



POWER PROLOGUE [Complete chapter excerpt]



Flying over a desolate section of the Pacific Ocean, one ominous night, my DC-6 transport crew and I fought to stay airborne during a blinding electrical storm. In route to Wake Island, with classified and exceedingly dangerous cargo, we suddenly encountered an energy phenomenon so horrifying and bewildering that its reportage was rejected by investigative personnel attached to Navy squadron, VR-21.

At that very instant of abject terror—believing I was about to meet my maker—stunned aviator senses recorded an instantaneous life review.

Some months later, at cruising altitude during another stormy, but otherwise boring night flight in the Pacific Rim, the flight engineer hee-hawed as I attempted to clean a coffee spill off my khaki uniform. While mutually enjoying this moment of gregarious merriment, the aircraft and both its cockpit occupants were abruptly blinded. With no auto pilot, instruments, or visual reference of any kind, my chances of keeping a 100,000-pound aircraft in the air were slim.

Pushing through the sensory overload, one thought dominated: *Pilot skills—alone—were not going to save us.*

In another harrowing encounter: Subic Bay, Philippines, was crowded with anchored ships from the Seventh Fleet. A large-class destroyer filled the cockpit window as our fully loaded plane inched its way through 150 feet of altitude—having just completed its takeoff run from NAS Cubi Point. Then, without warning, the impossible happened; life as we *previously* knew it, ceased to exist.

There's more. It was the monsoon season and I was flying left seat for a less-than-optimum, Visual Omni Range (VOR) instrument-approach and jungle landing at Cam Ranh Bay airfield. Touch-down on a narrow, recently-constructed and very slippery metal-mat landing surface, which Flight Ops was calling a runway, would be especially tricky. On short-final, *my hair suddenly stood on end.* With no visual

reference or NOTAMS (notices to airmen) from the control tower, I sensed we were in extreme danger. Lacking sufficient time to explain my sudden *knowing* to the co-pilot or flight engineer, I prepared for a short-field landing procedure. Unbeknownst to any of us, this rarely used action would prove critical in the saving of aircraft and crew. *What was the source of my internal alarm?*

These and other extraordinary circumstances during the Vietnam War seemed well beyond any human capability or rational interpretation. And many more years of stumbling into the right places at the right times, left me with more questions than answers. Had this life-saving synchronicity been wasted on a self-indulgent character like me?

My relentless, agnostic-based pursuit of the extraordinary, while not as yet confirming Divine Intervention, did lead to a wondrous and all-encompassing human potential. I uncovered short-cut methods to quickly heal, release, and replace underlying feelings of lack and unworthiness—in both my life and the lives of others—*without* changing one's external environment. As a human-potential coach, I was steadfastly holding to the belief that personal growth facilitations could be proven and presented in a psychologically sound, non-esoteric (secular) manner. Approximately thirty years after having survived several inexplicable paranormal-like flying encounters in Vietnam, my empirically-based self-empowerment project took a major hit. While entering a signaled intersection in Escondido, California, I found myself awash in such knowledge, light, and protective influences, I had to instantly redefine who and what we—as humans—are.

Escondido Intervention

After eight exhaustive weeks providing restorative assistance to my two most significant Escondido-based relatives, I experienced a phenomenon that—hard as I tried—*could not be explained away by coincidence*. Traveling southbound on Rose Street, approaching Washington Avenue, I had driven the same route—stepmother to mother—dozens of times, juggling my time between both, as necessary, to help them recover from their respective crises. My intention, as usual, was to proceed through this signaled intersection to E. Valley Parkway, the street my mother (June) lived on, where I would then turn east. While approaching the green light, thinking

positively about the good family work I had accomplished and my desire to return home to Las Vegas, *an invisible but extremely strong energy force took command of my actions*. Startled, I fought to counter the quick, unconscious movement of my right leg, but could not overcome the command to brake. “What’s happening—why am I having this panic stop?” flashed through my mind. No words adequately explain what it feels like to observe and experience some purposeful force taking temporary custody of one’s physical actions. Perhaps stroke or seizure victims experience similar feelings during an incapacitating attack. At this moment in time, more in awe than shock, I uncharacteristically accepted the forced braking action with a curious type of calm.

Just then, from my left, a Lincoln® Town Car blasted through the red light at approximately 50 miles-per-hour—way over the posted limit. With the intersection blind from the east, I had no visual or other conscious warning of approaching vehicles. After blissfully sailing through the red light, the driver finally slammed on his brakes and screeched to a stop. A huge man, the motorist appeared disoriented and possibly under the influence of some debilitating substance. I will always remember his stoically transfixed expression. Afterwards, thinking of him reminded me of those barely animated ghouls featured in the horror movie, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.® This eerie encounter prodded me to consider the possibility of *myself* becoming a disembodied voice, crying in the darkness, should I continue disavowing the remainder of my own internal woundedness.

After a five-second delay, the red-light-busting motorist spun his wheels in rapid departure. As I slowly cleared the far side of the intersection, I caught the transfixed eye of the one witness to this eerie scene. In a light-colored sedan, she had been waiting properly in the eastbound lane. The witness had a perfect view of both vehicles as they made their respective approaches, but now *she* seemed to be in shock. Both her telepathic communication and facial movements asked, “How did you know? You should have been killed!” As I nodded acknowledgment of her bewildered expression, I silently questioned, “Why me?” Had my self-image been in a little better shape, the more supportive side

of my personality might have quickly countered with, “Why not me?”

I noted later that other than our party crasher and the one perplexed witness, this normally busy intersection remained empty during the entire ordeal.

Reflection

So, approximately thirty years after completing my military tour of duty, I am gifted (or cursed) with another extraordinary, life-saving intervention. The answers and explanations that I, as a dedicated researcher, had been relentlessly seeking—not only for myself but for all humankind—were about to be revealed.

Spirit to Larry

The physical reality of my close call finally hit me. With trembling torso and legs of rubber, I pulled over to the curb. Parked along the eastern side of Washington City Park, slowly regaining control of my physical senses, I noticed children joyously running and playing in the park—oblivious to the lifesaving event that had just occurred.

My years in professional aviation provided me with knowledge of relative closure velocities. Had I maintained a consistent rate of speed, my intended *Body Snatcher* would have broad-sided me in what accident investigators call the “Kill Zone.”

Realizing my physical life had just been saved by some intervening force, or guidance, located beyond my conscious awareness, an intense goose-bump-producing shiver went through me. Looking toward the paranormal or metaphysical realm to explain my miraculous delivery, I wondered: was this another example of Divine intervention? If so, what was the source? Souls, Spirit Guides, Guardian Angels, the God Force itself? At that particular juncture, the specific nature or label of my deliverance—although of interest—was not my primary focus.

While still euphorically rapturous and grateful, I spontaneously went with my feelings and declared, through copious tears of relief and joy: “*Thank you, thank you, thank you! Human existence must have more significance than I realized, and you—whomever or whatever you are—want me and perhaps others to realize a greater appreciation for life’s gifted opportunities.*”

I joked nervously about recognizing an attention-getting 2x4 blow to the head. I continued my verbalizing: *“I will make you [speaking to the unidentified force] a commitment. For at least the next 30 days, my time is completely yours. As of this moment, my personal agenda is on hold. I will follow every insight, hint, intuition, gut instinct and directed impulse. As best I can, I will place my analytical self on “observer-mode” until the 30-days are over. Only then will I try to logically scrutinize what all of it (my observations) has meant.”*

I was setting out on a course discontinued at age 12½—after suffering some emotionally devastating circumstances. Once again I would entrust many of my daily choices to *intuitive* thoughts and feelings. I would not think about it—just DO it and BE it . . . within reason, of course. Making this emotional commitment filled me with euphoric feelings of peace, confidence, and excited anticipation. I had not the slightest concern that these intervening forces, although still not clearly identified (to my mind), would lead me to any harm. How could I possibly be guarded about my safety after what had just happened? I was on BONUS PLAY!

Let the Odyssey Begin

After a semi-futile attempt to explain my Escondido intersection encounter, I said a temporary goodbye to my confounded relatives. From the very beginning of my purposeful journey I felt the continual presence of guiding influences. The condensed schedule would have overwhelmed the best travel agent or personal secretary on the planet. In spite of the self-empowering nature of every event and encounter, all beneficial activities were spontaneously generated. Difficult to explain, but I spent most of this gifted month in a kind of giddy daze—neither here nor there, but *everywhere* simultaneously. The itinerary, so gloriously executed and personally satisfying, felt like winning a Megabucks jackpot. Taking a break from my predominant focus on analytical, self-absorbency, I was being handsomely rewarded. It was as if some shepherding force concluded: “OK team, we’ve got one month before his visceral door closes—again. Let’s cram in everything Stevens can handle!”

Odyssey Inventory

Those thirty days and nights proved to be essential, integral, synergistic components to my never-ending discovery quest:

- **How and why are we here on Earth—what is the full purpose to our physical lives?**
- **How can we heal our internal pain, emotional fear, and feelings of unworthiness?**
- **What are the secrets to achieving deeply connected love and fruitful Earthly abundance?**
- **What is the truth about God, Souls and Soul-mates, devils, and our Eternal nature?**

On a beautiful mountain top in Malibu, California, the blitz of insight and connected healing reached its pinnacle during a retreat hosted by a very special duo—Ron and Susan Scolastico. As my odyssey would have it, one spot opened up and I got in on short notice.

***Note:** I never actually met Dr. Ron Scolastico until October 1996, but had benefited from his transpersonal “medium” work via two telephone consults in 1993. Years earlier, I read how Edgar Cayce, the “Sleeping Prophet,” effectively used the telephone to conduct detailed consultations or “readings.” I had researched Mind Dynamics™—a spin-off of Silva® Mind Control. Being favorably disposed, remote viewing did not seem particularly unusual or limiting. After spending many years questing for knowledge, fueled by several paranormal-like intervention experiences, I took my answers any way I could get them.*

During my second evening at the majestic Malibu retreat, I had an even-more awe-inspiring contact with the same forces that intervened in Escondido. At a moment of surrendering release, I was bathed in a euphoric, but temporarily debilitating jolt of penetrating cosmic energy. Some describe this union as “Kundalini” energy combined with Samadhi self-realization. [“Samadhi” is Hindu for a state of mystical contemplation where distinctions disappear between the little self and the Soul, or BIG Self].

My incapacitating, yet energizing experience, felt like holding onto live electrical wires, but without any pain, unpleasantness, or shorting to ground. I awoke to the firm realization that **we all possess the power to recreate or**

change the significance of any portion of our life experience.

This manual contains potent healing techniques and empowering insights from my concentrated Spiritual intensive. The Escondido experience and aftermath helped me finally realize that intervening forces had, in fact, been present before—during my flying days in Vietnam. Originally discounted, my previous encounters with aviation-related phenomena were thought to be exceptional *blind* luck. I now understand the true design of both my childhood *and* Navy experiences. These two experiential groupings of events combined to form precursory Spiritual seeds. Once planted, they awaited further cultivation—when and if I should awaken to their higher significance.

My true account shows how a rough-and-ready, but emotionally dysfunctional aviation warrior, finally found peace, harmony, joy, goodness, and love. A love story of the *highest* order—with its significance not limited to the eclectic transformation of one individual—your benefit will evolve from a willingness to embrace the wondrously empowering discoveries unearthed along the way. These findings, once internalized, can potentially provide you a joyous and universally-connected life once thought obtainable only in the Great Beyond—if at all. *Heaven on Earth* is an idea whose time has come . . . and now comes again.

Today, as a Quantum Heart-Shift Facilitator, Spiritual Coach, and seeker of all-inclusive truth, I hypothesize that an inner Spiritual DNA code provides love-based, intuitive encouragement, which many feel prodded by. My research team theorizes that this underlying element rests at the very core of a person's personality matrix. As such, it helps establish one's inner motivation to actualize both creative and sometimes challenging life circumstances. Our continuing supposition: Spiritual DNA contains a Celestial blueprint, specifically created for every manifested human expression.

If you're not happy about what you are doing and feeling in life, you may be reacting to fear-based, ego-mind conditioning, rather than responding to love-based, *Soul-heart* choices. You'll likely continue this modus operandi until sufficiently motivated to replace non-serving thoughts, feelings, and associated actions with more beneficial options.

Rather than being dead in the water, as *shift happens*, you'll benefit from learning the vital role that inner beliefs play in your subjective experience and quality of life.

When the Mystery Began

I named this book for the most remarkable of my Naval Aviation energy encounters (Chapter Thirteen). The larger significance of unexplainable phenomena did not fully penetrate my conscious awareness until the Escondido intervention and its aftermath. Everything you will read resulted from many years spent piecing together the often-puzzling circumstances surrounding our human existence.

Have you ever been plagued with doubts about God, Souls, salvation, devils—the what, why, where, and how of both our Earth-bound *and* cosmic selves? When you asked probative questions of rigid authority types, were your serious queries interpreted as hedonistic preoccupation, or a lack of faith, sincerity and loyalty? Do you long for deeper, more profound feelings of connection and love? If your answers range between **yes** and **occasionally**, travel with me, now, as I share a rational, empowering message from an omnipotent, collective source.

Is there a universally conscious power base irrevocably interwoven within our Being? Assuming that an intrinsic, creative force exists, does it unconditionally support us even with all our temporarily expressing human warts and hangnails? I offer answers of peace, harmony, goodness, joy, connective acceptance, and love—resulting from my tenacious search—to sincere persons hungering for a dogma and superstition-FREE union.

If you—like most—have experienced inner feelings of lack or unworthiness, set those concerns aside for the moment. Consider how ***self-diminishing thoughts or feelings are just temporarily distorted thoughts and feelings—NOT truths.*** This message not only welcomes healthy skepticism, it encourages it. I promise you will not have to take anything, herein, on *blind* faith. This Spiritual handbook illustrates psychologically sound concepts and principles—revealing them as practical, testable, fully provable facets of everyday life. Although some may interpret my fervor and passion as being a bit too spirited, rest assured there will be no attempt to *clone* your thinking or suggest adherence to any religious

belief or doctrine—to the contrary. This is a book about our true place in a magnificent Universe of unconditional love and all-inclusive synchronicity. This orientation does not preclude open-minded individuals from experiencing this message from a religious perspective, however. For those so inclined, consider my restorative, inspiring stories and narratives as recounted testimony. As this book reveals its twenty-first century empowerment options, know that their incorporation is best achieved by ones not content to simply *dream* a life of wishful ascension, but to live it.

More than just material for happy-hour or party conversation, this inspired offering presents a practical *plan of action*—an Eagle Flight. Although not a requirement, consider the benefits of opening to a loving expansion of your thinking, self-image, and habit patterns. We will step into what many consider treacherous—even forbidden—waters. More than once I found myself in the proverbial swamp with hungry crocodiles as escorts. Although snacked on from time to time, I eventually learned to swim with energy-draining reptilians *without* becoming their main course. Regardless of any psychological bogs, quagmires, or other personal obstacles you may be encountering, I will show you simple and permanent ways to replace those labyrinths of fear and uncertainty through a joyous exploration of the inner Spirit.

Objectives

As my journey companion you will acquire:

- **Practical, meaningful understandings of human behavior, and how beliefs are formed and changed.**
- **Instructional ways to dramatically improve your relationships (both human and Divine).**
- **Demonstrations of how ordinary events in your life can lead to profound healing, deeper discernment, and cosmic connection.**
- **An all-inclusive, commonsense solution to the great Evolutionism-Creationism debate.**
- **Innate proof that we are immortal, universally-connected Beings... and are never alone.**

The INTRODUCTION that follows provides a significant foundation for everything you will learn and experience throughout this book.

To all my truth-seeking brethren and sistern, I affirm the following: “I can’t promise anyone an instant rose garden. But, these pages ***will*** show you the location of all the sun, soil, seed, and support nutriments needed to create your own paradise on Earth. We will think, reason, laugh, and cry. Together, we’ll say goodbye to feelings of loneliness, heartache, worthlessness, and isolation. And HELLO to joy, peace, harmony, goodness, love, creativity, and FUN!”

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