

# REALITY QUEST

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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 a 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 satisfied 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 minuscule 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, Genghis 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

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Scotty".