

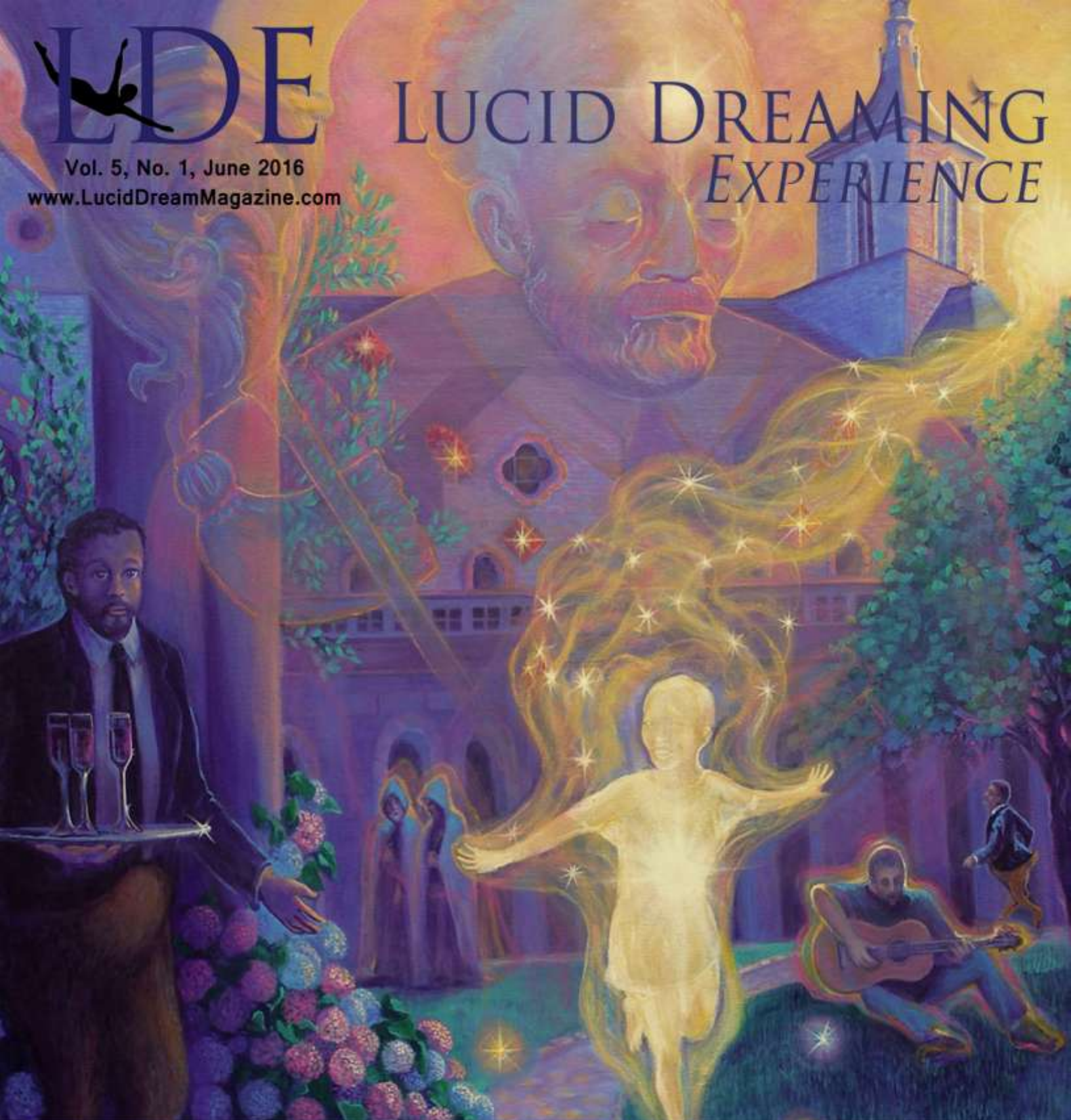


LDE

Vol. 5, No. 1, June 2016

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LUCID DREAMING EXPERIENCE



**A TIMELY VISIT
TWO PSYCHOPOMPIC LUCID DREAMS
LUCID DREAMING WITH THE DECEASED
LUCID DREAMS WITH MY DEAD MOTHER
DECEASED DREAM FIGURES: SYMBOLS OR SOMETHING ELSE?**



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Index

INDEX OF THE
"LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE" and "LUCID DREAMING EXPERIENCE"

Version 2 – February, 2016
by Sue R. Williams

Content: This index covers Issues 13 through 62 of the "Lucid Dream Exchange"
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AVAILABLE ON AMAZON
Lucid Dreaming
by Robert Waggoner



"A truly extra ordinary, horizon
expanding book!" -Robert Van De



Co-Editors

Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner

Graphic Design

Laura Atkinson

Advertising Manager

Janet Mast

List of Contributors LDE Vol 05 No 01

Nicky Alice, Marla Charbonneau, Tina Clark, Paul Coca, Chris Cuniffe, Jeff Dobkin, Phoebe Evans, Ed Kellogg, James Kroll, Albert Lauer, Patrick Paulin, Cain Pence, Anna Racicot, Steve Racicot, Shawn Selders, Gustavo Vieira, Kris Weaver, Randy Westfall, S. Perry, Drew S., Esther, Karim, Ivala, Laurance, Rebecca, RickM, Sam, Sunshine

Science Correspondent

Bill Murphy

Cover Image

Spirits of the Abbey—© Brenda Ferrimani

Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions

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

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ON THE COVER
Spirits of the Abbey ©
Artist: Brenda Ferrimani
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"Do you believe we travel through dimensions when we dream? That was the message when I had this dream "Spirits of the Abbey" - It was a place where energies living and deceased, earthly and otherwise, could meet and enjoy each other's company. The auras around their bodies indicated a push through dimensions...."



dream speak

Dream Speak Interview with Patrick Paulin

Lucid dreamer, dream-work coach, and writer, Patrick Paulin, has a deep interest in lucid dreaming for personal transformation and growth. Along with this interview, he submitted an article about an interesting encounter with a deceased dream figure. Welcome, Patrick!

When we talked after the New York City regional dream conference, you mentioned that you were quite young when you had your first lucid dream. Would you mind sharing that lucid dream?

Not at all. I was around 8-years-old at the time and, like many children at that age, I was troubled by frequent nightmares. Actually, from an even earlier age, I had developed a knack for recognizing particularly scary dreams as nightmares while they were still in progress. Invariably, I would use this moment of lucidity to squeeze my eyes closed as tightly as possible to wake up in my bed with relief. This time, however, was different.

I recall entering into a scene that was like a twisted fun house or maybe the kind of haunted house that pops up around Halloween every year. Only rather than walking through it in a line with other children, I was alone. It was dark and the path was narrow. At each turn, there stood a horrifying monster or beast of some kind. Each was full of fury and threatened to attack such that I would scurry along the corridor only to encounter another. The level of terror continued to build then reached an ultimate crescendo as I frantically sprint-stumbled into a small enclosed room. I could see no way out other than the way I came in. I watched the doorway anticipating that, at any moment, each of the monsters would pile in and that would be the end of me.

This was a familiar moment. Overcome by fear and panic, I believed that I was going to die. Such as with prior nightmares, as I was faced with this thought, relief

was immediately delivered by way of lucid awareness. Wrapped up in a fleeting moment, I recognized that I was dreaming, felt a sense of relief, and proceeded to clench my eyes in order to escape. However, in an unprecedented outcome, I did not wake up. I opened my eyes and was standing precisely where I was at the beginning of the dream. I was at the entrance to the fun house. The dream had reset itself. Standing there, still alone, all of my fear had completely dissolved. I was filled with peace and confidence as I took my first step back into the corridor. With head high, I approach the first turn where, inevitably, there stood the first monster. Outrageously, this monster and each one to follow merely stood and watched me walk by. No more menacing growls or posture and no threatening gestures. They simply stood, arms at their sides, and watched as I passed. Upon reaching the final room for a second time, I woke up.

Looking back, how did that lucid dream and its symbolism connect with your life at such an early age?

Following pretty linear first-grader logic, my takeaways at the time were simple and related only to my dream-life. First, I realized that I had more power than I thought. It occurred to me, based on this one experience, that I could face a nightmare and it would no longer threaten me. Second, and perhaps more profound, I believed that I was not alone. I had to acknowledge another presence that was on my side. If I had my way, I would have woken up from the nightmare when I squeezed my eyes closed. Instead, something clearly outside of my control but overwhelmingly positive happened. Furthermore, even as a kid, I understood that the feelings of peace and confidence were somehow put in me. One moment, I was terrified and the next moment, at total ease. I believed that I must have an ally. Again, both of these resonating beliefs were limited, in my perspective, to my dream-life. At the time, however, that was a big deal.

Now that you are older, does it seem like your larger awareness sought to educate you about lucid dreaming by bringing you back to the beginning of the dream, so you could lucidly move through the scary twists and turns while consciously aware, and ‘see through’ the fears?

As an adult, I look back on that lucid dream with a tremendous amount of appreciation and fascination.

Not only was it was a landmark moment back then but again and again as I gained a more mature understanding of what took place that night. I can now appreciate the broader life lessons that were presented to me. That, in fact, it is powerful to boldly face the things that scare you and that doing so builds a sense of peace and confidence. Furthermore, when you occasionally have that sinking feeling that you are on your own, you're really not. As far as the lesson about lucid dreaming itself, the seed was planted for a life-long passion but it wouldn't be until many years later that I understood the broader implications such as pursuing lucid dreams through induction techniques. At the time, I simply saw it as a rare gift. An experience that was afforded to me so that I may learn something or benefit. I guess I still see it that way. Just with the added adventure of proactively pursuing it.

As you grew up, what was it about dreams and lucid dreams that hooked you on paying attention to them? What did you make of it?

There were different aspects of dream-life and dream-work that caught my attention over the years and served to reinvigorate my passion. While in high school, I took a particular interest in dream incubation for problem solving. This was when I first experimented with attempting to influence the dream subject matter through nighttime suggestion. I was delighted to experience almost immediate feedback! Of course, my requests were pretty trivial and having to do with assignments, sports, and other high school things. For example, I recall being faced with a large term paper assignment in my World History class. I decided to incubate a topic to report on. *That night, I dreamed of being held in a Nazi concentration camp during World War II. It was a full-on nightmare. I can still vividly recall the horrendous conditions, rancid smells, and an atmosphere steeped in fear and violence. There were gunshots and people were falling to the ground.* This was not a lucid dream and when I did finally wake up, I was shaken and deeply disturbed by the experience. The thought that hung front-and-center in my mind was, "Be careful what you ask for." I couldn't help but feel a little betrayed by the experience. That said, I went on to write the paper, no doubt, with a level of emotional investment that would not have been there otherwise.

It was toward the end of high school and into college that a different aspect of dreaming took my attention. Having kept a detailed dream journal for the better part

of a few years, I was beginning to see connections between dream details and future events. For the sake of context, this was the early 1990's before the advent of Google and a searchable internet in general. I had not heard nor read anything about the precognitive nature of dreams. So, as I noticed little synchronicities, I would dismiss them as coincidence.

That is, until one night during my senior year in high school, when I had the following dream that was both bizarre and disturbing. It was one of those cryptic early-in-the-night dreams. I was a third party observer and no one was actually in the dream. *I saw a small cage. In the cage stood five hamsters. Then, the cage was slowly lowered into a large container of water to the demise of my furry friends.* Again, I wasn't actually in the dream and, therefore, could not intervene. Nor was the scene violent. They were not thrashing around or even making sounds. I woke with the details fresh in my mind so I took the opportunity not only to write it down but produced a sketch.

Later that day, in my English Literature class, we had a mini-field trip planned to visit a classroom of first graders. Each of us had been paired up with one of these kids over the prior couple of weeks writing letters back and forth while they read a particular story that involved writing to a distant relative. On this day, we joined the first grade class to meet, chat, and watch the movie adaptation of the book. I was warned by the teacher that the little girl I was to sit with was more introverted than the rest so I would really have to drive the conversation. Naturally, the first question I asked was, "Do you have any pets?" She answered, "No." After a pause, she continued. "Well..." [uh oh, I thought] "...I did have five hamsters but..." [oh no] "... they all drowned." Ok! Message received. Dreams can show us the future and/or provide telepathic insights that cannot be easily explained. Determining the purpose or benefit of this anomaly is yet another compelling area of dream exploration.

When I talk with experienced lucid dreamers, they often mention noticing how some special lucid dreams made them realize that more is going on here. Can you share a lucid dream which impacted you and your view of lucid dreaming's potential?

There was a time in recent years when I was contemplating if and how to bring my passion for lucid dreaming and dream-work into the open. I wanted to understand my specific focus and purpose. Where did I

turn for these answers? Naturally, my dreams. I incubated for guidance over the course of about a week. What resulted was a sequence of dreams that told a continuous story... like a mini-series. In the first dream, I was traveling to a very distant land. I had already completed a 12 hour flight but was preparing for another, even longer, flight. I recall being warned that this second leg of travel would be rigorous and I had to swallow some kind of gel capsules to prepare. I was told that the back half of the last flight would be particularly challenging and that this was "when the animals start to make noise." The following night, in the next installment, I had arrived. Along with the other travelers, I was being held in a week-long mandatory quarantine. We were in a dorm-like setting and everyone seemed to be more prepared than I was. I didn't have enough clothes and also wished that I had exercised more in recent months for stamina. In the third dream, we were preparing our field kits with medication, droppers, etc. Evidently, we would be providing medical care for people and animals in this area. In fact, there were so many in need of care that I would be joining an expansive team of people who were arriving in groups each day. To-date, I had not been lucid in any of these dreams but that was to change in the final installment of the series:

I was finally in the field and perhaps had been for some time. A special assignment had been given to a bunch of groups and individuals to create a business plan or, effectively, a plan for contribution in this region. The specific plan would be important because we would need to bring in sustainable funding. There were no banking operations in this area or, for that matter, technology. The financiers who gave the assignment had gathered everyone to present their plans.

The setting was a large clearing in a dry but woodsy area. Chairs had been arranged in arced rows and I sat cautiously near the back. Everyone in the group of approximately 30 - 50 people had a flip-top wooden box on their lap. The boxes appeared to contain their plans. I looked down at my box and was struck with fear because I had no idea what was in it. I wanted to quickly open and study the contents but was nudged by the guy to my left. He showed his plan to me but all I could make out was a list of names that comprised his team. The names were all Spanish but near the end, I saw my name. "I'm on here?" I asked. He replied, "Yep."

His confidence made me more nervous and, at that moment, one of the investors sat down in the open seat to my right. The presentations had begun. Big ideas and

pitches. I knew that I would be called on soon so, finally, I opened my box. There was a single sheet of paper inside and, on it, was written three words: "Lucid Dreaming" and "Darkness." This cue was enough to simultaneously retrieve memories of my plan and to trigger lucidity. My plan was to provide healing and protection through the applied use of lucid dreaming. I also recalled that this plan was meant for a future society. Typically, with lucidity comes an automatic air of authority and influence but I continued to feel insecure and continued to go with the story line. Though I could now recall my plan, the others that were presented sounded so much better and more elaborate (of course, I woke not recalling any specifics).

In fact, it seems that the investors were already favoring one of the groups which was fine with me. Maybe I wouldn't be asked to present at all. People were starting to stand and disperse. My relief, however, was quickly interrupted by some commotion coming from behind the group. Two men approached from a trail that led into the clearing where we sat. They were one of the presenting groups but were arriving late. I recall thinking that their tardiness was acceptable given that there were no vehicles or cell phones in use. One of the two men was actually half man and half horse and the horse body also had wings. [I should pause here to note that I know very little about Greek or any other mythology nor do I recall ever having a dream with hybrid creatures in the past.] The non-horse guy was carrying a load of stalks or some kind of branching vegetation.

The investor next to me was surprised to see these guys but also excited. He told everyone to sit back down. The attention turned quickly to the horse-guy who was clearly injured. He was doubled over in pain as he approached the group. I heard someone mention "heart attack." He was put on a make-shift stretcher and was being moved to a different area. At this point, everyone was standing again. I had a growing urge to put my hands on the man in an attempt to heal him but still, I was too self-conscious to step forward. In waking life I had considered the possibility of dream-healing others but had never actually tried it before. Right then, I heard a voice clearly speaking to me in my mind. It said, "You can do it. Even with the smallest amount of faith in yourself." As it happened, the people carrying the stretcher were on track to carry it directly past where I was standing. As they passed, I reached over and put my hands on the place where the horse heart would be. I closed my eyes and focused my thoughts

on healing energy. My contact was only momentary as the men continued to carry him away. I was overcome with emotion and felt that I somehow maintained a connection with him. I continued to close my eyes and focus on healing. As I did, an increasing vibration and ringing in my ears overtook the dream and caused me to wake up.

Given the level of elaboration and the multi-staged delivery, this dream series was a real "attention-getter" for me. My most pragmatic interpretation suggests that applied lucid dreaming and dream-healing techniques will have a place in our future society but that courage will be needed to bring it into the mainstream. Of course, some people believe that our consciousness actually travels to other places while we dream. For them, I suggest packing an extra couple of pairs of cargo pants.

Another potential use of lucid dreaming involves accessing creativity and making inventive breakthroughs. Have you explored this in lucid dreams?

This has been a particular interest of mine over the past year. Specifically, the areas of discovery and innovation. I don't think that many people realize how many game-changing breakthroughs throughout history were heavily influenced if not directly delivered through dreams. From the organization of the Periodic Table of Elements to the algorithm behind Google and countless in between, examples continue to arise of unsuspecting innovators literally waking up with insights and solutions that have changed the world. What I find fascinating is that, while the majority of these "breakthrough dreams" happened spontaneously and somewhat accidentally, we can examine the conditions under which they occurred. We can essentially reverse engineer the process in order to pursue the innovation dream or the problem-solving dream. Much of this can be accomplished through incubation and everyday dream work. Applied lucid dreaming techniques adds mastery-level opportunity to this pursuit.

Very recently, I took a tour of my own "dream lab." The people inside were, as you might expect, in white lab coats. They were focused and busy working between a large number of stations setup throughout an expansive open floor plan. When my awareness kicked in, a kind and kempt woman was giving me a tour of the facility. She stopped at several stations to point out various works-in-progress. Then, she stopped at a

large LED screen that was displaying an animation of a specific configuration of cells. There were four cells lined up across the bottom of the screen. Each cell was the size of a hockey puck and was labeled underneath. One was "Cancer" and the others I did not recall after waking up.

The woman called my attention to the screen as each of the four cells connected to each other laterally (represented by lines between them). Once they were connected, a giant network of cells floated down the screen and attached to the bottom four. The woman grabbed my attention and spoke to me slowly and seriously, "This is how it happens EVERY TIME." She repeated this again and then a disheveled guy with wild hair and wrinkled lab coat interrupted. He said that he had been giving me some of the tour earlier but was worried that I didn't remember what he showed me. He pulled me back across the room to reveal... a pinball machine! He was adamant that the lab isn't too stuffy and they have fun too. He fired up the machine and proceeded to play while I watched him. Then I woke up.

On lucid dream forums, I sometimes see a post that a person only wants to hear about scientifically validated ideas and no 'new age' junk. Do they understand that Stephen LaBerge got inspired about lucid dreaming by listening to a Buddhist monk's talk? Or do they understand that before pioneers like LaBerge and Hearne came up with an idea to experimentally validate it, that 'lucid dreaming' seemed 'new age' junk? My point is that today's new age junk or modern physics theory might become tomorrow's major breakthrough! How do you encourage people to respect the limits of science and take a broader view?

While a belief in only validated science seems paradoxical, I feel that I understand some of this dynamic. There are those who embrace the cutting edge and those who prefer to hang back until the kinks have been ironed out. The ones who side with scientifically vetted concepts do not necessarily reject the notion that our understanding of the world continues to evolve, they just don't want to be the *first* ones in line to buy in. They would prefer that someone else have the first heart transplant or shuttle ride to the moon. When I think about the funnel from conceptual theory to proven fact I have to acknowledge how broad the theoretical side really is. The landscape is vast, disorganized, and resources are limited. It's hard to know where to pitch your tent and you

need to be ready to move around quite a bit. Continuing with the analogy, the "land of proven concepts" has solid infrastructure. We know how to get around. There are condominiums and strip malls. People can move right in with very little risk. It takes a special kind of person with a sense of adventure to embrace the unknown and be a pioneer like LaBerge, Hearne, and others that have followed.

The larger, underlying issue is the attitudinal judgement that specific areas of innovation are not as worthy as others. The "new age junk," as you put it. In this, the study of applied dream-work techniques and lucid dreaming sits squarely in the lineage of psychology and other so called "soft sciences." More effort is required to prove concept and gain credibility but with less backing and a greater degree of skepticism. Add to this the ever-growing dogma in our culture that anything of value from a health and wellness perspective must be taken in the form of a pill or a patch, and the battle for popular favor is uphill. Dreams are also very hard to tax. So, there's that.

In order to spark interest among science-grounded critics, I like to use scientific terminology. The *placebo effect* is commonly known among scientists and lay people alike. In a clinical trial, if the drug being tested cannot achieve results greater than that of, say, a sugar pill, then the test is considered a failure... and placed in a circular file. Those of us in the dream-work camp and perhaps hypnotherapists pull that report out of the trash and marvel at the power of the placebo effect. The incredible connection between the mind and the body where results are arrived at through thought alone. The placebo effect is a proven phenomenon and, as it happens, serves as a strong foundation for healing in dreams... especially lucid dreams where a healing intent can be planted deep in the unconscious.

If people want to learn more about your work, where should they go?

My website is www.LucidDreamTeacher.com and I can be reached at patrick@luciddreamteacher.com.



Two Psychopompic Lucid Dreams

by Ed Kellogg
(©2011 E. W. Kellogg III, Ph.D.)

In late December of 2010 a friend of mine, Ginny H., passed away peacefully at her home at the age of ninety. She led an active lifestyle to within a few weeks of the end, when her health failed and she opted to have hospice care at her home. Over the 20 years or so I knew her and her husband David, we'd discussed death and the afterlife on a number of occasions. Shortly after her husband's death in 2001, she requested that I look him up in a lucid dream, which resulted in one of the funniest and most unusual psychopompic dreams I've ever had, which I'll relate later on.

Eleven days after Ginny's passing, I had a spontaneous and rather touching psychopompic lucid dream with her. The day before the dream the caretaker for Ginny's house had noticed that someone had turned on a light after she'd locked up the night before. She called around asking friends who might have had keys, if they had gone into Ginny's house and left on a light. As far as I know, no one did. I wondered if Ginny had managed to use PK to turn on a light, as she did the normal way on other nights, when still alive. Ginny herself believed that after her husband had died, he would turn on electronic devices for her to show his presence – mostly by making an electronic duck quack, even with the switch turned off, so she had no barrier of disbelief to doing the same herself.

I expect I will remember the wonderful smile Ginny gave me in this dream for a long time, after she realized that she'd died and had nothing more to fear on that account. Taken together, in an odd way these two psychopompic dreams, for Ginny and her husband David, make a matched set.

Ginny H. (1920 - 2010)

EWK 1/07/2011 Lucid "I find myself at Ginny H.'s house, late night/early morning, not sure how I got there. Ginny bustles around, pleased to have company. Something seems wrong to me - I vaguely recall that Ginny has died. However, when I tell her this, she says that obviously they made a mistake - she hasn't died. But then I remember more - the phone call from J., the

house caretaker, that someone had turned on a light in Ginny's house after she had locked up the night before - and realize that Ginny must have done that! However, if so, why didn't J. see Ginny? I tell Ginny, "Wait a minute - I remember seeing your obituary - I looked it up online today, and they'll hold a memorial service for you this Saturday!" Ginny looks unconvinced, but then I take a better look at her, and realize that she doesn't look 90, but only 20 or 30. *That convinces me, and I realize I've met Ginny in a dream. I speak firmly to her, and say "Ginny, come over here and look at yourself in the mirror. What do you see?" She comes over and looks in the mirror - and breaks out in a wonderful big smile, and does a little twirl as she turns towards me. I remind her that I'd told her I could look her up in a lucid dream after she died, and it looks like I have. I point out that she doesn't have to look like an old woman anymore now that she's died. Ginny looks pleased and happy. RWPR"*

Comment: On 12/27/2010, the day of her death, Ginny gave me a call, and told me in her usual forthright fashion that "You had better talk with me now because I'm dying, and you won't have a chance later." I reminded her that I could look her up in a lucid dream after she died, just as I had looked up her husband Dave years before. We talked about whether she would make it through to 2011, and while she told me she thought she would, she passed away that evening.

David H. (1925 - 2001)

In the account given below, only a few weeks had passed since the death of David H. Ginny strongly urged me to visit him, and against my better judgment, the next time I had a lucid dream I did. Normally an active and cheerful man, Dave died after an excruciating year of suffering, that he spent immobilized lying in bed with terminal emphysema. I learned a lot from this dream, which in retrospect I consider almost hilariously funny. Not exactly the usual tender moments of reunion with those we care about that most people report in psychopompic dreams! <lol!>

EWK 11/26/02 Fully Lucid ". . . I remember that I wanted to try visiting Dave, and I call out "Dave H.!", "Dave H.!" I fly into a sort of hospital dorm room - in what

Two Psychopompic Lucid Dreams

looks like an inexpensive convalescent home. I find Dave lying down in bed. He looks healthier - 70 or so, but angry and in a temper. I greet him, and he shouts "Go Away!" in a strident and unfriendly manner. I persevere, but he really doesn't want me there. I ask if he has a message for his wife Ginny, but he shouts "Go Away!" again.

I leave his room, and look around - a sort of low vibration, convalescent home - big, grayish and dirty in appearance. I see a room full of men who died of terminal diseases, one man has blood on his mouth, and died of TB or cancer. He tells me got it when he worked as an orderly. He really resents this, and resents my health - he grapples with me -- even trying to breathe on my mouth to infect me, as he wants me to suffer as he did. I push him away.

I leave the room and decide to look for Dave once more. I find him by himself, sitting at a small wooden table, eating a bowl of something. On seeing me, he yells angrily, "Didn't you understand you dimwit! Go Away!" I notice that at least now he seems up and about - I tell him this does seem an improvement doesn't it? I also remind them that he doesn't have to look like an old man -- he could have any body he wants. He gets up and keeps shouting, "Go Away!" at me. I can tell he means it. I tell him, "OK, I'll go away, and I will not visit you again, at least not until you visit me in a dream." He sort of sneers, but looks pleased - also his body has changed -- he now looks like a teenager! Angry and glowering - but still quite improved. Also, I notice he no longer yells at me. I ask him once again if he has anything he wants me to relay to his wife, Ginny. He just stands there silent -- refusing to say a word.

I go outside to the entrance hall, where I meet the female\male? attendant\angel? and ask. "What gives with Dave? Why does he feel so angry and why the old body image? He acts like a bad tempered adolescent!"

The attendant laughs, and says "That seems about right. Dave actually looks about in his thirties and forties usually (without me looking) - he still adjusts. His physical life now seems more like a dream to him, about equal to 30 hours of this (after) life. Not much. I ask "Can he differentiate between his waking physical reality life, and his after death life?" The attendant answers "Yes, but this just doesn't feel significant or important to him. RWPR."

Comment: In the dream I told Dave H. I would not visit him again until he had first visited me. He did so about two months later - about when I'd normally expect recovery, and acted quite friendly. I've seen him a few times since then in lucid dreams, looking in his twenties.

Final Note: After the death of a close friend or a loved one, the grieving process often takes years, even decades, to accomplish. Although we may believe that they have "passed on," most people still doubt, and without a way to confirm that those they care about still exist "somewhere," deaths often cause emotional wounds very difficult to heal.

Can we really visit with those who have died through our dreams? For myself, from a factual perspective, considering the unexpected correspondences that have showed up in my own dreams, I'd answer this question with an "I think so, but other explanations - such as telepathy, etc., might account for the unexpected, and accurate, information obtained." On the other hand, from an emotional perspective, judging the experiences based on the astonishing degree of emotional resolution that I've felt following many psychopompic lucid dreams, I find myself obliged to say, despite my personal attachment to the phenomenological attitude, "Yes, almost certainly." And as far as the proverbial "chasm between life and death" goes, for those who have the requisite skills, I believe that lucid dreaming can provide an effective way of bridging the gap.

(See also: *Psychopompic Dreaming: Visits With Those Who Have Passed On?* by Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. ©2004. Presented at IASD's Third **PsiberDreaming Conference**, September 19 - October 3, 2004. http://www.asdreams.org/telepathy/2004kellogg_psychopomp.htm)



A Timely Visit

By Patrick Paulin © 2016

It was similar to the feeling of waking up from a midday nap only I was not lying down. I was sitting upright on a couch and my eyes were wide open. My surroundings slowly began to come into focus. While I sat quietly, a tall gentleman was moving about the room not saying a word. He seemed to be occupying himself with mundane tasks like straightening and organizing, moving items from one place to another. As I sat, tracking his movements, the remaining haze fell away and my vision snapped into focus. It was my father-in-law, Phil.

It's hard to believe that four years have passed since an unexpected cancer diagnosis led to a surgery that my father-in-law did not recover from. Beloved husband, father, grandfather, and brother, the sudden loss hit the whole family hard in a jarring kind of way. In the months that followed, he was present in everyone's dreams and even those who were not skilled at remembering dreams were waking with clear and touching memories of encounters with their lost loved one. As a practicing lucid dreamer, my experience was a little different in that each time I saw him, it was an automatic lucidity trigger. My hit rate for lucid dreams went through the roof for a period of time but what struck me as odd was my inability to interact with him. Each time, I would either be drawn quickly away or, when attempting to speak with him, would not get a response.

Now, four years later, my dream encounters with my father-in-law have grown fewer and further between. That is, of course, until recently when I woke up on his couch. Normally, in my dreams with him, we were surrounded by other people. Crowded in by other family members and low level chaos. This time however, it was just the two of us. Quiet and peaceful. Prior to becoming lucid, I recall my disbelief that he was back.

A moment later, I was fully aware that I was dreaming. Keeping with the first cardinal rules of lucid dreaming, I remained calm, shifted my focus around the room, and began to rub my hands together for tactical grounding. We were in an immaculate modern-styled home that must have been carved into the side of a mountain at high elevation. One wall was completely glass, revealing a breathtaking view of surrounding mountains and an ocean. "Dad," I softly broke the silence, "Is this where you live now?" Continuing to shuffle around the room and paying little attention to me, he confirmed that it was.

In the moment, I did not quite grasp the beauty of the location and how it was precisely the kind of place that Phil would love. Instead, I was perplexed by the solitude. "I thought that you would be spending time with Nonna." I referenced my wife's grandmother with whom Phil had been very close. She had passed away a short six months prior to his own passing. "Do you see other people?" He responded to say that he did see other people but not very often. While this was record breaking dream dialogue between the two of us, he was still standoffish and not directly engaging with me.

In retrospect, I would rate my level of lucidity a 6 out of 10 at this point. I carefully stood up from the couch and tested my ability to levitate. While I did lift a few feet off of the ground, it didn't come easy. I had a nagging feeling that there was significance to this experience that I wasn't able to put my finger on. There was something specific I was supposed to do.

My attention was drawn to an open sliding door that led out to a balcony. I stepped out to take in the completeness of the view and also noticed that from the edge of the balcony was a deadly drop to the ground along a vertical mountainside. A split second later, I was thrust up and over the railing. It was less like a push and more like I had reached an immediate decision without contemplation to jump. After a momentary drop, I took flight effortlessly. For a time, I believe that Phil was with me. Slightly behind and to the side of me, I would catch glimpses of him.

I estimate that 15 to 20 minutes passed while I flew all around the dreamscape. Close to the water. Alongside the mountains. Near houses. Both with others and alone. I would conduct periodic reality checks, such as glancing at my hands, in order to stabilize the dream. Eventually, and again, seemingly without my direct volition, I landed inside of another building on the mountainside. I was standing alone in a great hall. Lucidity level 8 out of 10... maybe 9. I suddenly recalled the significance of this lucid dream. There was something very important that I had been planning to accomplish.

Over the prior couple of weeks, my wife and I were wondering whether we should regret our move to remote northwest New Jersey. We live on a wooded hillside that is both scenic and tranquil but also, during certain times of year, plagued by certain species of ticks that are indigenous to the area. One of which, the notorious deer tick, is a known host of Lyme disease. Residents are ad-

vised to follow strict protocols to avoid incident. Mind you, they are no larger than the tip of a sharpened pencil when they start out.

We recently found one inconspicuously attached to the back of my 8-year-old son's head underneath his hair where it could not be seen. Not good. To the best of our calculation, it had been there for a minimum of 5 days and was at that point, we'll say, much larger than the tip of a pencil. From here, my wife and I slipped into the wormhole of various medical opinions and philosophies. The common message, however, seemed to be that there was not much we could do until symptoms presented but that given the nature of the incident, the likelihood was high that there would be some fall out. Typically, symptoms will appear within 30 days.

The issue weighed heavy on my wife and I and the thought of waiting to find out seemed absurd. Nonetheless, we had shopped the protocol around enough to feel confident that our options were limited. In the spirit of "it can't hurt to try it", I decided to fix my dream plan on an attempt to dream heal my son. I focused my intention on this objective along with the rest of my usual incubation techniques. The 30 day clock was ticking and I really wanted success. Morning after morning, I woke up with nothing. Of course, the best way to prevent a lucid dream is to want it too badly. But then it happened and, wow, I nearly missed it!

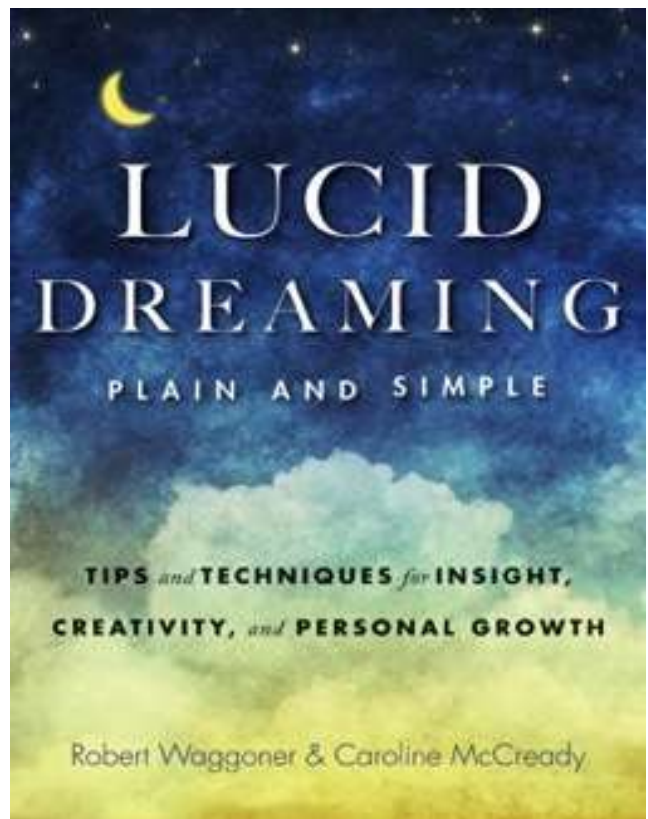
As I stood in the great hall, like that of an upscale hotel lobby, the plan hit me full force. I needed to find my son and, given how long this dream had been going, I must be short on time. Rather than look around, I instinctively called out to the dream, "Where is Wyatt?!" There was a door to my left that I hadn't noticed before. It swung open abruptly revealing a room full of kids who were watching TV and Wyatt was among them. I called him out of the room to join me. Standing face to face with him, I placed both of my hands on the top of his head and asked that the healing power of God come through me. What started with a small vibrating sensation grew more and more intense. It became so overwhelming that I reluctantly closed my eyes knowing that this would typically cause me to wake. Rather than seeing black, everything turned white and blindingly bright. Then, it stopped.

When I opened my eyes again, I was outside standing on the shore. Lucidity level 6 again. At that moment, I had forgotten all about my encounter with Wyatt. The plan had slipped from my mind as I stood staring into the sky. A voice from next to me said encouragingly, "You are going into space, aren't you?" I took off like a rocket and within seconds, the color of the atmosphere dissolved to black. I glanced back occasionally to

make sure I could still see the Earth. When it was nearly out of sight, I was overcome with the irrational fear that I would not be able to find my way back. As such, I curved my trajectory to stay close but the emotion was enough to finally wake me up.

It's been nearly four months since this dream took place. Wyatt has been free and clear of any symptoms related to Lyme disease or any other tick related illness. Of course, we have no idea if he was infected in the first place. I would like to speculate that the dream healing influenced his outcome but, in the end, we will never know.

Furthermore, I would like to believe that my father-in-law picked an opportune moment to show up and give me a hand in achieving lucidity. I also know, however, that my unconscious mind has a way of being very creative when helping me achieve a goal. It's possible that after countless overlooked dream signs and overt clues, it decided to conjure the likeness of my father-in-law to grab my attention. Either way, I'm grateful for the assistance and the epic experience that resulted.



Available on Amazon.com

Deceased Dream Figures: Symbols or Something Else?

By Robert Waggoner © 2016

In the weeks after my father passed, I found myself sitting with him at a TWA departure gate in some nondescript, silvery gray airport. My father didn't say anything, and little happened in the dream. After a second dream of waiting with him at the TWA gate, the symbolism suddenly hit me. The TWA gate symbolically stood for 'Trans World Airlines' – the most appropriate airline for the recently deceased to trans-fer from the world of the living to the realm of the dead.

Looking back, I now see how this dream symbolically reflected my inner emotional processing of my father's transition. He sat at the gate with apparently nothing left to do, except for me to accept his journey. Though some might wonder if the spiritual essence of my father sat with me in these dreams, it seems to me that I sat with a dream figure, a symbolic projection of my mind.

How can a curious person reasonably determine the status of such encounters? The following points may help you notice subtle distinctions that differentiate the nature of deceased dream figures:

- 1) *Active versus static dream figures* – If the deceased dream figure initiates action or seeks to contact you or show you something, then it suggests a possible encounter with the person's spiritual essence. But if the deceased dream figure sits like a potted plant, as my father did at the TWA gate, then the lack of purposeful activity suggests a symbolic projection of one's mind.
- 2) *Knowledgeable dream figures* – If the deceased dream figure comes with a message, warning or advice (in person or by phone, etc.), then it suggests a possible encounter. Interestingly, Frederick van Eeden the person who many believe coined the term 'lucid dreaming' recounted an experience where a deceased brother in law warned him of an upcoming financial loss, which van Eeden later experienced. If the dream figure seems to lack new or novel information, then it may suggest a symbolic projection.
- 3) *How he or she looks in the dream* – When you encounter the deceased, do they look younger, more vital and healthy than when they passed? Or do they reflect their appearance when last seen (for example in a state of ill health and decline)? When I see my maternal grandmother in a dream and she seems in her thirties (while I only knew her in her 70's and older), it suggests the dream figure has acted to re-cast themselves as they prefer to be seen instead of as I recall them. This observation seems to indicate a dream figure independent of my thinking or memory, which leads me to assume a dream visitation.
- 4) *Eye contact* – When we engage others, we often look them in the eye. The eye to eye contact often helps us see their response or sense of inner activity. If we recall a dream of the deceased and their eyes seem active and lively, it suggests an encounter. However if they fail to look in our eyes or seem to stare passively into space, then it suggests a symbolic projection.
- 5) *Your dream occurs during grieving or long afterwards* – If the dream appearance of the deceased occurs during the time of active grieving, then it may simply reflect the inner work of processing your emotions. By contrast, if the deceased appear many years later (after the normal mourning process has ended) and possibly seek you out or share information, then it seems more suggestive of an encounter.

In lucid dreams, it seems easier to determine a dream figure's status, especially if you thoughtfully interact with the deceased dream figure, judge their awareness and test their responsiveness, knowledge and behavior. You can even ask them questions and obtain information outside of your knowing, which you can later seek to validate. Together, this input should clarify the situation.

Lucid dreamers must take care to examine personal assumptions and beliefs, when engaging the deceased. By investigating, observing and questioning with an open mind, you become a more insightful explorer of inner realms.

Lucid Dreams with my Dead Mother

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Before my mother eventually died, she came to say goodbye in a lucid dream. I was still in bed although I had woken up early in the morning at the first light. I usually prefer not to completely wake up immediately, so I remained focused at the inner side of reality. Eventually I dozed off again and drifted slowly out of my body with my awareness at the low level necessary to fall asleep. The sense of the presence of my mother raised my lucidity. I was aware of floating outside of my body. The perception of the room was less relevant and out of phase with the image of my mother.

My mother however, was clearly visible, appearing in a form that I only know from old photographs when I was very young. Her hair again black, cut short in a fashionable sixties look, wearing winged butterfly glasses and fully dressed as if on her way to a glamour party. I was really happy to see my mother so fresh and alive. Such a difference from the deplorable state she was actually in at the time. She explained that she had come to say goodbye. We hugged intensely for much longer than we had ever done as mother and son and I cried, while being happy to be so close to my mother. I still sensed with her an aura of the tiredness that she was enduring physically, but she seemed not deeply affected by it.

My mother's life still dragged on for a full year of mental and physical degradation after that dream episode. You may have guessed that I woke up minutes later, thinking she had died that same night. And in a sense maybe she did, because the physical state my mother was in, no longer allowed for much expression of her personality. Seth, in the works of Jane Roberts mentions that dying maybe a gradual process and that indeed sometimes the larger part of a personality would have already left. I totally expected my mother to appear in later dreams in that same younger form, but to date she never did.

Before my mother eventually died, the only other dreams I had of her were of a telepathic nature, or a resonance of her state of mind. She was crying and whining a lot during a certain period, unable to express

herself otherwise. Visiting my mother several times a week, I had become sensitive to her state. I would catch myself whining as she did not only in several dreams, but sometimes also during the day. As if I could cope with far less than I normally can. I mention these dreams here for completeness.

In the early morning that my mother died, I did not have a dream, or an experience, or even a hint. My father however had quite an interesting experience the night after her passing away.

He told us that he woke up three times of hearing the doorbell ringing, or maybe – he thought – it had been the telephone. My father is hard of hearing and he would not even hear the doorbell when upstairs and awake. After ignoring the first ringing he climbed out of bed in the middle of the night to find nobody at the door and no missed call on the display of his phone.

As soon as he was comfortably in bed again he heard the ringing once more. This time he was still awake and it was clear to him that it did not resemble the doorbell or the telephone. Surprised he opened his eyes and was even more astounded to hear his name two times, once short and once long.

My father dismissed out of hand that my mother had visited him to call his name from the beyond, but we know him to be uneasy over the topic, ever as I had brought it up in the past. (Recently he asked me how she was doing, though, and glad to hear she was alright.)

It took about a week after her death before my mother appeared to me in a dream. I was lucid when I met my mother, walking in some insignificant dream street and very happy to see her. About the same moment I met her, somebody else tried to get my attention. My mother and I had not even had the chance to say hello, still several meters away, so I promptly asked the man to come back later. When I had turned my attention to blow off the man, I sensed the sadness of my mother,

as she interpreted my turning away as the end of our rendezvous. She was so glad when I returned my attention to her. Her first words, exalted through her tears were: "The first real reunion of mother and son!" Quite dramatic. We walked and talked for a while and it was a beautiful and loving experience for the both of us.

My mother is quite active in her afterlife and appears in dreams of all of our family-members. She reportedly cuddles with my father, goes shopping with my sister and most notably she has already on two occasions asked her granddaughter to say hello to my sister. Imagine that! My bright and lovely niece, then a little over four years old, had remembered to do so when her mother left for work in the morning: "Oh mom, dead grandma says hello again."

One of my mother's deliberate actions concerned a message she brought me. I was slowly waking up, in my favorite style, wordless and deeply concentrated. I had not instantly noticed my mother's energy mixing with mine a bit. When she started to formulate words in my ear, I realized she was already there for some time. I did not startle as you may expect. Over the years when my lucidity grew, I learned not to react too much to changes - many experiences will be instantly ruined when you scare or get excited.

My mother had apparently prepared herself well in delivering the message and maybe that's why it came out a bit theatrical. In a slow and declamatory style she said: "Being dead is like fully emerging in satisfaction." She certainly felt good, I sensed.

I don't think this message means that everyone who died is now fully satisfied, but my mother wanted me to know that she was relieved from the many worries she had taken upon herself during her life and that she was happy. Resistance is for the living.

Not in all the dreams I had about my mother recently I have been lucid and I even do not always remember my lucid dreams. I also noticed that my mother was not always very lucid when I met her. Sometimes she was involved in inexplicable symbolic actions and her words did not make much sense to me. She was apparently dreaming an ordinary dream.

One dream in which I was lucid helped my understanding of life after death a little more. I remember sitting on a bench with my mother, quite relaxed and chatting as mother and son. I was fully lucid and aware of my

mother's recent death, as was she. Her father and mother were also in the scene, dancing together a few meters away from us. I sensed something of a distance between my grandmother and my mother and asked her about it.

"Do you speak to her often, now you both are dead?"

"Nah," my mother said, "She is not like that." Stating it as a fact and she did not seem to mind it much. When I asked her about the contact with her father she said: "Oh yes, we see each other quite a lot."

My mother did not seem to speak with a physical voice in that dream, more with a hollow sound-effect, as my own voice did on the occasions that I consciously practiced speaking and shouting in my dreams.

Although I have wept many tears after my mother's death as an expression of the love I feel for her, her death has by no means been the end of our relationship. It has even allowed for a deeper connection, without much of the usual worries she had for me. That aspect of our relation had already developed when my mother was at the end of her life unable to consider or express these worries.

I will conclude with one last significant occasion, about twenty-five years ago already. For a short while I was back at my parent's house. Usually late at night, when I was still in the living room, my mother would urge me strongly to go to bed. That particular evening, she quietly came to wish me goodnight, calm and lovingly. Much to my surprise, about twenty minutes later she appeared to me in a transparent dream-form. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her quietly watching me at about three meters distant in the opening of the door to the living room.

I turned my head and got a better look, but that startled her, as if she didn't expect me to see her and she ran off, probably back to her bedroom. My mother in out-of-body form wore her light-blue nightgown. I could see my mother in great detail, although I could also see right through her. She may not have been visible to other people. At that time my perception had already increased a lot due to my improved inner silence.

I hope this loving story about my mother after she passed away will help others understand a bit about the afterlife.

Receiving a Lucid Message from Deceased Relatives

by Karim

I had this lucid dream on the last day of Ramadan. This is a religious fasting month in Arabia that is followed by 3 days of Eid festival. This is a kin to Easter for Arab muslims. It is a time of family gathering together and lots of gifts to be given especially to the kids in the family. The reason I am mentioning this is that it is significant to the content of the dream.

At the beginning of the dream I noticed myself walking on a footpath in a big garden or sort of natural park. The weather was beautiful with a cool soft breeze and the sunlight was warm and fuzzy. The whole scene was inviting and comforting. I kept hearing my name being called from a distance. Trying to find the source I followed the sound until I saw a lady in her early 30s wearing a beautiful white dress with interesting embroidery waving at me from far. As I approached I recognized her immediately as my grandmother.

She comes up to me and said "I really missed you" she says. I was bewildered because at that point I remembered Grandma died almost 2 years ago...then the thought hit me 'Oh this must be a dream!'. I immediately became lucid remembering that this was not the first time I see my grandmother in a dream after her death, but it is the first time I see her so young!

I said "This must be a dream because you are dead." She replied "No dear I am pretty much alive and well right in front of you" then she twirled around with her pretty dress.

I couldn't help but comment "Wow you look fantastic and you are young again!". She said "Yes and I can see again! No more diabetes or illness. I feel great!". Grandma had a few illnesses in her old age. She had diabetes, high blood pressure, lost her sight, and broke her hip as well. She lived long though and died a very conscious death (as in knew she was about to die at the hour of her death) surrounded by her family at the age of 86.

"I am so glad you are well" and gave her a big hug.

"Come with me" she said. "There are some people that would love to say hi to you."

She held my hand and lead the way along the foot path. At this point I remembered an old Arabian tale about seeing the dead in dreams. We were told as kids that if we see the dead in dreams never to take any gift from them and if invited to follow them somewhere not to go. That this heralds bad news that we will follow them in waking life.

The adventurous part of me totally ignored this childhood warning and thought to myself, I am lucid so if I feel anything is weird I can easily exit the dream. That thought always gives me comfort and confidence to proceed during an LD.

We arrived at a clearing. There was a horizontal log on the ground and sitting on it was a man and next to him standing was another young lady. This lady was younger than my grandmother in her early 20s. Both the man and his daughter were also wearing white. More traditional white Arabian robes or what is called a dishdash. At that point I thought 'what is up with the white theme?'

I recognized the young lady as my cousin and the man as her father, my aunt's husband. They both died before my grandmother.

Surprised to see them I told my cousin "Oh God, I totally did not expect to see you! You died 20 years ago. And you are the same age as when you died!" Jokingly she responded "well hello to you too!" and we burst out laughing. "Sorry I didn't expect you guys to be here. I am so happy to see you after all this time. You look great!" Interestingly the three of them

had a certain glow on their faces. They looked relaxed, and happy.

After the meet and greet with everyone. My cousin told me "I have a message I want you to give to my mother. I visit her and others in the family in their dreams but non seem to recall at all. I approached you because I know you will retain the memory upon waking up."

I thought to myself 'interesting if they know I am a lucid dreamer?'

"I want you to tell mom that I am well and alive in the spirit world. We are all together here (she meant the dead in the family). Every year the night before Eid, Mom does this weird ritual of going into her room early in the evening and tells everyone she is going to sleep. She locks the door and takes out all the photos she has of me, lays them out on the bed, and cries all night long. She has been in deep sorrow about my death since the accident. That was a long time ago and she needs to learn that I am ok and at peace with my death. Her sorrow and mourning is causing her a lot of health issues and it is only going to be downhill from here on if she doesn't learn to let go. Please comfort her and tell her that we are all well and healthy and she should not worry about us anymore."

My cousin was hit by the car of a drunken driver over 20 years ago. He lost control and drove over a pavement where she was walking. She suffered for a few days and then died in the hospital leaving 2 kids and a husband behind. It is true her mother never really recovered from the loss or the sorrow.

"I promise I will tell her when I wake up."

"You said you are all here together. Where is grandfather? I would like to say hi." Then, Grandma replied, "He is somewhere else praying and holding the space for us to meet. Will send him your regards once you are gone."

She took me back to where she found me, gave me a big hug, and called me with a childhood nickname that is too embarrassing to mention here. "Karim, do not forget to call my daughter (which is my aunt) and tell her about our meeting. I entrust you with this. Please do not forget. Also send our regards to everyone in the family. Now go wake up!"

With that, I awoke. It was just about sunrise. Another old Arabian tale said that if we wake up from a dream at sunrise then it is not a regular dream, it is considered a vision. I thought perhaps this maybe true in this case.

I waited for a reasonable hour and called my aunt. She burst into tears over the phone as I was telling her about the lucid dream. She said "How did you know about what I do on the eve of Eid? No one in the family knows that I look at her photos and cry all night. My daughter should have been alive and spending eid with her kids and with us."

I comforted her as best as I could and told her that I couldn't have known about her yearly ritual. That there must be something about this dream that is more than just a dream. I asked her to entertain the possibility that perhaps it was a real visitation from her daughter and husband. I made her promise she will not do this little ritual again and to try to remember that they are alive and well in the 'other world'. I knew this went in line with her spiritual beliefs.

I do not think she has listened to her daughter's advice. As time went by sadly her health continues to decline as predicted by the dream.

I have to say it was really comforting to meet them. I woke up with a sense of peace and calm. I have to mention that the quality of this dream was quite different from that of regular dreams I have. It was clear, vivid and very life like. My lucidity also was effortless unlike in normal LDs where I have to put an effort constantly to keep the dream stabilized. It was a very interesting comment that my grandma made about my grandfather. That he was holding space for this 'meeting' to happen.

I cannot be 100% sure that this was a visitation from the dead. I can only theorize. However, it is interesting that I received information that I could not have known in waking reality and then got it validated. Also it is interesting there was a prediction in the dream that came true later in waking life.

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Non-Linear Dream Communication

Bill Murphy
LDE Science Correspondent

While researching the topic of lucid dreams of the deceased, I reviewed the work of those who have studied various categories of dreams looking for relevant data. The challenge of providing examples of communication with deceased loved ones while in a lucid dream was confounding in some regards while acknowledging there is an undeniable emotional aspect to the subject.

What I looked for was verifiable information gained during a lucid dream with a deceased loved one that was not known while the person in the dream was living. I had hoped this could have led to an understanding of a possible mechanism of what could be considered non-linear communication. Dreams do not have to conform to clocks and calendars but could knowledge be passed in any direction such as the past to the present or even in reverse?

While there is a substantial amount of research pertaining to how grief affects the survivor's dreams, some of the testimony that dreamers shared with me has inspired me to continue to study the phenomenon of communication with what many call the afterlife. Since this article is limited to discussing dreams there is no need to expand upon a discussion of the possible existence of discarnate personalities. With the parameters of this article established, here are a couple of examples of anecdotal evidence of lucid dreams with the deceased presented to me in various interviews.

·Norma Sumption shared with me that after her husband Frank unexpectedly passed away, she and her son eventually began looking for some of the electronic devices that Frank had built, specifically the first radio based instrument that bears his name: Frank's Box Number One. Frank had cleaned out his workshop several years earlier when he and his wife relocated to a new home and many of his items were stored in cartons that his family had not opened. When Norma and her son could not find where this item was stored, they both discussed that it appeared that this electronic device was lost and retired for the night. Norma stated that the next morning she and her son both knew just where to look and found the long lost invention. While Norma added that this knowledge wasn't verbalized in a dream it seemed to be transmitted via retrocognitive telepathy.

·Dr. Simeon Hein stated during an interview several years ago that he had lost his beloved dog, and as many people can attest, pets become integrated into a person's family. Dr. Hein reported that during a lucid dream his dog appeared to him and communicated a personal message of well being through scratch marks on the ground that was deciphered during the dream almost like a written language. This amazing account shows the depth of the connection between different species and how working to become lucid during a dream can reveal surprises that are difficult to categorize.

·My wife Anita told me of the lucid dream she had when her late mother appeared and invited Anita to go shopping with her. In the dream her mother was vibrant, healthy, and Anita detected her mom's favorite perfume L'air Du Temps. Realizing she was in a dream, Anita became lucid and expanded the dreamscape which morphed into the outdoors. And on cue, her mother's green Pontiac materialized and her mom got in and drove off which prompted Anita to awaken and reflect on the experience. The components of Anita's dream suggest that she was lucid but also relinquished some control to her mother who was the central dream figure. Becoming partially lucid while interacting with characters in the dream that have their personalities intact is a powerful experience for a person to have.

· It is of interest to note that lucid and non-lucid dreams with loved ones have been reported throughout the ages, and as society advances, some of the common details change from generation to generation. In his book titled Finding Meaning in Dreams, A Quantitative Approach, author and research Professor G. William Domhoff writes that in a study of dreams with deceased loved ones, a majority of respondent's state that the medium most commonly used to communicate within the dream is the telephone. This certainly would not have been the case 300 years ago, and one can't help but wonder how modern culture will infiltrate our dreams with deceased loved ones in the coming centuries.

Lucid Dreaming with the Deceased

Marla Charbonneau

Ecstatic Connection With a Dearly Missed Friend

I'm dreaming that I'm at a house party. There are several people there and we are all visiting and having a good time. Suddenly I look up and see my friend Jon, who has been deceased for over two years, come down a short flight of stairs from some other room in the house. In the dream Jon was in a wheelchair, as he was in life, and he had always been unusually good at getting around in places where others in chairs would typically not go. In fact, I met him on a dance floor over twenty years ago. He was a wild man and a man of amazing depth.

Anyway, I look up and see Jon and it is as if he "turns on my lucidity". In the hundred plus lucid dreams I've had to date I've never experienced anything like it. I just had a gut sense that he did something to make me lucid. He came up to me and I was nearly in tears; I was so happy to see him. I said to him, "Isn't this amazing that we are having this experience. We always talked about this kind of stuff when you were alive so it's just amazing that this is happening now." It's like we communicated telepathically for quite a while but the main message was just a sharing of love because we were so happy to see each other in the dream.

I then said to Jon, "Why are you in the chair; you obviously don't need to be anymore?" He answered, "That's just because this is the way you are accustomed to seeing me." Then he stood up. I had never seen him standing and I was so happy that we started slowly dancing around the room together. After doing this for quite a while we agreed to have a change of scenery. It was still early in my lucid dreaming "career" so I asked him to hold on to me while we flew through the wall. I was still nervous about going through a wall at that time. It was so cool! We flew outside and he held on to me while we soared over a beautiful landscape that looked just like the Sonoma County hills and fields where we had known each other for twenty years.

We came to rest in a beautiful rural setting and talked for a while longer. After a while I began to lose lucidity and I

woke up. I was left with the greatest sense of elation I have ever had as a result of a lucid dream. I have seen deceased people many times in dreams, and at least one other was lucid, but this is the only time I have felt like I was genuinely connecting with the spirit of the person. What an amazing blessing!

RickM

Visit With Dad In Paradise

The following dream occurred on July 29, 2007, and 5 years after the death of my father from cancer. I now believe it to be primarily OBE, based on the delineation offered by Ed Kellogg in the last issue of the *Lucid Dreaming Experience*. The dream was strikingly vivid and indelible in nature, turning lucid at the very end (Waggoner, Shifting State Hypothesis). I sometimes wonder if this was a spiritual visit with my father in paradise, symbolized by the two-story trolley; the 2nd floor restaurant; and the euphoric atmosphere. By paradise, I mean the place where many Christians believe they reside after death, but prior to the 2nd coming and final judgment. The dream went as follows:

I was sitting at the kitchen table at my parent's house and looking in the direction of my mother, sister, and oldest brother. I assumed my father was seated next to me in his usual place at the head of the table, but I did not see nor hear him. We all decided to hop on a two-story trolley and go down town for dinner (there are no trolleys in this town in WR). Here again, I assumed my father was riding with us on the top level, but I did not actually see him.

We spotted a second-floor restaurant rumored to be good, so my brother and I told the others we would check out the wait. When we walked up the stairs and into the restaurant the view was breathtaking! Through very large windows you could see rolling fields that appeared to stretch forever, and the people all seemed to be having a wonderful time. With my brother standing next to me, I asked the maitre d' about the wait. He said, "The wait is 45 minutes, but well worth it."

At this point, I looked over at the door entrance and saw my well dressed father for the first time. He appeared to be anxiously awaiting someone's arrival, but this did not strike me as odd, as I assumed him to be still alive. We told the maitre d' we would stay and then went down stairs to retrieve my mother and sister. I had my mother by the arm and she seemed very unsteady, almost as though half asleep, heading up the stairs. She stumbled briefly and we continued on until we got near the top.

At this point, my father met us and wrapped his arms around both my mother and I. He was sobbing deeply and said, "I love you both so much." I had never seen my father cry like this, so I pushed him away slightly and asked, "What's the matter, why are you crying?" It suddenly occurred to me that my father was no longer alive and that I must be having a dream. This realization startled me into waking up, and regretting I hadn't given my father a better reception.

Anna Racicot **Flying With Steve, Meeting H., And The Witchy Bitch**

My husband, Steve, and I once attended a talk by a Tibetan lama in which he stated that in lucid dreams one could really meet the great teachers and yogis of the past. The following lucid dream was doubtless connected to this teaching, though I ended up with a somewhat different conclusion.

... Steve and I hurry into a mall where we see a clock display. Steve notices the clocks are in pairs while I am looking at the time on them, perhaps to see if they will read the same (a lucidity test we had been practicing). Steve says, "They are all in pairs so maybe this is a dream." I am sure it is not a dream, as is he, but I try to fly anyway. Much to my surprise I start floating so I shout out that it is a dream and then I start flying around.

I say to Steve, "Look, here we are in a mutual lucid dream. Let's fly together." I swoop down toward Steve, noticing his handsome bare chest, and we fly some together, swooping around and having a good time. Then I say that since it's a lucid dream we shouldn't just waste it flying, we should chant. We sit down opposite each other and start looking into each other's eyes, intending to chant that way, when I see H., our deceased meditation teacher, sitting at a table with

some women. He looks just like an ordinary old man, sitting there with nothing remarkable about him, but it is H. and Steve and I approach him.

I say, "Since this is a dream, H., and I am lucid in it, does that really mean that it is really you before us?"

He does not answer, but I become very moved in his presence and lean forward, finally leaning my face against his chest, saying I have missed him so much. Tears stream down my face. Then I sit back down and tell him something about what his life expresses for us. He says to me that the women seated here at this glass table have never had that idea before. It's as if by saying this, how much his life means to us, that they have learned something about him.

Then Steve and I do something else and when we turn our backs H. changes into a mean, sophisticated lady with slightly dark or olive skin. I insist that she turn back into H., but she won't turn back. She has a slightly witchy feel. I go off somewhere else and when I come back Steve has her on the ground and looks like he is fighting with her, but I can't help wondering if something sexual had been going on.

Then Steve and I start walking through various strangely shaped rooms, but I am getting tired of the way this dream is going and I suggest to Steve that we use one of the techniques from the dream conference to wake ourselves up. I try closing my eyes and opening them again, but when I open them, I am still in the dream. So I try closing them and moving them rapidly as in REM and when I awaken this time, I am really awake.

(This dream disturbed me because even though I was lucid I was unable to turn the witch back into H. I concluded from this dream that if a teacher from the past appears in a lucid dream, it may really be the spirit of that teacher or it may not be. After all, H. didn't answer me when I asked if it were really him before us. On another note, this was not really a mutual lucid dream; I just thought so in my dream. Upon awakening, Steve did not recall a dream with any of these elements.

Shawn Selders **Time-Travel Puppy**

My family had a wonderful toy poodle named Chapin, who was born in 1981 and died in 1992. Recently (in

2016), I had 3 short lucid dreams on the same morning, which featured Chapin. In each dream she was a cute, small puppy.

In the first, I had accidentally left a butter knife on top of her food dish. She looked up at me and would not eat until I removed it. I'm not sure why I became lucid, but when I did I was instantly extra happy to see her, and told her so as I patted her gently on her head.

In the second, I was already lucid when Chapin walked to her food dish. Instead of eating she laid down by her dish and playfully rolled over on to her back, so I could pet her stomach, which I did.

In the third, we were no longer in the kitchen. We were in the living room. In excitement I suggested we go outside, because I knew she would like that. So we walked through the house and to the backdoor and went out. It was not raining hard, but big wet drops were coming down. I walked about 20 feet away on our back cement walk.

I stopped and looked up at the early morning sky, enjoying the extremely realistic feel of the rain. I saw a crescent moon, which may have been obscured by clouds, because it looked sort of like a broken smile with soft edges. Just to its right was a planet, or big star. I may have pointed, or held my hands up toward the star and moon, the only two things in the sky.

Many hours after waking, when I thought about it, I wondered if Chapin was perhaps trying to show me something. After so many years, it was extremely sweet and magical to be in her presence through these 3 lucid dreams. It felt like the closest thing to time-travel.

Phoebe Evans

"It Really is Alright!"

My friend Swampy (so called because he was from New Orleans) died at age 32 and was much mourned. Everyone loved him, he was hard-working, smart and a good man. He left behind a 2-year-old daughter. Spiritual doubt assailed me. Maybe we are all just meat computers and consciousness is a cruel joke. But several weeks after he died I had this dream:

I am standing near a carport behind an ugly 60's apartment building. There is a trellis on the carport holding honeysuckle. Suddenly I realize I am dreaming.

Swampy comes from behind the trellis with his golden hair glinting in the sun and a huge grin on his face. He takes both my hands and says, "It really is alright!" I woke with a great sense of happiness and that gnawing sense of doubt didn't occur to me as much anymore. Several years later my beloved cat Neb was killed at only 6 months old, the most affectionate cat and the best company of any cat I have ever had. Two weeks after she was hit I dreamt I was holding her in my arms. I realized that she was dead and then that it was a dream.

I felt a sense of grief and guilt and said, "Oh my kitty, my little kitty, I'm so sorry." And I kissed her cheek, her nose and her head. I marveled at how real she felt, how heavy in my arms (she was quite plump and all black). I could feel how very relaxed she was as she lay on her back with all four feet in the air. She shook her head slightly, gave a cool smile and said to me, "It doesn't matter about the body..." I rarely worry any more that we don't have souls.

Laura Atkinson

Title of Work: Gumdrops from the Sky

Medium: Various

Date Created: 2003-2005

The actual dream behind the "Gumdrops from the Sky" image occurred during the first session of the More Lucid Dreaming project in 2003. It was first publically shown in the IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery 2005.



The importance of capturing the exact imagery of the dreamscape became so important to me, that the final image appeared a year after the actual dream itself. It evolved in stages starting from a simple 30 second sketch and text in my dream journal, to a 30 minute oil pastel sketch, to a final digital photomontage.

Gumdrops from the Sky

The dream begins in a bookstore. A woman was helping me choose new books. I identify this woman as my neighborhood friend LC. The beginning of our conversation was very normal and realistic until I remember that she passed away several years ago. In my dream, I choose this opportunity to have a conversation with her...

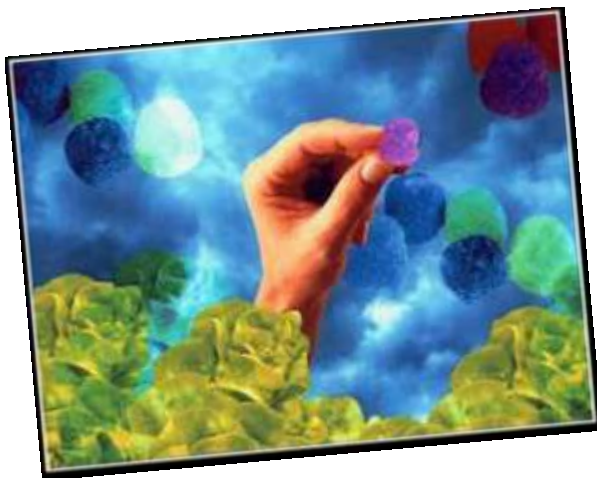
Laura: "I was so mad that you left us so early in your life."

LC: "Yes, I was too."

Laura: "Are you okay now? What it is like up there?"

LC: "Laura, it is like a giant salad. A place where everything is green and healthy. You can even pick gumdrops from the sky if you want. No one is alone. People are reunited with everyone they ever loved."

I give her a hug, and while we are hugging I say this: "I was so mad that you left us. I couldn't believe it when I read it on the announcement board. I thought it was a



typo, I thought it was some- one other than you." **LC:** "So was I, but look at me now."

The lucidity of this dream is almost

overwhelming. I wake up breathing deeply with tears in my eyes.

Gustavo Vieira

Short Talks With My Uncle

Some of my closest family is gone, like most of my grandparents and my uncle. But it is of my uncle that I dream the most. He died very young and I was a teenager when that happened. He was always talking and playing with me and my brothers. So, because of this, I have dreams with him. And he's one of my lucidity trig-

gers. Every time I see him, I know that I'm dreaming. I've had short but interesting talks with him. Here's two of them.

(This happened around middle 1995.) I'm in my grandmother's house where my uncle lived. It's night time. Suddenly, I see my uncle in the house and that startles me, because I know he's dead. I become lucid and we have a short talk:

Me - "Hey. You are here with me? Cool. And so? How is it up there?"

Uncle - "It's good. All is well."

Chris Cunniffe

Tigger the Lucidity Trigger

My cat, Tigger, transitioned from waking reality about 2 years prior to this dream.

I'm inside of a house. I see Tigger and immediately conclude that I must be dreaming. The transition to lucidity is smooth (no energy surge). Tigger is moving about quickly, very reminiscent of how he moved around in waking reality when he was excited.

I chase after Tigger playfully. I end up in the kitchen area. Ann (my wife) is there. I tell Ann that I'm having a lucid dream. There is a newspaper on the counter. I'm curious what date I will see on the paper. I look but don't see a date. I chuckle because the page numbers are funky. One page was numbered "u2".

I then remember that I've wanted to try meditating during a dream. I go back down the hallway where the dream started. I continue down hall into a bedroom. The cats follow me into the bedroom. They hop onto the bed with me. I try to pet them but it is like my hands are stuck in my sleeves (sleep paralysis?). I close my eyes to meditate but I then find myself waking up (in waking reality) very quickly. The transition was surreal because I closed my eyes in one bed and then woke up in another.

(This happened November 2013) It's night time and I'm inside a house with my brothers who are watching TV. I go to another room and, suddenly, I see my uncle. I become lucid. We hug each other for a while.

Uncle - "It's been so long since I saw you. You're becoming interesting. You're more spiritual."

Me - "Yes, it's true. And so, how is it up there?"

Uncle - "It's good, but a little confusing. The people in charge there are divided all by regions. If we want to talk to someone we have to shout."

As he says this, he pulls the curtain for no one else to hear.

Randy Westfall

Plenaro

My wife, my son and I were living in a pole barn on some land. I noticed out the window, the neighbor looking at me. He had a hat and dark glasses on. He was taking delivery of a completed section of house to be added to his house. At that moment, it fell off the truck and rolled on the ground. I thought, we could complete our house this way, buying sections until we had a whole house.

I walked the land, a valley with hills to right and left. Before coming to a large house and yard, I came across two recently filled graves. Tripping a little as I moved between them, I stumbled across the right grave. I walked up the hill a little bit and looked down at them. They were lined with stone blocks around each grave and the earth was turned and black, as if ready for planting. It seemed like very fresh dirt.

I went back to our house, careful not to walk on the neighbor's property to get to mine. In the house, I immediately saw a ghost. An ephemeral shape appeared before me and solidified as I looked at it. We looked at each other. I said, "Stay right there and let me look at you, so I can stabilize this dream and this image." I did that, holding my arms out at a wide angle to frame him within my direct vision and started to have a conversation with a boy with blonde hair, looking about 10 years old who said he was a soldier in a war.

When I stabilized the image of the ghost, I became lucid in this vivid dream. I definitely intended to deepen and prolong this experience and it worked! I was asking him questions, some of which I now can't specifically remember. Nobody could see or hear him but me. The neighbor was there, too. The ghost looked down and away from me in a thoughtful manner, not sad, as he told me his story. He said he was a soldier in a war and he had died. Though his gaze was downcast and he

seemed to be seeing the finality of his life in this memory, he was not troubled by it.

As he continued his thoughtful expression, he floated back and almost into the cupboard with glass doors. In it was a box and his head was floating almost next to it. I asked him his name. He said it twice as I asked him to repeat it and I still couldn't hear it. I felt that I had to know his name and in my urgency, I asked him to spell it. He said, "P L E N A R O." Asking again, I confirmed this name as he spoke the letters again.

He mentioned the box, nodding at it or orienting toward it as he spoke. He directed me to take some gold pellets which were in a receptacle in the large square space on top, put them into another receptacle in the box and something would happen, like I would receive something. I could see that there were other compartments and as I was looking down through the box with x-ray vision, I saw a drawer and in it was a picture. It might be one of the things I could find but may not be what happened when the gold pellets dropped in.

The ghost 'Plenaro' faded away and I couldn't bring him back, even by calling his name. I woke up.

Paul Coca

My Sister is Not Happy

I have heard many beautiful and healing accounts of people being with deceased loved ones in lucid dreams. I too have had such wonderful dreams of my mother who died over twenty years ago. However, not all lucid dreams of the deceased are pleasant. This was one such lucid dream of my sister Amanda who died recently (November 2014). On February 20, 2016 I had the following dream.

I am vacationing with some people. I may be with my wife R and our kids but I distinctly remember my sister Amanda and her ex-husband J. (My sister and her ex are younger than they would currently be; they look like they are in their twenties.) We are staying in a motel, but it is time to leave so we pack up and move out.

For some reason, we have to return to that room to get something. However, it looks like someone else is already staying here; we hadn't been gone long. The new tenants are not currently in the room but there is evidence that someone has been staying here such as

hair trimmings on a counter-top and some grooming supplies — a blow dryer and hair brush.

I feel awkward about being here so we decide it is best that we leave. We are walking down a narrow hallway—Amanda and J are ahead of me. As we get to the door I have the realization that this must be a dream because I know that my sister Amanda is gone. I become lucid and I approach my sister asking her if she knows that she is dead; I can see some evidence of bruising on her face from the car accident.

I ask her, "What is it like to be dead?"

She is getting irritated at me and acknowledges that she knows she is dead. She tells me that she has passed on to the other side.

"Are you happy there?" I ask, hoping to feel relieved that she says yes.

Instead, she responds, "No! I have become irritable and bitter and angry!"

I comment that it sounds like she is describing me—this is how I feel about her death. Hearing this makes her even more angry and she starts aggressively talking at me. I can't understand what she is saying but as she continues to yell at me she looks more like my friend G who has recently moved with his family to Panama...

Jeff Dobkin Dreams and the Deceased

I've had several different dreams involving deceased loved ones. In these dreams I'm talking with the deceased one either in person or on the telephone and when I remember that this person is deceased I also realize that I'm dreaming (the point at which the dream becomes lucid).

In the past I used to tell the person they had died and that this is a dream and they're not real but this has unpleasant results such as a nightmare or the person becomes quiet and appears sad or confused. I've since learned not to ever tell a deceased person in a dream that they've died but instead tell them that they have been away for a long time, that they're missed and that I'm glad to see them again.

I know that my lucid dreams have a limited amount of time so I try to converse as much as possible before the dream ends. In one particular dream like this I was talk-

ing to my deceased grandfather about a girlfriend that had recently died and asked him if he had seen her. He said yes. When I asked my grandfather to describe her to me he said a few things that were correct but then said that she had crooked teeth (which she didn't). I told him he must have been mistaken about the crooked teeth but he was pretty sure of what he said.

After my cat passed away a few years ago I've had many lucid dreams where I saw him again, sometimes in locations he's never been to (i.e. dreaming I'm at my parent's house). Instead of focusing on the fact that I'm dreaming, I interacted with my cat, petted him and told him he's been missed. In one dream in particular my cat was talking with me and I thought, "Wow, what a novelty - this is the only cat that can talk." I don't remember what the conversation was though.

Tina Clark Lucy

First some background: An acquaintance of my sister's was getting rid of his Tibetan Terrier, Lucy, because he said they weren't bonding, and she wouldn't kiss him, so I adopted her. The day he dropped her off at my house, she sat at the front door for hours waiting for him to come back. He may not have felt bonded to her, but it certainly appeared that she felt bonded to him. After a few hours, she realized he wasn't coming back, and after some time, she accepted the fact.

After that, Lucy and I became very close. Lucy was an amazing dog, so kind and gentle. I used to say she was a Bodhisattva. She just seemed like such an old, wise soul. However, she was shy and somewhat withdrawn. And no, she wasn't a kisser. Some dogs just aren't. I never took that to mean she didn't love me.

After we had been together for a few years, Lucy developed rheumatoid arthritis. At first we were able to control her pain and enhance her range of motion and quality of life with medication and weekly acupuncture treatments. But after a couple of years, the arthritis became too painful, and she was barely able to stand. I made the heartbreaking, but I believe right, decision to let her go.

A couple of days after Lucy passed, I had a dream, excerpted below from my dream journal:

3/28/07, Lucy

I'm in bed, but the bed is in the living room between the sofa and the desk. I notice it's the wrong place for the

bed and realize I'm dreaming. I then decide to try to see Lucy, so I throw off the covers, get out of bed, and call, "Lucy, Lucy."

I walk around the bed and there she is walking toward me. It is so real. I get down on the floor next to her and she lies down and starts kissing me big time—not excited kissing but very calm. I tell her I love her and then move my head, and my hair falls in my face and into my eyes, so I'm afraid I can't see her and so she will disappear.

I say, "Don't go," and get the hair out of my eyes and she is still there. We spend a little more time. I am stroking her and talking to her. It is very loving and very real, and then I wake up.

Steve Racicot

Anne and the Beach

I had this dream about one year after our friend Anne K. died.

I'm sitting in the living room of a small two story house. There are several other people in the room. Now I notice that one of these people is Anne K. I'm thinking that this scene must be a dream because Anne is dead. I walk over to Anne and I tell her that this is in fact a dream and that we can probably fly if we try. She laughs as though I am joking around. So, to show her it's a dream, I leap up into the air superman style.

However, I crash down onto the floor, flat on my face. Anne laughs again and gives me that look that says she doesn't think I know what I'm talking about. I get up off the floor and go over to Anne and hug her. Then I step back from her and take her hands in mine and look into her eyes. Her face changes. She still looks like Anne but different somehow—younger, but also different in some way I can't quite mentally grasp. I wonder about this change momentarily, but I don't pursue this line of thought. Instead, I tell her, "Anne, I know this is a dream because you died and now here you are. Come on. We can fly anywhere we want to."

Anne is hesitant to try flying with other people in the room watching so I lead her by the hand to a small room off to one side. Once in this other room by ourselves, we jump into the air and fly straight up through darkness. There are no dream images now, only darkness that we move through. "See," I tell her, "this is a dream. Where would you like to go?"

Anne says she would like to go somewhere far away out of this darkness. "Maybe to a beach in the sunshine," she adds.

"OK. Let's go," I say and focus on that idea. As we fly along I am hoping that I will be able to remember this dream when I awaken, especially if we go far away.

After awhile we land on a beach that looks like the ones in Brazil. Anne seems happy and relaxed. In a few minutes she leaves, walking off along the beach. I begin constructing a sand castle complete with a small wooden pier that goes toward the ocean. As I become more involved in building this elaborate sand castle I lose my awareness that I am dreaming even though the dream continues on for some time before I awaken. Upon awakening I felt as though I had made contact with Anne in the dream. I liked that I had helped her get to somewhere that she wanted to go. This felt like a helpful interaction with her spirit.

Rebecca

Spiritual Springs

The few times in life that I have gone lucid, was always during what I called my "epic dreams". These are very vivid dreams in terms of colors and details but also in my feelings associated with them and they were also dreams that stuck in my memory like a pin to a corkboard. In waking life my memory is really poor so that always struck me as really neat that I could have these dreams and remember so much detail. Also, each of these dreams would be connected to my mother in some way. She had died back in 1999. About 6 years ago, I went vegetarian for a year. In that time I had a series of dreams like the one I am going to share here:

I was in my mother's old truck with my older brother. We were driving down old mountain roads in Pennsylvania just like I had always done with my mother. I turned to him and said, "Do you remember Siddhartha springs?" He looked puzzled (I might add that I didn't know who or what Siddhartha was. Still not clear on that subject either). I then said "Buddha Springs," as if this was the more common name we gave this place (a place that had never existed in the waking realm). He then acknowledged that he remembered and we headed off there.

Suddenly I was at the spring. It was a clear mountain spring in the shape of a pool of crystal blue water with white sand at the bottom. All around the spring were

Lucid Dreaming with the Deceased

statures of various ascended masters such as Jesus and Quan Yin. Even another one that I would later realize was Mahavatar Babaji (of which I had no waking knowledge existed) and also Yogananda (which I also didn't know existed).

At one end of the spring was a golden spring house. Out of it walked Gandhi. (again, don't know why all the religious/spiritual archetypes/symbolism). He smiled very sweetly at me. Then I heard a wailing. It was from a woman (who had showed up in other dreams of mine and was not someone I knew in waking life but who felt familiar to me). She fell to her knees at the sight of Gandhi. He comforted her and motioned for her to take an elephant fetus to eat. She did so with thanks.

I walked past the spring to another area. There were Egyptian gods with a large stone scale. I recognized Anubis, the god with the dog head. He offered me two elephant fetuses. I remember holding them in my hands. I chose one. They seemed pleased with my choice. It was then that I realized this was all way too strange. I realized I was in a dream. It was just moments after that,

they dream grew darker, like someone put on a dimmer switch, then it faded out.

The strange thing is that a few years later, my sister took me to a really cool place in the Pennsylvania mountains. It was a spring on a mountain top. We had to hike in about 4 miles. It was clear and blue with white sand at the bottom. Right where there had been a spring house in my dream was a big hemlock tree. I dove in the water. It was the COLDEST water I had ever felt in my life and I wondered how it could be so cold and not be frozen. It was September and hot outside. This water bubbled up from the bottom of the spring from somewhere deep in the earth. The strangest thing is that somehow, through her associations, I ended up there with a Native American, who, without anyone's knowledge that he had planned it, decided to do a ritual right there. Again, the spiritual overtones.

Laurance

Deceased Friend Tells Me I'm Dreaming

I've had a number of lucid dreams interacting with deceased friends, one of them being Don, an individual with a severe physical disability who died several dec-



SAVE THE DATES

When we turn down our noisy thoughts and slip into dreams, do we tune in to another frequency? Can we then match wavelengths with those of others, sense the subtle vibrations of things, pick up signals from far away? Can we learn to turn to the frequency of our choice? What do we learn by attuning to frequently-repeating patterns of symbols in our dreams? As our eyes make color from frequencies of light and our ears find music in patterns of sound, do our dreams tune in to frequencies of reception and connection, insight and delight?

Tuning In to the Frequency invites these ideas and more to IASD's 15th annual PsiberDreaming Conference, as once again we tune in to one another around the world and beyond.



[HTTP://WWW.ASDREAMS.ORG/PSI2016](http://www.asdreams.org/psi2016)

ades ago. In so many subtle ways, our life-long friendship greatly influenced my disability-focused career. In recent years, he has shown up in more dreams. Apparently, due to his disability, I am more prone to recognize him in the dream state, i.e., he stands out from other dream characters. For example, in one of the earlier dreams, I was walking around and saw him sitting off to the side. After I warmly greeted him, he said, “I didn’t think you’d recognize me.”

In a recent dream, I was in an office attempting to show some officials key documents, rifling through but having difficulty reading them as is so often the case in dreams. The presiding official told me I didn’t belong there and should leave. After going, I started walking around a market place with shops and people milling about. Feeling a tap on my shoulder, I turned around and saw Don, extending his arms outward, saying, “Tada!” Not realizing I was dreaming, I said “What?” and, responding to my obtuseness, he retorted, “It’s a dream!” Slowly realizing he was deceased, I became lucid. Although in several lucid dreams, I’ve informed others that we were dreaming, this was the first time it went the other way, i.e., a dream entity telling me that I was dreaming. I hugged Don, telling him how happy I was to see him again.

Once again, Don looked exactly the same as he had in life, which, given his earlier comment about recognizing him, got me thinking about his dream appearance. From what I’ve read, after dying, a soul can choose the look he projects to others, often casting a more robust energetic, rather than infirmed, projection. However, if Don had done that I would have never recognized him; I needed to see him physically compromised. Although perhaps merely my perception of his energetic nature, I asked him how he routinely looks to others in this plane of existence, not just what he presents to me for the sake of recognition. Unfortunately, before he could respond, the dream disintegrated.

Esther **Grandmother**

My grandmother passed away at the amazing age of 100! We were very close. One night, months later, I dreamed about her, and I instantly became lucid as I knew my grandmother had passed away. I looked at her in amazement, she looked vibrant and healthy, the way she looked before she got too thin and frail.

I was so happy to see her that I gave her a hug and told her that I missed her, and was happy to see her again. As we were looking at each other I was thinking to myself of a gentle way to ask her if she knew she had passed on, but I couldn’t, so I asked her straight forward. “Oma, do you know that you passed away?” She looked at me quizzically, “Of course I know that I died! But just because I died on Earth, doesn’t mean I don’t exist anymore. I am still here, and I am happy. I have a horse and ride every day; I love it! I even have a boyfriend!”

I had to laugh about that one; she called him El Captain! Grandma and I talked a little while longer about little things, if I was happy, and that she missed me too. Seeing her again was very emotional for me, and I felt myself loose lucidity. I held on, giving my grandma one more hug, and told her I loved her. The dream faded and I woke up.

It had felt so real being with her. The next day I called my mom and told her about the lucid dream. She was amazed! Turns out that my grandma always wanted to ride horses but was not allowed to do so by her parents as she had fallen off a horse at a young age, and had broken her femur. I never knew that, so it was amazing that she told me about her love for riding horses.

Chris Cunniffe **I’m from 2014**

The transitioned personality in this dream is my friend Andrew, who had passed away approximately one week before this dream.

I’m standing next to Andrew (he is to my right). Something about the scene makes me wonder if I am dreaming. Andrew’s presence was likely a contributing factor. I decide to check my watch as a reality test. I look at my left wrist and see a digital watch. I was expecting to see a traditional watch display instead of the digital display (I seemed to think that, in waking reality, I wear a traditional watch – in actuality, I don’t wear any kind of watch). Seeing the digital watch confirms that I’m dreaming. The transition to lucidity is smooth and there is no noticeable energy surge.

I tell Andrew that we are dreaming. At first, he does not seem to fully digest the idea. The scene shifts and Andrew and I are in a classroom with a bunch of other people. There are rows of desks. Still lucid, it occurs to me to ask Andrew about his passing. He doesn’t seem

to know what I'm talking about. I consider the possibility that Andrew (during the dream, I don't question if it is truly him) does not realize that he has transitioned from waking reality. I tell him that it is understandable that he did not realize he experienced a death because the death experience is like a dream where everything looks very real.

Our surroundings are very vivid. I try to find different things that have a date on it. This becomes a challenging task. At one point, I take a bottle of milk from a refrigerator. I'm looking for an expiration date. Eventually, I find a newspaper and it has a clear date. I could not recall the exact date upon waking, but it was a 2013 date. There is a guy near the newspaper (it seemed to belong to him) and I tell him (somewhat jokingly) that I'm from 2014. My point in doing this seemed to be as a means of convincing Andrew that he was no longer in waking reality. I then tell Andrew that waking reality is also like a dream, but a highly organized one. He seems interested in these ideas.

At some point I leave Andrew or there is a scene shift. I'm walking outside by myself. It is now nighttime. I'm in a relatively urban area. There is an area with an outdoor restaurant (it does not match any that I know from waking reality). I decide that it would be fun to fly. I take a running start and then easily take off. I'm flying right over the restaurant tables. Some people sitting at the tables notice me and are looking up at me. . . . I fly for a good while. I'm amazed at the stability of the dream. It seems like it could go on indefinitely. I'm flying over a residential neighborhood.

My posture is just like I'm standing up in the air. I'm not waving my arms or anything like that. I experiment with flying upside down, with my back to the ground. I start to lose elevation and I find myself sliding in the air under some tree branches. I land on the ground, on my feet. . . . I then come upon a restaurant. I decide to go inside and check it out. I walk through the bar area near the entrance. There are two ladies (both seem older than me) sitting at the bar. After I walk by, I overhear them talking about me. Then they are leaving. They talk about me as if I run some kind of pet business. One talks about work I did with her bird. I tell them that I've been focused on real estate lately (possibly I'm losing some of my lucidity here). I then realize that one woman does not look human. She is humanoid, but her facial features are completely different. It is like she is an alien character from Star Wars

or Star Trek. I continue talking to them. I realize the dream is starting to fade and wake up.

COMMENT: Ann (my wife) was not surprised when I told her that I had a lucid dream. She woke up before me. She said that I had a rhythmic breathing pattern going on that she has started to associate with me having a lucid dream. In retrospect, I wish I had listened more to Andrew. It seems like I was doing most of the talking in our interactions.

James Kroll **Finding Sasha**

My dog Sasha and I were very bonded. After she passed I tried to reach her while lucid many times. But in none of those cases did I "feel I reached her." This lucid dream was different, and I did feel I reached her non physical essence.

I don't recall how this one starts at this point. I do recall being on the couch and realizing that I was dreaming (now lucid), but not the exact manner. Regardless, I decide to make another attempt to fly into the light. So I head out the front door and jog in a northeasterly direction this time. Getting a bit of momentum and leaping in the air, I shoot up and fairly quickly I am engulfed in a soft white light. I begin to think about Sasha and quickly gravitate to my plan. I think about my promise to her to meet up with her in mind-space, the connection we had, and the sense that somehow she understood this before and after her passing. Boom ... scene change.

I am now back on the couch and Sasha is on top of me, her face in mine. She is so excited to see me, licking my face and all frantic. She is younger, in her prime and full of energy. As soon as I take in the situation I get equally excited and emotional. I'm almost in tears as I hug and scratch her and enjoy the intimacy of this meeting. This goes on for at least a minute or so, even though I am fearful that becoming over-grossed or emotional may destabilize the scene. One thing is clear though. This meet up is different than the others. I feel like I am actually reaching her, or at least that I am in connection with her true higher self and projecting a scene that reflects our connection in mind-space. (Minor scene change ...)

Sasha is still on top of me but her rear legs are near my face her head is away from mine and she is on her back. I see two pieces of paper stapled or otherwise glued/affixed to her stomach. I can easily make out the

colors. The one nearest her flesh is white and the one on top of that one is red. They have some writing on them which I try to discern, but I can't quite make it out. Before much longer she fades away from view and disappears.

I then sit up and look down and believe that she has re-materialized on the floor. I reach down to pet her and it's actually Cinnamon, our new pooch. I say out loud, "Hi there little Cinnamon," as she is quite small, more like her size when we first adopted her (she's really grown nicely in the last 5-6 weeks or so). I pet Cinnamon a bit and she gets up and makes her way toward the gate at the entrance to the kitchen. I lose this dream.

Thoughts: As mentioned above, I do believe that I genuinely connected with Sasha. It was not only her excitement but the emotional sense and her IDENT that I felt I was picking up on. Perhaps the most interesting part of the dream were the cards. For which I have two possible explanations:

1) Perhaps white represents "spirit" and "red" represents "blood/body". The white card being closer to my projection of her means she now resides in spirit, reclaimed by her higher self. The red card perhaps meaning that the entity that was Sasha (or her consciousness really) has bifurcated, one piece back to the spirit and one piece back to a bodily manifestation (reincarnation).

2) Another possibility is that white represents Sasha (in spirit) and red represents Cinnamon (she has a reddish brown coat). I think it's interesting that as soon as I took in the card colors, the scene changed and Cinnamon manifested. The fact that she was smaller, like when we adopted her, could imply a connection to that event itself - her adoption. Maybe this was an acknowledgment that Sasha's higher self (spirit) is aware of Cinnamon and perhaps approves - or even want to insure that I give her proper attention as well. I have found that "thought balls" or ROTES from non physical entities often cause minor or major scene changes. So it's possible I was picking up on a thought from Sasha's higher self regarding Cinnamon. And while this final observation is a bit reachy, Cinnamon was running in the direction of Sasha's memorial where we keep her remains and pics and a keep-sake or two.

S. Perry

The Cat and the Labyrinth

I am lying in bed on my back, having just awoken. I close my eyes and attempt to return to sleep. The darkness around me begins to solidify, until I see that it is the

great mouth of a funnel that is stretching steadily downward. I feel myself fall out of my body and down this funnel, like Alice tumbling down the rabbit hole. I realize that I am being drawn into a dream and remain lucid.

A form emerges from one of the dark walls as I fall past it and turns into the shape of a cat. I fall onto the floor below, back first, and the cat lands in front of me, much more gracefully. I notice that it looks remarkably like my cousin's cat that had died a few weeks previously. "Jasper," I call, beckoning to it. It acknowledges me with a malicious look (Jasper and I had never gotten along) and continues walking ahead, flitting in and out of darkness.

We walk through a gigantic hall of shadows. I pass by open doors on each side, but choose not to walk through any of them, instead moving along ever forwards. I catch up with the cat and it turns to me, hissing and making a fuss. I can sense the anger and confusion in it. "Forgive, and be forgiven," a wise old voice says, booming through the hallway; "Love, and be loved." I recall my practice of Ho'oponopono and stare into a mirror that appears on the hallway wall, and recite into it: "I love you. I'm sorry. Forgive me. Thank you."

I then turn to the cat and recite the same. A bright wisp of energy moves from my hands and into the cat. He looks ferocious at first, with his face twisted into a goblin-like contortion of disgust and rage, but then he becomes calm and lets the energy engulf him. He disappears and I know that somehow I have released him from this place.

Kris Weaver

Mother Long Gone

My mother passed away in 2003. I have a dream where she is sitting in a chair with her back to me. Her eyes are closed and she never speaks to me. We are in a dark, depressing trailer house. As I go to speak to her, I notice that I am floating which is my trigger to become lucid.

Once acclimating to being lucid, I go to her and ask, "How are you?" No response. She's simply "not there." Like a dream-ghost; not a full, active dream character.

I tell her, "Its fine to move on," and she does nothing. No reaction. Then, I will myself outside where it is sunny and I finish the dream by gliding over hillsides covered with daisies, her favorite flower.

I've had this dream reoccur a many times and it leaves me neither sad or happy. Just a strange encounter with an image of my mother.

Sam

Lucid Dream With Dad

I dreamt that I was in a shopping centre. I could see mum approaching in the distance. Then I remember seeing Mum and Dad having bright blue hair. Whilst the blue hair appeared quite odd, I remember thinking that it was odd to see Mum and Dad together. At this point I became lucid.

I approached Dad and touched his face. I put my hand on his face and felt his face stubble. It felt amazingly real. I even rubbed my face against it. I then told Dad how much I love him. I started crying and kept telling him this, all the while being fully lucid. Dad moved closer to me and said, "You must keep telling me that," which I continue to do (although I think he means a more general 'keep telling him' over a period of time).

I started to think, "Wow, the dream hasn't collapsed." This scene of embracing and crying and affirmation took place for perhaps about 15 seconds. Then I woke up.

Note: On the night of this lucid dream no technique was performed before going to bed (although lucid dreaming is something I practice on a regular basis). I had been studying since midnight and was massively exhausted before falling asleep.



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In Your Dreams!

Drew S.

My Life Long Problems Solved

Since the beginning of April I had been trying for a lucid dream, and this was my first vivid one. I was in a cave with my family and two of my old friends. We were getting a tour with a guide, and were visiting many rooms, which are filled with bats. We reached the deepest point you could go, and we entered into a tall chasm. There were mirrors along the side of the room, and I quickly sprinted away from the group and saw myself in the mirror. My features were very blurred, while everything around me seemed vivid. I nearly woke up that moment when it clicked: I'm dreaming!

I whispered it to myself, and went back to the group. They all told me, "Congratulations! Your first lucid dream! Is there any way we could help you?" I responded by saying, "In just a second. I need to try something." I moved them aside and got a running start, and then jumped. I was flying! I started laughing, and doing loop-da-loops in the air. The whole time I reminded myself I was dreaming. I looked down, and I felt like an eagle. It was amazing. My first try and I learned to fly!

After a bit I landed and started talking to my dream characters, "Is the mirror a portal to another land?" "Why of course!" Says the tour guide, "It will solve your problems! Go ahead. If you need me, give me a call." I touched my finger tips to the mirror and was sucked in. I saw myself. Actually, I saw 5 me's. I was on the football pitch, my favorite place in the world, and all around me current disputes I was having with people were occurring. I walked by each one, as listened to what I was saying. What I said ended the argument.

I called my spirit guide, and my parrot arrived on my shoulder. I asked him if this was the answer. He said, "Why of course! Is that not you, apologizing and ending disputes that have lasted a lifetime? Search your feelings," and then he was gone. I smiled, and let myself fly sky high, and sleep on a sky full of clouds.

Then I had a false awakening. It was so real. The clock numbers looked right. I went downstairs and my family had a strawberry cheesecake with banners saying Congratulations! They all said, "I hope your first lucid dream was great! We saw it all!" Then I laughed, left my house, and flew to my hometown. I watched my old friends play football, and laugh and play, and then I woke up. It was an amazing experience, and I wrote it in my dream journal right away. I hope this encourages everybody to never give up. I'm 13 and am glad to have discovered this skill.

Nicky Alice Achieving the Blue Stone

I am walking down the street of what looks like a calm suburban neighborhood when I realize I am dreaming. I think to myself in a calm



lucid state, rather than do something entertaining or adventurous, or fulfill any desires. I let my subconscious lead the way.

I then begin to float down the street toward a small light blue house, the

whole of the house was Chakra blue. Relieving myself of all conscious will, I floated in through the front window, which was closed. I then proceeded to go on a little tour of the house floating from room to room in a circular fashion. I noticed the inside of the house was blue as well, all the trim and the furniture, although all the rooms were empty of any interesting object and they were unoccupied.

My curiosity was at its peak as I approached the last room in the house, it was in the center of the house and the only room which had the door closed. I sensed something inside and the door opened to have an arm reach out to offer me a brilliant blue crystal. I accepted the gift and woke up with an overwhelming feeling of accomplishment. I feel I achieved this item in my dreams.

This dream lead me to develop series of dream incubation experiments using subconscious will in my dream circle. Very interesting findings!

Sunshine First Time Flying

I was looking for my toddler. I found her playing in a room. There was a baby in the same room; he looked like a cartoon. I started playing with him; that triggered the lucidity. I put him on the bed and I turned around wondering what to do, so I thought about looking for a friend who is practicing lucid dreaming.

Suddenly he was in the room with me. We started talking about how real it felt to be there. I touched his

cheek, but something happened and I returned to a regular dream, but soon I realized that maybe I was still dreaming. I did a reality check but my finger didn't come through my hand as usual. I tried to pull my finger - nothing happened - so I closed my eyes and I said, 'Wake up.'

I saw figures with my eyes closed but when I opened them I was still there (in the dream). I decided to look at my hands. They turned blue like water color and figures started to appear. One of the figures was a 'wink eye, thumbs up face' that triggered the lucidity. I was happy again to know I was dreaming.

I was in a mix of my grandparent's house and my parent's garden in Mexico. I decided I wanted to fly. I looked up and I saw a huge elephant with tusks; then I looked in front of me and I saw a tall tree and owls flying from the tree. Those images amazed me. I said, 'I want to fly to the top of that tree.' (This was my first time flying.) I started to levitate from the ground toward the tree - the sensation was amazing!

I was so happy but half way I felt to the ground. 'Um? Maybe I need a purpose.' I thought I should go to look for a word in a paper my friend left for me in an island in Mexico. Just the idea lifted me from the ground to the tree top level. Then behind the wall surrounding the garden there was an immense blue and green calm ocean. It was huge. 'Here I go...' And I fell again. I thought maybe that was better than falling into the ocean. But I could explore the ocean though. I set the thought aside, I started looking for a new destination, the dream vanished.

Ivala How I Almost Won The Daily Sports Lottery

I first read a copy of *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway To The Inner Self* in December 2015. The book is worth its weight in gold (or platinum, take your pick). In January I decided to try out a precognitive experiment, to see if I could predict the winning combination (this consists of the first 5 winners out of around 20 race horses) for the daily sports lottery. I fixed a date to play the lottery, Friday, January 22. I went to bed on Wednesday, January 20th with the intention of waking up in the middle of the night to incubate a lucid dream. I woke up around 2.30 am and stayed up for an hour. I went back to bed on my back trying to induce a WILD through imagining vibrations flowing through me. This technique

often works for me, but it didn't this time so I gave up the effort and turned to sleep on my side. I then had this experience which I recorded:

I am having a series of rather incoherent dreams when I suddenly find myself in my old bedroom at my Dad's house. Everything is as I remember it. I'm standing beside my bed at the center of the room. I instinctively look down at my hands and notice that my right thumb is missing! I become lucid immediately; I briefly look away, then look down at my hands again and find the thumb back in place. I quell my excitement and will myself to do a reality check. I walk to the side of the room, beside the door, and will myself to levitate. Immediately I feel a sort of mild vibrational energy course through me as I gently rise about a foot off the floor then float back down. At this point, I suddenly remember the experiment I had planned in WPR (waking physical reality). I mentally ask: Show me the winning combination for Friday's Quinte+ (the name of the particular lottery game I play). The numbers 2-8-3-7-9 come to my awareness immediately. However, the number 10 also comes up as an alternative to 3. I need to be absolutely certain so I prepare to re-launch the question, this time out loud. The lucid dream suddenly collapses and I enter WPR.



I woke up still disturbed by the matter of 3 versus 10, but then decided to go for the former. On Friday, January 22, I bought my ticket (2-8-3-7-9) in the morning. At around 2 pm I watched the race live on TV. The results were 8-3-4-10-9. I found it remarkable to get this close to winning the jackpot.

After thinking about the matter, I decided that I had probably only accessed my subconscious and not my Superconscious (inner or higher self) by requesting mentally and not aloud. Robert Waggoner recommends that we SHOUT out our requests to the dream. I believe the subconscious is limited in its precognitive ability compared to the Superconscious (which I regard to be All-Knowing). I decided to repeat the experiment, this time focusing on shouting my request out loud.

Unfortunately, since then I have not yet succeeded in generating a lucid dream (and I thought I was a pro!) The experiment continues...

Nicky Alice Veda

I was in the garage of my parents' house where I grew up when I noticed a man walking up the street towards me, and I felt compelled to approach him. When the sunlight hit me as I walked down the driveway, I became more lucid than I ever have before.

I approached this man who seems very familiar but I don't recognize. We stood very close and I said to him, "I am dreaming." He reached out to embrace me and said, "You're not the only one." As he said that, he opened a third eye right in the middle of his two. Not on his forehead, but in between his other eyes. I felt he was a guide and my angel. (All of my angels have a third eye when they make themselves present.)

We then shared a very warm and lucid embrace. I never once took my eyes off of his. He then started floating upwards towards the sky and morphing slowly into a creature. He now had the body of a horse, the upper torso of a man, and two giant angel wings as he ascended. We never lost eye contact.

I woke up with an overwhelming feeling of accomplishment and confidence. I made a piece of art capturing the dream, now owned by a famous rock band. The documentary of the art can be seen on YouTube, Nicky Alice, Veda.



Fairy Tales of the Night

By Cain Pence

Fairy tales of the night
The subconscious takes flight
Collective unconscious comes to life
Dream or nightmare, comfort and strife
Lost hope or things we will soon see
Regrets of the past or visions to be
Dark desires or fondest fear
Distant memories, lost ones are near
Are they real or is it make believe?
Did they occur or will they deceive?
Past glory, future failure, confused present
Off to never never land captured tenant
Angels comfort, demons disrupt
Humans at night then interrupt
One more moment in the princess' arms
Wake now before bodily harm!
It is the land of sleep in between
Pretender or portender, what does it mean?
And when we wake, is it now real?
Did an alarm clock our true lives steal?
And when we die will we then still dream?
Or will in dying we finally wake?



Cain Pence is a Minneapolis, Minnesota based writer. Mr. Pence is a graduate of Georgetown University and has travelled extensively throughout all 50 states. Mr. Pence's poems have appeared in numerous newspapers and magazines. He wrote this short poem to ponder the great unknowns of the dream world. He can be reached at caino@cainpence.com

Next Issue's Theme

Ask The Awareness Behind The Dream

In a lucid dream, have you ever announced, "I surrender to the highest"? Have you ignored all the dream figures and shouted a question or request to the awareness behind the dream? What have you experienced when intentionally engaging your larger awareness?

In this next issue of the LDE, please share your experiences with other lucid dreamers! Strange or profound, amazing or unsettling, let us know what happened when you opened up to the power of your subconscious mind.

Submit your lucid dreams of the deceased to LDE via our website at:

www.luciddreammagazine.com



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The LDE magazine is co-edited by Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner, with contributions from lucid dreamers around the globe.

The average size of each issue is 32-40 pages. The digital version is in full color, while the print version is in black and white.

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Lucid Dreaming

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Robert Waggoner's Book Website

<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne -

First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

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www.asdreams.org

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www.dreams.ca

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World of Lucid Dreaming

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community

– by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Ed Kellogg

<http://lucidbeing.com>

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

Mary Ziemer

www.luciddreamalchemy.com and

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Lucid Dreaming Links

<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

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Ryan Hurd

www.dreamstudies.org

Maria Isabel Pita

www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World

<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com>

Christoph Gassmann - Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey.

<http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html>

Nick Cumbo - Sea of Life Dreams

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

Al Moniz – The Adventures of Kid Lucid

<http://www.kidlucid.com>

Jayne Gackenbach - Past editor of Lucidity Letter

www.spiritwatch.ca

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website - With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

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www.dreamgate.com

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Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver - IASD Presentation

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

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