

The Jungle Times Podcast

**THE JUNGLE TIMES PODCAST
ON NATURE AND CONSCIOUSNESS (PART 1)**

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Music

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On Nature and Consciousness (Part 1)

Welcome to The Jungle Times Podcast. I'm Lawrence Poole and this is Episode #15. Called: On Nature and Consciousness. It's a 2-parter.

In Part 1, I'll discuss the nature of consciousness from my perspective ...how I discovered the essential "I am", the metaphysical me in my death experiences. In Part 2, I'll look at consciousness from the perspective of creative INTENT - aka as the building-block of universe.

In the last program, I discussed PROSPERITY! I explained the ways in which humans can prosper. Most people, statistics tell us, do not have a clear notion of how to build a prosperous life. The only condition is that you must *want to prosper*. Many people have not made that conscious decision yet

To be prosperous, you must consciously work at it, that is - you must actualize the needed conditions. So - will you change your mind and act consciously?

In this presentation, I'll tell you about the power of consciousness – aka the power of your SOUL - and how that potential is limited by your brain.

Let me start by saying that we have an incredible potential ...*even if many people don't see it that way*. We come to life with genetic baggage... this we know... but now we also know how *Epigenesis* – that's the science that examines *how you were raised* - rules how perception is shaped.

Our body is assembled by DNA and then significant others explain how we should see the world. Our tribe expects us to see things the same way they do. We should conform or be shunned. In a previous podcast, I told you about the studies that explain the 4 ways people behave in the world.

I said there are Good people who behave altruistically (...*my brother as myself*)! There are Bad people who behave selfishly (...*me first*)

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and to hell with you)! There are Stupid people who behave to the detriment of others, even if it's to their own detriment as well (*I don't care... about you*). And lastly there are Helpless people – too weak to act, so they react (...as *Prey*).

What you should know – whether you ever learned it or not - is that your genetic baggage is filled wonder and intelligence, and that altruistic self-interest is Nature's self-management law. To create a prosperous life, you must be aware of what prosperity means to you.

Forty-five years ago, I discovered that I am more than a physical body. I was thought dead in a traumatic car accident, and my out-of-body experience allowed me to see that I am more than a body. I am also a spirit.

Those near-death experiences confirmed an idea that I'd been exploring for most of my life until then: I am not a physical body hoping I have a spirit, rather I am a spirit with a physical body. I know this as an undeniable fact.

I'll tell you all about what I call my near-death experiences, but I'll back up a little bit to share how I was at the time. Several key events had shaped me. I was blessed with excellent genetic baggage and my parents told me that I was both conceived and born with a champagne celebration.

I've often mentioned how my journey was steered by my father's often mentioned testimony – “*God is my friend!*”

In a momentous event, at a very young age, when I asked him if God was my friend too, he got very serious to assure me that *YES! Yes He*

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most assuredly is. He also said that I could be sure He was by being His friend too! And then he answered every question I had the same way: “*If you have any questions about God, study the laws of Nature.*”

My family encouraged my self-exploration. I started a rock collection to study minerals at a young age, then studied medicinal plants and I spent countless hours playing in the fields and forests that surrounded us. I was an avid camper and practiced woodlore, I was a fisher, a skier and an amateur photographer.

In 1956, my father’s sister visited us from her home in Colombia, South America. My uncle was an engineer with Standard Oil there, and Aunt Irene had brought gifts for everyone – like a 20-foot boa skin for my father and a silver ring for me. The ring was primitive and fashioned around a sorcerer’s mask. She dated it to about 1500 years before the Conquest. She also convinced me that ring had magic power. She regaled us with accounts of the shamans she’d met and the impressive things she’d seen.

Too large for my ring finger, I wore it around my neck until tape wrapped on the underside let me fit it to my finger. That ring played a huge role in my impressive teen years. As an example, in grade 8, it figured in my switching to a boarding school. The monastery of a Teaching Brotherhood was situated in an ideal lake-front location about 120-minutes from home. I was invited to attend after one of the brothers questioned my ring and then proceeded to tell me about the extensive library found at their Brome Lake School. He told me it held books on accounts of brothers who lived and taught in the American jungles and, a short time later, invited to visit the campus. I did and was sold.

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I learned so much about myself and living in the state of grace as described by Catholic belief. 1956 was, however, also the year I read a book called *The Third Eye* written by an English/Canadian who called himself Lobsang Rampa. The author claimed he had an operation in which a small hole was drilled into his forehead to arouse what he called his third eye. He wrote about how this enhanced his powers of clairvoyance. The idea was radical as he also claimed the ability to visit other times and places.

The promise of a magical life seemed so real that I took every opportunity to learn more about my creative potential. Rampa proved to be a fraud but that didn't stop me from learning about my energy-self from him. He explained how to see myself as if surrounded by an egg-shaped aura, and to project the vision of myself that I wanted the world to see on the inside of my eggshell.

I practiced his technique and found it worked. I got so good at it that by the time I was 12 years old a close friend had nicknamed me "*Windjammer*". When I asked him why, he said *because you can spin a gust of wind in any direction.*

I took it as a compliment but started to tone down and better shape my skill. I've seen the projection idea demonstrated by Obi Wan Kenobi in *Star Wars*, and it's easily understood in the phrase: "*Fake it 'till you make it.*"

According to his third book - *The Rampa Story* - Cyril Hoskin of Devon England now said that he fell out of a tree while attempting to photograph an owl. Concussed, as he regained his senses, he saw a Buddhist monk dressed in saffron robes walk toward him. The monk told him that he was taking over his body and Hoskin agreed,

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because he was dissatisfied with it anyway. A persona called Rampa supposedly took over Hoskin's body in a process called the transmigration of the soul.

By the time I learned his origin story was a fabrication, my journey had already taken me into the Christian Brotherhood and their acceptance of an almost Catholic view of the world. Aged 20, I broke my ring that connected me to magic when my bat struck a baseball during a game. The impact split the ring on my hand in 2 pieces, so I retired it into a jewelry box.

I felt as if on my own from that moment until my car accident at age 29. I can clearly say that my death experiences didn't change my worldview, but rather they completed it. I saw God as indivisible to everything, everywhere. *I don't have to believe... this is so.*

I'll refer to my "near-death" experiences because here I am discussing them so... I can't assert that I was dead. I remember being out of my body though. I remember seeing myself on a gurney, attached to a monitor and a medical drip. My position was above the scene, and I felt vastly different from at any other time in my life. My previous experiences had not prepared me for it. Dead and now alive, I had hundreds of questions. Being out of my body confirmed a deep knowing: *"I am not a physical body. I am a metaphysical spirit WITH A BODY."*

In my 2nd death experience, all my questions following the first were answered, but replaced with other, deeper questions. My 3rd and 4th deaths affected me in that way - my future experiences, including being out-of-my-body without dying - contributed to how I see

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myself like I truly am – a relative point of consciousness in an infinite universe. I am a single drop in an infinite sea... so to speak.

I'll describe my 4 death experiences and tell you what I learned from each of them. I think it might help you see where I'm coming from. If you want to jump to the end of my story, listen to Episode #5 – L.O.V.E. Is Magic... and Nature's law - because that's what I learned.

My first death experience surrounds my having been brought to a hospital in the suburbs by an ambulance crew. I was supposedly D.O.A. - but I know nothing of that ...except for what I was told: *"You had an accident. You were found in your car, wrapped around a pole. Someone called and you were then delivered here. You were DOA – dead on arrival."*

I was told this several hours after being delivered to the hospital. According to the clock in my car, I hit the pole at 03:40 and some hours later, my wife got the phone call. She immediately drove our daughter to my brother's house so she could come to the hospital.

My brother came with her, and they arrived at around 10:00 am. Convinced I was too strong and in too good physical shape to be dead, they wanted to see my body. I'd been a squash player and the club where I played every day was across the street from the hospital. When the staff found out that the dead guy was me, things moved into high gear. A doctor showed them my body and then manually opened my left eye, to demonstrate that – as my eye was glassy – I was dead.

I knew nothing of any of that. From my perception, I was in a complete blackness. I could feel the dark inside of me and I saw it everywhere around me. I perceived it as if a flat velvet; it had thickness and density and pervasiveness. I could feel emptiness; I felt the void.

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At a specific moment I thought and as I did, I saw a pinpoint of light at a far distance. Wanting to approach the light, I was propelled at an incredible speed towards it. Nearing the source of that light, I thought it was coming from a large window, but even closer to it, I suddenly realized I was seeing my own eye... but from the inside. I was looking out.

Then I was four-square behind my eyeballs, and I felt fingers holding my left one open. I heard a voice: *“His eyes are glassy and as you can see, he's dead!”*

The fingers I was feeling then closed my eye, and I heard people shuffle away. I reached up with my left hand to suddenly feel an explosion of pain.

I later discovered that my left arm was broken, but in that moment, despite the awful pain, I continued with my intent and took out the soft contact lens from my eye. I then said: *“Are they still glassy?”*

I heard the people go nuts. It was a cacophony. The gurney I laid on was moved, and positioned under a huge examination light. I was flooded with pain. Then I was probed, poked and jostled about. Someone gave the doctor a safety pin and he scratched at me here and there: *“Can you feel this... what about this... and this? Can you feel here... what about here?”*

I was totally confused. Other than a pain that seemed everywhere, I didn't know what he was doing, where he was probing, what he was talking about but I answered him - *“Yes.... Yes.... and then NO!”*

I had to admit: *“No, I can't feel whatever you're doing.”*

I wanted to feel. I wanted to say - *“Yes”* - but that wasn't real. My only real answer was *“NO!! I feel nothing. From my underarms to the tip of my toes, there is nothing. The immense pain I do feel is concentrated about a straight line high on my torso and it radiates all over my body. I don't understand any of this. I don't get what's happening! Please help me.”*

I would have said that... had I known. A very lucky decision was made for me, and I was transferred from a small community hospital

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to the Montreal Neurological Institute, one of the teaching hospitals connected to McGill University's health compound.

I don't remember being loaded into the ambulance but can tell you that I woke up on a bumpy road that jostled my badly broken body without mercy. Pain-killing drugs were out of the question at that point because the emergency team believed, as I'd been dead, I might have neurological issues to be considered that would be even more severe than paralysis.

I was in agony. I was in tears. At one point I cried: "*Let me die...*"

And then I became aware that my wife Carol was sitting next to me. She broke into sobs and begged me to not die. My pain shifted to feeling the hurt to feeling awful that I made her cry. She kept saying please don't die interspaced with sobs about never having seen me give up, and that I scared her, that our daughter is only 6 years old and needs her father.

I told her that it was okay. I was just in a lot of pain. That I'd tough it out. Not to worry. She told me that she loved so much, and that everything will work out, that God is my friend.

Her reminder comforted me. *God is my friend* – that is my leitmotif, my credo. It calmed me and then my pain diminished a little.

At the Neuro, I knew that I was in the best possible hands, and I gave myself to my Friend's good graces.

I was wheeled on a marbled floor to the Intensive Care Unit.

My 2nd death occurred the next day. Neurologists, Nurses, and Orderlies took care of me around the clock during that first month. They only dealt with emergencies, never having had a complete summary of my injuries. They dealt with things as they happened.

I'll tell you what I know happened: On a stormy night, I hydroplaned my car on the Trans-Canada Highway and hit a metal signpost at 70mph, or at 112 kph. I learned 2 things: 1. When a car hits a pole at 70mph the metal-to-metal collision allows no slack, there is no give, no cushion. The stop is instantaneous. In my case, the car fused to

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the pole at some 8 feet in height. My brother later quipped that it was about the size of an ashtray. #2 I also discovered that anything or anyone inside the car does not stop. It keeps moving forward at 70 mph until *it gets stopped*.

I was stopped by the car's steering wheel. No airbags in those days, and the steering column was rigid. My new Buick Regal smacked into the pole at 70mph, and the reaction was me being crushed and my chest broken. That included all the ribs on my left-side fractured in 2 places, and the ribs on my right side aligned with one long fracture. The momentum also broke both my clavicles, my sternum, and my spine – where it crushed my spinal cord and paralysed me from high on my chest down. The accident also broke my left arm, my right hip, and fractured my skull, and I had a lot of internal damages as my organs were violently tossed about. I was badly cut and bruised.

My 2nd death occurred because – unknown to doctors – the sharp end of a broken rib punctured my lung, which had slowly filled with blood. On day two of the ordeal, I flatlined because I drowned. I was said to be dead again but a surgeon who happened in the ICU looking at another patient, jumped into action. He performed an emergency tracheotomy – cutting my throat right there in the ICU and connecting me to a respirator. God is my friend.

Later, after I was assigned to a team of respiratory therapists, another doctor performed a procedure to drain the blood from my lung. I was told that I'd died but I remember nothing about any of it.

I was on the respirator for about 6 weeks while my lung healed. I could tell you horror stories about those days. I'll share one anecdote: The procedure they used to drain the blood from my lungs involved inserting the largest needle I ever saw into the soft tissue under my left arm.

When I saw the syringe, I pointed on a letterboard to ask the doctor: *Can you please jab me anywhere below my paralysis, so I don't feel it...*

He apologized that he had to insert the needle under my left arm to reach inside my ribcage at the angle needed to reach inside my lungs.

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What bitchin' pain it was... The doctor filled his syringe with a bloody liquid, withdrew it, emptied it into a container, and then jabbed me again. And again. Ad nauseum.

The pain was indescribable, but he did manage to remove 1½ litres of blood from that lung. He left two glass containers filled with the oddly pinkish goo on a side-table so other medical teams could see. I was deeply thankful to be alive. I was feeling “lucky”. I thanked my Friend.

My 3rd death happened the next day – *on Day 3 of the ordeal*.

I now had a morphine drip inserted into a vein in my hand and was relatively pain free. I also wore a urinary catheter, had a PICC line into my heart, a tube up my nose and down into my stomach, and a drip feeder attached to my right-arm and was on a respirator. My blood pressure, cardio rhythm and pulse were also attached to monitors. I was a mess.

There was no overall diagnosis. I was receiving the best care possible with a manage the emergencies protocol. My doctor was William Feindel, the brilliant neurosurgeon. He directed a multi-disciplinary team through a fragile situation. I'm not kidding about Dr Feindel's brilliance. He did a lot for me than save my life. He became a therapeutic mentor and helped me maintain my health for the many years until he passed on.

My 3rd death occurred because my broken body was tired of the fight. My heart stopped. I'd been half asleep and focused on my breathing. The respirator was dictating my life: *In – Out – In – Out – Do... or die!*

Eyes closed, I felt the oxygen enter my body to be drawn low to my diaphragm directly so the lungs could heal. At a given point, I heard an alarm and realized I was slipping out of body.

I saw myself from a position near the top of the curtain surrounding my bed. Beyond that curtain, I saw a young resident curled up in a yellow-vinyl armchair. He jumped suddenly and rushed to my side. As he approached, he stared at the shrieking monitor. He raised his

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fist as if to hammer-punch my chest, but suddenly stopped... to yell:
“Come back for Natalie’s sake!”

Natalie is my daughter, and she was only 6-years old. When I heard her name, I was instantly filled with love... then I felt myself blow up like a balloon. As I did, I was raised through the ceiling, passed through successive floors and was out of the hospital, through the roof.

I kept ascending into cosmos. I saw the hospital, McGill University and Mount-Royal shrink away. I remembered being out-of-my-body before, and then I suddenly realized with a great depth of understanding that - when I was thought dead by others - I was not.

I didn’t die. Death does not exist. *I am here/now.*

In this spiritual state, I am IMMORTAL. I then realized the deeper truth: *The essential me - “I am” - is not a physical body. I also realized that feeling love had saved me from the abyss. Love is God’s law! I have a spiritual connection. I AM!!!*

With that realization, I felt myself expand more, faster. I felt myself become a much larger bubble of energy until I exploded into a hundred billion bits of Light, of love, of God. And then I was instantly back in my body, and instantly alive.

I was stunned, blissed. I felt like the luckiest man on Earth.

Later, I opened my eyes to see my mother sitting next to me. She had always been our family’s mystic – she even phoned to tell me about her dream in which she saw my terrible accident. She had warned me to be careful - so I figured she’d understand. I gestured for my Alphabet Board and then spelled out: *“I saw God face-to-face!”*

She prophetically answered: *“Your life will be very different from now on!”*

A few days later, the young intern, a neurologist from Florida, who tended to me when I flatlined, told me that he was intent on jump-starting my heart when he suddenly realized that – because my chest was broken - he’d be punching Jell-O... that he might kill me.

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Instead, he blurted out what he said but very somberly added: “*I didn’t know that you had a daughter, and I didn’t know that her name was Natalie. I just blurted out what I said but I don’t know why.*”

My death mystified him as much as it had me. I came back from the experience knowing that my 1st death showed me the void, and the Light. These are the Yin/Yang of life. My 2nd experience told me I had to remain conscious to not die.

My 3rd death taught me that “I am” - as is every other bit of creation. “I am” a part of God’s limitless oscillations of vibrational energy. Indivisibly. I saw how the creating energy in motion is contained as 4 fundamental forces – Gravity, Electromagnetism, the Attractive Force (+) and the Radioactive Force (-).

From macro to micro, from the largest stars to the tiniest atoms, “I AM” is any point in those 100 billion bits of light. The 4 fundamental forces are organized into complex molecules, and those molecules reach a level of complexity where they become *living things*, now called *organic molecules*.

Creator and Creation are indivisible ONE - Quantum.

I AM is created in God’s image at the energy level. Beyond the atomic plane, humans are created equal. God is organized at that atomic level and then with natural selection, over time, the ONE differentiates into relative us.

At the human level, DNA and Epigenesis become our significant creators. Think about it: You were born into a world where your I AMness, your consciousness, has value... but only it is organized to see things that way.

More than merely being aware, you can be “*aware of awareness*”. A primary resource, how you think is your creative capital... or not.

I’ll be right back to tell what I learned from my 4th death experience, and how it profoundly changed my life.

INTERLUDE

I'm back. I told you that I was determined to learn from my accident and near-death-experiences. In my 1st death, I saw the void, and Light, and learned to see them as death and rebirth into life. I have no memory of my 2nd death, but I learned that it means to remain conscious and experience not dying.

My 3rd death taught me that I am indivisibly a part of God's limitless oscillations of vibrating energy. Like a drop in the ocean, I learned that I am equal to every everything, deserving of all. I also concluded that I AM... less a physical body but a spirit with a body. For me, this is an undeniable fact.

My 4th death occurred 9 months after I left the rehab centre. When I was discharged, my life became all about reconciling what I needed to learn from death, why had "I" survived? Why was I given such an extraordinary gift as a second chance?

A week before my 4th death experience, I'd had an out-of-body experience *without dying*. I spent many long hours learning to journey within. Paralysis made it easy for me. I could forget my body and slip into Alpha State awareness just by closing my eyes and deep breathing. The Alpha State is measured on an EEG – electroencephalograph. Alpha is when we are meditative. In the Alpha State, *I can become aware of awareness*.

Then, focusing my awareness, I moved from the Alpha State into deeper brainwave states – THETA, DELTA, ØMEGA. In the Theta State I explore the world of metaphysics... a dream world. My awareness is focused as if I AM A CAMERA, and I see the world as a fluid dreamscape.

I see how the solid world of everyday has a corresponding *morphic density*. This morphogenetic energy acts as the mold that's shaping everyday reality.

In other words, the here/now world is exactly the way it is BECAUSE we think it so. A world of metaphysical awareness is molding our here/now physical reality. Morphic density refers to secondary energy.

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I explored a physical world beyond the Time/Space continuum, including a world of collective memory, and a dreamworld beyond my imaginings. And then there is a Super-consciousness... the world of Divine intent and sacred power. Each of us can access those higher states of awareness.

On that day I slipped out of my body without dying, I started off super spastic. That was my new reaction to any ailment or discomfort. My lower body will tremble and shake kind of violently. On more than one occasion I've been thrown off balance by a violent spasm. I've even been tossed out of my wheelchair.

I transferred from the wheelchair to my bed to try to try and get my body to relax. At a certain point, I realized I could slow the body's spasticity by focusing on that. I fixed my attention to experience my spastic movement as if surfing an agitated ocean. The essential me - I AM - surfed waves on an agitated sea. Rather than react to the agitation, I willed a slower, more relaxed movement from my body.

This involves more than thinking *about* relaxing, I had to put my entire focus on slowing my reaction. Then it just happened - I was one with a spasm as a waveform. I instantly felt joyous but then wondered if I could stop the spasticity completely.

I shifted my focus to that end and, a moment later, I stopped time... but was now out of my body. I then realized that dying hadn't given me the out-of-body experiences. Dying had stopped *my inner dialogue* and stopping my roof-top chatter took away my ability to "think" a worldview. It stopped my perception, including my perception of Time.

I saw how "my mind" is the result of a process. I think my worldview. The world I know is only what I imagine. My mind is the fruit of that labour – *I think therefore I am*. When I stop thinking, I see the world as it truly is – limitless oscillations of vibrating energy... God's INTENT.

Science knows how this is so with Einstein's [$e = mc^2$] - Mass and Energy are ONE thing. And then Quantum physicians offer us Planck's constant. [$e = hf$] to show us that this is always true, aware of it or not. There is ONE Light constant. ONE Energy. One God.

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Lesson learned: *Don't think! Be!* The Father and I are ONE!

The sudden realization made me ecstatic. I expanded like a balloon and ascended into cosmos. I remembered feeling this exact way before except now I also felt confident, lucky, blissed, blessed: *I was rushing to the Light.*

Nearing it, a huge wall suddenly grew in front of me, and blocked my way there. This was most unexpected! A wall that looked like it was made of concrete blocks but was in fact immaterial, stood one inch from my nose blocking my momentum.

I saw Light streaming over that wall, and under it, and on both sides of it.

I wanted to see over the wall, and I rose instantly and could peer over it. I was looking directly at the Light, saw it pour out of a single pinpoint in the thick blackness. I was amazed.

I focused there, saw Light emerge from a black hole in hyperspace as a stream of consciousness... The light was alive. I then looked back over my shoulder to see what the Light is doing, where is it going? I was stunned silent to see it doing ... *EVERYTHING.*

The ONE is CREATOR's l.o.v.e. (limitless oscillations of vibrating energy) as it creates ALL of creation. Here/Now, Indivisibly, God/Light pours out of an infinite "no thingness" as l.o.v.e.

Inpouring Light – God-consciousness - is creating the world in an omni-present HERE/NOW. Light emerges as a stream of awareness and then expands outward, slowing into energy which is contained as four fundamental forces in continuum. Those forces form atoms that arrange into molecules, assembles as chemistry, organize into tissue, and then into bits of life. And then all things are possible.

I stared in awe, understood, and adored the living God as a stream of consciousness. He is all mighty, omniscient, and omnipresent. I stared at the stream as it passed me... and recognized whole scenes as if watching a 3-D movie. I saw some scenes as historical facts, some as memories, others as complete fantasies; some were alien, others strange, even weird. The stream of consciousness was ceaseless.

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I then noticed a small child staring back at me. He smiled with such kindness, such love, such intelligence, that I became convinced I was looking at God. We were face-to-face.

I adored Him with loving gratitude. I felt so privileged, so blessed, so happy. Then the wall grew and blocked out the Light. I knew I had to go back. Not knowing where or how to go, I looked around and saw a door open behind me.

Like a scene from The Twilight Zone, I just saw a door open in space – a door frame and a door were just hanging in empty space. I looked through the doorframe and knew the door led to my left-brain hemisphere. I then became aware that I was on the right-side of awareness.

I stepped through the door and was instantly back in my body. I was awake but strangely not quite integrated. My “I AMness” was not squarely behind my eyeballs. I was seeing the world – the room outside of me and the hallway just ahead - from a position about 3 or 4 inches on top of my own head. Not only that but I was seeing as if through a grid of red and deep blue squares.

I was alarmed. *My spirit was not properly integrated into my body.*

I didn't know what to do and I felt my heartbeat faster. A form of panic risked taking me over. I wanted to put an end to my hours of meditation and fasting. I decided to make myself a bowl of soup but had to work with great difficulty and confusion to do so. I managed to transfer from my bed to my wheelchair and then went to the kitchen by remembering each movement and then willing it to happen. I was aware the eyes in my head could see, but “I” was perceiving from the position above my head, through that very strange checkerboard grid.

I managed to put a packaged soup on the stove and was working to calm my body while waiting for the pot to heat. Now a bit calmer, I realized that meditation had gotten me into this jackpot and meditation would get me out of it.

I turned the stove off and went back to my room. I lay down flat on my bed, focused on my breathing and relaxed. After a few minutes I

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felt myself slip downward and, when I opened my eyes, I was four-square behind my eyeballs again. And all was well.

I was also totally blissed, and higher than a kite.

I didn't have words to express what I'd just experienced. I prayed fervently and offered the rest of my life to God... *Thy will be done!*

The next day was a busy one. In the morning I was scheduled to speak to the Physiotherapy Department at McGill University. In the afternoon I appeared on a local talk-show to speak about my experiences surrounding the accident. I knew a journalist at the TV station, and she recommended me. In that interview I gave the audience such an uplifting view that the host was blown away and I got a standing ovation... apparently a first. He said that I was his best guest ever and would I please come back.

Pleased, I said yes, drove home, and soon started to feel weak. I transferred out of my wheelchair to lie down but progressively felt worse. Later, wanting to take my mind off my woes, I hopped back into the chair and wheeled into the den to fetch a book. I've always been a voracious reader and had received several nice collections as gifts when I was hospitalized.

I zeroed-in on a full box of those books in a corner of the room, and suddenly a book jumped out of the box and flew through the air, to land on my lap.

Startled, I look down to see the dark silhouette of a man in a meditation posture, against a deep blue, star-speckled background. Judging from the book's back cover, it was exactly what I didn't want to read.

Like a frisbee, I tossed back into the box. I was stunned to see that – without touching the box or the corner of the room – the book flipped over and flew right back to me, landing on my lap again.

This time I saw the front cover and it showed that same silhouette but on a bright orange background. Written by a man named Gopi Krishna, the book is called *Kundalini: Evolutionary Energy in Man*.

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I figured that the book wants to be read, and so I complied. It told the story of a man who devoted his life to meditation after suddenly triggering the awakening of a force he called *Kundalini*.

Described as the soul in some disciplines, chi, primal energy or pure will in others, the man experienced an out-of-body experience without dying. The event caused his body to release toxins that almost killed him though. It took him several years to recover... but he successfully did and was spiritually enlightened as a result. Well okay then, lesson learned: *Be careful. Let your Friend take care of the details.*

The next morning, I woke with a fever and feeling quite weak. I stayed in bed and didn't feel to eat. Late that afternoon, with great difficulty, I managed to get into my chair and wheel to the fridge to fill my water bottle.

I spent the next two days fighting a very high fever that seemed to be getting worse. On the third night, my ex-wife Carol phoned and, hearing how weak I was, drove over, took my temperature and when she saw the thermometer at 105°F, called for an ambulance.

I was driven to the hospital where they diagnosed a bladder infection which is a common ailment for paraplegics. The ER doctor injected a large dose of antibiotic into my right hip and wrote me a prescription for a week's oral version to take. He then asked if I wanted to spend the night on a gurney in the hallway or take the ambulance home.

I opted to go home and once there, promptly fell asleep. I woke up feeling better. As I had no more fever, I decided to take a bath and wash a few days of sweat from my body. I pulled the bedsheet off me and was stunned to see that my right leg was fire-engine red. The red deepened to purple where the doctor injected the antibiotic. I stared at an open wound about 2 inches in diameter oozing puss.

I quickly took a bath, covered the wound, dressed, and drove myself to the hospital. Wheeling over to the urology Clinic, I met my doctor. I told him what ailed me and then dropped my trousers to show him the wound.

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At first sight he panicked and jumped into action. He asked me how I was feeling, told me that I was very seriously infected, and that I needed immediate surgery. He asked me if I could wheel myself to 7th floor surgery?

I answered yes, of course. There, I was directed to a private room. There I found a nurse and 2 orderlies scrubbing down the bed. I was told they'll be finished in moment or two, and am I okay to wait?

Of course!

I was sensing my health issues were more serious than I supposed. I thought I might be hospitalized for a while, and I was happy to see a small television set connected to the bed.

It was on but without the sound. I was surprised to see that it was broadcasting the interview I'd recorded a few days before. I asked an orderly to turn up the sound. He did and noticed that I was the interviewee.

He remarked on it to others, and they all stopped cleaning to watch.

I was telling the host how my experience allowed to remain a very positive person... despite the trauma... because I felt so lucky to get a 2nd chance. I asked him - *Who gets a second chance?*

He asked me if my future frightened me in any way? I told him that my only fear is not appreciating how lucky I am, not meeting every moment I have left with joy and determination.

The nurse remarked: *"You are a very uplifting speaker."*

I muttered thanks before feeling my energy suddenly crash. I slumped in my wheelchair. On my way to fainting, I remember that orderly saying: *"Don't worry boy, I've caught you!"*

The next thing I knew, I was on a gurney being wheeled down a hall. A nurse was speaking at me. She wanted me to sign some forms. She explained how they had to perform emergency surgery - immediately - even if I'm highly infected. It was a very risky procedure but there

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was no choice. I had a version of Necrotizing fasciitis - *flesh-eating disease*.

The surgery was successful, and they removed a 4 x4 inch piece of my right hip that day, down to the bone. The surgeon cauterised my wound and then doctors from Infectious Diseases had to find a cure for my infection.

They tried more than a dozen antibiotics in various combinations before discovering the successful protocol. A plastic surgeon repaired my wound, and I was released from hospital 3 months later.

That amputation was responsible for 4th near death experience. I woke up in the surgery recovery room and, a few moments later, found myself at the foot of a bed, staring at my body. This didn't alarm me as I was out of body before, but it did set off the monitor I was attached to.

Its piercing scream got a nurse to run over to me. As she neared my bed, I was instantly back in my body, trying to calm her... Except that my body - or rather my mouth - was speaking to her, *but I was not*.

The *real me* seemed somehow located in my chest area. I was hearing a voice explain that I was not dead, that I had to leave my body so it could decode the infection. The nurse didn't seem to be paying attention, rather she was concentrated on re-setting the monitor.

That voice sounded like me but the real "me" had no idea what it was saying. I listened calmly and heard me tell her that I'd be okay, and that she was not to worry.

She took my pulse, measured my oxygen index, verified the drip line in my arm and then looked into my eyes before walking away. I was suddenly at the foot of the bed again, and the monitor was shrieking. The nurse turned on her heel and was now next to me again. And I was – again – instantly back in my body and my voice was explaining the same ideas – I was not dead. I was traveling within to find a healing code.

This happened in some sense a third and then the final time.

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The nurse then asked me if I was sure that I'd be okay, and I answered her: "*Yes I will...*"

She said: "*I'll sit here and watch over you then.*"

She turned the monitor off, dragged a chair near to my face and then sat down. I was again standing at the foot of the bed, watching.

I then felt as if someone was standing behind me. I started to turn to see, and I felt someone grabbed me in the middle of my back. I was then aspirated in a powerful vortex. Strangely, as I was drawn away, I saw the recovery room and the people inside of it break into amorphous shapes.

The nurse sitting next to me and I were in one bubble, two nurses and a doctor talking over there occupied another, a nurses' aid stood alone alone seemed in separate bubbles... I saw the scene dissolve as I shrank.

In a single instant, I experienced – Black, Pure Light, Black and then I was in paradise. I found myself in a place of stunning beauty. I was in a green, lush garden under a blue sky and enjoying a soothing climate.

I thought – "*This time I am dead. I must be in Paradise!*"

I was standing in a field near a vertical wall of green – of trees, shrubs, and plants of all kinds – that must have been 1000 feet high. A beautiful blue sky and sunshine offered a perfect climate, warm and soothing, and forests surrounded me a short distance away. Out loud, I asked: "*Is this paradise?*"

From within me, I heard a voice speak through me: "*No, you're in Costa Rica... but more than 1000 years before your time.*"

I thought the communication was telepathic and so I thought who am I communicating with? I was told I was aligned with a higher frequency of awareness, with wisdom that I can imagine to be my Holy Guardian Angel.

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I saw people milling about and when asked, was told they were protomaya, the original Americans. They were learning to become “jaguar-kings and queens”. In this place, they were learning the “art of dreaming”. In order to graduate, they had to meditate inside a cave behind a waterfall near the top that high ridge. From the meditative state, they stand, run to the cave entrance and dive through the waterfall, to awaken in a place they preselect. If they do that, they master the art of dreaming, if they don't you find yourself dead at the foot of that wall.

I then asked dozens if not hundreds of questions and received an answer for each of them. I was told that this 4th death experience was a journey through consciousness. By stopping my inner dialogue, I reached the *no thingness* – Black - then hit the Ømega point – *Light* (all there is) – and then I fluxed back to the *no thingness* – Black - and now I am in the Delta brainwave state, in a lucid dream. I see the physical world at the subatomic level which transcends time.

I was gobsmacked, the information struck me as a huge “*Of course!!!*”

I was told about the world as THEOphysics – the physics of God. I was presented with an offer – I could learn 12 principles of Theophysics - if I agree to it. I should know that it will an arduous course as it demands a high degree of spiritual discipline.

I was given instructions on how to wilfully connect with the higher intelligence or my Holy Guardian Angel, and then I woke up as if from a dream. I told the nurse who was sitting next to me that I was okay, that I was back. and that I'd be fine.

The nurse stood, looked at me, touched my hand and then turned and walked away. She took three steps and then fell to the floor. Another nurse and an orderly rushed to her, helped her up, and led her away.

I recovered, was transferred to a private room, and spent a couple of months either on my left side to protect my hip amputation or seated on an inflatable donut cushion. After a long while, a plastic surgeon repaired the 4” x 4” hole, slicing my leg from knee to thigh and

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reassigning the tissue to construct a flap over the wound. Another month and I was released from hospital.

While still there, I asked about the nurse who had spent that time next to me ...but they couldn't find her. Three weeks later, I was told she'd resigned from the hospital.

I got back at work - at the time I was a partner in a small company that manufactured Hot Tubs and Saunas – and one day a young woman walks into our shop and asks for me. Shown into my office, she asked: *“Do you recognize me?”*

I didn't but I adjusted in the instant she said: *“I'm the nurse who looked after you in the recovery room.”*

Wow! Did I have questions for her. She told me that she's spent one and a half shifts sitting in rigid attention next to me. She was relatively immobile that whole time, but constantly wondering if she was doing the right thing, wondering why no one questioned her or even approached in that time, wondering if I was dead... except she believed I had the faintest pulse... but she was never sure.

As she sat there, she realized that she no longer wanted to spend her life indoors, making life and death decisions for others. She had fainted from the tension, and was brought to Emergency, where, after a couple of hours of rest and relaxation, she wondered why she had been left alone.

She tried to enquire but saw that she was making people uncomfortable with her questions ...and so she quit. She was now a sale's rep for a pharmaceutical company, and she was connecting with doctors and hospitals on another level. She told me that she loved her new career and the freedom it gave her.

From my 4th death, I learned to experience the world as God's dream. Instead of fading into the darkness and dying, we can preserve our consciousness by becoming “aware of awareness”. Exploring the inner dimensions, we can expand our subjective mind to be one with the universal M.I.N.D.* (*Move In New Dimensions).

I'll tell you more about that after this break.

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INTERLUDE

I'm back... After my hip amputation, I learned how an amazing power is available to us as a right-brain exercise from my Holy Guardian Angel.

I knew that I could meet him in meditation, so I gave myself to that practice. In short order, I distinguished his voice in my rooftop chatter, and isolated it. He taught me to completely relax with my consciousness fixed to the position foursquare behind my eyeballs. I learned Asana – where I hang my body's organs and skin on my skeletal frame - and then learned Pranayama – deep breathing.

I should say that my paralysis helped with this. I just need a comfortable back support and I was free. Once relaxed, I focused on turning around to face inside. I was guided to see an empty space behind eyeballs. Then I was guided to familiarize myself with this space, to see it as a cave, dimly lit with indirect lighting where the walls met the floor. I was guided to see an elevator at the center of this cave, and then to move towards it and to look down its shaft.

In time, I saw a raging fire at the bottom of that elevator shaft, and now down the elevator through successive “rainbow gates”. From my position in that cave, there were 5 gates below me on the way to the bottom of the elevator shaft, and 2 gates above me.

I learned to ride the elevator without stopping anywhere along the way... The exercise was to make sure I never get caught in the fire at the bottom of the shaft. Down, Up. Up, Down. From the bottom - Red gate, Orange gate, Yellow gate, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet.

After a few months of practice, I found myself one day, stopped at the Indigo gate. The elevator doors opened, and I looked out. There was an old-school blackboard framed and about waist high sitting there immobile. I saw nothing else. I stuck my head out of the elevator door and looked left – to see the blackboard surrounded by nothing – blackness – and extending forever. I turned to look right and saw the picture image. I looked to see no thing and look down and saw an old wood floor with slats than ran parallel to the blackboard... for eternity.

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The message was clear. I stepped out of the elevator, sat on the floor cross-legged and waited. I saw a point of chalk write: *This is an alternative to the BIG BANG view of the world. The THEO_physics synthesis is different from classical physics in that it explores creation at the Light constant. It looks at the sacred aspects of creation. It looks at the INTENT animating the world.*

I sat in that same spot to learn a new science in my dreams, very night for many months. I took copious notes. I bought myself a very good waterbed so I could lie flat on my back and forget my body. My dry cleaner gave me a good supply of very stiff shirt cardboards when I laughingly complained that taking notes while lying on my back on a waterbed was nigh' on impossible ...considering I have such terrible penmanship. He told me that he was glad to contribute to my studies.

A year or two later I was guided to stop at the 7th gate, where I learned all about fusion and heuristic learning. Heurism is an educational method that enables anyone to discover anything in a *hands-on* or interactive way. The deal I made with my Holy Guardian Angel is that he signs-on as my mentor and Suzy and I get teach Nature's management and leadership ideas. I'll get back to idea in Part 2 or in Episode #16.

For now, you should know that you can claim higher consciousness if you adopt the following 4 practices - *The 1st practice is to 'Decentralize' your ideas about authority.* The more you look for someone else to be in charge, or to expert authorities, or for outside permissions, then you are not empowering yourself. To be a leader, you must lead. To develop God-consciousness, you must develop a sense of I AMness. The Jesuits have an interesting way of seeing *higher authority.* They say that: *"It's much easier to be forgiven than to get permission."*

The 2nd practice needed to develop « I AMness » is to cultivate a sense of redundancy. Redundancy describes that state where you are no longer needed or useful to a cause. To consider changing your mind in favour of a higher mind, you must detach yourself from the mind you want to change. The more you give value to the old, the less likely you are to change it for the new.

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In live demonstrations, I hand workshop participants a file folder and ask them to hold firmly to it with both hands. I play up the idea that this folder contains everything the participants ever believed, thought, felt, loved, desired, so to hold on tight.

Then I reach behind me and bring forth my closed fist, stating: “*In my hand I have everything you need – Enlightenment, Connectivity, Deep Wisdom, the Divine – Here – take it.*”

I urge them to take more, that what I am offering is FREE ...and when they reach for it, I state that to take “more”, you have let go of the folder.

I make my point: You must let go of everything that interferes with making new connections. Do not give your status quo any importance. Regard it with a sense of redundancy. I AM means more.

The 3rd practice needed to acquire « I AMness » is to develop *symbiotic partnerships*. In this sense, symbiosis describes a close and long-term relationship. Life is all about give and take, isn't it?

Well, my dear old Dad often repeated: “*Birds of a feather flock together!*” And I can assure you that it's easier to share your life with someone who is compatible with you. Opposites might attract but only because they mirror what's missing... and if it's missing, then where is it?

You should develop Partnerships that will help you meet your needs. If you work well with others, you can better manage your own life, with them.

In example, even if I was married before my accident, I ended that relationship because my promise to my wife had been “*...until death do us part...*” and I crossed over. I didn't think it was fair to share my paralysis. I didn't stop loving her, I just stopped living with her.

I lived alone for 10 years trying to figure myself out before I met Suzy, my life-partner. Because we had the same spiritual direction and values, our relationship was easy. It was built solely on the will to reach God-consciousness. With a wink and a nod, she does everything I don't... and vice versa. Partners for 35+ years, we've

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been further, faster, better, and with a lot more laughs than we would have done alone.

We all need the benefits provided by the land, the water, and the air of this Planet to survive. Even if symbiosis does exist between human beings and the environment, one's awareness of this interdependence varies with experience and culture. Some people admire the forest, others see lumber measured in board foot.

In exchange for what Earth provides us, she requires humans to be good stewards. *Commensal relationships* exist when an individual obtains benefits from a system without necessarily benefiting the system in return. We do have at least *a commensal relationship* with our environment in that we need its resources to survive. Destructive, we move from *commensal mutualism* to a more parasitic form. And I remind you that we are the deadliest parasites on Earth. You must champion symbiotic relationships.

The 4th practice allowing you to develop « I AMness » is to learn from success. There 3 important rules there - 1. Success teaches you to be persistent no matter what stands in your way. 2. Success helps you move beyond what you see to embrace a greater potential (... *What can be!*) 3. To successfully steer your journey, you must remain on the path of your heart.

Are your neurons aligned so you that fully participate in the creation of your life? Is your life dictated by external circumstances, or do you believe that you have free will and choice? Are you normally reactive to life's events and circumstances or are you creative with them? Are you a leader or a follower? Do you believe that our destiny is pre-set?

Choose to develop your "I AMness". The challenge is moving beyond perceptual duality. We see the world with a "I-not-I" duality that does not exist in the Quantum universe. The neurological imprints you etch will trace your spiritual journey into indivisibility. For some, the new circuits will link to improbable beliefs and religiosity, while others will properly focus on developing ethics, to live consciously, as a steward of Nature's laws.

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Thanks for listening! I'll see you next time with Episode #16 of – *On Nature and Consciousness* (Part 2). Then, I'll explain consciousness from a universal perspective... God-consciousness. And I'll tell you how to manage “Paradise on Earth” in fusion with Master-M.I.N.D.* (Move In New Directions)

Folks – a while ago a listener wrote to say that she gets a lot from my podcasts by reading the Transcript of an Episode while she listens. She says new ideas are easier to understand that way. If you want to try her learning technique, download a FREE copy of this Transcript from my website at www.TheJungleTimes.com ...and then listen to Episodes again.

If you enjoyed this edition of *The Jungle Times Podcast*, please give it a positive review, subscribe to my Channel, and tell your friends about it. If you didn't, please write and tell me why not.

Thanks again... I'll see you next time. Adios amigos.