

REALITY QUEST

Volume One

November 21, 1994

Issue XXXXVII

FILIAL IRONY

I've tried hard over the past few months to redevelop a filial bond with my family. Even though I feel the family is that which destroys the peace and happiness of a society, in that it perpetuates selfishness and a lack of concern for anyone outside the white picket fence surrounding it, I knew that no matter how hard I tried, I could not convince anyone to breakdown their picket fence and let others in. I know that someday the human race will realize the only way to complete peace and happiness is when we all look at each other as members of one big human family. However, I decided to give the adage, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," a try. Needless to say, it didn't take long for me to find that I will never fit in with those who share my last name.

It's against my nature to pretend to be or believe in something I don't. I respect a person's right to believe in and hope for anything they wish. Nevertheless, I expect the same from them, and it is in this expectation that I was extremely disappointed.

In the summer of 1994, I was surprisingly invited to the Nemelka family reunion. I went knowing that my grandmother protested my coming. Everything went pretty smooth, and for the most part, my presence was accepted well. My aunt Dorothy, who is the wife of the oldest Nemelka of the first generation alive, Larry, demonstrated a love and concern for me which made me feel accepted and understood. Whether she was just trying to be nice, or curious about what "weird" things her nephew believed in, she showered me with love and acceptance. I had a great amount of hope that perhaps things might get better with my relationship with my family.

During the reunion, I went up to my grandmother and lovingly kissed her on the cheek. She barely acknowledged my presence, and left shortly thereafter. It was clear that she was disappointed that I had been invited.

After the reunion, I began to see more of my brothers and my parents. However, except when my loving sister, Alesa, invited me, I was never invited to any weekend get-a-ways, parties, or occasionally card games which my brothers and sisters enjoyed having.

One day James came over to Jackie's house and asked if we were going to Mike and Teena's to play cards. When Jackie mentioned that she knew nothing about any card party, James quickly said, "Oops!" thus signaling that we weren't suppose to know about it.

-And then they hit me with the big one-

Mike and Teena set up a secret dinner that everyone was invited to except Alesa and Leslie, who they knew loved and respected me enough to advise me of the fact that my estranged daughter, Brittany, was coming down from Montana to go to Disneyland with Mike and Cory's family, and the dinner was for everyone to see her. No one had the respect for me to let me know, or attempt to allow me to see my daughter.

I wanted to call my family together and ask them point blank what their problem was with me and attempt to better our filial relationship, but their enthusiasm in doing this was extremely low and the meeting never transpired.

Finally, after many months of being around my brothers and family, and they not being able to look me in the eye, I was told the truth point blank by my sister-in-law, Linda, Cory's wife.

In a further attempt to try to bring myself closer to my family, I planned to send each niece and nephew one dollar for every year of their birthday. The oldest was Amanda Jean Nemelka, Cory and Linda's daughter. I picked out a plain and simple card with a bouquet of flowers on it, symbolizing the simplicity of their uncle, included fourteen dollars for Amanda's fourteenth birthday, and sent the card.

A few days latter I was informed that Linda wanted me to call her. "Finally!" I thought, "I could again establish some sort of bond with Cory and Linda." I assumed Linda was calling me to thank Amanda for the birthday card. Definitely not!!!!

The first words out of Linda's mouth were, "*Amanda beat me to the mailbox; and had I got the mail, I would have sent the card back to you!*" She then proceeded to tell me of her dislike of me; that I was following the devil, full of hot air, and out to, "*...destroy everyone's life...*" She let loose with more hate than I have ever experienced from one who considers herself my enemy. She threatened to obtain a restraining order, if I ever had anything else to do with her children. In other words, she was honest and courageous.

After speaking to her, I waited a few days to see if Cory was going to call and apologize for his wife's actions. He didn't. What he did do is let Alesa know that he wanted to "*...punch me in the face.*"

I sent the following letter to Linda in response to her actions:

Dear Linda,

Foremost, in all sincerity I would like to thank you for your honesty and courage in doing what you did to me. I have always respected you for this trait. There are so many of us who appear two-faced to each other when in the presence of someone we dislike we act as if we can tolerate them, when in reality we can't stand them.

There is no doubt that the majority members of my family and many others feel the same way you do about me, yet they lack the courage to tell me.

I respectfully disagree with what you have done and with your attitude of hate and intolerance toward me. However, I will always respect your right as a individual to hold your own opinion, no matter what it might be. My only regret is that you do not have the love in your heart to try and understand me. Nevertheless, at your request, I will have no further contact with your family. Also, owing to the fact that most of the Nemelkas hold the same opinion of me as you, yet as mentioned, are not honest or courageous enough to tell me, I will not attend any of the Nemelka functions in the future, so that you may feel unencumbered in sending your children so that they may enjoy their family ties.

Linda, I would do anything for you and your family; not because you're my relatives, but because you're my fellow human being. I am sorry that you have a problem with me, and I hope the best for you and your family in the years to come.

*Sincerely,
Chris*

Again my family members proved their lack of respect and maturity. They're like little children fighting over toys wanting to end their conflicts and maintain their pride by punching each other in the face. Yet unlike little children, they do not have the love in their hearts to forgive and forget. What I did to them that would require their forgiveness, I'll never know. What they have done to me and my reputation by their lies, innuendo, assumptions, and misunderstandings is hard to forget. Just like I love and understand little children for their ignorance and pride while growing up, I have the ability to love, understand and wait for my relatives to grow up someday also. Until that day, I don't want any part of their foolish squabbles and games.

It doesn't take a scientist to figure out that my family actually believes that I am deceived by the devil. They believe this because I have left their religion, and thus their god. If they are true to their religious beliefs they have no other option than to admit that indeed Chris is deceived and misled by the devil. They claim that it is because I left their "God" and followed Satan that the bad things have happened to me in my life. In their "back-room" circles they are glad that I lost Brittany and Joshua, hoping that they will one day follow their religion instead of that of their dad. They hope that all my children will leave their father and join them. They mock me and my lifestyle.

Their intolerance, bigotry and the hate it perpetuates are the greatest thing that could happen to me to prove to my posterity and any who might read these things with an open mind, searching for truth, that organized religion and its by-products (my relatives) have destroyed love, tolerance and the peace among mankind more than anything else the human race has invented.

My children and their mothers, except for Paula, who has no desire to get to know me, know me better than anyone else. They have chosen me to be the father of their children above many other men. Any of them could choose a religious man, or a materially successful man, but they don't. None of them are

bound to me legally, yet this does not stop them from desiring that I be their child's example and mentor. Why do they choose me over these other men? Because they want their children to learn to love and accept others for who and what they are. They want their children to learn to be independent thinkers that have a desire to help the human race achieve peace and happiness by eliminating everything that causes bigotry, pride, and intolerance.

Jackie has experienced nothing but hate coming from the LDS Church towards me. Her parents can hardly stay in the same room with me, because of their belief that I follow Satan. She was present at my excommunication from the Mormon church and witnessed the arrogance and lack of love the council of men who put me on trial exhibited. She witnessed the lies and lack of respect that members of my own family have perpetuated against me because of my beliefs only. She has been turned off and disgusted by Mormon bigotry and hypocrisy and will never be a member of such an institution that would teach her children to do the same.

Marcee has experienced the same things as Jackie, except she has witnessed the extreme hatred and bigotry that comes from those who take their religious more seriously than others, i.e., fundamentalists. Radicals and fundamentalists are by-products of the religion from whence they formed their roots. Marcee has witnessed the strife and sadness that comes from the religion she has had contact with, which so happens to be the same religion that causes my family to disrespect me so much. She likewise will never raise her children in an atmosphere where they will be taught that their beliefs are better and more true than anyone else's.

Vicky is finding out that organized religion is more interested in making you a member of the said religion than living the precepts which they supposable believe in. She also has witnessed the bigotry and hate perpetuated by the Mormon faith, and has chosen not to let her children be swayed into the belief that there is only one truth, and that truth is Mormonism.

Of course, my family thinks I am a manipulator who has deceived these three women into having sex with me for my own gratification, and then captivating their minds by my magical powers so that I can control their lives and teach their children to follow the Devil as they suppose I do.

In this they are greatly mistaken and have no respect for the intelligence of these three women. I would bet on any one of them standing up to the most intelligent of any religious group and coming out on top.

If the Devil believes that we should love all people and concern ourselves more with accepting and helping others, than with what lies in our picket fence, then yes, I follow the Devil. If the Devil believes that the pursuit of worldly goods and honors by stepping on or over others is wrong, then I follow the Devil. If the Devil believes that the future of the human race depends on our ability to learn and understand truth by experience, patience, and put into practice the things which we learn so that our society will be a better place to live, then I follow the Devil.

If there is a Devil, then he is the promulgator of hate, arrogance, and bigotry. He causes humans to become angry towards one another because of belief. He teaches us to reject those who don't follow the same path as we do, and forbids his children from learning about anything or anyone but what he wants them too. He persecutes and tries to destroy the peace of others by claiming that his ways are the right ways, and there is no other way. He teaches that it is far more important to build a picket fence, put your family inside, and to hell with everyone else; and the bigger the picket fence, the better. He is the epitome organized religion.

I am not deceived. My desires are and have been since I left my religion to learn to love and accept others and do my best to perpetuate those things which will help the human race progress and not regress. I do not know all things. I search for anything that has proven itself to be good and peaceful. It is obvious that my grandmother and sister-in-law are products of their religion and a good argument for getting rid of the source of much of the world's problems, i.e., religion.

Those who have the love and patience to get to know me understand my desires and why I live my life the way I do. Those who do not know me, and have not the love and tolerance to attempt to, persecute me and spread vicious lies and rumors about someone they know nothing about; it seems they are afraid that if they did know me, they would do like those that do: give up their prejudices and begin to follow the same path of love, acceptance, and tolerance of others that I do.

Maybe this is what scares my "religious" relatives so much! If they weren't afraid, then what problem would they have with me?

Do they have reason to fear me? Fear of me harming their family physically is absolutely absurd. Fear of me taking any of their possessions, or even asking for any temporal help, is also absurd. However, if they fear that someday they might question their religious beliefs because my knowledge of their beliefs is greater than theirs, and I might say something that makes more sense than their blind faith allows them to see, then they should avoid and fear me like the plague.

Nevertheless, I have never intended to take away their religion or their beliefs. I know that many of their children will one day come to the same conclusion about their parents as I have: My father and mother love me and have done a lot for me, but boy, are they ignorant to reality!

It is useless for me to maintain filial bonds with those who live life for and because of different reasons than mine. My reasons are right for me and my children. Theirs are right for them. All though I think their lifestyles and beliefs are childish, bigoted, and arrogant, I do not think they are deceived, only under-educated and blinded by tradition and habits which have been inculcated in them since their birth.

I wish them luck in life and the pursuit of reality as they see it. I only hope that they will have the tolerance of persons like me, and please, don't "...punch [me] in the face...!!!"

THE END IS NEAR

Volume one of *Reality Quest* is nearing its conclusion.

In the next few issues of *Reality Quest* I will share with the reader two experiences that I have alluded to throughout the newsletter, but never explained. They will enlighten the reader as to why I started my quest and what makes me continue it. After these last issues of volume I, I will not send my writings to any who do not personally advise me that they want them. I will write monthly and continue to express my journey by way of the word. I plan on doing a few interesting things in volume II:

1. Finish the brief biographies of my immediate family.
2. Write a correspondence text with my Uncle Joe, which will be called "Me and Uncle Joe." Joe is a devout atheist and a very intelligent creature, when he wants to be, and this should prove quite interesting to the majority members of the Nemelka family, but very informative to others.
3. Travel across the country on my scooter, interviewing people of every race, town, and creed about their perceptions of reality. I will keep a detailed journal of what transpires.

Therefore, though the next few issues will surprise many, anger some, and harden a few more against me, it might be wise for any interested to let me know that they desire to stay in touch with an extraordinary quest for reality. If I don't hear from you, then good luck in your life and enjoy the reality you have made for yourself.

REALITY QUEST

Volume One

November 27, 1994

Issue XLVIII

WHY I BELIEVE

The following is the first of the two experiences which have been catalyst in propelling me forward in my search for what is real, and what is truth:

On December 23, 1981, I was serving a religious mission for the Mormon church in Buenos Aires, Argentina. I had just been made a senior companion to a new missionary.

David Luke was tall, handsome, and obviously the delight of his Mormon family who supported him on his mission. He was energetic and eager to learn the ropes of missionary work as I was expected to teach him. We got along great- much better than most missionary companionships do.

This particular Christmas Eve eve was no different than most holidays for Mormon missionaries separated from their families by their desire to serve their religious duty. It was a day full of recollecting Christmas memories and wondering what our loved ones were doing back home.

That Christmas would have passed as most do, enjoyed, but soon forgotten by the activities of our daily pursuits, had it not been for an experience which left its imprint on my soul for the rest of my life:

Late that night, (which in reality was early in the morning of the 24th), I was awoken by the terrible screams of my junior companion.

I immediately sat up in bed and turned toward my screaming comrade. My sleepy, but very scared and alert eyes focused on my companion. He had his right arm in front of him in a position as if he was attempting to shield his face from something. He was not in an upright position, yet he was visually locked on something in front of his bed which seemed to be the reason he had taken up such a defensive position with his arm.

I looked toward the foot of his bed. (Our beds were single beds, perpendicular to each other, about five feet apart.) I couldn't believe, (and still find it hard to today), what I saw.

I saw what appeared to be an apparition of sorts. It wasn't like any type of ghost that I was used to seeing in story books and in the movies, but a shadowy figure of a person about five feet high and quite thin. I could not distinguish any features at all because the room was very dark, and the being was standing in front of a small bedroom window which let in just enough moon light to make the outline of the being stand out prominently.

Instantly I felt a chill go up my back that stood every hair on end. I was too scared and amazed to rationally analyze what I was looking at; and being on a religious mission thinking I was doing God's work, I automatically thought that the being was an evil spirit sent there to try to stop me and my companion from furthering the Lord's work.

I had been taught that the name of the Jesus Christ would send any evil spirit scampering back to hell where they belong. Therefore, raising my right arm to the square, I commanded that being to depart in the name of Jesus Christ. Well, I guess my "priesthood" was a little rusty, because the being turned its head toward me and did nothing. It just stood there watching me, as if it were trying to figure out why and what I had just yelled at it.

I tried once again to command the thing to leave, but to no avail. The next thing I remember is my companion jumping the five feet distance to my bed and hugging me like a scared child. I can't remember noticing what the being did at this time, but I jumped toward the light switch and turned it on to find the room quite empty.

There were four other missionaries in the same house with us, and it wasn't long before they were all at our door wondering what all the screaming was about. After we told them what had happened, we

spent most of the night talking about what we thought was one of the most exciting, faith promoting experiences we have ever had.

I had seen something. What it was, I do not know. However, I will die knowing that I saw something that night at the foot of my companions bed. Something that was aware of us as much as we were aware of it.

I have left the beliefs of the Mormon faith knowing that its just that- another faith. I know my mind is as sound as any, and more intelligent than most, yet I can not deny the fact that I saw a being that I did not recognize as anything that I have witnessed before in mortality.

Why would the Devil have sent one of his servants to a couple of impressionable, young missionaries? He should have known that any experience like that would enhance our faith in God and not deter us from battling his evil forces. Nevertheless, my much more mature conscience tells me that what I saw is more than likely an intelligent being from another world, rather than a servant of the mythical evil one people call the devil.

However, I must concede that I do not know what I saw that night, only that I saw it. I saw it, my companion saw it, and neither of us can ever deny what occurred. I have tried to find David Luke since then, but have been unsuccessful in my attempts. I want to find him so that he, too, can give a testimony of what he saw. If he hasn't matured much, and is still believing in Mormon myths, he will have no choice but to testify that it was a evil spirit we saw that night. But no matter what it was that he thinks he saw, the fact will always remain that we both witnessed an apparition of something.

Because of this experience, I have held on to a strong belief, yea, a knowledge, that there are dimensions, beings, and powers which we have yet to uncover and understand as human beings. This knowledge, (I say knowledge because I know I saw that being like I know it takes oxygen to breath), has helped me to maintain a hope that perhaps this life is not as useless as it sometimes seems; that perhaps our intelligence today, is nothing like it will evolve into in some future time; and far more important, that perhaps what we sometimes perceive as reality, could very much be an illusion.

The preceding experience was the first of two experiences which I have had which have helped formed my "religious" beliefs. As mentioned, it has been a catalyst for me to keep trying to find the truth of reality. However, the following experience, though I can not rationally explain as real with the same fervor as the previous, has affected me more in my thinking and understanding than any other single event:

Every quest has a goal, and eventually, an end. Does reality end? If it does, my quest has an end. My goal: to find out if reality has an end, and if it does, what is the reality of this end.

I believe I know more about the relationships between the opposite sexes than most humans will ever understand; and why do I believe I have this knowledge? Because I have experienced many different types of these relationships, many more than most individuals. Thus, by this experience I have gained much knowledge.

To know if reality ends, or better said, if death is the final reality, then I must experience death in order to truly say that my quest has ended and I have found out what reality really is. If death is the end, then I will never know what reality is, because I will cease to exist, and all my experiences which helped me gain my knowledge of reality will be lost in oblivion.

Having been taught as a child that there is life after death, I continued with this hope letting religion guide my thoughts and form my beliefs of what it might be like. As I began to search for reality, having learned that I was taught by religious leaders who made up their truths as they went along, I found that my inculcated traditions and teachings of life after death were the illusions of those who formed the church to which I belonged. This knowledge came from experience. Well was it said, "Ignorance is bliss." For had I remained ignorant of the truth about my religion, I would never have experienced the pain and sorrow that I have.

Nevertheless, I would have never gained the knowledge that I now have about reality, nor would I have had the following experience which had more influence on me to continue my quest than any other:

Finding out that I had been deceived by the religion, god, and traditions that I had trusted in for the better part of 26 years, I became disillusioned about life and its meaning. Nothing made sense anymore. I decided that if there was a god that cared anything about me, he, she, or it would tell me by some miraculous act, or teach me when I died. I also concluded at this time that if there was any such thing as a spirit, or spiritual being, and that if death was a release of the spirit from the body, then if I died, I would enter this spirit world and there find the answers to all the questions that have ever plagued my mind.

Having no hope or faith in spiritual things and no cause to believe that there was any decency among the human race to which I belonged, I decided to end my quest, or proceed with it with a hope that I would finally understand reality. In other words, I wanted to die and see for myself what it's all about. If I was no longer conscience when I died, then I wouldn't have to worry if my suicide hurt my loved ones, or caused others pain. (I knew that very few people cared if I lived or died anyway.) And if I my "spirit" lived on, my quest would continue.

I chose a secluded spot in the foothills outside of Salt Lake City, Utah. It was a cool, fall evening, so I knew there would be very few people wandering about that could stop me from doing what I had set out to do.

Aspirin is a miracle drug. I had found great relief from much pain and headaches by taking this drug. I figured the easiest way to end my life, was to do so feeling good. *Extra Strength Excedrin* is the best stuff I have ever taken. I usually took two pills which almost always left me light-headed, but relieved of any stress I was feeling at the time.

I stopped at a 7-11 convenience store near the entrance to the mountain pass that I had chosen to hike up. I bought a bottle of 100 pills with a twenty dollar bill, and gave the cashier a great "keep the change" tip. I didn't bother leaving any suicide note, or anything else explaining my actions to my relatives, which except for a few, would probably feel relieved at what I was about to do. Why leave a note? If death was it, I didn't have to worry about a thing. If I entered a spiritual realm, I would surely be happy that I was continuing my quest, but now, without the frailties of a mortal body.

Anyway, I did not concern myself with what my death might do to others, only with what I would gain from the experience. Yes, suicide is a very selfish act.

I hiked about one mile up the canyon road before I came to a path off the main road, which, believe it or not, I felt "inspired" to take. I hiked up this path for about an hour before I felt totally alone and ready to proceed with my plan. I made one mistake- I didn't bring anything with me to wash the pills down.

Well, being determined to take this unknown step which very few, if any, have returned from, I swallowed almost the entire 100 pills, one or two at a time with no liquid to help them down.

I had selected a rather large tree stump to sit down against, and the cold, autumn breeze had my knees knocking unconsciously against each other, as I sat quietly still waiting for what ever was going to happen to take place.

I looked up at the sky, but saw no stars, just clouds covering the world's ceiling like the cloud covering my desire to live as a mortal. I was not crazy. I was totally aware of what I was doing, and even joked with myself about the whole ordeal.

I can't remember how long it took for the aspirin to take its effect on my body. I do remember feeling very warm and peaceful as I sat there. I remembered thinking about my children and what they would think of their dad taking his own life for selfish reasons. I know people take their life, because they are depressed, or insane, (what ever this means), but I was doing it to gain more knowledge- I convinced myself that they would understand.

The next thing I remembered as a competent, mortal human being was coughing up more vomit, which joined the stench all ready covering my upper chest. My throat burned like I had just swallowed a lit torch. I felt dizzy and disoriented. But as I sat there for a moment putting my thoughts together, I realized that what had just happened to me would change my life, and perhaps many others, forever.

I had died and came back.

The first thing I remembered after taking the pills and feeling warm and peaceful is waking up in total darkness. For a moment I thought I was waking up in the woods under the cloud covered sky which would not allow the light from the moon or the stars to shine through. This I assumed because I remember seeing the same trees and mountain sides which I had seen hiking up the trail. Looking back on the situation and what I perceived at the time, I realize that I was somehow flying through the trees and the scenery that had become familiar to me by my short hike. However, it wasn't long before I realized that I couldn't perceive anything but thick darkness.

Then I began to move. I can not say for sure that I was moving, or if everything else around me was moving, but I perceived motion taking place. I then thought about other near death experiences in which others had mentioned a black tunnel that they were traveling through. There is no way I could honestly call this darkness a tunnel. A tunnel has sides; whether rounded or square, it still has sides; and this dark abyss had no perceivable formation at all.

At this point I began to think that I had done it. I had died. I began to get excited and anxious for anything to happen. That's when I noticed a light in the distance. Now I could see why this darkness was described as a tunnel, because the light appeared rounded in appearance, and seemed to grow bigger and brighter. I could still not tell whether I was moving toward it, or it was moving toward me. Nevertheless, it wasn't long before I was totally surrounded by light as intensely bright as the darkness had been dark.

It was as if I had just entered a large, glorious room. I immediately could sense others in the room with me. Though I couldn't see them at first, I could sense them somehow. Then one of the most wonderful feelings I have ever felt in my life totally engulfed every part of my being, which at the time, I didn't know what kind of being I was. If you have ever walked into a room where there were many people expecting you and waiting to congratulate you for some well done effort, you can comprehend the feeling, intensified a zillion times, that I felt. The source of this feeling seemed to emanate from the light, yet the light was not the source. The source seemed to be a being, which I am sure to everyone that has died and will die hereafter, is God, the Lord, Allah, Buddha, or whatever deity, or belief the individual acquired in mortality.

Once I was greeted with this light, I soon noticed individual beings there to greet me. I immediately recognized my grandfather, two of my uncles, and my cousin who had died years before. I can't say I actually saw them, but I perceived them as the beings that I knew as my relatives in mortality.

My grandfather appeared as I remembered him. My uncle Duane looked as much like my father as I remembered him as a youth. My uncle Carl and my cousin John, were just as I remembered them. I knew them not from sight, but from my own memories. There were other beings there also, but my focus was on those I have just mentioned.

I realized that a spiritual being does not see as a mortal sees, but perceives the thoughts and memories of others. I could perceive that the being in front of me had a memory of being called grandpa by me at some previous time. That's how I knew he was my grandfather- from his memories which spawned mine.

I then turned my focus momentarily to an entity that I did not recognize at first. It took me just a moment before his memories of dealing with me told me that he was a friend I had in the 8th grade in Kalispell, Montana, who had died in a fatal car wreck while in High School. Randy Heaton was his name. I knew so much about him by focusing on his memories and thoughts. When our memories of each other came to mind, I recognized when and where I knew him.

I turned back to my grandfather and perceived his warm, loving smile, or so it seemed. "I'm dead, ain't I grandpa?" I somehow felt myself communicating to him. "Well," he said, "It depends on how you look at it."

Spiritual communication is like mortal talk except there is no need for the secondary function of mortal communication- my brain had no need to tell my voice box to form the words, because I had no voice box. Therefore, communication was much easier, much faster and understandable. If one's vocabulary is not proficient enough to communicate exactly what they are trying to say to another human being, no need to worry about this in the spiritual realm, your thoughts say what you mean, and mean what you say every time.

"Am I in some sort of trouble for killing myself?" I went on to ask my grandpa. "How can you be in trouble for killing yourself when you're still alive?" he responded. "Think about your life for a moment, Chris." "Figure out for yourself if you've done something wrong."

I thought about my life. What a rush! I could remember anything I wanted to. (Many things I didn't want to.) My memories flashed through my perception like a picture screen. I could go to any period in my life and recall any instance. It was totally amazing. The bad part about it was that so could anyone else who concentrated and focused on my being. There are no "skeletons in the closet" in the spiritual realm.

At the conclusion of my life review, I concluded that I had made the right choice in ending my mortal life as I did, but more importantly, for the reason I did.

I felt as if every being in that place where I found myself was applauding the life I had lived. Though I couldn't actually perceive a clapping sound, I knew that if all these beings had bodies again, they would be clapping and cheering for me. ...continued...

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Volume One

December 5, 1994

Issue XLIX

...continued...

"Was I that good?" I asked my grandpa. "You were the best you could be, but most importantly, you were the best for you; and no one could have lived your life as well as you," he said very praisingly.

I then began to perceive other groups of people gathered around each other. I soon realized that I was in some sort of a welcoming area, and that all the other groups of people were welcoming others who had just died. The feeling that came from within the light was not from a god, or any other type of being, but from the welcoming feelings coming from the countless numbers of beings greeting loved ones that they knew while mortal.

I communicated briefly with each of those who shared memories with me, and was beckoned by my grandpa to follow him out of this part, of what I now must call the spiritual dimension, into a world of indescribable wonder.

I don't know the right words to give an accurate description of what I saw. As mortals we see light prisms and rays which are bounced off the object we are looking at and back into our eye where our brain figures out what we are looking at. Without a mortal body, seeing is nothing more than perception. There was a great amount of light- not like any light that my memory could recall seeing as a mortal. Obviously I had no brain or eyes to catch any light bouncing off what I was seeing. Yet, I could still visualize what was taking place before me.

Everyone was dressed, as I perceived it, in white robes covering their beings. What surprised me immensely was that I perceived no gender in the beings with whom I shared no memories. However, when I focused my thoughts on the particular individual, and they likewise focused on me, I determined what sex they had been as a mortal. I read their memories.

As a youth I was taught by the particular religion that I belonged to that we all lived as spirits before we came to earth. I remember asking one of my religious leaders what we looked like as spirits before we came to earth. He told me that our mortal bodies looked very much like our spiritual bodies. I never questioned his answer; and now I found out he was wrong.

Part of the teaching of a preexistent state included the belief that we were spiritually begotten by a spirit mother and father; that our father was God, the Father, who had the eternal ability to create spiritual bodies for his children by some sort of union with his eternal wives. (I say wives, because if this belief were true, it would make sense that polygamy is the lifestyle of the gods, because one god can create a lot of spirits with lots of wives, if it so be that the spirit mother had one child at a time.) If this were the case, then it would seem that my spirit body would look like that of my father and mother. Perhaps I would have had my eternal father's nose, and my eternal mother's eyes. Nevertheless, I look like my mortal mother and father. My grandfather looked like his earthly mother and father, yet when I met him in the spiritual dimension, he looked exactly like the way I remembered him as a mortal. Therefore, his spirit before he was mortal could not be the same spirit that I was seeing, or it would have looked like his eternal father and his eternal mother.

It didn't take me long to realize that we see other's spirits according to what we can perceive from their memories and thoughts. If I never met a person as a mortal, and therefore shared no memories with he or she, when I meet them as a spirit, I will form my own perception of what they look like from *their* memories. However, if I meet someone I have shared memories with, I will see them as I remembered them. Since I got my perception of the beings I didn't know from their own memories, I am sure I was perceiving them as they perceived themselves. For this reason most of the spirits appeared to be very beautiful in appearance; there are few mortals who perceive themselves as being ugly, even if others do. Beauty truly is in the eye of the beholder.

As mentioned before, the strangest thing that I noticed as I looked around at the vast multitudes of spiritual beings, is that I could not determine their sexuality; and what was more interesting, is that a lot of

them, those who I made an attempt to communicate with, had both male and female memories. This stunned me at first, but soon clarified itself later on. (This will be discussed later.)

My entourage, which included my grandfather and the others who had greeted me in what I now call the spirit reception center, stopped when I stopped and proceeded as I did. I was aware that others joined out entourage, and it seemed that I had quite a following.

One of the first questions I asked those who followed me was the question that all mortals probably ask upon dying: "Where is God?" Almost instantly as I thought this question, (you see, I couldn't speak without a voice box,) a surge of knowledge came to me like a micro-burst of wind. It was if all the people who understood my inquiry answered at the same time. At last I found the answer to the age old question of a supreme being.

In the reception center I mentioned that a feeling of love and acceptance seem to radiate out of the light which filled the room. I also mentioned that there was no being which caused the feeling, but that it came from the people who were in that area greeting their loved ones who had just entered the spirit world. I remembered reading the near death experiences of others, where they perceived this light and the overwhelming feeling that came from it as their God, nor matter what belief they may have had. Most of these individuals never stayed in the spirit world long enough to understand the concept of God.

I understood at that moment that there was no one individual that ruled the rest, but that all beings had a say in what was taking place in their existence. It was the ultimate democracy, perpetuated by the free-agency of the being. I then realized that an omnipotent god who could do anything it wanted to the beings which it created, could not be possible if the being was truly a individual being with its own powers and existence. If there was such a being as the god taught to most mortals, we would all be puppets, unaccountable for our successes or mistakes. Thus, existence would be useless and futile.

I understood that there was a government, of sorts, set up by the spiritual beings to govern the actions of the rest. I found this government to be very similar to the free governments of mortality, except for one thing: In order to be a leader in this government, one had to have demonstrated its potential to serve the rest without any selfish nature at all. In other words, these beings existed to serve others, selflessly forever. The power which they had was no more than any being had, but their knowledge and experience was incredible. They had power in that the rest of the beings honored them as their leaders. However, if one were to fail in its duties, it would be immediately relieved of its leadership.

How did I know all this? Well, two individuals had joined my entourage and I perceived them as leaders among the beings. When I focused my attention on them, I understood who they were and what they did. From their thoughts I understood that they were male in their most recent mortality. I say most recent, because many spirits have lived various mortalities as different genders.

Their warmth and acceptance towards me was greater than any I have ever experienced by any stranger I had met for the first time. Unlike strangers in mortality, I felt very comfortable around these two beings, and thought of them as I would my closest friends. It was from these that I learned about the workings of the spiritual government. I learned that the spirit world works as closely as possible with mortals to help them create the best environment they can in mortality. It's a very accurate statement to say that the founding fathers of the American government in the United States of America were inspired to form the government they did. They were. As mentioned before, this free government is very similar to the spiritual government I perceived- minus the self-righteous, self-serving politicians and lobbyists. In fact, if the U.S. Government would do away with lobbyists, they would be even closer. In the spiritual realm, the government does only what is best for the beings it guides. The leaders receive no extra power, prestige, or riches for their service. Truly, all spirits are created equal and remain so forever.

I mentioned created in the previous paragraph. The next question that I asked was, "Who created all these beings?" This time the knowledge came much more subtle. What I did learn is that nothing spiritual was ever created, but the beings before me had evolved into becoming what they are today. Whether those who I was focusing on didn't know the answer, or they were hiding it from me, I do not know. But, I could not perceive anything more than the fact that no spiritual being was ever created, for anything created, can be destroyed and ended, and spiritual entities were eternal. I believe there were some things not revealed (understood) to me at that time. However, I still wonder to this day how they could hide any knowledge from me, because knowledge is the memory of facts and figures, and I could perceive everything they knew. Yet, I also learned that intelligence is the application of knowledge, and there are not as many intelligent beings as there are knowledgeable ones; and it could very well be that truly intelligent

beings have found a way to keep the facts, or truth, from other beings who either couldn't or wouldn't use the application of these truths for the benefit of the whole. Anyway, I still don't know the answers to many of my questions. I guess I'm knowledgeable, but not intelligent enough.

The two beings mentioned were not there to command me or instruct me. As mentioned before, unless they were somehow hiding something from me, I knew what they knew. They seem to have an authority among the rest of the beings, and were concerned about how I was handling my visit to this extraordinary dimension.

I realized that what was taking place was not the orthodox way of living in this spiritual realm. I was to return to mortality. Obviously, this was the reason why these two beings led the entourage that accompanied me throughout the rest of my journey.

I was not compelled to follow any certain direction or do any particular thing. I was left to myself, to go where I wanted to, and communicate with whom I chose. I could perceive that motion was taking place among the spiritual entities, but not anything like walking or moving in mortality. In mortality, the gravity of the earth pushes down on our bodies and pushes against us as we try to move forward. As spirits there exists no external force which inhibits our movements in any way. Therefore, I was able to move at tremendously great speeds, so it seemed, when and where I wanted to.

This place was huge. It seemed endless with no boundaries. However, I soon learned that the spirit world ends where mortality begins. Nevertheless, the interaction between the two worlds was incredible.

As mortals we do not understand why premonitions or thoughts seem to come from no where. Our ability to determine if our thoughts come from our own making or from some other source is inept. Many religionists who claim revelation have made it their belief that "God" is communicating with them and instructing them. These pious individuals are prideful in their determination that they receive special revelation, but will come to the knowledge after death that even the most heinous atheists receive the same kind of communication that they do from spiritual beings. Here's an example that I witnessed:

I noticed a being, who from its memories, I perceived to be a woman, very much focused in every way upon something going on in mortality. (Here I should mention that just by thinking about it, a spirit can be almost anywhere they wish to be in mortality.) I focused on what she (if using this gender can be proper without confusing the reader) was doing. Immediately I found myself in the bedroom of a mortal boy who appeared to be in his early teens. He was sprawled on his bed engaged in prayer. His prayers were to God. I looked around the room and found only myself and this being, which I now knew to be his mother, in the vicinity of the boy's voice. In other words, it was only us two who were focusing on what the boy was saying. Of course I couldn't hear his words, for I had no mortal ears to pick up the vibrations coming from his throat. Yet I perceived his anguish and his desires.

It seemed he had been bothered with his relationship with his step-mother, and was seeking some condolence from his god. As I listened more intently, I perceived that he had some sexual feelings for his new mother. These feelings made him sad, and I could tell he felt sinful and dirty. He was asking for help in overcoming the yearning of his libido.

I observed the spiritual being attempting to give him encouragement and succor in his time of need. I noticed how difficult it was for her to get her mortal son to concentrate on what she was trying to tell him. He was so engulfed in his own misery that he failed to open his mind to the answer to his prayer.

Presently, one of the two spirits which were accompanying me appeared in the room where there was once only me, the boy, and his deceased mother. He gently, as if he whispered, told the boy something to the effect that God understood, and that everything would be okay. Somehow the boy heard the communication of this entity, and felt an immediate calmness. What exactly this being said to the boy, I do not know.

The question that formed in my own mind was, "What would have happened to the boy if he only had his deceased mother to answer his prayer?" I already knew these two beings were not gods as mortals perceive "God" as being, yet they answered this boy's prayer when his mother couldn't.

I immediately understood that the boy's prayer wouldn't have been answered at that time had I not come along with my guides.

In the spiritual realm, the dead are concerned with those they were the most familiar with in mortality. This mother knew her son was having a problem with his step-mother and was watching him trying to help him out. This mother did not have the knowledge, and therefore, not the ability to help her

son. However, she knew that if she could not help him in his problem, and it was in her son's best interest to be helped, that she could go to other beings who were experienced and knowledgeable in dealing with this situation. However, these beings would not have been aware of the boy's problem if the mother, or someone else, did not inform them of his need.

There are many times that inexperienced spiritual beings give incorrect advice to their mortal loved ones, thus causing the mortal situation to become worse. I learned that just as wisdom is acquired in mortality by experience, it is acquired the same way as a spirit.

Finally I had an answer to the question which had bothered me as a mortal child, and perplexed me as an adult: "How does God hear and answer so many prayers at the same time?"

Spiritual beings are very active in trying to help out mortals in their struggles of life on earth. A spirit can interact with whomever, whenever it chooses. Nevertheless, the mortal being does not necessarily have to use the direction given in his or her life, nor are they always capable of understanding the spiritual guidance given them. What is interesting to note is that a mortal can be given direction from experienced beings who know what they are doing, or from inexperienced beings who want to help, but might find it a wiser thing to not give their direction until experience teaches them what the best thing to do would be.

I entered back into the spiritual realm after this experience with a better understanding of revelation, prayer, and demonic possession. The latter is only the inexperience of beings who don't know what they are doing with their ability to interact with mortals.

From this being, who was the mother of the mortal boy I had witnessed praying, I sensed a great amount of grief and turmoil. It seemed as if she was not happy living in the spirit world, and wished she could return. I again focused on the thoughts of this being and found her to be quite upset and jealous of the relationship her late, mortal husband was having with his new wife. It seems she had been dead for about three years, and that her mortal husband had remarried a wonderful woman who filled the void that was left in a man's heart who had loved his deceased wife dearly. His new wife was beautiful and loving to the children she had left behind. Their sexual relationship was gratifying and very sensual- much more sensual than that which this spirit being had experienced with him. Instead of being happy for her late husband, she was miserable and couldn't believe he could forget her that easily.

Yes, this spiritual being was in a state of hell; frustrated that the relationship she once shared with this mortal man was replaced by what she perceived to be a better one.

It didn't take me long to realize that there were many (a great many) beings who were in the same situation as this woman. What was far worse for these beings was the ability to perceive the thoughts of their loved ones that they thought they knew in mortality. Young wives who had died saw the lust imbedded in their former husbands hearts, as these mortal men searched desperately for someone to replace them. The beings who had been of the male gender, fretted themselves and humbled their egos as they witnessed the ones they had loved, fall in love again after they promised their now "dead" sweethearts that they could never be replaced.

I soon realized the unimportance that mortal relationships are in the spectrum of reality. No wonder so many individuals in the history of the human race, who were known for their wisdom and serenity preached against the orthodox relationships of mortals. Jesus, Ghandi, the Buddha, Mohammed, and many others had no interest in marriage, the ego trip of being a parent, or close relationships. Without these relationships, these and many others were able to come to an understanding of humanity and reality that few have reached.

I finally found the answer to a religious questions which had plague my mind since my early teenage years. I had been taught that "Families are Forever." This is the theme and greatest selling point of the Mormon religion. The emotional security that one feels as a mortal knowing that even after death one's loved ones will remain their "family", instills a great hope and desire to improve one's relationship with his or her family in mortality. However, I could find no evidence in the early teachings of the Mormon church, or in any part of their canonized scriptures, which included *the Bible*, *The Book of Mormon*, *Pearl of Great Price*, and *The Doctrine of Covenants*, that supported the doctrine or idea of "Families are Forever." When I questioned a church official as to why we believed in a doctrine that is not in the scriptures and was not taught by the founders of our faith, he explained that he "...didn't understand all things, but that we should have faith in the modern revelation of God's leaders on earth." ...continued...

REALITY QUEST

Volume One

December 12, 1994

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Finally, I found the answer to this and many other questions which bothered me for so many years- questions which had no answers, but were simply accepted as unanswerable because of blind faith in men who were supposed to be God's spokesmen on earth.

I was physically (spiritually) closer to the reality of "God" than any of these men. In fact, I had the opportunity to speak with many of the most recently deceased religious leaders of my time, and from their humility I gained a great amount of knowledge about religions and beliefs.

Religions are invented by men, but perpetuated by spiritual beings who know what they are doing. The mortal being needs a hope, a belief, in something that will keep them trying to live and experience life. Our former memories are erased upon birth, thus making it impossible for us to recall our prior existence. As mentioned before, if we understood the reality of our existence, any little problem or obstacle which caused us sorrow in mortality, would give us an excuse to kill our mortal bodies and enter the tranquility that is felt in the spirit world. Needless to say, no one would hang around in a corrupt world when a better place of peace could be attained by killing one's mortal body; no one would want to stay in mortality, and hence, the experience of mortality would be useless.

According to our culture, upbringing, and ability to understand, (depending on the point of evolution our spirit is at), spiritual beings work through mortals in establishing a hope, belief, or better said and understood by all, a religion which meets each of our needs and circumstances. In other words, it is much easier for an oriental person to accept the hope of Nirvana rooted in Buddhism, than it would be for him or her to accept the doctrines and beliefs of a Heavenly Father taught in the dogma of Western Christianity. Likewise, as the world becomes more unified in education, economy, and the culture barriers that once divided human beings begin to crumble, we see very different religions and beliefs emerging.

Just as our mortal bodies have evolved to be what they are; and just as they continue to evolve, our intelligence continues to grow. As it grows, that which is required to satisfy our need to hope in something beyond mortality, evolves also.

There are many wise and noble spiritual beings which know what the needs of mortals are. These spirits aid in the formation of the different beliefs that emerge in mortality. In a sense, the prophets of Judaism, the sages of the orient, and the evangelists of modern Christianity are all inspired by "God" to give their form of "hope" to mortals who need it according to their particular circumstances.

Many readers will ask the question, therefore: "Does God exist? Which religion is *His* true church? The reality: God exists, Buddha exists, Allah exists, the Great Spirit of the American Indian exists, Jesus was a prophet of God, Mohammed was, Joseph Smith was, and believe it or not, Oral Roberts is a mouth piece of God given the revelation he needs to give to those who look up to him for hope.

From my experience in the spirit world, as well as in mortality, I learned about the problems of organized religion. I found many spirits suffering exceedingly from the deeds that they had done as mortals in the name of religion. More particularly was one certain gentleman that I perceived was involved in the early Puritan witch burnings of the New England area.

I perceived the embarrassment that he felt when he realized that those who he thought were followers of Satan, were more evolved spiritually than he was as a mortal. Having never been able to forgive himself, he has never gone back to mortality to develop his spirit further, because he is afraid of committing the same acts of bigotry and hatred he did back in the 17th century.

The greatest knowledge I came to understand in this spiritual realm was the reason for mortality and its eventual end. I learned that our spirits are evolving and becoming more intelligent with each mortal

experience. Our personalities, emotional characteristics, and uniqueness as mortals are because of our spirits. I finally understood why I was so much different than all the rest of my brothers and sisters, who even though we were raised in the same house with basically the same circumstances, we each are very different. Animals, on the other hand, exhibit the same instinctual behaviors, and except for markings, colorings, or interbreedings, can not be told apart from each other. Instincts are the beginnings of our spiritual evolution, just like the Neanderthal man was part of the beginnings of our mortal bodies.

One day humankind will evolve into the kind of beings which fit their intelligence. One day the gene that determines when a human being begins to grow old will be discovered and controlled, so that instead of our bodies one day starting to degenerate, they will resurrect themselves continually as does the body of a twenty-year old. It always amazed me to understand that any broken bone, lacerated skin, or clogged heart could repair itself with amazing accuracy. Yet, when the body says it's time to grow old, there is nothing we can do to stop it.

There are beings from other planets which visit planet earth. They look different, because they have evolved to the intelligence which requires a different type of body. Many of the wise spirits, which I perceived to be wise, chose to remain spirits to help out in the spiritual realm. The few I was able to communicate with would never come back to earth and take on a body like that which I have, for it could never serve their intelligence. If they ever do decide to take a mortal body of terrestrial materials, it will be in another world where they could live more compatible with the other beings there.

Oh, how reality makes much more sense than the theories of men. We not only are evolving physically, but our intelligence is also evolving. Our advancements in medical science have saved the lives of millions of mortals who otherwise would have died. These seemingly miraculous achievements will be as tinker-toy ideas in another 100 years when our ability to save the mortal body will be 1000 times more advanced than it is now. We will discover how atmosphere and water work with one another to create the downward gravitational pull that keeps us from flying off this third planet from the sun. Upon this discovery, we will create atmosphere on other planets, or create other planets and their solar systems all together.

Our knowledge of nuclear energy is miniscule compared to the knowledge that we will have to create the nuclear energy of a sun which will warm the planets we create. We will find the balance that is necessary in the universe to create life- the same life that was our mortal beginnings.

We will learn not only the laws of nature, but the laws of societal living which will assure us peace with each other forever. If we had the chance to live forever, owing to the fact that we now can control the gene that makes us age, who in their right mind would want to live forever in a society of hate, bigotry, death, and greed as we have thus evolved into. However, our evolved society is much better than it was 1000 years ago, or even 100 years ago. (Ask any woman, or colored person!)

We try new things, new ideas, new governments and laws. We learn from the mistakes of our ancestors sometimes improving on their mistakes, and sometimes repeating them. What is fascinating to me is that even though we leave one existence of learning behind, we continue our quest for understanding in death as beings unencumbered by mortal burdens. We see things differently with broader minds, and a greater capacity to learn. With our spiritual ability to improve our intellect, we desire to help other mortals to improve their situation in mortality so that one day we can become mortal again, thus using our newly gained intellect to be useful to society.

What would happen to Albert Einstein had he been born into mortality in the 17th century? The answer is obvious, he would have been burned at the stake as a warlock. Yes, you Christian readers, the man who you call Jesus, wanted to be born at the time he was, knowing fully well that he would be rejected and killed for what his intelligence tried to share with the mortals who were down a few steps on their evolutionary ladder.

Yes, it is a true statement that the Founding Fathers of the United States of America were inspired from on high. Many intelligent spirits were present during the constitutional convention giving their input when and however they could. (It's very hard sometimes to get a mortal to listen to the promptings of a spiritual being. Most are hardened by so much tradition and mortal ignorance, that a lot of new ideas that pop into their heads get tucked away under "the influence of the devil," or "that will never work.")

The spiritual realm works hand in hand with mortality to establish what both worlds think is best. Spiritual beings do not know a lot more than mortals. The spirit being, as the mortal one, learns by experience. The democracy of the United States had never been tried before; so we did it; and it worked.

However, it is not perfect. The ramifications of this government has caused crime to soar to a never experienced height. Therefore, the thinkers of the spiritual world try to communicate new ideas to men like Carl Marx and Lenin. Through these men a new idea of government is attempted. It fails. So we continue working together to find the best form of societal government to establish among ourselves, so that when the time comes that we can choose to die if we wish, we will have a better place to experience the option.

After I received this surge of knowledge in my spiritual experience, I began to see the fallacy and danger of what was taking place in mortality at the time of my life. I realized that we all learn by experience; that we can not be told that this is the way things should be; that like teenagers who would be better off if they learned from our mistakes, but become better adults if they experience our mistakes for themselves, then they will know without doubt, we also must experience the whole of life and the mistakes that come along with it, so that we will grow and learn, and be in a better position on our ladder of spiritual evolution.

The danger that I saw in mortality was the ignorance of so many and their desire to have some one solve their problems for them without them having to do anything but sit back and watch their perfect world come into play. Jesus for the Christians, Jehovah for the Jews, and Allah for the Muslims were the beings that the majority of the world's population are waiting for to take away their problems and make paradise for them on their planet. These same mortals wait for their particular saviour to rid planet earth of their enemies, (which to most is everyone who doesn't believe as they do), and put them up as some special people who deserve to be treated better than anyone else.

"These guys aren't coming!" I emotionally thought. "Why do mortals kill and hate each other because of the hope of peace that they each hold in their hearts?" "Why can't they see that peace will come only by the actions of those who desire it?"

Even if it were true that one of these three great beings were to come and exonerated their followers and set up the utopia of righteousness, their followers would not learn to have peace and to love, they would be forced to. If this is the case, then mortality is useless and all our experiences are good for nothing, because we will have to bow our heads and conform our mortal lives to one of these three religions, or be destroyed. Thus becoming puppets to this "God".

For the first time in my experience I felt like I was in hell. I remembered the hate I had for the corruption of the rich, the ignorance of the Jew, and the arrogance of the Gentile. (To me, being Mormon, everyone who did not belong to my church was a Gentile.) I remembered the hurt that I had caused others because of my foolish beliefs and the fruit which was harvested from the arrogant tree I called myself. I was sobbing. No tears were shed, for I had no body, however, the pain was still the same. "Why had I let myself get caught up in the web of my own ego, trapped and wrapped up in the silk of religious dogma?" I was no better than Adolf Hitler, Gangs Khan, or any other barbaric mortal who because of his beliefs, persecuted and hated others. Indeed, I felt the pains and burnings of hell.

The feelings I felt, which I have labeled "Hell", were heavy and burdensome. I thought that I would have felt bad for masturbating as a teenager, or having intercourse before I was married, stealing a pop at the local convenience store, or lying to my father about who broke the car window. Yet, none of these so called "sins" caused me misery. What caused my pain was the pain I caused others, because of my ignorance and selfishness.

As suddenly as these feelings of hell engulfed my soul, they left, and I felt as if I was floating on the softest cloud. I could perceive the love, understanding and acceptance of the other beings who were accompanying me and aware of my anguish. My grandfather comforted me the most by saying, "Most of us have felt the same way. I especially shared your anguish, because I was the promulgator of your arrogance and mortal beliefs."

Indeed my grandfather had suffered and is still suffering to this day as he witnesses the arrogance, hate, bigotry, and strife that goes on in his family because of the things which he believed and taught. He had taught my father to raise his children in the Mormon church and teach them that it is the only true church of God and that all the rest are products of the devil to entice his posterity away from the truth. My father told me that the last thing he remembers his dad tell him before he died was, "Stay close to the church, Michael." Because of my dad's love for my grandfather, and his own ignorance, he holds fast to his devotion to his father to this day.

I felt my grandfather's pain and sorrow as his memory recounted the persecution that I had gone through and to which I would be subjected by the members of my own family, because of their religious beliefs which he had instilled and taught while mortal. I couldn't ease my grandfather's pain. He was in hell.

After my grandfather and I stopped concentrating on our mistakes in mortality, we shared an outburst of love and emotion which I have yet to experience with any other being. I was overwhelmed, as well as he was, with the feeling of love and acceptance that I perceived. I am sure that had I a mortal body, it would have never been able to handle such intense emotion.

Throughout the whole experience I had never once thought about going back to mortality. I was dead and that was fine by me. However, after experiencing "hell" I desired, to myself, the ability to go back to mortality, and live my life in a way that I would not have to experience hell again. Of course, any thought as a spirit is like a shout to anyone who is listening in the spirit world. One of the two beings who were accompanying my entourage came forward and told me that I was to go back to mortality. I then perceived from his mind that I would never have tried to take my own life had I not been influenced to do so by him. He knew that I was too prideful and stubborn to give up on life just because I didn't understand a few things about reality. He explained that I was a rarity in mortality, because I had no desire to be there, yet no desire to leave. He explained that many of the experiences that I had in life were due to his manipulation of the decisions that I had made for myself. In other words, he was my guardian angel, and made sure that what I wanted out of mortality when I first decided to enter it in 1961, is what I got. No sooner had I thought the question, "What did I want out of mortality?" than the response filled my thoughts like a river fills a gorge below a broken dam. I wanted to find reality.

Reality was that I was an evolutionary being who was climbing a ladder of existence that didn't have a last step. I climb and I climb, and with each step the ladder seems to add another one at the top. The quest for reality is endless, as endless as my existence, and mortality is just one more step which I have taken before, but at a much lower level.

The next thing I remember was the pain I felt in my stomach and the stench of my own vomit which covered my chest.

I was alive in the cold mountains of Utah. I had died and came back to life. I laid in the same spot for a long time wondering what it was that I had just experienced. Was it a dream? Was my mind reacting to the aspirin that inundated my brain in such a way to cause that everything that I had thought about or experienced to come together in some sort of fantasy?

Whatever happened that night, changed my life forever. My perceptions of life and truth, and the way I treat my fellow mortals were enhanced immensely. My ability to think and analyze became clearer than at any other time in my life.

My quest for reality began!

So what do you think? Am I insane? Or has "God" answered my prayer when I asked to know the truth about life, and what it means?

I have my own opinion of the answers to the previous questions, and I know that the reader will form his or her own opinion of my experiences. What ever the truth is, I must maintain that as I walk onward in my quest for reality, my muscles are strengthening and toning themselves into a physic of understanding and knowledge that allows me to bear the tremendous burdens of a ruthless, deceptive world where illusion, mis-direction, hypnotism, and out right lies are the fundamental basis of a human's happiness.

"Scotty, beam me up!"

THE END OF VOLUME ONE

