

LDE

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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



The Divine Butler • Beyond Our Fears
Lessons from Lucid Dreaming
Learning, Tested, and Teaching in Lucid Dreams

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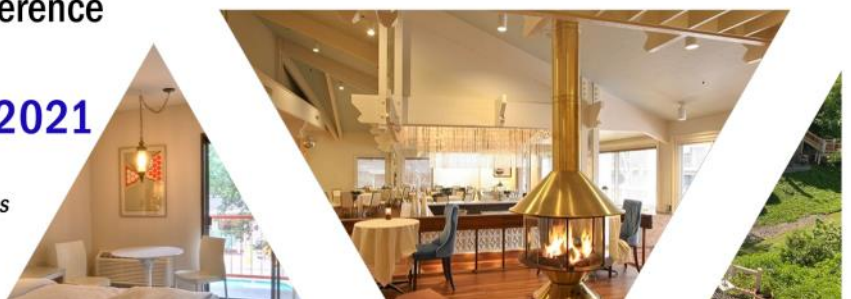
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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions

Send your submissions through our website or via e-mail to lucylde@yahoo.com. Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity. *Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*

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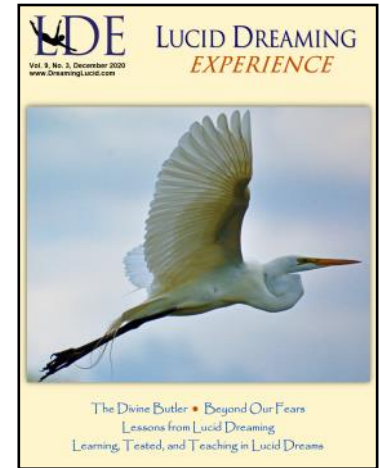
Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: February 15, 2021
Submit articles and lucid dreams on the theme: "Back to Basics — Tips and Techniques for Becoming Lucid."
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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2020

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH MARIA CARLA CERNUTO

**Long-time
lucid dreamer,
Spiritualist
minister and
esoteric teacher,
Maria Carla Cernuto,
shares her
experience with
the LDE!**

Welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life. When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?

My dream life was very vivid from an early age. I had out of body experiences starting around the age of 7 or 8, which I related to my mother who was dismissive that it was just a dream. When I told my maternal grandmother she explained I was astral traveling, and when I was a little older she gave me her book on the subject by Robert A. Monroe, *Journeys Out of the Body*. I was fortunate to have a grandmother who was interested in mediumship, near-death experiences, ESP and such.

Lucid dreaming began around my preteen/teen years, but I did not know there was a term for it or that others were having these experiences, too, because when I recounted my lucid adventures to the people around me their reactions ranged from a mild curiosity to thinking it was just the wild imagination of a child.

By the time I was 18 years of age, I began seeking a spiritual teacher because I was having terrifying sleep paralysis-induced lucid dreams — though, again, I did not have a term for this stage of sleep until I was in my thirties. It was my first formal spiritual teacher that used the term “lucid dreaming” to explain what I was experiencing. She told me she was not adept at this practice and sent me on a book-seeking quest, and suggested I attend Ted Andrews’ *Dream Alchemy* workshop to learn how to develop my rich dream life, while I also took classes with her learning meditation, tarot, astrology, psychic development, etc.

Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while? What happened in your early lucid dreams?

In my younger years, all lucid dreams happened spontaneously. I never incubated them or even considered that it was possible to do so then. These early lucid dreams were mostly sexual in nature, or involved thrill-seeking adventures like flying or shapeshifting.

I recall one lucid dream in particular, that I had in my late teens, which

made me think there was something special about this state and that it held great potential:

I am sitting with my back against a palm tree on an island. I see/hear the ocean around me. I am making a list of things I need to do when I wake up (things I actually planned on doing before bed). I realize I am dreaming and think it would be great to have sex with a really hot guy. I manifest another me and an attractive guy to have sex with (no one I recognize in waking). I am simultaneously able to see the guy and experience sex while seeing myself writing by the tree; conversely, I am observing myself having sex while making my list, seeing it. I was amazed I was able to carry on these two activities simultaneously, experiencing each from both the first-person perspective of doing and the second-person perspective of observing.

As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised you? Or led to unexpected events? Tell us about those.

Lucid dreams surprise me to this day. The out of body experiences that lead to lucidity usually surprise me the most. One that was the catalyst for seeking a spiritual teacher started as an out of body experience where I am walking around my bedroom and I become lucid by seeing another world within the sliding mirrored closet doors. They seemed like extraterrestrial type beings adorned in 17th century French clothing and hairstyles. They had very white, luminous skin. They were dancing to music I could not hear, their feet hovering several inches above the ground as they moved gracefully across the floor.

One being came up close to the mirror and was beckoning me to join the party. She telepathically communicated they were looking for “intelligent and creative humans to join them.” I had the sense that if I did cross over into their world it would be forever, so I declined. I still regret not taking the risk.

When I imparted this dream to my newfound spiritual teacher, she thought I was having an encounter in the faery realm, not with alien beings. My understanding of faeries at that time was of small, winged, humanoid creatures. A few years following this dream, and discussion with my teacher, I found a big hardcover book, *Faeries*, by Brian Froud and Alan Lee that had an illustration with similar looking beings called “the Gentry” — wearing 17th century-esque clothing and hairstyles as they wore in my out of body/lucid dream.

What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

Everything! I was amazed I could reason so clearly, manipulate some aspects of the environment and move about in ways that defied waking reality/gravity while at times the dreamscape and dream characters were often beyond “my control” or “my making.” Not many people I knew had experienced lucid dreams, so it became even more fascinating to me to explore this dream state. I wondered why I was having these kind of dreams when no one else was.

What techniques were you using to become lucid? Which did you find most helpful?

In my early twenties I discovered Stephen LaBerge, Ph.D, and Howard Rheingold’s book, *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming*, and I began working with the various exercises in this publication. Eventually I picked a few that worked the best for me — prospective memory training and state checks throughout the day; and at night I would employ wake induced lucid dreaming using hypnogogic imagery or focus on reentering a dream recalled before waking up in the middle of the night, wake back to bed, and mnemonic induction of lucid dreaming. After a while of working with these same techniques I realized they were not as effective over time. I learned habituation is a killer of mindfulness. I decided to investigate dream yoga techniques and they seem to work quite well for me — for now.

While working with Andrew Holecek’s *Dream Yoga* audio program I practiced the “Red Lotus Descent” technique several nights in a row and had 3 lucid dreams in one night varying from a short lucid dream to a longer very lucid dream with sustained awareness throughout. I had several consecutive nights, following this trinity of lucid dreams, of having dreams with varying levels of lucidity.

Listening to audiobooks on the topic, such as your book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, while incubating to have lucid dreams — no matter what techniques I employ to get there — serves to prime the proverbial pump while in the waking state because I have to pay attention to what the voice is saying and not mindlessly drift into fantasy, and the subject matter is pertinent to the goal, so it has a twofold benefit. I also have a dream incubation playlist which is a compilation of music and spoken audio tracks relating to dreams

This creates an appropriate mindset and ambiance in which to inspire lucidity.

Did lucid dreaming seem to have rules? Or did it seem random and chaotic?

Just when I thought there were rules, something would happen to challenge that belief. Today I still find there are no rules; just when I think I have overcome an obstacle or limitation, I am challenged anew. For me, lucid dreaming aids in moving beyond limiting beliefs, or the “reality boxes” of mind, as Ingo Swann might say.

When did you first consider using lucid dreaming for physical healing? What happened when you decided to investigate it?

It wasn't until my adult years, my thirties, that I decided to try to lucid dream for healing myself or others. I had read about others doing so, but I had never incubated for this purpose. I didn't have much success right away, but then I had a spontaneous lucid dream when I realized my grandfather could not be younger than my mother (his daughter) and, “Oh yeah, he's been dead since I was 4 years old.” I decided to send him into the light. I began spinning him over my head and released him into the cosmos where he dispersed as streams of light into the night sky.

I rationalized mom was still alive, so I could not do that with her, but I knew I needed to do something in order to maintain lucidity. I decided to perform a Reiki healing on her within the dream. When I mentioned it to my mom later that morning she was stunned because in the middle of the night she was walking around her bedroom trying to get rid of leg cramps when they suddenly just stopped and she could go back to bed. In the lucid dream I was standing at the foot of her bed and ended the Reiki healing with what is called, the “butterfly technique,” which entailed passing my hovering hands up her legs as far as I can reach and then expanding my hands/arms outward outlining her auric egg and back down the sides of her body, returning to her feet and then repeating two more times.

Have you had other success with healing in lucid dreams? Please let us know the details, and if you learned any lessons about more effective healing in lucid dreams?

I obtained pain relief for myself from two lucid healing dreams that I had six weeks apart. My original intention was to meet another dreamer in a designated space and hold a healing circle in the dream state. I was unable to get out of my dream-room, despite knowing I was dreaming, so I thought I am not going to waste time and lose lucidity trying to escape. I thought, “I will heal where I am at,” which is what I titled the dream. It was an unusual and spontaneous form of healing, but I woke without pain for the first time in a long time. I had been having some structural problems with my back and joints. In the lucid dream I recall my purpose is to heal myself and learn to work with the group to heal others in the dream state:

I stand on my bed and grab the bars overhead and I am performing gymnastic maneuvers; I am doing back flips and as I land I think of how machines replace springs, coils, and such, and I think of how this can be done miraculously through healing dreams. As I land — knees bent and springing back up and flipping backward and landing again — I hear creaky metal spring type sounds. I feel liberated, free and healed.

I experienced a continuation of this type of healing in a subsequent lucid dream where I am supposed to meet the same dreamer in the same specified location, but again, do not make it out of my bedroom:

I decide to try Holecek's technique to pass through mirrors and doors by walking backward, and it worked, though instead of getting to the Psidreamer's Astral Temple, which was my intention, I just end up standing in the dark closet. I could feel a strange sensation/warping type feeling when I did pass through. Oddly, I could



walk through back into my bedroom area facing forward. I decide to heal where I am again, and I start saying, almost like a cheer, “Heal my ankles, my knees, my hips, my back, etc.” Naming every joint from feet to head, ending with jaws, and doing gymnastic maneuvers — saying a different joint as I land and spring back up. Back flips, forward flips, double flips, using the bed posts as gymnastic bars. I am thinking, this is an odd way to do healing. I woke feeling great and pain-free again.

I think this can be applied to any lucid dream, but I have learned that while ‘I’ can set an intention, the ‘dream-maker’ may have other plans, and so it is best to remain open, flexible, and seek alternative methods in order to fulfill my goals. I didn’t get hung up on being obstructed from going to the location I’d incubated to meet at; I chose, instead, to heal where I was at in the dreamscape in which I found myself.

Since lucid dreaming seems an open platform, have you ever sought out ‘psi’ information in lucid dreams?

Yes, sometimes I set the intention and other times psi information simply presents itself. For example, on May 3, 2014, I had a spontaneous lucid dream featuring the current president of *The International Association for the Study of Dreams* (IASD), Angel Morgan, Ph.D. In the dream I am lucid and a dream character keeps trying to distract me from carrying out my task. I walk away from her and find myself indoors:



. . . and approach Angel Morgan. I ask her what techniques she uses to prolong lucidity because I was just distracted by a dream character. Can’t recall what she said. I then ask, “Have you written any books on the subject of prolonging lucidity?” She replies, “Yes, with Harper & Collins.” I say, “I am going to order it.”

Almost four years later (on April 16, 2018), she published a book (though not with Harper & Collins): *Dreamer’s Powerful Tiger: A New Lucid Dreaming Classic For Children and Parents of the 21st Century*. Prior to this she had only published one other book, not dream-related, but focused on empowering girls with positive female role models.

I dream with a group of dedicated oneironauts that hold regular psi dreaming practices. Many of us aim at lucidity to hone in on target images. We have had some really great results incubating to view target images that are either telepathically sent, remote viewed in the dream state, or dreaming to see the target image that will be chosen on a future date/time, i.e., precognition.

During the Psidreamers’ first telepathy dreaming practice, nine years ago, I served as the “sender” and was able to get lucid and send the target image within the dream state while also recalling the names of several dreamers who were participating. The target image was of the earth suspended in space with an androgynous human figure, almost as large as the planet, seated in meditation with chakras lit up as two winged snakes ascend the spine/central channel from the pelvic area towards the head.

For me, the artwork evoked Earth healing, as the caduceus is used as a symbol for doctors and medical facilities in the USA, and the image also represented awakening to me, both in the individual sense and on the collective level, so I thought it was a good energy to begin our psi dreaming adventures:

. . . I realize I am dreaming that there is neither a downstairs nor a salon. I exclaim, “Hot damn I did it . . . I’m lucid!” They look at me puzzled, so I float in the air — knees to my chest twirling slowly behind the couch — and then I float supine to show them it’s a dream. I tell myself not to get caught up in convincing them it’s a dream. I go directly into the bedroom to get to the target image. The room is dimly lit, so I try to light the white candle with the red lighter that was below the picture affixed to the dresser mirror. [In waking physical reality (WPR) this is how it was arranged, so I could wake up and meditate without turning lights on.] I could not work the lighter — it felt awkward in my hand. I could only see half the image at a time with the way the light was coming through the window. I told myself not to waste time on this and take the image into the living room because it was lit up.

I go and sit in the middle/between the living and dining rooms, and mediate/focus on the image. Every detail looked exactly as it does in WPR. I focused on it for what seemed like a really long time. As I was gazing at it I thought, “I am connecting to the Psidreamers: [omitted names],” and was struggling to recall everyone’s

name in the group. I could hear Michael Jackson’s song, *Heal the World*, that I had listened to throughout the day in WPR, playing within the dream.

Several dreamers picked up on various aspects of the target image, but I was most struck by Carol’s post when I first saw it; she uploaded a photo to our forum of Michael Jackson singing while he is embraced by an androgynous angelic figure enfolding him within its wings, along with the lyrics to his song, *Will You Be There*. She said it popped into her mind and she posted it the day I was telepathically sending the image and listening to music I felt evoked the tone of the artwork. She picked up on the healing tone of the image via the song she posted and the fact that I listened to Michael Jackson while awake, as well as hearing it within my lucid dream. The angel in the photo Carol shared also tuned into the winged aspect of the caduceus and the gender ambiguity of the meditator in the target image.

What other examples of accessing inner information in lucid dreams have you later validated in the waking world?



In 2011, during an annual online conference for the IASD, you (Robert) and Cynthia Pearson hosted the precognitive dreaming contests. I was able to get lucid and make a “hit” to the target image which ended up being a photo of a DJ spinning records. Here’s the relevant portion of the dream where I get lucid:

... I couldn’t find my client. I had gone to the front of the spa to get a “cassette” of a band called “Stranger” — supposed to be New Age music like Andreas Vollenweider. I recall making a remark like, “Who the hell uses cassettes anymore? I don’t even use CDs — all my music is digital.” Then some guy said, “My last name is Cassette,” and I thought it might be clue to the precognitive contest. He was there for a wedding. Suddenly, the spa was having a wedding. The groom was unhappy with the female musician, who was playing an acoustic guitar and singing songs that were “out of genre.” I recall climbing up steps to go ask her to play something else.

I was able to hone in on the theme of the target image — music — and the use of outdated technology as people rarely play records anymore, and many DJs use digital music from their laptops nowadays.

As we go deeper, we sometimes have numinous lucid dreams that provide profound ‘night class’ insights or spiritual information. Have you encountered this, perhaps in lucid dreams or meditating?

I entered the following dream fully lucid with the intention to meet the group of people I dream with regularly, as mentioned earlier, and hold a healing circle for all sentient beings:

Meditating On The Astral Plane

I am in a vast space that’s suffused with light. I think, “It doesn’t look like the Astral Temple, but at least I made it onto the astral plane.” I am alone. I don’t see any of the other Psidreamers, so I sit down and begin meditative breathing and call in the healing energies and imagine the others here — I see us, with my inner vision, linking at the heart level. I am filling myself with healing and radiating out to the world/universe and all beings. I feel very peaceful. (Meditation for a prolonged period.)

I went back to sleep and re-entered the above dream using the WILD technique:

Back On The Astral Plane

I am sitting in a room alone with an ambient light source seemingly emitting from the walls. I am waiting for the other Psidreamers to arrive. I decide I better start meditating or I will lose my focus and get swept up in normal dreaming. I start breathing and calling in the healing energies. (Prolonged meditation before waking.)

A feeling of great inner peace stayed with me for several days after meditating in these lucid dreams, despite having felt stressed about the pandemic and ongoing political issues in the USA for a long time.

Do you have any final lucid dreaming stories to tell? And how can people learn more about you?

Lucid dreaming has helped me to make peace with death. The below dream brought to mind the Tibetan Dream Yogi's goal, which isn't just to have cool lucid dreams — which are wonderful — but rather to practice maintaining awareness in both the waking and dreaming states so as one crosses into death one does not get swept up in the variety of phenomena that can occur in the intermediate state between one life and the next. This dream made me realize that out of body experiences are basically rehearsals for death. It's the same process — consciousness withdraws from the physical body but awareness persists. The dream also seemed to contain precognitive information about our eventual need to wear masks.

Surrender

I am walking down cobblestone streets at night — reminds me of an old EU type city. There's hardly anyone around. I start to walk across the street on a diagonal and I see a short man, about my height, walking diagonally towards me from the opposite direction. He is wearing a mask over his nose/mouth like medical personnel use. He raises his arm. I assume he is wielding a weapon. I think, "This is it, this is the end," but then I say, "There's no point robbing me; I don't have any cash on me and this is a dream and money has no value here."

He passes me and I think it's over, but then feel struck on my mid-lower back left side and I hit the pavement face down, with my head rotated to the side. At this point I have two perspectives, a disembodied overview and through my dream body's eyes lying on the pavement. From the disembodied perspective, my eyes look like someone who is dead — a blank, unblinking stare — with slack mouth. I wonder if he shot me or stabbed me (dream body consciousness). I feel my life-force withdrawing, thinking, "This is how it feels to die." It feels peaceful. I surrender to the experience, knowing (disembodied consciousness knows) I am just going to have an OBE if I go with it. Just as I feel like I am separating/rising up out of my physical body, the guy jumps onto my back and I wake up startled.

I have a few dream-themed blogs posted on Jean Campbell's website, WorldDreamsPeaceBridge.org that can be found at the following link, https://www.worlddreamspeacebridge.org/dgtfw_team/maria-cernuto/. This organization regularly dreams for world peace, setting our intention as a group, and is involved in different programs to aid traumatized children in war-torn areas. ▲



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The Divine Butler

By Karim © 2020

After a wake back to bed, I entered a willfully induced lucid dream (WILD) from the hypnagogic state. During the in between state, while I was seeing geometric forms behind my eyelids, I recalled that this was a good time to focus on a desire for a WILD. A week before I had a clear / lucid light experience, so I wanted to see if I could repeat that again. I placed the intention to enter the clear light, or as I think of it, "I want to be near Brahman."

Brahman is the name of the ultimate non-dual reality from the Vedic tradition and is the equivalent of dream yoga's 'Clear Light.'

Suddenly a dream formed around me and I was in a big luxurious home where the living room was open to an outside terrace overlooking the most stunning nature scene I've ever seen. It was almost like a garden of Eden type of view.

Out of thin air, a man with blue-purple skin materialized. He had a well-kept beard and was wearing a 3-piece black suit with a white shirt and a black bowtie. He seemed to have a high level of consciousness and intelligence, but he seemed to be a sort of butler with a down to earth, humble attitude.

He greeted me in a very friendly way like he knew me, and while he seemed vaguely familiar, I couldn't put my finger on who he was. Having said that, I felt safe in his company. He invited me to sit down and asked me straight out from the get-go, "Why do you want to be near Brahman?"

He put me straight on the spot! My lucidity got deeper as he asked me that question. I felt I was under some sort of evaluation. I immediately knew the best thing I could do here was to be honest.

I told him that initially I was not seeking Brahman, enlightenment, or anything like that. I was just trying to liberate myself from inner suffering, fears, and traumas. However, having had a few direct experiences with the deeper awareness, I completely fell in love with it! I understand what it means to dwell in the bliss of being (known in Vedic terms as SatChitAnanda). After those experiences I became like a smitten homesick lover that wants to constantly return to its beloved. This was an unexpected turn of events for me.

As I looked at him, I noticed he had those happy eyes, like he was delighted with what he heard. He told me, "So you are one of those." I asked him to explain and he said, "If you want to categorize souls you can consider there are 3 types. Some that are heart centered, others are aligned with the gut and the instincts, and some with the mind and the intellect. You seem to be heart-centered, what is known as a bhakta."

The term bhakta means someone who approaches the divine through bhakti (love and devotion). It is similar to the Sufi lover or friend of the divine.

He continued, "It doesn't mean you cannot benefit from work on the other centers, but the path to Brahman for you is through the heart. The other types, by the way, could also benefit from doing heart. If you want to dwell in Brahman (the non-dual reality), you have to have a particular focus. Do not just seek union with it, or

with the clear light, or emptiness, that will not help you. You must seek union with the heart of God.”

I instantly recalled another dream where the awareness behind the dream gave me this very same advice, “*Seek union with the heart of God.*”

He then walked to the kitchen bar behind us and asked me “What would you like me to serve you? A drink perhaps?” I thought that was a good idea. He said, “I can make over 1,200,000 different types of drinks (it was an outrageous number like that). If it exists in the universe I can make it. What would you like to have?” and he smiled.

I asked him to recommend something. He quickly whipped up a drink in a fancy glass and said, “Here you go; I made you a Divine Margarita.” He then held what looked like a small perfume tester bottle and sprayed something in the air above the drink. I asked him what was it he sprayed, to which he replied, “This was a *hint of forgiveness.*”

I tasted the drink and it was a little bitter at first. As I kept drinking throughout the dream, the drink got sweeter and sweeter.

I asked him who did he think I needed to forgive and his answer took me completely by surprise!

“You need to forgive Brahman!”

I was not sure what he was talking about?! I did not think I blamed the awareness for anything.

He said, “You made a request earlier that you want to get closer with Brahman. If everything and everyone is awareness, then every type of suffering you ever experienced was orchestrated and executed by no one other than Brahman!”

At this point it was like someone hit me with a sledgehammer as I was recognizing the truth of what he was trying to say.

He continued, “This is an important step on the path. The universe only brings you challenges to grow but a part of the subconscious is aware that the universe is the antagonist. It harbors resentment towards it. It is not sufficient to forgive those that have wronged you in the waking world but also the underlying invisible hand that moves them.

Essentially all that you are doing is forgiving yourself, for you are Brahman, too. This is the most important type of forgiveness. Forgive yourself for not recognizing this truth in the past. Now that you have already experienced the truth that all is One, it is time to forgive the One!

Without this final step, it is like holding onto rocks that weigh you down and do not enable you to completely fly into the heart of God and remain there. You will only reach there to be pulled back and return to your ‘normal’ state. Finish your drink, it will help.”

As I took the last gulp of the drink, it tasted as sweet as honey. A loving, warm, fuzzy energy enveloped me and everything turned to bright white light and I woke up. I felt like I came out of a very deep restful sleep. I was in a light trance and had a deep knowing that I am living in a benign universe where everything, including suffering and destruction, had a significant divine purpose.

From here on, I cannot really blame anyone for anything negative that has happened to me or will happen to me in the future. When I looked onto my Facebook later that day, I discovered that it was a Krishna celebration. Krishna is a deity for bhaktas or devotees. And that day was a good day to approach him to strengthen your inner resolve of devotion and love to the larger awareness. Krishna is usually depicted as having blue-



purple skin . . . I wonder if that is who I met in my dream!?

A few days later, as I was reflecting on this dream, I realized that the divine butler was right. I had a beef with the awareness, even beyond the personal.

In recent world events, a big explosion happened in Beirut, Lebanon (where I come from) that claimed countless lives, injured thousands of people, and destroyed homes, businesses, shops, hospitals, and cars within a 15-mile radius of the blast. It was a disaster of epic proportions. This was considered the third largest explosion after Hiroshima.

The people of Lebanon were already living through a deep economic depression for years. There were demonstrations happening against government corruption for months prior to Covid 19. When the pandemic and lockdown hit, it sent people spiraling down even further. To top this off, when the Lebanese people thought things couldn't possibly get any worse, now comes the explosion catastrophe to wreck their lives even further. And it wasn't easy to see how family and friends that are living there were affected.

After this dream I realized the injustice and outrage that everyone felt, myself included, was actually directed towards Brahman. For if we are all awareness, like the butler said, then all these things are orchestrated, directed, and executed by Brahman. I know that the ultimate reality does not care about my forgiveness, but if I am to get closer to it, I have to look from another perspective that sheds any resentment towards it. This is why forgiveness in the dream made sense.

I know a lot of people globally are equally outraged beyond just what happened to them personally. There is an outcry at the geopolitical and war situations around the world. There is outrage against the injustice over environmental abuse, the enslavement and mistreatment of animals whether for food, for their skin/fur, or for cosmetic and medical testing. And the list goes on. . . .

It seems important to look deeper and ask, at whom are we actually angry? The people responsible is one level of it in the waking world, but the Universe, God, Brahman, Awareness, etc . . . is the underlying hand that is allowing all of this to happen.

From my viewpoint, it is the wounded child in us that blames "God" for not doing anything for the darkness of the world and the suffering that we face. Through my recent experiences I've become more aware how everything is just consciousness and that no one's true essence is really lost, not even in death. The shift of perspective — to look at things from a non-dual lens — would result in dropping a lot of the blame and the questions about "why is there injustice in the world?"

In the past, when I experienced oneness states, I never felt the need to ask that question. The answer was obvious. I accepted that suffering was an integral part of life. I am, however, not permanently living in a oneness trance. Therefore, working through this seems important. This brings to mind the first of Buddha's four noble truths: "Dukka (suffering) is an innate characteristic of existence in Samsara."

It seems that in order to cross the gap into the non-dual, we need to evolve the inner wounded child to become the divine child. Only the divine child can see into the non-dual realm. For this, the dream world has directed me towards forgiveness of self, others, and the larger reality as a key step in the process. ▲





Learning, Tested & Teaching In Lucid Dreams

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2020

Lucid Dream of October 13, 2020

I was lucid for nearly two hours. Each time the scenario developed and there was a scene change I expected to lose lucidity, but I didn't, which was amazing. I was in different rooms in a "building" that felt to me like a place between heaven and earth. Based on all my varied experiences there, it was a hospital as well as a school with private rooms dedicated to deep therapy where souls are cared for and brought back to health. And it was full of children. My impression is they were souls who died when they were still children on earth, and it was obvious they had all been abused and traumatized. But I wasn't only helping them, I was also being mysteriously helped in the process.

As sometimes happens, I almost didn't try to capture this dream night with words because it was so eventful, so full of real people, all fully vibrant individuals. But there was one overriding theme: helping and being helped to heal. Distinctly, I recall an especially vivid moment when a little girl (who I was sitting or kneeling next to on the floor of her room) told me she had never been kissed before, and so I kissed her on one of her tear-stained cheeks. Her reaction was incredibly intense, and it was a very special moment. She was one of the young children I interacted with.

In other rooms I was also being tested in strange ways, not with diagnostic machines of any kind, but mentally and emotionally, which sometimes included dream figures who appeared to be hostile or dangerous as they attempted to interfere with the good works being done there. It was all so incredibly real and rational, but I knew I wouldn't be able to hold on to most of the experiences in detail because I was lucid for so long.

Excerpt from Lucid Dream of March 16, 2013

As I exit the store, and continue walking along the dimly lit passages of this underground mall, I become aware of the possibility that I can walk myself into lucidity. Then I spot my "shopping guide" a few yards away; her bright-green, long-sleeved sweater is unmistakable... She has her back to me, and as I approach her, I become fully lucid at the same moment I ask her, "Who are you?"

Turning to face me, she begins speaking quickly, in a matter of fact tone of voice. I only remember two fragments of what she said: "A rush of cells to wash the scalpel . . . just looks down at this lump of dead matter." I understand she's telling me that as a character in my dream, she is merely a symbolic manifestation of physiological processes going on in my body while I sleep. This is *really* disappointing, even disturbing, and as she goes on relentlessly, I interrupt her to demand, "Are you testing me?"

My outburst silences her, and she gives me a little smile. "Yes," she admits, and now I see her clearly. Her bright green sweater has transformed into a shining, long-sleeved dark-green shirt with gold buttons, and her hair is not merely blonde, it is golden. She is young and attractive, in a distinguished, intelligent-looking way, and her expression is intriguingly animated. We begin walking side-by-side, heading for the exit as she communicates with me, but this part happens in a kind of dim, muted blur of colors.

The dream becomes vivid again when we step out into the night, and continue walking beneath a white, gently curving arbor that feels like it could go on forever. It is surrounded by a vast white circular building with tall arched doors and windows (all of them black now) lining its multiple stories. There are open spaces between the arbor and the building, in which I glimpse fountains and other artistic structures. I recognize this place, I've been here before in another lucid dream, in a different section, when the sun was shining. But tonight I have eyes only for my lovely Guide, whose golden hair frames her face in dense ringlets.

Keeping a firm grip on my right hand, she never stops speaking with fervent eloquence, mysteriously instructing me. I listen to her in wonder, for she is expressing herself in perfect, beautiful verse. I have never heard anyone actually speak like this; the closest approximation is an actor reciting Shakespeare. She uses no archaic words, she talks quickly and normally, and yet everything she says effortlessly emerges as exquisite prose-poetry, her conversation a verbal form of music. Fully wrapped up in the gravity of her intense presence, and acutely aware of the grip she has on my right hand, I dare to ask her, "Do all Angels talk like you?" Falling silent, she looks directly at me, and I slowly wake.

Later that night, I have another brief lucid dream. I'm sitting in a classroom, aware of being dressed in black, and facing a large window-screen of blue sky and clouds. Far below, on the surface of the earth, a black grid-map is displayed. The professor is mostly a black-clad presence to my right, where he stands just to one side of the window-screen. He is educating us on some of the unfortunate differences between how things are experienced where we are now vs. how they are experienced on earth, and how they must be "synched up." Before I wake, a Voice says, "Hail Mary."

Excerpt from Lucid dream of February 22, 2012:

. . . I start up the steps, and when I come to the first landing, I can see it very distinctly. I'm really here! I made it, I'm in a lucid dream! In that instant, someone grabs my waist from behind, and propels me up the remaining steps to the door of the apartment. It feels good, part of the thrill of being conscious in a dream, but I don't want to get too excited and wake up. We enter the apartment, and I wonder what it is I am meant to discover and do here. The presence behind me is still gently pushing me forward, and I glimpse a man's silhouette as we pass in front of a mirror hanging on the wall in front of us. A very small part of me is anxious, but I'm really more curious than concerned when I ask him, "Who are you?" and when he doesn't respond, I repeat, "Who are you?" Managing to turn around then, I'm pleased to make out in the darkness a hard but handsome face framed by shoulder-length dark hair. "Is there something I'm supposed to know?" I query, thinking he might have something to tell me.

In a firm yet kind voice, he replies, "Just go with it."

Understanding that he wants me to simply flow with the dream and see where it leads, I say eagerly, "Okay!"

Now it's obvious that the occupants of the apartment are asleep because it's nighttime and the place is dark and quiet. It's laid out essentially like my waking life house but it is not in the least familiar; it's another home entirely. I head down the hallway and see a little boy standing just outside the bedrooms in the dark corridor. Smiling, I approach him. "Hello," I say, "are you dreaming too?" He seems to nod but I sense he's a little confused, he's very young, and like many little kids he has a natural ability to see disembodied people. I speak reassuringly and brightly, "That's great, we're all dreaming. We're awake in a dream." What's curious is that he has what appears to be a mask that covers his entire head quite tightly, as though made of thick plastic wrap that's a rather sickly green in color.

The door to the master bedroom is open and I can see his parents sleeping in there. I know without thinking about it that they are not very pleasant people, and I discern the big pot belly of the boy's father and the hard thinness of the woman. Their personalities are clear to me even though I can barely see them. I follow the boy into his parents' bedroom, into which he's backing up as if pulled in that direction. Indeed, his mother sits up and impatiently tugs him up onto the bed with her, telling him to shush because he's mumbling as though talking in his sleep. In a flash, I understand that he'll grow up being told dreams aren't real and receive no encouragement in developing any ability he possesses. I lean over him where he's lying in bed with his mother and tell him, "Don't believe what they tell you. Keep dreaming" and as I speak, I understand that I'm a teacher and that the man with me has brought me to, and is supervising, my first lucid instruction. I know then that I've been helping people in a similar fashion in non-lucid dreams for some time, but that I'm being promoted, in a sense, and this is my first time on this level.

As I leave the bedroom, I wonder how the kid can breathe in that mask, which he has to wear around his parents, but I am hopeful as I seem to know that for the rest of his life he'll remember this dream; he'll remember the man and woman he met in a dream who confirmed the fact that he was dreaming and that it was real, and that this memory will aid him in overcoming obstacles he will encounter in his upbringing.

Back in the living room, I am drawn to a wall which has a window lining the bottom, where I crouch and gaze



out at a beautiful bird sitting right outside the glass. “Oh, look at this bird!” I exclaim to my companion, clearly seeing its deep yet bright-blue feathers that are faceted like jewels with other rich colors, especially red and gold. I force myself to look away from it because I don’t want to wake up as a result of focusing on one thing for too long.

I can feel the sun rising and it does indeed seem to be morning because the family is rising, walking out into the living room. And what’s interesting is that the little boy can still see us. As his parents go about their groggy morning business, he stands against the wall staring at us. My companion then demonstrates to him that you can fly in dreams, and I join in by rising off the ground and doing a slow backward

flip, something I’ve never done before in dreams, and I’m not quite sure how to do it, but I seem to succeed and understand that I’m educating myself as well, learning not to be so linear in the sense of behaving in dreams as though I’m awake.

Excerpts from Lucid Dream of July 6, 2019

Massive lucid. But I had such a long false awakening, I can scarcely remember everything I did, except that I was very active. Walking down a central corridor in a seemingly endless white structure (I often find myself in such a place in lucid dreams) which seemed to be full of classrooms, I called out to scientists of the future who might be monitoring dreams, “Are you there?” I knew it made no sense, but it was fun yet serious at the same time.

At one point, when a lion was devouring my hand, I just kept calmly repeating, “Heart of Jesus. Heart of Jesus. Heart of Jesus . . .” over and over again. The beast released my hand and became tame.

In one of the instruction rooms, I was riding (fully clothed) on the back of a man, and somehow assisting him in the process of learning how to make love to a woman rather than just have sex with her.

Lucid Dream of October 13, 2018—Special Forces Training

I featured this lucid dream, along with several others, in my most recent novel [Song of the Blood](#) and thought it would be fun to share the third person version which reads like a story.

Sophia is outside at some outdoor event taking place at twilight. Then before she knows it, she has flown up to the very top of some kind of tall but narrow monument overlooking a great flat expanse of grassy ground. She seems to be perched on a crown belonging to a giant statue! It’s nearly dark now, and the vast sky is dense with purple-black clouds as she stands poised above the world. Becoming aware of holding her key chain in her right hand, staring down at it she experiences the usual prick of anxiety associated with losing her keys. Deciding in that moment that she’s done with that once and for all, she flings the keys away. But instead of falling to earth, the keys rise up and return to her. Flying around to the back of her head, her keys swiftly gather up her long dark hair, and arrange it in a timelessly elegant fashion. Nestled in her hair like living pins, her keys are now a part of her. This is so magical, so wonderful, she opens her arms exultantly, and leaning forward into thin air takes off like a hawk. And in those purely exhilarating moments she realizes this is a lucid dream!

Flying, she soon lands on a dark city street, where she walks through a door into a tiny foyer opening onto a small and narrow room crowded with men. She doesn’t like the look of them or the atmosphere, but she knows she has to be here simply because she landed right in front of the place. Immediately, she’s taken through a door in the back and down a long corridor, where she’s locked into an extremely narrow wooden booth which is pitch-black inside. She knows it’s a trap, and discovers its nature when, on her knees, she is forced to go down on a man. She knows she can escape by waking up, but that’s not good enough. She doesn’t have to submit to this. She can fight. And that’s just what she does!



It isn't long before she escapes the porn booth, and finds herself in an evenly lit white space, where she can now see the male figure she's battling. Feeling that she's winning, she grows even more aggressive, at which point a woman standing nearby and observing the action cries out, "Stop, he's an angel!" This gets Sophia's attention, and she experiences an intuitive flash: *Could these dream figures be angels deliberately putting me through spiritual trials to make me stronger?* The possibility is extremely intriguing, but she still has to defend herself.

Hurrying over to a series of large glass windows on her left, she realizes they lead out into an enclosed rectangular space ending in horizontal glass doors. *The way out!* The man she was battling follows her, but she makes it through the first clear barrier before he can catch her. There is another man floating inside this middle space leading out into darkness, and she hears him say, "She's headed for the Spook Tunnel" which confirms her impression that what she just suffered was only the first in a gauntlet of trials arranged for her. She makes it outside, where she hovers above a dark city street. The second man doesn't follow her, but as she flies to her left away from the building, she suddenly finds herself apparently trapped in a transparent tunnel that twists off to her right wormhole-style, narrowing and curving away as it disappears into the deepest darkness of space. She's afraid the "spooks" in this tunnel are evil entities invisibly surging down the dark passage straight toward her, and she has no desire to confront them head on. Fortunately, she escapes simply by intending to do so.

Her relief is short-lived, however, when she senses/glimpses/understands that another enemy is setting up an immense explosion (she has a split-second vision of a raging yellow inferno tinged with orange) and the radius of the devastation will be so great, she won't be able to fly fast enough to escape it. Closing her eyes, she wills herself to quantum leap a great distance by becoming pure spirit—unbound by any physical laws of space and time—and the next instant, she knows she succeeded.

Gliding above a dark suburban street, she perceives another trap waiting for her. It's being set up by a man standing on the corner of a sidewalk just a few feet below her. Looking down at him, she distinctly understands there is a limit to the forces her enemies are manipulating, and attempting to use against her. She then sees an object like a large golden compass drifting across the dark sky away from her, and a young man in black walking parallel to it on the street below. Beyond him, she glimpses the silvery light of the moon, and although she knows this is another trial, she doesn't meet with any resistance as she glides away.

She sees herself as if from behind now wearing a tight black tank-top, her squared shoulders bare and her arms held straight against her body, and in both hands she is clutching wet white rags she squeezes triumphantly; wringing the moisture out of them with strong, victorious fists. She feels like a soldier who has been through skirmishes in which the enemy sought to render her helpless—or to force her to lose by taking the coward's way out of waking up. She senses this was only the first night of future trials, but happy with her performance, she's ready to wake up.

That morning, lying in Jonathan's arms, Sophia told him, "The more I think about this dream, and what that woman said, 'He's an angel' the more I feel like I wasn't actually fighting real spiritual trials, but only being trained for them, because you don't actually want to hurt your fellow soldiers when they're playing the enemy in a simulation."

"Go on."

"I think this lucid dream was like a training exercise in the military, where experienced soldiers play the enemy and set up traps for those being trained for combat. My experiences were like that, I knew I could wake up, just step out of the dream-simulation—which was real in the sense that the dangers I was being trained to face are real—and yet I wasn't afraid the way I would have been if, like a soldier, I'd been in real combat as opposed to trying to do my best in a simulation, knowing I wasn't in actual danger but that I might one day be, so it was important I get it right and do the best I could." She paused, then added self-consciously, "But listen to me talking to a veteran as if I could really know what it's like to be trained as a soldier."

"You're doing a good job," Jonathan assured her. "Lucid dreaming special forces training! And just last night you were saying you didn't deserve me."

"I really feel stronger this morning, and I don't mean physically just because I got a good night's sleep. I mean deep down."

“You don’t have to explain it to me, Sophia. But I want you to tell me what you learned from last night’s training, breaking it down trial by trial.”

“Okay,” she said, but then hesitated, because the first test was the most embarrassing one to talk about. “Well, that first trial was obviously about my sexual past and sins, but they’re behind me now. The second trial seems to imply that being too afraid of malicious entities can be as bad as the demons themselves. I just have to keep in mind that invisible conscious forces are actively working against my spiritual growth, but that as long as I’m on God’s side, they can’t really hurt me. I could feel how that wormhole-like tunnel was designed to channel them straight down to earth—a cosmic umbilical cord opening into the small foyer-like area I was in that was semi-transparent, like a large amniotic sack.”

“Like a womb.”

“Yes,” she admitted, but unable to face Genesis 6 so early in the day, she moved on. “The next trial was an immense far-reaching explosion. In the dream, I knew the bomb had been dropped far away behind me, yet the orange-yellow blast was all around me in an instant; there was no escaping it, and I only survived because I was in the spirit.

“The fourth trial,” she soldiered on, “was strangely peaceful. Nothing seemed to happen, but that golden compass—and the young man dressed all in black walking alongside it beneath the moon in a starless sky—makes me think of sorcery and black magic, all of which center around the self and its supposed powers as it travels imaginary paths of enlightenment. The moon reflects the sun’s light, but is itself a dark and lifeless body, like our brains’ gray matter, which have the power to shine as minds only because they reflect God’s Living Light.” ▲

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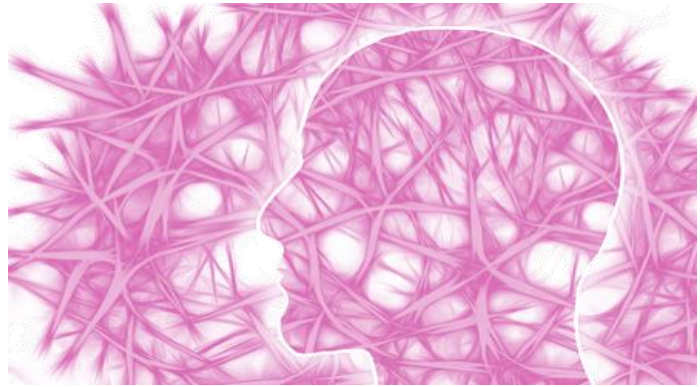
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Lessons from Lucid Dreaming

By Lucy Weir © 2020



I teach yoga and philosophy and I'm a writer. I've been lucid dreaming on and off for a while now, starting in childhood with spontaneous lucid dreams and daydreams that allowed me to appreciate that what I was experiencing was being viewed through a veil of perception coloured by my own expectations of what I might see, as well as by my family's influence, my education, and all the other things that go into making our point of view and the filters that colour it.

Now, after a few years of more focused interest in lucidity, I've begun to use my dreams as an opportunity to practice remembering student names (something I've been really challenged by in the past). Also, I use my dreams to practice what I will teach — exploring ideas, as though walking through the forest of my own neuronal connections, seeing alternative pathways to the inevitable highways of daytime thoughts, patterns, samskaras, and travelling through hidden tracks that lead to different connections between ideas that come from the past, or from what I've currently been studying, but that come together in my dreams in surprising and often delightful ways.

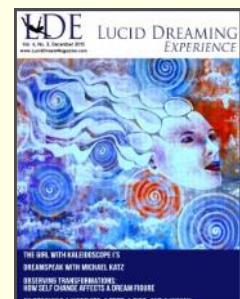
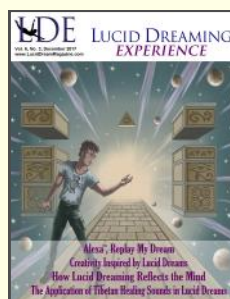
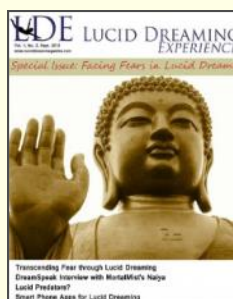
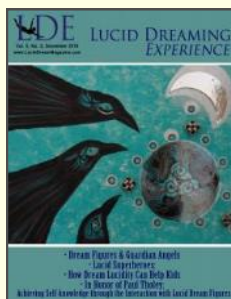
Attunement to compassion is a huge focus for me, and exploring travelling through time to see what happens before the beginning and after the end. Exploring my own capacity to understand Now Here, or nowhere, is a key element of my practice and exploration, awake or asleep.

When I practice sequences of asana, or yoga nidra, for instance, during the day, I don't necessarily get into the positions, or follow the same routes, that I've explored at night . . . but I'm more likely to try different sequences and experiences based on what's happened, and also more likely to create sequences and then to attune to compassion, and see what love needs to happen in a particular circumstance.

Stepping back and knowing that I am not the driver, I am the observer, and my observation is the point of the practice, staying aware, and awake, and watching with compassion to see what opportunities then emerge, has been the most important lesson for me.

Thanks for this opportunity to share some of what I've been learning about lucid dreaming to date. ▲

TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES



Read PAST ISSUES of the Lucid Dreaming Experience online at:

<https://www.dreaminglucid.com/past-issues/>



Beyond Our Fears

By Ivan Luiz Picoli © 2020

If we are to grow and develop, dealing with our fears is inevitable. As part of my work, I established the goal of overcoming my fears and encountered an incredible energy capable of opening up experiences that changed the way I used to perceive life. An experience I unexpectedly opened up is The Cosmos, a space of knowledge and expanded consciousness. An example of this is depicted in the following lucid dream:

Lucid in the substrate, I heard a voice: “You are about to sleep deeply now...” I realized I could shift my consciousness by falling backward. The feeling was like exiting from my crown. For the first time, the Cosmos was in front of me, I had billions of stars to explore. Lucidity was sharp and I expanded and merged with the sky, I became part of the universe itself. I launched into space at the speed of light. Space-time was not a limitation and within a few seconds, I crossed galaxies, stars, and planets of many shapes and colors. I felt the energy of the Cosmos and intense bliss. As I traveled back I found myself floating in the dark, and in front of me, I saw a magnificent blue planet spinning in the serenity of space. I had a minute of contemplation and my consciousness shifted back into a lucid dream. (27 April 2020)

Experiences as such and many other unexpected lucid dreams happened while I was dealing with fears. This article is an extension of my previous article, *Shadow Integration: The Toltec Way*¹, and here I explore advanced practices to release the energy of our fears. I also show my own example of transmutation of fear into love. To help others to unlock their own experiences, I give a few instructions for the practice. Note that one may start it without a deep understanding of her or his fears. The goal is to identify, accept, feel, and ultimately integrate blocked energies.

The Advanced Practice



Before proceeding, complete the primary shadow work presented in my previous article (found [here](#), see p.22). Also refer to that article for an explanation on how to use masks, which is a necessary instruction. The advanced practice is split into sessions using masks as a way to dissociate one's personality. Do it at least 30 minutes per day for as many days as necessary. Mine lasted a month. Try not to lose a day; otherwise, you may need to restart. Every day before sleeping, use masks to tell your story to a mirror by following the steps:

I - Facing Our Fears: Write down a list of fears you want to work with. Capitalize and name it as a way to loosen its energy. As an example, I wrote Fear of Rejection and Fear of Failure. Spend time telling the mirror experiences of your past that are linked to these fears. Write down your conclusions and be honest with yourself. Identify behaviors, actions, situations, and face your fears by accepting them with love and compassion.

II - Letting Go of Future: To be fearless, we have to let go of uncertainties and live the present moment. Write down Fear of Uncertainty and a list of fears related to your future. Tell the mirror what concerns you and look into any possible addictions. They may be a sign of anxiety. Describe your future plans and let go of what is a projection of your fears.

III - Acknowledging Goals and Desires: As we break the ties with our fears, we manifest. At this point, it is important to pick the right goals. Using the masks, tell the mirror what you desire and why. Remember you want

to be fearless and unlock your potential, so be aware of wishes that are the fruit of your fears and set an intention to manifest towards love and compassion.

In your dreams: The nights you feel ready, invite the fears into your dreams and try falling asleep focusing on the energy center located below your navel. Pay attention to dreams related to what you told the mirror. Fearful dreams are a good sign. In my case, I had two sorts of recurrent fearful dreams, named The Hidden Mistake and Taming the Burglar. The former was a dream of anxiety in which I tried to hide mistakes. The latter was a dream with burglars in which I pretended to be like them in order to flee the situation. Taking more responsibility and letting go of the future were my learnings.

Beyond Fears: The most remarkable experiences were lucid dreams of teachings and advice. Most of these dreams took place in The Cosmos (described in the introduction). In the following lucid dream, I received instructions from a higher awareness. It manifested after falling asleep focusing on my crown:

... Lucid in The Cosmos, I was a point of consciousness in the dark. I heard a voice: "Imagine empty space and create a white star within this space. Focus on the star!" I followed the instructions and my consciousness left for a denser environment. I had a sensation of spinning and then I was floating in my bedroom. When I landed on the floor, my body was denser and heavier than most of my lucid dreams. A force was pulling me back but I managed to cross through a wall. I felt vibration and a denser material while crossing that wall. My body heated up and I woke up. (09 July 2020)

The next six steps I will shortly describe:

IV - *Understanding Our Fears* deepens the knowledge about our fears.

V - *Cutting the Roots* identifies the basis of our fears and what feeds them.

VI - *Burdens and Responsibilities* finds what drains our energy and frees us from exhaustion.

VII - *Sexuality and Health* works with fears about our physical condition.

VIII - *Fear of Death* I will describe in the next section.

IX - *Integration Sessions* integrates released energies.

Fear of Death — Transmutation of Anger into Love

Fearing our mortality brings greed, anger, and accumulation. Beliefs may not allow the acceptance of death and prevent the spread of love and compassion. It is an individual choice to go further and break any beliefs, but I encourage you to look into your fear of death and face your mortality for the benefit of all.

To work with the fear of death, dreams are a safer environment. I had a sequence of dreams named The Killing Machine nightmares. I often found myself at a construction site filled with gigantic machines made of steel. I usually tried to escape but the machines always chased me and threatened my life. I had encountered my fear of death. Going through a fear within a lucid dream and dissolving it with my awareness was my task. So, I set the intention to enter the recurring Killing Machine nightmare lucidly and embrace the fear.

... A gigantic steel-made machine with grabbing arms chased me and triggered my awareness. Already lucid, I recognized the illusion of that fear, and out of anger I grabbed the machine's arm and pulled it to the ground, falling the machine apart. With the power of my intention, I destroyed it into smaller pieces... The pieces had only the size of a car when I used my mind again to make it even smaller. I saw lots of steel and disassem-

"When I chose love over fear, the nightmares disappeared. If we realize the emptiness of a fear and decide to be kind, we effortlessly transmute the fear with the love that emanates from our hearts."

bled mechanical parts on the ground. A single and tiny piece the size of my hand still carried awareness and ran away. It seemed the machine now was fearing me... (26 July 2020)

Lots of energy was released in this lucid dream. However, upon awakening, I realized I acted out of anger and spent unnecessary energy destroying that fear. Subsequent dreams manifested with smaller machines but the nightmares did not stop. I wasn't satisfied and I tried to enter the nightmare again to transmute anger into love.

... I realized the danger and feared death, a Killing Machine was right above my head. The strong emotion triggered lucidity and I stared at the fear to realize its emptiness. Within a second, the machine froze and I had dissolved fear of death. I recalled the previous nightmare and how anger was not beneficial. Instead, I focused on my heart and projected love towards the fear. Surprisingly, the machine transformed into a tame elephant that I felt love for. To increase the feeling, I projected love to the entire dream which was a messy construction site. The dream became pink, flowers appeared on the ground, and people celebrating came to me. Happiness and enjoyment took over the dream... (27 August 2020)

When I chose love over fear, the nightmares disappeared. If we realize the emptiness of a fear and decide to be kind, we effortlessly transmute the fear with the love that emanates from our hearts.

Conclusion

Much of our potential lies beyond our fears. We looked into techniques to unlock this potential and unleash the energy of our fears. Vivid and joyful dreams of fantasy, healing, inner child, expanded consciousness, oneness, other realities, and in special, teachings from higher awareness may arise. Upon awakening from a night of practice, the practitioner may also sense vibrations below the navel similar to what is called Kundalini energy (I called the phenomena as Chi Body in my previous article). If allowed, the energy may climb up and trigger inner visions together with vibrations in the entire body. This is the strongest evidence of your efforts. Enjoy your new life of wisdom, peace, and joy. ▲

¹ "Shadow Integration: The Toltec Way" was published in the *Lucid Dreaming Experience*, Vol. 9 No. 1, Summer 2020
<https://www.dreaminglucid.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/06/2020-JUNE-LDE-Final.pdf>

THEME FOR OUR MARCH 2021 ISSUE:

BACK TO BASICS

Tips & Techniques for Becoming Lucid

For many dreamers, that first lucid dream is not easy to achieve. Practised lucid dreamers often have a particular method that works for them. Some use several techniques or create/modify specific techniques for a specific goal.

Expanding on the "Night Classes" theme, the March 2021 issue will feature lucid dreamers sharing their favourite methods of inducing, maintaining, and even deepening their lucid dreams.

Do you have a favourite method or technique for getting lucid? What works best for you?

How about a favourite technique for maintaining or deepening your lucid dream experience?

Why do you think it may be easier for some to learn lucid dreaming, yet is difficult for others?

Any other tips you'd like to share?

Please send your tips and techniques to LDE via our website: www.dreaminglucid.com

Submissions Deadline: February 15, 2021



Meeting with my Mentor

By Lana Sackwild ©2020

I'm walking around in my old home town, Harrow, when I see an old friend sitting at a bar by herself. She seems depressed.

I sit with her and try to give her a few compliments. I say her dress is beautiful and get her to spin around a few times. The guy she's waiting for

arrives and I leave to continue walking down the street. I notice all these stores that I've never seen before. Feeling confused about where I am, I perform my hand flip reality check, and immediately get lucid.

I start running down the street, picking up speed to take flight. I take off super smoothly but have hair over my eyes so I shout out, "Cut it and clarity!" The hair over my eyes vanishes and the dream vividness improves 10X. Now I can see the town from a bird's-eye view, in such clarity, and I recall my dream task to meet with my mentor. I start looking for a good place to descend and, as I do, I feel a rush of ecstasy through my body.

I land in my home town's Chinatown area and I'm genuinely amazed at the vividness of all the old storefronts, considering I haven't been there in several years. I look at one shop window and the flyer is written in Chinese. I can't understand what it says so I look away, then look back, and the message changes to a slightly different Chinese thing which makes me laugh.

I walk into the store and call out my mentor's name. She walks through the sliding door carrying a teapot and some traditional Chinese teacups. She tells me to come over and sit with her. I tell her that I'm having fears about people signing up for my online course and often feeling like I don't know the right thing to say, even when I know I've connected with the right people for it. I tell her that I'm seeking her advice on this as she connects with her audience so well. She's someone I look up to greatly in terms of creating conscious connections through the online space.

She smiles and shares with me that she simply tricks herself into that confident state by dressing for success, that she too got nervous about the same thing. So she would wear something that made her feel powerful. Something that her higher / future self would wear. Someone who had zero nerves about what to say or how to form the right connections. I feel warm inside, chatting with her and getting to see her "normal side" like we are just mates. I say that it's such a simple thing that I've overlooked. We laugh and she tells me to take a sip of tea to solidify the thought. I drink the tea and I'm filled with warmth once again. She says she has to leave and walks out the front door.

I still have vivid lucidity and start repeating, "dress for success, dress for success, dress for success . . ." as I walk deeper into the store. I go through the sliding door and I'm in my childhood bedroom. There's a blazer (recently purchased in the waking state and never worn) on the bed. My alarm goes and I wake up.

NOTE: That following day I decided to wear the blazer I saw at the end of the dream and I signed three new students into my online course. The "dress for success" mindset was a massive hit! ▲

Lana Sackwild, MSc is a British lucid dreaming & lucid living coach and scientific researcher with a degree in consciousness, spirituality, and transpersonal psychology. Her award-winning research project is on the healing and transformative potential of lucid dreaming for mitigating depression. She can be reached through her website, Get Lucid With Lana, LLC: <https://www.lanasackwild.com/>



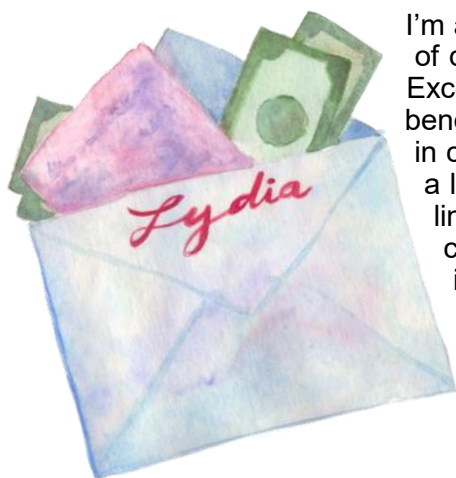
Ileana Lartigue — *The School of Dreaming*

I'm at a dream conference. D, my dream teacher from wakefulness, is somewhere around. I can feel this. I know others from my class are there, too. I somehow lose my way in the building and try to find my way back ... but I can't. The building keeps shifting, constantly folding on itself and then unfolding, creating an endlessly moving labyrinth where "back" is no longer back.

I decide to leave this space upwards, as I can't find my way to my fold. I do this by levitating and perforating the brick domelike ceiling with my outstretched arm as I hover, holding my position and simultaneously gathering enough energy to break through the dream matter. I traverse and enter a narrow tunnel. I move down it, breaking through the soft humid earth as I go. The soil is dark and rich and extremely fertile. I tumble forward.

I'm now at the entrance of an underground bookshop. The young man in charge of the place greets me. He says that this is *The School of Dreaming* and that he's going to show me around. He explains that I've "graduated" and that I'm going to be doing a new kind of dreamwork from now on. This space has been especially conceived for that purpose. Everything there, all the "props" (that's the word he uses to describe the surroundings), including himself and all dream characters, are there for my learning. It's a personalized dream area of sorts.

A girl comes toward me and gives me a bag full of books. I ask her name. She says her name and photo are on the pamphlet that I'll find in the bag. She pulls it out momentarily and shows me her picture. She tells me I can read the pamphlet later when I wake up. I think it curious that she's not aware I won't be able to do that, as I cannot take dream objects with me into waking life. I try to quickly figure out if there's a way for me to actually do this. I remember Seth saying somewhere in the Seth material that it's theoretically possible to bring an object back with you when you astral project . . . maybe I can somehow adapt that to this situation. But the dream moves on.



Artwork by Anaëli Lartigue

I'm asked to perform a series of tasks; technical stuff, like changing the solidity of dream matter, bringing certain objects forth, and so on. Nothing really new. Except for one exercise where I'm asked to "change the dream narrative" by bending the storyline before it unfolds so that when the action takes place it's in compliance with what I've previously determined. An envelope that contains a letter and a wad of cash falls on the floor. I'm instructed to produce a storyline that leads to the money being mine. I focus on this and give the inner command. I hand the envelope to a woman and ask her if she knows whose it is. She passes it on to a second woman, who says the letter belongs to Lydia. For a moment, I think I've failed my mission. But then, the second woman hands it back to me saying that, though the letter is Lydia's, she's giving the money to me as I've worked hard during this dream. I take it in my hands and see that some of the bills have disappeared. I know it's because the command I gave for bending the narrative of the dream was slightly off. I succeeded, but just barely.

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I'd never interacted with the dream by predetermining the unfoldment of dream action in that particular way. It was like pre-scripting. I know the dream is giving me something to further explore.

Throughout the dream, I had the distinct feeling that what I was being taught was not what I was being asked to do, but the state I was going into in order to do it. It was like a call to concentrate on the following:

- An absolute knowing I'm connected to the dreamscape by invisible energetic fibers that extend outwards and permeate the dreamscape.
- A crystal clear objective in my mind.
- A concentrated focus, when I will the dream to shift, that holds no doubt.

This is what I usually do when I'm lucid. Only now I'm being asked to distill the process and become more aware of it to strengthen my connection with the dream. I also know I'm supposed to apply this in waking life so that the two states become a continuum as they gradually fuse into one.

Nanci in Florida — *Sexy Flying Dream*



I woke with strong sexual feelings, very aroused and self-indulgent, but there was no imagery or other people, just a very powerful sense of happiness, sensuality, self-assuredness, and a go-for-it attitude. After 30 minutes awake of just reveling in this mental energy, I slid into a dream.

I was in my dream condo (not the one in this life) with a spacious great room and high ceilings. I was still feeling the very strong sexual energy and a go-for-it attitude. I already knew I was dreaming as I took stock of where I was. I looked around the room and at the high ceilings for some way to use this sexual energy I was feeling, so I thought, in a very sultry, Lauren Bacall way, "You know, I should just fly."

Then my strict, logical ego popped up like a second alternate personality and said sternly, "I can't do that!" But my Lauren Bacall sexual energy rose up and I said, in a sassy, flippant way, "Why not?"

Suddenly I lifted about 6 inches and started floating around, deliriously happy, examining every detail of the room as I slid past the furniture and walls. Now my energy was super-charged because I was so proud of myself. I glanced around the room and then looked at the very detailed tiles on the ceiling. I wanted to see the pattern close up.

I smiled a Lauren Bacall smirk and glibly thought, "I should fly to the ceiling." Once again, my logical ego personality popped up and sternly replied, "I can't do that!" But my Lauren self wasn't having that. Smugly she replied, with a flip of her hair, "Why not?"

I focused on the ceiling and instantly I was there. I was ecstatic! From then on for the rest of the dream I could do anything. I could zip across the room instantly and stop on a dime, or float in any direction with full control.

At one point I wanted to go outside but I saw my neighbor walking around outside and I decided I didn't want to deal with her watching me, so I just stayed inside. I also really wanted to take my clothes off and really let myself go, but decided I didn't want to break my focus on flying by taking the time to undress, so I pushed that impulse aside and continued to focus on the sensations of flying.

I was thrilled by my control at gliding. I loved feeling the breeze of air moving against my skin, and the sensations of my fingers touching the surface of the textured ceiling tiles and examining the patterns.

I realized I was casually sitting on a floating object that looked somewhat like the padded back of a dining chair with a small footrest at the bottom. This was such a small, flimsy object, it looked like a toy, and I knew it wasn't really strong enough to support me normally, but it was underneath my butt at a 45° angle and gravity was allowing me to rest on this seat while gravity had no restrictions on my floating around. I was aware of the logical conflict and just chose to ignore it.

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I continued to float and glide, looking down and around, occasionally just willing myself across the room and I would be there instantly. This was so much fun, I was grinning and laughing the whole time.

The Lesson: It was explained to me at this point that what made my flying possible was the combination of two things: 1) my thought, or intent; and 2) my very upbeat, self-assured, sexual energy that said casually, “Why the hell not?” My saucy, confident, easy-going, “sure-I-can-do-this” attitude overcame my concern that I had limitations and I shouldn’t break the rules, and once that attitude kicked in, I just did what came naturally. The point of the lesson was that by taking on this very easy-going, self-confident, high-powered attitude, I could easily blow off any fears and concerns and false beliefs that would normally hold me back.

Every time I said “I can’t” I was giving myself a limitation that wasn’t real. It was like I was sticking out my hand for a cookie and expecting a nun to smack me with a ruler, because I had always been told no, I can’t fly, so I refused to even try. But every time I said “Why not?” I was dismissing that official-line-of-consciousness sense of limitation, because I was all grown up now and I knew I didn’t have any limitations, so of course I could have a cookie if I wanted one!

The feeling of the sexual energy reminded me of seeing John Travolta in the movie *Staying Alive* (a follow up to *Saturday Night Fever*), where at the very end of the movie he was strutting down the street to the song, *Staying Alive*. His libido made him so happy and self-confident that he thought he could pull off anything. I was feeling this same kind of almost cocky, sexual self-confidence so that I could just kick all my mental blocks out of the way so I could do whatever I wanted to do. The more I tried, the more self confident I became, and the greater my energy level.

When I woke from that dream, I was laughing, and my mouth hurt from smiling so much.

Benjamin Eckenwiler — *Clear Eyes!*



I found myself lucidly aware in a small, dimly lit restaurant. I asked the host where I could find the owner (intuitively knowing the ‘restaurant owner’ would be a guide or teacher). The host told me he was upstairs, so I went. As I walked up the stairs, I looked out a window to see some people enjoying an event of some sort. It all looked quite gray, and I mentally acknowledged the depression I have been trying to get out of in my waking life.

At the top of all the stairs was a door — but the stairs by the door were cut off from the rest, and about 10 feet in the air! I saw this as a simple test of lucidity and was a little surprised at how easy it was to fly up to the door.

I opened the door to find a large room full of tables, benches, and books. An Asian man, about 60 years old, was working on a computer from the ‘80s. I felt rude for intruding, but asked him, “Do you have any life advice?” He asked, “How old? Teenager?” and I responded, “No, 29.” He nodded and left. While alone I noted how accepting this guy seemed, in contrast to how nervous I felt approaching him.

Shortly after, he came back. He said, “Clear eyes!” and splashed my face with a liquid from a small plastic bottle. As I wiped my eyes, I noticed that the world seemed much more colorful! What really caught my attention though, was the fact that this was the second time a very aware dream figure had said and done this exact same thing to me in a dream! The first time this had happened I did not understand what it meant. This time, I felt like I now understood. As I looked at the bottle of eye drops, I finally “understood” that this is the thing that will cure my depression! Eye drops! It seemed like such a clear sign to me, that I woke myself up to write it all down.

As I awoke, my dream logic no longer made sense. I felt both silly and amazed. I now believe that “clear eyes” refers to the lens through which one views life.

**Steven Ernenwein —
The House of Good Energy**

A “friend” of mine and I are walking along, having just left “work” and I tell him we should stop at a house that I had heard about. We finally make it there after walking several country roads. We are greeted at the door by two women, who are inviting and warm.

Inside, there is an amazing cast of beautiful women walking about and the energy is so uplifting that it naturally makes me lucid. The house feels kind of like a place of learning — many halls (some outdoor) and different “classrooms.”

I walk by an old woman standing outside one of the doors and as I pass her, she calls to me, “Hey, you’re a piano player, right?” I stop and smirk and turn around, curious. “Yes, yes I am.” She smiles and tells me I’ll want to follow her.



We enter the room and it’s quite expansive inside. There is nothing in the room except for a beautiful grand piano and a chair. She tells me to sit at the piano and play her something. I admire the piano for a moment and attempt to play one of my original pieces that I am very well practiced at, but something goofy happens every time I hit a key. It’s like the keys are all interconnected and hitting one triggers more than one and it ends up sounding like a child hitting the keys.

After stopping and starting again several times, I sit back and look at her and say, “I’m sorry. I am actually pretty good; I don’t know what to say.” She smiles with a smirk of knowingness. “Forget about the notes. Just play the song in your soul — feeeel the music.” That lands so poignantly inside of me. I let go and let the music move through me and it’s an incredible bluesy tune, almost ragtime-y in its style of playing, but just immensely beautiful and tragic and hopeful and melancholy. It was such a beautiful portrayal of a human being, of me. She applauds me and I feel changed and humbled.

James Sims — Gateway to the Pureland

In my friend Calvin’s apartment, I ask if I can spend the night. He answers yes, but when I see a big man and other people I don’t recognize, I become confused.

This leads me to lucidity, after which I find myself in an underground cave with sandy dust. In this cave, I jump from ledge to ledge in order to find my way out of the labyrinth. From time to time, I try taking a left or right turn in hopes that it’ll free me from this maze. However, jump as I might, I find myself in the same predicament of recurring gaps to jump.



Finally, I reach a point at which the gaps have disappeared, and I gallop quadrupedal through the dusty cave. I still question whether or not I’m making any headway as I struggle through this purgatory-like environment. To make matters worse, I’m unable to look up and ahead, bent over as if I’m the hunchback of Notre Dame.

I eventually achieve liberation, however, reaching a gate to what appears to be the Pureland. On the gate is an image of a stick figure man raising his hands triumphantly under a blue sky. I joyfully open this gate, behind which I see a plaque that says “*Saat Gaat Maat.*”

I get the feeling that this message refers to a God or Guide of sorts. I take this as

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a token of achievement and am immediately risen to ground level.

Here, I'm at Calvin's once more, only now the strange people have vanished. I eat two chocolate donuts in celebration as I fly off a deck leading to the blackness. But now I know all is well.

Low and behold, as I had suspected, *Saat Gaat Maat* is indeed a reference of not only a goddess, but also historical words of other languages. Upon looking up the meaning of "Saat" after awakening, I learn that it's the Turkish word for time or hour. "Gaat," a word that means saga, a long story of heroic achievement, foretells that it'll take me time to reach my spiritual destination. Finally, Maat or Ma'at, is the daughter of the sun god Ra. Furthermore, being the Goddess of truth and justice, she seems to have affirmed me on my path.

I'm very grateful for such a meaningful dream.

Jhon — "Did You Hear That?"

I enter a store which is filled with Ninja weapons when I realize I am dreaming. I shout out to the larger awareness to take away my porn addiction for a week. Then the dream character in front of me says, "Did you hear that?" Then the dream ends and I wake up feeling not tempted to watch porn or think about it.



Gustavo Vieira — *Lucid Dreams are Music to My Ears*

I'm a musician. I play keyboards and drums. I was part of some bands, played live and recorded a few albums, but now I do it solo. I like to compose music, mainly on my keyboard — mainly ambient, New Age and lullaby music.

In some lucid dreams, I'm singing some notes I would like to do on my synth, whatever comes to my mind, trying to compose new music and, most of the time, I hear a full orchestra backing me up. It's like I'm already recording with a professional orchestra. The sound is amazing.

I'm not a singer, but I like to sing, sometimes (or try to). As I live in an apartment, I never can sing loud. So, in some lucid dreams, I do my singing and it's amazing. I'm always in tune.

Then I thought: "Yeah, right. In real life I could never reach that note. I'm always in tune, because I'm dreaming." But one day, in a dream, I tried to reach a very high note and, even in the dream, I couldn't. And, curiously, I felt my throat getting tired because of the effort.

Kathy Pfeiffer — *Falling From the Sky Into My Soul's Desire*

I had spent the week leading up to this Friday night accomplishing things left and right, and had planned to continue in this direction by dying my hair and painting the woodwork in one of my bedrooms on Saturday. This night, however, turned out to be one of the nights where I could not sleep. I tossed and turned all night, feeling frustrated, tired, and desperate to get the sleep I needed to accomplish my goals of the day. I finally asked the spirit world for help when I couldn't find a reason why I wasn't able to sleep.

I dozed as morning approached, and then saw I was sitting on a ski lift with someone else. I saw the snow on the ground below, and I was holding on to the metal rod that connects the seat to the lift apparatus. As I held on to it, I became aware that I was lying in my bed trying to sleep, and stayed that way for the rest of the dream.

Suddenly, something broke that was holding the seat to the lift, then another piece broke, and I fell to the ground below. When I got to the ground I wasn't hurt, the snow was gone, and I was in the woods. I walked a little, and then saw a charming old cottage in the woods. I could see inside it, and there was an old woman

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making something with her hands at a table. She was dressed mainly in black, and looked somewhat like a witch. The house was filled with knick-knacks, and looked cozy, rustic, natural, and unpretentious.

When I saw her I was excited to my core. I wanted to join her at the table, and I knew she would welcome anyone who wanted to join her. I joined her at the table, started making something with my hands, and came out of the dream.

I got out of bed and knew immediately I wanted to change my plans for the day. Instead of fixing things up in my material world, I decided to spend the day at my dining room table putting together a 3D puzzle I had purchased. I turned an old movie on the TV, made some tea, creating a cozy environment. My husband joined me, and I was so happy I couldn't believe it. My dream had showed me what my soul wanted to do because I couldn't see it on my own. The desire to play, and just enjoy the day with those around me instead of accomplishing things, was keeping me from sleeping.

I was filled with joy for the rest of the weekend, sharing my finished project with family members remotely, which brought them joy as well.

My hair has not been dyed, the woodwork has not been painted, but I have come up with other craft projects to do at my dining room table. And wouldn't you know it, I have slept like a baby ever since I changed my plans for that day, and the priorities in my life. I believe pleasing my soul is what truly keeps me happy and healthy. It speaks quietly through my dreams so it can be heard over the larger self that orders me around in the physical world. Thank goodness it was a lucid dream so I could remember it, experience it profoundly, and let it change my world.

Troy Vrolyk — *The Ocean TV & The Flying Dream Instructions*

Image: Troy Vrolyk



I was in a house and there were a few of us milling about the kitchen. I was sitting at the kitchen table watching a large TV. It wasn't super tall, but quite wide and deep, and seemed like 3D — so realistic! My mom was to my right. I looked at the TV more closely and saw there was no TV screen; it was an actual ocean inside, with real waves coming in and crashing onto the beach, onto the nice white sand, that spilled out through the TV onto the kitchen table.

As I realized this was a real ocean, my awareness seemed to zoom into it as if I was there. Suddenly I got very seasick and dizzy and had rushing sensations coming into my head, causing my head to fall down and droop to my left, down on or near the table.

I tried telling my mom that I had just experienced the weirdest and strongest sensation of vertigo ever — me with my head still drooped down to the left close to the table — but she wasn't really listening. I was stuck in that position, then thought that I hope she doesn't try waking me if I actually fall asleep or into a coma like this . . . because if I did enter a coma for weeks or months, I might have the most epic lucid dream ever! Then I paused and thought, wait a second . . . this might be a dream now! I tried rolling out of my paralyzed body, and sure enough, I did it and stood up! I was dreaming!

Lucid, the dream took over as I hoped (to show me something important) and then started to fly me. I was in an upright (maybe sitting) position. It flew me fast to the front door, and I hoped I wouldn't be like my friend "Jr" and crash through the window in a bloody mess. (I've never had an issue going through things but "Jr" had recently told me that he has, and his doubts had an unfortunate way of seeping into my thoughts at this moment.) I braced myself and turned my body slightly to my right, to sort of bodycheck my way through, but I made it through cleanly. Whew, darn "Jr" and his doubts are going to get me killed!

Then the dream took me backwards, flying back through the house door/wall at quick speed and flew me through some wide halls. As I hurtled backwards with no clue what was behind me, I hoped I wouldn't crash into anything. Then the scene seemed low lit so I re-stabilized, putting my finger through my palm mid-flight.

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It seemed to do the trick as the scene perked up. Then as the dream flew me backwards, me still upright and looking in the opposite direction, I looked to my left and there was a flying little TV screen that had caught up to me and came flying around me, rotating and spinning and going up and down . . . constantly moving in some direction but all the while remaining in my close orbit (within 6-8' from me) as we both were hurtling in my backwards direction, and its forward direction (though it spun a lot).

I unfocused on the passing walls and space (we were only about 5' off the ground) and focused on the little TV screen (it looked a little like a karaoke screen with a pink background, I think, and random small words across the bottom and maybe the odd little cartoon pic with it; very cutesy). I missed part of the first sentence, but it seemed to have a mind of its own and was talking to me via the words on its screen. I just caught the title: "Flight Commands." Then I thought, "Oh wow! I've stumbled onto a secret manual for dream flight!"

Then the first message appeared and it said, "Take a night off". (LOL, my pesky subconscious knows me well! I did have a headache in the waking state but couldn't help myself but try to get lucid anyway!) Then it was giving me the flying instructions, showing commands I can use: Faster, Lower, Higher, etc.

I thought I'd start putting these to the test, and called out, "Higher!" Sure enough, with a "whoosh" I went about 5' higher in an instant . . . hmm, not bad control for a dream-guided flight! My dream body turned so I was now upright flying forward, then I saw a wall coming up. I began to have doubts again (curse "Jr"!). My dream showed me mercy though and flung me sideways to my right to a tiny sort of stained-glass window. It wouldn't be big enough for me to fit through in reality, but any light after a solid object makes it much easier to pass through . . . especially now that "Jr" has messed with my mind with his talk that he always hits walls or breaks windows and falls to the ground. I guess *Inception* is real!

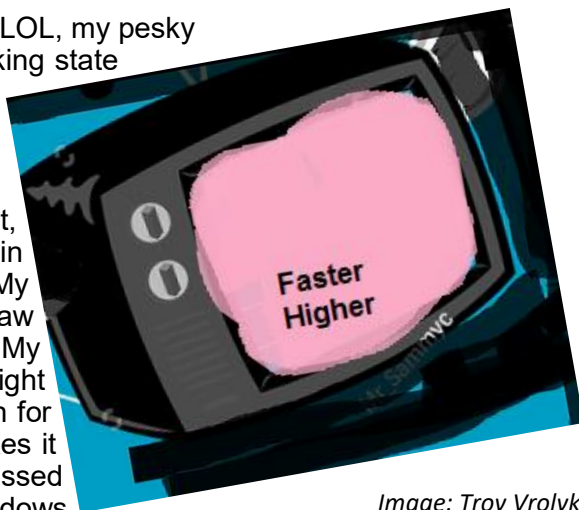


Image: Troy Vrolyk

Then I woke up and had a chuckle about the first lesson I was taught: "Take a night off." Very funny, Dream!

P.S. After listening to Robert Waggoner's suggestions in one of his books to try saying "No gravity!" I did so, and let me tell you, doing that with combining the simple flight commands from this dream works AWESOME!

Lucy Gillis — *Showing Someone Various Ways to Fly*

When I first think that I could be dreaming, I stretch out onto the air, almost like taking a shallow dive into water, and when I glide easily through the air, I'm satisfied that I am indeed dreaming.

At some point I seem to be showing someone different modes of flying: hovering, floating, gliding, etc. We seem to do this indoors in a cafeteria-like place in a campus or some kind of institution, for quite a while. There are a few others around. I also show her how to pass through solid objects. There is a glass wall and either on the other side of it, or somehow embedded in it, are silver pieces of metal (perhaps modern art; the structure doesn't seem to have a function). I purposely fly through it, only briefly entertaining the thought that I might not be able to do it. I pass through easily, not feeling anything. There is another structure, smaller, also seemingly embedded or behind a glass wall that I pass through with ease.



Laurance — Audible Life Stream

The Eckankar spiritual tradition focuses on spiritual dreaming and soul travel. In my case, I never had a lucid dream until I started routinely doing some of Eckankar’s contemplative practices, such as chanting HU while focusing on the third eye before drifting off to sleep. Since then, I’ve had many lucid dreams, including some powerful, vivid, and transcendent ones.

For example, recently, I dreamed I was walking down a damp trail next to a small creek. Initially, the dream had somewhat of a drab, muted feel. At some point, I became lucid and asked the “awareness behind the dream” to show me a Golden Wisdom Temple, special places in Eckankar in which divine knowledge is dispensed. Immediately, the scene shifted to awe-inspiring vividness with intense energetic ambiance. I was ecstatic. Although no temple appeared, golden light enveloped the setting beneath a vivid blue sky. It was a little bit like how fall’s luminescent golden cottonwood trees contrast with Northern New Mexico’s vibrant blue skies.

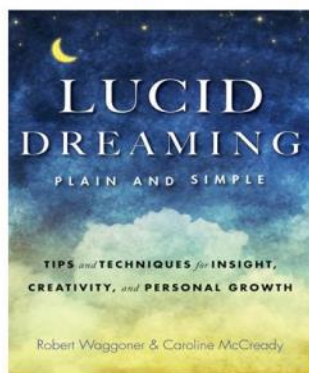
Once a trickle, the stream was now a raging torrent, in the middle of which a towering island had appeared with a waterfall gushing down to the stream. Eckankar, as well as other spiritual traditions such as Shabda Yoga and Sikhism, emphasize the “audible life stream,” the flow of the divine life-force energy that percolates down to us but tends to be muted by our everyday consciousness of limitation. Perhaps, this dream was a manifestation of this phenomenon at some level.

As I gawked at the island and its gushing waterfall, I saw some movement. A little bird flew from the island to me. With great joy, I extended my arm, the bird landing on it. We joyously gazed into each other’s eyes. Through the gaze of this tiny creature, I felt I was receiving the *darshan* or holy transmission from a master. The dream left me with a blissful feeling that lingered much of the day.

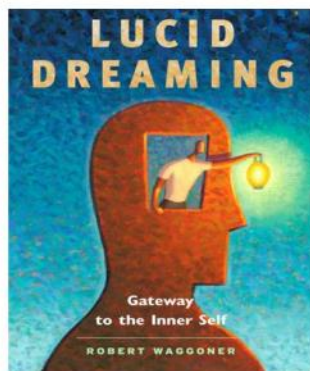


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Tashim Lo — *I Am the Creator*

I was walking in a park. There was a big lake with a walkway going around it. The sun was setting on the horizon. I thought it would be nice to take a walk around the lake. As I was walking halfway around the lake, two park recreation securities drove by me and told me the park is closed. I responded, “The park is closed?” “Yes,” one of the security responded. I was told I have to leave the park or I would be jailed. I asked the two securities, “Under whose authority and who came up with the rules?” I was told the governor and city council’s.

I told the two securities I created this place so everyone can enjoy it, not to be regulated. The two securities look at me confused. I was informed again that if I didn’t leave they would have to make an arrest. I told them, “Fine, drop me off the gate.”

I got into their truck. While we were making our way to the entrance gate, I told them I created this world, I’m the creator. They gave me the look — “sure you are.” I told them they will be fired by tomorrow morning for not believing what I’m saying. They dropped me off the entrance gate, locked the gate, and left. I stood there looking at the lake thinking to myself, “I will show them.” I raised my hands and made the lake drain completely. The only thing left was mud and rocks.

By morning, people came to the park, disbelieving what they had seen. Then all the water was gone. I stood nearby the gate, giggling, and watched the two securities’ jaws drop as they opened the gate to the public. By midday, other officials came to investigate. The two securities told the officials they didn’t know what happened; when they had closed the gate, the lake was still there.

One of the securities mentioned they encountered me before they closed the park. They told the officials what I had said, they said they didn’t believe me. As I was watching the whole scene unfold I couldn’t help but laugh out loud till my laugh woke me up.

Jo Harthan — *Playing Guitar with John Lennon*

This is not an account of lucid dreaming but may help those dreamers who find it hard to achieve lucidity and maybe think that ‘normal’ dreaming is not as useful. We learn so much in our dreams, whether lucid or not. Teachers in the dreamtime are invaluable and providing we become conscious of them, whether awake or asleep, they have so much to offer. This is one such account.

I had started a folk club in my village in 2010 even though I had never played guitar before — I was just desperate for a social life. Needless to say, my guitar playing left a lot to be desired but I stuck at it, practicing as often as I could.

Fast forward to May 2013. In a dream I found myself browsing an old fashioned bookshop. There was a guitar leaning up outside. To my astonishment, and total joy, I see John Lennon dash past outside; he’s running after his son Shaun, who is only about two years old. Wow — I’m thinking he might let me play guitar with him later. How cool would that be? I then go for a walk up a very steep road that reminds me of the path that goes up to Glastonbury Tor in Somerset, England. Other people were struggling but I walked up easily and quickly.

Six months later, in November, I was reading Robert Waggoner’s book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self* and had gone to sleep telling myself to become lucid if anything unusual happened in a dream. Imagine my joy when I very unexpectedly found myself playing guitar with John Lennon!! I was playing the basic rhythm for him and he was playing the melody. He congratulated me on the standard of my playing. I felt so very proud and privileged to be with him though sadly I did not become lucid.



Image: Jo Harthan

In Your Dreams!

However, the next day when I picked up my guitar, my strumming/picking hand seemed to have a mind of its own and was producing some more than half decent rhythms. At the next folk club meeting, I was more relaxed and confident than I'd ever been before. Amazingly, everyone commented on how my guitar playing had suddenly improved. Thank you, John — my enduring hero and teacher.

David L. Kahn — *Karate Form Practice*

I am in school and realize that I haven't been doing much homework. I feel like I must be behind in math and possibly English, too. There are two classrooms in front of me. J is there with some other kids. We are waiting for the door to open. I have a folder and can see that I have written notes in it about the work I need to do. I feel a little better knowing that I at least took notes.

As I get into the classroom, the chairs look to be slightly out of place, but I know where I am supposed to sit and find my seat. J's chair is in a row in front of me and slightly to the right. The bag I have now is one of the kids' karate bags. I realize that I put my folder in their bag, which has all kinds of stuff in it. I can't re-find the folder that I just put in there.

Initially this frustrates me, but then it causes me to become lucid and I know that I can stop looking for the folder. At this point I notice that I have some kind of helmet on my head — but I don't want to waste my dream time struggling to remove the helmet, knowing that I could have some kind of dream block that prevents me from doing so.

I go up to a student, who reminds me of the teenage boy that hung around with us at Diamond Nationals (a karate tournament). I say to him, "I am dreaming." He nodded his head yes. I ask if he is dreaming and he nods his head yes. Then I ask him to tell me something I need to know. He doesn't have anything to say but he smiles.

Another boy is nearby, and I do the same thing (ask if he is dreaming). He nods yes, that he is dreaming, too. That boy removes the helmet from my head. I feel better having it off.

I begin to float around the room. I feel as though I am waking up, but I keep going with my dream thoughts. I recall my intention to work on my karate form within a lucid dream and begin doing so. I am accurately doing the form, but I have some trouble because I feel like I am standing on a fluid surface, like a waterbed. This prevents me from having much balance under my feet to do the moves well. I take note of my difficulty with balance before going on with the dream.



Carina Odd — Theme/Sankalpa: “Self-Love”

I am on a train as I realize that I am lucid. My grandmother is sitting next to me. She is young, around 50 years old, and has red hair like me.

I am asking her, “Is it you, Grandma?”
 “Yes,” she answers.
 “We are in a dream, right? I am lucid?” I ask.
 She replies, “Yes.”

I hear a voice in my head, saying: “I am love.”

My sisters come running towards my grandmother. They are children, around 8-10 years old, in the dream. I am watching this as if in a movie. It is just so amazing.

Aware that I am dreaming, I am jumping out of the train and now getting into a car that is driving really fast downhill. I am sitting next to the driver’s seat. A.D. is in the back seat of the car. I tell him that I love him and that he inspires me, saying, “I will write you on Instagram tomorrow, okay?”

It is exciting to be lucid, knowing I can do whatever I want. I am aware of my body and everything in my dream. I get out of the car and I meet a rabbit. He bites me on my hand between my thumb and index finger; it hurts and I get scared — but then, realizing it is a dream, I let him bite me.

I surrender and suddenly my body fills with a white light. It was the most amazing feeling I have ever felt. I realize that the rabbit is healing me; he wants me to be happy-self-love. My body is trembling in the white light for a couple of seconds.

Next, I wonder where my son is. I find him under a bridge full of rose quartz crystals. Oh my god, this self-love lucid dream is amazing! This is an absolute beautiful view. I hug my son Alvin and we brought some crystals. Again, I hear this voice, saying: “I am love.”

I see a train coming out of the mountain, and I jump right into it. When I arrive in the train there is a Chinese man pointing a gun at me. At first, I am scared but then I tell him, “This is a dream,” and that made him put the gun down. Next to him is another Chinese man who points at his left side of the brain and I tell him, “Yes, there is something with the right side of my brain — help me, give me more information about the problem.”

He starts talking to a doctor next to him, but I say, “I do not understand your doctor language. Please clarify!” Then he puts acupuncture needles on his forehead. Suddenly Mehtab shows up — he places his hands on my head and my head fills with a white light again, so powerful, and I am thankful for all their support and the healing from everyone in my lucid dream.

In the train I get a clear picture in my head of a calligraphy pen. I get out of the train and I see a helicopter 40 metres up in the air about to take off. I get up in the helicopter and I meet my friend Jonna; he is also aware that we are dreaming. I get out of the helicopter, in a car now with Alvin, Frida, and a little family.

When I get out of the car, I arrive at my fantastic, modern, white house. As I go into the house, I can see my husband by our enormous, white, modern kitchen, and he is so happy to see me. I run into my eldest son’s room. While he is sleeping, I am healing him as the rabbit and Mehtab did with me; he is strong and independent. I get in to Alvin; he is love now as Neo is whole. I hug them both. The rabbit and Mehtab healed me. I am love. And so it is.



Angela Nowlan — *Brain Scrambling Simultaneous Dreams*

When I woke up, I realized that I had been dreaming two dreams simultaneously. My brain was scrambling to make sense of it and think of them as dreams that were intertwined or that one was more prominent than the other. That wasn't the case!

In one dream, I was in this beautiful old house, with many different small rooms and staircases. It was nighttime and snowy. There were always deer in the yard whenever I looked outside. There was a man in my dream that I kept following, into these little alcoves and staircases in the home. I really wanted to be in a romantic relationship with him, even though I knew he wanted nothing to do with me. He would never look at me, even though he knew I was following him. He eventually went outside to look at the deer, and I followed. I felt content but a little sad in the dream.

In the other dream, I was an amazing ballerina. I was doing a performance in front of thousands of people. I had a male partner with me. We performed a beautiful dance, and the audience gave a standing ovation. I left the stage, put my boots on and was trying to leave really fast. I just wanted out of there. My partner told me I really should be pursuing this as a career because I was so talented. I told him I had no desire to do this for a living; I just didn't love it. I felt good about my decision.

It was pretty interesting to have two dreams simultaneously that were almost opposite. In one, I was chasing after something I could never have, and in the other, I was so good at something that I didn't want. I believe our dreams have many messages for us, and I'm still thinking about what this message could be.



Lucy Gillis — *A Dream Character Warps My World*

I don't recall what triggered lucidity, but I know I'm dreaming. I'm in a huge room that resembles an almost empty warehouse. I begin to fly around the room. Below me I see a blonde dream character. He is going to help me with some flying technique, or a technique for something that involves flying. I know his name is Alan.

We don't exchange any words, not even mentally or telepathically "in words". Communication is just an instantaneous knowing between us.

I swoop low toward him, and as I do so he makes a motion with his arms as though he is flipping something over in the air. As he does this, I flip over in a mid-air somersault, at about his eye-level.

While somersaulting, I feel an acceleration, and get disoriented. Beyond Alan, I see the fabric of the dream, which is 3-dimensional, smear into a colourful 2-dimensional "surface". It is not just a visual distortion due to spinning over in the air; the walls of the room, and any furniture I can see all blend into one surface. Hard to explain. Alan, however, remains the same (3-D) and I assume I do, too, as I don't feel any different in my body.

We practice this over and over, each time I feel the same acceleration and orientation. ▲



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The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale

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