

LDE

Vol. 7, No. 2, September 2018
www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



Gratitude
for Life

Stars in the Night
Sky of Lucid Dreams

Ho'oponopono Blessing
in Lucid Dreams



In Gratitude
and Amazement



Join Us

DREAM ART

OVER 20
DREAM
PRESENTATIONS

VERY POPULAR!
OUTER INN

CONTESTS!

ONLINE
24 / 7

PsiberDreaming 2018

The Dreamwide Web

Sunday. Sept 23 through
Sunday. Oct 7, 2018

Did you ever dream about a long-lost friend,
just before getting their message?

Before there was an Internet,
there was a Dreamwide Web.

Have you felt a connection to someone grow at a whole new level when you shared a dream? Have you dreamed something about yourself that you didn't know you knew? The Dreamwide Web is multidimensional, reaching through time, space and states of consciousness in an infinite network of entangled minds. It connects us to one another, to the Earth, to our own higher and deeper selves.

Explore the Dreamwide Web with us –
who knows what we'll discover!

<http://iasdconferences.org/psi2018/>





Co-Editors

Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner

Graphic Designer & Advertising Manager

Janet Mast

List of Contributors LDE Vol. 7, No. 2

Todd Acamesis, Matt Chong, Gustavo Adolfo del Valle, Lourenço Ferrer Doreste, Eric Federici, Laura Gibson, David L. Kahn, Daniel Allen Kelley, Maria Isabel Pita, Melinda Powell, Steve Racicot, Dominique Santos, James Sims, Daryl3d, HelenL, Karim, Marlise

Cover Art

Dream Quest ©Joseph Kemeny

See more of Joseph's art here:

<https://kemeny.pixels.com>

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.

Disclaimer

All work in The Lucid Dreaming Experience is the copyright of the respective contributors unless otherwise indicated. No portion of LDE may be used in any way without the express permission of the individual author. Views and opinions expressed are those of the contributing authors and are not necessarily those of the editors of The Lucid Dreaming Experience.

Submissions

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

Subscriptions

Lucid Dreaming Experience (ISSN 2167-616X), Volume 7, Number 2, Sept. 2018, published quarterly by The Lucid Dreaming Experience, PO Box 11, Ames IA 50010. Contact Robert at robwaggoner@aol.com if you wish to purchase a print copy for \$20 per year. Copyright ©2018 by the Lucid Dreaming Experience. All rights reserved.

To receive LDE for free join our mail list at

www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

Next Deadline

Submission Deadline for LDE: November 15, 2018

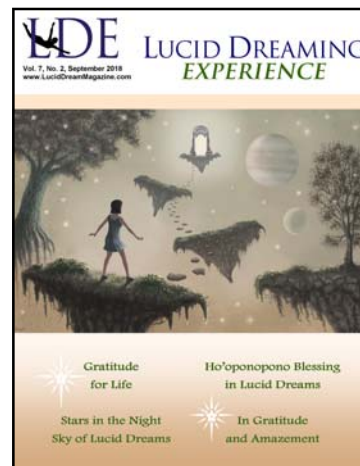
Next Issue Theme: *Potluck!* (no specific theme)

Publication Date: December 2018

LDE Website

www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

In This Issue



DreamSpeak 2

Robert Waggoner interviews Todd Acamesis

In Gratitude and Amazement 9

Some surprising lucid dreams and a thank you from Lucy Gillis

The PID "Plunge Into the Dream" Technique 12

A Potentially New Technique to Induce Lucid Dreams

by Eric Federici

Ho'oponopono Blessing in Lucid Dreams 14

Karim uses a Hawaiian forgiveness prayer for blessings and gratitude in his lucid dreams

Orgasm Strangulation 16

Laura Gibson's very first lucid dream that culminated in a state of ecstasy

Stars in the Night Sky of Dreams 18

By practicing gratitude in her lucid dreams, Melinda Powell experiences a deepening awareness of mysterious presence

Pellucid Sleep and Dreaming 23

Mindfulness and The Sleep Cycle by Daniel Allen Kelley

The True Meaning of Reality 25

Lourenço Ferrer Doreste recounts an important personal discovery in his first lucid dream

Gratitude for Life 27

How union with Spirit in a lucid dream resulted in inner ecstasy and outer joy for Steve Racicot

In Your Dreams! 28

LDE readers share their lucid dreaming experiences

dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2018

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH TODD ACAMESIS

London-based
consciousness
explorer
Todd Acamesis
uses lucid
dreaming to
explore the depths
of awareness.
Learn how in this
interview by
Robert Waggoner

Tell us about your first spontaneous lucid dream. How old were you? What happened?

Well, depending on your worldview, you could say my first lucid dream (LD) took place during a near-death-experience (NDE), when I was five years old. Although LDs and NDEs are not commonly associated with one another, as NDEs can commonly occur during amnesia induced sleep states, it's an interesting angle to explore.

One day during a family outing, I walked off unattended to explore some old fishery ponds. While exploring one of the ponds, I leaned over the water to see my own reflection. I remember there being something really interesting about the reflection. I was quite mesmerized and I literally fell in. As I wasn't a good swimmer, I quickly sank into the water (the way I am articulating my account to you now is from an adult's way of expressing this experience, it is not as I'd recount it as a five year old). Within seconds there was calm. There was a bright flash of light and then I was standing again, dry as a bone, but somewhere else. I remember it vividly and clearly. It was a small city environment and there was a really large ornamental tree. I loved climbing trees so I instinctively raced up the tree. I wasn't thinking about the fact that I probably had just drowned. That wasn't within my awareness. What was also very interesting, thinking back to that moment, is the clarity that I had was beyond the childlike aspect of five years old.

While I was up in this tree, a small crowd of people was forming down below, and for some reason they weren't very pleased with me being in this tree. There was then a call of my name. I looked up and there was another man sitting on one of the branches higher up than me. He said, "Hi Todd." I looked up and noticed he had curly hair and he said, "You're not supposed to be here yet." I was suddenly thinking about the people down below and thinking, "Am I not supposed to be in this tree?" Although this man was speaking to me I could also feel him in my mind. He then chuckled and said, "Yes, you probably shouldn't be in this tree either. I think that it is sacred to these people. What I mean is you are not supposed to be 'here' yet." I then had a moment of clarity in my mind, "Oh yes, I have a physical body and it's currently under water." He

said, “We’re going to get you some help.” There was then another bright flash of light and I was literally being wrestled out of the water by someone.

Sounds like you were kept from making an early exit from your ‘life dream.’ Did you have any success with lucid dreaming then, or did it take a while? What happened in your early lucid dreams?

The NDE was a really fascinating experience, which left an ingrained mark on my young mind; to the point where I started having spontaneous lucid dreams a couple of months later, shortly after my sixth birthday.

One night, during a particularly scary dream where my little brother and I were confronted by a tiger in open field, something clicked in my head. Splitting off in two different directions, the tiger laid chase to my brother, which caused a mix of emotions in my mind. It was at this point I heard two synchronised voices say, “That tiger doesn’t look very real from where we’re standing!” The voices cut sharply into my consciousness piercing the logical part of my mind, causing me to ask, “How did I get here?” (again, I’m articulating this from an adult perspective). It was in that moment I realised I was dreaming, which had a powerful transformative effect on my emotions; where moments before I felt out of control and helpless, I was now feeling anything was possible. As such, I chased down the tiger and wrestled it to the ground, where I watched in amazement as it shrank down to the size of a kitten. My brother was safe and I felt like a superhero.

Spontaneous lucid dreaming soon became a regular weekly experience, where I learned to transform bad dreams into more pleasant realities, which seemed to have a positive impact on my waking life.

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

For a six year old growing up in the 1970s, there was no internet and no popular books on the subject, so I didn’t know lucid dreaming was a thing. Beyond my mother, who encouraged me to talk about my experiences, I had nobody else to turn to for answers.

The kind of experiences that surprised me the most were what I now know as “false awakenings”; a vivid and convincing dream that can trick you into thinking you’ve woken from sleep, when in reality, you’re still sleeping. Many times I’d dream about waking up to get ready for school, only to soon discover I was still dreaming. As a way to help me keep things straight in my six year old head, I came up with my own terminology: “wakey house” and “sleepy house.” Sleepy house was my label for lucid dreaming.

What was it about lucid dreaming that fascinated you?

It was definitely the false awakenings. Although I couldn’t articulate my thoughts very well at that age. I instinctively felt there was a reason for the experiences. Like they were trying to communicate something deeper to me. As an adult, I find my fascination with false awakenings has grown, and feel my childhood intuitions are now being validated by my adult experiences. The level of realism I’ve personally experienced during false awakenings and lucid dreams can be so physically convincing, it’s caused me to question my beliefs about reality. When dreams take on such advanced qualities of realism, to the point of reproducing physicality to such a high level of fidelity, I have to ask myself if we’re dealing purely with information synthesized by the brain or is it evidence of a quantum model of reality and alternative levels of human consciousness.

What techniques were you using to become lucid? Which did you find most helpful, or what helped you become lucid?

My childhood NDE was definitely a catalyst for my spontaneous lucid dreams. Again though, it was my kid instinct that made me feel there was more going on than what my young intellect could express. On more than one occasion, my “dream” experiences took on a classroom or instructional kind of quality that taught me stuff, including techniques for getting lucid. It was like a part of my consciousness wanted me to get lucid more often.



In one of these instructional “dreams,” I was taught to pull a rainbow into my body: “Pull in a rainbow pull in a rainbow pull in a rainbow pull in the bright vivid colours of a rainbow from head to toe violet indigo blue green yellow orange red”. . . the instructions repeated again and again.

Putting the teaching into practice, I would lie perfectly still in bed while imagining pulling in the bright vivid colours of a rainbow all along my whole body, until it became as real and clear in my mind with my eyes closed as it would be in waking life with my eyes wide open. At the moment the rainbow became vividly real in my mind, I was instructed to imagine places and scenes as I drifted off to sleep. The final instructions were that every time I woke in the night, I was to keep my body still, and in the position I woke up in, while keeping the rainbow strong in my imagination as I drifted back to sleep with my chosen place or scene in my mind. “The rainbow energy will take care of everything else,” I was reassured.

As an adult, I can see the connections between this technique and classic lucid dreaming teachings, such as dream incubation techniques.

As you think about ‘instructional’ lucid dreams, who or what provides the instructions? Your unconscious mind? Your inner self? A spiritual teacher? Or does it vary according to the situation?

My intuition tells me the instructions do vary according to the situation, especially in respect to the developmental level of the individual. As the intention behind these interviews is to expose readers to different philosophies and new perspectives, I’ll expand on this further.

To me, the unconscious mind is more than a storehouse of buried information that governs physical existence. Based on my own personal lucid dreaming experiences, I see the unconscious mind being guided by a deeper nature beyond the boundaries of this store consciousness. Connected to the infinite or a superconscious mind, the unconscious becomes accessible to spiritual guides, teachers, and loved ones. Dreams become more than chaotic, illogical hallucinations of a hinterland of mind by serving as channels for “instruction” and support. Unconscious information is able to bubble to the surface as conscious thought, to prompt us to do the inner work necessary for developing balanced personalities, actualising our true potential, and taking part in something bigger.

I don’t say any of this lightly and I don’t believe this to be a projection. Direct experience, observation, and wisdom has guided me to this way of thinking.

All experienced lucid dreamers at one point or another will be confronted by the grey areas of dreamland — rabbit holes which, if explored with an open mind, can lead to new and exciting discoveries and awareness.

When it comes to instructions in lucid dreams, have you ever felt ‘tested’ in a lucid dream? For example, you may become lucid and have to deal with a situation that seems to ‘test’ your capacity to deal with an illusion (e.g., a man pointing a gun at you — which you know as a ‘dream gun’ — but still, it is a gun)?

Yes, many times. In fact, in my very first wake-induced experience as an adult I felt like I was being “tested.” At the start of the experience, a disembodied hand reached out towards me from a bright source of light, which really shocked me. But after evaluating the situation, I decided I wasn’t going to let fear stand between me and the wider reality, so I reached out my hand and hoped for the best. To my pleasant surprise, the hand carefully clasped mine in a friendly way, before disappearing back into the bright light. I felt I passed the test,

and inner reality was now mine to explore.

I see these tests not as tests to see us fail but to give us opportunity to transcend our fears. Emotional resistance in the form of fear is no different than physical resistance we use to make ourselves physically stronger with exercise. Without the weight there is no muscle and without the darkness there is no light. I believe it is these contrasts that allow us to experience the depths of our own light and to master the virtues of faith and knowledge — seeing through the illusion into the truth of all that is. Using truth, the law of truth, to bend the law of illusion is one of the fundamental lessons at the heart of many such “tests.” Truth is an ultimate law of the universe which cannot be bent or broken. Like the sun it can be hidden, but remains unaffected by the clouds of illusion.

Fear is not something we can avoid as it’s part of the human experience. However, being paralysed by fear can be avoided when we take loving action.

The difference, though, lies in our state of being and whether we are being guided by fear or love. Our core beliefs may be that good guys finish last or that somehow love is weaker than fear. This core belief is what I believe these tests are designed to change on every level on that journey without distance between the mind and the heart. This same belief can show up in many ways. For some, it’s the gun. For others, it’s the cancer. For others, it’s the poverty, and still for others, abandonment. But the core remains the same; on a core level that soul believes fear is stronger than love, and whilst that is the case, they cannot receive enough light to reach the next vibration.

What is the value of instructional lucid dreams and testing lucid dreams? To become a better lucid dreamer? Or something even deeper?

I think the value of testing lucid dreams is something much deeper than becoming a better lucid dreamer.

Testing dreams show up as:

1. Fear Tests: help us overcome our fears by confronting them with loving responses and actions.
2. Initiation Tests: serve as a rite of passage into adulthood and the different levels of adulthood represented by our archetypes and the professions we seek in life.
3. Consent Tests: make sure we’re really saying yes to showing up and to the divine intervention of the universe. That we understand what we’re signing up for, as it were. That we give our consent to becoming a multidimensional being.
4. Virtue Tests: created to see if you have the virtues required to bend some of the physical laws of the universe with integrity. These dreams test you to see what your response is in particular situations, like how to treat a beggar on a path, or how you respond to pressure from an authority figure to harm others. They test to see if the virtues are anchored fully into the soul, the DNA, and the actions of the initiate.

These different tests make becoming a better lucid dreamer a by-product of becoming a better human being. Test dreams are not something disconnected from our everyday existence. Our lucid dreaming practice affects every other area of our waking life, which means our waking life benefits from us passing lucid dreaming tests, and so does our spiritual body.

As we learn, all of us have a part to play in co-creating the shared dream of our waking reality. As we accept there is inner work to do, which can be revealed to us in our dreams, often our own shadow and weakness is something we find hard to accept and take seriously; we tend to minimise it or try to integrate it before we have really mastered our lessons/virtues and atoned for our actions.

These dreams often awaken us to experience the effect of our actions, energies, and emotions first hand, and make us aware of the ways we must change. They teach us to do what is true over what is fast, fun, or easy. They teach us to practice our virtues and values instead of professing them. And they allow us to do it in a space in which karma doesn’t operate as densely as it does on the earth. It’s kind of like a grace from the universe, where we can be in the messy chrysalis of change without as much physical and emotional fallout as when we grow on the earth plane.

Consciousness is a deeply interconnected system of reality, which I believe is self-organising and self-correcting in nature. As such, it's always providing us with ways to do the inner work that helps us become balanced human beings.

This place in between the multi-verses, where we are all one, finds a way to love us, transform us, and grow within and through our experiences with us, co-creating every reality we dream and live within. I believe it speaks our language, whether that language is lucid dreaming, astral projection, or meditation. As we learn to take responsibility for what blocks our light from shining, we become free. We become healthy. We become powerful.

Such practices are capable of helping us achieve peak states of presence for doing emotional healing and forgiveness work. By taking a break from the mortal drama of physical reality, you go deeper into the spiritual reality of your true self. And as your daily practice becomes higher quality through consistency, you begin to profoundly recalibrate your nervous system, transforming your every thought and feeling; which govern your every behaviour and action. As you calibrate more and more, your relationship with physical reality improves as you become more present in your everyday life.

For many people who had spontaneous lucid dreams as children (using the simple definition of realizing within a dream that they were dreaming), they often report another kind of experience while falling asleep. During it, they might feel a strange energy, hear buzzing around their head or body, and then view their bedroom from six feet above their bed! At some point, did you notice these common features of (what people call) out-of-body experiences? What happened?

As mentioned earlier, I had no language for lucid dreaming as a young boy, let alone for out-of-body experiences. However, the sensations you've described were very real to me. I went through everything on the below list and more...

- Seeing through closed eyelids
- Lifting, floating, sinking, rolling, rocking, spinning sensations
- Tunnels of bright light and colours
- The presence of people or shadowy figures standing around my bed
- An inner feeling of arms and legs being tugged
- Face stroked and hands held
- Butterfly sensations in my stomach or racing heartbeat
- Feeling of "coming out" of my body from the brow or top of head
- Hearing my name being called, sounds of music or voices

Soon after my childhood lucid dreaming experiences began, I started having a second kind of experience, which had fundamental differences.

With the lucid dreams, I'd always wake up in the dream from sleep. There would be drama, like me being chased by someone or something, and my bedroom or house would always take on an exaggerated form. Whereas with this other experience, I'd be woken from sleep by one or more of the sensations listed above. I'd feel like I was on a roller coaster and then suddenly I'd be standing in the middle of my bedroom. I could see my body lying under the covers. I could go outdoors and I would be in my neighbourhood and everything pretty much seemed the same. So I kind of had a feeling things were different.

Like lucid dreaming, I didn't know out-of-body experiences were a thing either. It was a lot for a young mind to take in and process. And as encouraging as my mother was, her insights into what was happening were pretty basic — though she was more helpful than my father, who always took the line, "It's just a dream."

Knowing I'm not alone in having these experiences as a child, I strongly feel we have a responsibility as grownups to educate ourselves, so we can teach our children how to better navigate the one third of their lives spent in dreamland. Because I can assure you from personal experience — there's more going on than just sleep and dreaming.

In your experience with dreams and lucid dreams, did you ever seem to have a 'shared dream'? What happened in the experience?

Some of my most interesting shared experiences took place between my father and me when I was a child. And though he never seemed to remember anything, I think you'll understand why I feel these experiences qualified as shared dreaming. During these experiences, he'd share interesting details about his own childhood. Things he never shared with me in waking life.

As my father was not a very approachable man, I usually kept the experiences to myself. Though after one particularly realistic experience, where I found him very animated in the front yard during one of my "sleepy house" experiences, I felt compelled to share what he told me during the experience. So I waited till he was in a good mood and then hit him with this: "I had a dream with you last night and you told me about the time you skipped school to go see Johnny Appleseed." My dad's eyes became as big as saucers. "I never told anyone about that day," he said. He then confided to me of his fascination with Johnny Appleseed, the famous American pioneer, who planted apple seeds everywhere he went. After learning Johnny Appleseed was buried in a cemetery near to where he lived, he decided to skip school to go see it.

I remember him being incredibly fascinated by my "dream," which seemed to be a turning point in his beliefs about them being "just dreams."

When verifiable information gets exchanged in shared dreams or lucid dreams, how do you explain it to yourself? As a meeting in an inner realm? As 'thought energy' being exchanged, perhaps telepathically? Or do you imagine it in some other way?

I had an experience a few years ago where I was teaching a class on lucid dreaming within a dream. I remember looking around the classroom and thinking, "I don't remember promoting this event. What venue is this and how did I get here?" My questioning led to full lucidity. Later that morning, after waking from the lucid dream, I started to journal about the experience when I received a text message from a friend; "Todd, do you remember any dreams this morning? I was in a classroom with you, and you were teaching lucid dreaming."

With my lucid dreams and out-of-body experiences as my personal evidence, I no longer doubt the nature of our physical universe. Like an onion, it appears to be layer within layer of projected realities, all contained within the one true reality of consciousness; a formless, intelligent substance that underlies and permeates all layers, to create a system of interconnected realities.

With this relativistic model of reality in mind, what was once labelled mystical becomes explainable, because within a system of interconnected realities, psychic phenomenon such as *déjà vu*, telepathy, precognitive dreaming, astral projection, etc., all become explainable. Like the Internet, which is a constructed system of

“

This place in between the multi-verses, where we are all one, finds a way to love us, transform us, and grow within and through our experiences with us, co-creating every reality we dream and live within. I believe it speaks our language, whether that language is lucid dreaming, astral projection, or meditation. As we learn to take responsibility for what blocks our light from shining, we become free. We become healthy. We become powerful.”

— Todd Acamesis

interconnected computer networks (realities) where information flows from one computer to another (think email and instant messaging), psychic phenomenon represents the flow of information from one layer of reality to another. And all supernatural and paranormal phenomenon, such as ghosts, poltergeists, and so on becomes an artefact of realities that are most closely interconnected within the system, such as the intermediate spaces between the earth plane and the astral planes.

I see dreams as a conduit between realities, where deceased loved ones can communicate with us and where guides and teachers can instruct us.

The movie Inception posed the idea of using lucid dreaming to enter another's unconscious mind and extract information or secrets? Do you feel that possibility exists?

Short answer, yes. Because if it can happen in waking reality, why couldn't it happen in the vulnerable space of unconscious sleep?

At a recent symposium on belief and memory, Dr. Elizabeth Loftus, a respected forensic psychologist, had this to say about the controversy surrounding false and repressed memories:

"Despite the ethical limitations imposed on laboratory studies of artificially created memories, research showed that creating false memories of a relatively benign childhood experience, i.e., becoming lost in a shopping mall as a young child, was easily induced. In other studies, even much more extreme examples of false memories (e.g., spilling punch on the bride's parents at a family wedding or nearly drowning as a child) could be induced in as many as a quarter of the subjects tested. Even in subjects who failed to develop a complete false memory, partial recall could be induced in nearly half of all research subjects."

With the above in mind, I'll share one final experience of my own. In the early days of my consciousness research, I was on the road a lot giving lectures and running workshops. This was really hard for my family, my youngest daughter in particular, who was just five years old at the time.

During one of these times away, I had a couple of back-to-back shared dream experiences with my youngest daughter, one of which was verified. On the third morning, I woke from a lucid dream experience and as I lay still with my eye mask on, lingering imagery started to take form. I then felt a strong energy sensation that seemed to draw me into the imagery.

A hyper-realistic, 3D scene of a room then took shape before my eyes. The room was a high fidelity recreation of my youngest daughter's bedroom.

Moving over to the bed, I found my daughter fast asleep. As I watched her sleep, the scene of my daughter swimming with seals flashed across my mind. I had a feeling I was witnessing a dream within a dream. Watching the imagery I reached down to stroke her face when, to my surprise, she opened her eyes and said, "Daddy," and smiled. I then asked her to call me after waking up, to tell me all about her experience of swimming with seals. Later that day, my daughter rang me, where she excitedly shared her dream.

Based on my own personal experiences, I believe we can and do influence one another on an unconscious level, and that, yes, if we master these skills they can be used to "steal" information, ideas, and repress memories. I believe free will is a double-edged sword. Can this gift be used to harm others? Yes, of course it can, just like your thoughts and words and emotions can be used to harm others. But that is far from what most people will use it for. I think the real question should be: Can this gift be used to help others, to share love and healing, knowledge and language and solutions to problems? The answer to that is also yes. ▲

Check out Todd's website, upcoming events and more at <https://spiritualunderground.com>



In gratitude and amazement

By
Lucy Gillis
© 2018

About 30 years ago, while reading a Seth book by Jane Roberts, I came across a section in which Seth said it was “quite possible to take your normally conscious ‘I’ into the dream state”¹ — in other words, to be consciously aware that you were dreaming while you were dreaming. My initial reaction to this remarkable claim ran something like, “That’s absolutely amazing! Is it *really* possible? I want to learn how to do *that!*”

But almost at once, doubt crept in. I assumed that in order to be able to achieve something so extraordinary as waking consciousness within a dream, I’d need to be highly trained in some way. I’d probably need to meditate regularly for at least 20 years in order to attain the kind of control and discipline that I thought necessary for such a feat. Not practical for me, and the ‘results’ too far into the future. In other words, it seemed like something I would never achieve. Still . . . I *really* wanted to know how to bring my conscious awareness into my dreams . . .

Fortunately, my desire was stronger than my doubt. Within a month or so I had my first spontaneous ‘conscious dream’ or what we now call, lucid dream. The sheer awe and triumph I felt was life-changing. Quite literally, a whole new dimension of reality had opened up for me and I was hungry for more.

It wasn’t long after this that an astounding thing happened. I had an experience in which I was lucidly aware of being in two dreams *at the same time*. It’s difficult to put into words an accurate description of what that means, other than I was fully aware and engaged in two dreams at once, with no switching of focus back and forth between dreams. Being “in two places at once” was as natural and automatic as breathing. It was one of the most amazing things I’d ever experienced. I still feel a sense of wonder

whenever I recall these *simultaneous dreams*², and a profound gratitude that I had this experience at such an early stage in my lucid dreaming adventures.

Though happy that I hadn’t needed to meditate for 20 years, I didn’t just sit around waiting for more spontaneous episodes of conscious awareness in my dreams. My excitement for lucid dreaming was very high, and I was very focussed. I read all I could on the subject, found and joined a lucid dreaming group (that corresponded by regular mail), practised various induction techniques, participated in lucid dream experiments and surveys, faithfully kept dream journals, etc.

In those early years, there was also, of course, a lot of personal experimentation within dreams — the usual, like flying, walking on water, penetrating through walls, ceilings, etc. Passing through solid objects produced little to no sensation and though I hadn’t thought about it much, I guess I took it for granted that discomfort and pain didn’t exist in lucid dreams. I felt so strong in my lucid dreams, so full of energy, so alive! I was having the time of my (dream) life!

Then, one night, something very surprising happened:

. . . I’m holding a small dog in my arms, as I get off an elevator and enter an apartment. Two women are there. The dog I’ve been carrying is now inside a small bottle of nail polish. I begin to sense that something is not right. I fling the bottle to the floor so it will break. Out pops a piece of lint. I stare at it, knowing that when it shakes itself it will pop into being a dog again. When this does indeed happen, I turn to the women and say triumphantly, “This is a dream!”

One of the women responds in an exasperated voice, "You mean to tell me that we are all dreaming?" I say, "No. I am. You are characters created by my mind." Then I see a bright white light in a narrow horizontal band with black edges flash in my eyes and on my hands. I am surprised. The woman gets angry and interlaces her fingers with mine. I see more flashes rip through the "fabric" of the dream world and hear a crackle and hiss like static. The fabric of this reality looks like bad reception in a TV.

The woman then bends my fingers back. But I don't pay attention to her. Instead, I wonder how my fingers can hurt when I am aware that I'm dreaming. I'm startled by the feeling of pain and begin to get concerned. I feel I have to close my eyes. I then hear myself say, "Open your eyes." I do. I wake.

Pain in a lucid dream! Incredible!

Another surprising dream occurred some time later, after I had read about the concept of (lucidly) facing your fears in dreams as a way to overcome nightmares. Even the gesture of 'thanking your monsters' was said to help alleviate nightmares. It seemed a great idea, but I pretty much never had nightmares so I didn't expect I'd ever get the opportunity to experiment with this. However, in time, I did get a chance to express my thanks to a potentially menacing dream figure:

I am barefoot in what resembles the lobby area of one of the dorms at my university. The place is bustling with activity as students go about their business in high spirits. A man follows me. I'm giving him directions to somewhere, leading him on his way. As I point him in a direction of stairs that lead up around a corner to more stairs, I look down and see — and feel with my bare feet — a pattern in the stone floor. There is a large circle and inside, a star pattern made with small hematite stones. Then the 'story' (for it feels like I am in a story) changes with each of my changing thoughts. I notice this as it happens. When I think of something specific or feel my train of thought alter, the story, not necessarily the scene, changes. All of a sudden I feel 'that's enough,' and I decide to back out of the story/dream and just let it proceed without me.

I then say to the man, "Thank you for participating in my dream." He becomes confused, then angered by my statement, and wants to hurt or annoy me or flip me over onto the floor. I am not concerned. He then starts to transform, looking less and less human and more like an animated cartoon man. As he grabs at my side, I again say, "Thank you for participating in my dream." He continues to morph, his whole body trembling and appearing to wiggle all around the 'edges.' Either holes appear where his eyes should be or else his eyes turn black, like a typical scary 'alien being.' He has no hair, no features as such, and an open space where his mouth should be. His skin is pale and dull, like rubber. But I feel no fear or uneasiness. I know I'm safe in my dream. He continues to grab at me. This time I take his hand and, kissing it, I say again, "Thank you for participating in my dream." I wake.

Witnessing firsthand the power of simple gratitude in the face of a potentially unpleasant dream situation was amazing!

Since those early days I've had many lucid dreams of indescribable wonder and astonishment, and quite a few more surprises along the way. To discuss them all would take too much time here, but there is one more interesting episode I'd like to share. Just recently, I had another surprising lucid dream encounter:

. . . Lucid, I'm walking outdoors across a courtyard or paved lot of some sort, passing by a broad set of stone stairs, where some people are sitting, talking among themselves. Glancing at the group as I pass by, I notice one young blonde woman whose presence is 'much more' than that of the others; she stands out somehow. Perhaps it is because she is staring at me, her eyes following my every move. I wonder if I know her and, just in case, to be polite, I raise a mittened hand and wave. Briefly, I wonder why I'm wearing a mitten (I never wear mittens) and notice I'm in winter clothing, even though it is spring. But I'm not all that concerned, as I know this is a dream . . .

I go into a building, around the corner from the people and the blonde woman, and discover a room that is a cross between a laboratory and a restaurant. I explore a bit, and after having some cake with a lovely East Indian family (to see how it will taste



in a dream), I am soon alone at a table. Suddenly the blonde woman from earlier, plus a young man, come in and take seats opposite me. It's obvious they want to talk to me. Curious, I ask the woman, "Do I know you?" and then I'm stunned by her response. She says, "I am the one who brings you pain . . . I'm the one who bent your fingers back." Instantly I recall that lucid dream from about 30 years ago. Wow! What does this all mean? I wonder. I'm about to ask her for more information, when the young man next to her begins speaking, and I'm momentarily distracted.

He is shy and seems a little self-conscious. He says, "I've sent you dreams before (for LDE), and I recently sent something else." Apparently, his submission has something to do with achieving a different sort of lucidity, or a different technique for attaining lucidity, and he is afraid it will "stir things up" in the lucid dreaming community.

"Good!" I say, noticing that as I do so, the blonde woman's eyes widen in surprise and she smiles, evidently pleased with my response. I continue with something like, "Every individual is unique. Of course we will have many different ways, different techniques of accomplishing similar things."

Unfortunately, I wake before I can turn back to the blonde woman to question her further.

On waking, I was amazed that a dream figure had searched me out in my dream, to tell me she is the one who brings pain, who bent my fingers back (three decades ago!). I also had to laugh — no wonder I waved at her with a *mittened* hand!

Interestingly, within a few weeks after this dream, I received some LDE submissions in which new or modified techniques for initiating lucid dreams are mentioned. (Not that I assume the young man in my dream is specifically one of these individuals. I believe the symbol of the young man merely served as a way to present precognitive information regarding some upcoming LDE submissions.)

Thirty years on, and I'm still amazed by lucid dreaming, and still very grateful to be able to have such thrilling and often surprising dream adventures. I'm also very grateful to lucid dreamers everywhere, and in particular to those who share their experiences, insights, thoughts, and lucid dream-inspired artwork with LDE. Without your participation and support, LDE would not exist in this form.

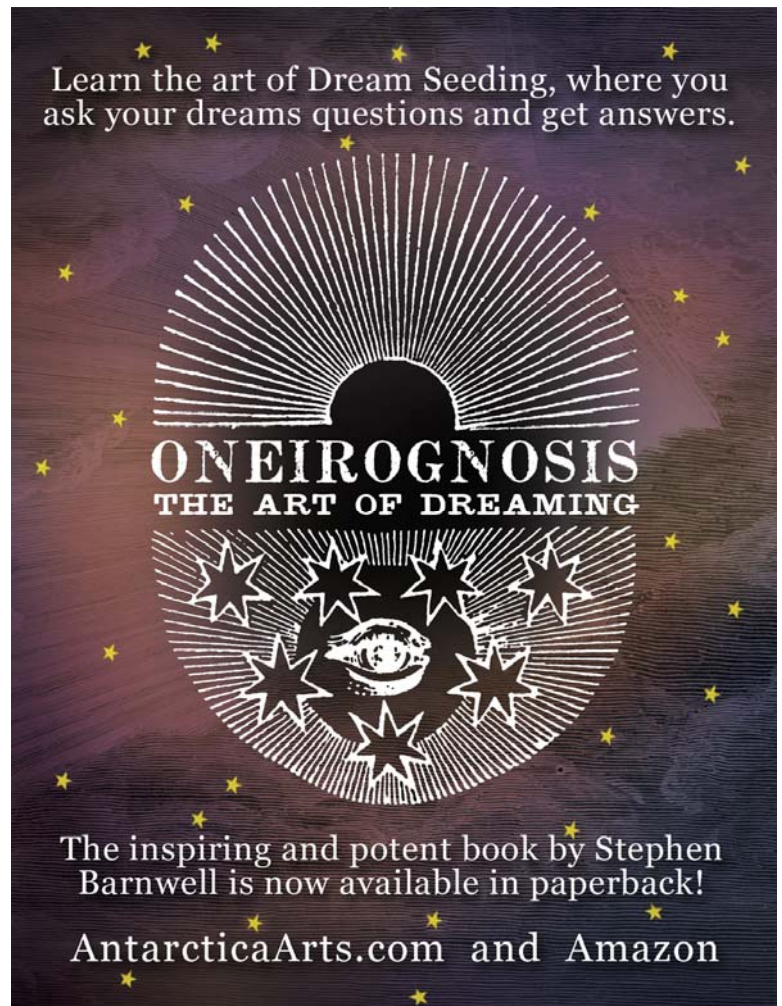
You are all doing wondrous, creative, and awe-inspiring things in your lucid dreams — pioneering new dimensions of awareness — and I learn so much from you. You continually broaden my lucid dreaming horizons, and for that, I thank you all, very much.

In gratitude and (frequent!) amazement,
Lucy ▲

References

¹ Roberts, Jane, *The Nature of Personal Reality*, Prentice Hall, 1974

² Gillis, Lucy, *Simultaneous Dreaming and the Lucidity Advantage*, Lucid Dreaming Experience, Vol 1, No 3, December 2012



I have always been fascinated by WILD (Wake Induced Lucid Dream) techniques to induce lucid dreams. At the beginning of my practice of lucid dreaming, this way of inducing lucid dreams seemed almost inaccessible. Most of my successes were either the result of the DILD (Dream-Initiated Lucid Dream) or WBTB (Wake Back To Bed) technique. However, these techniques are often quite random in their chance of success.

In the case of DILD, lucid dreaming is initiated from a normal dream through a triggering element that causes lucidity. It can be a mental element (internal), such as an emotional shock, often negative as in the case of nightmares, or related to the dream world (external), such as an incongruous situation that raises the question, "Am I dreaming?"

In the case of WBTB, it is a matter of waking earlier than usual at night or in the morning, staying awake for a while, and then going back to sleep. This practice significantly increases the chances of having lucid dreams once one returns to sleep. It is not, however, in itself a technique for inducing lucid dreams, but only a means of increasing one's chances of success with another technique that remains to be found.

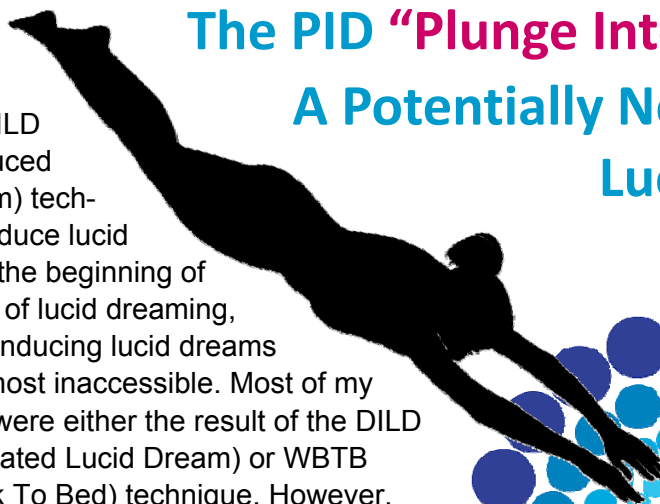
Conversely, what is simpler and more natural than attempting to make a continuous connection between the waking state and the dream state by WILD techniques? This is the reason why I have tried in recent years to define a technique of this type that gives me the best chance of success in the induction of lucid dreaming.

The result of this work is what I call the PID or "Plunge Into the Dream" technique. It has given me very positive results, which is why I want to share it with the community of lucid dreamers.

This induction technique is to be implemented when one is in the hypnagogic state and when random

The PID "Plunge Into the Dream" Technique: A Potentially New Technique to Induce Lucid Dreams

By Eric Federici © 2018



images begin to form. It is a question of literally trying to dive into these images, as one plunges into a swimming pool, with the aim of immersing oneself completely. This technique requires attention because, at first, it may be difficult to focus on these changing images, but by maintaining effort they tend to stabilize, leaving more time to attempt to plunge.

According to my experience, this can induce the beginning of a lucid dream, but it can sometimes be in its very early development, often with a very dark or completely black atmosphere. You will then have to "ask" the dream for clarity so that gradually the atmosphere becomes brighter. If all goes well, the dream should "light up" progressively.

It is also important to visualize the dynamic movement of the dive into the dream to increase one's chances of success. In doing so, this technique can also result in an out-of-body experience, because quite often you visualize yourself diving out of bed, to find yourself in the lucid state right next to it in your bedroom. From there, you can try to visualize your physical body quietly sleeping.

I share my experience hoping it will be useful to the lucid dreaming community. It would be interesting to have your feedback on this technique, to try to optimize it and increase the chances of lucidity as often as possible.

Wishing you all a good experiment. ▲

Eric Federici, efed1304@gmail.com

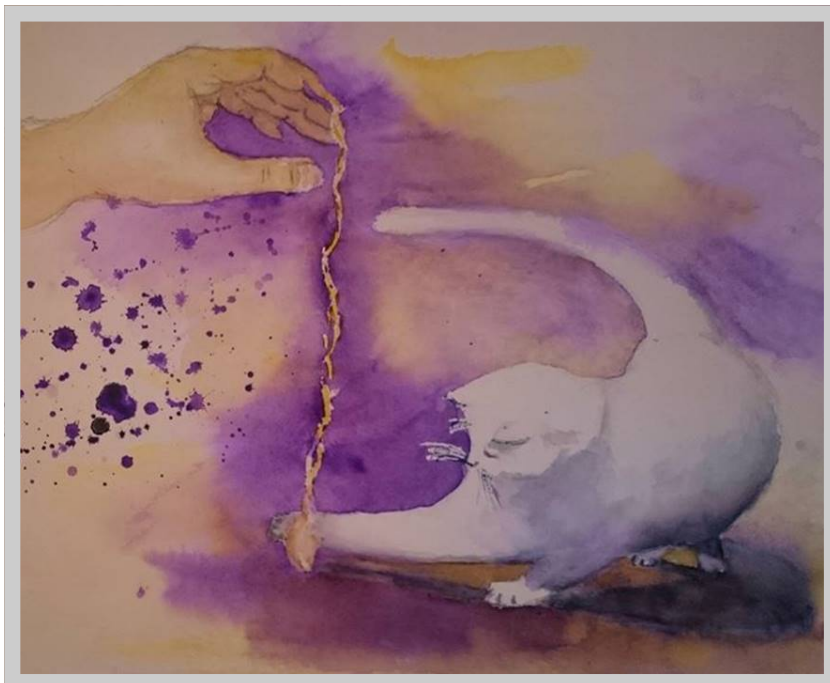
Lucid Dream Poetry & Art by Marlise

After turning lucid in an old cellar, an amazing thing happened. It wasn't my intent to sing, it just happened. It really was an awe-inspiring experience for me! I wrote the dream into the form of a poem:



Chanting 'OM'

Inside an emerald arch cellar
Amphoras morph into golden dinosaurs
Chanting full-throated 'OM'
WOW – the cellar hums
'OM' singing golden dinosaurs
Passing me, almost touching my arm
No fear! It's a dream!
Chanting courageous 'OM' as they do,
Chanting 'OM AH HUM,
 VAJRA GURU,
 PADME SIDDHI HUM'
Light beams shine from the ceiling
Wonderful Lucid Light enters the cave
Flying towards the Lucid Light,
Through the roof is my wish –
No way to reach!
Up and up the ceiling moves!



Ho'oponopono

Blessing

in

Lucid

Dreams

By Karim © 2018

I had two significant dreams featuring the concept of Ho'oponopono, the Hawaiian prayer for forgiveness. It is well known as a forgiveness prayer, but these dreams showed me it can be used for gratitude and blessings.

Before I woke one day, I was shown in a dream all the people invisible to us who have a connection to our lives. I was shown that everything in my house from my bed, mattress, appliances, mobile phone, laptop, cabinets, closets, utensils, the building, even the food I eat, etc., were all made, picked, or delivered by people — many much less fortunate than I am. As I glanced at each item in my home I had a vision of the people connected to it. Some were young people, even children; others were adults and some elderly. Most were not treated in a humane way and lead simple lives. A lot were at a poverty level of living. But without these people, none of this modern life that most of us live would be possible.

Seeing this in the dream, I wondered what can I do to help them and, in a way, to say thank you? The awareness behind the dream responded to my thought, "You can bless them."

So I listened to the awareness and I found myself doing the Ho'oponopono prayer: ***I'm sorry, please forgive me, I love you, thank you.***

I was immediately enveloped by a white light that pulsated outwards to these people. I kept doing this prayer, feeling immense gratitude in my heart to all the invisible people in my life. It is as if these people were sitting in the shadow of the world.

I woke up feeling very humbled by this dream. I'd urge everyone to take a moment and send a blessing to the invisible people who are in the background of your lives every day.

The next night I had an even more powerful dream about the same blessing. Most of the night my dreams revolved around praying. Before I woke up, the awareness decided to talk to me which jolted me into lucidity.

The awareness recommended I do the Ho'oponopono blessing to my body, to every organ of my body, saying I should apologize for any abuse I have done over the years, and send love and gratitude to each one of them. It said, "You must consider your body and organs as your best friends."

We cycled through all of the organs one by one: eyes, brain, throat, liver, glands, pancreas, heart, kidneys, bladder . . .; and other body parts: back, knees, feet, toes, bloodstream, skin, hands, limbs, muscles, lymph system, you name it; we went one by one and stopped at them, and made the prayer.

The awareness showed me how all the organs, limbs, muscles, blood cells and in fact every cell in my body works tirelessly 24/7 around the clock without taking a break. It said, "Can you imagine if your liver or heart went on a holiday?"

I became extremely grateful to all of them and apologized for not treating them well and for any abuse I have given them over the years, including eating an excess of non-healthy foods and substances like sugar, alcohol, and even smoking. (Now I no longer smoke.) I apologized for my increased weight, for sleeping late every night and not getting enough rest, for being lazy and not giving my body enough exercise, etc.

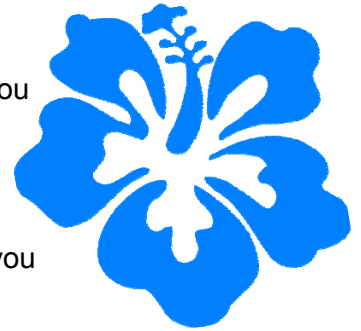
The awareness said, "It is good you are taking measures to heal yourself in waking life," referring to recent changes I have made with my exercise and healthy food habits.

This is a way to honor the millions of cells in your body. These are millions of dear friends that care about you and work without judgment in total unconditional love serving you. Consider this as part of God's love to you

and everyone to give you a body that deeply loves you and works for you.

If you ever feel lonely or ungrateful about life, or even unloved, remind yourself that you have millions of cells that are your best friends that live in your body and work super hard to serve you. This will help you in restoring gratitude.

I did the blessing, "I am sorry, please forgive me, I love you, thank you," to each part and organ in my body. Each body part sent me a feeling that translates into: "Thank you for acknowledging me."



I woke up deeply humbled and grateful yet again. I felt sorry for all of my organs, that I made them suffer for various reasons. I vowed to always love, heal, nourish, and protect them as best as I can. The likes of this dream and the one of the invisible people is one of the reasons I am deeply grateful for the gift of dreaming from the universe.

The message is loud and clear to me: Love your body in thought, word, and deed; it is your best friend. ▲

Where's Robert?

Upcoming Lucid Dreaming Events with Robert Waggoner in 2018 / 2019

October 20, 2018 – London, UK

Mind Body Soul Exhibition / Saturday, 12 pm

Robert will be speaking at the Mind Body Soul Exhibition at Alexandra Palace.

Details at <https://london.mbsevents.co.uk>

November 3 to December 2, 2018 – Online!

"Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly" Workshop

Robert Waggoner and Gillian Thetford are hosting a month-long
GlideWing workshop online. See details and register at:

https://www.glidewing.com/rw/luciddreaming_home.html

November 10, 2018 – Charleston, South Carolina

Charleston Jung Society / Saturday 5–7 pm

Details at <http://charlestonjungsociety.org/november/>

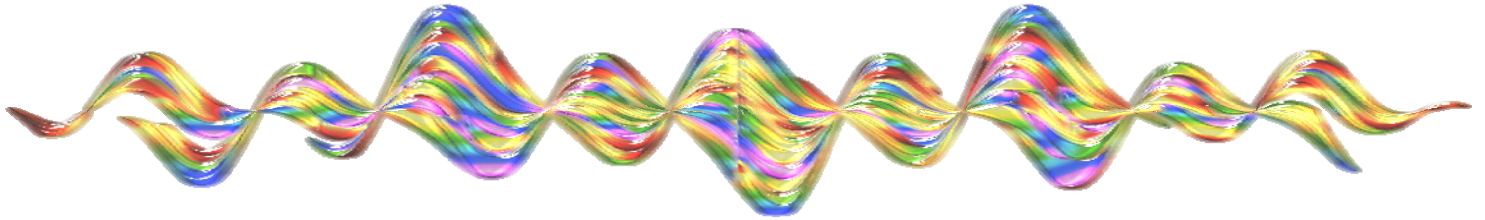
Spring, 2019 – New York City

May, 2019 – Taiwan

Watch for details at: www.LucidAdvice.com

Orgasmic Strangulation

By Laura Gibson © 2018



My first lucid dream was not the typical first lucid dream a lot of people have, when you realise you are awake within the dream and get so incredibly excited you wake up straight away. No, my first lucid dream was very different. I was unable to move my body at all. I was being strangled by an unknown and unseen force. I felt scared that I might die as I could strongly feel my life-force energy getting smaller and smaller within my body. Suddenly I realised I was in a dream.

Upon realising this, rather than getting excited that I am awake within my dream, I simply relaxed and thought, "Well, it's just a dream so no need to feel fear that I am being strangled . . . plus I can't actually move anyway, so I might as well enjoy."

I wasn't anywhere strange in the dream. I was where my body was — in my bed, in my bedroom — which was set out as it was normally, from what I could tell from my limited view.

I could still feel this life-force energy getting smaller and smaller in my body, almost like a ball shrinking in size. It wasn't painful, I just felt my body was becoming weaker and weaker. But now that I was awake in the dream, there was also this **other** feeling which was getting bigger and bigger, as the life-force energy was getting smaller and smaller.

This feeling was magnificent, the best feeling I have ever felt . . . EVER! It was like an orgasmic wave which engulfed my body. All I wanted to do was go with this feeling; it felt SO amazing.

I started to feel really safe, to feel that I was loved, and in a way I was returning home (I know it sounds weird but it's what I felt). There was also a light around me which was getting brighter. I tried to see what was strangling me by trying to tilt my head forward, which took a huge effort to move it, even a tiny bit, but there was nothing there. I was on my back but slightly to my left with my body slightly crooked and my head forced back. I was pretty much paralysed.

I'm not sure how long this went on. It didn't seem like very long and even though I was thoroughly enjoying this intense, incredible, orgasmic feeling which just kept getting bigger and more intense, a niggling thought trotted into my mind like a little ant and said, "Don't people die in their sleep?"

I mean, you do hear of people dying in their sleep, don't you? I thought, "How can I really be sure this isn't how people die in their sleep? Maybe they had the same thought as me within the dream, that it's 'just a dream' but then they actually die!"

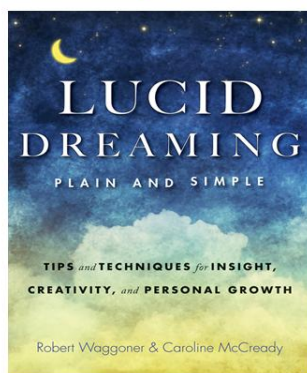
I said to myself, "I don't want to die and how can I be sure I won't?" The feeling of the life-force energy getting smaller in my body felt so real. The thought was enough to force me to wake myself up, and I did, but I had to concentrate and loudly say to myself, "WAKE UP!"

The minute I woke up I felt a little relief that I was still alive but then all I wanted to do was go back to the dream and feel that amazing feeling again. I'm still not sure what the dream represented but it was an incredible experience. ▲

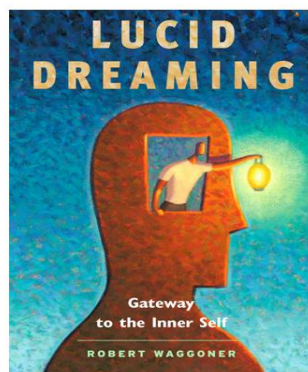


Robert Waggoner's books are available at major booksellers and online in print, CD, mp3, audio, and Kindle.

Winner in the 1st Annual
Body Mind Spirit Book Awards!



Award-winning
**Lucid Dreaming
Plain and Simple**
for beginning and intermediate
lucid dreamers. Co-authored with
Caroline McCready.

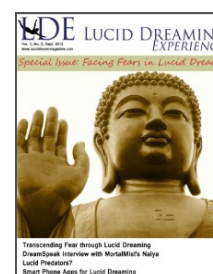
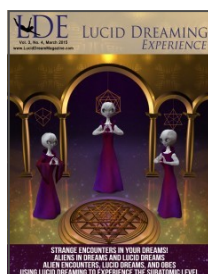
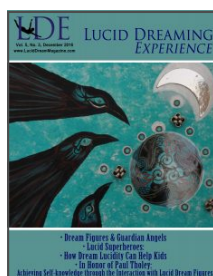


The acclaimed classic
**Lucid Dreaming:
Gateway to the Inner Self**
for intermediate and advanced
lucid dreamers.
Now in its 10th printing!

LUCID TIME TRAVEL...

Explore many years of **PAST ISSUES** of the
LUCID DREAMING EXPERIENCE online at:

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



Stars in the Night Sky of Dreams

By Melinda Powell © 2018

*The stars are the greatest thing you've ever seen
And they're there for you
For you alone, you are the everything.
— R.E.M. "You Are The Everything"*

The moment we pause and look up in wonderment at the night sky, we enter the mystery of gifts freely given and openly received. Entering our lucid dreams with a similar spirit of gratitude, we may find that the light of Being reveals itself through a profound sense of spiritual Presence, as in one of my own dreams entitled "Daylight Stars":

I feel very tired and in some pain from an inflamed disc in my spine but manage to say a few prayers before drifting off to sleep. Then, with great gentleness and tenderness, it feels as if my inner being goes out of my dreambody onto an infinite field of luminous blackness.

The black light has a delicate quality. A wind on the darkness arouses a sweet desire. I feel lucid and deeply aware of how much my being needs this and wonder what will happen next. "Nothing" does, except the gentle, refreshing filling, which seems really more than enough.

The shimmering blackness opens to an amazing, azure blue that teems with star clusters of great beauty — like a beautiful tapestry of light. The blue appears both bright and deep as in a twilight sky strewn with countless stars. The constellations radiate life and intelligence. In contrast to the subtle vibrancy of the stars, I become vaguely aware of the denseness of my own life and the responsibilities I carry, the weariness of my body and being, though the details of my life remain unclear to me. I have the strange impression that each star has a connection with my own being and my waking life in some fundamental way — that the light of each star longs to be unveiled in the physical world through my life. I feel very grateful for this impression and the beauty of the daylight stars. Once I have this awareness, my being is again lifted gently onto the velvety black into wakefulness.

This dream highlights the parallels between night stars of the outer world and the star-like celestial beings of the inner. When we bring a spirit of gratitude to our dreams, this can lead to a deepening awareness of mysterious Presence. I have called such an attitude of heart and mind in lucidity, "Lucid Surrender." Surrendering to gratitude, grace, and praise in our dreams may bring increased wellbeing much as it does so in waking life.

In terms of our mental health, research has shown that if a depressed person simply writes down three things for which they feel thankful, even just once a week, then, after a few months, they will feel markedly better for it. Imagine a world where everyone included "dreams" on their list of what they feel thankful for! But people often discount their dreams, thereby losing out on the positive potential therein.

To illustrate our human tendency to disregard our dreams, the Jungian analyst Anne Baring shares a Sufi story of an Emperor who receives gifts on a daily basis from all those seeking his favour. Day after day, a poor beggar approaches the emperor's throne and leaves some kind of fruit — an apple, orange, or pear — asking

for nothing in return. Each day, the Emperor, looking increasingly bored, receives the beggar's gift, as decorum dictates, but then orders his servant to throw the offending fruit away.

After many years, when the beggar has become an old man, a monkey sitting on the shoulder of an envoy from another land, jumps down and steals the beggar's apple, takes a bite and tosses the fruit on the floor in front of the Emperor. Everyone gasps as a ruby hidden at the apple's core shines. Suddenly, the aging Emperor realises his mistake and cries out in despair. The servant, who had been responsible for throwing away the fruit, rushes down into a cellar at the base of a chute where, for decades, he had been throwing the unwanted gifts. There he finds a pile of jewels: rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and gold left in the wake of the decayed fruit.

This story highlights that gratitude, often considered one of the highest virtues, also requires humility to be received fully. Gratitude, hand in hand with humility, opens the heart to the experience of grace and develops our capacity to receive and, in turn, to give. Every dream, even if previously neglected, ignored, feared, or tossed aside, can potentially give us a psychological or spiritual insight of great value.

Practising gratitude through Lucid Surrender can also sustain and deepen the lucid experience. Lucid dreamers, at the moment of lucidity, often experience a profound sense of joy and excitement described as the Lucidity Effect. Distracted by the intense affect, many dreamers then pop out of lucidity. Instead, if the dreamer can become aware of a sense of gratitude at the core of their joy and humbly express their gratitude towards the mysterious Presence infusing the dream, then this opens up a deepening experience of Lucid Surrender as illustrated in the following dream:

I enter a room at twilight and find myself teaching English to a French man. I sit on a bed and he on a chair next to me. As evening falls, the room becomes covered in shadow and his form a silhouette. Softly he says in French, "Ou es tu?" (Where are you). I respond, "Je suis ici" (Here I am). He leans forward to kiss me and as our lips touch, I realise I dream. Again, I feel jubilation and gratitude for this recognition.

Suddenly it feels as if I have been pulled between the man's lips into a long, darkly shining tunnel at an incredible speed. To keep centred, I repeat a Holy Name. The wormhole tunnel goes on and on ... Then I begin to sing a hymn to Jesus — it comes to me spontaneously, and as I repeat the hymn, I move at an increasing hyper-velocity through the tunnel. Finally, the journey ends in a silent, illuminated space. My dreambody has disappeared, and I sense myself as a point of consciousness. I think to myself, "This time I won't try to see!" A vast, iridescent darkness surrounds my being. I wait and then a shimmer of lights falls over me. I feel the Presence of Spirit and wonder if these lights are angels. Then, suddenly, I feel myself returned via the same tunnel. I can't say how I return. It feels as if Beings guide me. When I awake, it is 4:00 in the morning.

In lucidity, I have found that focusing on gratitude and praise towards the Divine centres me. In the dream excerpt that follows, such focused gratitude arises spontaneously:

Around 8:30 a.m., I wake up but feel so weary I decide to stay in bed. I attempt to say the Lord's Prayer but begin to fall back asleep. Suddenly I hear a familiar whirring sound, a high, insistent pitch. Immediately, I feel my being is lifted onto the black. (This hasn't happened for some time and I feel deep joy and gratitude rise up through my weariness.) I sense a "chord" of white laser light around my neck but "see" nothing as deep waves of emotion rise up. Aware that the last time the chord appeared in a dream, I attempted to pull it away, this time I cry out in my thoughts, "Yes! Whatever you want me to do, say, be . . . Yes! Yes! Yes!"

While the spirit of thankfulness pervades most of my Lucid Surrender experiences, in some dreams, I have occasionally been moved to give thanks to the invisible or manifest dream Beings who have carried me to a sacred space through wormholes or intense fields of dark light winds. For example, in one extended lucid dream an invisible Being carries my being ever further into the inner reaches of a sacred space:

Then it feels as if my being is gently set down on a great platform or ledge. I wonder if I stand on the

edge of God's throne. My "feet" feel awakened as they touch the soft and sacred "ground" shrouded in dark light. It has been ages since this has happened in a lucid dream and I feel very curious about what will come. It amazes me to "see" a long eel-like beam of dark laser-light release from my midriff, and I bow my head and say, "Thank you for bringing me here, Holy Being."

As I wait in stillness, there comes a deep sense of Presence and of being observed, but "nothing" happens for some time and my mind begins to kick in. Although my earthly life doesn't feel present in a detailed way, I do know that my physical body is on the bed at "home" and I become afraid that my partner might wake me inadvertently. This concerns me because the experience is not yet complete; I seem so "far away" that it may be hard to come out abruptly, even harming me in some way. Then the unseen Presence says, "You are safe." I take a step to turn towards the sound, and with my turning, the "ground" under my "heels" kicks up into a velvety jet-black cloud around me, as though a massive octopus had spewed out its ink, but this blackness feels rich and deep, full of light and a profound Presence, exceedingly subtle and sweet. My consciousness finally rests in this fullness and love.

Time loses any sense until the black, shining cloud recedes, and I know it seems time to return "home," wherever and whatever "home" is. I go to the edge of the platform and call out to the darkness, "Please take me home now." Again, my being feels lifted onto the black winds full of wonder at what it has just experienced. The return journey seems very long as I reflect on what has just happened, feeling grateful for the support of the unseen Being that carries me.

The Holy Beings often appear as light but sometimes take on a more concrete form, as in this dream:

In the night, I awake and sing the Psalm, "You my God are my heart's desire and my heart cries out to Thee...." It feels spontaneous, pure. In my mind, I go over the day in reverse, righting the "wrongs." Suddenly I feel the spirit in a rush, a mighty whirring and "lift off" onto the black, shining winds, feeling full of gratitude as I enter lucidity.

A definite but invisible Being carries me purposefully in its arms and then, after some way, pushes me from under the balls of my unseen feet. After a very long time of an incredible, sustained ecstasy, we begin to descend, and the Being cradles me in his arms. I wonder where I will be brought down.

Suddenly we enter a hall so large I cannot see its end. What appears to be layers of flat hard stones shaped like shale or slate in deep sheens of copper and black cover the hall's floor. Although in other lucid dreams I have felt these stones under my "feet" I have not seen them. I associate the stones with holy ground and usually some powerful light form emerges in the space above the stones. This time, the stones are visible and surround immense dark boulders, hundreds of which spread across the hall like an endless Zen rock garden.

As we slow down, I wonder if I will be able to see the Being that carries me. Just as we touch down, I take on a dreambody and the Being becomes visible. "He" looks very slim or two-dimensional, like the flat stones. He has a long trapezoidal head and a featureless face that nevertheless communicates a strongly felt Presence. His broad shoulders taper down into a kind of triangle-tip waist. He has massive muscular arms and legs, a bit like a medieval knight wearing armor. At first, I feel so surprised by his form and its unusual nature, I feel disoriented, but then realize he has carried me and I say, "Thank you, Holy Being, for bringing me here." At this, he bows low from the waist towards me, revealing that he is only about half an inch thick, apparently made of a substance similar to that which covers the hall's floor. He is so thin he looks as if he could easily be snapped apart, but I know the substance forming him is unbreakable. I feel rather taken aback that he should bow as if in deferential

"Surrendering to gratitude, grace, and praise in our dreams may bring increased wellbeing much as it does so in waking life."

service to me, but then I manage to collect myself and bow in turn. After this, he walks away to my left without speaking.

My eyes follow him as he walks away. When I look again at the hall opening up before me, I see a group of three or four unnaturally large, magnificent tigers circling on the large boulder nearest to me. They have beautiful, shiny fur and evident power and intelligence. They walk so closely and smoothly together they look almost like flames swirling. Beyond the first cluster of tigers I now see that on each of the boulders there have appeared similar clusters of tigers — the scene repeats exponentially. The further I look, the more suddenly materialize.

For a moment, I feel afraid that the tigers might leap off the boulders to devour me. Then I recall the Biblical story of “Daniel in the Lion’s Den” and realize the tigers could easily overpower me, in which case I will have no choice but to surrender. Instead, they remain focused on their circling in close formation, communicating a steady willpower and creative energy. I begin to feel that these tigers represent celestial beings that have revealed themselves to me.

The largest tigers, nearest to me, feel the most powerful, and I experience them as a representation of the Divine and the others as angels.... I feel very matter-of-fact about the situation, wondering what the tigers will do and if they will speak or silently share with me their awesome beauty and contained, instinctual power. This goes on for some time.

Then, the lucid dream comes to a sudden close as the knight-like Being again carries me back across the black light. I wonder if I have been taken from the scene with the tigers because the “aim” was achieved, though I would have liked to spend more time with the magnificent creatures!

While it feels important and natural to give thanks to the Beings that help transport and care for me in the dreams, once their role has been fulfilled, these particularised Beings give way to a deeply felt reciprocity with a more universal or transpersonal sense of Presence that dwells in the holy spaces to which the Beings take me. In these encounters, the dream’s purpose feels fully realised as in what follows:

In my dream, my being slips out of my physical body with great delight and I smile within to enter lucidity. As the speed increases, I am taken swiftly through a field of octagonal structures made of light filaments.

Eventually, the abstract forms give way to a tunnel that appears about my height and width with my arms outstretched, although, at this point I no longer have a visible, physical body. As my being goes through this, I note that the sides look made of a “wet” shiny black light that spins or pulsates very quickly. Suddenly the thought comes, “A wormhole!” My mind begins to feel concerned about where this wormhole takes me. It bends to the left and I cannot “see” ahead of me. I haven’t experienced a wormhole that looks quite like this and it makes me nervous. I wonder if the wormhole might collapse as my own concentration gives way. Fearful, I forget about singing a sacred song. Just at the point where it feels my fear will overwhelm me, the tunnel opens up into a still space full of black light.

I feel aware of an unseen, all-pervasive, Holy Presence. It feels that this Presence supports me from below, hovering in space. Although I don’t have a body in a physical sense, I feel conscious of a pressure on what I perceive as my invisible “wrists,” as if someone holds me there. Then, without any warning, a deep ecstasy begins to move up through me. I look down to see what holds me.

A large hand illuminated from within appears out of the blackness holding my own illuminated fore-arms, the way two trapeze artists would link arms, but I can see only the Being’s hands. I have the thought that this Being makes love to me from below and this also worries me somewhat, but again my fears get overridden by ecstatic pleasure. The power rises up, filling me, and finally causes me to completely relinquish my fears as I give into the profound feeling. It feels as if the Being holds and contains me while this happens. Finally, the energy moves up through my head with an indescribable fullness and richness that spills over into the blackness around me.

Even then, I wonder in rather typical fashion for me, “Well, why the forms of light, the wormhole, the black light, and Being of light just for this?” And I sense the Being say silently and simply, “Because you need filling.” With this understanding, I feel quite humbled and grateful and realise the filling comes in relation to how the Spirit moves through my life and the dreams for its own purpose. For some time, it feels as if my being remains held there tenderly in the stillness on the black light, taking in the experience. This goes on for some time before I re-enter the dream state.

I experience many of the dreams as bringing a profound infusion of life and the love needed to fulfill tasks in waking life. A similar infusion of gratitude results in a profoundly re-energizing dream:

I wake up in the night and pray, repeating the Lord’s Prayer. Eventually, curled up on my side, I drift off to sleep and begin to see the light forms and feel the lucid space open within me. A voice says, “Turn to me” so I turn over onto my back in response.

I breathe deeply out of my mouth and with this I suddenly feel myself move onto the black light through the opening between my lips. As the separation from my dreambody has never happened before in this way, I find it hard to find my focus. On the black, my being abruptly falls “back-first” like a feather ever downwards, reminding me a bit of Alice in the rabbit hole. On and on this goes with me feeling the same despondency and loneliness I felt in my prayers. Finally, I recall from other dreams that I actually do not seem alone, and I call out to the angels: “Do you angels seem there?” With my query, two beings of swirling strands of red light appear in the blackness before me. They twist and turn gracefully like two hourglasses of spiraling red light. It seems they accompany me as I fall.

Seeing them both amazes and comforts me, but even so, the long descent and my weariness begins to concern me again. Just then, we burst into a vast luminous dark space at the center of which appears a solid black obsidian cylinder a few feet across in diameter like a well. My being ends up deposited at the base of the form. I see that the black surface appears full of star-like pinpricks of light. I think with great joy, “The Divine?!”

Now, finding myself with a dreambody, I stand up and, bending down, place my hands on either side of the cylindrical form, peering into its mysterious beauty. With this, the form pulls me headfirst into its Being as my dreambody falls away into the now infinite pool of star-laced blackness. Wondrous filaments of white light move through my being. “Oh, fill me!” I cry out longingly, feeling immensely grateful and relieved.

After some time, I feel myself deposited next to the cylindrical form, curled up on my side, peering at the structure. As I look, dancing silver stars now spin to the left around the circumference. Kneeling again before the form, I place my hands on either side along the silver stars to both aid and feel their spinning. “Sweet silver angels!” I think with wonder, feeling my hands alive with the spinning movement. The spinning creates a music to which the stars-Beings sing. I begin to sing along joyfully. Eventually, I awake with the hymn of praise on my lips. How I wish I could recall the music to share in waking life!

Such dreams feel like living Presences of light shining out against the backdrop of the dark and sacred night — like stars that fill us with a deep sense of gratitude and awareness of grace — a reminder that the stars are there for all of us. ▲



Melinda Powell, née Ziemer,
MA Psychology of Religion, Adv. Dipl. Psychotherapy,
Past IASD Vice President and current IASD UK Regional
Representative, is Co-Founder and Director of the
[Dream Research Institute](http://www.dreamresearchinstitute.org) in London, and former Director
of the charitable counselling service HELP. Her lucid
dreaming exploration has led her to develop and teach
“Lucid Surrender.” Email: DRImelinda@ccpe.org.uk



Pellucid Sleep and Dreaming: Mindfulness and The Sleep Cycle

By Daniel Allen Kelley © 2018

It was a hot August afternoon. The year was 1998. Having just arrived home from a brutal 13-hour workday of hanging sheet-rock, I was looking forward to my first lesson with Dr. John Mumford (Swami Anandakapila Saraswati). I was going to be taught the true purpose of the Savasana pose of Hatha Yoga, called *Yoga Nidra* (Conscious Sleep). Sleep, conscious or not, was most welcome as far as I was concerned! Little did I know that I was about to have my mind blown wide open.

Dr. Mumford begins with the typical instructions for “progressive relaxation.” Starting from the feet and slowly progressing up toward the head, you gently lead your awareness into each zone of the body (called “marmasthanani”) and relax the area fully before moving on to the next zone. It’s important to stay alert and keep the mind engaged in the exercise, otherwise you’ll likely fall asleep (I certainly almost did!). This combination of deep relaxation and concentration results in a gradual descent into Conscious Sleep.

I should point out that I had no knowledge of the different phases of the sleep cycle. I simply performed the technique as instructed, step by step, and didn’t know what to expect. It would take several years of practice before I’d come to see the importance of this exercise and the skills it develops.

After about half an hour in, I noticed I was having considerable difficulty maintaining awareness of my body. My mind was wobbling and wavering between following the instructions and getting lost in absurd dream scenarios. My breathing would suddenly seem to stop, and I’d briefly come back to awareness with a gasp. Still, I persisted in following the exercise through to the end. Once the progressive relaxation had reached the top of my head, there began the second phase of *Yoga Nidra*. At that point, my awareness of myself as “Daniel Kelley” wasn’t something I could easily define if asked to do so. Rather, I just *was*. That is to say, I was consciousness without a body, without reference or content. Years later, I discovered that this was simply the first phase of the sleep cycle, and I was experiencing it *consciously*!

The second phase of Dr. Mumford’s instructions for *Yoga Nidra* involved rotating my awareness counterclockwise, in ever-expanding circles, around my body. These sweeping spirals of awareness were gradually led upward and away from my body. It was precisely here, as I lay supine on the floor, that my breakthrough occurred. As I spiraled my awareness round and round, I suddenly became aware of my body once again. Only this wasn’t my *physical* body! I felt strange electrical currents coursing through me, and it felt as though the entire universe was rocking and waving in a circular motion.

Then it hit me...I had experienced this before! In all my years of spontaneous Lucid Dreaming and Out-of-Body Experiences (OOBE), there were moments when I felt these exact same sensations. The act of gradually entering the sleep cycle through the practice of *Yoga Nidra* had allowed me to consciously glimpse the liminal phases of Conscious Sleep I had experienced as a child. Moreover, this practice had shown me the exact phase of the sleep cycle where the beginning phases of OOBE emerge. Today, *Yoga Nidra* is one of many methods for inducing what has come to be called Wake Induced Lucid Dreaming (WILD).

I went on to practice *Yoga Nidra* for the next twenty years, adding to it and refining it as new experiences occurred. But the essence of *Yoga Nidra* lies in its power to produce what’s been called the *Causal* state of consciousness. Generally speaking, the Causal state is just that: *the cause of all other states of awareness*. Think of it as the root of self-awareness. The Causal state is the aim of such disciplines as Zen meditation,

the “cloud of unknowing” of the Gnostics, and the “clear light” meditation of Tibetan Buddhism. It’s also the essence of Pellucid Sleep and Dreaming.

The term “Pellucid Dreaming” was first introduced by the famous Integral philosopher, Ken Wilber, in his book *One Taste* (Shambhala Publications 2000). Sometimes called *Translucid* Dreaming, Pellucidity is the less popular sibling of Lucid Dreaming. This is unfortunate. For one thing, Pellucidity is the very root of all other forms of Conscious Sleep. Without strong Pellucidity muscles, you wouldn’t be able to sustain consistent Lucid Dreaming. This is one of the most common reasons why many people experience Lucid Dreams only once in a while, randomly and seemingly without any rhyme or reason.

Pellucid Sleep and Pellucid Dreaming are different in that the latter occurs during the REM (dreaming) phase of the sleep cycle, whereas the former occurs during the NREM (dreamless) phase. Unlike *Lucid* Dreaming, which involves an active participation with the dream narrative (to a greater or lesser degree), *Pellucid* Dreaming is a passive witnessing of the dream state and tends to find the sleeper unwilling (but not unable) to interfere with the dream.

Does this sound familiar? It should. That’s just another way of describing the aim of mindfulness meditation!

So it follows that Conscious Sleep can’t be reduced to Lucid Dreaming alone. Conscious Sleep is a multifaceted tapestry that contains Lucid Dreaming, OOB, Meditation, Mindfulness, Astral Projection, NDE, Vision Quests, Soul Retrieval, and so much more. Lucid Dreaming may be the coolest kid in class right now, sure, but her popularity comes on the heels of Pellucid Sleep and Dreaming. It relies on meditation carried deeper and deeper into the sleep cycle. ▲

Daniel Kelley is an author, poet, musician, and Integral Life Practitioner with over two decades of experience in Lucid Dreaming. He is the creator of Subliminal Cognition Training™ and is the author of three books. Follow Daniel at <http://behindtheveil.simdif.com>

**Reach our
extensive audience
of lucid dream
enthusiasts
with YOUR AD in
the next issue!**



• PUBLISHED QUARTERLY •
ONLINE & PRINT VERSIONS

2018 ADVERTISING RATES

AD SIZE	SINGLE ISSUE RATE	ANNUAL RATE 10% discount for ad prepaid for all 4 issues
Full Page	\$200	\$720
Half Page	\$125	\$450
Quarter Page	\$75	\$270
Business Card	\$45	\$162

Deadlines for Ads and Payments

All ads and payments are due by the following dates:

February 15 for March publication

May 15 for June publication

August 15 for September publication

November 15 for December publication

For More Information

Contact Janet Mast, Advertising Manager, at Ads4LDE@gmail.com to request an Advertising Information sheet, to reserve your advertising space, or with any other advertising-related questions.



“You cannot teach a man anything. You can only help him to find it within himself.”
— Galileo Galilei

My name is Lourenço Ferrer Doreste. I turned 76 years old on December 17, 2012. I wrote these pages in that year. I’m now 81.

Ever since I was a teenager, I questioned reality, asking myself how it was possible for there to be an infinite material universe. We were not taught about the Big Bang theory yet, at that time, although that theory had been around since the end of the twenties. The idea accepted by most was that the universe was infinite in time and in space. At least, for me, such an idea was completely unacceptable. As if something material could be infinite in time and in space!

But I had to comply with that idea because as absurd as the idea could seem, the universe was there around me. The land on which I trod and, when barefoot, stumbled on a stone — the pain I felt, the bleeding that occurred — were undisputed evidence of its existence. The sun shining during a day of clear skies, cloudless; the Moon and the stars at night spreading their enchantment — everything collaborated to create an illusion of absolute reality.

Little did I know that I would spend nearly all my life in search of an answer that quenched my thirst for logic, a response only to be found when I was already over sixty years old. That answer finally quieted my spirit. For me, it acts as a theory of everything because in all its simplicity it explains reality, and it also explains all phenomena that are considered unexplainable by science.

At sixteen I got in touch, through books, with the so-called scientific spiritualist doctrine. Over the next seven years, I delved into the study of its works. As I was dealing with the theoretical part of it, everything seemed logical, acceptable, but on shifting the focus from the theoretical to empirical, the building I had constructed during those seven years began gradually to be undermined, and despite my efforts to repair the damage caused by keeping in touch with the practical spiritism, the strength of my analytic Cartesian thinking continued to act surreptitiously, perhaps even subconsciously. When I realized this, only rubble remained of the great spiritual majestic building. It was replaced by a total absolute disbelief, by sheer nihilism, nihilism together with all its implications, like complete amorality.

In the beginning of the eighties, two books occupied my studies and research of the issues they addressed. The first book, *Life after Life* by Dr. Raymond Moody, addresses the near-death experiences witnessed and analyzed by the author. The second book, *The Tao of Physics* by Fritjof Capra, was a hard-to-read world-renowned book that sought to demonstrate the parallels among theoretical physics, quantum physics, relativistic physics and Eastern religions. Finally, after five years and my fifth reading of it, I thought I had understood and absorbed all that was possible from the book. But I still did not find what I had been looking for: an acceptable, satisfactory answer to the riddle of reality and its meaning. Only later did I come to understand that such a response is found through faith and personal experience.

I had read about dreams where you know you’re dreaming. I myself had had one where I said, “Don’t worry, this is a dream.” But, it meant very little to me. I thought the dream that you know you’re dreaming was a characteristic of the brain, a kind of virtual reality, another enigma that no one could convincingly explain.

The Art of Dreaming by Carlos Castañeda describes the steps necessary to become conscious in a dream and to maintain control over it. But the book's somewhat confusing description and, in my opinion, old and superstitious traditions did not lead me to arrive at any clear conclusion about what I had read. Castañeda describes extensively how a state called total consciousness can be achieved through dreams. Yet I still did not understand what lucid dreaming and total consciousness meant. I used the "lucid" adjective to qualify the noun "dream," but I'm not sure when I learned or came to use these two words together.

In the early 2000s, I already had a computer connected to the internet. After having talked with a friend about lucid dreams, when I got home I put the two words "lucid dream," in Portuguese, into a search site. The results were not very promising. Then came the idea of doing the research in English. I inserted the words "lucid dream." Eureka! Finally, there was what I had been seeking for so long. To my surprise, the subject of "lucid dreaming" had been studied in the United States for some time already, not only by New Age followers but also by psychologists.

I was pleasantly surprised when I started reading "How to Remember Your Dreams," knowing that this was the first step to learn to dream lucidly. Pleasantly surprised, because I had always had colorful, vivid, clear dreams and I remembered, on average, two to three dreams per night. Then, even without knowing it, I had already taken the first step in the long and profitable path that unfolded before me: how to learn the art of lucid dreaming.

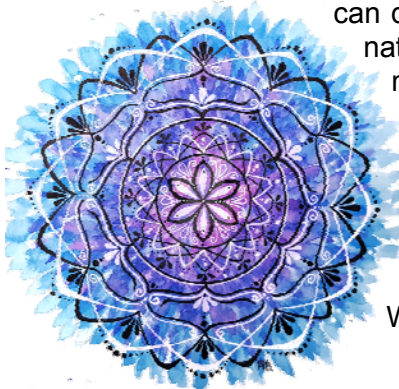
But it was there that I began to understand that this kind of experience, like any other experience in that category, cannot be grasped through words, through reading. Words, despite being a fantastic medium of communication, fail to convey what one has experienced, unless the addressee of the words spoken or written has already passed through a similar experience. In short, even after more than a year of reading and studying the subject, I still did not understand what a lucid dream was — just as you cannot understand an experience of enlightenment unless you have personally been enlightened. I use here the word *illumination* with the specific meaning of the experience of awakening, awakening to the true nature of reality.

Finally, one morning after waking up at six o'clock then going back to sleep, I dreamt that I was swimming and body surfing in a stream of clear, light water. As I approached one of the banks, still on my chest, I crawled to where there was a small beach of crystalline sand. Being face down, my eyes were a few inches from the sand, and I watched, in ecstasy, its composition. It was made up of myriads of tiny gemstones: rubies, emeralds, aquamarines, amethysts, jades mixed with microscopic droplets of gold.

I stood up, still under the effect of so much beauty, and started to climb the little access ramp to the riverbank when, still half bent, I had my attention drawn to a tree to my left. I looked at the trunk with its wealth of details and heard myself saying, "And to say that I have created all this."

Instantly, as if a stream of light passed through me, as if those words were magic, I became completely lucid, aware. Everything I had studied in my entire life was there: total awareness, total knowledge. I ran to the left towards a ravine about ten meters high and threw myself off with open arms. I began to fly, feeling the cool wind on my face. The feeling was of complete euphoria. I never thought it possible to feel such happiness!

The moment, so long awaited, had at last arrived and surpassed all that I could have imagined. Only now, I could understand why such an experience is untranslatable. There are no words in any of the languages that can describe a reality never experienced before. And this reality, once absorbed, a naturally occurring phenomenon without any kind of effort, functions as the ultimate catalyst, freeing us from any vestiges of false knowledge: know the truth and it modifies you unquestionably.



I woke up crying copiously, submerged in feelings of happiness. What greater joy can be owned than the unshakable certainty of our divine, creative, eternal nature. We were not created by a blind universe. We are not the product of a statistical accident, but the engine, the dynamo of everything that exists. We are the center. ▲



Gratitude for Life

By Steve Racicot © 2018

In many of my lucid dreams I reach out to experience union with Spirit. As a result, several of my lucid dreams have been some of the most awe-inspiring experiences of my life. These dreams have actually brought about a change of consciousness in my waking life for which I am deeply grateful. The following dream is one example.

Dream Flight Mirrors Inner Ecstasy

I am inside the house and want to go outside. I decide to just walk through the wall as I have in other dreams. I feel my body moving through this structure. I especially feel my face go through the wall. It feels like when you submerge your face and head slowly into water. In fact, when I notice this feeling, I see an image of my face emerging out of water with ripples moving out from it.

At this point, I fully realize I am dreaming and say, “Yes, this is a dream.” It’s a good feeling to know I am dreaming. I am floating along in the air outside our house. Spontaneously, I focus on my soul, my true, spiritual self. I pray, “My soul, my soul, I long for spiritual union with you. Please grant me spiritual union.” As I pray this I feel I am lifted up. I experience a flying and bird-like swooping feeling beyond my control. I am carried up and up, then flip and loop over backwards. Some unseen force carries me speeding downwards now until I pull out of the dive and the force flings me up again at amazing speed. At the same time, inside of my dream body, I feel a kind of ecstasy that burns and moves from place to place within me. These feelings of inner ecstasy and of my dream body flying create a sensation of joy.

I have the thought that my dream body flying is mirroring my inner feelings of the ecstasy moving about inside my body. Throughout all this, I continue to focus on my soul and pray for conscious union. Now I feel as though my dream body is dissolving into this feeling of joy. Then “I” am also dissolving. This ecstatic feeling continues for some time. I don’t know how long because “I” have disappeared. It’s difficult to describe. At any rate, after “I” return, I experience a couple of false awakenings before finally waking up.

This lucid dream put me into a very nice altered state of consciousness the entire next day. At the time, I was working with a crew building a house. It was January. The temperature was ten degrees below zero when I left our house for work that morning. At work, we were framing the roof and the rafters were covered in frost. It was the kind of day that I usually would have hated working in, the kind of day that I would have been thinking of moving to a warmer climate.

But, because of my dream connection to Spirit, I was not in my usual state of consciousness. In fact, everything just looked beautiful to me. I really did not care about the severe working conditions. It just did not bother me. I assure you, this was not normal for me. Normally, I would have been swearing and complaining. When one of the guys I worked with complained about how damn cold it was, I thought, “Oh, this is just how God is manifesting today.” Of course, I didn’t say this out loud to anyone, but that is how I felt.

I did not see anything other than the everyday, physical world I was working in, but, because I had been touched by the Spirit in my dream, I strongly felt that everything — the snow, the cold, the house we were building, and the people working on it — were all God manifesting in this world, and it felt perfect.

It is clear to me that when I reached out to experience union with my soul in my lucid dream that the Spirit answered me both in my dream world and in my waking, physical world. Because of the change brought about in my consciousness, I was able to see this physical world as Spirit. ▲



David L. Kahn • Choosing Sunlight

Most of the lengthy dream had been non-lucid. I was in a scene about nearing the end of my senior year of high school. The main theme was a positive feeling of accomplishment and a sense of freedom.

I become lucid while walking alone down an empty school hallway. It is as though everyone else is in class or gone for the day. Something about the peaceful quietness prompts my lucidity and I say out loud, “This is a dream!” I notice the ceiling of the hallway is high and arched, with two windows on the far upper end. One of the windows is directly over the other. I look out of the windows from a distance, one at a time. The first window is on the bottom. Outside that window it is dark, either night or just before sunset, with clouds and perhaps a tinge of moonlight. I then look through the window above, which shows a daylight scene. I put my arms out in front of me and begin to fly, Superman-style, towards the windows.

I choose the daylight scene as the window to fly through. As I go through the window I immediately transfer into a new scene, which is outside on a bright sunny day. I am in the air with no buildings or human-made objects around. The sun is a big yellow ball of light in the sky. A tree partially blocks the view of the sun. Though I want to see the full sun and fly into it, the tree is also nice. I yell to the dream, “It is beautiful!” The light of the sun captivates me and I then yell out, “Thank you, God!” I wake up at that point with a sense of gratitude for beauty that is everywhere.

Dominique Santos • What Will Make Me Happy?

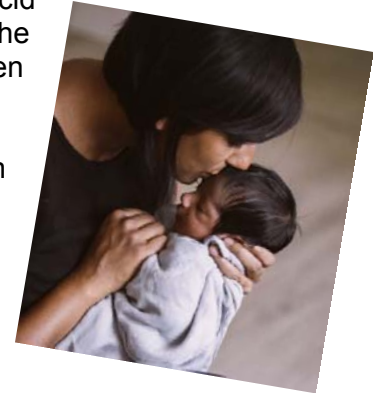
I had woken up at 4.30 a.m. with anxiety about my life, following a relocation to another country and a new job (to which I had been led by following another lucid dream). I was commuting between cities and my children were staying with family as I struggled to make us a new home.

Then the anxiety moved on, and I remembered how Gloria Anzaldua said that reconnecting to purpose through action is the antidote to anxiety. I made an ad hoc shrine and did some Shinay meditation and chanting before falling back asleep. I knew a lucid dream might come so I set the intention to ask, “What will make me happy?”

Soon I was dreaming of working on projects in multiple cities. My husband visited me in an office where he was impressed by my professional appearance. We were enjoying the performance. Then I was walking through a housing project/council estate; brutalist and dark but full of vibrant public culture surrounded by many people. It was at this point I become lucid. I felt afraid and unsteady and asked loudly, “What will make

me happy?” But it felt too aggressive. I remembered a policeman in another lucid dream who made fun of me for being too loud and demanding. So I bowed to the ground, the hard and dirty concrete, in deep gratitude and acceptance. I then asked again, “What will make me happy?”

The crowd of people parted and I was shown a bed where my three children were all sleeping peacefully. I felt so much love for them. I realized what a toll the separation had had on me and that my happiness lies in the ordinary moments of connection and care.



Matt Chong • Signing To My Father

I was at my childhood home, a horse ranch on Oahu, and I was tasked with watching over the place. I decide to sneak out but after hitting the road I start to get worried that I'll be caught. Just as the feeling of being worried sets in, I realize I'm dreaming.

Charged with energy and feeling like I have great control, I launch hundreds of feet into the air. Having had a nice dream of the ranch the night before, I fly back to see who's there. Looking down, I'm surprised that my hearing is extremely sharp and I can easily make out conversations happening far below.

Continuing over the property, I fly up towards my old house and notice dad sitting outside on the porch. I zoom over to show him how well I'm flying and he's impressed with my level of control. Then as I'm zooming around the tree in our yard, I notice Grandpa (his dad who passed away in 2015) in the house with a younger version of my father.

Totally caught by surprise and filled with excitement, I try to tell my dad this but suddenly I realize I can't speak. Then it dawns on me that I know ASL (American Sign Language) and I could communicate it to him that way. Filled with joy, I sign to him “Grandpa is here” and point behind him. My dad's face lights up as he turns to head into the house. At this point I'm so filled with emotion that I wake up.

James Sims • The Impenetrably Perfect Happiness of Our God



In the beginning of this dream, I tell a story of a dream I've had to people in an open field full of greenery. However, due to their lack of interest, I give up on summarizing my dream. Although the situation hasn't gone as I had planned, the very fact that I was talking about dreams triggers my lucidity.

At this point, I fly through a thick cloud cover, as is the case in many of my lucid dreams. What distinguishes this dream, though, is the fact that I'm in such a meditative state that I have tunnel vision, rather than observing the scenery around me as I typically do. While I'm in this

peaceful and mindful state, it occurs to me that I've never recited a particular *A Course in Miracles* quote in a lucid dream. Therefore, I say in my mind the lesson that reads, “God's will for me is perfect happiness.”

Upon thinking of this saying, something miraculous happens because of my gratitude for acknowledging His loving will. All clouds merge into a greyish image with which I feel my consciousness is one. I see such a state of oneness as indicative of God's happiness that is our true inheritance.

As amazing as this experience is, it does not last, as the unified image gives way to a tornado that is pulling me in. However, I maintain my same level of tranquility and mindfulness during this ordeal. Equally unaffected are the pedestrians who walk about as if the raging wind doesn't exist.

Once the storm ceases, I ask a man seated at a table to teach me a spiritual lesson. He replies that we should refuse to act upon all of our thoughts. Perhaps my calmness and the people's indifference regarding the storm is representative of how we should maintain our inner peace in spite of challenging moments, relying instead on the inner unconditional happiness of God that lies in each and every one of us.

Marlise • Marmor, Stein und Eisen bricht / Marble Breaks and Iron Bends

During the IASD Conference, I attended the morning dream group 'Inner Self & Seth' where each day we were given a dream incubation assignment. The first was 'Let me meet my inner Self!' This led to a humorous lucid dream with some energizing and amazing depth for me.



In a very colorful non-lucid dream, I'm looking out the window of my house where suddenly a swarm of hummingbirds attacks the tomatoes my daughter has planted. Wow, it looks so colorful and wonderful, I want to take a picture! But my daughters are faster. After they have photographed the scene, they shoo the birds away.

I'm frustrated that I missed the opportunity for a nice picture. Yet now, I can see wonderful coral fishes flying there! Wait a minute: this can't be; I must be dreaming!

I'm looking at my hands. They are blue, and I've only three fingers on my left hand which confirms my dream state. I recall my incubation and shout: 'Let me experience my inner Self!' Immediately I realize that's wrong; I should have said 'meet' instead of experience. I'm not sure if I repeated my wish correctly a second time or not.

I'm floating, gliding, or drifting through a grey void until a cartoon-like, black-and-white, old-fashioned bus appears on a movie screen in front of me. Several people are sitting inside it.

Soon after, I'm inside a new dream scene, sitting on a trolley table with other friends. We are driving past a quarry where workers throw marble pieces towards us. Although I don't like this silly dream scene, I don't want to change it, as I have intended, after I felt it was wrong to have destroyed my 'nonsense' dream scene in my last lucid dream.

I pick up a piece of marble and put a finger into it like it is butter, then throw it back. The workers throw more pieces towards us. It's like a funny play and intuitively my dream-self starts singing, "Marble, stone, and iron breaks, but our love will stay forever," as in this old, kitschy, German pop song with the following lyrics:

*Don't cry when it rains, dam, dam, dam, dam.
Someone is holding towards you, dam, dam, dam, dam.*

*Marble, stone and iron breaks, but not our love.
Everything, anything passes off, yet we always stay faithful.*

Marble, stone and iron breaks . . .

*When I can't be with you, dam, dam, dam, dam.
Remember, you are not alone, dam, dam, dam, dam.*

Marble, stone and iron breaks . . .

*Take the golden Ring from me, dam, dam, dam, dam.
If you are sad, then it tells you, dam, dam, dam, dam.*

*Marble stone and iron breaks.
Anything, everything passes off, yet we always stay faithful.*

I'm feeling euphoric until I realize how silly this is. The workers are still throwing marble pieces towards us. It looks like they want to build a wall around our car (we are sitting inside an ordinary car now). I don't worry; I'm happy and confident that I'm able to fly through it anytime because it's only my projection building up this wall. I'm still feeling euphoric but lose the dream.

Remarks: I've have not listened to such kitschy old songs in the past decades. It amazed me that my unconscious found it. The German lyrics fit perfectly in my current view of an 'inner Self'. The profound depth of it gave me strength, energy, and confidence to enjoy the rest of the conference! For those interested, here are links for both German and English versions of the song (the English lyrics are different from the German):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=74YzFnQbzg> and <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FxOuajVGOME>

HelenL • Shifting

I was flying in my dream and realized I could become lucid, so I looked at my hands and became lucid. I was in a building, in a hallway, and decided to fly down the hallway. At the end was a wall. I believed I could continue flying right through the wall — so I did!

The amazing thing was that I could feel the particles of the wall shift around me, as well as my particles shifting. It was profound and so inspiring. It has really shifted my beliefs and how I perceive the world.

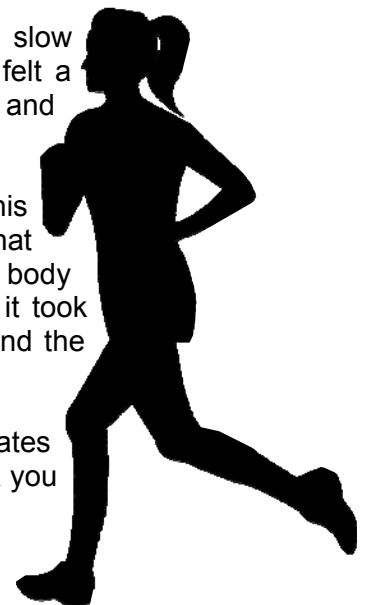
Gustavo Adolfo del Valle • Lucidity by Running in Slow Motion

I have entered a lucid dream just after a regular dream in which I was running in slow motion and suddenly I decided — but not consciously — to take off. After that I felt a sudden jolt of energy and then I was lucid dreaming. I remembered to rub my hands and the lucid dream endured for a couple of minutes.

Last night almost the same thing happened . . . I was running in slow motion, but this time I didn't take off. It was just after a few slow-motion steps that I entered a state that I believe was more like a pre-OBE state, if such a thing exists. I didn't get out of my body even though I tried. I also remembered to rub my hands to extend the state and it took longer to be able to move my hands than in the previous case. I saw cat's eyes and the image of Darth Vader. I don't know entirely what happened there with those images.

I would really love hearing from others who may have experienced this state or states after running in slow motion, as it would help me to reinforce this "technique." Thank you so very much.

Warm regards! Gustavo Adolfo del Valle, delvallegustavo@gmail.com





Maria Isabel Pita • Excerpt from My Lucid Dream of May 12, 2012

I find myself outside at night in a stark black-and-white city, in a warehouse-like district, where the buildings appear constructed of porous old concrete. There are no street lights, and no people; the city looks completely deserted.

Walking down a sidewalk even though there aren't any cars, I cry out to my Guardian Lord, "I love you! I love you! And one night, I hope to see you and to talk to you again in a dream!"

I sink to my knees and clasp my hands before me, showing him how much I respect Him, and how thankful I am for His presence in my dreams as I repeat, "I love you!"

Suddenly, streaming across the black sky, I perceive a series of banner-like rectangles, each one framing glimmering, silver-white words written in a clean print font, as though typed in starlight. The banners are not attached to any kind of plane as they fly swiftly over me, and I can just barely read the three words they contain: I AM HERE.

As I continue looking up at the banners soaring by overhead, I'm almost positive that's what they say, but I can't be absolutely sure, and the more of an effort I make to read them, the less I am able to do so.

Belatedly, I fly onto a rooftop to get a closer look, at which point two or three of the banners fly back toward me. I'm able to grab hold of one and, as I do so, it transforms into a clear shining pouch containing lovely white lingerie, delicate bras and panties made of a pure,

glittering, luminous material. I'm so surprised, so in awe of and thankful for this mysteriously promising gift, I can't quite make sense of it. It almost seems like my Guardian Lord is teasing me? I phase out of the dream.

The end of this incredible dream caused me such a sweet pain! On the one hand, the starry lingerie seemed an obvious promise from my Guardian Lord of greater intimacy to come, yet a part of me worried it might also be a warning that there would always be an invisible barrier between us for as long as I felt attracted to him the way a woman is to a man. But that didn't really make sense because the beautiful lingerie, shimmering as if stitched with starlight, had felt like a gift, not a threat, like a promise, not a reprimand. Frustration and confusion mixed with awe and hope only served to stoke and intensify my longing for Him.

Then Jesus told her, "The I AM is here." John 4:26

Daryl3d • The 5-Way Thread

I've written about my lucid dreams in the past here at LDE. They normally followed a predictable pattern where I'll have a series of 4-5 lucid dreams in a row in which I'll physically awaken in-between the dreams before re-entering the dream . . . kind of like the movie *Groundhog Day*, where I'm either repeating the same dream from the start or re-starting the dream where I previously left off.

I've since evolved to a point where I enter a lucid dream and experience a series of dreams without waking up, basically jumping lucidly from dream to dream. Here is a series I had on August 12, 2018 that involved gratitude on the entry:



I'm awake at 7:14 a.m.; I'm feeling tired, but more importantly my head feels heavy and congested. I drink some water, go to the bathroom, and do some deep breathing but it doesn't help. So I decide on another strategy that would involve the LDE request.

As I lay in bed, I imagine a friend I've met in a previous dream experience. I ask this friend to blend with me, to take this heavy energy from me and discard it, to help my clarity and focus. In my imagination I don't really see an image clearly but I try to feel the reality of this in my mind as much as I can. After a few minutes, I'm surprised at how clear my head is. To cap this off, I pour as much gratitude as I can muster to this friend who is standing before me in my imagination, thanking him for his help. A few moments later I'm amazed as I transition very quickly into a dream with no break in consciousness and with incredible clarity.

1. I'm a bit off guard as to how fast this occurred. I'm in a large movie studio and I notice a movie is being shot with Jeremy Renner. I don't have anything pre-planned so I decide to just follow the action. I follow the actor for awhile and then decide to show the director that I'm lucid by jumping up and floating. He smiles at me; he seems amused. I'm actually quite high in the rafters and continue doing some tricks, before going to an adjoining room where the camera is pointed.

2. I then move through the darkness until I feel a flow of water, like I'm in a shallow waterfall (near the edge). I splash water on myself as a healing gesture, and feel myself different, healed, changed.

3. I then transition onto a bus. It appears older, with antiques, like something out of the Orient Express. Again, with no plan, I decide to just explore my surroundings. On a lower deck of this bus are some parking spaces for cars, and there I notice one spot that I intuitively know would fit my vehicle.

4. I then shift and enter a bedroom, which I promptly exit. I'm in an older manor with people living next to the bedroom. They tell me something about going "beyond the gates" so I exit the home and find myself in a large gated compound with many unusual, unique, old style manors. I go up to the gated entrance and think about going beyond and, as I do, two people in unusual costumes walk up to me. I say to them, "I know this sounds unusual, but where am I and where exactly is this place?" A woman replies, "Natural Spartan Way in Rhodes." I'm trying to think about this location and think what she may have meant was Rhode Island.

Shortly after this, I awaken (physically) and consider this experience. Many of the symbols have meaning for me as to the transition I'm having in my own life. In addition, many images from some of the movies and videos I've been watching lately on YouTube and Netflix had also been woven metaphorically into the dream. I decide to try and enter the dream one more time, but this time with a plan of action. Unfortunately, I entered a vivid but non-lucid dream that capped off my experience.

5. I'm now at the director's home (from dream 1), standing on his deck. A large number of people are sitting at the entrance of a large circular patio door. I'm trying to tell them that I had a dream about this before. I have a pen with four buttons on top; it's a remote control that could close the patio door. I try and demonstrate this by pressing the button and closing the door but there are too many people sitting in the entrance. I then move on to a number of tables with food on them and fix myself a plate, but I feel strangely out of place and not sure if I feel welcome by the people there.

THEME for the DECEMBER 2018 issue: POTLUCK!

Send in your lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles on any topic!

Please send submissions by November 15, 2018 via our website:

www.luciddreammagazine.com

Lucid Dreaming Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience
www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

Robert Waggoner's Book Website
<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne - First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute
www.lucidity.com

International Association for the Study of Dreams
www.asdreams.org

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation
www.dreams.ca

Rebecca Turner. 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>

Melinda Powell, née Ziemer
www.luciddreamalchemy.com

Dream Research Institute, London
<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
www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia
www.lucidipedia.com

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver - IASD Presentation
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

Awe of Awareness
www.albertlauer.com

Michael Lamberti
www.lucidscheming.com