

Hello, Everyone, and welcome back to an old guy who knows shit. This is

Episode 7
Dreams Pt. II
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I'm going to assume you recently listened to Dreams, Pt 1, and I'm just going to dive in:

So finally there was the mother of all dreams that actually convinced me that I should trust them. Somewhere around that time, that year of graduating from high school, spending a summer in Hawaii, and going to college, I had another of those weird, makes-no-sense dreams. In this one, another snapshot, I was rising from a crouch and stepping onto a gravel drive towards a little, old fashioned half-size trailer home. Behind the trailer, brown and red cliffs rose a few hundred feet, and it was dry and dusty. I was clutching my left shoulder with my right hand, and blood was running between my fingers. I was wearing my motorcycle helmet, and as the dream shot into focus, I was just realizing that the helmet had saved my life, and that I shouldn't have it on. Zap. I was awake. There was that excitement, but this time it was exaggerated because I had escaped death for a change. My helmet had saved me. But there was no sign of a motorcycle, not even a paved road (and I've never been a motocrosser). But absolutely a truth dream. Clear. Sharp. Aura. Everything. But what the hell?

So that summer, the summer after my freshman year in college, I got a job working for the father of a classmate. They had a ranch in the mouth of the Snake River Canyon, in Idaho, and there were two Mexican cowboys who had been coming to work for him for many years, and it just so happened that they were not going to make it this year, so I cheerfully volunteered myself and my best friend to take their place. Her dad was cool about it, and accepted on the condition that we would work for room & board plus I think it was \$100 a month, and we had to promise to be his students, and he would teach us to be cowboys. Well, how cool was that? So I had a Yamaha 350, and my best friend and I piled our shit onto the homemade luggage rack, and the two of us rode that bike double from St. Charles, Missouri, to Boise, Idaho. It took us six days, and that's another story. The point is, when we arrived, we were bunked in a half-size trailer that was nestled in the low land right where the Snake River Canyon first opens up. It had cliffs behind it, a gravel drive (that was a treacherous son of a bitch up that canyon wall), and a double-wide, double-high garage across the drive from the trailer. It had a door big enough for a combine. I kept my bike in there, only riding it on our day off to explore the countryside.

Well, first I have to tell you that when you live on a bike, as with most everything that you live with, you develop habits, routines, that get you on and off, and make

sure you never forget anything. And one of my routines was getting off the bike. Motor off. Keys out. Hold keys in teeth, take off gloves, put them on the gas tank; take off goggles, put them on the gloves; take off helmet, turn it upside down and hook the strap to use as a handle; drop gloves, goggles and keys into the helmet, hang helmet on handlebar. You do it so many times you never think about it. It just becomes habit.

So one Sunday I go for a joyride. When I get back I pull the bike into the garage, shut off the motor, put the keys in my mouth, take off my gloves, put them on the seat, take off my goggles, put the keys and goggles on the gloves, and went to pull the rope to close the door. Didn't even think about it. Now, if you have ever ridden, you know that the one thing you take off when you get off the bike is your helmet, because nothing feels stupider than walking around with a helmet on. You always take your helmet off. Well. This particular day I did not. I walked over to the rope, pulled it, it got a little more than half way and something went sprong! CRACK! And I felt something hit me, hard, on top of the head, and then just as hard but very painfully in the shoulder. I turned my head, and there is a six foot long triangular shard of glass sticking up from my shoulder. There's a moment of Holy Shit! And then in slow motion it tips more and more and then falls to the ground with a crash that momentarily fills the air with shattered glass. I pulled off my jacket, saw blood pouring out of my shoulder, clapped my right hand over it, then ducked under the partially closed door and as I stepped onto the gravel drive, I realized that the glass had hit my head first and that I still had my helmet on – and then I thought why the hell had I not taken it off? And then I looked up, saw the trailer and the cliffs behind it, and stepped into my dream.

And it brought me up short.

I mean, seriously brought me up short. I stood there, bleeding, but I'm not moving, I'm asking myself what just happened. Because I never, ever would have walked away from my motorcycle with my helmet on. Never before, never since. I had kept my helmet on, this one time – I was still wearing my helmet as I was standing there in the desert heat thinking about it, something I would never, ever, do – and that helmet had protected my head from a giant shard of glass.

I had had that dream. It looked for all the world like a dream I had had months before had actually changed my behavior in the reality of here and now – and that behavior change had saved my life. I took the helmet off, with some difficulty as I was also trying to stem the flow of a lot of blood, but I had to see what had happened. There was a gouge right in the very top of it. I ducked back in and looked up at the door. It was made in three vertical sections, each about six feet wide, and five horizontal sections, each about three feet wide, making three stacks of five six-by-three-foot panels. The top horizontal section was glass: three glass panes each six feet by three feet, end-to-end across the top of the door. And what had happened was that one of the top rollers on the rope side had jumped the track as it approached the bend to go down, and that corner had

dropped, bowing the door just enough to break the pane of glass cleanly corner to corner, and one of those halves had pivoted on the three-foot long edge until it was pointed straight down, and then it had dropped. Right on to the top of my head. It had bounced, had to have bounced, because there was no scratch, just a gouge, in the top of my helmet, and then it had stuck in my shoulder. A wedge of glass six feet long, three feet wide at the top, tapering to a point somewhere in my shoulder – I had seen it quite clearly, sticking up, before it wavered and fell – this giant glass spike had fallen from a height of about fifteen feet, right onto the top of my head. I stood there in the broken glass, in an ever-growing puddle of my own blood, and looked up at that door and the remaining glass, until I knew I understood exactly what had happened. Having prescient dreams is one thing, but to have a dream reach from several months in the past right into this moment, now, and actually change my behavior in such a way that it saved my life – well, as you can imagine, it was quite a leap. I had to know exactly what had happened. Only then could I resume my trip back to the trailer and a telephone.

It turned out I was more than a little lucky that day. The angle of the rebound meant that it hit the top of the outside of my shoulder and went straight down. It left a gash about three inches wide and had penetrated almost to my elbow, but it had slipped between the muscle and the skin and no real damage was done. The doctor who sewed me up confirmed that if it had hit me anywhere else it would have done serious damage – half an inch further in and it would have sliced tendons and muscle, requiring surgery, another half inch and it could have taken off my arm. “And if it had hit the top of my head?” I asked. “You’d probably be dead,” he said. “If it fell with enough force to penetrate your skull you certainly would be, and judging from the depth of this cut, it probably would have. You were very lucky.”

So I did a lot of thinking over the next few days, as my arm healed. The significance of the Truth Dreams suddenly seemed to be enormous. For the first time, I really thought about the idea of a Truth Dream, and what having them might actually mean. In and of itself, it required an ontological adjustment: my universe had to account for some part of me being able to see into the future or into the distant past. Well. That meant that the linearity of time was, in fact, completely in question. Because if I could see what had not happened yet, then some part of me was already experiencing the future – and the only conclusion I could draw from that was that the future doesn’t always happen IN the future. Or already is happening. Or at some level it’s all happening at once. Or something like that.

And if the Truth Dreams were always right about the future, and in fact had saved my life, then didn’t I have to believe that the other lives, and the numerous deaths, that all of those other Truth Dreams were just as true of my past?

So. If my dream self can go in either direction, future or past, then my sub-conscious inhabits a time that is not linear. But is, in fact, just as “real” a life as the one my consciousness is aware of right now. And what exactly is that “sub-conscious” that is inhabiting a different universe from my consciousness? Well, the more I thought about it, the more it seemed that it has to be the being? entity? spirit? that is ME. What else could it be? OK. A scientist will say electrons flowing between neurons in your brain. That’s all it is. But that scientific universe does not have a place for seeing into the future, for dreams that save lives. For events that do not follow a consistent time line. And as I allowed the possibility that this might be, that an essential part of myself, a part of my not-conscious self, inhabits a time-less world, and is, in fact, the essence of my self, then that *spirit* if you want to call it that, is my REAL self and has sojourned through a series of physical lives – once I allowed the possibility that this might be *REAL*, I found myself awash in memories of the lives I had dreamed. Not memories of the dreams, but memories of the *lives*. I DID know what it felt like to die. To live in medieval times. In ancient times. To live in a cave. To have breasts. To be the fuckEE as well as the fuckER. As I let this all wash over me, I began to see myself in a much bigger context, a context that included ALL of the lives, not just this one. And underlying them, I could feel another quest. Not entirely unlike my current quest for God, but a much larger quest, a quest for Good, or for betterment, or something like that. A quest to improve that themed all of the lives. Some moved it ahead, like the shaman. Some set it back: the torturer. And there was a very strong feeling that the good deeds of the shaman and the sins of the torturer were still with me, that I was still trying to tap the one and make up for the other. That they were all interrelated, and that this life, now, was me in the trenches, trying to carve out some kind of goodness, part of a vast pool of similar sojourners struggling against forces of destruction, both spiritual and physical, all striving to improve. And to find goodness.

But it jived. My experience and my feelings about that experience jived. For the first time. It jived. It made sense.

This didn’t all come together in those days immediately after the glass fell. Some of it took months to process. Some of it probably took years, some, decades. It had to be collated with other experiences, other evidence. But that dream was the catalyst. That snapshot of a dream, me clutching a bleeding shoulder on a desert drive in a motorcycle helmet, that dream was the catalyst for a catharsis that opened up a whole new spiritual world.

I began to see a picture of a universe that works.

There is an interesting side note to this story. After the glass shard dream, the Truth Dreams stopped. Oh, I’ve had a few here and there over the years, and

revisited a couple of them when healers were working on my body (one healer was my mate as the shaman), but I've experienced nothing like the Truth Dreams of my late teen years. I've often wondered if there wasn't some cosmic plan or something associated with them. Like I had to have enough of them to convince me to believe the one that would save my life. And when that was over, they weren't needed any more. Whatever the reason they stopped, I'll always be grateful that I experienced them at all. Some of the memories of those lives I lived in the Truth Dreams have faded with the inexorable march of time that I can't seem to avoid anymore. But others are still surprisingly clear and sharp, even now, almost forty years later. Memories that live right alongside memories of this life.

I'm still trying to figure out what I'm supposed to be doing with all the years that dream bought me. Maybe this is it.

OK. Here's another even more interesting side note. I wrote the above sometime between roughly 2010 and 2012. Well, surprise surprise, no sooner had I written that the truth dreams had disappeared from my life, than, yup, you guessed it – another. But this one was even more extraordinary, because this one reached from my dream life into my present physical life and actually *left a mark*.

So this dream was another ancient war dream. (Yes, I must have been a warrior many, many times.) In this dream I was in a city, an ancient city, wood and mud buildings. I had no shield, but had a vague sense of having lost it in the battle and feeling somewhat vulnerable without it. I and a compatriot were moving through the city fairly quickly, hacking our way through whatever resistance we encountered. I knew there were more men just behind us, we were “on point” as they say, but the opposing army seemed to have retreated or something. So we come to some kind of square, and suddenly there are some arrows coming at us from the left, and the yells of some kind of counter-attack. One of the arrows passes through the top of my right ankle just as I'm about to lunge to meet the counter-attackers. I stumble, falling clumsily, and I see an opponent's sword coming down on me and for a second I think this is it but my compatriot's swing meets my opponent's swing, diverting it, and we all stumble, roll, kicking and yelling and stabbing and hacking. Our other compatriots arrive, I pull the arrow out and we successfully resist the counter-attack, driving the other army out of the city. The dream then moved into a post-battle scene, where I was in a pretty comfortable house or tent or something, lots of rugs and curtains, with a woman I was particularly fond of, and we had just made love, and she was insisting on dressing my wounds, the worst of which was the hole through the top of my ankle. Which I kept poo-pooing as nothing, but which she cleaned and covered with something that looked like mud and moss, telling me it would heal quickly. I used it as an excuse to take “sick leave” and huddle with my honey for a couple of days, and then I returned to training with my men.

When I woke from this dream, imagine my surprise when I discovered, And here I have to ask you to go to anoldguywhoknowsshit.com and click on the dream lesion link.





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morning after I had this dream. So I can't PROVE to you that this actually happened. My wife will attest to it, she saw it; she has trouble granting it credence herself for there really is no place in her world for such a thing to happen, but she has to admit that yes, it did happen: I had no wounds or lesions on my ankle, and the next morning I woke with two nearly-healed wounds, that do look for all the world like an arrow shaft passed through my ankle. An arrow with a round point. Right exactly where the arrow passed through my ankle in my dream. There it is.

It wasn't there long. In fact it only took a couple of days for it to disappear entirely, and I never felt any pain or discomfort. Just these lesions that appeared and then disappeared almost as quickly.

So, Horatio, you were saying about there being more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy? Well, let me ask you this. Let's say you had had these dream experiences, in particular one which pretty clearly saved your life and another, years later, than left the marks of an actual wound? What would YOU think about Truth Dreams?

This is an old guy who knows shit, signing off.