

LDE

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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



In Your Dreams!

Lucid Dreamplay for Health and Healing

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Interacting in Lucid Dreams with Your Unconscious Mind**

— A Troubleshooting Guide

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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 lucyld@yaho.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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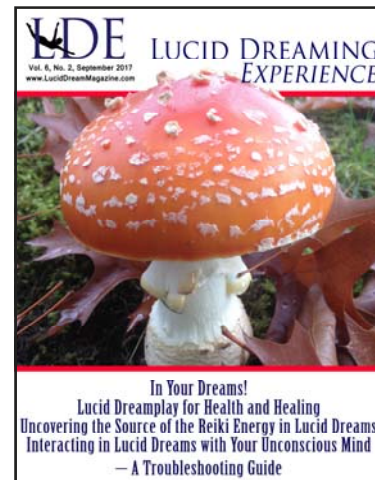
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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2017

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH GARDNER EEDEN

Robert interviews
Gardner Eeden –
lucid dreamer,
biconscious writer,
and author of *Lucid:
Awake in the World
and the Dream*.

Welcome to the LDE. When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?

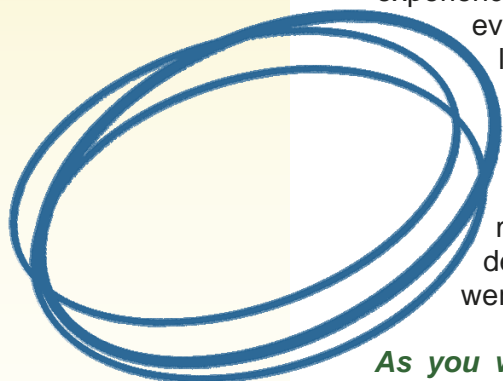
My childhood dreams were peppered with instances of lucidity, usually on the edge of nightmares, but it was in my early teens when greater degrees of awareness and control in the dream really manifested; I don't think it was a coincidence that more powerful lucidity coincided with puberty, a growing sexual imagination, and sexual experience in the world. No one told me about lucid dreaming, or even took dreams seriously beyond how they were portrayed in common culture. I had only my own increasingly potent experience to work with.

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

I grew up in a small town, before the internet, and had no resources for learning about dreams. Our libraries had nothing on dreams but Freud. In my teens, when we had moved to Chicago, I was able to order books that really opened my personal experimentation: Patricia Garfield's *Creative Dreaming* and Charles Tart's *Altered States of Consciousness*. Both were crucial in helping me discover the wider dream experience, in particularly being able to put a name to "lucid dreaming."

My first extended lucid dreams were all about exploring my own curiosity, lust, and creative imagination; my very first solidly lucid experiences were all about flying. I worked on a flying technique (I evolved from the "swimming through air" movement to "take off like Superman" within a few years), exploring the homes, buildings, and landscapes of the dream, and, frankly, letting out some Hulk-level destructiveness that was an excellent and safe exercise of young male angst. Lucid dreaming gave me an outlet that completely obliterated any need I may have felt in the world to do drugs or any kind of delinquent behavior. No amount of drugs (some of my friends were doing) could match my experience in the dream.

As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised



you? Or led to unexpected events?

There certainly are some surprises, no matter how much conscious control I exert on the dream environment. Example from a dream experience:

I am in a lavish apartment in a high-rise building in some futuristic city that resembles part Tokyo, Vegas or Dubai. I've become lucid and am exploring details in the apartment, such as product names of bathroom items like toothpaste containers. I look at shiny red prescription bottles, one is named Cloximorphin (I don't know if that's real or not). A jar of hand wipes under the sink is labeled, in generic block letters, "Clown Wipes." I run the water from the nickel-plated shower (why nickel, I don't know); I can make it hot, and I can make it turn cold. I go through the well-appointed rooms and know that when I open the master bedroom door, a beautiful girl will be in it. Then out of the big hall window I see flashes in the distance at the edge of the city, like explosions, and I hear a very familiar screech—the metallic wail of Godzilla. I decide I'm lucid enough to ignore that development, and open the master bedroom door; all the lights in the room are turned off but it's lit with the reflection of the city lights and the fires in the distance; a very beautiful girl is seated at the edge of the bed looking out at the action. I make the mistake of looking out the window, seeing that Godzilla's already crossed half the distance, headed straight for me. I try to make him disappear and he seems to fade out; I touch the girl's shoulders, run my hand in her hair, turn her face to me—a gorgeous woman with an eye color I can't quite make out. The room turns darker and I turn back to the window and of course, it's Godzilla, now staring straight into the room. I try to stare him down, but between the dual excitement and inability to control his actions, I phase back into the world.



Now, I don't for a second think that Godzilla "represents" anything; not sexual frustration, not any lurking danger in my mind. I like watching Godzilla movies. The most surprising thing to me these days is the innate ability of the mind to create an environment in the dream from my conscious control, but it simultaneously fills in the gaps and details of that world from a subconscious level, and I can't predict what it will throw at me; in a way, that's part of the fun.

What is it about lucid dreaming that fascinates you?

No matter how many times one achieves lucidity, it is ALWAYS profound to know that you have this dual consciousness; because I have been such an avid lucid dreamer, and capable of slipping into the dream in napping, or meditative states, or any non-REM state, I began to believe we are all biconscious, experiencing the dream and the world simultaneously, and achieving various levels of lucidity in one or the other. To me, the dream and the world are flip sides of the conscious stream; when I'm aware in one state, the other becomes the "subconscious." I believe human consciousness can evolve to a level of concurrent awareness within both states.

I'm also fascinated by the notion of morality—what it means in the world is pretty clear, but what does it mean in a world that is largely of your own construction and in which you exercise God-like powers?

What techniques do you use to become lucid? Which do you find most helpful?

Lucidity comes to me frequently (a bit less with age); staying lucid for an extended period is the challenge. I did have to learn to *maintain* lucidity, and I did it with an "eyes wide open" exercise within the dream. Closing the eyes often seems to generate a phase into wakefulness, so I taught myself to calm down during any activity and focus on objects within the dream to maintain the state.

I also used cross-through stimulation such as playing a stereo near my bed to hear the music from the world in the dream, which had the effect of keeping an "open portal" between the two worlds so that I didn't feel like

I was going to jump back to my waking body. An example from my journal:

I put a couple of Jon Hassell discs in the player, *Dream Theory in Malaya* and *Fourth World Possible Musics*; the muted otherworldly tones and third world rhythms are perfect in that they are not too loud, but not purely ambient. It will enable me to sleep but I will recognize it when the music winds its way through my subconscious. I put the discs on a repeat loop and set the volume so that I can hear it clearly but not so loud it's distracting. Soon asleep and in the dream, I am in a bright modern museum, with windows the size of walls looking out at a jungle-like landscape, even though I feel certain I am in the heart of some huge city. The museum has sculptures (mixture of human figures, African fetishes and Greek and Roman gods), canvas images and fountains, and also seems to be part shopping mall. Just ahead of me in a long, wide corridor is a fountain jutting out of the wall that is coming in through a jungle stream; a young girl with some ambiguous ethnic features (probably South Asian) is playing in the water, I hear her splashing in a rhythmic tone and hear the section of music from the track "Malay" which uses splashing water as percussion. I instantly know that I am listening to music from the world and become lucid.

I'm thrilled that the music manifested as a visual action! I step beside the girl and splash the water with her, hitting it like a drum. She is not surprised to see me. I float up into the air, which only mildly amuses her. I hover, concentrate on the music and her playing somewhat in tandem, though now that I am fully lucid, her activity does not sync up with what I can still clearly hear "piped in" from the world. She is content to play, so I fly down the corridor, slapping my hand along a series of silver metal rings that are dangling from the ceiling. I can hear the muted trumpet sounds from the song and realize that I am hearing the song in real time, even as the dream is stretching out time and giving me the feeling that I've been hanging out in the museum/mall for much longer than the song itself. It is hard to maintain the fusion and balance of hearing music in two worlds and I phase back into the world.

I started journaling early on, but within the course of several years, it became impossible to keep up; I could literally write as much of the dream experience as I could of a day's experience in the world. I ended up keeping a single journal that mixed the most striking moments from the world and the dream, and it helped me settle into the notion of biconsciousness. Thinking frequently in the world about lucidity and pausing in my day to declare moments of lucidity where I truly absorb my environment have certainly helped strengthen my mental stamina within the dream.

When you have unexpected or surprising lucid dream experiences, what does it imply? How do you resolve it in your mind or minds?

There are profound, surprising, unexpected and mundane events that happen both in the world and the dream; I don't always rush to look for deeper meaning or implications, rather to savor the experience in the moment if I'm able. For me, it isn't a matter of resolving an issue or completing some kind of story or moral, it's about the journey.

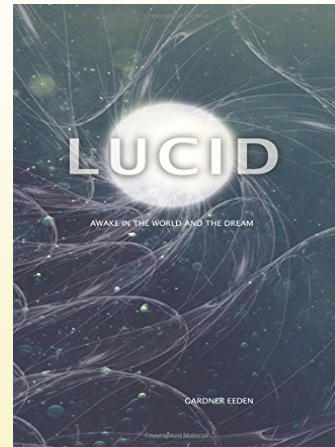
What are some hindrances to lucidity that people face?

I think too many people are allowing "simulated dreaming" to take over; it's easy to immerse one's self in a video game or virtual environment, to create an avatar within a simulated world and explore, get out your aggression or do taboo or otherwise exciting things. People do this without realizing those simulations are inherent in our own dreaming, and if we could only channel those energies into the duality of our own consciousness, we'd have much better comprehension and control of the dream and world as they work with—and against—each other.

You write about how lucidity may be key in the evolution of human consciousness, how so?

My book combines my own real dream experience, science, and fictional elements to create a possibility for conscious evolution. It's a bit irreverent toward the science and the spiritual both, because those are the areas most covered among dream researchers and enthusiasts. Too many people ignore their dreams because they're not comfortable with hard science or metaphysical esoterica; it's either science stuff they don't understand or abstract spiritual stuff they're not interested in. We need to start talking about dreams in a

way that isn't always purely about scientific research or promising spiritual enlightenment (though of course, research is vital, and exploring the spiritual element is filled with healing potential for many people); I guess I'm saying that "dreams" need some good PR. We have to let people know the dream's amazing ability to knock your socks off in a way that gaming, movies, porn, and religion can't begin to deliver. Culture and technology are trying to create a proxy for lucid dreaming—through virtual reality gaming, immersive world building, and first person simulations. People need to know how to find this power organically, and they won't do it unless it sounds exciting and entertaining.



**“I am conscious 24 hours a day, shifting between the world and the dream. Never ask me what a dream means.”
– Gardner Eeden**

When artificial intelligence starts taking over the world, or when Ray Kurzweil's "singularity" happens, where will that leave human consciousness? Will we be slaves to a matrix, artificially pumping a virtual reality into our brains, or will we be skilled enough to have our own conscious plane where our selves can continue? If we can learn to spend extended periods of time in our own self-generated lucid consciousness, where could that lead? Our consciousness is still evolving; we're a young species. I get excited thinking about the possibilities!

NOTE: Readers can learn more about **Lucid: Awake in the World and the Dream** by Gardner Eeden at Amazon, where the book is available in paperback and ebook.



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Uncovering the Source of the Reiki Energy in Lucid Dreams

By Alexandra Enns © 2017



It happens that I start to have recurring dreams of myself drawing the sacred Reiki symbols in the air with golden energy flowing out from my palms. Realizing that my subconscious is persistently sending me signs for further dream exploration, I begin to question the nature of the Reiki energy as a third degree practitioner of the Usui System for the first time:

What is Reiki exactly? Can I make it visible or feel it in the course of a lucid dream? With these questions in mind, I embark on a quest to disclose the secret behind the origin of Reiki.

Making inquiries in the literature about esoteric Buddhism, I discover the following definition: “Reiki arises from the source of all life and is sent to us from there through Dai Marishi Ten, the Great Goddess, and Dainichi Nyorai, the Great God, the two highest individual spiritual beings, on behalf of the Creative Force.”

At the beginning of my research, I meditate with the traditional mudra and mantra of Dai Marishi Ten before falling asleep. As a result of this, I have a very strange dream of a red cloud of smoke in the form of a snake circling me. My further studies strengthen my suspicion that this phenomenon is indicating the presence of the goddess Dai Marishi Ten, who is not only depicted as the “Goddess of Fire,” but also in general visualized in red flames during meditation practice.

From this point of view, I make an attempt to summon Dai Marishi Ten in the lucid dream state as well:

Dai Marishi Ten

While I am trying to induce a WILD, the bedroom gets illuminated. It strikes me that I must be dreaming now because the house I am just sneaking out of has nothing in common with waking reality. Standing on the front porch in finest weather, I decide that the time and view is perfect for my recently determined goal. So I assume the Ongyō In mudra and pronounce the mantra of the goddess Dai Marishi Ten two times: “Om Marishiei sowaka.”

Suddenly, in the distance, I notice a woman with long, black and floating hair wearing a voluminous kimono. There is no mistaking she is riding something past me—yet it is impossible to make out what that might be except it’s oval shape and tremendous speed. At the same time, she is emitting such a continuous, fierce cry as if under attack, making me go ice cold and freeze with horror. I wake up, heart palpitating with fear.

Having coped with my initial fright, I stumble upon a plausible explanation of my previous lucid dream by learning that Dai Marishi Ten was worshiped as the Goddess of War and Victory by the Samurai and Ninja in Japan and is often shown standing on a wild boar.

Three nights after my first encounter with Dai Marishi Ten, I have a remarkable dream where I turn invisible and float towards a shelf to get a book with ‘secret knowledge’ from a well-guarded library.

Uncovering the Source of the Reiki Energy

How surprised I am to find out the next day that through Dai Marishi Ten, “humans can attain the power to become invisible and not be perceived nor harmed by any opponent”!

Apart from the rather convenient, unconsciously granted gift of invisibility in many dreams to follow, leaving me to feel like an ancient Samurai warrior, another psychic incidence occurs. In brief, I successfully escape from my pursuers within a nightmare with the assistance of an invisible hand, pushing me perceptibly in the right direction.

All these experiences are most probably hinting at the guidance by Dai Marishi Ten, usually “appearing invisible to the eyes.”

Hugely impressed, I make up my mind to show my gratitude and respect towards this goddess in my next lucid dream by declaring the suitable “magic formula of the Great Light” to “remove the darkness of the mind”:

Knowledge Revealed

Lucid on a dark playground, I try to honor Dai Marishi with the mantra of the “perfected wisdom”: “Gyatei, gyatei, hara gyatei, hara so gyatei, boji so-waka.”

When I look at the previously blank firmament, I see greenish colors forming and moving similar to the Northern Lights, emphasizing the beauty of a giant, wandering star in the middle. Mesmerized, I watch the iridescent planet turning slowly, showing an auburn surface with gray circles.

Upon awakening, I identify the planet as Venus and consult my reference book to figure out its interesting connections between Dai Marishi Ten and Reiki: “Venus has been equated with the Goddess in most of the great cultures of world history” and: “Dr. Usui practiced the Morning Star (i.e. Venus) meditation

during his three-week stay on Mount Kurama from where the light came to him”...

Having reflected further on the source of Reiki, I conduct the following lucid dream experiment:

Experiencing the Reiki Energy

I wait still with my eyes closed until the next dream re-entry takes place. Having confirmed lucidity with a reality test, I climb out from the window into a dimmed environment dotted with stars in the sky.

Wondering what I might ask the larger awareness, I finally announce intrepidly: “Show me the Reiki energy!”

Immediately, I hear a piercing, already familiar female voice, screaming as if just performing a karate chop, combined with a swirling wind sweeping vigorously across me, leaving behind golden streaks.

I laugh out loud with relief, recognizing Dai Marishi Ten in spite of her invisibility. Then I give my thanks to the dream and awaken.

As far as Reiki is concerned, I conclude that the goddess seems to play the first fiddle.

The perplexing lucid dream given below illustrates the result of my application of another mudra and mantra set associated with Dai Marishi Ten:

Not as Expected

The void dissolves, and I become lucid again. Amazed by the new dream scene, containing a Far Eastern temple with gold-embroidered walls, covered in red silk, I decide to try out my alternative mantra and mudra of the goddess Dai Marishi Ten and speak out loudly: “Om ajiteiya Dai Marishi Ten.”

Unexpectedly, a lovely, young Japanese woman in a red kimono and with black, traditionally braided hair appears.

“Are you Dai Marishi Ten?”, I ask her in astonishment.

She starts talking a mile a minute, using an incomprehensible language. Might this be Japanese?

I feel I am wasting time, and quickly form the mudra of the Pagoda and pronounce the mantra for the Sun Buddha Dainichi Nyorai: “Om abira unken!”



Uncovering the Source of the Reiki Energy

Nothing happens again (as in several previous lucid dreams). What's wrong with this mantra? I am racking my brain, frustrated.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Why not use the acquired 'communication flexibility' from my former work as a flight attendant in this lucid dream? I put on a helpless face, show Dai Marishi Ten the recently assumed mudra, and ask awkwardly: "Om abira unken – Dainichi Nyorai?"

"Om APIKA unken," she replies politely with an enigmatic smile.

Surprised at her pronunciation help, I repeat the corrected mantra, and a handsome man materializes instantly. I have never met a Buddha yet, but this is definitely NOT a Japanese god! My mind spins at his sight - a BLACK Buddha dressed in a GREEK gown?

"You are Dainichi Nyorai?" I ask him, confused.

"I am," he claims emphatically.

"Then why do I understand what you're saying?!" I say reluctantly. Why doesn't he talk Japanese as Dai Marishi Ten, his 'spiritual partner'?

"This is a mystery to me as well!", he exclaims with honest puzzlement on his face.

"Will you show me the Reiki energy?" I 'test' him.

He raises his eyebrows with an irritated sigh, rolling his eyes as if this question is always unnerving him. Then he swiftly puts out his hand, releasing several rays of golden energy.

Enough. Shouldn't I behave 'somehow differently' in front of a Buddhist GOD?

"Will you give me your blessings then?" I ask suddenly, surprising myself with this rather unusual request. He nods approvingly and steps up to me.

"You are very tall," I whisper, touching his chest lightly with my nose, while he is drawing an unknown symbol upon my forehead.

When I awake from this dream, I feel stunned and skeptical at the same time. Have I really met Dainichi Nyorai?

Through such experiences, I remain fascinated by the extraordinary possibility to delve into foreign cultures, customs, and myths through the magic of a spoken mantra in lucid dreams.

References

Mark Hosak, (2009), **The Big Book Of Reiki Symbols: The Spiritual Transition of Symbols and Mantras of the Usui System of Natural Healing**, Lotus Press.



Lucid Dreamplay

For Health and Healing

By Dr. Clare Johnson © 2017



Maybe you only have occasional lucid dreams, or perhaps you're already a frequent lucid dreamer. But have you ever wondered how you can become *even more lucid*? Are you intrigued about the possibility of "lucid dreaming while awake?" This is what we do when we engage in "Lucid Dreamplay"—we work with a dream while awake in ways that mirror the experience of lucid dreaming. For example, we can:

- Transform nightmares by re-entering them imaginatively while awake.
- Absorb healing imagery from our dreams into our body if we are ill or in pain.
- Imaginatively re-enter a dream of a deceased loved one and say all the things we wanted to say to them before they died.
- Unwrap the symbolism of our dreams to discover what we need to change in our lives and in our relationships with others.

We can do all of these things while we're awake. Doing Lucid Dreamplay not only gives insight and meaning to our nightly dreams, it also teaches us to become adept at engaging lucidly with our unconscious—great practice for the next time we get lucid in a dream.

When we shine our conscious awareness onto any dream material, even our non-lucid dreams and darkest nightmares become lucid! Lucidity can transform the dream—even *after* we wake up from it.

The Healing Power of Lucid Trances

Lucid trances are incredibly useful for creative thinking, deepening our connection with our unconscious mind, and for healing. Some of the most effective Lucid Dreamplay techniques are done in a lucid trance state. Let's look at two different techniques.

The Lucid Writing Technique

In 2003, I developed a transformative, healing technique: Lucid Writing. Basically, this involves focusing on a dream and allowing yourself to go into a light trance as you vividly re-enact the sensory and visual detail of the dream. Then take a pen and write without stopping to think or judge. Keep on writing as the dream goes beyond itself and transforms into something else. Astonishing insights can occur when we breathe new life into a dream by working with it lucidly in this way.

It's common for Lucid Writing to reveal an insight, and the dream may spontaneously change into something healing. Steve, a man in one of my dreamwriting workshops, had a nightmare about a deadly poisonous viper in his bedroom. In the dream he was frozen with fear. But when he re-entered his nightmare and wrote with the voice of the viper, he realised it had a gift for him! His fear vanished and in a flash of golden light, he and the viper merged into a giant tree of life. He understood that the gift the dream viper offered was that of life energy, and he felt connected to the entire cosmos.

The Healing Golden Light Nightmare Technique

Even the most unhealthy dream imagery can be transformed through Lucid Dreamplay so that it becomes healing and empowering. Svitlana, an experienced lucid dreamer, incubated a dream to find out what her big-

Lucid Dreamplay

gest health problem was. She was shocked when she then had a disturbing lucid dream: *I find myself lucid in a grey zone. It is heavy and gloomy . . . But then something animate emerges from the area of my stomach! It jumps out of me like an alien in the Alien films. It looks like a demon. It is a part of me. It is grey, threatening, and horrid. It jumps out of me and twists around and jumps into my face. I get scared and wake up.*

When she woke up, Svitlana found that an oppressive sensation of danger and hopelessness remained. Alarmed by her dream, she didn't share it with anyone.

When she got to the IASD dream conference at Rolduc Abbey, she worked on her dream in my "Healing Dreams & Lucid Dreamplay" workshop. I asked participants to close their eyes, relax, and conjure up a nightmare image, before sending warm, loving, golden light to the image and allowing it to communicate with them or transform into something healing.

When she did this, Svitlana intuitively linked the alien to her rheumatoid arthritis. She watched as the alien turned from grey to golden, and then became a ball of light energy located under her ribcage.

She reports: "Buzzing with golden energy, the ball became my energetic centre, a battery that gave my entire body energy."

Svitlana felt invigorated by this healing Lucid Dreamplay that had given her insight into her health condition and simultaneously turned it into an empowering source of energy and joy. When we lucidly engage with our dreams and nightmares, we can turn them into healing images that carry powerful emotional meaning for us.

Live a Lucid Life

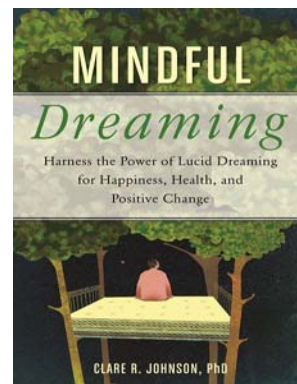
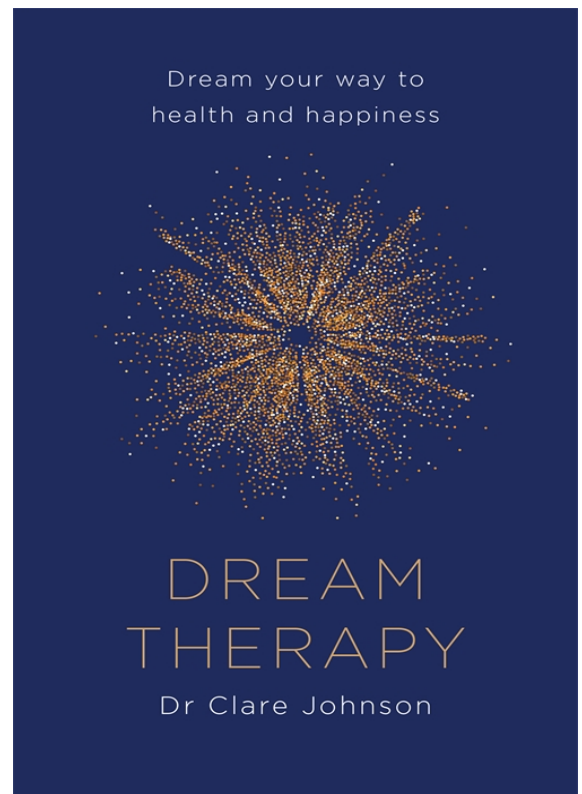
How can we bring lucidity into all areas of our life? We need to activate lucidity on all three of these levels:

1. Cultivate mindfulness in sleep
2. Get lucid in dreams
3. Do Lucid Dreamplay while awake to bring deeper lucidity to all dreams

Dream Therapy (the US/Canadian version is titled *Mindful Dreaming*) is a new book that explores how to activate three levels of lucidity (mindful sleeping, lucid dreaming, and Lucid Dreamplay) for a happier, more creative life. It's very practical, with chapters on getting lucid, exploring sexual dreams, healing from loss, resolving nightmares, improving pain and health, and even how to work lucidly with dreams in the dying process. It's packed with exercises on how to bring lucid dreaming techniques into psychological dreamwork and create the life you would love to live.

What are we waiting for—let's get lucid!

“Lucidity can transform the dream—even after we wake up from it.”



NOTE: *Dream Therapy* is published in the United States and Canada as *Mindful Dreaming*.



Interacting in Lucid Dreams with Your Unconscious Mind – A Troubleshooting Guide

By Robert Waggoner © 2017

In my books and my talks, I encourage lucid dreamers to engage the ‘awareness behind the dream’ (or subconscious mind/inner self), which often responds to questions or requests that the lucid dreamer may ask. For example, I suggest that a person begin by asking simple questions, such as, ‘Hey dream, show me something important for me to see!’—and then waiting to see what happens. Normally, something new will appear in the lucid dream in response, or the entire dreamscape will change.

As I have discussed in my books and talks, the responses often seem dedicated to instructing and educating the lucid dreamer. In some instances, the lucid dreamer may ask a question, and the larger awareness may respond to say that the question seems based on an errant premise. In other cases, the larger awareness may respond to say that the person does not seem in the proper frame of mind to handle the response. These lucid dreams show that the larger awareness appears to care about the lucid dreamer, and does not simply ‘echo’ back responses to nonsense questions or requests (it discriminates).

Sometimes, however, people will write to me and tell me about their problems with this process of engaging the awareness behind the dream. In this article, I hope to provide a guide to help lucid dreamers ‘troubleshoot’ the process.

1. Difficulty asking a question:

Some people tell me that when they become lucid and decide to ask a question of the awareness behind the dream, suddenly they cannot ‘ask’ the question—it gets stuck in their throat! They feel perplexed and frustrated. Here, the problem seems to occur in the lucid dreamer. Some may feel conflicted about this process, have a subtle fear about communicating with their subconscious mind/inner self, or even asking a question. Their concern then appears as an inability to speak! In almost all cases, the lucid dreamer has to look at their fear, their beliefs, their question and resolve it first, before proceeding successfully.

For example, imagine a lucid dreamer who has successfully asked many times, ‘Show me something important for me to see!’ and received a fascinating response. But now, they decide to ask a really ‘big’ question, and as they get ready to say it, it becomes stuck in their throat. What happened? Obviously, they have some conflicted feelings about the ‘big’ question or fear a possible response, and it shows in their inability to speak.

2. Poorly worded questions:

Some people write to tell me about an incident where they did not receive an appropriate response. However, when they share the exact question they asked, the ‘problem’ seems to connect to a poorly worded question. In my book, I recount how an artist asked, ‘Let me look for art that I can create’—and would spend the entire lucid dream looking *for art*. However, when he changed his request to ‘Let me look *at art* that I can create,’ suddenly artwork would appear on a nearby wall. Success occurred when he properly worded his request.

The point: You must carefully consider the question. Does it seem clear? Does it truly express your intent? Does it have hidden assumptions? All of these points can make a huge difference. Take time to craft the question. Start with simple questions, before getting into more complex or powerful questions or requests.

3. Two or more intents in a question or request:

Some people write and share with me that they received no response. When they share their question or re-

THEME for the NEXT ISSUE

— December 2017 —

POTLUCK!



There is no specific theme for the December issue of LDE. Send in your lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles on whatever topic you like!

Some broad topic suggestions:

Healing experiences in lucid dreams (physical and/or emotional healing)

Lucid dream interactions with the deceased

Shapeshifting in lucid dreams

Creativity inspired by lucid dreams—writing, artwork, music, dance, etc.

Learning, inspiration, solutions, and/or discovery through lucid dreaming

Personal growth through lucid dreams

Anything else that inspires, intrigues, or even confounds you about lucid dreaming!

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quest, I notice it has two completely divergent intents or goals. For example, “Show me the most nutritious food for me and how to move forward in my college education”? It seems difficult to respond because the question or request is not simple, clear or direct; rather it seems divided, unclear and disconnected.

4. Receive a response, but do not understand:

Some people ask a question, and get a visual response (meaning a new dream symbol, event or object appears). However, they write to complain, ‘I don’t get it. I asked this question, and then saw a stoplight with the red light flashing. What does that mean?’

In these cases, a thoughtful lucid dreamer can ask a follow-up question in the lucid dream, in order to understand the response. Or upon waking, they can work with the ‘symbol’ and see how it connects to their question. For this reason, I encourage lucid dreamers to work on techniques to understand their own personal dream symbolism.

5. Receive a response, but fail to recognize it:

A person once wrote me about a lucid dream where she looked into a dream mirror and asked her larger awareness, “Show me the problem with my boss!” but saw herself in the mirror. She asked again, “Show me the problem with my boss!” Again, only she appeared in the mirror. She tried one more time; same result. She wrote to ask me, ‘Why?’

Here, you may see that she possibly received a response, but simply did not care to recognize it. Or it did not fit her hope or expectation. She preferred to learn something about her boss and his issues, when the dream seemed to suggest that she had the issue.

6. Treating the inner self as a magic Genie:

Sometimes people write me about lucid dreams in which the ‘awareness behind the dream’ did not act like a magic Genie! In my books, I make the point that the inner awareness seems dedicated to educating and instructing the person—and NOT delivering every ego-centered wish that a lucid dreamer may wish. The larger awareness (of which you are a part) appears to have vast creativity, knowledge and understanding. Properly approached, it can help you grow and learn on numerous fronts.

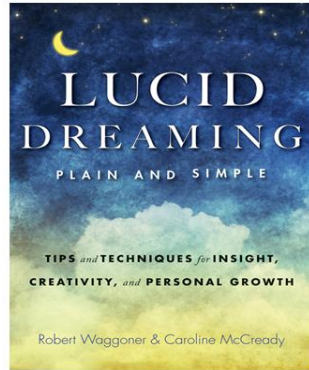
When interacting with the ‘awareness behind the dream,’ it seems important to remember that the person (i.e., you) and the process play a role in the response. By understanding that, you can better troubleshoot the response.

Exploring the larger dimensions of the self helps us see the potential and possibilities of lucid dreaming. Used wisely, it can act as a path of accelerated growth for thoughtful students of lucid dreaming.

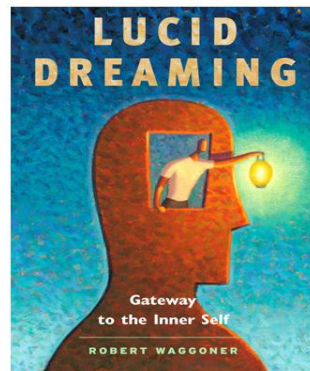


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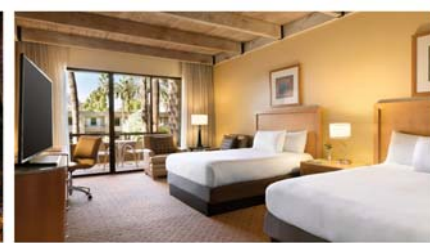


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Meeting in a Dream with my Angel and Sean Dabbs

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2017



For approximately three years, lucid dreamer and artist, Sean Dabbs, and I have been experimenting with meeting in the dream space, and have had some remarkable experiences. On this particular night, we had not officially planned on trying to lucid dream together, but we always keep each other in mind.

On June 23, 2017, I had the following lucid dream:

I think I've gone out at night, where I sit inside a small, dimly lit room listening and observing. I become semi-lucid when I see a man sitting on the other side of the empty space, smiling slightly as he observes me. I shift in my chair, conscious of a wooden beam separating me from him. To my right, a woman is talking, telling some kind of story, but I don't plan on being next in line, as I sense the man expects me to be, so after a moment, I get up to go. As I walk to the door behind me, I realize I'm not carrying my purse. No problem . . . I slip a hand into my right pocket, intending to find my car keys in them, and I do so even as I recognize my ability to do this more and more easily. I step outside into a dark and completely empty little parking lot. What? My car was stolen? I don't have a phone, and I don't want to call for help. Turning slowly in place, I look around me and think—No, I'm not stranded because I'm dreaming.

Holding my arms slightly up and out (like a statue of the Virgin, although I don't consciously think of her) I begin rising gently off the ground as I gaze up at the night sky. Directly above me, there is something like a golden haze of starlight, with some brilliant golden stars shining through it in some sort of geometric shape. Brimming with peace and praise, I say, "My Lord and my God!" without raising my voice, for I know, I feel, I am heard. And then, "My Angel!"

As I float facing upward toward the partially overcast night sky, I now perceive—forming within clouds illuminated from within by a hazy golden light—what appears to be the figure of an angel. And as I watch, it grows larger and larger, and more and more distinct, until there is no longer any doubt it's my Angel responding to my call! And as his golden form slowly becomes visible to me, I realize that he's huge, really big, colossal! I never imagined him as so immense! Then I see he is extending one of his hands down toward me. I fly up to meet it, and even though just one of his fingers is almost as big around and as long as I am, I don't hesitate to touch it. He holds it there for me as I caress it, full of awe at how real it feels, just like living skin. He is still emerging from the heavens as with infinite patience and tenderness he cradles me in his open palm, which I kiss in grateful awe, small as a baby bird in his hand.

Cradling me in his hand, my Angel reaches the ground and seamlessly takes the form of a man flying on my left. We're still connected, his right shoulder and my left shoulder seem to merge as I cling to him, but not because I'm afraid I'll lose my grip, for we're completely together. And, at last, I see his face, in profile above the top of his bare, strong arm, which is all I can see of him because we're so close. He's a handsome, fair-skinned man wearing a white garment that leaves the upper part of his chest bare, and something like a fine silver chain hangs from around his neck that ends in a sharp point. I glimpse something else near his neck over his shoulder—a golden cross about the size of my hand, the edges studded as if with precious gems of some kind, but it's not exactly shaped like a crucifix. And although I don't see it, the position of his left arm on the other side of his body indicates he's holding something slightly extended before him. A sword?

As we soar straight ahead just above the ground, I gaze in wonder at his face. His hair is short and a dark-blond, and his profile—fine-featured yet strong—doesn't look exactly as I expected. But it does resemble the face he showed me in another lucid dream, only sharper, purer. Maybe because in this dream the lighting is bright and clear, not dim and full of shadows. To my right, I glimpse a flash of dark-blue water, like an ocean running parallel to this place we're flying through at high speed which is something like a narrow covered walkway. My surroundings are mainly a white blur because I have eyes only for my Angel, whose smile tells me he's just as happy as I am, that he's been waiting for this moment just as eagerly as I have. It's so, so wonderful being with him like this at last!

As we fly, my Angel speaks to me. I hear his words, but I don't understand him with my mind—what he says flows straight into me, into my heart and soul, and eloquently deepens the joy of being with him. Then I become aware that he's speaking a foreign language as I begin to see more of our surroundings—something akin to open booths beneath a pavilion selling beautiful and colorful things—and I say to him, "Wait! You're talking in Italian, but I need English." Looking amused, he communicates to me that's not really true as he says something about Spanish, in which I'm becoming more fluent. I know I'll be able to remember this clearly when I wake up.

But just thinking about waking up begins ending the dream as my Angel slows down and, turning to the left, we finally come to a stop at something akin to a white counter in an alcove which, in waking life, is akin to a small seaside bar. I hear my Angel say "German" and I see a flash of a silver plaque on a bottle. The "bartender" refers to my companion as a man or a boy and, feeling the dream slipping away, I protest, "But wait, I thought you were an Angel" as I wake up.

Once I had it written up, I sent Sean my dream. What follows is our email exchange:

Sean: I was hoping you would email today! Oh wow, that must have been pretty awesome to experience!

My own lucid dream last night, when combined with your dream, gives it another dimension:

I become lucid, my mind is groggy and I know I need to look for you, I know your name starts with an 'M'. I am waiting, in a room, in line to be served

for something. I am patiently listening to this old guy talk, about nothing in particular, my lucidity slips and I realise he is pulling me back into my dream. So I step out of this building into a sunny town. I think I am in a French town, in the south of France, or perhaps Italy. I also feel I am not too far from the coast.

I recall what I need to do, and realise I need to find you. I forget to head for a church, or use a prayer, and I just scream your name, but this time I try something new—I suck inwards and scream—using my (super sonic) voice like a giant vacuum "MARIAAAAA" sucking it in, everything, and I feel you getting pulled toward me. Then I spot you up above, flying overhead; you are wearing yellow, and you look like yourself for a change, and I am overjoyed about this! Once you touch down beside me we give each other a big hug and hold hands and are just so happy. And you—you are just positively beaming—the smile you have on your face just remains there. I have a feeling it is not just me you are happy to see, but something else, like you are here with me, but also somewhere else, experiencing both at the same time.

We are walking, and when I turn to talk to you, I cannot see you. It's like you are and yet are not here, like I was able, before, to focus into the dimension (for want of a better word) you are in, but can't do so now; I just cannot focus my eyes to see you. You were here just briefly, and I try to imagine you, to get your form back, but it's no good, it would only be your shell. But the feeling still remains with me, it was a pretty incredible meeting.

Maria: Yes, it was incredible! Because what I did not mention in my dream report, even though I kept thinking it, is that the Angel's face looked a little like yours! His hair color, too.

In another lucid dream where I saw my Angel's face, it was similar but slightly different from last night, as I did point out.

I have no doubt we were together:

- Your locations—first the room with a man and someone talking and the feeling we were next in line
- You felt you were in a place near the coast as I did, and both of us thought of Italy
- The golden color
- My beaming smile and radiant joy
- How I descended from the sky to you, just as my Angel came down to me
- Your feeling I was with you and also experiencing something else

Meeting in a Dream

- How I hugged my Angel's finger (approximately the size of a person) and clung to him, just as we hugged and held hands
- How happy I felt because we were finally together like this
- *Sean added:* Even to the end, when you were surprised that the bartender refers to the angel as a man or a boy, and you knew you were with your Angel—so how could he be both?



at this big tapestry on the wall beside me that shows a path leading through a colorful garden. I prayed I would become lucid, step onto the path, and meet you on the other side of the garden somewhere, somehow.

About the German plaque:

*Saint Eustace is currently best known for his cross-and-stag symbol being featured on bottles of Jägermeister. This is related to his status as patron of hunters; jägermeisters were senior foresters and gamekeepers in the German civil service at the time of the drink's introduction in 1935. According to legend, prior to his conversion to Christianity, Eustace was a Roman general named Placidus, who served the emperor Trajan. While hunting a stag in Tivoli near Rome, Placidus saw a vision of a crucifix lodged between the stag's antlers. **He was immediately converted, had himself and his family baptized, and changed his name to Eustace.** In the Christian imagination, the deer is a symbol of piety, devotion and of God taking care of his children: men.*

It all fits seamlessly! Your dream enriches mine, and mine yours, in a way that confirms we were both blessed last night by this experience—an Angel's touch, God's gift to us, to show us we are on the right path!

My happiness in the dream has flowed over into the waking world because of your dream, for I am absolutely certain now that this was a real experience because your soul shared in it with mine.

I have a thought about the foreign language he was speaking, and also about the silver German plaque on the bottle I am going to investigate now....

Sean: Ah! I did suspect, actually, while I was reading it, that you were also experiencing two different dreams.

I think this may be our first confirmed “spiritual experience” dream, which I have been hoping for a long time now! Obviously it is just the tip of the iceberg, but plenty enough to get excited about!

Looking forward to hearing what comes from your investigation in regards to the German Plaque.

Maria: I believe Aramaic is the language I heard my Angel speaking. As in this audio clip, it sounded like Italian at first, but it's not! When I told my Angel he was speaking Italian and I needed English, he let me know that wasn't true, because he *wasn't* speaking Italian!

And in case you don't know, Aramaic is the language spoken by Jesus Christ; by everyone in that area in His day, except the Romans, of course, who spoke Latin, which is where Italian and Spanish come from.

Sean: Oh wow! That is just incredible.

Maria: I prayed for this last night lying in bed looking

Sean: Wow, that IS interesting.

I was going to ask why you were being shown this, then I saw which parts you put in bold.

This dream share experience was wonderful, but not surprising. Sean and I continue to make progress in the dream space as our friendship deepens in waking reality. At first, it was almost embarrassing, because very personal details about our lives were revealed in our dreams, information neither one of us had any way of discovering. We live on two different continents and have never physically met. We soon learned that our dreaming mind does not censor what it reveals, in fact, it often exposes our deepest feelings, traumas and unresolved issues. Everyone knows it helps to talk to someone about our problems, and when you interact with another dreamer in the dream space to whom you are open, a lot of intense “talking” goes on that might not have been previously approved by our conscious mind, but which our souls will have out. Dream Sharing can be profoundly therapeutic, inspiring and uplifting—even life-changing in the most positive sense—if you aren't afraid to share without boundaries.



**LUCID DREAMING
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In Your Dreams!

Stephanie Brown • *The Pursuit*

(Solving a problem/resolve a bad dreaming situation: I had this type of dream recur numerous times.)



I am out walking and become aware that I am being followed. I walk faster, then begin to run. I don't know who is behind me pursuing me, but I feel very threatened, alone and frightened. My heart is pounding. I see a house where I can run through the door. I struggle to get the door locked between me and my pursuer/s. It feels like an Alfred Hitchcock movie, where he zooms the camera in for a close up of the door lock—it looms so large in my mind. I struggle to get it locked and I realize that I can't quite do it.

At that moment, I become lucid (my first ever lucid dream). Although I am frightened, I realize that it is a dream and cannot hurt me. I open the door to face my pursuers. I see two men, one with red hair and one with dark hair. As I turn to meet them, the red-haired man turns and runs away. The dark-haired man comes up to me as I hold my ground. He reaches out his arms and he hugs me.

I awaken, never to have this type of dream repeat.

Jim Feichtl • *The Peninsula Book Club*

I am at a house and I want to go to Walgreens to get some antacids. I expect the Walgreens to be in a small strip mall around the corner from the house I am at. I start out on a bicycle. I almost get caught in mud on the way out of the yard. There is small strip mall around the corner, but no Walgreens.

I walk through two fast food stores and at the end there is a ramp leading down to a basement. There is a chair there with fabric similar to one I own. I assume they are doing reupholstering in the basement. A man comes out to smoke a cigarette. I ask him where the Walgreens is. He starts to give me some long explanation about how far I have to go, which doesn't make sense since I know it was just around the corner from where I started. He seems to just want to talk incessantly. I don't want to listen, so I excuse myself and start down the street.

In Your Dreams!

There is another small strip mall with no Walgreens. Somehow, I am now travelling as though I am in a car except none of the physical elements of a car are there. I seem to be operating it though. I'm zooming along and then am suddenly no longer in an urban area, but am pulling up a dirt road to an abandoned farm with a burned-out barn. This seems too strange and I become lucid.

I relinquish any control of the formless car I am in and it heads for a small pile of dirt, goes into it and stops. I get out and start jumping up and floating down. I jump higher and higher almost touching the top of the barn. I remember the things I incubated while awake and find my hands. They look a little strange and seem to be changing color, although I'm not sure it isn't just soot from touching the burned-out barn.

I remember I want to do dream healing. As I start Ed Kellogg's rhyming chant to shoot an energy beam from my hands, I see a male figure walking away from me between two overgrown and dried out fields. I want to follow and talk to him, but also want to do my healing. I complete my chant, but don't really see any energy beam and by that time the figure is running away from me. I run after him shouting for him not to run away. Then I notice a female figure running towards us. Both of them turn into the field on my right. I catch up and turn in to follow them. Somehow the male figure is now far away on the other side of the field, but I can see the female figure going deeper into the field. The terrain is like dried grass with stalks taller than me.

As I go deeper into the field it becomes foggier and foggier until I cannot see anything but fog (before sleep I was reading *Journey to Ixtlan* where Carlos Castaneda and Don Juan are talking about Castaneda's encounter with a fog bank with a bridge in it). Not being able to see anything I turn around and start back out of the field. The fog lifts as I get closer to the edge until finally it is completely clear again.

Suddenly I am in a large hall with lots of long tables with lots of people sitting at them and other figures milling about and talking. I turn to a male figure next to me and ask him what he represents. He chuckles and says, "I don't represent anyone. This is the Peninsula Book Club." I tell him this is a dream and then, to demonstrate, I jump up, do a slow mid-air back flip and then zoom low over the heads of the figures at the long table in front of me. I land and say, "See. I could never do that in waking reality."

I explain that most of the people there are creations from my mind. The figures all look a bit dumbfounded. I shout out for all thought forms to disappear. Then I watch as the figures at the table in front of me turn transparent and evaporate. I look around the hall and figures all over at the other tables are doing the same thing until there are just two tables with figures left seated at them, one close by to my right and one fairly far off to my left. I go up the table on my right to talk to a female figure there. She speaks first and is confused that this could be a dream, because I seem so coherent and wide awake.



I explain that this is a lucid dream. I proceed through the whole explanation of what lucid dreaming is (maybe more for myself than the figures I am talking to). I am starting to explain that we all must be sharing a dream space when I notice that all the figures at the table from far behind me have now come over and gathered around me. They are all male dressed in dark suits. One who has a familiar face reaches out and shakes my hand and says, "When the moon turns purple then it is our turn to rule the world." I am still shaking his hand and I ask him to repeat what he said. He does and then I repeat it twice to try and make sure I don't forget it. I wake myself up so I can record all this in my dream journal.

Johnny Hanson • *Existential Crisis*



There is something beyond words about this state of consciousness I've been experiencing that is simultaneously integrated in the dream and waking reality. I recently woke up briefly from a normal dream. I was not very conscious and, knowing I'd fall back asleep and dream again, I attempted to maintain consciousness as I fell back asleep. I fell asleep but I kept waking up as I tried to sleep from hearing noises in the house:

I keep thinking to get up and check but am too tired. I then wake up more and look down at my feet, and my body slowly starts to move towards the direction my feet are pointing. I feel my body vibrating and it feels just like sleep paralysis from an out-of-body experience I recently had.

I continue to remind myself to stay calm and maintain a level of consciousness and watch what happens. I feel awake though as I watch my feet and body slide horizontally off the bed and then float above the ground. My feet go into the hall, about 15 feet away to a wall. I then watch my feet start to slowly move up the wall vertically as my body stays straight. I notice clothes in the hall and remind myself to go check if they are there after I come out of it.

I find myself back on the bed, and feel tired and want to go back to sleep. I look at the clock; it is 3 o'clock. I tell myself to get up to check the hall and write down what happened. I start to fall asleep though, and I wake up to a noise. I get up, look down the hall and see the clothes on the floor that I saw in my OBE! Then I message a friend and tell my friend all about what just happened. Then I wake again, and decide to get up to check if any of this happened. There was a different mess in the hall; that didn't make sense. I felt an existential crisis and woke again for real this time. I look at the clock (fully awake this time!) and it says 3:30.

Avivit Revah • *Sleep Lab*

Toward the end of a quite amazing lucid dream, I found myself in a seemingly native village in the mountains of South America. I went into one of the houses, where suddenly a girl appeared and pulled me into a small back room and closed the door.

"You know you should not be here," she said, and there was a sense of intense urgency so I did not argue.

Since I was still lucid I just went out through the wall of that back room. I woke up but—Alas!—not in my bed, but in a sleep lab. I lost my clarity here and started yelling in English: "Where the hell am I? What the hell is this lab?!"

I was convinced I had woken up. There were young students there, along with two authority figures. One of them, in IDF [Israeli Army] field dress and long hair, was sitting next to a desk. The other one was standing at the edge of the room and looked high-tech.

When I noticed the first guy, I began to relax a bit and asked, this time in Hebrew: "Am I in Israel?"

"Yes," he said.

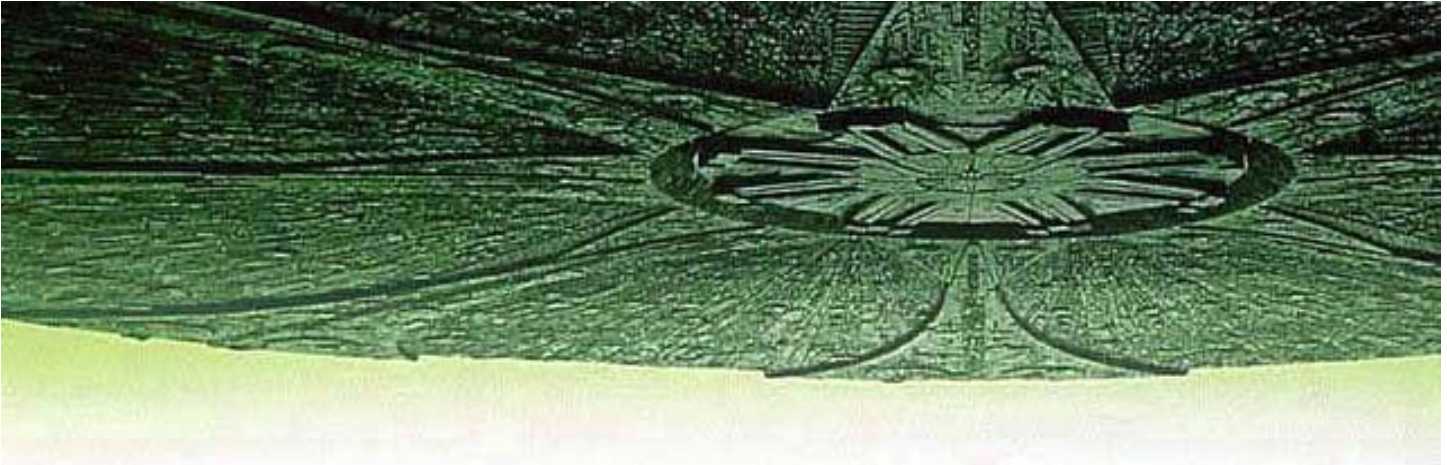
I still felt awkward, so I asked the other guy, "What year are we in?"



And he replied, "2215."

Perplexed, I woke up this time in my bed, to my daily routine.

Now, although it is known it is all mind made, I was left with a strong feeling that it was not just a false awakening but a parallel reality experience.



Paul Sauers • *The Alien Encounter Dream*

I'm having a dream and remember a dream sign. I then look at my hands and say, "Lucidity now!" The next thing I know I'm seeing a spectacular stormy sky with vivid colors and swirling clouds. I think I'm seeing space craft blinking on an off and appear to be blinking in and out. They look like small swirling clouds the size of Frisbees. There is lightening and I see one large triangular craft (the mother ship?) that is the size of two football fields and covered with hundreds of mauve-colored lights.

I'm in a gravity chair and for some reason my former partner is standing there. He then looks up and I ask him if he sees what I'm seeing. He appears frightened. There are then 'things' dropping to earth that appear as long strands of wet paper towel about one foot in length and are 'plopping' all around me. I'm hearing 'plop, plop, plop' and something is falling to the ground.

I then look down near my right foot and see a cloud-like entity that looks like 'Willie the worm' and is looking from side to side quickly. Sort of humorous. There is then another cloud-like entity that looks like a pair of glasses with heart shaped lenses. I say to it telepathically, "I love you." There is a sense of a 'Presence' there while all of this is going on.



The next thing I recall is that the 'glasses entity' jumps onto my glasses and is like 'clear foaming bubbles' covering my glasses. I think 'I hope I can see after this'. It all happens very quickly and I open my eyes and see a peaceful brilliant starry sky.

I 'click out' and open my eyes and there are two paramedics there who say they're taking me to the hospital. I ask, "How long was I out?" And they tell me 2 or 3 hours. I think I'm going to resist going to the hospital but then I let them take me.

While driving to the hospital there are mobs of people wandering around and we have to steer the ambulance through a line of people. They look disheveled and confused. When we get to the hospital I'm apparently OK and start wandering around.

I see an orthopedic surgeon there I know and say, "Boy, I bet you're busy." He looks at me and rolls his eyes like, "Yeah, tell me about it." We have a discussion about the 'invasion' but there are 'no details.' (I mentally assume the TV is out).

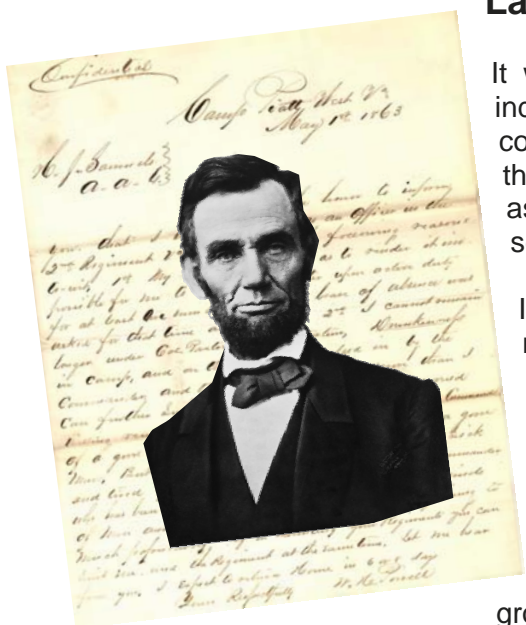
My deceased Aunt comes to pick me up at the hospital. My grandfather is in the back seat smiling. There are mobs of people on the streets and I'm thinking, "Why in the hell don't they just stay home?" While driving home in the confusion we hit a tree which falls on the car and have a flat tire.

I then wake up and have the feeling, "WOW, that was spectacular!" I feel good that we made 'contact' but confused as to the way things unfolded. Why did the ET's present themselves in such an aggressive manner? Where was I for 2 or 3 hours when I 'clicked out?' Why did the people react this way?

Or was it a dream on some other planet at some other time? Yet all things are happening 'now' in the present moment. I think to myself "Boy, this would make a great Sci-Fi movie." On reflection I think it did occur on some alien planet.

It's four AM and I decide to go back to bed to re-enter the dream. I did dream but have no recollection of what I dreamed in the next two hours.

Laurance Johnston • *Lincoln's Suicide*



It was a night of fascinating, other-world dreams involving deceased individuals. Although only memory remnants lingered into my waking consciousness, the dreams clearly had a different feel from the usual. In the first one, I briefly remembered interacting with the seer Edgar Cayce as well as my deceased father, a political science professor who died several years ago.

In the second dream, I was reading an old, faded, handwritten letter, resembling those my great, great grandfather wrote home while a soldier in the Civil War. Becoming lucid to some degree, I realized I was reading with a fair amount of comprehension, supposedly a rarity for most dreamers. Specifically, I thought "Wow, this is a dream and I still can read"! As I read, Abraham Lincoln started speaking over my reading, summarizing the letter. It was essentially a suicide note. He indicated he knew the circumstances surrounding his death beforehand and chose to let it happen due to his depression and growing health concerns. As such, he said it was a suicide because he could have avoided his death if he so desired.

As it turns out, my Internet research supported much of the dream content. First, Lincoln had a host of physical and mental health issues, including, for example, neurotoxicity from mercury-laden pills he routinely consumed. Second, Lincoln suffered from bouts of "melancholy," including suicidal thoughts, even purportedly writing and publishing a poem entitled the "Suicide's Soliloquy" (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Suicide%27s_Soliloquy). Finally, several days before his death, Lincoln had a prophetic dream foretelling of his assassination, sharing it with his wife and friends. Although all of this relatively obscure information could have been lurking around in my subconscious, it was amazing how it came together in this unusual dream.

Marla L. Charbonneau • *Resolution of Grief Dream*

I am having an ordinary sort of dream in which my husband and I have bought a car and we have gone to pick it up. I realize that I've bought it without driving it first and I am worried. It's an electric Prius and I had thought it was almost new and in great shape but when we get there to pick it up it won't start. My husband then realizes that he forgot his wallet and I agree to go pick it up in the hotel where we are staying. I walk into the hotel and find room 143. I notice the door has been left open and my first thought is that the maid must be cleaning. Then I hear my father's voice. (In actuality he had died seven months before.)

In Your Dreams!

At this point I become lucid. I become very excited and run as fast as I can toward where I hear his voice. I'm afraid he won't be there when I get there but I enter a room and there he is. I am fully lucid and ecstatic to see him. I see that he is vital and healthy and appears around forty-five years old (he died at 86). He is happy to see me, too. We just stare at each other with big grins on our faces. My deceased uncle and deceased cousin are there, too, and try to say hi and get my attention but I ignore them because I want to get every second possible with my father. We only communicate telepathically but it is mainly an expression of deep love. It is deeply gratifying. Just prior to losing lucidity, I ask him if there is any message from the other side but he just continues to look at me and doesn't answer the question. I then wake up.



Prior to this dream, I had been going through a difficult period of grieving. I felt stuck around the idea that my father had suffered in the last few months, and I worried that he was still suffering. I needed to know that he was okay. I had prayed for a dream or experience that would let me know he is okay. I had other non-lucid dreams about him, but none of these had given me a sense of resolution the way that this dream did.

Of the seventy or so lucid dreams I have had in the last two years, only two have had dream characters that felt real to me—this was one of them. There was a very different quality that felt like it might be an actual visitation. Either way, I felt like I moved through the most difficult period of grieving after this dream. It was a great blessing!

James • *An Epic Dream of Recurring Themes*

In this dream, my lucidity was almost instantaneous, as I'd been meditating shortly before going to sleep. Initially, I was in a hypnogogic-like state as I fought some individual. Then the scene quickly shifted, after which I found myself in some elegant house, to which I would mysteriously return at various times throughout the dream.

It's a bit difficult to recall the order of events in this lucid dream, as it felt quite long and had many different environmental shifts. There were at least three occasions in which I witnessed two thugs beating up a defenseless man, for whom I stood up by attacking the culprits. The intensity of these fights would inevitably provoke a shift in the environment, sending me back to the same house previously mentioned.

One moment that truly stood out in this dream is the one in which I was standing next to a group of men conversing in the streets, one of whom had a “grill” in the place of the upper row of his teeth. Feeling a bit left out the conversation, I asked this man, “You know we're dreaming right? This isn't reality!” The man became confused by my question, but another guy in the small crowd, who was much less shocked, nonchalantly replied, “Reality ain't what you think it is.”

“I know,” I agreed. I then shook his hand and asked for his name, but he said nothing more.

The next interaction was to be even more mysterious. I was playing with and kissing several cats as I realized that I was at risk of losing lucidity due to these cuddly creatures' similarities to my cats in waking life. In response to this concern, I chose to do something to stimulate my awareness. Starting a conversation with a talking feline companion whom I'd encountered in two previous lucid



–“You know we're dreaming, right? This isn't reality.”
–“Reality ain't what you think it is.”

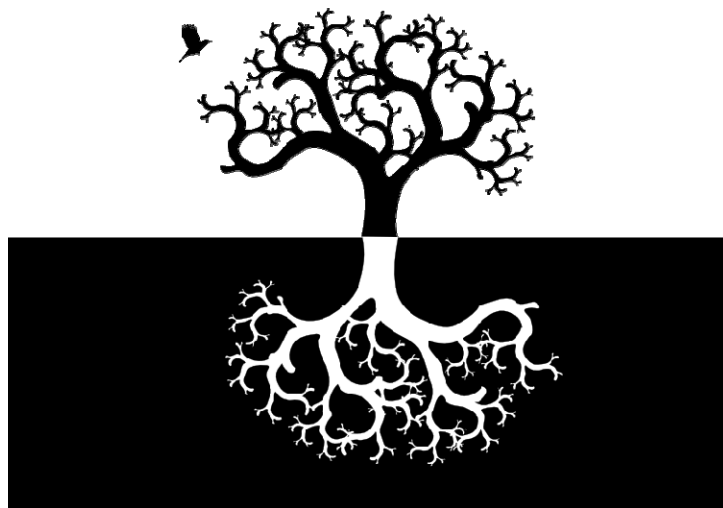
dreams, I recalled the lucid dream in which I'd seen a cat named Sabetha. Almost certain this dream figure was identical to the last, I was somewhat disappointed when she said her name was Elizabeth. However, I was not deterred from asking for the signification of talking felines in my dreams. When I inquired about Sabetha's meaning from that previous lucid dream, Elizabeth simply and coldly replied, "It means we have a problem." At this point in time, Elizabeth refused to elaborate any further, and I envisioned a hideous giant wielding a sharp blade.

The fantastic lucid dream would conclude in the same beautiful house in which it had practically begun. Opening several doors, I made my way to the living room, where I saw a TV whose volume could only be raised or lowered by one bar. On the screen were the letters 'SNP'.

While ascending to the second floor, I located a miniature windmill engraved with a baby angel on the top and a topless, headless woman below. Perplexed by the beauty of the artwork on it, I exclaimed, "I wish I could take this to waking life!"

Steve Racicot • *The Root Bottom*

For several days before I had the following dream, I had been reading *The Three Pillars of Zen* by Phillip Kapleau. In this book I was fascinated by the Zen Master Bassui's sermon on One Mind. In this talk Bassui exhorts his students to resolutely push on to the root bottom where they would discover that their own mind is itself the Buddha, the Void-Universe.

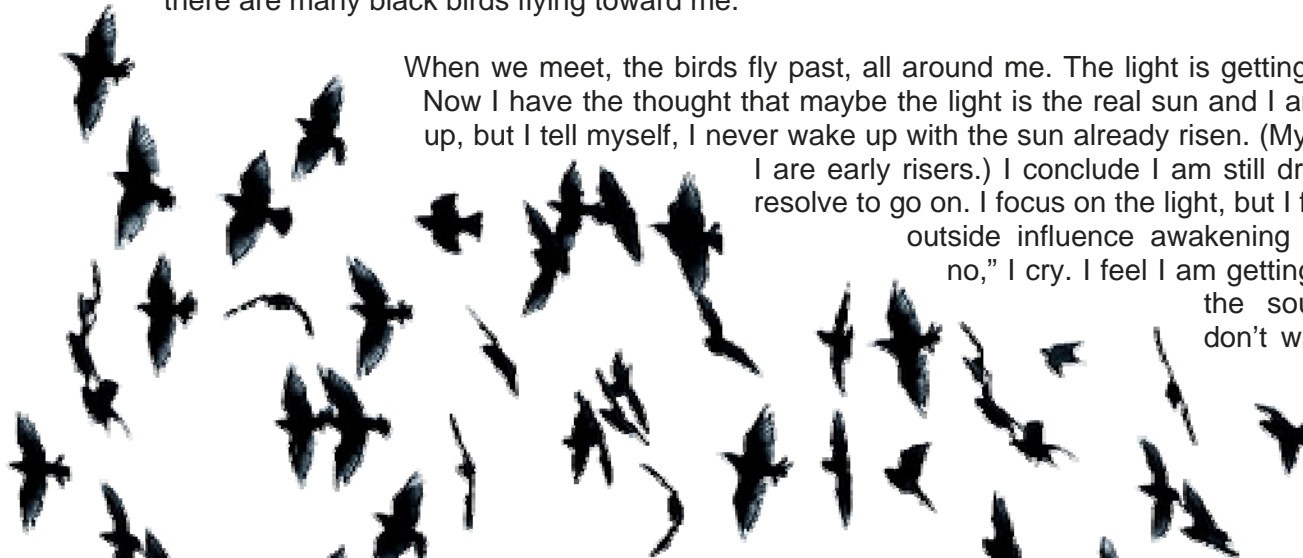


The Dream

...we are walking down a stairway inside a house. At the bottom of the stairs are two doors. It is clear I have a choice. I choose the right hand door and open it. Behind it is another door. There are many pictures hanging on this door. I open this door, too, and again behind it is another door. I open this door and behind it is another door. At this point I realize, "Oh, this has happened to me in dreams." Then, "Oh, this is a dream!" I open this last door and find myself outside, fully conscious that I am dreaming.

I dive into the earth and begin swimming down through the earth. My idea is that I will swim down to the root bottom. I will discover my true self. The earth is very thick around me, yet I move easily through its thick darkness. Again I resolve to go on to the root bottom and discover my true self. Far ahead I see a light and I head towards it. Instead of swimming I am now flying. I have the feeling that this light ahead of me is the sun. I am moving fast down a tunnel toward the light. Bright gold light streams up the tunnel past me. In the light there are many black birds flying toward me.

When we meet, the birds fly past, all around me. The light is getting brighter. Now I have the thought that maybe the light is the real sun and I am waking up, but I tell myself, I never wake up with the sun already risen. (My wife and I are early risers.) I conclude I am still dreaming. I resolve to go on. I focus on the light, but I feel some outside influence awakening me. "No, no," I cry. I feel I am getting close to the source and don't want to be



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awakened. (In the waking world, my wife, Anna, has gotten up and come back to bed. She tells me this when I really awaken. This was probably the “outside influence.”) At any rate, I now dream that I awaken back on the ground near where I dove into it. I am weeping and distraught because I wanted to go on. My wife and son are there and Anna asks me what the matter is. I tell her I was getting close to the source and something woke me. I experience a couple of more false awakenings and then really do awaken...

When I really woke up, my body felt hot and cold and shaky all at the same time. All I wanted to do was to meditate and pray, but I forced myself to record my dream for our dream group. It was very difficult to write. I kept using the wrong letters, etc.

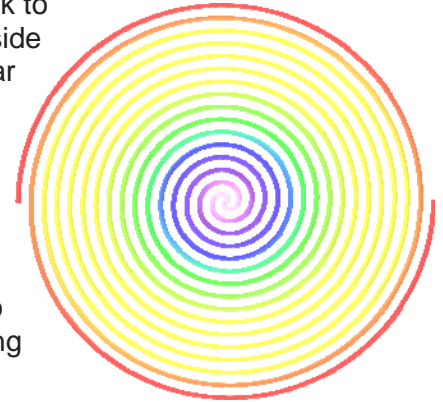
Then, after recording my dream, Anna and I meditated. I began experiencing a constant feeling like a sexual orgasm, but I felt this orgasm in my heart instead of my genitals. After meditation, as the morning progressed, I kept feeling orgasmic waves of energy in my heart and occasionally also in my sex center at the same time.

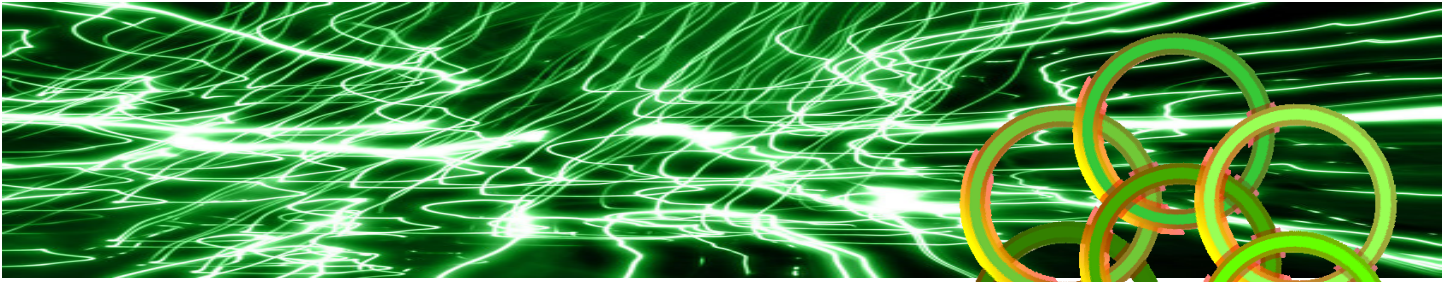
At breakfast I didn't feel like eating. I just had no desire for food. I was not in my normal state of consciousness most of the morning. Later that morning at an event where we interacted with many people, I experienced an unusually strong sense of appreciation for everyone I talked to. Then, sometime around mid day, there came a moment where I actually felt a change in my consciousness and found myself back in my regular way of perceiving life.

Ron Grubman • *Best Bargain of My Life*

My dad got MS when I was about 10, and his ability to walk deteriorated rapidly until he was in a wheelchair full time. From my teens until about age 40 (1983) I had a recurring dream that as I crossed a street my legs would get progressively bogged down as if walking through dense goop until I could go no further. I found out years later that my brother had recurrent dreams of similar ilk. In the 1980's I read about Stephen LaBerge's work at Stanford. I had read Castaneda and realized that Don Juan's “Dreaming” could be interpreted as Lucid Dreaming.

My interest was fired up and I spent many hours looking for my hands and so forth. After awhile I was able to have some infrequent (but sometimes very profound) lucid dreams, some of which I can recall in infinite detail 30 years later. Of interest here is that when one of my “legs are bogging down” dreams recurred for the nth time (where n was very large), I became lucid, and I simply said aloud something to the effect, “Aha, this is just a dream and I am sick and tired of having this same dream for the last 25 years.” And believe it or not, that was it. In the following 30 years or so the dream has NEVER recurred. When telling people about lucid dreaming, I used to say, “At \$100 per hour for a shrink to get rid of such a dream, think of the money I saved by having this one lucid dream for a few minutes. Best bargain of my life.” This remains true to this day.





James • *The Power of the Light*

In the last scene of this lucid dream, I ask the dream for guidance, and, after receiving it, have a new outlook on waking life and am even able to release some of my suppressed emotions in the lucid portion of the dream. Therefore, I would say that this dream has offered me an enlightening resolution as to how to be more giving in waking life:

In the kitchen of my old house in Birmingham, I eat a donut. The lack of taste strikes me as odd and brings about my lucidity, after which I fly through the window. I request, “Show me the way out of this illusion,” and the dream says to me as if telepathically, “Go straight.” Doing as I’m instructed, I’m guided by a green beacon of light. The green trail of light soon transforms into green rings, through which I pass using a variety of aerial maneuvers. Even so, I miss a few of the rings but am able to find the dream’s intended destination, an area in which I see various friendly pit bulls (one of which converses with me much like the recurring cat of previous lucid dreams).

To this wise canine companion, I repeat, “Show me the way out of this illusion.” She says something to the effect of “The Power of the Light” being attained through giving. She also assures me that I have had various ancestors who achieved enlightenment, in order to encourage me that such a feat is possible. Stricken by a bout of inexplicable tears, I embrace one of the dogs with the intent of giving her my love.

Still lucid, I’m clueless as to why I’m crying so and realize this is the first lucid dream in which I recall shedding tears. The pit bull keeps speaking of “The Power of the Light” but I’m now too emotional to receive any more of the important message. I then get on my knees and put my hands together in silent prayer until the dream ends.

My Interpretation: I believe the green light, which is symbolic of emotional healing, allowed me to release suppressed emotions that were detrimentally affecting my waking life. The canine dream guide also reminded me to give more love, as that is the key to the “Light”. I woke up from this dream with a greater sense of purpose and was encouraged by the message I was fortunate enough to have received.

DID YOU KNOW ?

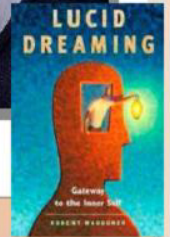
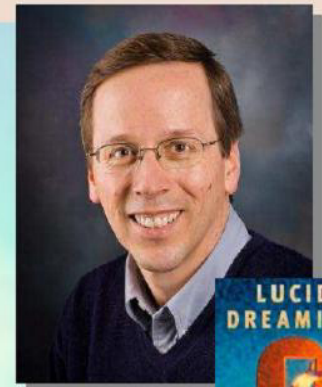
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Author, Teacher and Speaker, Robert Waggoner, is past President of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD). A lucid dreamer since 1975, he has logged more than 1,000 lucid dreams. In his highly acclaimed book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, Robert shares a lifetime of lucid dreaming discoveries and adventures. For the last ten years, he has been the co-editor of the online magazine, *The Lucid Dream Exchange*, the only ongoing publication devoted specifically to lucid dreaming. Visit the Lucid Dream Exchange at www.dreaminglucid.com



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Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience

www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

Robert Waggoner's Book Website

<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne -

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<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute

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www.asdreams.org

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation

www.dreams.ca

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World of Lucid Dreaming

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community

– by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Ed Kellogg

<https://duke.academia.edu/EdKellogg>

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

Mary Ziemer

www.luciddreamalchemy.com and

<http://www.driccpe.org.uk>

Lucid Dreaming Links

<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

Lucid Sage

www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Ryan Hurd

www.dreamstudies.org

Maria Isabel Pita

www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World

<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com>

Christoph Gassmann - Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey.

<http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html>

Nick Cumbo - Sea of Life Dreams

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

Al Moniz – The Adventures of Kid Lucid

<http://www.kidlucid.com>

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website - With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation

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Lucidipedia

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Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver - IASD Presentation

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

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