of logic but I wasn’t sure if she was completely able to see that it wasn’t because what I believed in was wrong. It was really because it did not make money at the time. With that I think she could see that Eva was coming from an agenda that made money many years ago but did not now and not only was it not economically sound it was not true. Forcing people to change their minds did not work for the Catholic Church, Hitler the Moonies or the D programmers. It would only be through free will and this would need to be true, kind and necessary to make it work from there. Because the public is always to respond, these things took lifetimes and I could see Elizabeth knew this was true. But living in this as a lifetime was hard on her. I guess that if there was a response from the Department of Energy, the Brown’s gas machines were built more perfect to take the place of coal burning, electrical factories, or we had the power controller mass ‘ produced and selling in grocery stores,; Elizabeth would support all of this. But that was not the case and that brought up the issue of her past. That was a hole I so want to fill. The hole was, to me, the insecurity of her younger years.” No greater wrath than a woman scorned” I remembered the saying to be and I was in the thick of it.

Next chapter

One night the rage came where my soul shook and I knew I had to leave. I called 911 and a counselor finally returned the call and called me back during Elizabeth’s rage attack on my spirit.” Grab your coat and leaves the house” the counselor said. I had already a backpack with a small amount of cloths and my bicycle parked outside. As I ran with the hands Elizabeth grabbing and I shaking her off like two football players trying to win the game, I recognized how I only wanted peace and staying was not the option. Wanting to say, “don’t worry Elizabeth, things will be better in the near future ‘was something that lives in me but at this time I had to make a vow to myself I would never come back to Elizabeth as a lover no matter how difficult the task would be. This had to be one of the most difficult things I did to do in my life. Running out the door, grabbing the bike with a backpack dangling off the side of my body from a

woman I loved became a 'damned if I do or damned if I don't' situation. Save the soul and forget about heart was the mantra and what was left of me in the summer of 1997. I shot down the street peddling as hard as I could with Elizabeth chasing me down with her Lexus windows rolled down telling me to pull over. At that point she knew she had me trapped between the parked cars the narrowing of the road but mysteriously there appeared trail leading into the woods that no car could enter. Nature and the silence embarrassed me as if I was being taught by nature that everything was going to be all right in the new journey I was now on. Finding a road at the end of the trail I found a bus to take me and the bike over the Sacramento River to the town of Benicia, were my friend Brad lived.

In three days I found myself on a train to the East Coast. On the same day I purchased the ticket Princess Diana was killed and being on the train is when I learned Mother Tricia had passed away. Were my actions wrong, I asked myself and this was a sign? Was this escape from Elizabeth coming from the frying pan and into the fire? At this point I felt I had no choice. But this did seem to be a pattern in my life. Was it the pattern I was asked to take? I did not know. Was I brainwashed and should I have surmounted by the status quo or was the call from a mentor in saying " you must continue what you are doing " something I had to find out was more real then all of the other crap. This wasn't Elizabeth or anyone's fault. It was the only law of life, the one that everyone follows someday in one way or another.

New Chapter..

The vibration of movement on the rails of the train leaving California gave me freedom, creativity and the loneliness needed heading up to Seattle then over the top rails long Canadian border leading to Minnesota where I spent three days with my family. Knowing I could not say anything constructive about my success with the technologies as well as my relationship with Elizabeth I continued my trip south east to Tommy's house in Virginia. Tommy and Tammy met me at the train station. It was a meeting of excitement especially for Tammy because she was only a voice on the phone Tommy would call every night while Tommy and I were on the 36 city tour. Tommy had bailed out half way on the tour lending his semi truck to me on the tour to drive the technologies around and for him to get back to the chores of keeping his marriage together with Tammy and to be a father to his 5 and 7 year old kids.

As I sat down in his kitchen discussing the amazing adventures of the tour and what could've happened then and if now we could continue with the work in Virginia now that I'm there. I noticed how poor this family really was. The farm was of small acreage with all sorts of animals like horses, chickens and their specialty; potbelly pigs. They gave me a place in the empty trailer in back of the house where the pigs bored holes and gave me a pleasant smell as well as sound while sleeping.

After a few days rest I could see Tommy and Tammy needed my help. We made a plan together in what we were willing to take the time to follow through with this plan. First, was to promote the power controller. Second, was to work construction to make extra money until promoting the power controller was a lucrative business. After all, this is what we were together for. This 36 city tour was over but the percussions of it kept the motivation that brought us together like the Mod Squad in Virginia. The main stipulation I had to make with them was not to reveal my whereabouts to Dennis Lee or Elizabeth Van Pelt. I was in hiding for reasons that could only be explained to those who have experienced 36 city tour or excepted the reasons for it. Physical experience was what seemed to pull people together. Even

though Tammy was not there, I remembered Tommy telling every inch of the story to Tammy. Conceptually Tammy was there on tour and this is what made us the Virginia Mod Squad.

We put together the power controller and hooked it into a single phase motor we pulled out of another old washing machine. Made up a bunch of cards and traveled 20 miles down the road to what Tommy called hobnobbing, to the city called Roanoke Virginia." We have a product that will reduce electricity by half in any single phase motor" I said, to the California wine drinking party sponsored by the Roanoke chamber of commerce. This put another something I could not explain in motion. It wasn't too long until I was asked to show the power controller display in front of the subcommittee sponsored by Virginia Tech another 15 miles away. Tommy and Tammy set me up with the use of the three-piece suit and an old Oldsmobile they had that burned oil and was smashed in on the driver side. I noticed when I finally got to my destination there were others who were rushed into the building for the same meeting I was scheduled to present. I will never forget the look on one of the guy's face that noticed me in the three-piece suit getting out of an old car on the passenger side. It was 10 minutes later when he noticed the guy doing the presentation was the same guy getting out of the junk car. "Hi there" I said to the businessman in the middle role trying to make light about my financial situation. "I brought that car all the way from California". The laughter after that explanation about the parking came his way all beautiful rakes to riches stories are, yet in my soul I could tell I use the California thing from being onstage for Dennis lay so many times. "Don't mind him" Dennis would say, "he's from California". There needed to be something to bring us together in that room and even though it hurt to explain something so revolutionary under the duress of poverty I knew enough to know there was always California that would save my ass. Whether people in Virginia were jealous, hated, or envied California, it was the best thing or place to break the ice in a conversation of such importance and yet still a subtle situation.

New chapter.

In the middle of several meeting such as this testing, were Virginia Tech and more science conventions. I decided I was losing myself in technology. I decided to take my troubles to some sort of chapel. As Elvis Presley said in the 60s "take your troubles to the chapel". So on Sunday I took the Oldsmobile to the mysterious town of Lynchburg wondering what the name is all about in somewhat a black against white area in the United States. I found a Unity church surprisingly in town knowing there was a strong sense of metaphysics in the churches in California. Getting to know people was like a breath of fresh air to me and it helped in the sense of getting the energy to reason I was what I thought was pioneering the world of science.

The breath of fresh air was emphasized as I walked into the church. A pretty girl with a guitar was at the foot of the altar and she took my breath away. I thought as I walked to the center of his pews every one of the church knew I was a stranger. There were questions in the air; who was I, where did I come from and what did I believe when there is a such a strong fundamental attitude in the town of Lynchburg and in the center of the town seem to be the only metaphysical church I could find? So who was I to them? I wasn't sure, I only want refuge from the angry and the techs and listening to a pretty skinny brunette singing was the best refuse I could find as I sat in the pew in front of her.

Her name is Tina and it looked as if Tina was looking straight at me as she sang. I didn't know that until the service was over and she came right up to me in the cafeteria brunch room. Her smile was as penetrating as her voice and I could see that Virginia was a place I could settle down that if I met the

right woman. As my imagination went everywhere with her I began to schedule many Sunday services with the unity church including nighttime meetings in metaphysical events in a state full of conservative born-again Christians. So much potential there I thought. These would be the people I could rally on and we could all come together to break the prejudice on the East Coast starting with Lynchburg Virginia. The story could start from the California guy walking into a very small metaphysical church in Virginia meeting the woman of his dreams and introducing science that would change their worlds to the better. What better place but Virginia would there be, a place where it would show up on the screen as the most obvious place that needs the California change and I was the one to bring it. Wow!

Weeks later Tina invited me over to her work and enter her home to meet her mother. I kept thinking it wasn't too late for me to be happy again. It was time to make peace with the world and I found the right people and even the right person to live with.

I have moved out of the take farm and Tommy and Tammy moved me to a lake cabin in the middle of Virginia to a famous lake called..... after a few months I move next door to a smaller Where I paid less rent in made income for remodeling the owners house. Things were perfect. I lived in the perfect place in Virginia had a great job to go along with the missions I had to save the world and I was about. I even imagined Colleen and Patrick visiting and staying in Virginia as a long planned where everyone lived happily ever after.

I picked Tina up at her house one morning on an appointment I had in the Richmond Virginia some hundred and 50 miles away. It would be an opportunity for her to see what I was doing and a chance to get to know her. The conversation climax to exactly what I thought it would be. The spiritual aspect and what she believed became connected to the science part and when I introduced her to those who wanted to see the power controller in action in Richmond and I could see that just brought a new bond to our relationship." This little device can actually reduce electricity by one half?" She said. "Yes ", but we haven't developed yet the three-phase motors only the smaller single phase motor will it work on. This is why we are researching the use of the largest bowling alleys in America. Richmond is the headquarters of bowling." I said.

While we pulled into the large parking lot with a large saying" ..... Bowling Alleys" "the single phase motors in one bowling alley can sometimes be in the hundreds with each alley requiring several motors to keep the balls moving up and down the alleys after a customer throws a ball down the. Here is where the engineers are going to test the power controllers I will give them. If they decide to go with it, I would say millions of dollars would have to cross the table if we can reduce one months bills of one bowling alley from \$12,000 a month to \$6000 a month."

Tina couldn't help it much longer she squeezed herself closer to me in the Oldsmobile knowing the door wouldn't open on my side. She grabbed my neck with her slender long hands and pulled my face and tears." You are such a genius Russell " she said. She started kissing me on my neck to my left ear though I cannot stand in a longer. Our Miles met and I could tell my words of security in her world of economics with polling alleys computed in her mind a sexual relationship in Virginia. There were men standing by the stairs of the testing lab watching the not so usual encounter in the parking lot of their employment so we can continue what they were hoping would escalate. They smiled as we walked past the hit something inside one of me to explain the complete story to them. Tina was asked to stay in the waiting room as I walked into the lab and did a short presentation to three of the head technicians. "Thank you

Mr. Anderson, it's rather impressive. We will test your technology and get back to you in three weeks or so." This was the game I had to play and I had them sign a disclosure which was normal in the world of technology.

The drive back Lynchburg was one of a romantic dream. Tina wanted to tell all about her life as she held my right hand while I drove. The story of a car accident with her uncle's car that put her in the hospital for several months in her teens was the one she wanted to tell but I could see she wanted to ease me into the conversation." You are so lucky to be alive "I said. "So this is what got you into singing spiritual songs in the unity church right?" "That's right "she said. "And then you walked in the door". I was flattered and in her presence of such purity and I could see she was fully intact and present. She asked about California is she has never been there. "Maybe I'll just continue driving", I said, and west was the way to Lynchburg and California. "I would like that", she said.

I left Tina off at her door but also made arrangements for her to come up to the cabin to see the lake on the weekend. Yes, I have a car I can use; I will call you when I leave on Saturday morning.

It was a perfect arrangement. I felt like a kid again at 49. Many questions in my head about the whole thing but Tina's sweet smile and beautiful body made everything right and perfect. Never been married at 41 was not a red flake was such a smile.

I cleaned up to cabin, prepared a lunch at a dinner for what Tina and I knew she would stay the night. It was a 15 mile trip from Lynchburg to the lake. Tina's living with her mother I knew she would fully understand. I waited for the call on Saturday morning and it never came.

Getting over the fact that I was stood up I called Tina's mother. There was no answer. It was late afternoon when I received a call from Tina's friend at church." Hi Russ, this is Carmela from Unity. Tina is in the hospital and she wanted me to call you as soon as I could. I stopped Carmela knowing she would not To the point right away." What's wrong, is she okay?" I said. "To tell you the truth, Russ, she thought that after meeting you she would not ever have to take her meds again. You are the love of her life "she said." "Where she now?", I said." "The county hospital in a little town called..... south of Lynchburg". "Thanks Carmela, I will find her"". I hung up the phone waiting for the next morning, in the Oldsmobile and headed for the major highway heading south. The votes in Virginia in December are slack especially in the morning. I learned not to do much daydreaming with the aggressive drivers and I sensed there was something more wrong than the scenario I was in. What will I do when I meet Tina? Why did all this happen and what can I do to help Tina? The most important question I asked is; why am I so concerned in the growing mental problems in this country? There seemed to be a large shut down of this recognition. I thought of myself as not being prejudice yet I was angry and thus prejudice that those who were prejudice and for his reason I saw Virginia as being a milestone of that prejudice. I could see why Tina needed to take refuge in the Unity Church, how she saying her heart out and why she had chosen the symbol of the rising of the Phoenix that begins to form in my mind. It was not only Tina who had to face this problem, it was the reason I needed to move out of Tommy's and Tammy's pig farm to the lake. Tommy became impossible to handle as he busted into my room with anger and knocking down a wall of pictures I had of my family. In a fit of anger and jealousy for reasons I made no sense of, then there was the reason I left California and the reason I had to vow never to go back to Elizabeth who was from Texas. Another place in this country I felt was high in the level of anger. I chose to believe that there was nothing I can do but run from her anger and it would be best for her as well. There was definitely a

chemical problem going on with these people and I ignored it all for the most part until now. Was this a divine lesson I was to learn? Was I so busy working to save the world in the world of alternative energies and not alternative medicines? What was it I learned at the herbs school in California?

There was no time for that right now. I was in a hurry to see Tina 60 miles away. What I did know was there was not a mean bone in Tina's conscious. Her constant working on recognizing who she was as a human being and not a human doing was all in what gave me hope that this might be a relationship was meant to have. I was sure I could help her I just didn't know how, yet. I was ready to meet Tina now. Just 40 miles to go and I was ready to help.

New chapter...

It was then when the traffic slowed down and eventually came to a stop on the highway. But before it did I took the chance of turning right on the off ramp that led to a small town one quarter mile from the highway. I turned the radio on to the new station to find out there was a major accident on the highway with casualties so I found I was stuck in the little town of..... until the traffic was cleared.

I drove up and down the town to see if there was a place I could get a bite to eat and coffee. In the middle of the town there was a place called "..... Metaphysical Bookstore". "What the hell I thought, this was Virginia not California. How could there be a metaphysical bookstore in the middle of a small town in Virginia? I can imagine about a large city with one night a small town. Well, there must be some pastry and coffee in their "I thought. So I got out of the Oldsmobile and walked into the store. The incense and the coffee smell brought me back to the Height/Ashbury times in the late 60s. It was a bit like walking into an oasis in a desert. Before I reached the counter in the young owner of the store began to laugh." "What's so funny", I asked. She held her hands to her mouth in an attempt to stop laughing." "You have a funny Indian spirit guide", she said. She continued to laugh." "Well," I said," I wish you guys would let me in on the joke". Something was comforting about the scenario when I knew that she knew there was a lot of stress in my body. There was no sense in telling her about my friend in the psych hospital and the deadly crash down the road when I was sure she already knew all of that.

She walked a few steps and reached over to grab a book off the shelf." "You need to read this book before you go back to California "she said. Shocked and even angry at her statement thinking; "how dare her all of a sudden tell me what to do. But this was more than that of course." "How did you know I'm from California?" I said." "I'm a psychic 'she said." "That's why you walked through that door". "I'm not going back to California", I said.

It looked as if this young psychic woman was continuing some conversation with this spiritual guide I had more she thought I had and it really was an important what I said about where I thought I was going. I still haven't learned about the Indian gurus from India to know who my guide was. I did have another experience at the herbs school where someone had said they saw an Indian guide on my shoulders. This was something I needed to talk to John Lawrence about and I suppose when I call about this he would laugh too. The young psychic lady just smiled and said," The coffee is over there."

I grabbed the coffee and the muffin with the book and brought it to the counter." "What's this book about?" I said." "Well, she said" "I think it's about someone you know". I only looked at the title; 'the messengers" it said. "It has an s on the end of messenger, it must be more than just one person", I said.

"You'll find out," she said as I could tell she was delicate with my ignorance and that whatever conversation we might have in the future would certainly be different. It was obvious that reading the book would be a prerequisite in doing that but I remembered some of the other psychics are what were called prophets I met in the past. I would often try to track them down for more information and for them to help me with this program because of what they have revealed. It was always that they would explain the information was divine and that was no more they could say or do to help me. I was on my own from there. I was on the right track and they were doing just that; telling me I was on the right track.

I threw the book in the back seat of the Oldsmobile and drove south on the cleared highway passing some of the wreckage left from the accidents. It was 4 PM by that time I reached the hospital and they only gave me a half hour to visit her beside her bed. The shock of seeing her so heavily sedated was something I did not want to be part of it first. It was only a little smile I recognized that gave me any intention to stay longer. I held her hand as I wondered if she really knew who I was. The questions kept coming as there was some guilt that I have not done enough to help her. Why is this happening? What is really wrong? Are those who have been trained here to help her been trained wrong to some degree? Is there something I am supposed to know about this that is more important than just in the mechanical energy of cars and power plants? I was the guy who ran the Brown's gas machine from coast-to-coast. If it was true that we could create energy from water, it was also true we could neutralize nuclear waste then I could surly help Tina with this knowledge. This is what Dr. Brown was saying. There was more important things than just driving cars around or having a nightlight next to our beds. If the water in that machine was purifying then why couldn't I use it for purifying the body so I could help Tina from this terrible problem? Helpless at her bedside Tina doused off to sleep. I could tell she would not wake up to the next day. I drove 20 miles to Lynchburg to meet with Tina's mother in and got more information of Tina's history. Something happened after the car crash Tina was in that took her uncle's life. A tumor was formed in the brain from theirs she became dependent on drugs. This was her mother's explanation given to her from the experts. I could not help but to believe that was the truth and it seemed natural to believe that the accident formed a tumor. It was sometime in the past when I listen to some of my friends at the herbs school that another phenomenon could have happened. The toxins in the now necessary drugs at the time (so they say) needed to operate in her brain may have caused the tumor. Whatever the answer I had little power to help in the situation Tina was at that moment. I was only determined to stay near her as long as I could. I then took another trip to the unity church that night to find there was a viduale of prayer for her that night. "Russell, so glad you made it. Tina has been talking about how wonderful you are", said one of her friends. I stayed as long as I could. I had a two hour trip back to the cabin.

New chapter.

I ordered some material to begin another part of construction on the house next to the cabin I was in. I gave a call to the hospital to see how Tina was. The doctor said she was gradually getting better and it would be best I wait until she could talk to me. So I worked for three days so I made an attempt to drive back to the clinic and hospital. In one of those days I looked in the back of the Oldsmobile to find the book the psychic asked me to read. The front cover was a picture of a woman with wings on her. Of course I could see it was what everyone throughout history saw as an angel." The messengers"as the title had said; meaning many angels. The first chapter was born to me I so wondered what the point was

and what it would mean to me as a psychic had said. I began to cry as the words were talking directly to me yet I couldn't explain and still looked it has boring. This had to be fiction I thought, this cannot be true. But the book went on as if it was fact and the person the author was writing about was real, meaning the man the angels were honoring was alive today and he lived also at the time of Jesus. In fact, he was a friend and a direct disciple of Jesus.

I read on with more tears in my eyes but I still could not believe a word that was written. How could this be I thought? Was this something I wanted to believe but could not? Why am I crying, I asked myself? The messengers or angels were trying to get a message to a man in Washington State USA. This man was a wealthy businessman who supposedly had no idea that he was the reincarnation of the Apostle Paul in the Bible. This was when I had put the book down. The apostle Paul to me was the most important person in Jesus life and if it wasn't for him there would be no Christian movement at all. This book has to be poison and none of this could be true. It was Wednesday night when I was prepared to go see Tina on Thursday when I got a call from Tommy. Tommy knew I was still hiding from Elizabeth in California and if she ever tracked me down at his place then he should say he does not know where I am." Russ, you need to call Elizabeth. It is about your daughter Colleen 'Tommy said. Tommy would say no more so in shock I gave Elizabeth a call.' What is going on?' I said. "Your daughter is in the hospital, you need to call her right away". Elizabeth said "what's the number?" I said. She gave me the number and said she knew how I felt about not talking to her but if I needed any help to see Colleen in California she would help. I said little to Elizabeth from their and called the hospital in Santa Rosa California. Colleen, like Tina were both in a hospital bed and I was now confronting both scenarios at the same time. I called right away the hospital. "Colleen are you okay?" I said. "Yes daddy, I'm in good hands, they put stitches in my head". Colleen said.

The stories she told about her teenage girlfriends she had who sat next to her in the small pickup of her stepfather's were thrown out and she was left in the Because she was the only one who had her seatbelt on was the story she gave. That left chills down my spine. Colleen was the driver and thus the instigator of the trip. In junior high school, she and the other teenagers made their attempt to skip out of class to chase after the high school boys from the high school on the other side of town. Following the boys in the other vehicle up a mountainside in Santa Rosa, they packed in small pickup jackknifed town the side of the mountain ejecting the other three teenagers from the pickup except her. The miracle part was that only one of the other girls was hurt with a broken nose with Colleen remained tumbling down the mountain with the truck till it stops several yards further. Colleen was passed out until the firemen in the medics used the 'jaws of life' to get her out of the little truck. In the pause given after her explanation I remembered the other time she was in danger when she had the similar free will to do something like this. It was the time when she and Patrick cited to climb the mountain and almost died from such a choice. I think Colleen knew what was about to say. "Colleen, is this another mountain?" I said, referring to when she turned 13 and I gave her the freedom of choice." Yes daddy, she said. "But there were angels there. They told me not to worry". I waited after another pause and said." I believe you Colleen"

The decision then came right away; "I'm coming home " I said. I did not mention to Colleen anything about the psychic lady in the Virginia bookstore but I could see that this choice was one that came from within and not exactly what my mind wanted to say. I scheduled the time of the flight so I could finish the main part of the construction job and seat Tina twice before I left. This seemed to be happening on

schedule and little did I know that it also complied with what the Angels were saying that according to the book I was reading.

I read more to find that the man mentioned in the book had agreed to several sessions of hypnotherapy to go back some 2000 years back to the time of Jesus. These sessions were compiled as a manuscript so as to be revealed to the public as what really happened at the time of Jesus. As I read these words shock led its way through my body. I could only read a chapter at the time before that would began to think about what I thought to be the can of worms. The stories told me 20 years prior about Jesus with similar to what was mentioned in this book. The Moonies book written by Rev. Moon mentioned many of the stories about Jesus being different than what was taught in conventional Christianity. This book given me in the books or in the middle of Virginia was like putting more pieces together even more than what I have learned in the Moonies., By reading this book I was to open up what I have spent so many years of shutting out what I have learned. I could see that the psychic, the Angels, and the Indian guide I had something to do with were now opening the old wounds for other reasons I did not yet understand.

I went back again only four years then to 1994 when I first met John Lawrence. His most famous words only to myself again; "you must continue what you're doing". Every year I went through these words and something more to me. Could this be a big part of what he was saying? Was I to take what I learned in the Moonies and add to it what I was reading in "the messengers?" The Moonies did not believe in reincarnation. How could I apply this? What was I to do or should I just pulled away from all of this type of knowledge? I could not help it any longer. I made a phone call to San Diego for John Lawrence lived.

"Hi John, I'm flying back to the Bay Area. Colleen was in a car accident and I'm leaving tomorrow". John paused as he closed his eyes and said "yes, it's good that you go. She will be all right". "There is something else I would like to tell you", I said. I didn't always think the John knew what I was thinking. So much of what is told to be a psychic phenomena is expected from those who do not understand as a norm This would mean that the one who was psychic knew what the other person was thinking which is to be known could only use his ability when he was connected to the divine. The divine was only defined as the most holy and if the most holy did not allow that information out then it would not be possible that he delivered it. Throughout the time I knew John, he would always warn about psychics getting information from the wrong and not so developed places. There are many tests or gates that need to be gone through in order for that information to be given out and I suppose that what I was about to tell John was one of them.

"There is a man called Nick Bunick that some paranormal psychologists have written a book about. They have hypnotized him in some way to bring him back to the time of Jesus. Even though he says he doesn't believe it himself, when he is under regressive hypnosis they are saying he is the reincarnation of the Apostle Paul. I pause as I tried to explain how personal the effect of reading the book was. "I have kind of half way through this book and I keep breaking down in tears as I read it. I need to know if it is true or false". I let John digest what I just said and then his words, "is there some way I can get a hold of this book?" He said.

I told John the name of the book and its author is and explained that I would be traveling back to San Francisco the next day. There I would find a way to get the book to John in San Diego. The next morning I left the house will be on the Tommy's and Tammy's and got a ride to Tina's mother's house where I met with Tina that she was now out of the hospital for the last time I thought I did not know it was the last

time I could not tell her what was going to happen. She held my hand tight and she reached out to kiss me explaining she understood that whichever way it happens that it was important that we have met. "I will see you again" I said. I got back into the car that took me to the airport and then I was gone.

#### New chapter

Though we called a truce on the phone I was still very stressful meeting with Elizabeth at the airport. The decision was to work on being friends again and to see if we could repair any damaged between her kids and mine and not be a couple of again. I did not tell Elizabeth about Tina knowing it would complicate things even more than with the anger problem Elizabeth had it was safe to just be friends by telling her there was no one else in my life. We had lunch between San Francisco in Santa Rosa before we met with Colleen in the hospital." Are you seeing anyone? Elizabeth said. "No not really" I said in a way she knew I could get around her jealousy and not really lie. "I made a lot of friends in Virginia " I said. As Elizabeth stared with a slight smile she knew the discussion could not go much further or she would break down little by little with my honesty. The thing that would make it worse would have been if I would have gone to bed with Tina. All of this did not happen because of Tina's breakdown in a different fashion. Because Tina and I did not officially have sex for some strange reason I was officially eligible of telling Elizabeth I was not seeing anyone and leave it at that. I guess at this point and what I knew intuitively; the not having sex part with Tina that night we had planned was the plan from the Angels. This was something else I could not tell Elizabeth. But as I looked at Elizabeth happy to see her, my heart dropped his as I so wished things would have been different between us. How does such a intelligent and beautiful woman, one who could understand some 90% of what I was doing, go into such rage that it became impossible to be in a relationship with? It was so obvious, I missed her if it was also obvious I was anxious to see her kids; Shana and Emily.

The plan was to see if we could all meet up in Santa Rosa. It would be a healing experience to see Patrick and Colleen together get with Shana and Emily. The question still stayed firm in my mind though. Could it be there were similarities in what is haunting Elizabeth and what is haunting Tina? Is this something that just happens to women I am attracted to? Elizabeth gets angry at others and Tina takes it out on herself. Is all this an epidemic in this country? Am I someone who is crazy enough to think I can help or fix them? Even more than this; was this something I got to experience because of something needed to be understood in the future? Was it too late to help Tina or Elizabeth but maybe some sort of karma formed by not doing what is needed to pass it on to the next generations? These questions, could only be answered in time and it was my only responsibility now to work on the healing of the damage I did in this family by being absent for reasons I thought were out of my control. I was on a holy mission from God, I thought. How was I going to justify that statement? Could it be this message needs to go to all fathers in the world? In other words; everyone is on a mission. Just need to find out which one it is to avoid the guilt.

This led to another question I I asked another psychic involved with the course in miracles just before I left on the 36 city tour. "How can I justify leaving my children for so long? " The answer came back "you must go on this trip. Your children are under divine protection". It wasn't as if I was going on a drunken stupor searching for orgies all over the world. So today I get my answer. Colleen was fine. She had stitches on her head and she was brilliant and telling the story about flying down the mountain and a little truck passing out and the ending up in the hospital. "There were angels daddy" was a confirmation

of the contract I had with the divine. What adorable was a divine really is has not been answered. It was evident that this was a journey in finding out.

Colleen was released from the hospital and we spent the weekend with Patrick, Emily and Sheena telling stories about the last years playing and the fun we had. The kids knew the relationship between Elizabeth and me was severed yet it was so good we were friends again.

I continued to mission with phone calls to Ward and Carlos in New Jersey and the engineers at the bowling alleys in Virginia. Even with Dennis dumping me I had several calls with Dennis Lee about the contracts needed between B WT if the bowling alleys decided to buy the power controller. I knew the UL approved was still an issue and I was still delicate about using Ward and Carlos his names knowing Dennis would feel I was working around him. There was also a tech promoter I was introduced to what lived in LA needed me to display the power controller two other technicians. This all would end the thought that I was Satan to Dennis if I was successful in closing these contracts and if the Angels were with me as they were with Colleen, I was on a roll and soon all in my family could live happily ever after. I could take trips to Virginia to help out Tina with whatever relationship and all would turn into heaven on earth.

New chapter

I received a phone call from Pat Patterson inviting me down to San Diego for a few weeks so I could set up shop there to display the power controller in LA and also visit John Lawrence who now lived there.

"That's fine pad, teach you know it is John's birthday next week?" I said. It was Christmas time and I could not leave my kids but I left just after to set up camp at Pat's office. Everything was working. Elizabeth flew down to help just before John's birthday and in some 100 people showed up at John's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday coming from all over the country and maybe the world. Joan Khare the famous opera singer that was teaching Colleen to seeing you showed up. Colleen called in on the phone as John listen to Colleen seeing ... On the line. John looked to bed exhausted and all worried about his health. He asked me to come to him as he sat in the wheelchair." I read the book you asked me to. This guy Nick Bunick, can you get him to sign his name on his book? It's very interesting but I need something of his to know if it is true or not". "Okay John" I said. "I'll do my best." I thought the entire angel book thing was over with. That John had given up into the wind is just another spiritual book of someone else in the world that needed attention. I have already done the work to tracking down Nick Bunick when he spoke in San Francisco in front of a large crowd before I left for San Diego. I had John's book in my hand just before Nick began his talk about Angels. I could tell I absent those around them...." Mr. Bunick, could you read this book about a very holy man when you get some time?" I said. "John's book is only 150 pages. His cover was orange and in small letters it said"who the hell is JL?" John took the book and laughed it something told me that he would take the book but not read. Nick, was now famous, why would he need to read John's book? I thought. But I could not help but to fall John's orders. John can tell I was a bit angry at this man named Dick Bunick but I shook it off." Here " John gave me a signed autograph of his book dedicated to Nick Bunick. "Give him this when you see him next "

I put the Nick Bunick stake out on my schedule but the first thing was to get the technology is presented and John knew that. The schedule to meet with the tech promoter in LA was up in two days and I was ready. Except then I get a call from Tommy in Virginia via through Pat Patterson. "Boy, are you in trouble"

Tommy said.' 'Dennis said you are dealing with a bunch of crooks from the Mafia .' "What Tommy? You mean the bowling alley people in Virginia "I said. "Yes, you are to fly back here to Virginia and you and I will drive to New Jersey to meet up with Dennis or he will pull the plug on all of this. The tickets are being paid for and as soon as possible if you have to fly back to the East Coast." Tommy said.

Trouble in paradise again I thought. I felt like the little Dutch boy who had found a way to stop the dike from leaking but all of a sudden unduly began. This was another finger in the dike that needed to be applied. I had no choice but to accept Dennis's offer. The money was transferred so I set the airline tickets to leave LA just before the meeting with the promoter to see suburbs of LA. Elizabeth told me from San Diego to LA and part for the course was the traffic was so terrible between the two cities that I miss the presentation but made the nonstop flight out. I could tell the concerned in Elizabeth's makeup telling me not to go to the East Coast and with the traffic this led to more disagreements about the so-called mission I was on. I gave her a hug and left California once again as she drove back to Northern California.

New chapter

Flying in the Roanoke with Tommy geared up for the trip north to New Jersey. Cannot stop the Lynchburg at the church urges see Tina. The concentration I felt needed to be on getting to see Dennis Lee and getting all of the high tension off of my chest. It would not be fair that I could not focus on the importance of meeting those I love and especially Tina this would wait till the way back from the New Jersey trip.

We made it to a lab in New Jersey within two days from the flight. Although everyone knew that Dennis was angry with me no one at the lab was. Tommy told stories about the trip up there for Virginia that the work in Virginia Tech he was involved with for months. Pepper and Mike made a beautiful dinner and Carlos continued his memory of calling me the vertical man. "Dennis is out of town today and tomorrow "Mike said 'why don't you guys stay here and Dennis will see you in his office on Friday? "That will be fine" Mike I said. You warning Carlos had already had our day planned out for Thursday. "Yeah I want to show you how far we have gotten on the power controller in the rifle machine Carlos said little did I know that Carlos had much more to show me than that. He was being Mr.'s secret agent man in his words so Mike would not report any findings over to Dennis. The next morning Tommy went somewhere out with Mike and pepper while Carlos to word me around the lab to show me how the rifle machine can now extend its healing powers through the air rather than the two electrical probes held on the body. Then board head is old station wagon warmed up ready to take us both on the trip. "Where are we going guys?'. I said "you have to promise she will not tell Dennis", Ward said. Even though there was no hesitation in my voice I just hated all of this. What was this really all about? Was going into my head and I could see there was only one way to continue the journey and find out." Of course" I said. They drove me down to Patterson New Jersey some 40 miles south of the lab. We entered a large ward down industrial complex and then into an office to meet up with a guy named Sam.

"What's going on Sam" I said. "Well, I have nothing to do with the Mafia", said Sam." Okay, I believe you" I said. "I paid \$80,000 for a B WT dealership and I am prepared to put the power controller into production for Dennis will not sign the papers to get it UL approved" Sam said. "Oh, so you're the one" I said. "Because you are from California and you have been working in Virginia I think you can knock some sense into Dennis. " I started my new laughing session but then said "you must have some plan on this

mutiny?" I said. Carlos jumped in. 'we have to do this or we will all go broke. Dennis will get credit for all of this that we need to make a move to get the product out to the public because they are is a window of opportunity that someone else will take'. Carlos was right because I knew of the other company called power planner that was already making headway with the electrical companies. "But the power controller is much better product Ward said "the planner divides the energy but the controller pulls the excess energy down without losing horsepower . This is our only opportunity to get enough funding to get the other technologies fund"Carlos said having more to the pile. I shook Sam's hand in the three of us walked out the door and drove away.

While driving away I had a few questions to ask Ward and Carlos . "Has Sam ever had anything to do with the bowling alleys of Virginia?" "No" Ward said "we only told Sam you are working directly with Virginia Tech and that you had other opportunities in Richmond".

It didn't really matters to me who Sam was or whether he had ties to the bowling alleys in Virginia. I just knew that it would matter to Dennis. The Western world worked on ownership and Dennis owned the rights to the power controler. Dennis was not wrong in being suspicious of people trying to take away that ownership. What was against Dennis was not only his paranoia of this trauma but now it was time. I could only see that Dennis may be right that the Mafia was doing such a big thing. The only question I had was, what if the Mafia shelves that technology by someone else who didn't want it released to the public or would they just want a piece of the action if Dennis was right? To Carlos, Ward and all the other volunteers who put so much time in the 36 city tour? They were not worried about their own monetary gain or the Mafia that may have threatened their lives. They wanted a product released to the public and that would empower the public to wake up to the fact that we were all taking part in polluting the world, and we could change that), Dennis was in charge of this issue. I was not in favor of mutiny. I was only in favor of showing we could show Dennis we were all his friends. This was now the second time I made an attempt to work with Dennis on the probably the most embarrassing, humbly experience in my life. Carlos and Ward wanted me to continue this embarrassment, so I found myself back in New Jersey in another spiritual shootout. It was more evident to me that the falling from the sky dream was coming true. We drove back to the lab in Newfoundland New Jersey where the team was FOR dinner. As I walked in the door Tommy yelled, where you can. Dennis is mad as hell and he is coming for both of us". "What you mean both of us Tommy?" He thinks we have been talking to the gangsters in Virginia again and now I'm in the mix to ". Don't worry Tommy, I can explain to Dennis" I said. Ward moved into the conversation." We got to get you out of this house right now"he said. Ward, Carlos, Tommy, pepper and myself and did 3 miles down the road in a bar is to Ward and Carlos frequently attended. Drinking a beer without any dinner was extremely dangerous for me. We were all sitting in a bouth together is some sort of relief :-) finally laughing at another situation.." Here's to all you Palladian's" Carlos laughed. Tommy and I had moved up to the bar stools because there was a sports event he was interested in and Ward dropped us off another beer for both of us. That sent me staring at TV not caring about situation I was in or even the sports event on TV. It was then when I felt a pull from my collar yanking my Adams apple up into my mouth. As I started to choke I found the bar I was sitting on was tandem with Tommy's flying almost onto the floor where Tommy and myself were suspended in midair both feeling that choke collar around our necks. "Both you guys are coming with me" the familiar voice behind us said.

The pulling backwards of my caller and then the thrusting some 20 feet forward toward the door with Tommy alongside of me was a journey I had not planned on. By the time we both hit the door at the

same time and Tommy's angry voice gave it all away I did not know what was going on." Damn you Mike, you can't do this to us", Tommy said with a whole neighborhood listening. 'Oh yes I can " big Mike said throwing us into the already open backdoor of the car. 'Dennis wants you guys in the lab office right away "'Mike said. Tommy's anger, closer to the rage I knew he did not really want to express. My clock the backdoors of the rundown old Cadillac Dennis owned with Tommy and I know in the back seat together. Tommy continued to rent on the house there was a human rights issue in our being pulled off the stools and dragged out a public area throwing us in the car. His serious as it seemed Mike's view of this being valid in human rights rules to not apply with his family we called better world technologies. "Tommy, stop it." I said. ' Mike is doing what he thinks is right. This is his job. Dennis is his boss, so leave it alone and enjoy the ride back to the lab". Mike said nothing and pulling into the parking lot he finally motioned for us to respond." Do you want me to drag you guys into the office or are you going to walk in there?" Mike said. I made a quick look over to Tommy to notice he was still dealing with his anger. I smiled a bit hoping I would not burst into laughter. "We come in peace, Mike". This has to be again, I thought. How could we be so vile had each other when we were always such good friends for so long, when we three brothers were now tied up in things we did not always understand. Each one of us had a notion we're doing the right thing because it was not for ourselves.

The movement to the office sitting together while Mike dialed the phone number to Dennis's address, then Mike saying," they are here in the office" ,to Dennis. Tommy could not hold himself back as Mike clicked in the speaker on the phone and then the recorder button on the cassette recorder at the desk at the same time. Tommy knew Dennis was listening, "Dam it Dennis, you can't do this to us", Tommy repeated the same order he gave to Mike a few minutes earlier. "Look at all the things we have done for you. I even gave you my truck for the tour. Why don't you just come here and face us? Why do you have to get Mike to humiliate us?"

Dennis's voice bellowed over the phone, "you know I have to do this". "No you don't' Tommy responded as he could not see more than paced back and forth on the floor. "I'm not telling you a damn thing Dennis". Tommy bravely threatened. "Stop Tommy I said ." We don't need to argue, we have nothing to hide." Dennis", I said. Go ahead, what is it you want to know. You don't need to threaten us. We're supposed to be brothers. I'm sure we will be able to clear this all up".

This wasn't the case with Tommy and he was only making it worse though I could see that he had the right to be angry. "Dennis, you feel that I'm the one that faulty or. Tommy doesn't need to be interrogated. Leave Tommy out of this conversation" I said. "Okay Russ, Tommy Hugo outside I will talk directly to Russ", Dennis said. Mike motioned to Tommy to go outside reluctant, Tommy left and Dennis began his interrogation.

The conversation always begins with Dennis when he talked about me that I was a good guy but I was naïve to the rest of the world. This was always the premise around the rest of the group. There was never anything said around others or even to one another about what we believed in the world of faith. Dennis knew that was the territories he cannot lead into even if there was a possibility it was the real thing that kept us away from working together. I was so hoping that this would be the night all of this drama would finally come to an end and then honest conversation would be one thing that would end it. This would be then the possibility we could narrow down the reason we were able to pull off the Stadium in Philadelphia. I was sure Dennis had no qualms about believing that God had everything to do

with that happening. The problem remained that Dennis seen to continue to believe that my God was different than his God. I believed that Dennis was looking for anything to prove that point despite the fact I could have been an agent or a messenger of his God in making that happen.

All that was now needed was this conversation to end up as proof that we had the same God. This would bring us back to all those miracles happening along with the saving of the world as everyone wanted to do. We were only people here to allow that empowerment to others.

"You come from California to meet with me, not with Sam or any other of my dealers" Dennis said. I was amazed and in shock that Dennis knew of the meeting was Sam. Dennis still talking, "it is a proven fact that Sam is a member of the New Jersey Mafia. Who introduced you to him"? Dennis was playing a chess game with me. If I showed my anger of which he knew I never did, he would have as proof that I was a pagan, or one who was an agent against his God. If I told him who introduced me to Sam I would be jeopardizing the work that Ward and Carlos was doing for B WT and Dennis as well. What was Dennis really say? Why don't he know who introduced me to Sam? Was it always about the Mafia that these secrets polarized this program?

"I can't tell you that, Dennis" I said. "You have a meeting scheduled tomorrow night in my office." Dennis said. "Please to not be late".

New chapter

Dennis's office was set up in a New Jersey town called..... about 20 miles from the lab and boardinghouse for scientists. Dennis had scheduled his meeting with me at the end of the day so that dark I could see the large conference room was set up to settle something that had more to do with the political issue and this would require a little more concentration than just talking about whether a technology worked or not. The discussion on the large round table in the conference room needed to be a good reason why we established a large historical event and why all of this needed to be in the hands of Dennis Lee and not about a person such as myself .

As Allison and Dennis said town on one part of the table, Mike said town in between Tommy and myself with his large notebook. Poor Tommy, I thought as Allison spoke trying to avoid Tommy's anger. "Tommy, could you leave the room for a while?" Allison said. "I don't see" was the only words Tommy was able to get out before Dennis spoke "Tommy, get out right now." Tommy slammed the door behind them and I just smiled to see if anyone else could see the little humor in what all of this was all about.

"Russ", Dennis said. "I am going to get to the bottom of this once and for all." "I wish you would Dennis" I said. There was a sense of peace in the room even though I disagreed with Allison so many times in our transactions I could sense that this piece was coming from her. Dennis would continue as all of the issues he had against what I was doing and all in all I knew what he was leading to in his conversation. He had had enough of me challenging him in any way and I was a threat to a business that he was in control of. Has he talked I could see there was little I could do to change his mind and unless Allison step 10 that this would be the last meeting I would have with better world technologies. So some deeper reason this was all right with me. All that I had fallen for so long in the world of technologies was:. As Dennis talks about how I was dealing with the wrong people and could name each one, I wondered if he could understand my point of view. So I entered, "I understand Dennis, maybe these people are bad. But

maybe God set them up for you to work with because you could not reach the government and just them getting a piece of the action might be better than no action at all”.

That apparently was the wrong thing to say to Dennis and whether Dennis was looking for an excuse of getting rid of me or he really believed I was working with the enemy did not matter anymore. I was exhausted. There was something more in my life I have to do, I thought. I did not know what it was but the feeling was there. I sat in peace as Dennis took my words and made shredded wheat out of them. I only needed response from Allison for the final answer of ‘should I stay or should I go?’

“Russell “. Allison like to use my full name. “Do you remember the day you called me from Reno and I said you have sold all those five dealerships and I thought it was a miracle?” “Yes I do Allison, I remember” I said. “Do you also remember when you said we were going to have a stadium at the end of the tour?” She continued. “Yes” I said. “Well I never really believed all of that could happen.” She said.” I did not want it to happen because I knew it would take more faith and more money we had to come up with to do it. But you have done that. He made me believe again.” As I listened to Allison and I could feel the tears come up from my eyes. I was imagining Allison had completely come to the conclusion that she had overrode Dennis and that we would now be able to go forward with plans of getting the power controller out to the people and then developing the Brown’s gas and then the other technologies projecting physical success to spiritual success. But I was also trained to only let a little bit of that imagination and. I also imagined Ellison had another ‘but’ to what she wanted to say.

“But we cannot accept your way of life”. She said. “We have to follow what the Lord is telling us. There’s too much to lose if we do”. She said.

This statement was the last nail in the coffin for me. It was confirmed that whenever the feminine part of better world technologies came out to confirm its decision, it was time to graciously let cold. The papers I had in front of me that I prepared for months for such a meeting were not going to be enough to convince Dennis and Allison of the importance of what I thought was our biggest step. To them, the Lord has stepped in and told them I was from Satan’s side and there was nothing I could do. All of what they have studied about Christianity was packed up in that room. The fact that there was another part of the earth that God has also worked on and called it a different name other than the Christian was a lesson I was not going to mention that table. Why say anything when there was no one at that table that would defend me. Dennis and Allison knew they were pulling the rug from underneath me. That I spent my whole life working on completing such a mission. He didn’t know how I felt inside at the moment. Then I was giving up my life again. “Lose your life and gain it” Jesus had said. But I knew that would be sacrilegious to mention any of that to Dennis and Allison.

I said nothing but the strong thought of Jesus in front of Pontius Pilate, I accept the crucifixion knowing something else was in store for me. I collected the papers got up and went directly to Dennis and Allison to give them hugs.” Thank you both for such a wonderful experience”, I said and meant it and walked toward the door. Dennis talked as he said wonderful things about me yet his mind was made up in what he wanted . Alison held him back from following me. Tommy and I went back to the lab to stay the night and we left the next morning for a long trip back to Virginia where I would take the flight back to California.

New chapter

The trip south from New Jersey was good therapy for Tommy and myself. We became even closer as friends and brothers. We could figure out the reasons we came together and how it worked out that I was a calm one and he was the angry one and now we have another step to go to. No one was better than the other it was all universal plan. This we drove south I was happy I did not tell Dennis the full story about them meeting with Sam. There was still another chance that Warden Carlos was still there was Dennis and because of that little secret, maybe a miracle for Better World Technologies was still in the works, I thought. Ward and Carlos would be the best there was to do so. Yet I felt free from all of that. I was not giving up. I was meant to only give something up that did not belong. I was sure that I was not to hang on to what B WT had to offer to be the only answer. With that I could see all of what compassion meant for Dennis. Strange as it might seem to others to three years since I met Dennis had brought out a passion in me I could not deny. How could I ever blame or hate Dennis for that. It became clear to me about why John Lawrence wanted me to join that campaign to promote Dennis and better world technology. John always left a warning in those conversations yet he knew it was a journey I needed to make. Something very important I needed to learn from Dennis he explained in a new that lesson was now over.

The flashbacks of all the presentations Dennis gave onstage all over the country were remarkable and witnessing was such a brave man doing the best and noble for all the people who was what I saw. So then what was the real problem? Why was it he was unable to delegate such a massive task? Why is that he was unable to trust almost everyone? Really ! What was the missing link that made this project so successful get in my perspective in this way as I looked out the window with Tommy driving through the beautiful Virginia mountains I remembered what I chose to forget about Dennis and one of his talks. He always held back his tears when he got too sensitive part in his life. He would seldom talk about being a soldier in Vietnam but this one time I sensed he was trying to reach out for help as he said only a few words about killing people from a distance in Cambodia. I let all that go then but now I could not. I needed an explanation for all of this knowledge and pain for the last three years. There needed to be the cause in a dilemma I wanted to end in peace. I will never really know the answer to this unless I spoke directly again to Dennis I do know that many who want to do better getting caught up in war after the war in Dennis could be one who needed to compensate for that war. That compensation may have led him to saving lives instead of killing them. It may have been that it was only his anger left to confront in order to complete that compensation.

I did remember this same dilemma 20 years before that was Rev. Moon; a very similar story of a person surviving another war. Why not? I thought. It seemed like the best explanation. Moon was tortured and need to work to find his own way to save the world. It might have been his justified anger as well and not the fact that he was completely wrong that prevented the message of love to permeate and save the world.

New chapter

There were two days left before my flight left Roanoke Virginia to San Francisco California. I called Tina's mother in Lynchburg to check on Tina to see if she was still in the hospital." Hi Russ, so glad you called. No, Tina is right here. She has been making miraculous recovery. Would you like to talk to her?". Happy but nervous I said "yes, of course". I didn't know what to expect knowing the last time I saw Tina was a

time she was near, toast. "Hi baby" she bravely said. "Hi iiii, how are you?" I said "I'm so happy you are back" she said, "are you coming over?" "I'll be there in an hour" I said.

The hour of traveling with Tommy's car from the pig farm to Lynchburg was complete with me talking to myself." Now, Russ, what are you going to do? Your flight leaves tomorrow. You know what she is going to do to you. She wants to cement the relationship. You are now back to the day before she went in the hospital at the Lake except now you get to do it in her mother's house. What a lucky guy you are"

Those were the issues I had to deal with in my mind as I listened to my horny body self talk to me after a world of stress going through my body dealing with Dennis and B WT.

First was..... Yes, why not?

Second was... You can't do that there are moral issues you need to do with.

Third was... Your life is so complicated.. Which meant; I could do both first and second choice without having anything to do with being a human being.

I knocked on the door in the beautiful slender woman ran out and put her arms around me and held on for dear life. I put my arms around her butt to carry her up so she could lift her legs from the ground in our chests would meet. For that exact moment it was all I needed to feel whole again. Male meets female in oneness, what I needed now was never to think again. I was in heaven right on Tina's mother's doorstep. Dr. Yule Brown was right; hydrogen and oxygen meet as one to form an orgasm and then there was no difference between male or female, they were one. This was what man and women yearn for all of their lives, a time of no time.. I was willing to understand Tina's situation even when things looked imposable. I was on Tina's side and that was life. There were no boundaries in her search for love and I was privileged and happy she loved me

. I carried her into the house and awkward as it seemed Tina's mother standing there and did not slow Tina's affection down. Disinfect brought great joy to her mother to see Tina so happy." Hi Mrs. Cooper, how are you doing?" I said still holding on to Tina." I'm wonderful, would you like to stay for dinner?" She said, so happy she was beaming to see her daughter so happy. "Oh, okay, thank you", I said setting Tina down on the couch and sitting next to her.

There must've been a conversation between the two before I came. Something like "no mom 'this is the man I love. Don't interfere with our affection towards each other", because Tina was so ready to take me in another room anytime even with her mom standing there. Tina was a grown woman living with her mother under these circumstances yet it was clear that Mrs. Cooper was so kind and willing to bend any laws knowing the pain her daughter had gone through for so many years. I wanted to show Mrs. Cooper my love for our daughter was real. We spent hours, the three of us, eating and talking about Virginia, California and all the jokes I knew. Then, the mother's question; the "what are your plans for my daughter "question. It seemed familiar that I received another questions such as that another 20 years ago by my ex-wife's father.

Something I was will to go through to except marriage; you did not force or do something made up. It was something that came natural. But then we were immature beings not able to separate from the fear. But now it seemed much more natural to say, "well, I will always love Tina so I'm hoping she wants to

hang with me. I need to go back to California for some business and to see my kids and I'm hoping the success in business will also bring me back to Virginia or Tina can come to California when she is well."

Tina's mother was satisfied with that answer even when the M word was not mentioned. She was aware we needed more time together for the period "well, you two lovebirds can talk. I'm going to bed." "Good night Mrs. Cooper" I said. Tina smiled and she snuggled closer as we talked about her getting well and the next trip I was going to make back from California to see her. The coach quickly became the bed and Tina was sure this time she was not to have a breakdown before the planned sex we did not have two months ago. She was taking her meds now and even though she could not offer all of her as she wanted to she knew it didn't mean that much to me, only that she is happy in having the desire to get better. We kissed and when that desire was at its highest, so much so that taking off her clothes was what she began to do. I rolled around so I could get on top of her to do so but then I said," Tina, I know this is the right thing to do; to make love to you, but I truly want all this to work out and I don't want it to break your heart if it doesn't. Let me go to California first and come back when we are both sure this will work. If I make love to you it will mean that I am fully committed, but we both want that commitment to be in the right way. I want this to be a divine blessing relationship. Do you understand?" Tina looked me straight in the eyes and held her hands on either side of my face and kissed me. We had no discussion about Viagra or guilt. she just held me with an assurance I would be back soon and having sex was something committed people to. The next time would be that time.

"When I am back in California I will be talking to my friends at the herbs school about helping you" I said. "There is so much I want to learn about natural ways of helping the brain work better. I will keep you in tune." We fell asleep in each other's arms and woke up the next morning to Mrs. Cooper's eggs over easy. Tina and her mother waved as I drove away to Tommy and Tammy's and they drove me to the airport on the flight out to California from Roanoke.

New chapter..

But you see, this is no ordinary flight from East Coast to West. This was not one of those other flights where I had a concrete plan of where I was going. This was a case of having two wonderful children to be with and to provide for. It was the case of; what would I tell them and why I have been gone so long. I have five hours of flight time to figure this out in the series of questions I kept asking myself now needs to be more direct. These questions were the closest thing I had to describe prayer." Ask and you shall receive "I was taught and this is what was needed to continue this journey. The answers were coming but they weren't always the ones I wanted to know.

First of all.....

I just left a woman I loved and even if I really didn't according to all the module conversations with the guys they should both at least brought her down. I should have given her something she would remember me by. Yet since these conversations, I have learned there needed to be more than sex to impress a woman.

Second.....

What did actually happen on this trip? It was meant to meet up with the man, that if we agree with each other, then the big doors would open up. If the technology is worked in this man could see the talents of

both men where we needed to bring heaven to earth in business terms. That had to happen. Dennis did not agree. When I told Tina I was going to California to set up a business to truths is; unless some incredible miracle was about to happen, because of religious beliefs that Us apart, there will be no East meets West thought in there will only be one side of business and morals Me away from that site. So I really had no business to go to. I could start again in construction but while I am waiting to see if Ward and Carlos have a chance in some success with Dennis but knowing the conversation I just had with Dennis that will was something I could not rely on.

Thirdly.....

It is now four years since I met the guy called John Lawrence; the guy who I sometimes would like to be able to blame getting me into this mess. But I could see that was not the case. I was on the same track since I can remember. The 'continue what you are doing' suggests I have been doing something. So then the case is now; what is that something? Tears came streaming down my eyes at 30,000 feet and I didn't give a shit who was watching. Could I make do on the promise I just gave Tina? Could I be back to Virginia with the power to provide and act upon the Phoenix she felt I was part of that would bring her mental health back? Did I really fail in bringing alternative energies to the planet and If that was the case then how is it I would think I had the power in bringing alternative medicines to this planet? Now I'm fortified in loving a kind person who needs me to help her with that. This whole thing is either a divine mission or it is a cruel deception that would bring me to my knees if I didn't find out soon. I was on my way to see that guy, the Saints, the one who follows a guy some say is an avatar who died 40 years ago. The only guy I can talk to who had any real authority on this planet without rejection.

New chapter

Elizabeth picked me up at the airport in San Francisco. She was still loyal to our friendship although he knew it hurt on both sides. I filled her in on what has happened with Dennis Lee but I would not say anything about Tina. We had a deal; we were friends and that's friendship that was based on principles." So now what are you going to do?" Elizabeth said." I don't know yet "I said, "expect another miracle, I guess". Elizabeth was used to with the miracles being around John and myself. It was difficult for her to remember because that was when we were together. She had so often said she wanted me to be happy but now my happiness would mean it would be without her. We both were said about that but the principles we were still believed in work beyond our personal goals and I assumed Elizabeth's strength in that was the reason she had picked me up at the airport. Elizabeth is the strongest woman I have ever known, but I also know that this was not the time to tell her about Tina. Something I remember being one of the 12 steps in the 12 step programs: "Always tell the true except when you know you will hurt someone." Elizabeth was hurting from what happened between us and she needed for me to just be kind at this time.

" I need to see the kids and eventually see John." I said." Did you know Nick Bunick was speaking at the San Francisco Expo this week?" Elizabeth said. This must have been the other miracle I was to hear the call to. So within a few days I stationed myself in the front of the stage waiting for Nick to come out and speak to some 200 people." Mr. Bunick" I said "you might not remember me but last fall I gave you a book about John Lawrence. I know you have not read it so could you read this one. It has John's signature on it is addressed to you." "What is your name 'he said. "My name is Russell Anderson' I said.

Nick looked over at me from a position higher than where I was standing on the stage. "Well Russell," he said. I promise you I will read John's book and get back to you."

Within a few days after the talk of Elizabeth received a call from Nick. She gave John's phone number to Nick and another miracle was born. John and Nick became good friends from that time forward. I did my job and what John asked me to do. I could have just walked away from the outcome but I had a feeling John knew I would not leave it like that.

New chapter

We scheduled the weekend with the kids in Santa Rosa where we met with Elizabeth's kids and mine in a restaurant and then drove just down the road to a summer cabin owned by Elizabeth's ex-husband and herself for their kids' sake. The cabin was located a couple miles east of the town called Grenville looking over his the Russian River. It was late spring and the water was high. It was not safe to go floating down the river so the plan was to follow Colleen's request.

"Let's go to the medicine wheel daddy." Funny how things seem to all fit together, I thought. Santa Rosa, the cabin in the herbs school with the medicine wheel on the same property were all within a few miles within each other.

We stopped in to see if James Green and Evelyn Leigh were at the school to say hi and then to walk the mile trek up the small mountain to the medicine wheel. Colleen and Patrick spent lots of time talking to Emily and Sheena about the terrain and the years they spent there making jokes that they were forced by their daddy, yet they were in many ways proud of what they have learned especially the great unknown of the mystical Native American medicine wheel. Patrick was shy in speaking about it only to tell the drudgery and adventure stories of getting to the top so when we reached it I asked Colleen to say a prayer she learned from all the trips to see John in San Francisco."

I am radiant, endless, vibrant, electric, energy and youth in every cell in adam of my being, now" Colleen said without reading a word three times. Without any analyzing we could all feel the spirit energy Medicine Wheel. We walked down to the bottom of the mountain to see James Green at the gate. "Hi Russ, I heard you had your problem with Dennis Lee," he said. "Yeah, I'm so sorry" I said, knowing he was one quarter invested in the BWT dealership. "You can still work with Dennis, but I'm out." James witnessed how hard I worked on the project even when I was land manager at the school before I left on tour. "Russ, I trust your word. Whatever happens to the dealership doesn't matter. You stayed true to your word, it was a good trip. I'm sure Evelyn appreciates what you have done 'James said. Elizabeth initiated James is a statement in approval." Yes, something good will come out of it." "So where is Evelyn?" I asked, thinking the team of James, Evelyn, Elizabeth and myself could be together again in one spot. "Evelyn is gone. She left me and the school last year." James said. "Can't say I blame her." James was trying to say he was not always true to the relationship he had with Evelyn and it all finally came to a head. He continued to run the school alone and I could see in his heart he wanted to admit he was again a victim of himself. I looked over to Elizabeth to see she wanted to say something but no words would come out. I didn't know if James knew that Elizabeth and myself were only friends now. There was a need for change all around and change one out over all of us. Funny how this change didn't damage the respect we had for each other. James was a worldwide respected professor of herbs and his attraction to the opposite sex couldn't take away that respect. Evelyn just couldn't live with it. We all agreed that that

respect needed to be taught to the next generations. Colleen and Patrick, Shana and Emily were there to show us that this was the most valuable principle we had.

“Hey James’s” I said, “I have a friend in Virginia who has a tumor in the brain. Is there been any research done on reducing the problem without using the effect of drugs?”. “Yes of course” James said, “there are many herbs that can take the place of drugs. The drugs will block in enzyme in the body and will affect another part of the body negatively.” “Why don’t we get together soon to talk about this stuff”, I said, “maybe there is something else we can do together and all my lessons in alternative energies will not be in vain.” “That sounds good” James said.

New chapter

There was so much more to offer the kids while the time with them was more precious. As I watched the water coming from the mountains I explored years ago back on full moon excursions before Colleen and Patrick born, the majestic’s of the water told the story I felt I needed to tell the children. In the late evening on the balcony overlooking the Russian River I told this story to Colleen, Patrick, Shana and Emily with Elizabeth listening from a distance.....

“This river started from the coastal mountains called the Yola Bolly wilderness range. Runoff and springs on the western side of the coastal mountains forming the river as it traveled downstream first going north and then turning south as it now goes into the ocean 20 miles west of here ” I said. “ I’m saying this not because I read it in the book but because I saw it happen when I climbed Mont Hull in the Southern Yola Bolly Range just before I married your mother” I said, directing this message over to Colleen and Patrick but acknowledging that Shana and Emily were listening in. “Your mother and I met in Ukiah the next largest city north of here to discuss marriage after we were in the Moonies together for many years. I took that year of 1980 to climb mountains to get my head straight and after three months in the wilderness I met your mother in Ukiah and I said I needed to climb one more mountain before we married. That mountain would be Mont Hull. It was a full moon when I reached the top from the eastern side looking over to the West. I could hear the water rushing and the glittering of its movements. This act was a prayer to me. Then you guys were born. Somehow this seemed to others it all make sense to me, “ I said, as we all were experiencing the water coming from those mountains into the Russian River just a few feet from us. “This area probably included Santa Rosa, Forestville, Grandville and the whole range of around a 100 mile radius is what a great horticulturist called Luther Burbank said was the most fertile land in the world over 100 years ago. The most interesting for you guys to remember,” I said, wondering how much of what I was saying they were listening to. “Is that Luther Burbank was best friends with another guy named Yogananda from India. This same guy is the guy that John Lawrence says is his guru. I really do not understand all of what this means but if you notice the changes in the last four years and much of it had to do with you guys”, I said noting Patrick was the only guy amongst the four of them. ‘meeting with John Lawrence and all those healing services you attended in the summer times, then my moving up from Martinez to be a land manager at the Herbs School, then the last summers 36 city tour with these scientists and inventors all over the country.’ I said

“Ya, daddy,” Patrick shouted out interrupting and demanding my honesty. “You said when you got back we would all be rich. You said we would all be driving cars that worked on water.” Patrick said this with in anger I knew he had the right to after so many years of abandonment on my part and then some six months of me being gone to all of that alternative energy research. “Yes, you are right Patrick”, I said.” I

am so sorry I had to go and even more sorry it looks like I have come up empty-handed after all of this time, but I still believe that that time spent will someday be in your future be in your favor”.

“How will that be?”, Shana asked. “That is a good question Shana”, I said. “Maybe it will be answered by Nature Herself. Man doesn’t seem to be able to answer it right now at this point. He seemed to have egos that prevent us from learning how the earth really works.” Emily could only stare. She was waiting to connect with what I was saying yet I could see what she needed the most was to have a stable family together. Her mother standing next to her was happy we all could be together as a family but Emily knew that I could not be in official father with the announcement her mother and I were now only friends. My heart was broken as hers and sometimes I would try to explain reason in my head to go back to the old times. Change was necessary but it was evident the love I had for Emily would not end. I reached over to her and gave her our special hug we had together. Shaking ourselves in unison with the same cry I began it while I needed to overcome her sadness by priming the pump.” Uga buga goga buba duga”, I said, the sentence no one understood except ourselves. She smiled and the laughter, then back,” Uga buga bubi wodi kuga buga” Emily said “I love you Emily” “I love you too.

## New chapter

School was on the morning after the weekend for the kids in the lives of his left me off at the train station in Martinez for the trip south to San Diego to see John. After the long trip down the Central Valley in spring watching the farmers work their fields and often seeing the signs they put up for the people of on the train and the highway’s “water equals food”; then the trip over the grapevine on bus to another train in LA going further south to San Diego. This became an all-day meditation for me.

John would always put the red carpet out for me. When he learned I was coming he would sometimes cancel other appointments for readings he would do to sometimes with prominent people. “My brother is coming ‘he would say. When others witnessed this it would sometimes be difficult for them to convey to themselves that we were only brothers in the past life together. In this life where 40 years apart in age. I had wondered if the number 40 was going to be significant in this scenario. John only laugh when I tried to make sense of it all. “All of these things are being revealed to you because you have asked through your actions.” John said “everyone has the same opportunity”. “John!” I would say.” What sort of opportunity is this?” I snidely remarked with my brotherly love I figured John understood. If these are opportunities I have been experiencing than what is your definition of failure?” I said. “According to my barometer, not one of these opportunities have yet worked out. I think my kids hate me, the relationship with Elizabeth has gone down the tubes, Dennis Lee thinks I’m Satan, nobody understands this thing you say is the right thing to do and even I cannot trust myself to be in another relationship for fear I will her her where I cannot support another person let alone this mission.”

John, as usual smiled with my form of questioning. “John, I need to learn what an opportunity is in your definition because I’m sure missing the point.” I said. “It’s called Karma Yoga” John said. “There are many kinds of yoga, but the main types you would understand would be part of yoga that is Karma Yoga. What you are experiencing is karma yoga. Karma is the doing or physical part of yoga and the other half the yoga is not doing or spiritual. Some call that Hatha Yoga. These people relate to the yoga as being in praying and silent meditation. Real success in any one of these techniques is not always meant to be external or material success. Internal success always comes before the external but nevertheless both opportunities are success “John expounded.

I was reminded once again of the very presence of a holy man like John would totally make a jackass of me when I heard the things I knew were true because I've learned them somewhere before that I do not remember now. Oxymoron as it might seem, it felt like John was literally nailing my feet to the floor. "This is why you need to be doing more prayer and meditation every day. How can you know you are paying great karma all off to the universe if you do not ask in the proper way and receive in the proper way?" John said.

I was now floored in the proper way, so much so I had to ask the next question. "So it has been you that have been doing the prayer and meditation for me and this is why the miracles of the dealerships, the Stadium, Colleen's accident and the Nick Bunick thing has transpired?" I said. "What do you think?" John said. The OMG epiphany was apparently the highest motivation given for the reason I traveled to San Diego.

"You mean you knew this all along? You knew that being your brother I would respond physically to what you knew internally? You are the one who has learned how to pray and meditate for years and this would be easy reason you prayed for my actions to come true." I said. "Well, not exactly John said. "It was your own faith that put you where you are today. It was only because I knew where you came from was the reason I prayed so hard for you. Remember you are my brother." I could see the tears welling up in John's eyes. These were like the same tears four years ago when he used the word brother. I was then converted to can in being his brother. "Yes, John, I will always remember." I said.

"About meditation " I said. "I will put more emphasis on it and what about Nick Bunick? I heard he read your book and the part you explained about how to meditate was so important to him in reaching other people. Is it true that he could be the apostle Paul in the Bible?" John was curious about my curiosity. Was this another stupid question and something I shouldn't have already known again? "Well, I took the book you sent me with his signature on it and put it to my third eye and the whole world opened up." John said as if that was proof he was.

"John, to you know what this means?" I said. "This would mean this would change the whole Christian thought in the whole world." Yes, you're right, but whoever they are they are not going to give up without a fight. It doesn't matter if he is or is he is not. He is a man of God and just like you are and just like all people. We are all children of God. This is what Jesus said, this is what all the masters had said and this is what new bone is is saying. My master said those who say they are; are not. Nick Blahnik is not coming from his ego and neither were you when you decided to go across the country to show machines that can help this earth."

John would not say much more. I could tell when John put a lot of energy in speaking because his physical energy would also take its toll. Before he retired for the day he said "Russell, I would like you to do one thing for me." Fine" I said. I'm getting older I will not be able to do many more accurate readings. You know Antoinette the medium." "Yes I do John" I said. "She is much like me but more accurate with her readings" John said. "I would like you to visit her before you leave San Diego. She charges no money for her readings which makes her clear and coming from the divine." I stopped down in the middle of his conversation but I thought I had to. "John of course I will do that but you remember how Internet suspected me of stealing from you. I don't think she wants anything to do with me.

John seemed to have planned his response to my response. The reason she is jealous of you is because Antoinette is related to me also in my past life." "Oh really?", I jokingly began my sort of Belize smile. "Was she my sister to. "No, I was married to her in past life" John said. "It was a different lifetime then our life's as monks. Antoinette is also working on burning off her own bed karma with you being in town. It will also help her for you to meet up with her." John said. "Okay John, I will do that. I said. Just before I shut the door I said "John, could you say a prayer for Tina in Virginia? John bowed as if he understood.

New chapter.

Antoinette Superior was a well-known medium in San Diego. Before I met John I knew nothing about mediums and how different they were from psychics. It was the story John told many times to the congregation in San Francisco; the story of a woman who met John through a friend and told that friends she did not believe in God, therefore John was also no one to believe it. This woman was Antoinette. John had a vision about Antoinette having a life-threatening illness in John's warning was not heeded. A few weeks later Antoinette ended up in the hospital with only days left to live according to her doctors. John spent days in prayer to save her life and those she was near coma state she pulled out of it in with the new life she was given she was also given psychic powers in her life. Antoinette owed John her life according to her, but John passed on the saving and pass it over to God and his guru par my zeal cannot do. This brought intransigent she dedicated her life as a Yogi and the rodeo par Mons a yoga not the. John moved from San Diego in 1988 and this was how I met John in San Francisco in 1994 as a minister at the Trinity Episcopal church. It was now 1998 when John was now living in San Diego again for a year. Much of the reason John was here was because Antoinette knew that John was getting older and now at 90 years old needed to organize help in his later years. Intransigent was person who could help the most. This then made more sense in the reason John said Antoinette was his wife in past life. It also gave me an answer in the reason intransigent was so protective around John and why she was worried I could be stealing from John.

As I waited in front of Antoinette's house in La Jolla California because she squeezed me in between clients, I did not know if he knew I was John's brother in another past life. "Hello Russell' Antoinette said as she met me at the door. "John says you are part of the group in San Francisco". "Yes, I come down to visit John. He has very high regard in your work. I am honored to meet you." I said "thank you" she said is there anything special I can help you with?"

Antoinette was paralyzed on one side of her body from the disease that threatened her life in which John talked about. She was so sweet and not what I imagined but then that's what I was there to learn. "Well Antoinette," I said "since I met John there has been a lot of change in my life. To you think you can help me with with the decisions I have been making?". Antoinette sat me down in her all-white living room. She plugged in the cassette recorder wrote down my name on the cassette and began their reading with a prayer and beginning the recording.

"You are a person of truth". Intransigent spoke yet would say it wasn't her that was speaking. "There is always a reason for their reaction and you have lived your life according to that law. This is why you live your life humbly and few connect yourself to unselfish people. St. Francis of Assisi is your patron saint. This is why you connect to John Lawrence and the Masters Ms. well and that connection is strong. But unlike the work of St. Francis your mission is much more vast than that of Francis. You need to learn that

poverty is not needed to accomplish the goals you seek. Money is not evil, it is true that will attract ignorant people but you must see that breaking that bond of lack is needed. You need to affirm your life as being in the world of abundance instead of getting along with nothing to get your word across. There are many depending on you."

Antoinette's or the Masters words that led me into a all-white me scenario that I didn't want to hear at first. But the paradox of life was haunting and as the reading went on I could see that it was confirming all of the actions I have done yet in those actions there were those who had refused their own perception that sometimes led to greed. This then, through everything off because I did not take charge.

"Okay" I said. "Thank you , I know you have other people here to see you". "You are not done yet"Antoinette said. "Some spirits are waiting to greet you." It finally clicked in my mind what John was saying was the difference in being the psyche In the median. Antoinette was blessed with both. John told stories about Jesus appearing to some people. Yoga not do to others in some appeared together. This was something I was not expecting but I had seconds to prepare for. "Just stare at my face and repeat home until you see something"Antoinette said. Intranet stayed motionless as I began to see her face change. I blinked my eyes as if there might be something wrong with my vision but then there was the face of John Lawrence. It wasn't long before St. Francis of Assisi's face and then the faces of people I could not identify with faces of great dignity. The faces I didn't recall were one of the popes, Albert Einstein Rachel Carson's, Luther Burbank, George Washington, Winston Churchill and one of the Indian Masters next to Yogananda's picture on John's wall. The images kept coming as if the spirits were waiting for the others to go so they could replace the other. And heaven that was then getting exhausted. The number of spirits was not what she expected. "We're going to have to stop now" Antoinette said "do you have any questions?" "Who was at last Indian spirit" I asked. That was Sri Yurtswar the guru of Yogananda. He was also a great scientist and he is very interested in what you are doing. I am going to have two get to these other people but I think this worked out very well. I have never seen so many spirits wanting to be part of meeting one person. They all came to on are you."

I left Antoinette's to visit John one more time before I went North to the Bay Area. "Now you can see why I asked to visit Antoinette"John said. "John, you were there" I said. John laughed, "yeah, sometimes I appear with the dead. But I'm not dead yet."

Taking the train north I felt my mind to hit tic-tac-toe with what I have just learned. This would be impossible to explain to anyone I knew where I was going. I could feel it had a lot to do where I was going. I found a phone booth in Bakersfield where I waited for the next train transfer and called Tina in Virginia." Tina, how are you doing? "" I'm getting better" she said "oh great" I said "there is a lot going on here that I'm going to have to figure out to make this business grow. I'm always thinking about you. Looks like I will need to stay longer though. I just got a reading from someone very spiritual was said abundance is on its way." "I know, Russ" she said "remember, I said you are a genius." I hung up the phone praying for Tina. I didn't know what was ahead but I knew I had to do it.

I decided to stay in Santa Rosa where I was closer to Colleen and Patrick and I could find a closer connection to the Treo of Lee Beal, Bob Salinas and Kenny Rosler. Maybe we could put our heads together to find out the next steps in creating a business in energy even with the final blow I explained to the group with Dennis and the dealership. They were hoping I would be their greatest hope. Kenny had an extra room in his four-bedroom house where I paid \$200 a month in getting to know his family of

music was such a pleasure. His wife Heidi was a great singer and together they saying in open mics almost all over Santa Rosa. Kenny had just gotten back from Tennessee where Elvis Presley lived much of his life. His friend Lauren Hanna believes that Elvis was still alive and had search firm ways to improve that his theory was true. Kenny, Heidi and myself would stay up much of the night or other kids were sleeping talking about music, L was and even John Lawrence in his position in music long ago. Kenny brought out a book written about Elvis and began reading. The author has followed the spiritual aspects of Elvis and I was always open to that. "That you know the most important people in else's lives other than pursue a lot and his daughter Lisa Marie were a friend called Larry Geller who let Elvis to learn how to meditate in a nod from called self-realization started by Paramhansa Yogananda and he also mentioned that a guy named Nick Blahnik was a great mentor to him" Kenny said.

"Kenny, I you sure this is true?" I said. "I said nothing to you about knowing Nick Bunick and you knew John Lawrence's. Who is this guy named Larry Geller?" I said an almost demanded an answer as soon as possible. "He has been Elvis's hairdresser who tried to get Alice away from the drugs and the Memphis Mafia for many of his years. Elvis was a very spiritual man who also had a lot of addictions" 'Kenny said. "So what then is there about Nick Bunick? Why him and how did they meet?" I asked. Kenny saw high was desperate for this information "the book doesn't say much about Nick Bunick" Kenny said." I wonder why? " I think I know why" I said.

The dialogue continued in another direction about the music Kenny was singing so I stopped Kenny. "Kenny, you mean to say Elvis Presley, the man who changed the world with his angelic voice, had a spiritual life with very spiritual connections and there is little or no information transferred to the world population?" I said. Kenny had a wonderful way of laughing had my questions especially ones that took a lot more research to answer. "Well, Lauren says Elvis is still alive. Maybe we can track Elvis down and asked him." Kenny said laughing.

Elvis was a man of numerology. His mention of his twin brother who died at birth was something very dear to him. It might have been that Nick Bunick helped him in some way with those numbers. In the messengers book the number four was mentioned in explaining other dimensions beyond the third dimension we all see in daily life. That dimension or that fourth dimension was called the angelic dimension. The number  $4 \times 3$  means the angelic world in his perfect way. 444 is the number that appears too many people without explanation. Nick Bunick addresses the logic behind the third dimension when there in fact be disheartening for those who only think in terms of the third or physical world. This would be a number of deaths in this case of which so many are in fear of. This could then explain in many countries of many years of persecution in many generations that fear of death would permeate a population. Some places such as in China had adopted the tradition of this superstition. To see beyond the third dimension of only things would liberate a population in seeing their own security was not what they owned but what and who they loved. Elvis was one who loved to love. He is yearning for truth went beyond his familiarity and what he owned. It showed in the vibration of his voice and I could only imagine Elvis his connection to Nick Bunick explained it through logic or numerology and Larry Geller's through meditation would secure his relationship with his brother in spirit and give him a true connection to a deeper purpose for his talent, a talent that brought millions together. I was now older for some reason connected to Nick Bunick and John Lawrence to bring awareness of this or part of the situation. I still did not know what or how to do this but I was sure through time it would change.

## New chapter

ant people” he said. “I thing you now need to meet with Jim Brown” That same week Lee Beal set up a meeting in a conference room in the back of Denny’s restaurant in Santa Rosa. He invited several of his friends, those who were interested in BWT and some who were following the program since we started at the Health and Harmony Fair in the summer of ’96 at the county fairgrounds in Santa Rosa.

I didn’t talk much to Lee about the outcome of my trip to New Jersey with Dennis. I was willing to find a way to allow people there to use any of my knowledge of the technologies and technically I was still part owner of a dealership from better world technology. I have already talked Bob Salinas out of buying a dealership and to add insult to injury I received a phone call from Ward that Carlos had left BW T. The reason Ward mentioned was that Dennis accused him of stealing things. It wasn’t because he was caught working with the Mafia which surprised me. Whatever the reason I was hoping that would not happen. Ward said he was also leaving soon. How was I to explain this to these people? This has gone too far. I had to find a way to explain without judgment.

“Thank you Lee and all of you that have come today. There are familiar faces here. Some of you have participated in the health and harmony fair and some have come out of the herbs school presentations. From the bottom of my heart I want to thank you for your interest in alternative energies. “I said. “What I have learned on the 36 city tour was something dear to my heart and being here in an area that is also due to my heart in with those who may have the most moral support in this project in probably this country is a great privilege to me. One thing I can say is; please don’t give up on science and our inventors in the world. There is so much more coming but it’s not coming because our inventors are so smart, it is because there are people like you around that believe in them.

On this trip I spent time working with the Brown’s gas machine invented by Dr. Yell Brown. Something happened to me as I decided to go deeper into the discovery of water while I supplemented tungsten on the stage in every city. Hydrogen and oxygen meeting in your equality through that extra vibration of the extra H molecule. Not only did it create and energy equal to the surface of the sun, it was part of the purification process mother earth offered us every day. Knowledge of this to everyone is probably what I think is the most important thing I know. I feel this would empower more people like you and bring hope to others.” I said. “The other products that benefit man and would help promote other technologies such as Brown gas is needed. Lee can explain those concepts to you. He is very knowledgeable on the Rife machine, Ozone machine and the Power Controller. Before I hand the mic over to Lee I would like to say; Better World Technology is set up for all people to involve with technologies but like all man-made organizations it has its faults. I asked that you always do your homework. That you follow your intuitive gut to stand up for what is true, kind and necessary. I met many of these inventors on this trip and every one of them came from the heart in doing what they feel is saving the world. You are their checks and balances. They need you to stay coming from the heart.”

I handed the mic over to Lee and I walked out of the building thinking now Lee is involved like a runner handing the baton over to the next runner. Lee had done some research on low temperature phase change machines so he would impress people with that. He would then get names and telephone numbers to build his business. A business that may or may not exist. I had handed the baton over to him, I thought. Maybe it would take a person likely to knock some sense into Dennis Lee. After all it wasn’t

Dennis Lee what we were talking about anymore; it was all the other inventors in the technologies we were involved in.

I was just about to get into my little Ford Ranger when a young man with a limp came up to me. "Mr. Anderson" he said "my name is Chris Jepson, I'm a friend of Lee's and I would like to talk to you about a business that may help you with promoting the Brown's gas." I was about to tell him I wasn't involved any more in technologies but then it would probably put an end in Lee's endeavors in the restaurant. My truck was parked next to a car with a large white dog. But then Chris comes out to stop the dog from barking. "Stop zeppelin" he said. "I'm sorry, he won't hurt you. I recognized that the car with the dog was probably Chris's car. "Is that a wolf " I said remembering experiences with wolves in the Yukon. "Yes," Chris said, rolling the window down so zeppelin could stick his head out of the window and I could pet him. "He's the kindest wolf in California, watch so he will lick you to death." He said.

Chris invited me to his place in the valley leading to..... the next day. He lived was zeppelin and his girlfriend Madison where they worked on multilevel marketing of products that were in natural to the human body. Chris hurt his back in a mountain accident as a teenager which led to many operations on his back which probably led him to selling health products that were shunned by his pharmaceuticals and also shunned by the general public saying they were having to resort to multilevel marketing in order to sell the products. "Hi Zeppelin" I bent over to pet him seeing he was happy to see me. "Where is your master?" I grabbed the zeppelin by the back of his ears and rubbed knowing he was more sensitive there and it felt so good to all dogs. Chris came out of his house and then Madison; a beautiful woman of great stature it very short compared to Chris's 6 foot four frame. "Come on in" Chris said. "Madison, could you make some tea?" Madison looked over to Chris to show Chris he doesn't have to say anything when she was already in action of knowing what to do with guests. I grabbed the tea and said thank you to Madison. "Very nice place you have here" I said. "Yes," Madison said with a beautiful voice. "We like it out here in the country." "Russ, I have what I was going to show you in the other room, said Chris." "Well then, let's get to it," I said.

Chris opened the curtain leading to the back room. There was a large table with large and small metal boxes. "This is the power planner." Chris said. "I know you have the power controller coming soon but I thought I would show you this and if you want in because you know so much about energy he can work together until you get things worked out with better world technology."

I stared at the boxes in the room as if I was jealous of what is in that room. This was what I wanted to see for so long with Dennis Lee and better world technologies. Now there's a younger man some 15 years younger than myself having it all in his living room. I walked over to the large boxes and open one up to see what was inside." That's the three-phase power planner; they just had it all tested and approved. In here, Russ, look at this". Chris brought out some papers including a copy of the local newspaper with an advertisement from the West coast company called Pacific gas and electric showing the endorsement of the power planner and how it works. "What's the percentage?" I asked meaning; how much electricity does it save?" "15 to 24%" Chris said." But I tested the three-phase units and they came to close to 32%

I was shocked, confused and angry at the same time but of course not at Chris. "Chris" I said, "first of all, I do not have the Power Controller. I am completely out of anything to do with Better World

Technologies. Even though the Power Controller can save 50% I don't see it on the market until many years from now. It looks like the Power Planner is here to stay. "

Chris was shocked in what I said but was very happy . Well then, why don't we go into business together? You know how it works and I will get the product." Chris knew it was a big decision for me. "Why don't you call me next week. Madison and I have some other sales we need to do. We can talk about this later." I couldn't help but think what Ward and Carlos was saying: we only have a small window of time before some other company will take our place. Well now that is happened. Now I was offered a job from another company. Chris was only a dealer and it was nice to be honored from such a nice couple as Chris and Madison." I'll call you next week." I said .

So here we go again, I thought could this be another test? What if I did choose to join Chris and the Power Planner? It certainly would be more fun doing more of this research. In this world of everything going wrong something had gone right and it certainly proved it's point. I couldn't get a hold of Ward or Carlos seeing they were in exile from B WT just as I was. But I did finally received a call from Ward that week given me information on where everyone was." Well, Ward", I said. "You won't believe this but what Carlos said has already happened. The Power Planner is being mass-produced." We knew it would eventually happen" Ward said." Is it possible things could be changed?" I said. The power planner is only working at 20%." "I don't think Dennis really cares, Russ. Ward said. But there is something else I need to tell you." "Okay, shoot," I said. "I thought I would be the first to tell you Russ. Dr. Brown died the other day." Ward said.

Ward said nothing on the phone until I was done absorbing the shock. "How did it happen?" I said. He died of a massive heart attack but there are many who say it was a murder." Ward said. "I don't really know and I don't think anyone is able to prove it." "How is Rich taking it?" I said. "I don't know" Ward said. "We are not allowed to call into B WT.

I guess it was something I expected. Brown was old. I just didn't expect his death now. The one guy I needed to live longer or think the world needs to live longer was Dr. Yule Brown. If Ward's story about Brown being killed is true, I suppose it would be the best time and the best usable circumstance for the killer to do so. Brown was a genius but he was an unknown genius. Unlike Einstein who was protected from those who had agendas to protect and use at least could only threaten to have him killed; Brown only had one bodyguard that I knew of and it was

Rich. Rich worked for Dennis and with the constant verbal battles between Brown and Dennis I could only see that Dennis pulled that protection away from Brown. This would be then a good time for anyone in the status quo world of pollution to illuminate someone like Dr. Yule Brown. A small amount of poison in the veins would do it, especially when he had his age, his diet and his anger weighing against him. But Rich was a friend to Brown in the last two years and I knew he was heartbroken over this loss.

But even more than that, I saw the damage of Brown's death being detrimental to all those who didn't know him as well. It would take many years ahead before people would know how important his work is. I felt a great depression fall over me only to look at life as; what's the use? There was no one I could talk to about this subject. Even a mentor like John Lawrence would not be able to help. It wouldn't matter how Brown died, only that he is dead. If only there were more people who could understand his work. Brown wouldn't need to protect himself from bad food and smoking, he wouldn't have to continue to

explain the same things over and over to those around him. The harmony of his work would have protected him one way or the other. This was all pretty obvious to me.

New chapter.

I received a call from Lee Beal to come down to his office. So I did. I was already geared up to expect that Lee would chew me out for walking away from B WT, but it was another situation he wanted to talk to me about. "Russ, this is White Wolf, he is a Reiki healer". Lee said. "I told him much about you and I thought you guys should meet." "Hi Mr. Wolf" I said shaking his hand to test him with a bit of a humor. He smiled and said "White Wolf is my name". I change my name years ago in honor of the American Indian folklore." White Wolf looked Danish to me but it didn't matter. His manner was very present and it seemed like he would know what he was talking about. "Lee says you are searching and you have a lot of stories to tell from your experiences and you work on alternatives. " White Wolf said. "Yes" I said "how can this help you?". "I would like to invite you up to the lake for a while just to see what you think. He said. "It looks like you could use a vacation." " You got that right I said "but what lake and how is that going to help?" "Clearlake" White Wolf said. "For some people it has healing qualities and I think you are one of those people." "That's very nice of you I said. "I think you're right, thank you. How about if I get the directions from Lee and take a trip there next week. I have some business to take care of this week" I said. White Wolf was **okay** with that he addressed it was a nod; he had a look in his eye as though he knew I thought he knew me. In some way I was tired of that. I needed a vacation from that as well so I took a week to find out what Chris Jepson was doing and then to get into my truck and headed up to see White Wolf. All this was a great idea; time for some healing, more meditation as John had asked me to do, maybe that will help? But I couldn't ignore the physical world. I had to find a way to make money. My goal was to that with dignity. The spiritual connections to the spiritual. When I didn't need was purpose in building houses by cutting trees was not cutting it. Wasn't that what this was all about?

I was running out of money from the work I did in Virginia in my plan to return to Virginia with the business opportunity in my hand was still my goal. This was my conversation in my promise I gave Tina and I was determined to follow through. I saw little else I could do to provide and to help with Tina's condition, so that we could plan was to visit Chris to see what sort of business plan he had with the power planner and to visit James green and the herbs school to talk to him about helping Tina with her mental health. It was a perfect plan. My entrance into Virginia would then be complete with physical and spiritual reasons I thought was my destiny. I was sure Chris would not mind if I secured him with a contract with the largest bowling alleys in the world and James and insight and how Virginia needed his St. John wards herbs. I walked in the Chris and medicines land by the creek. "Hi there Zeppelin" I said to the big gentle Wolf. "Guess you need some petting ,don't you?" I rubbed behind his ears till he begged for more. "Where are your masters?" I said. I walked over to the house and knocked on the door. "Hello" I spoke into the house with the door open. "Oh hi Russ" Chris said coming out of his office but I could tell something was wrong as he wiped a tear from his eye." Is Madison around?" I said. "Oh no, she's gone." He said. "Oh, okay" I was sure she was out shopping or something but then Chris said; "she said she's not coming back. It's all about the decision I made about the power planner. Maybe she's right, I should stick to selling supplements, it's much safer." I didn't know what to say but I could foresee the next shock I was about to experience. "The Power Planner is out of business" Chris said. "One of the three-phase units blew up in Texas and the owner..... Is being sued for millions of dollars and is now is

filing for bankruptcy. Russ, I spend all that money on this and is now it is worth less." Chris didn't know how I was feeling about this shock. My heart went out to him but I also know he would recover. Madison would come back home. "I'm sure Madison just went to see her mother across town" I said. "Russ, my whole life is ruined. Chris said. "I know how you feel Chris' I said. "I can't but feel that so much as this is my fault."

I was curious in how fast this and then to was able to mass produce the three-phase unit. The single phase units still work don't they" I said. "Yes, but this guy pulled the plug altogether. He's filing bankruptcy." Chris said. "Wow", is all I could say.

Another broken family over another dream. I knew the technologies would change as time went on; but this decision was made only to stay with the single phase units. It was all grow into more innovativeness. There was something wrong and then everything was thrown to the wolves from a decision to throw the baby out with the bath. This seemed to be the same scenario of inventors everywhere were forced in the corner by status quo technologies that could easily find a way to eliminate the little and more sincere inventors. This guy in Texas must have done the similar thing that Dennis did: that his ego and his anger get the best of him and now there is nothing. At least no power controller and no power planner.

I decided then and there was no sense in going to the herbs school to meet with James green. Even if he gave me some answers in what to do in Virginia, I need it a potential for money to do it. I walked out of Chris's house, Pettit except one, the white wolf to meet another White Wolf at Clearlake. I picked up some clothes and a sleeping bag in my room at Kenny's, called White Wolf and said I was coming right up and I started up Highway 101 or what they called the Redwood Highway.

New chapter.

There was only one time I have been at Clearlake. It was in 1988 when I was going through what was leading to a divorce with Colleen and Patrick's mother who then lived in Santa Rosa. The Sierra Mountains were my refuge after a few days with my children get troubled damage in the discussions was Betsy. Driving up Highway 101 and heading east on Highway 20 was the way to the Sierra Mountains and also along Highway 20 was Clearlake. This was a year or of lots of rain and big news stories about the flooding of all the houses around the Lake as well as the hazards of the septic tanks from the buildings feeling of with Lake water and then the sewage contaminating the Lake. Those bad memories Me away from visiting the lake and even detouring around it as if to me it didn't even exist.

But now as I drove north to Ukiah and cut the East on Highway 20 I recalled just up the road was Lake Mendocino on the right. Just a small ways further was the cutoff to Potter Valley and to Lake Pillsbury that led to Hull Mountain. This brought such good memories and perspectives of why I left the Moonies and married Betsy. I did not turn off to whole mountain cutoff this time. I headed straight to Clearlake as I thought this was another karma burning time as John Lawrence had mentioned they needed to get to do and for what I guess I was about to find out. There was nothing more to lose. Every plan I had since I left Virginia had gone bad. I was empty from any agendas now in the old feelings of losing it all from prior experiences were back except this is your life and gain it experience was many times more powerful than the others.

The first encounter of water I began to cry as I passed the Hull mountain cutoff on Highway 20. Too small lakes on my right glistened in the evening dusk as I got closer to the larger Lake called Clearlake. Wholesomely is this when I only thought this was the Lake. I've been around many lakes in my life and big ones as well. Minnesota was where I was raised. I would be crying all the time in my youth if the case was just about lakes. So this must only be because I have gone through so much stress and trying to make some right decisions in my life and the whole world would not let me make them was my excuse. The mountainous areas ran out things started flattening out and then the vision of the Lake made it like I was entering my mother's womb. I stopped the truck to sob till the darkness set in.

I knocked on White Wolf's door which sat in a cul-de-sac of houses around a block away from the shores of the lake in a town called Lucerne. White Wolf could see I was tired and crying. He smiled as though he knew what was going on. "Hi Russ, nice to see you. You're welcome to come in but I think it is a good idea that you walk down the street to the lake. There is a landing there you can pray at. Let me take your stuff and I will see you when you get back." He said. I started to smile but I knew this was no laughing matter. I walked to the lake in began to talk to it. "What is it you want?" I said. "You're not God you know. You're not the same God I been taught to know for all of these years, you just the lake in I don't know why I'm crying."

Sitting on a rock listening to the waves come in from the breeze coming from the south I could smell the stench of the algae mixed with chemicals I heard have plagued the lake for years. "Is this because you want me to save you?" I said. "Is it because you're dying from all of these poisons that man keeps throwing at you and you think I can save you? Let me tell you, I tried that. You got to be mistaken; I'm not the one who can help you. Of course, I would like to but if you knew what has happened to me in the last years you wouldn't be asking me things like that."

I slowly lifted my head from the rock below me looking out to the lake and the stars. "What am I doing?" I asked someone "I'm talking to a Lake, a dying Lake and I'm thinking it needs me but I can't help it. What a fool I must be." I sat with no more words were thoughts, just peace. Then words came to me; "help my people", a strong message yet to not come from the air. A message directed to me I could not deny, the message that cleared me from any help that was needed from the lake or any other part of nature. "Help my people" was the only request. I walked back to White Wolf's house. He opened the door, smiled and said. "Don't say anything; you're going to need some sleep. Your bedroom is over there and the bathroom is there. I will see you in the morning."

I've always been a morning person meaning I would wake up before the sun did. But that morning was 9 AM when I made it to White Wolf's kitchen. "Good morning", White Wolf said. "We have some healthy grains for breakfast or if you prefer I have some organic eggs." "I'll try the granola thank you" I said I looked around in the bright room wondering if this was the beginning porthole to heaven. I had to get to the point. "So why Clearlake for you White Wolf?" I asked. "Well", White Wolf said. I bought this house for my family and now they are gone and I'm still here." He said. "No, is this Lake significant to you" I said. "Yes" he said. There is always a reason for us to be anywhere in this Lake is one of my reasons." White Wolf was priming the pump for the question I was really trying to ask. "This Lake is the oldest Lake in America and I think that this is the reason you have come here today." White Wolf said. "The oldest Lake?" I asked. "How do you know that?" "Everyone around this lake knows this because it is told by science and that is why scientists came here." White Wolf said. "But knowing that is not take the place

of feeling it and that is what you have done last night." I was not exactly computing what White Wolf was saying. "How do you know I was feeling the lake?" I said. "You are the water man; you're the one who knows water. I spoke to Lee about your connection to science and water." He said. "So this lake's water. It is an ancient lake, a wise Lake and so you should know water. I rest my case." White Wolf said. "You and this Lake are one."

I could understand the simple conversation with Lee Beal would give White Wolf some idea that I knew something about science but there was more to the reason he invited me to this region and into his house." I think you were a shaman on this Lake in past life many years ago" he said. These were words from White Wolf I had little Avenue to prove him wrong so I could leave this place, so I said; "okay then, what is it you think I should do now?" "There is plenty to learn here. White Wolf said. I would advise you to check out the library and the CM in Lakeport and there are people who live here on the lake you might want to meet." "Where is Lakeport" I asked. "Boy, you are a rookie here" he said. "Lakeport is the county seat. It is on the western part of the lake" he said. "What county is this?" I said. White Wolf laughed as he caught my humor." Lake" he said, pointing the direction of the lake." Lake County in California USA and earth.

More information streamed in my brain as I drove to Lakeport. Now there is someone else telling me who I was in past life. I was just trying to get used to what John Lawrence was saying about my last past life. If I had my way I'd like to have someone tell me who I was in this life.

The museum operator was very helpful in an almost empty of people place yet it was full of artifacts. "How can I help you, young man?" Said the older lady at the desk who I thought needed something to do so she volunteered for this job. "Well, I was just told that this Lake was the oldest Lake in America. Is that true?" I said. "We do not know exactly how old it is. We think it started from the volcano some 2.5 million years ago. We can only say that it is very old and it is the largest lake in California. We say that because Lake Tahoe is larger but it is divided between the state of Nevada and for that reason Clearlake is larger in California" she said. How large the lake was meant nothing to me but I could see its appearance seem to mean everything to most of the people that come to the museum and this lady was ready for that. "So this Lake was formed by a volcano?" I said. Yes, it was a very large eruption some 2.5 million years ago. The lake then shifted for many years by faults coming through here which made the lake turn from round like to an oblong state as it is now.' She said. "Here is also something interesting". She took me over to another display. "Science calls this Lake the home of blue-green algae." A placard stuck out showing a simple explanation of the origin of blue-green algae which science calls the first food substance existing. "So, you're saying the first food substance in the world started here?" I asked. "Will not exactly." She said. "Blue-green algae started from the ocean but Clearlake was where it entered land." " But the ocean is 100 miles away" I said. "Well, that's it, there are some who say the settlement in this Lake goes below sea level and there is a connection to the ocean." she said. "Your questions are way out of my league now. I would suggest you get a hold of a guy named Jim Swatts . " "Jim swatts?" I said. "Is that with two T's?" "Yes" she said. "He ran for county supervisor and he has a nonprofit called friends of the lake. He's in the phone book." "Thank you so much" I said. "You have been very helpful." I just sat and looked up to the pictures on the wall again." Oh yeah" I said. "Could you tell me about these people?" She looked up to see the old pictures of people with canoes on the lake." Those are Native Americans on the lake in the 1800s. They are mostly Pomo Indians here but this tribe over here" she pointed at another picture "is known to be some 12,000 years old" she said. "Wow" I said. "Wasn't

that during the Ice Age?" "Yes, but remember," she said. "This was a volcano and that means there were many hot springs then and is there still are, just not as many. These people were mostly peaceful fishermen." "When did that tribe die out?" I said. "They didn't. There are still a few hundred of them on the lake." She said. "There is a reservation just on the other side of the lake down by a Clearlake Oaks." "Clearlake Oaks?" I said. "That's a town" she said. "I wouldn't go there, but just after you drive through the town you will see a sign saying; Elem Indian Colony." She said. "Why wouldn't you go there?" I asked. "Lots of drugs and violence" she said. "There was a big shootout in 1994. They ended up burning down the casino."

I could see I needed to discontinue asking this lady questions. I was pushing some buttons and another button might lead to violence on this side of the lake. "Thank you so much this" and I paused. "Linda" "my name is Linda." I wondered if I knew that was a English name and that she might have wanted to separate from the Native American mystique. "Linda" I said. "I will see if I can get a hold of Jim Swatts" I said.

New chapter.

I quickly made it back to White Wolf's house to find a phone book and a phone. "Yeah okay, I know where you are" Jim said. "I'll pick you up at eight in the morning. We have a friends of the lake meeting at 10. We always buy breakfast for the newcomers.

Jim was a large man with a large truck would love to joke and tell stories. The story of his life was long but I swear he tried to get in all of the between white wolf's house and the restaurant and glycerin. Hammond eggs were always his choice in his comment to me when I didn't order meet was; "are you one of those people who don't eat animals?" "That's a loaded question" I said. "You might load your gun and shoot me." I wasn't all that direct when he asked me what I did either. "I'm really a hangout artists" I said as I handed him one of my single man's card I liked to give two women sometimes. It had a picture of a mushroom with the name fungi. "See" I said. "This card is proof man can't shop." I said. "I can hang out at laundromats, sometimes bars and a coffee shops the really bad at supermarkets and department stores, especially Macy's." Jim made a belly laugh and passed it around the restaurant where everyone there knew who he was. "Hey Russ, you don't have your phone number on this" Jim said. "Yeah your right, I just tell anyone who wants to meet me; just close your eyes and call him my name fungi and I'll be there." Jim hung it up on the bulletin board. "You might get some calls right away in this county." He said.

Jim was a real fun loving politician who truly wanted to do something about the Lake. He was a retired cop from Santa Rosa now in his late 60s who loved his wife but always like to flirt around with the women especially in the restaurants. The fungi card was something he liked and wished at times he was single, I could tell this of him and the card was something that definitely broke the ice between us. "So Jim, what happened? Did you make it in the county supervisor seat?" I said. "I missed it by two votes so I decided with all the contacts I would start friends of the lake. The hell with the government, I might run again but I found that the best thing to do is to get this Lake cleaned up and to get the public behind me. Millions of dollars have been spent on studies on this Lake in absolutely nothing has been done to help and it gets worse every year." "Jim, is there a plan you're working on." I said. "Dam Tooten there is" Jim said. "We're going to dredge the lake. The studies say the lake needs oxygen and dredging it would give more depth and that would give more oxygen. Just as simple as that" he said. "Now because they

decided not to dredge the lake we have a hydrilla problem spreading all over the lake. They are using copper sulfate to kill the hydrilla and they are killing the lake because the lake is too shallow " he said. "More oxygen will kill the hydrilla, not copper sulfate."

I sat listening to Jim in with every question I I throw at him he was quick to answer along with his display of anger towards those in authority especially those in government positions. I was totally convinced in his position. It sounds so true. Just stretch the lake and everything will be fine. I was so convinced that I began to pull myself away from the equation. I'm not really needed I thought. Jim has got a handle on this. Why did White Wolf call me to Clearlake? I asked myself.

"So, what do you really do besides being a fungi" Jim asked. "Well, I recently travelled around with inventors who have solutions on energy and it looks as if there might be some technologies that can help you on this lake. Maybe even for the dredging you are proposing."I said. Even though I wasn't sure how this might work I was sure that with more dialog there would be more discussions about one of the technologies I was introduced to that could help Jim and this lake. I wasn't sure but it did excite Jim. "Come on" Jim said. "We will discuss that later. We got a meeting to go to."

Jim only drove me two blocks to a large community building set up for elders. "This is the place we organize to save the lake" Jim said. He walked me into one part of the building where a young lady greeted him. "Good morning Jim" Good morning Sally, Sally meet Russ. Sally is my secretary. I always get the best secretaries" Jim boasts. He walked me into his office to show me around with his wife, his kids, his grand kids and his boat on the wall. "They made me president of this community center but my most important presidency is in the other room" Jim took me past the office, through the long hall past the kitchen to the large ball room where there were some 15 people waiting for him to show up at the scheduled 10am meeting. " Russ, the coffee is over there" He said. Jim stepped over to the podium and spoke; " Hello everyone, I brought a guest. This is Russ Anderson. He is a fun guy and he is also connected to people in this country with technologies that will help us able fix this lake." They all stared at me and nearly everyone waved and smiled. "The Friends of the Lake board meeting is now in order" Jim said.

The meeting went over an hour with solution ideas of most everyone. Each person had their missions in form of reports on what Jim had ask them to do since the last meeting. "Ezi... What have you heard of the reports on the Core of Engineers on the dredging? Mary.. have you talked to the drying technology people to get a cost per foot on the sediment? Does anyone what to volunteer to follow the county around and take pictures of the copper sulfate spraying on the hydrilla?" Jim called out.

When the meeting was over it became clear that everyone had a lot of respect for Jim. Most of these people were seniors and they were full of energy and truly wanted to help. They were all living with a new lease on life and Jim was their prime motivator. "Ezi ... Is it possible we take a trip over to your place, I would like to show Russ what you have over there" Ok Jim," Ezi said. " lets go." Ezi's full name was Ezi Pickens. He wouldn't tell me his real first name. I wasn't sure he remembered he had one when every only knew him as Ezi.

Ezi opened the door of his one story house and both his living and dining room looked like a library. Book shelves along each wall and some in the middle of the floor with a coffee table set up for studying. "This is all the information on the lake dating back to the 1700's including what the Core of Engineers have

tested and Archeologists reports on how old the lake is” said Ezi. Jim jumped in “Yes, there is much more information here in the form of documents than what the government has or the library has in Lakeport.” Ezi was in his late 70’s. He told stories about education and his membership in the Core of Engineers. I could see he didn’t want the information to go to waste and the one thing he would emphasize was that “someday people will wake up to see how important this information is.”

“You mean to say that this lake shows us something about ourselves and that science has a part in showing us similarities between man and nature when we study this lake” I said as if I were looking to put words in Ezi’s mouth. Ezi did not waste a second to comment. “That’s exactly it” Ezi said showing me the fault line going through the lake. “This shows us how the earth breathes, how its heart beats, we are at the same vibration, the same frequency as the earth. This is the oldest lake in America. It may be even the world. It is like a grand Father or Grand Mother wanting to tell the story of life to its Grand Children. That wisdom is essential for those children’s life. Of course the sediment goes below sea level. It’s a large caldera. It goes way below the mantle and into the magma. Here, this is a document that studies the movements of the volcanoes along the Ring of Fire. Clear Lake is the last of the oldest seeable volcanoes that still has a lake on it. The other Volcanoes south of here are all filled in where you can’t see them anymore, but they still are there. This is why they were motivated to study this area for the use of thermal energy. Not to discover how Mother Earth can provide but to put more big holes in the ground to make money on pollution. That’s why Luther Burbank fought so hard to get them to leave the geysers alone instead of pouring waste water down them to make steam. The geysers are all part of the Clear Lake caldera, just as is the healing springs of Calistoga, Harben and .....” Ezi said.

Listening to Ezi speak was like watching his own volcano go off. There was too much information for me to absorb even when it was so inspiring. I wanted to tell him some of the things I have heard but at this point it would confuse things. Even though only part of what Ezi was saying got through to my brain, all of it got to my soul and I needed more info to determine what I could say to him. “Ezi” I said. “You mentioned Luther Burbank. Does he have anything to do with this lake?” It’s in these records; Burbank was in love with the land and the nature around it. There were two major eruptions from this volcano in the millions of years we try to measure in time. The first one was an explosion that put plenty of ash hundreds of miles in the air that eventually made the land so fertile that Burbank called it the most fertile land in the world and to add to that; that eruption sent the water from this lake directly to the west through the valley we now call Highway 20. That was the original Russian River we see today. Now the Russian River starts from the ridge on the other side of Lake Pillsbury.” “You mean Hull Mountain” I said. “Yes” Ezi Said and happy I knew that. “All of those nutrients from the sediment of this volcano went down the Russian River then and into Santa Rosa where Burbank lived and then flowed into the ocean. Burbank was a great Horticulturist. His knowledge could feed the world in the land he lived in. Now they call that land the wine country because people would rather get drunk than to eat good food.”

Boy, Ezi was on a role. I didn’t want to disturb that role by mentioning the Hull mountain experience I had or about the two year experience I had at the oldest herbs school in the country near Santa Rosa. The information coming from Ezi began to flow in my mind. “So what happened with the second eruption? I asked Ezi. “The same thing happened” he said. “All the nutrients from the ash spread everywhere but the lava closed off the water going to the west we now call the Russian River and sent the water to the south east. This was the formation of Cashe Creek. That water eventually ran into the Sacramento River down by UC Davis which is now the highest level of research and education of

agriculture in the world.” “So is this why The Central Valley is so fertile?” I asked. “Yes” Ezi said. “But remember the Clear Lake Volcano was not the only volcano that made the Central Valley; the volcanoes we don’t see any more than made up the Coastal Mountains along the Ring of Fire that then contributed by sending it’s volcanic water into the valley. The water from the snow pack from the Sierra’s mixed with the volcanic water. This then made the basin and eventually pushed its water towards the ocean to make up the San Francisco Bay.”

Jim Swatts smiled as Ezi unleashed his wisdom like I don’t think he has before. Jim’s expression on how important this work was obvious and the fact that Ezi was on his team made it more important. “See Russ, we are not a bunch of hicks in Lake County” he said. “We intend in doing it rather than just thinking about it.” I pretty much thought I know what Jim would say to my next question so I thought I would ask one more question to Ezi. “Ezi” I said, “so I think it is a very good idea to dredge the lake, why do you suppose the county or the state is not doing it?” Ezi did a quick look over to Jim as if he needed permission to say what he was about to say. “Mercury” Ezi said. “Mercury?” I said. “What’s that got to do with any of this?” “Well, the county owns the rights to the sediment of the lake” said Ezi “They hired a Professor Horne out of Berkeley to examine the sediment and came up with what he felt is a fact. That is that the sediment cannot be removed. Because the state believes Dr. Horne and Yolo county owns the rights to the water in Clear Lake the state and both counties do not want to mess up a good thing.”

This was getting further and further into a “oh what tangled webs we weaver” situation, I thought. “Where is Yolo County and why is it that the people on the lake do not have rights to the lake?” I said. “There was a document signed back in the 1800’s selling the rights by a few people and now Yolo County gets rich while the people in Lake County poor and both parties say there is nothing we can do about it.” Ezi Said. “But there is something we can do about it.” said Jim. “And not only that; Professor .....from Berkeley is full of shit. There is no problem with the mercury. We have already arranged that when we pull the sediment up from the lake we will disinfect the sediment and get rid of all the contaminants with this special drying out process using the highest technology proven to do so.”

As I listened to Ezi and Jim explain this situation it reminded me of my experience on tour with BWT and Dennis Lee. There was something wrong. Something that could be salvaged yet needed down to earth dialog to salvage it. Why didn’t I hear about the Mercury situation in the conversation before the other communications? It seems as though this was the whole reason for this dysfunction in the first place.” “Where does the mercury come from?” I asked. Ezi grabbed a document from a book shelf in the form of a map. “This is a map of all of the mercury mines in all of California” Ezi said. “It looks like mercury followed the movement of the volcanoes coming from south to north through millions of years.” The map showed hundreds of mercury mines just south of Clear Lake and where they laterally stopped at Clear Lake and went no further. Almost all of the mercury mines were in and around the Bay Area and it looked like Clear Lake was at the headwaters of all the other mines. “Clear Lake is the Mother lode of all the mercury mines” Ezi said. “Where did you get this map, Ezi?” I said. “The United States Geological Survey; they publish this to the public all the time” Ezi said. “I’ve lived in the Bay Area for a long time. Why haven’t I heard of this?” “I would say there are some who don’t want you to know.” Ezi said. “Oh, I get it.” I said. “Mad as a hatter, right? Mercury will drive you crazy. So then Jim’s idea of dredging the lake to get rid of the sediment would be a good idea, especially with mercury in it.” “That’s not what Horne is saying” Jim said. “He says, if we disturb the mercury in the sediment it will leave the water and go into the air. What kind of cockamamie excuse is that? I’ve been at the lake for 10 years and I have never seen

any flyin mercury.” “Jim,” I said.”Did the people you said would dredge the lake and purify the sediment with that drying technology you are talking about tell you they have worked with mercury?” “Yes”, Jim said. “They said they are fully equipped with working with mercury.” “Well then, If this Dr. Horne is right, this mercury must be a different type of mercury.” I said. “I might be able to find a better type of technology if that is the case.”

I wasn’t about to explain the principles of Browns Gas to Jim and Ezi. I couldn’t help but think that this was a big reason why I was here. The experience with the Browns Gas made it clear that it did not purify through filtering, it purified through neutralization. This was a different dimension for most people and if I could find a way to display it as Dr. Yell Brown did with nuclear waste then I was sure it could do the same with mercury. “Sure, why not “Jim said. “We will have to test it and all.” “ So, where is this mine?” I said, pointing on the map that Ezi gave me. “It’s on the Elem reservation just on the other side of Clear Lake Oaks.” Ezi said. “Really?” I said. “Are those the people who lived back during the Ice age?” “Yes, that is true” Jim said. But believe me; you are not going to be able to get those people to help. It is as though they really are from the Ice Age.”

Jim drove me back to White Wolf’s place on only the third day visiting the lake. I felt I was here forever and I found some very good friends. I woke up the next morning to find White Wolf smiling. “I see you have met some important people” he said. I’ve given up wondering if White Wolf just thinks this stuff up, he had spies out following me around or he, like so many intuitive thinkers, has a crystal ball. “I think it is time for you to meet up with Jim Brown” he said. “Who is Jim Brown?” I said. “He’s the spiritual leader of the Elem Tribe. He set up the research to establish the EPA Superfund.” “What Super Fund?” I said. “ The mercury mine on the Elem reservation” he said. “I didn’t know it was a Super Fund. It must be a big deal then” I said. “How far is the mine away from the lake?” “Within feet” White wolf said.”The mercury in that mine seeps into the lake still every day. Some say residue from that mine eventually reaches the Yolo Bypass through Cashe Creek. “The Yolo Bypass” I said. I heard of that. Is that where UC Davis is?” “Yes” White Wolf said. That’s where all the rivers and creeks and meet up in the Sacramento River to prepare their final journey to the SF Bay and into the ocean. The mercury from all the mines sits there and stews as it turns into another form of mercury.” “Wait a minute White Wolf” I said. “You said another form of mercury.” “Yes,” he said. The mercury that comes out of the mine is elemental mercury but when it runs into organic material it begins to turn into a gas and that is called Methyl Mercury. I thought you knew that.” “Apparently not” I said “And apparently a lot of people don’t know. A lot of important people as well.” “ So your saying all of this mercury from this lake and the other mines around the lake eventually goes down to the Yolo Bypass and then into the Bay and as it goes it gets stronger because it turns into a gas?” I said. “yep” he said. “Have you read the news papers lately. The highest breast cancer in our country exists at the end of the Sacramento River.” “Oh, that’s going a bit to far” I said. “Is it?” White Wolf said while I could see he wanted me to think.”Just like Rachel Carson ” White wolf said. I had to stop White Wolf again. He kept bring up points that kept putting the dots together in my head. “Rachel Carson?” I said. “The woman who wrote the book..Silent Springs? “Yes”, he said. She wrote about Clear Lake in that book. She studied the effects on the chemical DDT in the very high organic sediment in this lake and how it bio accumulates as it then begin to tear down all the living organisms on the lake.” As White Wolf kept talking I could not but help to think about the vision of her, along with all the other famous people, at Antoinette’s reading in San Diego just a few weeks ago. I wasn’t going to tell White Wolf but because he was of the same caliber as Antoinette, I did anyway.”I had a vision of Rachel Carson” I said. White Wolf surprised me with his nonchalant humble reaction. “Sounds about right” he

said."You will have a lot more of those visions. The point is; that was in the 50's and 60's when Carson wrote that book. Now it has taken more time since the gold rush but the same tragedy is happening with the mercury as what Carson was experiencing with the DDT. They both bio accumulate, mercury was just slower." I could understand most of what White Wolf was saying about bio-accumulating but I found myself gravitating towards the personal level of the whole thing for some relief from all this knowledge. "So what ever happened to Rachel Carson?" I asked. "Her movement died in the 70's with more industrialization of polluting technologies." White Wolf said."She was very close to President Kennedy and some say when he was killed so did her movement." "So that's another conspiracy theory?" I asked. "Don't know" White Wolf said. "Thought you would figure that one out. You're the one getting visions of her."Well, first things first" I said. "It's time to meet up with Jim Brown."

#### New Chapter.

I drove east down highway 20 with the lake on my right with little towns along the shore tucked close to the water very close to the road. A sharp incline prevented much of the building in the on the left picturesque landscape that almost erased the impoverished buildings obvious to the people driving through. Then came the town of Clear Lake Oaks where the land flattened out and the buildings made it clear that Clear Lake Oaks was a place for the poorer people, more than Lakeport, Nice or Lucerne. the whole county of Lake was poor but then the furthest east I would drive it seemed a change in this spiritual atmosphere at that showed in the physical. I couldn't help but think the reason for this was what I was driving to. What was amazing to me was the fact that most all of the people I was driving by in this town I thought didn't believe that. I took a right a quarter-mile past the town had a sign saying "Elem tribal colony". This fear began its battle with me, I thought about how crazy this whole thing was. I thought about what I could be doing rather than what I am doing. The truth was; I wanted to be in Virginia with Tina. I would like to hear her sing again. I thought maybe things would be fine in her disturbed mind if I was just with her. I had something in my mind that I was driving down this road to see the mercury mine and an Indian reservation to help her. Now, how crazy was that? I said to myself. This was even more specific to the reason I toured the country with inventors and left my children for a year. Now I'm confronted with another reason and that reason was Tina's immediate mental health was depending on it. What I was about to learn was important, I said to myself. But this was still just a hunch, really." Feel the fear and do it anyway "I kept telling myself.

And then I saw it. A sign pointing to the right towards the lake saying "Elem Casino" was hanging off a massive 12 foot chain-link fence with barbed wire on the top of it. This was the fork in the road that gave me two choices: To turn to the right into the reservation or to turn left that led into a mountain range that eventually ended up to the back road of the town called Clearlake, probably named after the lake. The other choice was not a choice according to the sign. "Do Not Enter, Bradley Mining Company," was the choice I made. Only a few feet of driving along the fencing to my right, I saw the reason I was there. The large 10 acre lake full of water with percolating green and red colors in parts of this Lake made me think there was something alive in this small lake. This had to be the mine. The open pit mine full of water and as I looked further towards Clearlake I could see it was exactly how White Wolf had explained it. The lake was within feet away from the mine. This is where the elemental Mercury met up with the organics of the lake this would be where evil meets up with a good and turns everything negative. Was this true? Mercury is the only metal that attracts itself. If I thought it was alive it would probably be true I would have to call it narcissistic. Mercury is the main ingredient that allows other ingredients to

penetrate any body. We use it for almost anything. We use it in the electricity, we use it in our roads and we use it so our medicines can penetrate the body when we believe we are sick. Mercury exists in the petroleum that propels our cars, our boats and to the sign saying our airplanes. Since the time of Edison we have created millions of coal mines to continue that specific type of electricity. This is been the world of industry as we know it. But this was no coal mine I was standing next to. This was an actual Mercury mine, one much more dangerous than a coal mine. Mercury from a coal mine is directed to a plant that creates heat to generate electricity. The residue from the coal than is released into the air from the heat. That residue then contains Mercury that settles on to the earth and with the earth's organic matter it changes into a gas we now call methyl mercury. This Mercury then couples with other substances clogging the red blood cells of the human body depriving the body from the oxygen it needs. The effects outside of depression, heart disease, stroke, cancer, auto immune disorders and all types of neurological diseases from autism, Parkinson's, Alzheimer's and Lou Garrick's disease is death. I could only think at that moment that there had to be another reason. That the knowledge I was asked to be trusted with to learn by an old man who asked me to continue what I was doing was a divine guidance. This guidance that allowed me to learn how the earth worked through my experience at the herbs school and working directly with water and the Brown's gas said to neutralize carcinogens. Was this mine the ultimate example of what is happening all over the earth? Is it more than these people that I'm about to meet the reason for the message I had the other day. The message of "help my people." I turned the truck around, went back to the sign saying; "Elem Casino" and turn left toward the reservation.

New chapter.

The road was straight and dusty with the 12 foot fence guarding the large mounds of mercury cinnabar from the mine on the left. On the right was an open marsh land with large red rocks strewed along the road as evidence of the many years of mining and thought to be harmless to anyone knowing the EPA is now in charge of the situation for the last 6 years. The fencing on the left stopped and the houses in the reservation began.

Again, questions from within as I drove on: Who were these people? How could a civilization live so long or if they really did? Where these people of great wisdom, complying with the wisdom of the oldest lake in America? Why was it; I was thinking this way because it looked as though there was little evidence there were few others in this area who did. And how would it be that a very large vain of mercury almost surfaced on this reservation and finally actually did out of greedy people looking for gold beginning over a hundred years ago?

Only 30 yards down this housing area in the reservation was the sign displaying the death of the tribal casino, burnt to the ground with only foundation bolts sticking out of the concrete foundation still there explaining part of the story of more poverty permeating the area. Directly across from the burnt down casino was the 'Round House'. I knew little about the 'Round House' except it was built round and out of wood to have community gatherings and Native dancing. I was anxiously waiting to learn more. I drove to the end of the road where I got a better look at the lake and Snake Island 50 yards off shore where archeologists have found bone DNA 12,000 years old. I turned left and within feet I turned right into Jim Browns driveway.

I knocked on the door. The teenager answered with a courteous smile; "hello, is this the Brown residence?" I said. "Which one?" She said. "There are five Brown's in this reservation." "Jim Brown" I

said. "Uncle Jim?" She called out to the back of the house. "There is someone here to speak with you." "Thank you" I said, wondering what to expect after the call I made to some department in Sacramento warning me not to go to this reservation. "Hello" Jim said. "How can I help you?" "My name is Russ Anderson" I said. "Oh yeah" Jim said. "Are you the guy with the technologies?" "Yes, I think so" I said. "I don't know which technology is you're talking about but I do know some wonderful inventors." "Well, please come in" he said. Jim was about my age, short and strong in structure. "These are my brother's children they often come over and this is my daughter Rose." He said. A tall dark long-haired woman came in the scene from the back. "And this is my wife Gail." "Hello" Gail said. "Coffee or tea?" It was an afternoon so I responded; "T please." I said. "How did you know my name?" I said. "Well" Jim said. "This might be a big lake but it's a small town. "

"I wonder if I can ask you both some serious questions about living here on the reservation." I said. I can't seem to understand how you can live on a mercury mine without adverse effects. First of all; where you get your water? Do you have a well here?" "No" Jim said. "The EPA says this whole area is contaminated. We get our water from the water plant out of Clearlake Oaks. They get their water from the lake using reverse osmosis and then the pump it by land to the reservation. We pay good money for their water." Do you trust that this is good water?" I said. "We don't really know" Gail said. "It comes from white people." "They could be in the dark about this as well" said Jim. "They are getting sick too." "You do know those water plants are being regulated by another County don't you?" "Yes" Jim said. "What is it about people in Lake County that prevent them from fighting for their rights?" I said.

Jim couldn't honestly answer that question. I guess it was a sore spot for all who lived in the county Native American or Caucasian. I let go knowing he has done so much already. "So not only are you sitting on a mercury mine; you are drinking and bathing in contaminated water the tribe probably doesn't even know it." I said. "I'm sure you know something others don't that brings you to stay here unless I'm told wrong in the research I have done." "No" Jim said. "You are right in your research. I have studied it to. I have started to task force that initiated the Superfund in 1992. But this is sacred ground. We are under protection and those who are staying here are keeping up the tradition of our ancestors."

The words Jim was saying made perfect sense to me yet I could see they would make known to others around the Lake. I was told that Jim was a spiritual leader in this community and to me that meant he would have to take on some, knowing there were others who didn't believe what he was saying. "Do you mind then if I ask you what the tradition of your ancestors are?" I said. "Dance" Jim said without hesitation. "Dance?" I said. "Yes" he said. "We have learned to keep up the vibration of the dance. This is what keeps us under protection."

I recognize when I was falling back into fear as if I felt I needed to leave the place right away. I pulled myself back to the center by the lessons that John Lawrence taught me. I pulled my left and right side together focusing on my third eye in the middle of my four head where I could then focus on what Jim was saying." Jim" I said. "The real reason I'm here is because I have a mentor who speaks in terms of protection just like you. So much of what I do in my journey I do not understand it unless I do it. To tell the truth I am scared as hell but I just want to do the right thing. I open more channels for Jim to speak. "Let me show you something" he said. He picked up three things from above his fireplace mantle. "This is a picture of my father. He was a great leader of this tribe. He died at 53 from working on the mine" Jim said. "And this is a picture of my mentor she is a teacher who taught me never to give up and this is a

satellite picture of the reservation. When you look at it it forms a picture of an eagle. This is a sign that shows this place is sacred and under protection." I looked at the map and it made exactly an image of an eagle in every road and building built was a description of the Eagle Jim described. Weird as it seemed it brought a spiritual connection together with me to be there and knowing no one could have built these roads hundred years ago according to the form of an eagle. There are no satellites in space and. Gail held off on what she wanted to say until she knew I understood what she was saying. "This is why American natives will override the white Anglo-Saxon in the new millennium" she said. "They will not keep us down much longer. Many people die because of what they did to us. This doesn't mean there are not incidents on this reservation we can prevent. So many of our people are sick from the Mercury in their children are having trouble keeping up in school. We don't know enough about autism that week to see that it sure does apply here." Gail said. With this I needed to ask the next question. "Did you know the Dalai Lama has said that Mercury will be a neurological medicine in the future? To you think there might be something good about what Mercury has done? The Dalai Lama also said that Mercury was the seamen of the earth." "Yes" Jim said. This place is where elemental Mercury inorganic sediment meat. There might be something to that. It might be that if the mercury was left in the ground instead of prematurely pulling it out for selfish reasons would be allowed to perform its positive form instead of negative. "Do you then think we could reverse the damage that has been done?" I said. "Well" Jim said you mean to restore the wisdom of the past?" "That's a good way of saying it" I said. "All along Northern California are some of the largest Mercury mines in the world including this one that might have produced some of the most innovative people in the world. Look what the Silicon Valley is now producing. Maybe your tribe is one that only needs to revive the missing wisdom in the reason for such intelligence. It is always better to honor the cause before we only get carried away with the effect." I said.

"Why don't we take a walk and I will show you around" Jim said. Gail stayed inside in Jim opened the door as if I was entering a scary ride at Disneyland. He pointed over to a beat up car in a van sitting in one part of the driveway. "See these" he said pointing at the holes in the metal." These are the bullet holes from the 1994 shootout. That's when they burn down the casino; our only real way of making income here at the time." He said. "Why Jim?" I said was some concern. "Why would anyone do that?" "Well" he said "we were doing really well at the casino because we were using our own slot machines. The Mafia wanted us to use their slot machines. This was cost us too much so I said no. This is why I believe started the war between our own people. Many of us could not live on the land and many moved to Oakland to find jobs of their own. When we started to make money on the reservation from the casino members of the Mafia found a way to reach those in Oakland to tell him we were cheating them out of money. This divided our tribe apart. Those who believed the Mafia come up from Oakland with guns and burn down the casino." "Oh my God" I said." Were there any deaths? " "Not at the time" Jim said. "But the percussions of poverty from that incident I believe cause more violence, drug addiction and suicide. I think the Mafia thanks they have won."

Not saying much more about that Jim took me over to a bush was a large rock in front. "I know you Westerners think that you are the only ones who believe in Jesus but at this rock Jesus appeared to a great teacher in our tribe in the 1930s. We still talk about it today." He said. I was now even more intrigued in being on this land and with Jim's words about Westerners being different than tribal members seemed to me he was implying there could be in the East and West connection. He told me he didn't believe what Europeans were saying they came over the Alaskan Bering Sea." There is more

evidence that we came from the South during the Ice Age". He said." See over there" Jim pointed to the island less than a football field away. "If that is where my ancestors were buried some 12,000 years ago. This used to be a peninsula. You could walk over to the graveyards 100 years ago but the white race strategist it between here and there and sold the island to the closest bidder."

Jim started a deep emotional connection toward his people and the anger they had towards white people. "So" I said. "Is this the reason your people are so angry at the white people?" "It's the only thing we have left to prove they have been wrong . There has been so much they have done to us. They made slaves of us. Then they slaughtered us. The very town of Kelseyville on the other side of the lake was named after a white plantation owner who made slaves of our people. Why would the white people ever want to continue to name it Kelseyville knowing he killed our people who were the people who were here first?"

This was the most sensitive I saw in Jim. At this time I want to hide my head in the sand ". I realize there were good white people then and now." Jim said. "I even understand that you are a brother to me. Somewhere in the past we have known each other. We may even have been blood brothers in past lives." I didn't say anything about what White Wolf had said about me being a shaman on the lake 2000 years ago. Something I didn't quite believe myself, but then it didn't matter what I believed; only what I felt. I could see that Jim was a true spiritual leader of the people here I was now so close to him and maybe we were brothers and so are. But there is something I needed to say that was the most important thing to say: this is what I thought was the main prerequisite needed and what was the beginning of the message from the Lake the other day when I first entered the lake with the mission of; "help my people." "Jim" I said. "You know it is true that the white people had done the worst to your people. You have the right to be angry along with all of your people. And look at this mine. This has to be evil incarnate itself, but look at this lake as well. It has been around for millions of years. Not just thousands but millions. I believe this lake does not judge. The ultimate of its creation is mankind no matter what skin we have or when we got here. We have to find the common denominator to join us all together. The earth loves all of mankind and this lake tells us that." I said.

I struck another cord in Jim at this point. He wouldn't expose the tier in his eyes. He stared to the West over the lake with the sun going down. " Jim" I said. "What is it about this lake that is so special more than just being the oldest Lake?" Jim thought for a few seconds and came up with answers that would take thousands of years of intelligence. " There are large caverns or holes going straight down to infinity in this Lake. Some lakes have a few of these holes which would indicate they were spring fed but this lake is different. Jim said . "There are many of these caverns going deep under the average 30 foot sediment. Every year there is a bass tournament on the lake that brings millions of dollars to the county. The reason for this is because the fish are large and plentiful here. It is only logic that will tell that reason. The algae is high in nutrients and the events or springs provide fall can make water giving the perfect habitat for fish. This is what my people have lived on for thousands of years. But since the white people came the lake has been poisoned. So it is only the sports fanatics that come to fish here. They catch the fish and release them, not because they want the fish to live on but because they are filled with mercury and they can't eat them. Our people are not only in poverty, they cannot even eat the fish. If they do they will get sick and even die."

"Have you ever seen one of these events in the sediment?" I said. "There have been divers who have recorded thousands of fish deep in these caverns that the fence from the deeper waters have provided. Fish that swim along with the divers have been said to be some 10 feet long in cases which would tell you how high a than nutrients in the Lake are. But if you want to do some research; there are organizations that work with sonar that map out lakes in this country for the sake of finding fish for fishermen. The sonar showing the depth of the lake and where the fish are also show the spikes to eternity in the depth. There are hundreds of these spikes in the lake showing there is water pushing up from way below that almost everyone does not talk about. There are stories such as someone drowning in blue Lake 5 miles away from Clearlake and they find the body in Clearlake. Even the story that someone drowned in Clearlake and found the body in the ocean. These stories, I believe is an example of how the earth breathes. Something we cannot see in a new volcano or an older one that is filled in completely with sediment. These are the volcanoes that are only small mountains to us so you do not notice that they are volcanoes. This is the same phenomena they just discovered in the last 10 years at Yellowstone National Park. That part is the largest caldera formed by a volcano. Which is originally called conduct I buy my people is still a lake with the same volcanic water coming up through it's sediment and not just the geysers such as the geysers in Yellowstone and the ones we have 20 miles"to the west of here." "Are you saying the geysers over by Santa Rosa is part of the Clearlake Caldera?" I said. "Yes of course" Jim said. "This is all about energy coming out of the volcano which is everywhere at one time or another." "So" I said. I can imagine many years ago the stories around this lake with your people were about the volcano in volcanoes around the world." "The only salvation of our people and probably the as you say to all people is to remember this." Jim said. "We breath just as the earth breathes. Without breath we die. All of what we eat, drink and breathe originates from the water of the earth and this is why this lake is so important to remember and to restore."

"Jim" I said. "Where do you think we can go from here? There are people in the world who know nothing about you or your people, much less than being the oldest seeable volcano or the fact you live on a Mercury mine or even at this same Mercury is affecting everyone in the world." "This is easier said than done" Jim said. "You have mentioned the lake does not judge who is good or who was bad. I believe that what you have said is true. This is such a simple equation but it is so difficult to do for my people including myself. We have been deceived for so long that it is hard to forget all of the injustices that have been handed to us by the white people. To learn about water and that it holds memory; we would then know that the water from this lake is exposed to that negativity for the last hundred and 50 years. To restore that negativity, justified or not, would be what is needed. Most of our people are much happier being angry at the white people. In order to undo that anger there would have to be an effort on both sides. For some time it has been obvious that the white people speak with forked tongue. Something needs to happen with the white people so they cannot lie anymore and the Natives could learn to forgive. If that would happen, then the water on the surface of the lake would change to the positive rather than the negative energy and the healing water coming from the volcano would then come back to us without being contaminated. That would then be the best way to restore our nation. "

"Come with me" he said. He led me into the round table, brought me up to the stage within the house, lit up some sage for clearing and started chanting for 10 minutes. When he was done he led me out of the round house and turned around to say. "You are now blessed by the tribe. You are the first white person blessed in the last 10 years." Thank you Jim" I said. "No, thank you my brother."

It was just then when two cars came down the road and parked and Jim's driveway. Jim and I walked across from the road from the round house. "Hey guys" Jim said. "Cliff and Mike, this is Russ Anderson." "Hi Russ" Cliff said. "Can you play guitar?" "Yeah" I said. "I can play some Moody blues." "Here, grab this guitar". He said. Jim opened his garage door and on the door was a set of drums amplifiers and base. Jim grabbed the base, Cliff set up his guitar and mic gone the drums. "Go ahead" Cliff said. "Plug it in." I plugged in the electric rhythm guitar and began the song written by Justin Hayward "story in your eyes" ..... "I've been thinking about our future and I decided to that were really not to blame. For the love that's deep inside us now is still the same." The song said.

My heart opened up to those words as I sang it. We played the rest of the night with no more fear in my heart.

New chapter.

I made it back to White Wolf's in Lucerne that night with a name to solve a simple problem in my head. With that I asked my heart; "what was so hard about putting these dots together?" I thought. I knew about the technologies that would neutralize the problem in the Lake. I now know the people of the lake. I now know the two main contingencies of people who can implement the technologies: Jim swats and these people on a political level who could organize hundreds more people around the Lake who's agenda is to dredge a lake but cannot do that without being able to disarm the Mercury. In Jim Brown in the young tribe who sees the vibration of the lake and can empower his people remembering who they are. These are the people who are the gatekeepers of the wisdom of the oldest seeable volcano in America.

It was clear to me that to empower these two contingencies of people would formulate the formation of an inner and outer coming together. My mind began the the simplicity of a child in recognizing how heaven and earth came together: the cerebral and the intuitive brain, the masculine and the feminine human animal plant body, these surface and vertical studies, these spiritual and physical universe. Words began to mean something as to form reality in creating the earth and why this lake was asking; "help my people." This was now more than just bits and bats in a computer; there was a way to describe the third entity in the mysterious Trinity and the excitement of accepting the journey of the investigation of explaining H2O in the world of science. "Wouldn't this too bring abundance to all?" I Asking the universe: "When I then be able to have us personal life again?" I chuckled to myself." Wouldn't I be able to take this information and heal the minds and bodies of all of America and even the world. Here in just a little bit?" If as Jim Brown had said;" this lake has tremendous healing qualities." This would mean it needs to be freed from the pollution in it to show that it does.

All that is now needed in the summer of 1998 was to allow these two people to come together. All that was needed to have each one to forgive themselves and one another of all that was tress pest against one another. Like it child with two arguing parents; all the parents needed was to recognize they were loved by the universe, God or in this case the lake and the science was about to present to them. "Simple, right?" I could then call Tina and say;" I'm coming to Virginia, you can now be healed and we can now live happily ever after."

New chapter.

White Wolves natural smile gave me again the idea he knew I got the right information on my trip to the reservation. I went right to sleep and woke up the next morning to see White Wolf in the kitchen. "White Wolf " I said. "Can I use your phone?" "Of course" he responded by pointing at the phone. My decision was to call two parties but I was confused of who I should call first. I always had a habit in calling the most emotional and most difficult event first when it came to mission. I dialed the number. " Hello" was the response on the other line. " "Hello Mrs. Wilson" I said. "How is Tina?" O Russell, I'm sorry she is not doing very well. They are giving her a new drug in her response to it has not been good. " I had a feeling things were going to get bad to worse. It was so much of my makeup to come to the rescue of people I loved and there was in this scenario the largest stock I have never been. I have no more money to fly back to Virginia to be by Tina's side much less to have the magic formula I promised Tina when I got there. It was strong inside that the day will come when that was the passage that needed to open yet when Mrs. Wilson announce Tina's condition I was hit by the fact that time may not have been on my side or Tina is in this case.

"Would you like to talk to her?" Mrs. Wilson's said. "She still talks about you all the time." "Yes please and thank you" I said. A short time elapsed before the next forest appeared on the phone. "Hello sweetie" Tina's voice came on and took me by surprise with a lower vibration." Hi" I said. "How is my little Phoenix doing?" "I'm still rising" she said . "Are you coming back to Virginia? " I grabbed for a simple answer that would not allow me to lie . Tina" I said. "It's going to take me more time for me to get this business straightened out. I wish I could be there with you right now. I have found a wonderful discovery that will help you but it will take more time for me to turn it into money that will help you with that Phoenix rising you speak of. "

My effect in speaking to Tina was possibly so much in vain when there was silence over the phone but I knew I had to say something that might reach her subconscious. Mrs. Wilson was next on the line to say "I'm sorry Russell, Tina dozed off.; As I said the drugs she is on are very powerful. I hope you can visit soon. " "I do to Mrs. Wilson" I said. "Please give Tina my love." I hung up the phone puzzled and curious it took a long time before I made the second call. It was late afternoon after so much thinking in meditation on what happened. I then made my second call. The care giver answered the phone. "John Lawrence's residents " she said. "Hi, this is Russ Anderson" I said. "Could I speak to John?" "Yes he is right here." "Hello, my brother" John said. "Where are you?" "I'm up at Clearlake. I have spent the week studying the lake in the people around it." John's direct deposit with the phone told me he was focusing on the area I was in with his direct way of prayer. "These people need you" John said. "There are hidden secrets in the lake. The vibration is very low but there are ways to raise it and you understand ways that will help.

John had his ways of facing my anger head-on with truth. I didn't need to tell him the story of the lake talking to me when it seemed he already knew. I was more interested in talking about what was going on in Virginia and he probably knew that too. "John" I said. "Do you remember when I ask you to pray for a woman named Tina in Virginia?" "Yes" he said. "And I did. She is a very sweet soul. Sometimes God will put people in your life to show you are on the right track. You wouldn't be able to feel strongly about what you are doing unless you have met Tina. Do you think that is correct?" "Yes I do John" I said. "But even if this is true, this is a very cruel thing to do to me. You're asking me to make the choice between a helping the people at this lake or helping Tina in Virginia." "I'm not asking you of anything, but I do think you are asking yourself." John said with assurance that penetrated my soul. There was no one I knew

that could candidly speak to me like this. This was all true. I was asking me to do the right thing. "Tina and the people at the lake are the same." John said. "We are all equal; art we?"

John caught me at my own words. What else would a true brother do? "All that you have learned about technologies in the last years will not compare to what is important now." John said. "And what is that John?" I said. "Human rights" John said. "God is all people and in order for the technologies to work you need to put human consciousness first. Tina is in God's hands not yours. We are all only messengers of the truth behind divine mother. This is so you can learn that this is not your mission is God working through you. It is God's mission. It is your choice to continue this journey. I know I asked you to continue what you are doing. But now I am only your brother. You can do what you think is right for you."

Tears were gushing from my eyes. I pulled it together enough to say; "John, you are truly my brother. I know what you say. Thank you for your great wisdom in the freedom to make my own decision. I love you. Goodbye." I hung up the phone, walked out the door and walked directly to the lake. When I reached it I fell to my knees in the summer breeze in the end of the longest day of my life." Okay" I said still crying. "Just tell me what to do. No sense in wasting time."

The end.

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Epilogue....

This was the year of 1998. The important part of this year was that the product attention to what was handmade and what was made by mother nature. The fact of learning that all technologies are learned from lessons in nature was something new to the Western cerebral world. All that was needed, said Mr. Anderson, was to honor that knowledge in there would be a direct connection between ecology and economy. To work together with nature instead of exploiting it. In order to prove that the earth has the polls, a vibration the same as man does; it is needed to find a place in the story that is true and would touch the hearts of all people. This story would be how the earth breeze. Like great yogis in the world concentrating on their breath for enlightenment; the same is with the earth and the universe. To know that the earth loves humanity instead of what we are taught for thousands of years; that the earth was only here for us to exploit is the healing we all need. The logic of using America's oldest Lake could show us that same breath. So we could know that this is only one place made it obvious to us and that the same breath is going on wherever we go. Whether the body breeze through the mouth or the skin; it is still a breath. As the chief said." We all breathe" and as John Lawrence had said "we all must continue what we are doing." And when I would say; "it doesn't matter if we think we know are not. It is all of course, in the journey."

Much has been learned from the time since the summer of 1998 on Clearlake. It is no different than what is happened everywhere in this time was spanned if we decide to look. It might be helpful for those who decide to do so to compare what is happening in your life to how the earth actually works. Here is what has happened for the sake of restoring America's oldest Lake since that time according to our records.....

1998

1. UC Davis subcommittee on Clearlake.
2. Dr. Horne out of Berkeley study on more oxygen to the lake.
3. Jim Swats and the friends of the late Ed essential war with the county over stopping the spraying of copper sulfate and to begin dredging the lake.
4. First presentations with Jim Swats, Jim Brown and Russell Anderson in Lake County.

1999

1. Technologies introduced by Russ Anderson to remediate the excess growth of blue-green algae and Mercury at Clearlake.
2. Russ Anderson moved to San Diego to meet with mentor and to research technologies for Clearlake setting up office with Pat Patterson.

2000

1. Russ Anderson meets with water structure scientist to help clear Lake in Florida and Chicago in San Diego. Recorded improvement on the lake.

2001

1. Russ Anderson moves to Santa Rosa California and continues with presentations around the lake with Jim Swats and Jim Brown.

2002

1. Russ Anderson moved to the non-death a hush from in Nevada city California to learn  
to field