EDWARD JONES
How My Death Revealed the Secret to Life
Edward Jones Life Story
How My Death Revealed the Secret of Life

An Autobiography

By
Edward Jones

ewjones@cox.net
www.anewconsciousness.org
www.selftransformatiion.org

© Copyright 1996, Edward Jones. All Rights reserved.
ewjones@cox.net http://anewconsciousness.org
Introduction

This is the story of a life of a common person and his struggle to remain alive in a world of violence and destruction. The intent of this book is to convey a message that is impossible to convey. If the reader can remove himself from the normal or ordinary way of looking at what life means to him or herself, there is a possibility for understanding to develop between us.

This story is all true as far as I know, given I am using my memory. It deals with a much disliked happening, death and near death. While some of the narrative may be shocking and difficult to read, it is nonetheless an important document about transformation and its effect on humans. This may be the most important story ever told as it has to do with creating a world not presently here, one that is new in every aspect which makes it indeed difficult to see, understand, or for that matter even read.

Author’s note:

Words have a life of their own, and most words have us trapped in already existing meanings. Through the meaning words have been given, and through our acceptance of them, they guide our lives. If we can catch these words as we use them, we will begin to see the manner in which they trap us.

The glossary at the end of the book contains many words which I see we have become trapped in. The meanings I give to these words may not be what we have been taught they mean. My intent is not to change the meaning of the word; it is to have you see the manner in which I use them. If you can get your mind wrapped around these words as I use them, perhaps a clear communication can develop between us.
Chapter I: The Beginning

My first of five encounters with death was my birth. I was born into a family that did not care to have me. I was neglected to the point of near death. I do not know for sure about the circumstances as they are a family secret. I just know I was taken to live with my grandparents for the next two years. I will reconstruct what happened from the place in my body where the memory of the experience was stored.

After my birth, it seems that I was not wanted and was left in a bassinet for so long that the bottom of it was rotten when our neighbor finally called the police. She had watched my mother leave each day with my older sister and be gone all day. The constant crying is what caused her to take an action. I was then taken to live with my grandparents for the next two years, and was cared for by my twelve year old niece whose job it was to keep medicine on my blisters and sores.

It seems that my real father, my uncle Newt, and my other father, Ben, were the best of friends as well as brothers. They shared everything it appears, including my mother. I was never told this nor do I have any physical proof, other that my own memory of it. This has been stored in my body for all of these fifty one years.

One thing that told me it is true is that throughout my early childhood when Uncle “Newt” was around me I melted. There was softness, a kindness; a love in him that I was attracted to. I visited with Aunt Dee and Uncle Newt for two weeks every year, and these were the best times of my early life, the times when I truly came to life. To this day when I look back and see him, I can see his eyes flash when he would look at me, and I can see a love that I could not see anywhere else. I indeed loved my father, Uncle Woodrow Wilson Jones, no matter whether he was my father or uncle, and it could be that this love is why I consider that he is my father. This then is my best guess as to the family secret.

Another experience that tells me this is true happened one day when I was about four. My father told me we were going to visit my grandparents and that it was to be my first visit with them. When we arrived at their house, I did not want to go in because I knew before going in what was inside. When I did go in, I went to every room, stopped outside the door, guessed what was behind it, and then went into the room. My guess was correct with every room. It was not until I was about twenty-eight years old that I was told by a relative that I had lived there for two years.

I remember one morning in the first grade when my father returned home unexpectedly and found me standing on a step stool doing as I always did during
the week, washing the morning dishes. I do not know what happened that day, but he told me to go on to school, and I was never asked to wash the dishes again. My older sister, later in our life, told me one of her earliest memories of our childhood was watching me from her school desk running as fast as I could across the school yard to get to the front door of our school before the janitor closed the front doors, all of which meant I was late again.

My second look at death happened in a house across the street. We were playing a game of hide and seek and to hide I climbed through a window covered by three pieces of wood, one on the inside and two on the outside of the window. My foot caught between them causing me to fall head first against a concrete wall.

It looked to me as though the wall was coming at me rather than me falling towards it. When I awoke I was bleeding and upside down. I could hear the others yelling "all in free all in free. Bud you have won, we cannot find you!" I said to myself "if this is what it takes to win I never want to win again". Bud was my nickname. I did not like the name Edward, as I had seen it on a cigar box, and someone said Edward was a king. I did not care to be a king, so I changed my name to Bud. Until I was forty years old, I was known as Bud Jones.

My third experience of closeness to death was the result of a fight with five boys in the next block. I was beaten and left on the ground for about two hours before I was found and taken to the hospital. I was given a 50/50 chance of living. For about five days I lived at the doorway to death with bronchitis while the doctors were treating me (and almost operated on me) for a kidney infection. It was just before they were to operate that another doctor diagnosed bronchitis rather than a kidney infection. With the assistance of penicillin I was cured. These first three experiences all happened by the age of nine.
Chapter 2: School, Marriage, and Jobs

The importance of these first three experiences is that I have a clear view of what death and near death look like, and can recognize either at a glance. I had already learned what this world I had entered was like and what to expect. I was abandoned at birth, which told me I was not loved. I had almost died while playing a game, which told me games were no fun. I had discovered what fighting was, and I did not care to fight. The above are the things that had a profound impact on my life, leading up to my death at the age of thirty six.

The greatest impact these experiences had on me was that I had a difficult time believing that many things in life were important. Money was not important to me; education was not important. There was no real reason for me to do things like studying for good grades. Out of one hundred people in my high school, sixty six of them were ahead of me in grade average.

An experience of something like near death was the death of prejudice. This happened in the fourth grade. We had just moved to this new school in a new town in Ohio, and it was integrated (my first three years of school had been in a segregated school). We were all playing in the playground when the teacher called the end of recess. I yelled at the top of my lungs, "Last one in is a nigger baby". Well, Leonard and Philip Morris caught me about one half way up the hill and suddenly I became a "nigger baby." This experience cleared from me all prejudice and I have been "color blind" ever since.

When I was in the seventh grade my parents received a call from the school saying that I was failing, and that my grade average was sixty nine. I needed a grade average of seventy in order to go on to high school. It was decided that I would need to go to summer school, and my mother decided to take control of my education. It went something like this: "What is two and two?" I said, “Three.” BAM! Down came the ruler on my head. Oops, that must be wrong. "What is two and two?" "Five." BAM, again the ruler, oops must be wrong. "What is two and two?" "Four?" and I ducked. No, bam hmm must be right. This indeed taught me how my mother got through school.

The way I got through high school was a visual one, meaning if I could visualize it I would learn it. If I had to memorize it, I would not learn it. My school books were in as good shape at the end of the year as at the beginning of the year as I did not study them. This way of learning earned for me a sixty percent as a freshman, a seventy as a sophomore, a seventy-five as a junior and an eighty in my final year. After high school I met Nance. After six months of dating we broke up and she began dating my friend Jack. After a few months we began seeing each other again, and she told me she was pregnant, so we got married. When a friend
asked if I loved her my reply was, "No, but I can live with anyone, at least until the child graduates".

My first year of marriage consisted of eight different jobs, all of which I was fired from or quit just in time. Over the next four years I lost or quit five more jobs. Never was I unemployed for more than a day or two, and yet each new job I took I knew would not last long.

The biggest problem I had with work was the amount of boring repetition needed to keep a job. I would start a new job and in one or two weeks lose all interest in it. Most of the jobs were sales jobs in the restaurant supply area where I was responsible for my time, so most of that time was spent at the pool table or in some bar drinking beer.

This drinking went on for our entire fifteen years of marriage, and the job losses continued until 1966. I had lost so many sales jobs in restaurant food and supplies that I knew I needed to change my occupation so I took a job managing a restaurant on the Ohio State University campus. It was a steak house that seated 80 people. My hours were Sunday thru Friday 8:30 AM till 9:30 PM. My day off was Saturday from 8:30 AM till 4: PM, and I then came back and worked until 9:30. These hours continued for about 2 years, and the drinking was still happening I just waited till I got off work to do it.

At the end of the two years I decided to buy the restaurant. After being turned down for a loan of $70,000.00, I found two partners to join with me in the venture.
Chapter 3: The Death of a Business

The first year was successful and we bought another restaurant across town. Still, I knew very little about running one place much less two, and in a short time we were in debt. There was a lawyer and a veterinarian in the business with me, and when we saw what was happening we quickly sold the second restaurant at a loss of $40,000.00. My partners and I then agreed for me to assume the dept and my keeping the steakhouse to pay it off.

By the year 1976 I had opened two other businesses in the same building as the steakhouse hoping to offset the debt, but it was all in vain. I was advised at the age of thirty three to file corporate bankruptcy. Upon filing, I found out that they could come through the corporation and take my personal belongings as well, so I ended up filing personal bankruptcy even though we were current on all our personal debt. When all was said and done we lost everything but our furniture and had to pay $700.00 to get our six year old car back.

The $700.00 payment to get the car back went to pay the final bill to the attorney who was handling the case. This was the attorney who suggested the bankruptcy in the first place and the one (along with four others) who handled the corporate bankruptcy, the personal bankruptcy, and later the claim against my father who had co-signed two notes.

I had asked the lawyer on five different occasions previously if the court could come through the corporation to us personally, or to my father. His answer each time was, "In no way can they or will they be able to do anything to you or your father." I learned all I needed to know about lawyers from this experience! My father and I have repaid over $60,000.00 on the original amount of $35,000.00, and yet twenty four years later we still owe about $40,000.00 due to the interest. I will pay it all off soon.

The importance of these happenings is that bankruptcy, job loss, and business failure are all a form of death, and each of them, if we take responsibility for the failure (not have excuses) can teach us a major lesson. In each case I told Nance and my friends that it was my mistakes that caused the failures.

Three years and two jobs later I went into another partnership. He and I purchased a Kentucky Fried Chicken Franchise which was losing $36,000.00 a year. The first year we lost $10,000.00 and I bought my partner out. This time I
successfully ran the business until selling it two years later in order to buy two Kentucky Fried Chicken Restaurants in another town.

During this two year period, my wife went to the Kentucky Fried Chicken School in order to assist me in the operation of our business. There she met a fellow from the Cayman Islands who invited her to visit him and his wife and their new-born son. It had always been her dream to go to a tropical island, so I agreed. She went there for two weeks and fell in love with the fellow’s brother and came home to tell me about it.

Even though during my fifteen years of marriage I wanted this to happen, it came as a real shock. I had been abandoned again! I still had my own promise to myself to stay married until our son graduated from high school. Nance and I then made an agreement to see if in six months we could put the marriage back together. I stopped drinking, came home after work and spent time with her, but all of this was too little and too late. She finally made the decision to get a divorce, marry Jim, and move to the Cayman Islands.
Chapter 4: The Transformation

During these six months I realized I was going to lose my son and wife on the same day. I came home, and in tears told Troy that I had failed him as a father and as a friend. From that day on Troy and I have been partners in our life, and he stayed with me after the divorce.

This experience also showed me that I had failed as a son to my parents, and I visited with them to tell them of my failure as a son. Although they said they did not agree with me, it was the same release I experienced when I told my son I had failed him and the same release when I told my wife I had failed her as a husband.

The release was the release of speaking the truth. Speaking the truth freed me each time, and I could see clearly the truth of what marriage, fatherhood, and friendship really are. They are all a context that exists when we get there, and it is for us to figure out how best to play our role. There is no realness in them; there is only an already accepted set of circumstances, and it is our job to see how well we can do. I failed at them all. What I learned from this is that they cannot be defined, as each definition will in some way be different. They are not real; therefore, no one can succeed at them. They can only be various levels of failure, or if you prefer, success.

Another release I discovered had to do with the pain associated with being abandoned. That was the pain I experienced when Nance left. I had lost a mother more than a wife. I discovered that the way to release the pain was by intensifying the pain. The more the pain subsided the harder I worked to bring it back up. I went so far with it that suddenly I was experiencing the pain of being abandoned at my birth, and in a moment all the pain was released.

During this same six month period I experienced a number of times a short, still picture in my mind. It was a few seconds of peace and harmony, and it was something I had not seen before — a different world — a world of peace. The last time I saw it (before I became it) was on the way back from the airport where I had taken Nance to catch the plane to her new husband-to-be.

When I returned home, I first sent Troy to his friends house about five doors away, and told him, "Do not come back into the house until I come to get you." I had experienced this facing of death many times by then and knew what was coming. This time I was ready. I laid down on my bed and began to scream at the top of my lungs. This lasted for about ten minutes, and I became silent. I then mentally went to the place of anger and pulled it up at the roots. Next, I went to the place of hate and pulled hate out at the roots. Next was violence, and I went
right to the very birth place of violence, and with all of my strength, I pulled violence out. I then went to the place of love and pulled until it came out. I learned in that instant that the love that I thought was love was not love it was a thought-invented image of love! At that point "all hell broke loose."

This began an action which had 100% positive energy (the act of telling the truth) and 100% negative energy (being a complete failure). When that complete negative energy came together with the complete positive energy, an electrical charge went through my mind and body. My body was convulsing, shaking violently all over. It was like getting hit by lightning except the lightning stayed inside of me. I do not know how long the current of electricity stayed in my body that day, but I do know that this was an experience like nothing I had ever known or heard of before. It was a complete death of a consciousness and person. At the end of those four hours Edward Jones was indeed dead and was born anew.

What told me it was true were the previous near death experiences. I already knew what death looked like. This looked much the same with one huge difference. This time I went all of the way through and came out on the other side. I was a new human, needing to learn all of life from a new place, a place where I still live, dead to the world yet alive from the place of death. From this place, creation, it is possible to create a new world, a world void of violence and the thought processes that had invented it.

When that four hour death/birth was over and as I reached for the door to leave the room, there came a message/impression/voice which said, "You now know the secret of life". Yes, I do know the secret of life. The first part of the secret is that it is impossible to speak it and have it completely understood, as it is not understandable using any current language. Instead one must be life in order to see the truth of life.

This experience was fourteen and one half years ago, and I have spent over $25,000.00 going to leading edge seminars and workshops to see if someone could explain this happening, and so far there has been no answer — except for my own answer. I have heard a lot of talk about the other side, and there is another side, and this human lives in it.

The strange thing about all of this is I still could see all of my past life, and know all of the events that happened in it. It is like being all of an old life, consciousness, and yet being a new life, a new consciousness. Another way of saying this is: A new consciousness was born, and it includes all of the old consciousness, and the old consciousness does not include, or even know of, the new one.
Chapter 5: Learning from the New Place

There were many things missing in my new life, and one of the places I could see something missing was in my walk. For thirty six years, I walked with a certain willed stiffness in my body that seemed to say, "don't come close or else", and this was missing. In its place was a certain softness, or femininity. I would ask friends if I appeared gay, and their response was, "no," and yet the difference was so great that I began to question it myself.

Another place of newness was when I talked with people. I could hear the truth when they spoke it and could hear when they were lying. Some became angry at me when I would tell them they were lying, and I lost a few "friends" as a result of it. To this day I am still looking to find ways to speak with other people and get around their egos.

A physical difference was that Nance was gone and the house soon showed signs of it. I decided to bring it back to the level of cleanliness where Nance had kept it. This was an all day job, and when I got to the bathroom and cleaned around the toilet, I smelled an odor that I knew where it was coming from. It was from the male standing, urinating, and missing as we often do. I decided to always sit down when I urinate, and to this day that is what I do.

I was soon to begin experiencing what I call the residue, meaning the things left in my body after the experience of Transformation. It seems that the mind is not the only place memory is stored. I could see that the residue of grief is stored in the colon; and anger, jealousy and fear are stored in the stomach.

Since that day November 19, 1979, and as I write these words, I have been living what could be called an “in the body life,” a life of living each second and watching every movement and emotion as they happen. It has been, and still is a minute study of what it means to be a human on this planet. I have lived, and experienced while watching, all the grief, pain, anger, jealousy, manipulation, and misery that was inside my body.

In 1980, just after my transformation, I sold the franchise in Perrysburg and bought two Kentucky Fried Chicken Restaurants in Lima, Ohio. Troy and I moved to Lima where Troy went to school. I started running the restaurants, which were in bad shape and needed a lot of cleaning. They also had a much worse reputation than I thought, but it was too late to turn back. It was at that time in February of 1980 that I met the person who would assist me in clearing any residue of jealousy, and by residue I mean what is left after the root has been pulled up, violence being the root.
This girl was twenty three, and I was thirty six. She was dating another person at the same time and did not know that I knew. I began to do some strange things. I would drive past her house at all times of the day, go past where she worked, and call her with no real reason but to see if she was there. It was something to watch as I watched what I was doing.

I realized it was an opportunity to completely clear jealousy from my body. I brought forth jealousy in every form I could. If the jealousy started to lessen, I would envision her doing all sorts of things with all sorts of fellows. We stopped seeing each other before I could complete the clearing of jealousy, but I did get to the root of jealousy and discovered that the root of jealousy is grief.
Chapter 6: The Way of our World

In the second year of operating the restaurants, I needed a public relations event in order to erase the bad reputation that the Kentucky Fried Chicken Restaurant had in Lima. I went to a meeting of the Greater Lima Downtown Businessmen Association and there heard that Square Fair (an arts and crafts event) would be canceled that year because they only had $3,000.00 to fund it and had no chair-person.

I had been the president of the Fort Miegs Plaza Business Association for two years and chairman of the Harrison Rally Days event, so I had a background in such things. I volunteered to chair the event and told them we needed no money to put it on, and that we would forward fund the Arts Council for ten years from the profits. No one believed me.

We put on a show of large proportions. Willy Nelson gave a free concert, and we sold 350 kegs of beer (a record for that company). We had arts and crafts and altogether grossed $90,000.00 with a net of $35,000.00. This was enough to forward fund the event for at least ten years. However, I found out later that the council was $35,000.00 in debt, so all that it did was clear them of past problems. They also did not want it known that a profit was made as they had a number of grants from the government that they did not want to lose. Furthermore, they feared that the private sector might not contribute as much money if they knew, plus it would then be expected to be profitable each year.

Just after this I heard of a workshop being done called EST. I read a statement by the founder of this organization saying, "If this workshop is not real it will not last." When I read this I knew I had to experience it. It cost three hundred and fifty dollars to attend and lasted sixty hours. I learned a great deal from this workshop, including that it was a new religion and would someday be rather large.

A second workshop I attended was put on by the same organization. It was called "The six day." It was a workshop to show other people how to be organized with their lives. I, along with a number of other people, volunteered to work six days at this workshop so others could attend it at a reduced cost. We were asked to give one hundred percent to this event, and I did. When we arrived at the location somewhere in the mountains of New York, I was put in charge of the kitchen. Since I owned three restaurants, it was reasoned I could handle it. I accepted, saying it would be an opportunity for me to learn more about restaurants.
The first day of this six day event I went to the kitchen area to see what was needed. I noticed that there were little signs on the shelves. The first one read “1/4 pans,” and in the space provided there were 1/2 pans. The next sign read “1/2 pans,” and there were pots in the space provided. There were spoons in the space marked knives and knives in the space marked spoons. As I looked, I noticed that the entire kitchen area was like this.

When I was given the list of foods that were to be prepared for breakfast, I could not make out what some of the words were. They had been reproduced on a copy machine so many times that the words were unintelligible. I guessed that the office of this organization must look much the same as the kitchen.

I asked the supervisor working for the six day organization why things were in such a state of confusion when the whole idea of the six day was to teach other people how to be organized. His reply was, "Well Edward, every week three hundred people come here to learn about their own confusion, and we just do not have time to get everything done."

I asked him, "If you cannot keep your part organized how you can show others what to do to be organized?" His answer was, "that is the responsibility of the director of this event."

I then asked to speak to the director, and the request was denied. They told me he was too busy with the workshop to talk with one of the volunteers. This told me all I needed to know about the organization I had volunteered to help. I went to the office of this event, sat down and said, "I will not leave here until I speak with the person responsible for this event." The other volunteers seemed to think I was crazy, and the entire workshop came to a halt, given they thought I needed help.

I waited for two days to talk with the director of this event, and during this two day period the supervisor of the kitchen area came to me asking, "I have been having trouble with my relationship with my wife, and it appears to me that you may know what I need to do."

It was in answering this question that I learned what to do in order to have a relationship with another. My reply was, "First you need to see what her priorities are; then check to see if they are correct. If they appear to be correct, then join her life in every instance. Make her life your life, no matter what her life looks like to you. If you can be perfect for yourself, you then will be perfect for her, or for any other person.” This was the place where I created the context which I call "perfect." "Perfect" being giving one hundred percent to all that I do; then look to see the results and fix the mistakes.
After two days the director seemed to see that I was serious and came to see me. We sat down and he said, "Now, Edward, what is your problem? You have disrupted this entire workshop with your antics". I told him of the problems in the kitchen area, and that at each meeting the volunteers had with his supervisors the supervisors were late and had all sorts of lame excuses as to why they were late. I told him that his organization was as confused as the rest of the world, and yet they were charging other people money to teach them about being organized. He asked me to un-volunteer and go home, which I did.

I went to another workshop in the mid 80's put on by a group called the “Breakthrough Foundation.” This was, in terms of information, the most worthwhile of them all. To this day I use, with permission, some of the information they provided, in my own workshop. To them I say," Thank you."

During this time, about 1984, I went to another workshop in California called The E-2000. It was a nine day workshop for entrepreneurs. At this workshop we were asked to fill out a form about ourselves and our lives. I filled out the form and turned it in, and the next day the form was given back to us to read. I could not read nor understand anything I had written. It was there that I discovered that I was illiterate.
Chapter 7: Losing it All

My reading and writing skills were at about the fourth grade level. At this workshop, I also took back my real name, Edward, and admitted to others that I was from West Virginia. I had always heard people making fun of folks from West Virginia, so I kept it a secret. The release was one of being who I really was, Edward Warren Jones, born in Wheeling, West Virginia, and I was no longer keeping it a secret.

After that I bought a kindergarten-through-third-grade teachers book, then a third-grade-through-high school teacher’s book and put myself back through school. It must have seemed strange to see this older looking fellow, who owned three restaurants, coloring in a kindergarten book and having trouble staying between the lines.

What I learned besides reading and writing was that our schools are morally bankrupt, meaning that they only teach us things that have to do with making money. They teach us to be robots.

Back in Ohio, I had met and moved in with a person closer to my age who also had a child, and together we raised our sons for five years. She was to me then as close to a real woman as I had ever met. After about six months she said "things are going so great I know something will go wrong," and she was correct.

It was during this time that the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation began putting pressure on me to build a new KFC restaurant. They were in an improvement mode all over the country and wanted all of the old image KFC's closed. They showed me the profits that some other franchisees were experiencing. I had only owned these two restaurants for two years and had no cash reserves built up. The volume in them was steadily growing, but the profits were small.

The person I was living with (I will call her Becky) had some net worth and no debt. After she inspected the books, she agreed to buy twenty five percent of the corporation. This, along with my paper net worth, about $1,250,000.00, was enough to secure a $650,000.00 loan to build the new restaurant.

When the new location was ready to open, we closed the old location which had been doing about $280,000.00 per year, double the amount the prior owner had done. The grand opening was planned with TV ads, a clown, the mayor and
other dignitaries, and a congressman. KFC Corporation's people advised me to be ready, and that a fair opening figure in terms of dollars was $5,000.00 for three days, and a good one would be $3,000.00 per day. Well, I knew we were in trouble from the start when we did $1,250.00 the first day and about $800.00 the next two days.

The restaurant ended its first year doing $280,000.00, the same amount that the old one had done the year before. The new restaurant carried with it a $7,000.00 rent figure per month, while the old one cost $600.00 per month. We lost about $200,000.00 the first year. The KFC people had told me to expect $611,000.00 per year in sales, based on a survey which they had done, and they had charged us for.

The only thing I could see to do was to build another new KFC near Interstate 75. My assessment was if I could generate enough volume, combined with the approximately $50,000.00 we were making from our downtown location, we could pay the expenses for the first new restaurant. The second new location opened much better but still did not produce the volume which we needed.

It wasn't long before the amount of debt was too great to continue so we filed for Chapter 11. This, we reasoned, would give us the time we needed. The judge in the case was supplied with a P & L each month, and he soon ordered the first location closed, saying that the other two restaurants were profitable and this would eliminate the expense of keeping it open.

During this time we had gotten behind on royalty payments to the KFC Corporation, and they gave us six month to pay the $50,000.00 owed. We had a meeting with all of the managers and assistant managers and told them about it. In the next six months we earned $35,000.00, and on the day the payment was due. I talked with the Vice President of KFC and told him we could pay $35,000.00 now and the balance over the next fifteen months. I sent our profit and loss statement to him showing that we were indeed in the black and would be able to pay the installments each month. The Pepsi Cola Company had just purchased the KFC Corporation, and the new officers declined our offer. They gave us two weeks to remove the KFC signs.

We then decided to use the $35,000.00 to start a new chicken chain. We had many meetings to find a new name, and out of one hundred names "Cluckers" was the winner, picked by vote of all the managers and assistants. While I did not care for the name, it did come close to the assessment I had of Pepsi Cola and Kentucky Fried Chicken. We lasted for almost a year, but the old debt was too great a load for this new company to pay, and we had to close.
Chapter 8: Removing the Residue

About a year after Becky and I broke up, I stopped by to see her. Her son said, she was not home and had gone with a man named David. I was shocked. According to what I was told, she had just met him and she was staying in a hotel with him on her second date. What caused the shock was that she was to me a person of high morals and integrity, the most "real" woman I had ever known. In that instant, I discovered that we are all whores, we go from person to person screwing, and that is why herpes, aids, and all the other diseases were happening. In that moment Becky died in me, and so did the entire concept I had of the word "woman." I saw that "woman" was a figment, could not be defined, and therefore not real. Yet every female was trying to be a woman.

With the perceived death of Becky, the grief began. When the grief began I used the same process I used in the past to clear myself. I created grief, and then brought up as much as I could of it. When I got to the place where jealousy and manipulation were connected, jealousy cleared. When I came to the place manipulation and grief were connected, manipulation cleared, and I was at the level of grief. If the grief began to lessen, I would go deeper. I did some of the craziest things you could imagine.

I accused Becky of doing all sorts of things—told everyone who would listen, and some who would not— that I, she, and the whole world were whores, except that a paid-for whore was better than we were because at least she admits what she is doing. This experience lasted for six months non-stop.

My next near-death experience followed the closing of the restaurants. During that same six month period of time, I lay down on the bed with the full intent to die, (not a suicide, just a natural death). My body felt as though it weighed a ton. I thought they would find me in the basement because my body would surely crash through the floor. This is when I experienced grief for every human death that had ever occurred, and grief was cleared.

This was an interesting near-death experienced, given I had in a sense willed it to happen, and it did. It seemed to me that the world, in swirls, was leaving me instead of me leaving the world. It did, however, after an unknown amount of time, come back. The other interesting thing about that experience was the sensation of fusion. It seemed that my mind and body had fused together, as if somehow they had never been connected before.

During this same period of time, about the end of 1986, I went through a four or five week experience that is difficult to describe. I will do what I can to tell about it. It seems to me that I went through a maze. It was a mental journey
through my mind, and there seemed to be many spirits along the way, each of them offering to help me. They each seemed to say that they had the answer, but I declined the information, saying I must see for myself. The last offer of a spirit was the hardest to decline, and when I walked away it seemed to say, "I did not know there was farther to go." The best I can do to explain this experience is that it seemed to be a trip through my conditioning. As a child I was taught about Jesus and sent to catechism, and there I was asked to memorize the twelve apostles and their lives. It was the only thing I had ever memorized in my life. This experience seemed to be a moving back through the impression that memorizing causes and erasing it.

One thing I learned from this experience was that religion was indeed a drug; maybe the biggest drug on the planet given it does not look like one to most humans. Another thing I learned was if there was a Jesus, and he were to come back now, his words would be something like, “Well, this world is two-thousand years more lost now than what it was when I was crucified. To make matters worse, they have made an image of me, and are now worshiping the image. My life was certainly a failure.”
Chapter 9: A Woman Scorned

At the end of this mental journey, Becky, who watched me during this time, became concerned about my mental way of being and convinced a judge that I may be a danger to myself.

I had been doing some experiments, and one of them was to see how long I could live on just beer and water. It lasted eighteen days and consisted of a beer in the morning, lots of water, and a beer late in the afternoon and lots more water. Also, I only slept about one hour a night. At night I was seeing if I could live in complete darkness. I put some extra covering on the windows to stop what little light was coming in, and I moved around in the dark. I had met a blind person at one of the workshops I went to, and was impressed with how well he got around. I needed to see what it was like and if I could do it. I was surprised at how soon a sense of the presence of objects around me developed. I could move around quite well.

I stopped because Becky and one of my brothers visited me saying they were concerned about what I was doing. I told them I had not eaten for eighteen days, to see if people could live on just beer and water. They said that they were going next-door (I lived next to one of my KFC restaurants) to get some food for me. They were gone for about an hour, so I asked them when they returned what happened for them to be gone so long. The answer they gave me was that they had eaten while they were there. When I asked them why, if they thought I was hungry after eighteen days of no food, they did not bring the food right away. They said they had some things to discuss. It was not long before I discovered what actions were discussed.

Sometime before, I had enrolled in the Ohio State University, Lima Branch, to get a degree in Psychology. I had started doing some workshops about self transformation with some interested folks, and I considered that a degree might be of benefit. I had just received the results of my first test. It was a 95, and I was surprised.

The next day, while ironing sheets and other clothing, two policemen knocked on the door, showed me a warrant, and asked me to go to the hospital with them. I knew the Mayor of the town, as I had been the president of the Downtown Businessmen Association, and I asked if I could make a call. Their response was yes, but when I started toward the phone one officer yelled at the other, "He is trying to escape," and they both grabbed me and twisted my arms in such a way that I knew that any movement on my part would break my arms.

They put handcuffs on me and took me to the hospital. It was an interesting experience to walk into the mental ward of a hospital wearing handcuffs and watch the doctors and nurses approach me to see how they could help this poor fellow who was in need of help. They did not even look to see if assistance was needed, because I was brought in with handcuffs on.
Chapter 10: The Mental Ward

In the hospital, they quickly decided that I needed drugs, not knowing that I did not use drugs (except beer), so I was given two pills to take. They watched carefully to make sure that I took them. I put one in between my teeth and gums and swallowed the other. A short time later my jaw became frozen and I was in a great deal of pain. After a lot of gesturing they finally saw what the problem was and gave me a shot of some kind and my jaw released.

I saw some of the most amazing things over the next forty three days. The main thing I learned from the start was that the people taking care of the people in that place were just as lost and confused as the ones they had locked up.

The doctor (psychiatrist) was an oriental person, very sad looking (meaning he did not smile), and after five minutes with me said, "Edward, you are not crazy, you just have a chemical deficiency." I thought, "Well a definition of crazy was a person with some kind of mental deficiency, which causes him to do strange things."

It seemed to me that this doctor was confused. He had just told me I was not crazy, crazy. He had done no testing, no blood test, urine test, nothing; and yet in just five minutes he had checked all of the chemicals in my brain and found one missing. He told me on his next visit that I was too euphoric, and he was going to cure it with drugs. I knew I either had to go along with him or be in there for a long time.

I made the decision to take all that they had to give and if they could cure my euphoria (what I call ecstasy) then my euphoria was not real. After about forty days, a person in there I had been speaking with said, "Do you want to get out of here?" "YES" I said.

He explained, “I have been in and out of here eight times, and I know what to do.” He went on to say that he had been watching me, and each day I made the nurses looks for me when it was time for the drugs. He said all I had to do was to ask for the pills before it was time to take them. Well, I knew he had gotten out of there eight times and was working on his ninth, so at least I knew that he knew how to get out.

I went the next day one hour early and asked for the drugs. The surprise on the nurse’s face was enough to know that John was right. I watched as she made notes to the doctor about this amazing happening. Within three days, the doctor said, "Edward, you are all right now. If you will take this drug for the rest of your life, and visit a psychologist once a month, I will release you".
Well, I knew all along that if I wanted to get out of that place, all I needed was a lawyer, but I also knew that if this doctor did not give me a clean bill of health, that I could be returned to the place over and over. His release was important, so I agreed to his terms and went home.

I was under this psychiatrist’s care for forty three days, and he knew nothing about my past experiences, as he only visited with me about three times a week for about five minutes at a time. His theory was that drugs will heal his patients. I spent a great deal of time while in there figuring out how much this psychiatrist made in a given year. I stopped figuring when the amount reached over one million dollars.

I learned from this experience that doctors do not make their money by keeping us healthy, that a hospital is a good place to stay out of, that I did not need a degree from a university, and that the police can do anything they want to and get away with it.

My first appointment with the psychologist went something like this: psychologist: "How long have you been out?" I said one month. He said, "Are you ok?" I said, "Yes." He said, “Well, I used to be in my own private practice, but my wife and I got a divorce, and the damn bitch took all my money, and I lost my practice, so I came here and took this damn job with the state, but it is only until I get my own practice started again." After that, I counseled him as best I could.
Chapter 11: Joining with Another

It was after my release from the hospital that I met Sharon. I had failed at all of my relationships with females up until then, and I was not going to fail at this one. I used all I had learned about relationships to start this one. I had learned that if I did not join completely in their life that I could not expect them to join in mine. In order to join Sharon's life I watched to discover all of her likes and dislikes and made a mental list of her priorities. Sharon's priorities were a place to live, food, cigarettes, beer, and regular sex. She, I considered, was perfect for me.

I had completed a process of clearing myself, and my mind and body were crystal clear, meaning I could see completely through myself. This gave me the ability to see through every other person I met.

I had been working in the lawn and garden department of a K-Mart and they were about to close it for the summer. I was offered a job in another department which paid six dollars an hour, and after talking it over with Sharon, decided to go out on my own and make money however I could. I worked about fifteen hours a day mowing lawns, trimming hedges, painting, and cleaning houses after people moved out. I bought old furniture, stripped it and refinshed it and then resold the furniture for a small profit.

I also was making outside love seats and flower tables (a table with a flower box in the middle of it) from pallets. It took about ten pallets to make one love seat, and I made and sold about fifteen of them. Between the love seats and the tables, I have torn apart over two hundred pallets, and reused the twist nails when making the new furniture. I had discovered how well they held by virtue of how hard the pallets were to take apart.

It was at this time I asked Sharon if she would watch me closely for the next few days because I was going to stop taking the drug. She agreed and we visited the psychologist and told him I would not be back and that I was going to stop taking the drug. I stopped taking the drug lithium, and neither Sharon nor I saw any difference.

I could see that there would not be much of a possibility to continue my workshop in Lima because of having been in a mental ward. I would be considered crazy. I had also been fired as the President of the Down Town Business Association — a disgrace for me some one later told me. I, however, had considered it a complement.
We moved from Lima, Ohio, the same year to High Point, NC, where we now live. From 1989, when we arrived here, until today, June 7th, 1994, I have had seven jobs, and was only fired from one (not bad!).

We first got jobs working as production workers in a furniture frame manufacturing plant and worked there for one year. I had learned to run the cutoff saw, the rip-saw, the planer, and the glue-up machine. Sharon had learned to tail for me at each machine (tail means to catch the wood at the tail end of the machine). The owner had offered to make me a supervisor. During this year we both were given three raises though we had asked for none. We were making about twenty dollars an hour between the two of us.

We decided that I needed to learn this business from the ground up, and then we would create our own furniture manufacturing plant. I had heard of a fellow who had his own small plant making frames. The difference between the place we were working and his place was that his company was small and all of the workers needed to learn each phase of manufacturing. At the place we were working each worker only did one part. It would have taken years to learn here what I could learn in months with him. He agreed to hire and teach me about frame manufacturing. After too little an amount of learning we decided to go into the business of frame manufacturing with two other people who had been doing this work all of their lives, and we considered them experts.

During this same time I got up one Saturday morning and there was a glass of liquid on the kitchen counter, and Sharon was lying on the sofa in a great deal of pain. I asked her what was wrong and she said she had a kidney infection and that it was bad. She said to bring the urine sample and take her to the hospital please. I could see she was indeed hurting and guessed it was a good time to tell her that we did not need doctors, and that we could heal any illness or disease ourselves. She did not see the possibility, so I asked her what would be the normal manner of healing this problem. Her reply was that the doctor would prescribe penicillin, and that it would take about two weeks to heal. Her pain was so great I guessed she was ready to listen, so I said, "Sharon if you listen and go through something with me, we will heal you in less than one half-hour". The prospect of that possibility attracted her and she had seen me cure what appeared to us to be a heart attack, so she agreed. It took about twenty minutes and one hour later we were having breakfast in a nearby restaurant, and Sharon was smiling again. I had been curing myself for a long time by then, and this was the first time Sharon had done it.
Chapter 12: Learning about Greed

It was not long before our three thousand dollar investment in our new business was in trouble, and this is when what I later told them that it was time that my Rambo act began. I went into what can only be described as intense action, and Sharon, although mostly in a daze, stayed right with me. We worked from six in the morning until one thirty at night. We cut off the wood, ripped it into strips, glued it up and planed it. We then divided it into its proper stacks and turned it over to our partners for final assembly. We then started the process all over for the next order.

When we got home, usually about two A.M., I would wait till Sharon was asleep and drive the thirty mile trip back to the plant we had rented, where I would clean the rest rooms and sweep the floors in preparation for the next day. Then I would go home for some sleep. We would be back in and working by six the next morning.

Our partners were more inclined to get there late, around ten or ten thirty, and needed to leave at three to pick up their children. They would not return until the next morning. This lasted about three weeks, and we still had no furniture made. The two partners discovered that they could not manufacture furniture and told us they quit. At the same time the owner of the building needed to get back to manufacturing, so he loaded all the cut parts of one hundred chairs into our van and asked us to leave.

We took them to a few other places to see if someone would assist us in the completion of the chairs. One owner of a chair making place said to leave them there and he would give us a price to complete them. I had not slept for two weeks at this time. I had been staying up all night talking with Sharon, even though she was asleep. I knew somehow she could hear me.

When we returned home after dropping the chairs off I said to Sharon, "It is time for you to see your children, would you care to go?" "Sharon was reluctant at first as we had spent most of our money, and neither of us had a job. She finally said she would like to go, and we left that afternoon.

We made a few stops, and it turned dark before we could find Rt. 52 in Winston Salem. It had been seventeen days since I had last slept more than an hour a day and I decided that since I could not find Rt. 52 that I would take Interstate 40 over to Interstate 75 and up to Lima. Going Rt. 52 to Interstate 77, and over to
Interstate 75 was about nine to ten hours. We were soon to find out that the route I decided to take would take closer to eighteen hours.

We stopped at many hotels along the way only to be told they were full. The Kentucky Derby was in full swing, so I knew we would have to drive straight through. The effects of no sleep were beginning to take over and Sharon was tired as well, so she could not drive. However, she stayed right there beside me, awake, all the way. She was somewhat in a daze.

Confusion soon set in for me. We were on Interstate 75, and even though I knew if I just stayed on it we would get there. I stopped at a gas station, and asked the lady working there how to get to Lima. She said just stay on 75 until you see the Lima exit. I said OK, and went back to the van to get a notebook. Returning to the lady, I asked, "Will you write those directions down?" She gave me a side-ways glance, and did what I asked. I went back to the van and started driving again. Every time I began to wonder where we were I would read those directions. A short time later and a twenty-minute stop in a rest area, we made it to Lima.

We visited with Sharon's children and grandchildren, as well as some friends, and went to a hotel to stay. We checked in, went to supper, (which Sharon could not eat), went to bed and slept all night except for about an hour. I got up and went to the desk clerk to see if I had a fax, and no one even knew we were at this hotel! I must have been crazy or just plain tired or both. The next day I drove up and visited with my parents for a few hours, and Sharon had some time with her family without me. We were there for several days and returned home.

When we returned to High Point, we had the matter of the chairs to attend to. The person we left them with said they were a different kind of chair than he made; therefore, he could not finish them. We knew a retired fellow with a wood working shop in his back yard and asked him to assist us in finishing the chairs. We offered part of the money we were to get as payment. He agreed and soon we had them assembled.

When we delivered them the manager of the upholstering company we had made them for, he had taken so long to make them that he no longer needed them. We brought them back with us, and I called the owner of the company in California. I explained what had happened and told him I had a purchase order from his manager and it had no delivery date on it. He called the next day and said for me to deliver them again, and a check would be waiting. We delivered them the next day, but there was no check waiting. We were told it was in the mail. It took a week for it to arrive and when our former partners heard we had been paid, they asked for half of the money. We declined payment saying that they had quit on their own.
Soon after this, we were running out of the $1,200.00 we had made over the past month or so. I called a temporary placement service and told them I needed work, any work, because I was broke. They said there was a person who had twenty-four trailer loads of furniture to unload, and they supplied me with the proper name and address. I started the next day.

We unloaded two of the trailers that day. I was inside of the trailers bringing the furniture to the back of the trailer while the other three were rolling it into the warehouse. Two weeks and about ten different people later we completed the job. All of the furniture was in the warehouses. During the final week of unloading, the person who hired me (I will call him Joe) asked me to go to lunch with him. At lunch he offered me a job selling the furniture we had just unloaded and other related hotel/motel items.

The agreement we made called for me to sell the furniture and be paid a five percent commission. I was also to receive two hundred dollars a week draw against my sales of furniture and three fourths of the commission earned on any other related hotel/motel item I sold. We could have had the furniture sold in about six months, but each sale I brought to him, he had a different excuse for not accepting the order.

It took about a year for me to see what was happening. Joe had an agreement with his father in law that called for a rent payment for each month the furniture was not sold, and it took three years to sell the furniture. I watched Joe take his father-in-law for a large amount of money, and still today they are in a business relationship.

I also watched Joe show one item to a customer and deliver a different item, and when a complaint came in he would threaten the customer with a lawsuit and keep their money. He also would not pay commission on all of the sales I made, on one occasion I sold $500,000.00 in goods to a customer and was paid about $1,500.00 out of a commission of $40,000.00.

There was another company operating out of the same building, owned by the same father in law, and another person I will call Jim. That company manufactured a retail item; Jim had seen on the market and decided to clone. This company was losing money, and they asked me to work as a consultant to find out why there was a money loss and to assist in the improvement of sales. I no longer cared to work with Joe, and accepted the offer. I worked about sixty to seventy hours a week for a year restructuring each part of the business.

I developed an inventory control system, a daily operations control system, and a new profit sharing system. The results were good to see. The company came together, and we were finally in the black. It was at this time that Jim said to me, “Edward this is my company and no one is going to take part of my profit.” I was
making a salary plus two and one half percent of the gross, and twelve and one half percent of the net profit. Jim then went to a lawyer and prepared papers threatening his partner with a lawsuit if he did not fire me and Sharon, who as usual, was right with me. Sharon and I were taking inventory on the last day of February when Jim came in around ten thirty. He asked why we were still there, and said, "Didn't anybody tell you that you are fired?" This is the one job I lost out of the seven in High Point.

After that Sharon and I went on our own and developed our company called Creative Concepts. The first year Sharon and I managed to sell about $250,000.00 or hotel/motel furniture. It was not enough income to pay any of my past debt however it did pay our bills and feed us. This year we will triple our sales and be able to begin repaying my old debt again.

During the first year of our new business, we met two brothers and sold them just about everything for the hotel they were refurbishing. Upon completing the hotel, one of the brothers decided to open his own business, a business of manufacturing an item for the contract marketplace. We offered our assistance with the project, and for five months we neglected our own business to assist him with the creation of his business. Sharon and I worked about fifteen hours a day, seven days a week. I ran one of the machines and assisted Sharon who was working in the plant, and keeping the place clean.

Also I sold about $60,000.00 for this company and another $360,000.00 in other items for our own company. During those five months we averaged about 100 hours a week for these five months, almost twice more than the husband and wife who owned the business.

The agreement was I would be the marketing manager for this new company, and be paid a $1,500.00 draw; then seven percent of all the sales made after the draw was satisfied. It was a good addition to our own company as we needed this line for our business.

At the end of five months, when the owner saw the income potential, he decided to sell his products for himself, therefore saving the seven percent and pay us only for the sales we made. He had only paid the draw until March saying he could not afford to pay it. As of now I no longer work out of the showroom, I work out of our house, and am writing this book. We added a partner who I will call Haje. He is running the showroom and is selling while Sharon is still assisting the two owners with their business. The owner of this company has broken every agreement he had with me, so I will just wait and see if he pays the seven percent commission. I do not expect much, as he still owes us $4,000.00.

For the past ten years it has been my intent to transform the world and everybody in it. This book is part of the intent. As of now we own our own
business called One World, and it is a partnership of three, Sharon, Haje, and myself. We sell hotel/motel furniture and fixtures, and ten percent of our earnings will go to the soon-to-be-formed One World Foundation. These funds will be used to continue the transformational workshop I have been doing for the past ten years and which has been attended by about three thousand people. Well, it was a partnership of three. Today Haje withdrew $1,659.67 from the One World checking account, and I do not know where he is. He also, according to one of our suppliers, has taken some commission that was due to One World. It is one thing to take from Sharon and myself; it is another to take from the world. We now have a partnership of two, Sharon and myself.

We now know what Haje's plan was. He had joined with the two owners of the manufacturing plant (they are from the same country) to take over our company. All in all we paid him $4,000.00 in draw, and he made out counter checks in the amount of $1,859.67 and so far the records show $4,800.00 in commission is missing. Haje and his partners are using One World’s money, customer data base, and its supplier base to open their own business. They also opened a checking account using the name One World and used our Federal ID number as well.

One of the things we are seeing if we can end is the first thing we must face - greed. I learned from these experiences that when it comes to money, people will sell themselves, their wives, children, and anything else they need to in order to get more of it. Money is indeed the God of this world.

Since my early childhood, I have found it extremely difficult to have the usual things of life be important. Money has not been important nor has the struggle to win been important. What has been important has been to stay alive through what this entire world has handed me. What I mean by "stay alive" is to not sell my soul. For me it is far better to drop dead than to live as a robot.

Money, however, is now important to me as I need money to continue what I am doing. What I am doing is creating a new world for myself and Sharon to live in, and I will continue doing this until the day I am cremated.

© Copyright 1996, Edward Jones. All Rights reserved.

ewjones@cox.net   http://anewconsciousness.org
Chapter 13: Learning to be a Success

If you stay at the doorway of death long enough, you can see your life pass before you, and you can experience a death. You will learn the one thing that everyone who has died learns (after it is too late). The one thing is: YOUR LIFE COULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT. This lesson, I am convinced, is the most powerful lesson you can learn. It means all of life can be different and this world can be a new world for yourself and all humans to live in.

To experience death of the old mind and returning to a new life is the single most important happening on the planet today. It will be happening all over the world soon, and it needs to be supported in every possible way. Only from the death of this world for each of us can a new world be born.

When the happening of death takes place with no inside interference, the human mind dies, and all of what was dies. There is openness left, an open space allowing you to see what is real and also to see the entire unreal that has gone before. This indeed is a new consciousness.

When a complete mental death takes place, there is a transformation of our minds. We then have a mind that is aware and open, a mind born from the mistakes, misery, and confusion of the past, a mind ready for an action which is not the same action as that which went before.

This action has an intelligence all its own. It is not the effect of the old. It is an action that says we have failed up to now, and we need a new action to solve the human plight of ever destroying ourselves and our environment. Another way of saying this is: The consciousness that created the problem cannot solve the problem. A new consciousness must be born in order to solve the old problem, and in order for something new to be born, the old must die. This something new of which I speak is what humans have been waiting for forever: A new human with a new consciousness and a new solution to our old problems.
Chapter 14: Thought is Thinking Us

We, as individuals and as a world, have only one problem to solve, and that is the problem of thought. Thought has invented our present world and all of its violence, so the problem that needs to be solved is *thinking*. We must stop thinking our way through life.

The only thing thought can invent is more of the same, therefore any solution that thought invents will only deepen our problems. Thinking that thought can solve the problems caused by its own thinking process has been our plight since the beginning of time. It is now time to stop the direction we and our world are taking. If we do not, we surely will get to where thought is leading us — to destruction.

It is one thing to say, "Stop thought". It is for sure another to do it. The space between two thoughts is a small space until one finds it, and then it can be expanded to a size where it can be lived from. When you live from the space between two thoughts, you are living at the level of creation, at the place of nothingness from which all things begin. Another way of saying this is: from nothing we can create anything.

The most difficult part of what I speak of is the doing of it and the perception others will have of you while you are doing it. To say you will look different may be an understatement because anyone not acting and doing things like others, will not only be ridiculed, but will also be stopped by whatever means necessary.

This world is not a world for humans who do not have violence as a part of their nature. Violence is a protector of violence, and without violence you must use a new kind of action, or you may well be consumed by the world around you. This new action could be called *intelligence*, or *love* which gives you the needed actions to continue living without the need to respond to violence with violence.

The new action takes the form of telling the truth to yourself and, in whatever way possible, to others as well. Telling the truth to yourself is not difficult if you are open. It is the act of being truthful to others that is a challenge. Humans for the most part do not want to hear the truth spoken, and they will do almost anything to ensure that it does not happen. A problem may arise if someone tells you something that you know to be different from what they are saying. If you remain quiet, you are then lying to both yourself and to the other
person. It is a **huge** challenge to say what you need to say and not hurt the feelings of others, not touch their egos.

The ego prevents us from being able to communicate with each other effectively. Each of us must watch carefully not to touch the other's ego. The *ego* is the core of thought that tells us what we think we are. It projects that thought to others so they can see how good, likeable, well dressed, smart, and **right** we are. The ego has a set of powerful protectors which include, anger, hurt, jealousy, pride, excuses, reasonableness, justification, and knowledge. These are all products of thought, and thought is always dead. We are being led by the ego into the land of the dead.

When you look at thought, you will see that thought cannot take place until after the happening. By that time, the experience is gone, dead, and then thought takes over and says, "This is what that was, and this is what you should do." As humans, we do what our thoughts say to do, no questions asked. These thought-guided actions have led us to the brink of destruction where we now live.

This idea of **not** thinking needs to be scrutinized as all we seem to do is **think**. So how is it possible to not think our way through life? There is a form of mind usage that I call looking/seeing. While it requires a form of what we might call thinking, it is not thought in action. Rather, it is a way of evaluating progress and failure, a way of evaluating what has been accomplished and then moving on to whatever is next. This way of living is *living in the unknown*. Daily actions take place, and then you can look to see what the results are after your action. It is not having a plan and already knowing what reaction will take place given a certain action.

This new way of living is to take a step, and then looking to see where that step took you — then another; then another. It is never figuring out what to do next. It is just doing what is next and **then** look to see if it was effective. The role that thought plays in this way of life is a rhetorical one as thought enters only after the action is complete. When a mistake or failure is seen, another course of action is begun from seeing that the present course is counter-productive. Thought is not employed in the new direction, for the new direction has no fixed course. It is always ready for a complete new direction at any moment.

A necessary ingredient for this way of life is what I call a backward map. A backward map is to look at all of what you as an individual or all of what mankind has achieved from the beginning until now. It doesn't take much to see that from the standpoint of violence there has been no movement in our psyche. We are still the same as our caveman ancestors. Back then, if someone had a thing we wanted, he was hit him with a rock and it was taken. Today, if we want something another has, we also find a way to hit him on the head and take it. The only difference is the size of the rock. Today's rocks can kill hundreds or thousands at one time.
When you take this into account you can see that all of what man has accomplished is nothing on the scale of Love. We are still as violent as on day one. Given this information, it is easy to see that the course of today's world is the course of destruction. The only question is what will destroy us. Will it be another war, the collapse of the USA leading to world collapse, or a giving in of the planet in some form that causes an irreversible loss of clean air or water? Whatever the cause, it is clear that this world cannot continue on its present course for long. So what can be done to have a peaceful and loving world for our children to grow in?

We first must see plainly that the world which thought has invented is indeed a world of ever increasing violence and hate, and that such a world has no chance of success. If we can clearly see that our present course has no chance of success that would allow us to see that we as humans have completely failed to create love and peace on earth. The clear seeing of this fact will of its own create action towards peace, love and compassion for ourselves and others.

All of our forms of government, churches, family, and society have failed and need to be mentally discarded in favor a new way of life. This new life has no course, no plan, no already knowing, except for the knowledge that all that has come before has failed and something new is needed.

The only way I see that we can have this happening is for a large number of people to undergo a transformation, a death of their minds, given that our minds are full of accumulated thought. Seeing that the memory of the past and this accumulated knowledge is of no value, except to keep us on our course of destruction, will lead to us saving ourselves.

The distinction between love and knowledge lies here within: Love has a movement of its own with no sameness or repetition or single direction. Knowledge, which comes from memory, has a certain direction and sameness. Knowledge keeps repeating itself no matter the outcome.
Chapter 15: The Truth and the Lie

We humans do not seem to notice that our world is not working. We simply say we must keep trying and trying. However, given the context of our world, which is thought, our schools, is failing. Why keep on using thought as though some day it will all come together? It will not.

In order to be life one must live at the doorway of life/death where all of life begins. This is no easy task for it requires a death of all of one’s mind, meaning that all of what was dies, and emptiness is born. It is an emptiness that cannot be filled because each event or action dies the moment it is experienced. This is the way of truth. When a truth is spoken for the first time, it is true; and then it dies as a truth. If repeated by another, it becomes the beginning of a belief and is a lie.

All of life has this quality of birth, experience, and death. We as humans do not see this flow of life/death. We think that a truth discovered remains a truth. It does not. The truth has only a short life span; then a death and a birth—if discovered anew by another. This has been the mistake made by all of the religions. There was a birth of truth with a human and a subsequent repeating of that truth, not seeing that a truth repeated is indeed a lie. What we end up with is a new religion passing on an already dead truth, and we humans making a belief out of it and living as though the belief is true. All belief is a lie, and yet belief is what is leading this world.

When a belief is invented, thought takes over and begins proving the truth of the belief. The only proof is that thought that thinks is it true. Thus, begins the process of repetition. Thought is forever repeating an already failed effort; ever trying to succeed, not seeing the failure of thought-invented truth.

In the Bible there is the story about Adam coming to a garden, and eating the fruit of knowledge, the fruit being thought which is ever repeating another’s truth, never discovering for oneself what truth is. The truth cannot be found in thought. Truth is creation in action, ever being born, and dying to be born new each time.

The essence of this message is that we humans long ago lost the joy and secret of life, which is to create our lives as we go. Instead we follow each other and our thought invented beliefs with each of us thinking we are right, hoping and praying that someday a God will at the last moment save us. Indeed this is a world of lost, confused people destroying all that they touch. One thing I have learned after writing all these words is that I have always given 100 percent of myself to what I was doing. Often it was not enough, and when I saw that I needed to sacrifice my aliveness to keep a job or business, I would either quit, get fired, go bankrupt, or just walk away.

My own personal integrity is all I have after fifty one years on this planet, and it is the one thing that I will take with me when I die again. I have only succeeded at one thing, and that is being human. I am indeed a success.
Chapter 16: Conspiracy of Ineffectiveness

While it is one thing for me to say all of this, it is quite another to have an alternative to our current way of being. We need to see that we are in an actually conspiracy, a conspiracy of ineffectiveness, and we all are in it. That simply means we are all conspiring with one another to keep ourselves ineffective.

We tell our children not to lie, and then we tell them there is a Santa Clause, an Easter Bunny, and a tooth fairy. It does not take long for our Children to discover we are liars. We tell them to follow the rules and then drive 80 miles an hour on a 70 mile an hour road. We tell them to be fair, and we cheat the government out of all we can. We tell them to get along with their friends and not fight, and then we get into fights with them, our husband or wife, and our friends.

These actions begin for our children the act of becoming just like us, and this has been going on for millions of years — fathers not knowing how to be fathers, mothers not knowing how to be mothers, and each of them teaching children how to be parents. It seems to me that we have all failed in the domain of father, mother, parent, and friend.

Our first and greatest failure is to our selves, and next to our children. We do not know that we do not love them. If we loved our children and ourselves we would not have the kind of world we now have to live in.
# Glossary for A New Consciousness

## A New View of language and the meaning of words

Words have a life of their own. This glossary of words is not meant to change the meaning of words. It simply defines the words as I use them, and if you can get your mind wrapped around the words as I use them, perhaps we can develop clear communication between us.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anger</td>
<td>A feeling, not real, removable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assist</td>
<td>A partnership, a moving together</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belief</td>
<td>The death of a truth, the birth of a trap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Care</td>
<td>An emotion, not a feeling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Change</td>
<td>A shift in awareness within the same consciousness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compassion</td>
<td>An emotion, not a feeling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Complete</td>
<td>Perfect, whole, actualized</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Content</td>
<td>The parts of a context</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Context</td>
<td>All of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Create</td>
<td>An act of speech, a beginning,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creation</td>
<td>The context of life, complete</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dysfunctional</td>
<td>Society, all of us, used as a manipulation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ecstasy</td>
<td>An emotion, something beyond happy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Effective</td>
<td>Perfect action while seeing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emotion</td>
<td>Creation, Intelligence, Truth. Real, no feeling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excuse</td>
<td>What we use to show others we were not wrong, ineffective</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Experience</td>
<td>What is happening now</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Explanation</td>
<td>An excuse, explained away</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father</td>
<td>A figment, image, projection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feeling</td>
<td>Not real, ego protector, barrier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Female</td>
<td>A provable entity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God</td>
<td>May or may not be, does not need to be believed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy</td>
<td>A feeling, 1/2 of Sad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Help</td>
<td>Something the helpless need, does not work, ineffective</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ineffectiveness</td>
<td>The way of our world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intelligence</td>
<td>Love in action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intent</td>
<td>A movement towards, is created</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jealousy</td>
<td>A feeling, not real, removable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Justifiable</td>
<td>An excuse, justified by oneself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Know</td>
<td>A frozen belief</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knowledge</td>
<td>Thought in action, memory, faulty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lie</td>
<td>The smallest part of truth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love</td>
<td>A provable entity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man</td>
<td>A figment, image, projection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manipulation</td>
<td>The way of the world, a function of thought</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maybe</td>
<td>The beginning of a possibility, suspending a belief for a moment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mistake</td>
<td>A place to learn from when seen and spoken as a mistake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Money</td>
<td>Bankrupt, a trap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother</td>
<td>A figment, image, projection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Need</td>
<td>Something we may not have to have and think we do</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New</td>
<td>Not having been before, not recognizable, created</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Normal</td>
<td>A figment, cannot be defined</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pain</td>
<td>A feeling, not real, removable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfect</td>
<td>Complete, actualized, includes a flaw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Possibility</td>
<td>A small opening which may or may not expand, a place to listen from</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power</td>
<td>The highest form of manipulation, money is a its core</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Real</td>
<td>Something seeable, true, not of belief</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reasonable</td>
<td>An excuse, made reasonable for oneself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right/Wrong</td>
<td>A figment, all right includes a wrong and vice-versa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sad</td>
<td>A feeling, one-half of happy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shock</td>
<td>When a small negative energy meets a small positive energy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See</td>
<td>To look without the mind interfering, aware</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Society</td>
<td>The black hole, cannot be filled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thought</td>
<td>A function of memory, faulty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transformation</td>
<td>The birth of a new human 100% negative energy meeting 100% positive energy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truth</td>
<td>Ever living and dying, immortal, includes a lie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Try</td>
<td>A reason to fail, always trying, never doing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violence</td>
<td>That which thought invented, confusion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Want</td>
<td>A weaker meaning of need, a negative energy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman</td>
<td>A figment, image, projection</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>