

Window in Time is not appropriate for young readers. Parental discretion is strongly advised.

CHAPTER TWO

Following Dreams and Synchronicity¹

*Life is an adjustment
A constant alteration of thought
For that perfect fit*

A few days after returning from my trip to Carmel, I walked into a local metaphysical bookstore with fierce determination to find an answer to the prevailing question “Why have I suddenly become psychic?”

Behind the counter stood a petite, young woman with long, wavy, chestnut hair.

“Can I help you?” she asked.

“Yes,” I began. “I’ve been having precognitive dreams lately and I want to find out why.”

She responded without hesitation, “Oh. That’s been happening to *me* since I was five!”

Relieved to find someone else with this strange malady, I introduced myself. “My name is Kerry.”

“Nice to meet you. My name is Gina.”

The moment we shook hands we instantly became long, lost friends. With sparkling certitude and clarity on the subject of metaphysics, she recommended a book titled Spiritual Path. While I was purchasing the book, we chatted and discovered that we lived only a few blocks from each other. To quench my thirst for more input on my burgeoning clairvoyance, I invited her to come to my place for tea the following week in order to continue our conversation.

Gina arrived at my doorstep promptly at 11AM to the sounds of my whistling teapot and a CD blaring Julie Cruise from the soundtrack of “Twin Peaks” (a popular TV series at the time). After listening to a few of the songs, and being bold enough to make up a silly dance routine to

¹ Synchronicity: “As its etymology shows, this term has something to do with time or, to be more accurate, with a kind of simultaneity. Instead of simultaneity we could also use the concept of a *meaningful coincidence* of two or more events, where something other than the probability of chance is involved.” Jung, Carl, *The Portable Jung*, © 1976 Penguin Books, pg. 505.

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one of them, we laughed and then settled down on the couch for a more serious deliberation: our common bond of precognition.

I learned that when Gina was five, a car struck her younger brother in the middle of the street, hurling him into the air. Fortunately, he survived. Gina, however, was not only haunted by the image she had of her brother lying broken and bloody on the pavement, she was also haunted by the image she had of the accident *just before it happened!* Recognition of her ability had been nearly as traumatizing. For the most part, Gina was able to push this precognitive ability aside until her teens when she decided to begin educating herself on mysticism.

“How long have you been psychic?” asked Gina.

“I don’t think that I had any awareness of being psychic when I was young. I was however, writing about truths and wisdom—as I saw them—ever since I was sixteen,” I answered, adding, “always the philosopher. Still, I’m beginning to think that my recent onslaught of synchronicity has everything to do with writing a book about a past life remembrance of mine.” I waited for the customary strange reaction I’d often received when I mentioned this to others, however Gina remained calm and curious.

“It took place about fifty years ago,” I started to explain, but stopped when I noticed that Gina was preoccupied with a strange look in her eyes, as if she was witnessing something unspeakable. “What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I’m seeing something!” she exclaimed.

“What? What do you mean?”

She backed up as far as she could into the soft cushion of the couch as if pressing to get away. “I see a man!” she blurted out, aghast. Gina’s right hand went to her throat and then brushed the top of her head, back and forth, as she explained, “He’s got no neck and the top of his head is missing. Like the top of his head is missing,” she repeated hurriedly. Her hand went back to her neck and again to the top of her head, swiping it with quick strokes as she was trying to understand what was in front of her. Suddenly, Gina’s eyes became intensely focused on the vision as she proclaimed out loud, “He’s evil! It’s almost like he’s not human, like he’s an alien or something, and has no heart!” Gina’s tiny hand covered her own heart, as she repeated, “Absolutely no heart.”

Gina looked at me for some sort of explanation.

I just sat there, paralyzed. I knew exactly who she was talking about, but was too shocked to say a word.

“Oh!” Gina gasped. “I’m seeing something else—there’s a woman. He, he’s doing something to her. He’s got something in his hand—like an instrument of some sort,” her hands

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flashed about, then she cringed and drew back as she slowly revealed, “He’s sticking it up her. It’s shiny and it’s electrified by something—Oh my God! He’s sticking this instrument up her—he’s trying to kill her!”

Tears flowed from Gina’s eyes. She was sobbing. She was pleading for an explanation for what she had witnessed. I stood up, trembling. “Just a minute,” I told her. “I’m going to get something. Be right back.”

I raced to my bedroom closet where I kept some of my drawings. Two years ago, I had done a pencil sketch of the man that I knew Gina was describing so vividly. I had to show her and I had to explain. Yet, at this point, words escaped me.

When I came back into the living room, Gina was nervously sipping tea, trying to calm herself. I sat down, told her to set aside her cup and gently handed Gina the drawing.

“Oh shit! That’s him! She cried out emphatically. What’s going on here?”

I rubbed my forehead trying to figure out where to begin. As I stared at the drawing, I realized for the first time that I drew him without a neck, hence, ‘no neck’ and that he had on a doctor’s tight, white cap, which makes it appear that the top of his head is missing. As for having no heart and being an alien...well, that’s a more accurate description of this man than his looks could ever reveal.

Pointing to the sketch, I said, “I call him Dr. Cox. Three days ago, I wrote a scene that no one has read. I often read my past life story to my daughter as I write each chapter, but I chose not to read this particular scene to her, or to anyone else for that matter. It was too horrible and too difficult even for me to face. I’m still not sure if I will put the scene in my book.” I paused then continued slowly, “Your vivid description *is* what I wrote. The only differences are that in my past life, I was only twelve when this happened, and that is not how I died. Though it didn’t kill me, this happened to me in my past life and this is also what I wrote. So, I wonder, is this really a woman that you see or could it be a young girl?”

“A woman,” she answered without hesitation, staring wide-eyed and shocked. “He killed her.”

I rested my forehead in the palm of my hand again, perusing my past life, trying to figure out whom the woman could be that Gina saw. Then, someone came to mind. “Do you think this woman was a nurse?” I asked.

“That’s it!” Gina verified. “She was a nurse.”

I shook my head, still not able to figure out how this was at all possible. Gina looked at me hoping for a better explanation. “Basically, my past life story is about Sarah. Her uncle wrongly institutionalized her in a state mental hospital with the intention of getting to her

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inheritance. The nurse you saw could have been Dr. Cox's girlfriend or someone he had had an affair with or even a nurse that knew too much. I just don't know. But, why you saw this, I can't answer.

By this time Gina's whole body was visibly shaking. She stood up, grabbed her purse and announced, "I have to go," and began walking to the front door.

I shot up after her suddenly realizing how shocking all this must have been. After all, I already knew about this. I had some time to adjust to what I recalled so vividly. "I'm so sorry, Gina. I didn't mean to upset you."

Gina put her hand on my arm, "It's not you, Kerry. It's just that I have this, this panic disorder. I just have to leave."

Her reaction seemed normal to me. "Are you sure you're going to be okay," I asked as she started heading out of the door.

"Yes, I just have to leave. I have to get out of here, that's all."

As I stood in the doorway, watching her walk across the front lawn, I wondered, "What in the world just happened?"

Two weeks went by before I got together with Gina again. I made a point not to talk about our first meeting or Dr. Cox. She invited me to see where she and her husband were living, which happened to be in one of a group of small, quaint cottages across from the McKinley Park Rose Garden.

When I walked into the small entrance something struck me as familiar, even though I had never been in one of these cottages before. Gina gave me a tour. She showed me the kitchen, the bedroom, and then we came back into the front room.

"It's tiny," she said.

"Yes, but it's so cute. It's like a fairytale house," I commented. Then I looked at a curtain, covered closet in the small front room. "I can't believe it!" I exclaimed.

"What?"

I walked over to the closet and pulled back the dark blue curtain. "This is the *same closet* and the *same cottage* that was in my precognitive dream! The dream that prompted me to go into your bookstore in search of answers!"

"That's weird," Gina said slowly.

"The only thing different is that in my dream the closet was in disarray."

Matter-of-factly, Gina responded, "Oh. My husband and I just cleaned it up yesterday. The truth is it *had been* all cluttered."

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I felt like I had a fever. Not hot, not sick, but that my mind had absolutely no place for this kind of coincidence! I couldn't say anything else. Sure we chatted, but about what I can't recall. I was simply flabbergasted.²

These experiences verified that I had found a different way for me to respond to life. Rather than using the brain's ability to reason rationally, I was able to make seemingly unrelated connections that somehow created a new living reality. Somehow it worked for me, bearing fruit of new awareness and directions. These non-logical connections or leaps of possible realities happened to create real connections or truth. This caused me to consider several questions: Where are all these synchronicities leading me? Are there pre-existing purposes that allow these irrational leaps to create a logical or desired outcome? At the same time that I was pondering these questions, I had an overwhelming desire to continue following my intuitive reasoning as if a great reward were awaiting me when I finally solved the mystery.

The philosopher, "F. H. Bradley, [has] argued that ordinary experience is fragmentary and contradictory and therefore appearance; reality, the Absolute, is a unified totality, which can be known only through a unique and absolute, perhaps mystical, experience."ⁱ

Some dreams are best left alone, whereas others beg to be revealed. On the morning of July 20th, 1990 I had the latter.

In the dream, I was standing by the ocean when a woman walked up. She handed me three leaflets, each a different color, and each was the size of a half sheet of paper. She appeared to belong to some sort of cult or psychic group and I didn't really want to talk to her, so I took the papers and went about my business.

Later in the dream I found myself in the back of a white van with the same young woman; I was her captive audience. She was very excited, jumped up and said, "Now, I can show you what we're all about!" With that she held up a piece of paper with three handwritten sections on it. The central one had the following words: 'I', 'create, create, create', 'false', and 'space-time continuum'. She explained that this center section was false, that creating wasn't a purely spiritual thing, that it was physical, and that inclusion of this aspect was the basis for the space-time continuum.

² It's so odd how we choose words. Just now, as I was revising this story for my web site, I decided to look up the word flabbergasted. In its etymology, I found aghast. In the etymology of aghast I found, *to terrify* < GHOST.

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I found myself quite intrigued by the dream when I awoke. I ruminated in particular about the papers that the woman held up for me in the back of the van. Still in bed with the dream floating above my head, I tried to recall all three sections. The second section that appeared was an aluminum bridge with the meaning of those words encased in it and the last section was a detailed picture of an old man. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the first section, but every time I tried to look at it directly, it vanished, paper and all!

Even though it was one of the hottest days of the year (about 110°), I convinced my mother to tag along with me to the metaphysical bookstore after our shopping trip. I was literally hoping that some book would jump off the shelf at me explaining my compelling dream! When I was ready to give up after searching the whole store, I went to where my mother was sitting, waiting patiently, and told her we could leave, that I had had no luck in discovering what I had come for. She was in the midst of rising when I saw something and told her to wait a second. She sighed and sat back down again. A small magazine had caught my eye. The magazine was called *Sunrise*, and subtitled, *The Theosophical Perspective*.

I had become interested in the Theosophical Society and Madam Blavatsky, its co-founder, from the book that a friend of mine had given me about reincarnation. One day I happened to open it to a passage I hadn't read and discovered a detail out of a dream from the night before! The passage was an excerpt from a book by Madame Blavatsky called, The Voice of the Silence.

Since I had been interested in learning more about Theosophy I decided to buy the three issues that they had on hand. Later that evening while looking through the June/July 1989 issue of *Sunrise*, I was amazed to discover that the first article was titled "Living Bridges." The next article was called "Three Awakening Sights: Old Age, Disease, and Death" and the third article was called the "Three Worlds of Man"ⁱⁱ.

I hadn't even read the articles when suddenly the dream's meaning became clear to me. The first leaflet represented the non-material spiritual universe, which is why it kept disappearing on me. The second section represented the bridge or link between the spiritual and the physical universe. As soon as one creates, time occurs. The last, the one with the old man, represented physical existence and death, which circles back to the first one, the spiritual.

As I proceeded to read, it seemed to me that synchronicity flourished. One article was talking about doing specific calisthenics in order to develop our spiritual muscles. I had written a whimsical spiritual aerobic exercise a year before this article was even printed! Another quote verified a theory of mine about reincarnation.

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I intimately learned, as I wrote about my past life, the insidious effects of molestation, mental abuse and shock treatment, horrors that I had never experienced in my present life. Yet, by facing these atrocities, one by one, I was able to unravel the mysteries of their entrapment. My theory was that I *chose* that particular past life to learn compassion first hand for those who suffer horrors of that kind. So now, in this life, I am able to help others in similar circumstances.

“...Ancient peoples often spoke of man as a bridge between heaven and earth, between the creative and destructive forces in his nature...”ⁱⁱⁱ “There would indeed be cause for despair had we only one lifetime to prove our self-worth. With the perspective of many lives in which to unfold the full spectrum of our divine power, the picture changes.”^{iv} “We can be certain that these special persons (trapped inside an unresponsive body), like the rest of us, are living bridges between heaven and earth, and that in some future life the “great and strong-possess’d soul,” now quiescent and whom we know as Oliver or Jane, will shine again, more loving and wise because of the love and wisdom they have shared in this life.”^v

Between August and September, 1990 many more seemingly unrelated synchronicities occurred. As I intuitively followed my instincts from dreams, I would be led to fascinating new places and experiences.

My mother and I had begun watching the TV show, “Twin Peaks” for the first time during its summer repeats. I found all the psychic connotations and references to the *unseen* quite remarkable. However, the second episode that aired in August really floored me.

The FBI agent, Dale Cooper (played by Kyle MacLachlan), the sheriff, the two deputies, and secretary were out in the middle of the woods setting up a table and wheeling in a chalkboard for agent Cooper. The staff neatly stacked the large table with donuts and the secretary offered them a refill on the “damn good coffee”. When they were done munching and slurping, Agent Cooper stood in front of the big chalkboard. The other officers sat on four chairs in a row ten feet away wondering what they were doing in the middle of the woods. On the chalkboard was written all names of suspects potentially involved in the death of Laura (who had cryptically referred to someone in her diary having the letter ‘J’). Agent Cooper pulled open his pointer stick. He then turned the board over in a swift movement and said, “By way of explaining what we’re about to do, I’m going to tell you all a little bit about the country called Tibet.” He looked at the big map of China that covered the board and pointed to Tibet.

The four characters seated on chairs all leaned forward, eager to learn more. Agent Cooper talked some about Tibet including, “...it is an extremely spiritual country...” He went on to say, “Following a dream I had three years ago, I have become deeply moved by the plight of

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the Tibetan people and filled with the desire to help them. I also awoke from the same dream realizing that I had subconsciously gained knowledge of a deductive technique involving mind-body coordination operating hand in hand with the deepest level of intuition.”

Because of my own connection to Tibet following my vision six months earlier, I was taken aback. My mother particularly thought it strange since she had closely followed my precognitive dreams and knew of my interest in Tibet in those prior months.

The following day, as I wondered if I was supposed to do anything with this synchronistic detail, a strange perception occurred. I suddenly felt as if I were, in fact, in the future. A thought popped into my head, “My life is going to be a movie.” I laughed at the thought because I knew that my life was not movie material! But the feeling was so potent it made me wonder what my life had in store for me.

By October of 1991, I was desperate to discover the reason behind the constant barrage of oddly meaningful coincidences and my precognitive dreams. Gina, my friend from the metaphysical bookstore, recommended a six-week class that was being held there. I signed up immediately.

The instructor, Lynn was informative, but I already knew pretty much everything she was talking about and then some. I thought about quitting the class, but holding out the hope of learning something new, I decided to continue the once-a-week program anyway. Finally, during the third class something remarkable happened, and I discovered more than the intended lesson.

Lynn asked us to close our eyes and put our hands, palms up on our knees or thighs, and just be aware of the energy. I paid careful attention and noticed the energy was literally round, and that it encompassed a little more than simply my body. She then asked us to put our palms together. Just when the palms of my hands touched I saw, with my mind’s eye, a loose, glowing, continuous yellow beam travel fluidly and directly away from the source: the tips of my fingers! I thought this was great, even though I hadn’t a clue as to what it was or what it meant.

The instructor explained that the prayer position is directional energy, which is why it is used. I thought it interesting that no one, not even the instructor, saw a yellow beam as I did, but most agreed it felt different than palms up resting on the knees. Later, during that class, she wanted us to do another exercise, hold another classmate’s hands and just admire that person without saying anything. We were to do this with each of the other students and Lynn would tell us when to let go and switch to someone else.

There were twelve women and one man taking the class. I was comfortable with the process, but I could tell others were quite uneasy. Again, something strange happened to me. For every person whose hands I held, images came to my mind. They seemed to be symbolic and

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were different and unique for each person. When I held the man's hands, I saw different colored boxes piled up on top of each other. With one woman I saw flowers, and with another, animals. After a while I was anxious to see what would appear next in my mind until I saw something that shocked me. An older woman had boxes piled high just as the man did. But one aspect was quite different; the top box had a knife sticking right in the center of it! I was anxious to let go of her hands.

The next woman was quite a relief. When I saw golden bubbles fizzing up like Champagne, I felt tickled and accidentally giggled. She wanted me to tell her why, but I quickly reminded her that we weren't supposed to talk. She insisted. I finally gave in and said that I saw effervescent bubbles, like beer, but not. More like Champaign, but not alcohol. She listened intently as if it was important. We then changed to a new partner.

When everyone completed the process, Lynn commented that some people might have found the experience difficult. She looked right at the man and said that sometimes we compartmentalize things and put them in boxes! "Boxes!" I thought. "That's what I saw!"

The next week, at the beginning of class, the woman with effervescent bubbles told me that she was grateful I told her about them, because she hadn't been feeling like herself. What I said to her helped her to get back in touch with who she really was, a bubbly, light-hearted person. In fact, I came to discover, once I got to know everyone that all of the images I saw actually pertained to each person. The woman with flowers owned a flower shop. The woman with animals operated an animal-sitting business. The woman who had the knife sticking in her top box admitted to the class that she has always been self-destructive, and had read many books on how to find inner peace. But the night before this class something in her self-concept shifted; she finally learned to love herself.

The lesson I learned and that I continue to learn is not to negate my own intuition. I initially wanted to quit the class because I didn't see a *logical* use for it. Fortunately, I didn't pay any attention to that message. But there have been other times I chose to ignore my intuition and wound up regretting the decision. I've since discovered that one may get an instinct to do something, an urge or a compelling feeling, and that the urge may have nothing logically to back it up. This is where intuition often breaks down because the reason for the urge is not apparent to the perceiver. I've found that the ultimate reason may not make itself immediately known, even for years. I've also come to realize that faith is particularly important in listening to one's intuition. Faith always manifests the truth.

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Two days after I learned about my two gifts, I was watching the noon news. I heard about a little girl from the nearby town of Fairfield who had been missing all night. I asked myself, “I wonder if I could find her like those psychics do?”

Stay tuned for my next chapter to find out what happened.

[E-mail](#) me with your comments on my story. Do you have any similar experiences you would like to share?

Dream on. Kerry

ⁱ *The Software Toolworks® Encyclopedia*, 'Idealism', Grolier Electronic Publishing, Inc., 1992

ⁱⁱ *Sunrise, Theosophic Perspectives*, Pasadena, CA, Theosophical University Press, June/July 1989

ⁱⁱⁱ *Ibid.*, p. 161

^{iv} *Ibid.*, p. 162

^v *Ibid.*, p. 163