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In Honor of Paul Tholey:
Achieving Self-knowledge through the Interaction with Lucid Dream Figures
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Dream Speak Interview with Jeff Peck

Lucid dreamer, Jeff Peck, has focused on engaging the inner awareness in his lucid dreams. Welcome to the LDE, Jeff!

Tell us a bit about your early dream life. Anything interesting or unusual?

From an early age, I remember vivid dreams and vague memories of having random lucid dreams, but I never thought of dreaming as anything more than just a strange nocturnal experience.

Between the ages of 8 to 13, I can recall flying dreams, dreams of interacting with my favorite cartoon characters, and sexual dreams (representative of my budding prepubescent focus and desire). I didn't start considering lucid dreaming as a serious practice until about ten years ago at the age of 14.

When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? Can you recall your first lucid dream/s? What prompted your lucid dream awareness?

I came across lucid dreaming very indirectly through my primary interest in OBEs ('out of body' experiences). Even though I didn't have much of a 'dream life,' I did have a heavy interest in the mystical/spiritual/esoteric. By the age of 14, I had an extensive knowledge of Theosophy, Advaita Vedanta, and general eastern spirituality with a little taste of Jungian psychology and western occultism to gain an overarching perspective on all of 'it.'

I also experienced sporadic sleep paralysis episodes in which I would always see or hear strange figures in my room or noises in the house. In some rare cases, I
could initiate an OBE from that state of sleep paralysis and float around the room with little to no control.

My intent at that age was to try to 'OBE travel' and prove the various esoteric concepts to myself and to others. It took me three years before I tried every technique and almost gave up. I distinctly remember reading Robert Bruce's second edition of *Astral Dynamics* with updated information and concepts. In his book he talked about how an easy way to get into an OBE is indirectly through lucid dreaming and also about how to communicate with and engage your 'Higher Self.' If my memory serves me correctly, he states that a person must become lucid, then fall backwards in their lucid dream, and their awareness would automatically shift from a lucid dream to an OBE in an instant.

Because I already had vague childhood experiences of lucid dreaming, I think I 'believed' that lucid dreaming would be much easier to initiate than an OBE. So I indirectly gained an interest in lucid dreams as a way to initiate OBEs. That interest in lucid dreaming led me to deeply research into it (which naturally caused one to four lucid dreams a month). In those early lucid dreams I used the Castaneda hand technique and reality checks which then led to me becoming lucid in my dreams by seeing my hands or doing reality checks.

**Do you remember any of those pivotal early lucid dreams that inspired you? What happened?**

Near the end of 2010, I read a comment on a lucid dreaming forum about using lucid dreams to communicate with and have mutual lucid dreams with other dreamers. I felt excited and relieved that I didn't have to use OBEs but instead could use lucid dreams to contact my friends (plus I had a much easier time initiating lucid dreams than I did with OBEs). After doing a little research, I came across a lucid dreaming book that had a chapter on mutual lucid dreams. That book just happened to be your first book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*.

Reading your first book opened my eyes to a new psychological perspective and changed my belief system in very dramatic ways. I started to reconsider my Higher Self as being more of an 'Inner Self' and shed my mystical/esoteric beliefs for some beliefs grounded more in transpersonal psychology and the exploration of the nature of reality (which came later).

My priorities changed from wanting to contact my friends and fly around in an OBE to interacting with this Inner Self. Before I could engage the Inner Self I had to think of what I would ask It or what experience I might ask for. Coincidentally, around that time I would experience a numerical synchronicity in which I would see the numbers 144 or 911 about ten times a day for reasons I did not know. My first ever lucid dream experiment involved me asking my Inner Self what exactly 'that' meant.

This lucid dream occurred in the summer of 2011. I was in a dream watching a short classmate from school lunge at least 20 feet into the air to dunk a basketball. The sight of him leaping into the air acted as a prompt to make me lucid. The moment I became lucid I looked up into the dream sky and asked aloud to the awareness behind the dream (Inner Self) why I kept seeing the numbers 911. A booming voice responded by telling me that the numbers meant "I was looking for something spiritual!"

I woke from that dream completely astounded that I had received a response from another Awareness beyond my own. That dream served to inspire me to engage this larger Awareness (Inner Self) and engage Its Knowing, Creativity, Intelligence, and relationship to myself.
What was it about those early lucid dreams that propelled you deeper into lucid dreaming?

I think I was most excited that I no longer needed to read esoteric books or study the experiences of others. I could have my own experiences and engage the larger Awareness to learn things that I might never read in a book. My relationship developed much more deeply after my first contact with it. I spent the following years asking It questions or asking for conceptual experiences (based on the instructions you gave in your first book).

Those early years engaging my larger Awareness and receiving responses made me reconsider every assumption I had about the nature of reality and my relationship to my experienced reality. I largely dropped my entire belief system and rebuilt it around the insights I received from the larger Awareness or from my own inner knowing or thinking on certain subjects of interest.

In an ironic twist of events, my interest in OBEs dissolved and I focused completely on lucid dreaming as a pathway to exploring the nature of experienced reality, the larger Awareness, and what I later found out to be the co-creative, psycho-dynamic relationship of the dreamer and the larger Awareness.

As you went deeper into lucid dreaming, did you feel like you were being shown new information (outside of your ego's knowledge base), or a new perspective on the nature of reality?

Definitely! I spent a few years asking the larger Awareness questions or requesting to have conceptual experiences beyond my own knowing/beliefs.

One night, when I was not focusing on lucid dreaming or even intending one, I had a lucid dream of being enclosed in a giant canyon. Even though I was lucid, I still had a hard time making the dream walls disappear or trying to fly over the walls. At the early stages of interacting with the larger Awareness, I thought that I had to yell all my requests to the sky for the larger Awareness to respond. So, in that dream, I yelled my requests for the wall to disappear at the top of my lungs but nothing changed.

I think the answer did eventually come but in the appearance of the dream figure of Hermione Granger (from the Harry Potter book series). In the dream she gave me the advice that I didn't have to yell and that the larger Awareness was ever-present and not really in the sky. In a way that's hard to explain, I had a certain kind of clarity about how the larger Awareness is ever-present in the dream. After she left I started to direct the dream in a much smoother way by announcing my intentions aloud to myself or saying my intentions in my mind (while knowing that my larger Awareness would 'hear' my intent since it was ever-present).

I recall a lucid dream of being in a dream kitchen and asking the larger Awareness what the 'main knowledge' or message of that particular dream was. It told me to "Know that the power of the trinity is accessible to all...!" At the time of the dream I was of the belief that the larger Awareness was a kind of 'inner God' or part of God in a sense. I immediately asked my larger Awareness if It was a part of God or maybe if it was the 'trinity.' The larger Awareness then repeated my question back to me but with an inflection of surprise as if to mock me for asking such a question. It felt exactly like when you ask someone an embarrassing question and they rhetorically repeat the question back to you to show you how ridiculous it sounds.

Then, in an amused tone, the larger Awareness stated, "You have mystified me the entire time; put me to use!" I realized I had to wake up to write everything I just heard. As I was 'leaving' the dream, the larger Awareness concluded our encounter by humorously adding, "Don't forget to leave a tip on the way out!"

A few weeks later, I asked to be shown the 'power of the trinity.' In that dream of asking to see the power of the trinity, the dream environment disappeared and a holographic ball of light expanded outwards to show the solar system, the movement of the galaxy, and then other geometric lights with the symbol of man resurrecting or waking up...! I'm not Christian and so I didn't interpret the last symbol as being fully connected to Christ. It may be a symbol for the awakening of 'mankind.' I'm not completely sure at this point and never bothered for
clarification since I started focusing on other things after that dream.

**So how did that change your thinking or perspective?**

That 'Power of the Trinity' lucid dream acted as a way for the larger Awareness to rebuff my beliefs about it and to make me stop 'mystifying' It as a kind of divine figure or inner God. Instead the larger Awareness wanted me to develop a deeper relationship with It. That lucid dream eventually helped me see each lucid dream as a co-creation of my self and my larger Awareness.

The initial encounter with the dream figure of Hermione Granger taught me that the larger Awareness isn't literally an awareness 'behind' the dream but that the larger Awareness was nonvisible, non-spatial, and essentially ever-present. It took me a few years of thinking on that to understand exactly what that entailed.

**How did you explore that in subsequent lucid dreams? What did you discover?**

I explored my co-creative relationship with the larger Awareness by studying exactly 'how' my mental actions or requests were expressed out into the dream environment (and looking at the incredible Creativity involved). For example, I recall a lucid dream of being in a library and wondering what would happen if I intended a painting of Thomas Jefferson to appear behind me when I turned around in the dream. In that moment, I vividly and creatively imagined a crude painting of Thomas Jefferson behind me and as I turned around I saw exactly what I imagined in my mind projected out by my larger Awareness. The painting looked just as bad as my imagination was limited to. I turned back to my original position and intended instead that the larger Awareness would show me a 'beautiful painting' of Thomas Jefferson. When I turned around this time, I saw a larger painting that was nothing short of a masterpiece. It was so detailed and realistic. I could see that when I initially used intent, and 'imagined' the exact crude details of the painting, that my larger Awareness expressed those exact nonverbal/imagined specifications. When I used verbal specificity without using my limited imagination I could also see how my larger Awareness used the phrase "beautiful painting" as my specifications for the forthcoming response.

When using intent to study the co-creative relationship between myself and my larger Awareness, I started to use only phrased statement as specifications for my intent (since I felt using my imagination was more limited than the Imagination of the larger Awareness).

I can recall another lucid dream of being in my living room and seeing a glass shelf with Hindu art like a glass Vishnu mask, a larger statue of Shiva, and other various figurines. I tried an experiment in which I verbally asked to see "Christian art." All of a sudden, the art in the glass morphed into a beautiful painting of Christ, a handmade crucifix, a gold angel, and other Christian iconography. I took it further by verbally requesting to see different things in the glass case and seeing the larger Awareness create an appropriate dream construct that was representative of my specified intent.

**Have you requested any mystical or spiritual experiences using verbal intent?**

Like I mentioned before, I spent my time asking the larger Awareness or conceptual experiences so I could specifically examine Its Creativity in action. For example, while outside of a dream bank, I verbally requested that my larger Awareness let me experience "Divine Grace." Suddenly, in the space above me, a vortex appeared and pulled me in. I emerged into a deep void and felt oneness and calmness. In front of me, I could see the solar system and I had a 'direct cognition' or 'knowing' that the Universe has an intelligent design underlying it, maintaining it, and supporting it.

That dream of experiencing ‘Divine Grace’ was one of my most powerful experiences ever. It opened my eyes to how co-creation involves our larger Awareness engaging our verbal intent and responding with an appropriate experience.

**Thanks Jeff. We hope you will continue this interview in a later issue of the LDE.**
My practical approach towards dream figures is grounded in the work of the distinctive researcher and lucid dreaming pioneer, Paul Tholey. In my opinion, his recommended and easily memorized suggestions for a meaningful communication with dream characters enable the dreamer to gain a straightforward and a profound understanding of the current state of his nature.

To maximize the efficiency of Paul Tholey's questions referring to starting a conversation with a dream figure, I combined them with the self-integration technique, introduced by Stephen LaBerge. As part of his instructions, the dreamer is advised to look deliberately for emotionally challenging situations in the course of a lucid dream.

For this reason, in the first half of this article I explore the endeavor to attain self-knowledge in a friendly or neutral dream environment, while subsequently, I present various dream segments from both my past and recent recordings to illustrate the results of my communication with seemingly hostile dream figures in dark, deterrent areas. In parallel with my accounts, I draw conclusions on my experiences and state the lessons I obtained from them.

While carrying out dream work, you never know whom you are going to meet after having fallen asleep. In most cases, openness towards dream characters seems to promote their readiness for discussions. The following excerpt depicts one of my most mysterious encounters, symbolically connected with a foreign consciousness:

“Disguised Beauty”

Lucid, I jump through the opening of a spiral staircase to take a shorter route out of the building where I have just met my parents. I am astonished at the fact that I glide slowly towards the floor instead of falling like a stone. When I reach the ground, I discover a very handsome, young blonde woman standing thoughtfully in the hallway. Remembering one of Paul Tholey’s questions, I slowly approach her and ask:

“Why are you here?”

I am genuinely amazed by her answer:

“I am here to make sure Father does not forget anything.”

It is hard to grasp what she means. That is why I just speak out the confusing idea that is about to go spontaneously through my mind:

“So you are my mother’s brain?”

“Exactly.”

She gives me a radiant, coquettish smile, taking me by surprise…

By questioning dream figures, I discovered that they often represent my typical character traits through the appearance of family members or friends if I avoid taking them for granted which the dream scene described below brings to the surface:
“Common Features”

After having recognized a false awakening in my bedroom, I stand up and make my way to the kitchen to switch on the light. When I turn around, I notice my little sister standing nearby. The presence of a dream figure reminds me of the possibility to ask one of the most famous Paul Tholey’s questions:

―Who are you?‖

My sister seems to glow like an angel when she replies:

―I am your kindness‖…

Over time, I realized that dream figures might also reveal my absolute values, ideals or moral concepts from waking life. As an illustration of this subject, consider this brief small talk with my mother in one of my lucid dreams:

“Personified Admiration”

I am going for a little walk with my mother in a park, overfilled with greenery. While I am talking about the proper performance of the palm check, my mother claims in a rather casual manner:

―I have just counted six fingers on my right hand.‖

At once, her remark triggers lucidity which I confirm by looking at my palms. Our being together makes me curious to pose the question I have always wanted to ask her:

―Which part of my personality do you represent?‖

―The good one,‖ is her concise answer.

I awake happy with the realization that this dream figure reflected motherhood, an image held in high esteem since I can remember.

Speaking from my experience, I mostly encounter benevolent dream characters in my lucid dreams. Still, I have also met surprisingly malicious ones in the sinister looking dream sectors, as one of these exceptional cases demonstrates:

“Threat in the Light”

Suddenly, I get a sneaking suspicion there is something wrong with my surroundings - an overcrowded airport.

Consequently, I quickly retire to an empty corner of the departure lounge to do a discreet reality check. As I feel overwhelmed by the bunch of dream figures around me, I head for the next door that catches my eye. The twilight outside delights me because I do not have to look for a dark place anymore to carry out my self-knowledge experiments. With Paul Tholey’s questions in mind, I can make out a distant shade, moving swiftly.

―Hello!‖

I catch up with the figure and get the fright of my life: The apparently male character is wearing a black mask like a bank robber!

I swallow hard, but ask him nevertheless:

―Who are you?‖

―Don’t you see that?‖, he barks at me in a harsh voice.

―This is going to be tough,‖ I think. Surreptitiously, I get the impression that this man does not belong to my inner life at all, like a foreign particle, get lost in the gloom. Still, I do not want to give up and think about my next step. Mentally, I go through Paul Tholey’s recommended questions while facing dream figures giving cause for anxiety. ‘What do you want from me?’ is definitely out of place since I talked to this guy first. Finally, I recall something and come out with this sentence:

―What are you doing here?‖

Suddenly, the whole environment gets lit as if through the hands of a magician. My blood runs cold when I spot a dozen men, looking totally the same as the criminal I have just encountered. A few seconds later they pull out their guns and start shooting at each other!

―A clear answer,‖ I deduce in a state of panic.

Sometimes you better stop digging!

With these thoughts, I yell for my guardian angel who instantly appears to get me out of this lucid nightmare…

Some dream figures let us have a glimpse at a hellish other side -conciliatory approach impossible, I remark in my dream journal, awake in my bed.

In Honor of Paul Tholey
I have also found that the dream may show an ironic or humorous background when I overcome my fears and get in touch with characters apparently belonging to a disturbing content.

In comparison, consider a further dream account being similar to the previous one, but containing an opposite outcome:

**“An Unnecessary (?) Question”**

After having performed a WILD, I dash out of my house. While exploring my environment, a black spot attracts my attention which grows into a dark scene as I enter it. At last, walking through an empty street, I notice a group of eerily strolling youngsters.

Having cheered me up that the dream usually rewards brave deeds, I choose the most creepy young man to ask him this appropriate Paul-Tholey-question:

“What am I here?”

He stares at me disapprovingly. Then he explains:

“Because you like movies.”

In disbelief, I slowly remember having seen a dimly lit movie theater at the very beginning of this street…

Upon waking, I gain increased self-confidence and have a hearty laugh: I have once again met a dream figure that proved to be harmless after all…

What's also interesting to note is that mindful listening in the long term seems to be the most valuable quality developed as far as getting insightful answers is concerned. Let us take a look at an example of unexpected wisdom in the following lucid dream excerpt:

**“More than a Playground”**

On re-entering the dream, I climb out of the window. I land on a dim playground with several children.

Having spoken with an utterly dull dream figure during my previous dream re-entry, I decide to ask these kids one of the most intriguing Paul-Tholey-questions:

“Who am I?”

Directly after having shouted into the darkness, I receive this reticent, surprising, and ambivalent response from a young, inconspicuous boy:

“You are the key.”

Upon waking, I know I have just had an educational dream…

From my point of view, it is significant to emphasize that the simplicity and simultaneous effectiveness of Paul Tholey’s questions remain particularly well suited both for aspiring novices and proficient lucid dreamers with the goal of attaining psychological wholeness through a deeper knowledge of their selves. This quest becomes especially important if the dreamer strives for individuation, a never-ending, exciting process, primarily supported by crucial questions or enriching answers from lucid dream figures.

References
I have been lucid dreaming for over five years now, and from the very first night, I experienced a Dream Figure who stood out from the others, and who spoke to me with authority.

I regularly encounter helpful Dream Figures. For example, a variety of Dream Figures, both male and female, seem to appear for the specific purpose of helping me “step” consciously into a dream, sometimes literally offering me a helping hand when I induce a WILD (Wake Induced Lucid Dream).

Precisely because of the great variety of Dream Figures I encounter, the ones commonly referred to as Dream Guides stand out. (I’m not writing now of a uniquely special Dream Figure Whose Presence in my dreams brought me home to my Catholic faith. I wrote about this Person in my book *Lucid Dreams and the Holy Spirit.*) For a long time, I thought I had more than one Dream Guide because, although most of them were male, they often varied in appearance. But after reading what the Catechism of the Catholic Church says about Guardian Angels, I began to wonder if what I, as a lucid dreamer, call a Dream Guide might be my Guardian Angel assuming different forms:

From its beginning until death, human life is surrounded by their watchful care and intercession. Beside each believer stands an angel as protector and shepherd leading him to life. [CCC 336].

Benedict XVI stated: The Lord is ever close and active in humanity’s history and accompanies us with the unique presence of his Angels, whom today the Church venerates as “Guardian Angels”, that is, ministers of the divine care for every human being. From the beginning until the hour of death, human life is surrounded by their constant protection [Angelus, Oct. 2, 2011].

Angels are beings made by God. They are pure spirits and personal beings. Each angel is a person. They are both powerful and intelligent. Some people are inclined to think that the word “person” applies only to human beings. On the contrary, “person” applies to each of the three divine Persons of the Holy Trinity, to angels and to humans.

Thinking back on memorable dreams in which a Dream Guide helped me out, I realized that, although he looked like different people, the way I felt when I was with them all was very much the same. His appearance often frightened me at first, even though it was also exciting. But after this initial anxiety (picture a rabbit encountering a friendly wolf!) I felt perfectly relaxed and comfortable in his company. Not only that, his presence was something my dreaming mind expected, and felt to be mysteriously natural.

**Excerpt from my lucid dream of February 22, 2012:**

At this point, I can’t see a thing, as though my eyes are closed, but I’m determined to visualize the streets and houses as I know they exist. I come to a corner and have to decide if that’s zero or 1st street. I determine the next one down is 1st street and keep following my visualization, even though it’s difficult to construct an entire residential neighborhood with just my imagination. I make myself arrive at the appropriate address, walk up the steps, and tell my companion—who is a featureless silhouette—to try the key, and it works! “Good job,” I declare, and enter the building with confidence, because I know now the door to the apartment can also be unlocked.
I start up the steps, and when I come to the first landing, I can see it very distinctly. I'm really here! I made it, I'm in a lucid dream. In that instant, someone grabs my waist from behind, and propels me up the remaining steps to the door of the apartment. It feels good, part of the thrill of being conscious in a dream, but I don't want to get too excited and wake up. We enter the apartment, and I wonder what it is I am meant to discover and do here. The presence behind me is still propelling me forward, and I glimpse a man's silhouette as we pass in front of a mirror hanging on the wall. A very small part of me is anxious, but I'm really more curious than concerned when I ask him, “Who are you?” When he doesn't respond, I repeat, “Who are you?”

Managing to turn around then, I'm pleased to make out in the darkness a hard but handsome face, and shoulder-length hair, even though he remains a silhouette. “Is there something I'm supposed to know?” I query, thinking he might have something to tell me, and he replies, his voice firm yet encouraging, “Just go with it.” “Okay!” I say, understanding that he wants me to just flow with the dream and see where it leads.

This Dream Figure remained with me for the entire long dream—which was all about helping a little boy believe in his dreams—silently watching me, and occasionally speaking a few words of encouragement without actually telling me what to do. Approximately three years later, I had a dream that urged me to begin questioning not only the apparently different identities of my Dream Guides, but also their human nature:

Excerpt from my lucid dream of January 4, 2015:

I'm on the upper floor of a large, dark building with a man. We're on some sort of quest. A gold and black portal forms before us, and slightly to my left. This is the way... A brief period of blackness, and suddenly I find myself transported to the other side of the portal. I think—it's like a cut scene in a video game. I sort of wish I had had the chance to consciously go through the portal, but here I am. Then a Voice announces that I am in the University, and that from now on I will be able to travel here whenever I wish.

It's quite dark in this long, great room lined with Cathedral style windows on one side, and incredibly tall bookshelves on the other. As I turn in place, looking around me, I'm suddenly more than a little frightened, because from the direction I came—where this structure ends, with a black chasm between it and the building I had just been in—I sense a Presence. And what happened to my companion? I'm alone now. I call out to him, my voice clear, but ringing with fear. I glance to my right, toward a section of shelves which I feel contain books, although I can't discern any.

When I look back, I'm terrified to see a figure at least three times the size of a normal man looming at the end, or at the beginning, of the corridor. He's wearing an ankle-length sleeveless white tunic with a touch of blue-gray, and his head is clean shaven. When he raises his right arm slightly, I take a step back, feeling utterly helpless; I can't possibly fight this Being. Then he says, “This is the Hall of Records. You are welcome here.” He's looking directly at me, with a slight smile on his face, and I realize, with intense relief, that he's not hostile, and he might even be considered handsome, except that he's obviously not a human being. Then he tells me something about being my Guide. I'm so immensely relieved that he seems to want to help me, I wake up.

The frighteningly powerful Being in this dream told me he was my Guide, and that I was in the Hall of Records, what felt like an endless “place” filled with books. I immediately thought of the theosophical concept of the Akashic Records, which purportedly contain the entire history of every soul since the dawn of Creation. The most extensive contemporary source of information regarding the Akashic Records comes from the clairvoyant, and Christian mystic, Edgar Cayce. References to The Book of Life are found throughout the Old and New Testaments. In Psalm 139, King David states that God has written down everything about him and all the details of his life, including everything that was imperfect and those deeds which had yet to be performed. Dan. 7:10, Rev. 20:12 indicate The Book of Life is to be opened in connection with divine judgment, and Jesus told His disciples, “Rejoice because your names are written in heaven.” (Luke 10:20)

A few weeks ago, I made it my primary intent, when I became lucid, to learn more about my Dream Guide, who I now refer to as my Guardian Angel:

Excerpt from my lucid dream of September 20, 2016:

...Suspended from the ceiling of the dark passage I'm walking through are what look like the silvery-gold ends
of fishnets as I address my Guardian Angel with words that spontaneously emerge, "My Guardian Angel, please protect me all the long days of my life," and even as I speak, I see light before me, and find myself emerging into a dream scene. It's a beautiful day outside, and as I climb a short flight of steps, I find myself in an outdoor cafe of some kind. Noticing a brown public bench just outside the patio of the cafe, I deliberately land on the back of it, and jump up and down on the narrow edge like a gymnast warming up on a balance beam, limbering and stabilizing my dream body and senses... I'm high up on what appears to be the side of a great mountain, because far below me I can see the coast, and a large city facing the ocean—not a city with skyscrapers, but definitely a large place, although small and toy-like from my vantage point. The lighting is clear and luminous, like on a marvelously mild and cloudless day in waking reality.

Drifting away from the seeming cafe, floating in the blue sky—as though the location I’m in is built right on the edge of a long cliff—I concentrate on performing, in dream slow motion, a back flip. For some reason, I feel it’s important I be able to accomplish this in a realistic way, experiencing the change of perspective as I spin in place. At first it seems I won't be able to do so, but I persevere, and flip slowly backward in slow motion.

Suddenly facing in the opposite direction, I find myself very close to a row of men who are much taller and stronger looking than normal men. There is a vivid, hyper-reality to the scene that makes me just a little wary, like my soul is seeing the edge of a very sharp blade that can cut me and hurt me if I'm not careful. Only it's only the heads of the men, and the tops of their broad shoulders, actually emerge from the mountain-high wall they are somehow standing in. (I'm reminded of the steel reinforcing bars around which concrete is poured.) Their backs are to me, but the moment I come to be so close to them, one of them turns his head slightly to look at me. His expression is intensely stern, and that's when I feel the sense of maybe being a little too close to some seriously powerful goings on.

Studying these men who are in the mountain, I wonder if this has something to do with my Guardian Angel. The "man" who is looking at me has short black hair, and though his skin is vivid with life and color, his features are hard, as though carved of stone, or the dream equivalent of purely timeless forces. I turn, backing away a little, and flying high in the sky above the world below, I experience the sense of some great upheaval behind me. Yet it doesn't frighten me, and when I turn around again, I realize I can now see the full bodies of these larger-than-life men. In my field of vision there are only three or four of them wearing seamless full-length "uniforms" of a shining green with vertical bands of a slightly darker green. They seem to be emerging from what looks like a cross between a mountaintop and a fortress wall, or bastion, rising all the way up here into the sky from the ground far below. It's like a crenelated castle wall, but instead of square stones there are mens' heads. I distinctly feel now that this scene relates to my intent, which was to learn more about my Guardian Angel. As I'm wondering about this mysterious and powerful and dynamic "process" I'm catching a glimpse of, I wake up.

The Church teaches that angels are creations of God, but they are not human. The word Angel comes from the Greek word Angelus which means "messenger." With their whole being they are servants and messengers of God. Angels "stand in the presence of God" and enforce His will. I felt something of that sword-sharp power in this dream, which was like a fine wine to my soul—the more I swish it around in my thoughts and feelings, the more I begin to taste a deep understanding of the "non-nature" of angels, for they are not part of the natural world, but are a power beyond it. I feel I may very well have been in the presence of my Guardian Angel—the "man" who looked right at me—and observed some of the mysterious work he and his fellow servants of God are engaged in for the good of individual souls and, by extension, for the benefit of all humanity.

Excerpt from my lucid dream of October 4, 2016

*Note: Sean is a lucid dreamer I regularly dream share with.

The next thing I become conscious of is sitting at another small table placed almost directly in front, and slightly to the right, of an open doorway, through which some people trail in from the sidewalk. It's night outside, and these persons seem attracted, like curious moths, to the bright energy of the voice of a man standing almost directly in front of me facing my table and the open threshold. I'm busy writing while also listening to this man, who begins a quiet discussion with the woman at the front of the line. I sense she thinks it's merely a philosophical conversation, which she enjoys, but I know it's much more than that. So I'm not surprised when the man suddenly begins yelling at her, not screaming angrily, simply speaking as loudly as
possible, as though she is deaf and there's just no other way to reach her. Looking up from my writing, I notice the woman looks unsure if she should listen to him, or turn around and leave, as though her life doesn't really depend on the decision, which I know it does.

The man's eloquent tirade at an end, he sits down at the table directly in front of me, and when I glance up from my writing again, he makes a brief statement that culminates with my name, “Maria.” I keep writing for a moment, but then it dawns on me this man said my name like he knows me. I ask the man sitting on my right, “Did he just say my name? Maria?” wondering how he knows who I am, for I don't recognize him. Staring across the narrow table at him, I ask him directly, “Did you just call me Maria?” Silently, he holds my eyes, and I start becoming lucid as I study his appearance. He has blondish hair, and a straight nose. He's not unattractive but not exactly handsome either. There's nothing remarkable about his appearance, but he suddenly has all my attention. He doesn't answer my question. Instead, he gets up, and walks out of the small public room.

I follow him onto the nocturnal street of a timeless looking town with no streetlights, yet it's not completely dark for I can see the sidewalks. There aren't any cars and people on this side street, and the act of following this Dream Figure makes me fully lucid. He has stopped next to a glass window, but he's not standing, he's kneeling beside it as I come to stand over him. Glancing from his profile to the glass on my right—the silvery reflective surface of which mysteriously sharpens my lucidity—I ask him, making sure to phrase my query as carefully as possible, “Will you answer my question truthfully, with just a ‘yes’ or a ‘no’?”

He nods once, his expression neutrally reserved, yet also expectant, resigned, and yet also hopeful.

I ask, “Can my Guardian Angel change appearances in my different dreams?”

He answers, “Yes” and looks up at me.

Thrilled, and then so overjoyed I can scarcely contain myself, I shove him playfully over onto his side, declaring, “I have an idea who you are! Are you my Guardian Angel?”

This time he smiles as he nods, and it all becomes incredible now. I don't even notice the transition to holding each other as we float just above the ground. I feel light and happy as a little child in an adult's strong yet also carefully loving arms. And as we drift over the street, I can feel he is just as happy as I am that I finally asked him these questions and, as a result, took a big step forward in understanding “him” by recognizing the creative malleability of his appearance, which now begins changing. His countenance shifts again, and again so swiftly I can't discern the transitions, but I'm delighted each time, even when he assumes an almost cartoon-like funny face.

Then, as he drifts down to recline on his side across a patch of grass in the form of a nice-looking man, I stare down at him as, smiling seriously up at me, he says, “I almost don't recognize you. Who is this Maria?”

I can easily guess what he means. In the past, he was always obliged to take the form of a tall, dark and handsome stranger in my dreams. Throwing myself into his welcoming arms again, I ask, “Will you take me to Sean? Will you take me to Sean, please?!”

Grasping my hand, he pulls me forward, remarking quietly, “We have to hurry” as we fly into the darkness, which becomes a series of rooms, all well lit but furnished differently, and opening as if endlessly onto one another, so that after a few moments, I ask, “Why do we have to go through all these different rooms? Why is it that we have to do this so much in dreams?” He replies that it has to do with our projections, with our thoughts, with our future expectations, etc. etc. Although this comes as no surprise to me, I insist, “But why? Why can’t we just go straight there?” He does not answer me.

We finally come to what is clearly the exit—two rectangular metal panels set in a wall. They look very solid, with sharp edges that might actually hurt me if I’m not careful when pushing my way through the one on the right as my Guardian Angel opens the one on the left—like we're facing a dream valve of some kind. But we make it through without much effort at all, and are finally outside at night again. He is still holding at least one of my hands—our connection is preserved somehow—but also standing before me as he begins rising into the sky, which is completely black. Yet it isn't a solid, lifeless black but rather a living mass of dark clouds. His torso becomes visible to me then as a gray shaft or straight-edged column beneath his face, pale and handsome now, with short black hair that merges with the sky. His “body” is manifesting before my dream.
eyes as a tall “pillar of force” and the darkness of the dream sky is somehow also a part of him, as if what I initially took to be roiling black storm clouds are his living wings. As we begin ascending, I feel we’re about to do some serious fast traveling, but I slowly lose the dream.

Below, I transcribe excerpts from what Archbishop Fulton Sheen said decades ago on television. I stumbled on this video after I had my dreams, but everything he says feels in keeping with them:

An angel has no body. When angels appear to man, they only have the appearance of bodies. An angel does not know everything. An angel does not know future contingent events. An angel does not know the mysteries of Grace, unless God reveals those. And thirdly, an angel does not know the secrets of the heart and the motivations of the will. [But] an angel can illumine our mind in the way of Truth, and also infuse good ideals. We should not be surprised at that. After all, there is such a thing now, it would seem from our psychological laboratories, as Extra Sensory Perception, in which, in the sensible order, there does seem to be the influence of one mind over another mind. Nothing material passes between the minds.

I used to think Dream Figures who behaved like Guides, and appeared in different forms in my lucid dreams, were actually different persons or entities, but in this marvelous dream I was informed, and shown, that I have one Guardian Angel who—in addition to other reasons I cannot know—seems to vary his appearance in response to my needs and expectations. Once again, as the Venerable Fulton John Sheen said:

Every person in the world has a Guardian angel. But why? Because every single individual in the world is worth more than the entire universe. Each one is of sovereign worth, and God has given to each a Guardian. The reason we do not think of angels is because we do not think of God. Just as soon as we begin to think of God—or rather cease thinking of ourselves as tiny little gods—then we’ll begin to believe in spirits that are wiser than ourselves, that instruct and guard us. There are angels near you, to guide you and protect you, did you but invoke them! After all, aren't we much better always when we travel in a society that's a little bit nobler than ourselves?

http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/
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Dreaming in Egypt-The Story of Asenath and Joseph

Daughter of the high priest of Re, Asenath is a child when she first meets the Hebrew slave, Joseph. That night her lucid dreams begin as her heart and destiny are forever joined with the extraordinary man whom Elohim, the one true God, has chosen as part of His plan for the world's redemption through the Incarnation. The untold story of Asenath’s awakening to the divine truth through the power of love and dreams gives flesh, blood and soul to the woman Scripture merely names as Joseph’s bride.

Available on Amazon.com
Over the years I have become fascinated with a variety of dream figures that I have met in dreamland. I usually look forward to sleeping intrigued at what I will experience next and especially with whom I will meet in my dreams.

As most of us know, the majority of dream figures are like extras in a play. However, some characters portray awareness and intelligence and you can strike up a meaningful conversation with them. Others will just look at you and move along.

I would like to discuss the variety of dream figures that I have encountered so far:

* **Neutral Dream Characters** - these seem like extras in a dream. Most probably these are filler characters that are spawned by the subconscious. They seem to have a ‘regular’ consciousness and may give short answers to questions like yes, no, or give brief comments. Some may not even speak back to you and ignore you altogether.

* **Helpers** - These are benevolent dream characters that aid us during a dream. These could be teachers, masters, guides, angels etc., that impart a teaching, give aid, healing or useful information to the dreamer.

An example is ‘Dr. Cosmic’.

This was a humanoid being that was made of rainbow energy. I knew he was a Doctor or Healer of sorts. I thought it would be a good idea to ask him if he could help me with my bad knee.

He told me, “Your knee hurts because you are stubborn”.
I thought to myself, ‘I am not stubborn’. So I said, "Stubborn about what?"
He said, "Stubborn from not wanting to exercise!"

Touché .... what a way to tell me I am lazy (blush).

He said he would heal my knee but if I don’t start to exercise regularly, at least walking, it would start hurting again. I woke up in the early morning feeling like I was engulfed with warm honey-like energy vibrations for almost an hour and then fell asleep later. When I woke up again my knee was fixed.

In this example, a helpful dream figure has provided insight into the problem I was facing, activated a healing and then gave me advice on how to maintain my knee in a healthy state with a consequence warning if I do not follow his advice.

* **Shadow Dream Characters** - These characters generally appear as threatening characters. Often I would be chased or attacked by a vicious animal, a human, or a scary monster.

The shadow as defined by Carl Jung is often the repressed emotions, characteristics, or traits that our waking consciousness or ego does not (like to) identify with or deem as unacceptable to be expressed to others in our society or community, hence, it remains hidden in the shadows (or under the carpet, or in the basement).
Lucid Dreaming Experience

Dream Figures

Often it pays off when lucid to talk to these characters and ask them questions like “Who are you?”, “What do you want?” or “What do you represent?”. Sometimes the answers can be very interesting and revealing as to what shadow aspect is being expressed to the conscious awareness of the dreamer.

I had a series of recurring dreams where the incredible Hulk was chasing me. As usual every time I saw him I would start running. Just before he caught me I would wake myself up. It felt incredibly scary having this raging green man chase me and breaking cars, buildings, and street objects in a mad rage just to get to me.

In the end with the unexpected help of another dream character, a witch, I was able to face the Hulk and ask him what he wanted.

He basically hated the place where I worked at in waking life and wanted me to leave. I woke up finally recognizing that I just had a conversation with my repressed anger, and luckily I followed his advice, which led to a happy ending in my waking life.

Having said that, there are shadow characters that do not respond to regular questioning and these I believe should be treated with a bit more caution. In a dream of a haunted house, which used to be a recurring theme for me, lots of poltergeist activity would occur and I would hide with other people until it momentarily stopped.

The activity would eventually start again and I would suddenly see a hooded character wearing black robes that looks like a Nazgul from Lord of the Rings behind the terrorizing activity. I remember I asked it from far, “What do you want from us?” and it answered in a thick voice, “I want you to die!”.

Somehow I knew that this is a shadow character that could not be reasoned with and so I needed to take stronger measures in resolving the situation. As I was thinking of getting help, a shaman friend of mine appeared in my dream to my right. He gave me a sapphire crystal cube. Upon seeing him I became lucid, thinking how did he come here when he lives in another country? He told me if I am able to activate the cube I can banish the wraith.

I immediately recalled that this same friend had introduced me to a powerful mantra called the Vajra Guru mantra. I took the crystal and faced the advancing Nazgul that was about to strike me with his cursed sword. I chanted the mantra and the cube immediately started shining a brilliant white burning halogen light!

In that instant the Nazgul covered his face, shrieked loudly and started retreating. I went on the offensive moving towards him and holding the crystals up while repeating the mantra out loud. The Nazgul floated away quickly from me towards a wall on the far side of the hall and then levitated up towards the ceiling. He suddenly turned into black smoke and escaped through the cracks.

The darkened scene immediately lit up as if someone opened the curtains and let the sun light in and there was a feeling of expansiveness and peace.

Before moving to the next category I would like to say that one of the most effective ways I have learned to deal with Shadow Dream Characters is through projecting love and compassion from the heart upon them. This usually has the effect of healing and transforming them. I have used this technique with great efficacy and the monster normally transforms into a much smaller benign creature, turns into a normal human, a bunch of flowers, or just dissolves or becomes absorbed.

* Deceased Dream Characters - I believe most of the times that we meet deceased characters in our dreams they are just subconscious representations of the real deceased people. However, on occasion I have met deceased characters that have imparted information that I was not aware of in waking life, and later on I was able to verify its validity. I pay special attention to deceased dream characters when I am lucid and normally try to strike up a conversation in case they do have useful information for me. I have written an example in a previous LDE issue about meeting deceased relatives in a dream. If you have a chance please check out the past issues index.

* Dream Walkers – This is a category that I am yet to verify. Potentially these are other experienced lucid dreamers that you could have a shared dream with.

The term was given to me in a dream by a man that I thought in the dream was a shaman that lived in the
Amazon jungle. He said he teaches dream walking to certain people with advanced lucid dreaming skills. He invited me to come and visit him in waking life. I saw his home and met his wife in the dream. I sensed he was a man with a powerful energy, but his wife is not at the same level of consciousness as he is. He explained that dream walking is learning how to walk into someone else’s dream for the purpose of aiding them with healing.

He gave me his name before I woke up. I told my waking life shaman friends about this dream and indeed they told me that this man exists and lives in the Jungle and is one of the senior shamans of a tribe that they worked with. I described his dream home where I was sitting with him and his wife on the floor, and they confirmed that the information was correct.

Did that Amazonian shaman walk into my dream and give me this information? I can never be sure since I have never taken him up on his offer to visit. Regardless it was interesting that I could verify his details in waking life through others.

Lastly, I believe we should do our best to treat all dream figures with respect, especially the neutral extras that we meet. I have read a few accounts of new lucid dreamers going around and telling the extras they are figments of their imagination or that they are dreaming them into existence. We certainly would not like it if someone came to us and said the same thing. Moreover, most of us do not treat waking life ‘extras’ we meet in the street with that kind of attitude, so why should we do so in the dream state?

I believe most of these dream figures are aspects or creations of our subconscious. This means treating them with respect is akin to treating ourselves with respect. I hope you are mindful of this next time you encounter a dream figure.
A great many children seem to have spontaneous lucid dreams without ever having heard of “waking up inside a dream”, and once they become familiar with the concept, youngsters have the ability to pick up lucid dreaming very quickly. A sample of thirteen 10 to 12-year olds lucid dream induction techniques such as reality checks, re-dreaming, and MILD (Mnemonic Induc- tion of Lucid Dreams) over a six week period resulted in 92% of the children having at least one lucid dream. Such studies indicate that lucid dreaming is a learnable skill for the majority of children.

Lucid dreaming puts children in a strong position to work on their dreams and nightmares while they are dreaming. If children wish to guide the lucid dream, there are many possibilities for doing so in ways which encourage self-belief, creative thinking and problem-solving skills. These skills can carry over into the child’s daily life, empowering him both in the dream world and the waking world. Once lucid, the dreamer can become a dream magician if he wants to, because lucid dreaming is a highly thought-responsive environment: simply thinking about something can cause it to manifest. This means being a dream magician can be as simple as thinking a clear, guiding thought in a lucid dream, or it can involve more complex actions such as reciting mantras and spells, creating new dream scenes, or using magical props such as an invisibility cloak or a wishing ring.

Young children often feel powerless in their dreams, just as they do in waking life, since adults have complete control over them. If children are informed about the possibilities open to them when they have a lucid dream, they can begin to take steps towards personal empowerment. This empowerment carries over into waking life situations and can help children to gain confidence and learn to speak out. This chapter discusses how to empower children in practical, lasting ways through a) Lucid dreaming and the four levels of lucid dream magic; b) Transforming bad dreams with my L.O.V.E Nightmare Empowerment Technique; c) Dreamplay as waking lucidity.

[...] There are many ways of applying touches of magic to a dream when lucid. These ideas for children’s lucid dreams can be tweaked to make them age-appropriate. Rehearsing any which appeal to the child during the day, in a safe space, is helpful. In particular it’s useful for the child to decide before bed who he will call on for help if he becomes lucid in a frightening dream.

- When you know you are dreaming, ask the dream to make a certain person or animal appear. Call your request out loud: “I’d like to see my hamster!” Then wait and see what the dream comes up with.
Engaging the Awareness Behind the Dream

- Make something in the dream shrink small by pointing at it and saying: “Shrink!” Then see if the dream reacts. Something completely unexpected may happen. Every attempt at lucid dream experimentation teaches you more about the nature of your personal dream world.

- Summon help: if you are faced with something scary, call for your favourite cartoon character, stuffed toy or football/movie star to help you out. Superheroes and parents work too! In a dream, help is always at hand. You just need to ask for it calmly and fully expect it to show up.

- Ask a dream figure what it wants. Ask if it has a gift for you. Give it a gift. If you have nothing to give, look around and say: “Under that stone I’ll find the perfect present for this dream figure.” Then lift the stone.

Inside *Sleep Monsters & Superheroes* there are stories about dreams that help children fight cancer, dreams that empower children to face moments of great change; spiritual dreams of transcendence. An all-star team of international dream experts has written chapters on everything from nightmares and bereavement dreams to psi and lucid dreams of time, space and the future. Each chapter gives practical tips for doing creative dreamplay with children to empower them within the fascinating world of their dreams.

Find out more on Clare’s lucid dreaming website
http://deepluciddreaming.com/2016/09/sleep-monsters-superheroes/ or order directly via Amazon.

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Resolving issues through lucid dreaming has become a constant practice in my life. It has become a habit of mine to incubate my dreams with the intent to resolve any conflicts. Through many years of keeping dream journals I firmly believe it is a tool in self growth mentally, emotionally, physically and spiritually. Most often I seem to work on conflicts in my relationships with my loved ones. Currently the dream figure of a pod of killer whales has appeared in two separate dreams.

This sighting of killer whales in the Pacific Ocean recently became a part of my conscious reality during a vacation I went on in July. They are amazing beautiful creatures. I was awe struck at the sight of two baby whales playfully diving up and down in the water near the cruise ship I was on. Along with that I saw at least a dozen adult whales off in the distance exhaling powerfully out of their blowholes. This breathtaking view made quite an impression on my consciousness. As I watched I embraced the thought of the baby whales and their new life, a new beginning. I was also amazed at the size and strength of the adult whales. At the time of this amazing vacation I was also in the process of figuring out how to remove myself from what I considered to be a toxic relationship. My emotions where all over the place. At the point I finally gained the strength to end this relationship I decided to do some work with lucid dreaming to carry me through this journey.

I set my intention with an affirmation to work through the anger, sadness and uncertainty I was feeling from leaving this relationship. When I woke up and recalled that there were whales in my dream I grabbed my journal right away. I also immediately looked up the spirit totem of a whale. A brief description I found was: Emotional, physical healing, emotional rebirth, peaceful strength, communication and wisdom holder http://www.spiritanimal.info/whale-spirit-animal/.

In my journal I wrote “I am watching a large pod of killer whales swimming as I look on through glass windows of a room on the ship. There was a lot of whales.” As I wrote I wondered why I was looking through a glass to see them (I often dream of looking at something through windows”. I determined that watching them through the windows meant I just wasn’t fully seeing my own strength and wisdom yet. It meant I was just starting to see the healing that needed to happen.

This seems to be just the beginning of killer whales in my dreams. The next time whales showed up in my dream I chose to fully understand the power of this dream figure. This time the whales where so close to the ship and making major splashes with their tail fins. The force of the water from the strength of the whales bashing their tail fins was so powerful that the water came up on the deck of the ship. I kept telling the people around me to watch the whales. I wanted them to keep splashing. As the dream progressed I had the courage to change something in the dream. This was about relationships, so there was a person representing characteristics of someone I didn’t like. As these whales were splashing I was shaking the hand of this disturbing man but then I turned and chose not to interact with him. To the other side of me appeared a man that represented all the characteristics that I love. He was friendly, had a pleasant smile and was attempting to make me laugh. The first man I saw suddenly disappeared. However, I could still see the whales swimming in the water. The splashes became what I consider to be normal.

I had a good feeling from this dream when I woke up. The whales and the ability to change the male character in my dream made me realize I’ve had the strength all along to maneuver through my own healing. Now I can use whales as a symbol of strength and wisdom when I encounter challenges/fears in my dreams. I do feel a great amount of healing has occurred from my lucid dreaming experience of killer whales.
I'd been reading Robert Waggoner’s book *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self* and was completely hooked. I class myself as a fairly good lucid dreamer, having between 15 and 22 a year and I know how to navigate the lucid world. However, Robert challenged me to up the stakes on my night-time adventures and the results freaked the crap out of me and my partner. Yep, even my Partner became part of this one as did a friend from work. This experience crossed all boundaries and featured dream characters showing signs of separate consciousness, lucid dream training and dream/physical reality fold-back.

In his book, Robert encourages the reader to look upon any dream characters as opportunities to access information about either the dream itself or information that otherwise may not be found through conventional 3D world means. I'd attempted to do this on several occasions without much luck as when I'd approach an innocent-looking dream person and ask them some deep and meaningful question, they'd just stare blankly at me and walk off in the opposite direction. I was left thinking, Well, that didn't go as planned.

I had told Andy about the technique as he’s been known to have the odd lucid dream as well and wouldn’t you know, that night he had the mega of all lucid dreams. He described it to me as this:

*I'm on a Greek Island and I realise I'm dreaming and become fully aware within the dream. I see a lady standing nearby and I walk up to her and ask, ‘Do you have a message for me?’ She looks directly at me with full acknowledgement of what I am doing and says, ‘Ask Emma about the knives,’ and walks off.*

He then woke up. As far as Andy was concerned, this was the most random thing to hear. You would have thought that the message would have been something a little more interesting, like the answer to the meaning of life or how to achieve world peace, but no it was ‘Ask Emma about the knives.’ Thanks for nothing!

However, we both work with a girl called Emma. The next day Andy tentatively approached Emma and explained the situation and what led up to the experience and then delivered the punchline, ‘The message was to ask Emma about the knives.’

At that point Emma said the hairs on the back of her neck stood up and she recalled to Andy that only the week before she had cleared out a drawer full of knives that she no longer used. It was a complete drawer full of knives, no forks or salad tongs or cheese graters, just knives, and she took them out and gave them away. She’d never done anything like that before in her life.

Andy and Emma just stood there, mildly freaked out.

*Turning Inside Out: What if everything we’ve been taught about life is wrong* by Josh Langley is available on Kindle, iTunes and Book Depository.

To connect with Josh got to www.joshlangley.com.au
It started as a typical dream, I was roaming the streets of some city with three women I felt I knew very well. At some point while we were walking I stopped and looked at the women and suddenly realized I might be dreaming and became lucid. This time, for whatever reason, I was feeling inquisitive - I wanted to know where I was and how this dream stuff works, so I asked…

[This is a dialogue between me and one of the girls, I’ll call her Britt]

Me: “Am I dreaming?”

Britt: “Yes, you are.”

[At this point I look into her eyes, because in my past experience in dreams eyes always look fake. They looked as real as can be. This was happening as we got in a truck to go to their house.]

Me: “Are you a part of my dream; you seem so real!”

Britt: “No, silly. You are a part of our world. I am as real as you are.”

[At this point we get to their house and go inside where we sit around a circular table littered with sticky notes and cards, and the TV is on. I have to keep looking at my hands to prevent waking up.]

Me: “So what is this place?”

Britt: “This is our home.”

Me: “No, I meant this dream, where is it taking place. Is this another world?”

Britt: “No, we are not of the universe.”
Lucid Dreaming Experience

Me: “Well then…where? Is this like a different dimension?”

Britt: “You could call it that. This place is an infinite space without matter. There are only thoughts here, only imagination. We don’t have bodies to weigh us down, we are free flowing energy.

Me: “So, why does everything look so normal here? I mean you all look human like me.”

Britt: “That’s because your thoughts make what you see. Your thoughts form the energy into imagery you can understand. Everything around you is energy, not matter. Your material brain isn’t meant to understand this. Your kind is so used to everything having purpose and being understood, it is hard for you to comprehend a place like this.

Me: “Wow, I’ve been waiting to learn this stuff my whole life. I wish I could tell the world, but no one would believe me…”

Britt: “Don’t worry about convincing others, they will all figure it out in time.”

[Now I look over at the TV, it looks like a commercial. This one is different than anything I have ever seen though. The background picture is just colorful waves and there’s a strange writing scrolling up the screen - image at the bottom]

[It’s normal for me to see English alphabet letters in my dreams, even if distorted or hard to read, but I had never seen anything like those symbols in dreams or while awake]

Me: “What is that on the screen, those symbols?!?”

Britt: “Those are words…”

Me: “I see that but what language is that, is it yours?”

Britt: “No, it’s yours.”

Me: “I don’t recognize it. I want to keep a sample of this, write something down so I can memorize it. I’ll write something for you too. Do you have paper?

[At this point the three girls are silent as I search through the stuff on the table for unused sticky notes. I finally find some and tear off two of them, but as soon as I reach out to hand one to Britt I suddenly wake up without warning.]

Once I woke up I drew what I could remember of the symbols on the screen. The ones I drew are not the exact symbols I saw, I couldn’t remember them individually, but it represents the style of the writing and the parts of letters that I did remember. Here’s a link to that image: https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B1BED9lp2GhrcmwwVEJ3VWdSUmc/view

Mike Porter
Meeting An Ascended Master

It’s night. My wife is driving us downtown in our car. Up ahead, we see a police officer standing in the middle of the road holding up a large sign. He’s warning us of a manhunt for a killer and we should be careful. We drive on and turn up an alley. I look at a parking lot on my right and see the killer standing there holding a shotgun. I suddenly realize the cops would not allow us to pass if there was a real manhunt. This must be a dream! I am now lucid.

I notice it’s now daylight, but foggy. I ask my wife to park at the bottom of a hill in front of us. While exiting the car, I notice many people walking toward a long stairway leading up the hill. Knowing that ascending tends to symbolize higher thought, I join them.

I soon realize I’m climbing a very high wooden staircase inside an all wood building. Alone at the top, I see ahead a small platform. There sits a man cross legged in golden robes and turban. He looks to be Indian, in his 40’s with a thick, black, bushy beard. He smiles and
In Your Dreams!

seems to be quite coherent, unlike a typical dream character. I recognize him as a wise teacher, an ascended master.

I am instantly in awe and sit on the platform next to him. I ask his name, but don’t quite remember what he says, possibly “Nanak”. I then ask if he’s the one they have been hunting and he affirms with a big grin. He is quite jovial and I believe he may be more lucid than me!

I ask him if there’s anything I need to know for waking reality. He goes on to tell me “X = 5 Ohms” and that I must grow towards God one step at a time. I know he means I need to be patient. I ask about the Ohms. Does he mean electrical or in meditation? He just chuckles and we end up laughing together.

For some reason, I keep calling him “Maharaji” but don’t know why. I can’t help myself. I ask him about reincarnation, but he just smiles and fades away. I’m suddenly overcome with mourning and cry uncontrollably. All I want is to be with him. My wife arrives and tells me it’s time to go, reaching out her hand. I refuse, wanting to stay with Maharaji. She insists. I give in and take her hand (It feels so realistic, just like waking reality!). We descend back down to the ground. I recite the entire conversation to her, so I can make sure I remember it when I wake up. I can’t contain my excitement.

Upon waking, I decided to Google the name Nanak. What I found was Guru Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion. The images online match exactly the man I met except with a white beard. At the time, I knew nothing of the Sikh religion.

Carole Lindberg
The Rationalizer

It is night and I am looking inside through the lit doorway of my old art studio. I am surprised to see that there are many unknown people in the bright interior of the studio, then I remember that I no longer own the studio. I go around the side of the house to the garden and see two huge snakes writhing in violent battle, biting each other. I am shocked and suddenly become lucid. In fear, and to get out of the way, I jump onto the roof of the house.

I look back down to the ground, and see a group of large tapirs in a corral. They are snorting softly with their hoofs shuffling while changing the weight focus of their bodies. I can hear them breathing. Then I see a large mountain lion on the roof. It charges towards me and I rush off to the side. I suddenly remember that I should have held my ground and confronted it.

A second lion appears. It lunges towards me, and I also rush towards it. There is a blast of blinding light as we make contact. In the place of the lion now is a small yellow dog. It tells me that its name is The Rationalizer, that it is even more intimately known as The Senator, that it will help me whenever I need help.

This spirit helper or entity definitely felt that it had autonomy and was perhaps more accustomed to the existence and shapeshifting in the mercurial substance of the lucid dream. Definitely more at home than I was. I felt like a visitor in this territory.

As a prologue, I haven't had many lucid dreams recently and still have never asked for help from this particular spirit animal. However, recently I have been trying out active imagination as set down by Carl Jung, during the night and after a dream, and also in selected moments during the day. For me, this doesn’t yet have the vividness of the lucid dream, as Jung says it takes time to develop.

What is interesting though is that since active imagination is very dialogue oriented, talking with a dream figure or symbol and listening to the auditory response inside of one’s mind, perhaps this could offer valuable practice for when one enters into lucid dream so as to remember to ask names of dream figures and engender further dialogue. I usually forget to get information from dream figures. Another thought that I have is that perhaps LaBerge's MILD method is
somewhat of an offshoot of active imagination. I never had any luck using MILD before, always entered into lucid states after WILD. But now it is starting to make sense.

Rdb

Eusabius

I was walking in my dream. There was a horse coming toward me. I climbed on his back and suddenly we were flying over every obstacle in the street. We flew over the houses, the walls, anything. It was sensational! At the moment I climbed onto its back, I knew I was dreaming.

A few weeks before, I had painted a flying horse in aquarel, breaking glass and walls. I was very thankful I named him eusabius. Thank you for this space to tell my story.

Sandra Mayer

Lucid 'I Spy'game, Workmen & Paradise

This was a multi-part dream--mostly very lucid and semi-lucid.

The first dream took place in an 18th century interior space. There were lots of art objects, old furniture, and two large oil paintings--one of a person hugging a massive, black horse. I somehow realized that I was dreaming. I decided to make a color sketch of the horse painting. I had a dream pad and dream paint that splattered and sparkled when it hit the dream paper. The horse that I drew turned into a 3-D boar's head. This didn't bother me. I somehow knew this action would help me remember the artwork so I could sketch it in waking life. I noticed several people sitting in a corner. I immediately told them that this was a dream. They seemed intrigued. Then we played a little game: I would point to an object and describe what I saw; then they would tell me what they saw. For instance, they pointed to a red and blue sculpture and told me that it was a green vase. Occasionally we saw exactly the same thing.

The second dream was very long. Some parts were lucid, but at times I lost focus. The non-lucid dream parts remained vivid, but my choices were reduced and there was no flying. I saw were huge amphitheaters--some empty, some full of people. I flew over them. There were other odd buildings. It was fun to swoop over them. I flew to a rainforest resort at the top of a very steep hill. I had no hotel room, luggage or gear--just a porch with benches. I spoke to a woman who explained that I could use Ayurveda oil as a mosquito repellent. Nearby there was a very steep amphitheater with scaffolding. I was able to leap around on it effortlessly, but at this point in the dream, I wasn’t quite lucid. Whenever I realized that it was a dream, I went on some quick flying adventure. I was able to go through walls and ceilings. For a brief moment I got stuck in a room. There were windows on all four sides. Oddly, I kept banging up against the glass unable to exit. I finally willed myself out and was again floating above a vast landscape of amphitheaters and other buildings. I asked for a dream healing. I sensed my body turning blue as I floated up into the sky.

Then the dream shifted again and I was completely lucid until I awoke. At first I was in a quarry full of huge work machines and men in orange suits. I flew around them, much to their annoyance. They kept trying to grab me, but I always got away. It was truly odd being in this desolate, destroyed landscape with all these angry macho men.

Then I asked to see a former friend with whom I had had a falling out. I saw a wooden cutout of a human with messy abstract scribbles on its surface--one dimensional and crudely drawn... (sadly, on target).
Then I saw a group of people in front of me walking along a sidewalk. These dream characters devolved into a series of morphed cutouts. I could see each person's movement in stop motion.

When I left this dream segment, I was suddenly flying over a lush pine forest. R. and J. joined me. We wound up in a dimly lit room. All the windows were covered with drawn shades. I said to them that we could go anywhere we wanted. No one made any suggestions so I said, "How about Bonaire?" We all stood by one of the windows. When I lifted the shade, we were suddenly swimming in turquoise water near an outdoor bar. Parrots were perched on the straw roof. R. seemed amazed. I told her that this has always been available to us— we just didn't know how to take advantage of it. Sadly the alarm went off.

**Lidia Adaman-Tremblay**

Date, Hoodoo, Steve

I am living in an apartment which is reached by the outside wooden stairs. There is noise of other tenants all around me, even though I am alone. In fact, the entire dream was filled with background noise—a constant hum I could not get away from. There is a sense that I’ve only moved into this apartment not too long ago. Along one wall, there is a beautiful mosaic picture. It is all done in white and grays, depicting a vase of flowers. I decide not to put anything else around it, since that would detract from it.

A man comes to see me. I am aware that I have met him before, but am still not very comfortable with him. He is gorgeous—broad shoulders, slim waist, strong face framed with curly dark hair, large blue eyes, beautiful mouth. His hands have long fingers that are very expressive. He overwhelms me, and in spite of my own strength, I find myself bowing to his requests in a way I promised myself never to do again.

We have made a date, and he is now over with an armload of black t-shirts. He wants me to help him choose the one that will be most appropriate. I hope there is one that has no graphic on it, but none of them were plain. He pulls on one that pleases me, something that has to do with a science fiction show (Doctor Who, perhaps?). Pulling it over his head, and already dressed in dark jeans, I feel helpless. He already picked the place we'll be heading to, so off we go, down the stairs, only to find that somehow things have changed. Somehow the landing, and the bottom stairs, have been reversed. We cannot get past it. I suggest we go back into the apartment while I call the superintendent about this, which I do. When I’m done with the call, I notice that the hallway is filled with my pictures, including across the mosaic. I feel upset. Something like anger boils up in me at the thought that someone can do this without asking for my approval. But I can’t say anything.

Now, a woman appears, sitting down at the top stair. She looks strange, as though she is still a child but in a woman’s body. Her light brown hair is cut in a short blunt cut with bangs and she is dressed in a frilly pink dress. I sit down beside her, and she begins to talk and act in a frightful way. She says she is this man’s wife—‘my sixth wife,’ he says cheerfully. I am totally alarmed now. She changes from a clingy child to a raving mad woman, striking out at me and him, screaming insults and threats. I have to get away. She must leave. I reach for the phone again to call the police, when she just disappears.

I am terribly shaken up now. He tells me that all is okay and just breaks through the wooden slats and awkwardly makes his way down the reverse steps, holding onto my hand the whole time. Once on the street, he leads me to a large outdoor café. Instead of sitting down in this pleasant atmosphere, he goes through the restaurant and into the basement. I am confused by what I see. Obviously, there are elements of Hoodoo ceremony going on. I see veves hung up, drums beating a wild beat, men and women dancing with unfettered abandon. I smell tobacco smoke and rum. All these I recognize and honour. But there is more: people on the stairs writhing not in ceremonial ways, but in torment; a circle of people around the celebrants who are also acting very strange. The women cry as though in pain and reach for my date. The men cringe and move away from him.

I need to get out and away from this. I need to get away from this man who will ruin me completely if I am to keep my independence and sanity. I go down the stairs quickly, breaking my hand-hold with him. He calls me, but I just run, run out of the room, ducking around outstretched hands which pluck at my dress and arms, running towards another door, one painted a dark red, like old blood. Throwing the door open, I pause for an instant, recognizing that this is a dream, and I do not need to run any more. I fly down, to yet another door. I pass through it without opening it, because I am now followed by a woman, who takes a form of only a snarling face. My
flight is difficult, much slower than it normally would be. I change my direction and take myself upward. Floors and ceilings melt before me, and I finally find myself outside again. Whoever was chasing me is no longer in pursuit.

I shudder at the memory of what I have just seen. It was like a twisted version of something beautiful, a circus fun-house vision rather than the truth. I shudder again, and setting my feet to the pavement, I make my way along the street. I see now that there is a line up of some sort. Ah, yes, people are lining up to buy tickets for a concert of some sort. Much to my shock, I see someone familiar taking his place in the queue (SRD). He stands there for a moment then puts down his backpack, and a small stack of papers on the sidewalk. He moves away, and I run to his spot. I see that he left a small sign which reads, “This space taken”. The papers begin to blow in the slight breeze, and I hurry to catch them, just as he comes back. He looks at me, and smiles. I hand him the papers; with a nod he thanks me and sinks down to the ground, even as I do. Placing my head on his shoulder, I say, “Hello, Steve. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen you.” I notice that he looks older, worried and weary, and feel deep concern for him.

In a flash, we are back in the basement in that horrid, grotesque parody of a Hoodoo ceremony. Steve now is completely broken within himself. I’m still leaning on his shoulder, and am now holding him to support him from collapsing onto the floor. He pats my hand. “Do you remember me?” I ask, and he nods. “You’re Lidia,” he responds in a hoarse whisper. I nod and smile sadly, “Yeah, your number one stalker,” I say. He laughs and starts coughing.

I wake up saying “NO! NO!” out loud, gasping, and almost weeping...

**Sonia Estima**  
**Mask in the Mirror**

I’ve had several interesting experiences looking in the mirror in a lucid dream. This last week I had another mirror encounter in a lucid dream:

I am in a room with my mother. I am walking around and I notice a mirror on the wall. I come over and look in the mirror.

As I look at my image in the mirror, I have a mask on my face. I remove the mask and to my surprise, there is another mask underneath.

I remove the mask again … another mask!

I do this a dozen times and every time a new mask appears. Like peeling the layers of an onion, every time I peel one mask off my face, a new mask appears underneath.

I finally give up and walk away. The dream continues…

I am still thinking about this dream and its significance. It brings so many questions and ideas to mind: the different facets of myself, or the various phases of my life, or perhaps the many lives lived before.

This is a dream I will continue to carry with me for a while.
Ahmed Elrofaie
Searching For My Life’s Purpose

After 7 months of trying to have an out-body-experience or lucid dream, I finally have my first lucid dream today. It really was an amazing experience! It began like this:

At first I was dreaming that I was in a car. I was sitting in the backseat with two people; the man who driving the car was my uncle. It was night, and suddenly my phone rang. I answered; it was from someone in the company where I work. He told me that there is problem and he wanted me and my workmate to come now (my workmate was in the car with me).

Then after I finished the call, I turned to my workmate, to tell him that we have to go to the workplace, but before I talked to him I noticed a strange thing when I looked to the car window - it was becoming morning!

I was shocked because I remembered clearly that it was night before the phone call. Then an idea hit me, and I thought it may be a dream! I then did my reality-test; I closed my nostrils and tried to breathe. Suddenly I realized that I could breathe normally with my nose closed. Then I looked at my hands; my finger was strange. Then for first time in my life I realized that I was in dream! I was so happy! I said to myself, “Finally I did it!” I was so happy for finally having a lucid dream!

Then I remembered that I could do anything. I thought about flying, so I decided to jump from the car and to try to fly. I opened the door then I jumped but I didn’t fly. Instead I fell downwards and for a moment I thought that I might hit the ground, but suddenly I found myself sinking in a void.

The scene start to disappear and my vision became unclear. Then I remembered my goal - to see my higher self and to know my life’s purpose. (The goal of meeting my higher self I learned from William Bulhman’s book, Adventures Beyond the Body).

I started to repeat a mantra: “I want to meet my higher self and know my life’s purpose.” I repeated it continuously, until my vision started to become clear again. I found myself in a calm room; it was semi dark and beautiful and looked familiar.

There was a big picture in front of me on one of the walls. It looked like a mandala. Beneath the big picture there was another picture, but it was small and there was an Arabic word written on it.

Then I sat down cross-legged in meditation posture, and closed my eyes and started to repeat: “I want to meet my higher self and know my life’s purpose,” but suddenly I started to see the room even though my eyes were closed. I resumed my meditation and repeated the mantra: “I want to meet my higher self and know my life’s purpose,” hopping that I might get the answer for the question, ‘What is my life’s propose?’

And while I was doing my meditation my little brother came and opened the door of the room. He said to me, “You are still meditating, you waste your time” (in my real life he always does so) then he closed the door.

After his interruption I resumed my meditation and I closed my eyes, when I closed my eyes it was dark, there nothing to see. Then I said to myself, “I am afraid that I will be awake soon,” then suddenly I opened my eyes to find my self awake in my bed.

This was really awesome! I finally did it!!

Emily Anne Zalasky
The Man in the Brown Hat

I've never had a lucid dream before this one, but my older brother talked about them a bit when I was in high school so I knew what they were. It occurred on August 29, 2016.

My memory of the dream starts as I'm flying through the sky on a flat, rectangular object, with my long-time boyfriend and father of my son, Donte, sitting behind
me smiling. I turned to him in excitement and said, "Whoa. This is crazy. I've never had a dream where I knew I was dreaming".

He continued smiling but didn't respond. I pondered it for a few moments as we shot through the air. Then I turned to him again and shouted above the sound of the air whipping all around us, "Look what I can do!"

With a smile plastered across my face I dove our flying object soaring downward at the most extraordinary speed, drinking in every last beautiful detail of the birds-eye world around me. Having developed a fear of heights after my son was born, it was honestly one of the most profound, magical and powerful moments of my life.

Once ground-level [lucidity fading] I found myself walking through a university campus holding hands with my 2-year old son, Isaiah. I've been planning the start of a PhD program with a persistent fear of leaving him in daycare without a strong grasp on speech. In my dream he still struggled with forming sentences. After I dropped him off at the daycare on campus, I came to what seemed to be an old house turned library, among a vast crowd of young college kids. One man stood out. Extremely old with intricate, deep wrinkles pressed into his tanned skin, he was dressed in peculiar, dingy clothes and wore a brown hat tipped over his eyes. I couldn't take my eyes off him.

As I pulled out my pink cell phone from the same handmade, quilted cross-shoulder bag I wear today, a girl I was friends with in elementary school, Kate, brushed my shoulder, glanced downward and yelled, "What is THAT?"

Everybody in the room started crowding around us. I hurriedly threw it back in my bag, angrily thinking I shouldn't have let anyone see it. I glanced at the man in the brown hat one last time before walking to the daycare to pick up my son.

When I arrived, the teachers told me he wasn't there. Everything started moving in slow motion. "What do you mean he's not here?" Panicked and screaming for what seemed like hours, I felt the earth had been ripped from underneath me.

Eventually a teacher informed me that he was at the university hospital next door, but she didn't know why. I sprinted there and found him sitting up in a hospital bed, smiling, covered in burns and bruises. "What happened, Isaiah?" Still smiling, he shrugged sheepishly. "Did you have a good day?" I asked him before waking up.

Melanie
My First and Most Lucid Dream

This started as a regular sort of dream involving a large old house. Starting to climb the exterior staircase on the back of the house, I was immediately questioning how narrow it was, having to turn sideways to squeeze my way up. "Why would anyone design such a ridiculous staircase?"

The next thing I'm aware of is a room with a nice archway into a larger room. Not even knowing what a lucid dream was, the symbolism did not register, but immediately after stepping into the larger room, realized it was a dream. "This is a dream. I'm dreaming!", which all seemed perfectly fine to me. My new level of lucidity reminded me of a closet in the other room and thought, "I'm going to go back in there and find out what's in that closet."

Moving back through the arch more details of the room were available to me. The floor in front of the wall of sliding closet doors looked very unstable and dangerous. It was like a thick lattice in an advanced stage of rot. Undeterred, I reasoned that if I skirted the rotted center of the room and stayed very close to the far wall, it would be OK. I moved along hugging the wall to the closet doors and started sliding them with both hands, and they slide and slide and slide, but never open. This strikes me as absolutely hilarious and out of the core of my body explodes a belly laugh, "HAAAA!"

Immediately, a being enters the room through the arch from the larger room. The power of it's presence is not expressible in words. In a fraction of a second I see what appears to be a human figure, not unlike myself, but I'm instantly transported over to that side of the room. There is now a powerful "stream" of energy flowing towards me into my solar plexus, approximately 10" in diameter. The figure is no longer visually available to me and this stream completely captivates my attention. I can see through it, but there is also a visual aspect of sparkly golden bits in the stream. I reach my hands into the stream, playing with it while trying to figure out what's going on.
Within the stream is a state of being. I could viscerally feel the emotional content of this beingness. I was at the time, and still am, compelled to describe it as "Powerful Powerful Powerful Confidence and Complete Ease". There was no lack or fear whatsoever. It was delicious. I had certainly never experience this level of reality in my entire life (in my mid 50's at the time) and basked in it for an indiscernible period of time, but would realistically guess perhaps 15 seconds.

Then, to my right and behind me, I see a hand sweeping upward and a voice saying "These curtains are perfect! They're exactly as they're meant to be." Understand, that I'm in the decorative arts and this seemed tailor made for me. The experience of reality tailoring paranormal events to alleviate my fears has occurred several times in other situations. Kind of nice really.

As I swing around to see the window, which I don’t remember seeing before, the curtains definitely don’t look perfect to my eyes. This hits me hard. They were all wrong and all at once I find this highly ironic and at the same time perceive it to be a metaphor for this life and a statement about Judgement (not a topic which had meaning for me at the time). The figure is not visible as I ponder in very conscious amazement at what is happening. This event also seems highly amusing to me and another belly laugh shoots out of me. In that moment, I find myself rising into an awake state with full memory of what has just happened. The intense feeling in my core is still there and lingers for perhaps 7-8 seconds after becoming fully awake. I'm completely blown away.

For a period of a few months, I can pull the state of being on like a cloak. It was not unlike seeing Christopher Reeves from a stooped posture as Clark Kent, remove the glasses and rise up into Superman. The feeling of confidence and ease was amazing. It usually didn't last long, as I became distracted, but one morning found myself in that state of being for about four hours. Nothing bothered me: my husbands driving, other people, nothing at all. Everything seemed perfectly and normally, perfect. On another occasion, I'd seen a photo of a local couple (wealthy celebrities) in the newspaper and felt the stab of lack-fullness. Finding it difficult to reason my way out of the feeling, I pulled on the cloak and instantly in my minds eye the photo of the couple appeared, as another powerful stream of energy burst from the center of my chest out toward the photo. I described the emotion as THRILL or an overwhelming feeling of excitement and appreciation.

After finding out what a lucid dream was, more than a dozen have occurred over the years, and although very exciting afterwards, they were short and mundane compared to this first one. This was something else entirely.

Sandra Mayer
Lucid Art Space & Magical Hands

I dreamed that I boarded a NYC bus in a neighborhood that looked like a fantasy version of Brooklyn. It was very hilly with tightly-packed, exquisite apartment houses. The bus took a sudden turn and headed up a straight, steep road. I could hear the bus driver down-shifting as the vehicle groaned its way to the top.

The buildings along this street were perched at odd angles--some perpendicular to the road. It made us wonder how the inhabitants managed to sleep and eat under such gravity-defying circumstances. When we reached the top, I asked the driver if we'd be going to Manhattan. She shook her head, no--she was only going to the Bronx.

So I got off and looked for a taxi. There were hundreds of cabs, but none of them would stop. Finally, an old fashioned vehicle with an attached wagon pulled up along side me. The driver looked like Harpo and he had a small white horse as his passenger. He jauntily...
proposed marriage then disappeared into the crowded street.

I turned down a side street and noticed that the architecture was suddenly very interesting. There were atriums with red-painted, irregularly shaped ceilings as well as murals and sculptures. The odd visual landscape triggered lucidity. I flew around then landed near a blond, chubby boy with glasses. I showed him how I could put my hand through his body. At first he recoiled and gave a little cry. I told him that this was a dream and that I was a ghost. This made him laugh. He decided that it was OK for me to put my hand through his body a few more times.

Then I asked the awareness to show me something important. I was suddenly flying through layers of wooden boards that sparkled as I broke through each barrier. When I reached the other side I saw a cubic array of challah bread loaves suspended in the air. Then I woke up. (When I had this dream, I had been sick with a stomach virus and had been eating a LOT of bread. Nonetheless, it was an oddly disappointing dream message.)

Yves
First Encounter

On December 13, 2015, around midnight, I was lying on my mom's sofa. I had spent the last hour trying to consciously connect with my inner self to find answers to personal questions, using a process known as "image streaming". This involves first asking a clear question aloud to the Inner Self, followed by a request to the Inner Self for it to immediately send a mental picture into the conscious awareness. The answer is obtained by correctly deciphering or interpreting this picture. I was trying, without success, to decipher an image I had received in answer to a question about my true spiritual path.

I fell asleep exhausted, lying on my side. I regained awareness several hours later, but I only opened my eyes briefly. I did not move my body. I began to focus on my third Eye, and the vibrations came almost immediately - sweeping back and forth over me in waves. I felt my dream legs begin to float upward, and soon I was upside down, my legs and torso high up in the space above my head. The vibrations were on.

At this point, I recalled my earlier attempts to connect with my inner self. I began to mentally focus on my Inner Self. Almost immediately, a tunnel appeared over my feet (I was still upside down) and I was drawn into, and through it, at tremendous speed. I perceived this tunnel to be about 10 feet wide, with a glowing, ridge-like surface. I had no control of my movement. I suddenly exited the tunnel, finding myself in what appeared to be a void. Total darkness, except for a single light - a brilliant Sun - that happened to be in front of me.

I immediately 'recognized' this 'Sun' to be my Inner Self. It appeared brighter than the sun, but its light was 'soft' - it didn't hurt my eyes. It immediately started communicating to me telepathically. It told me it had "higher knowledge" that it wished to download into my mind, but my mind was (is) "too undeveloped" (!) to receive it. After a moment of silence, I asked it to help me manifest financial abundance. It telepathically replied, "I will decide." I found myself suddenly moved through the tunnel again, and back into my body. I consider this to be a genuine encounter with my Inner Self - the first of its kind in my life!

Joshua Beam
Dreamers Gateway

I was practicing the WILD technique at bedtime for many nights as an early practice to learn lucid dreaming predictably (not realizing that is the hardest time to do it). Some nights I'd spend hours meditating in the darkness. Several of those nights, the hypnogogic imagery would come and I would manage to keep my conscious awareness through it. Suddenly, the imagery would stop and I would see only darkness followed by beautiful confetti of orange and golden light forming around me. Through each piece I could see what looked like clouds and I would suddenly get a sense of falling like I’d just been put on a rollercoaster. It was intensely beautiful but the falling sensation jolted me awake each time.

One night after I was jolted awake by this, I immediately put myself back in the same position and managed to slip back into it. Instead of a dream scene I found myself bodiless within a void of darkness and glimmering orange/gold hues. I sensed another presence with me and asked, "What's with the special effects I see each time?" and the response I got still puzzles me: "I do that to make it easier for the dreamers to enter dreams." It puzzles me because "dreamers" was plural but I didn't catch the significance while I was in the dream. I then asked to be shown what it's like to have an OBE and was given the ride of my life.
I've had a few other lucid dreams since then, but never received an answer to the "dreamers" question. Every time I ask, something happens to distract me instead of getting an answer, always causing me to wake right after. I hope some day my Inner Self will quit dodging the question.

On a side note, the day after each of those WILD induction experiences, waking reality was much more "real" and vibrant. Sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste...it was as if it suddenly felt like more to be "me". Can only imagine what waking perception will be like if I master that technique!

Sandra Mayer
Pretty Lucid In Pink

This wake-induced lucid dream (WILDS) took place during a long, three-hour, daytime nap, so the room was not very dark at all. I believe the light in the room influenced this dream, which I'll talk about later. For a week or so prior to this dream, I had been having episodes of insomnia and poor dream recall. My journal has a gap in the record and I was starting to grow concerned. My last lucid dream had been exactly a month ago.

So here is the dream: I saw a pink field--I think it may have been caused by bright sunlight shining onto my eyes through a crack in a window blind. My focus kept shifting from this field of lovely pink light to what appeared to be the inside edges of my eye. I felt completely "awake" but I was actually in an alert, hypnogogic state. My focus shifted back and forth a few times between this pure color field and my internal anatomy. I somehow knew that I could play with this pink light and turn it into a lucid dream. (When these rare, hypnogogic images appear, I'm also aware of their delicate fragility. They have a tendency to fade in and out--only rarely materializing into a lucid dream state, even with concentrated effort. It's a lot like trying to catch a butterfly with your bare hands without damaging any of its wings.)

I mentally said, "Show me something." The pink field generated a watermark that said 'SHUTTERSTOCK.' I often search for stock photos at my publishing job, so the appearance of this watermark amused me--a dream pun of sorts.

Then the pink color field transformed into beautiful, sloshing turquoise water. At first, it was like seeing a nature show on a TV screen, but within seconds I felt like I was actually floating around in the water, but it wasn't completely tactile--I did not feel temperature, nor did I feel wet. A killer whale appeared off to my right.

Then a big sturgeon swam by. When it came closer, it morphed into a yellow mechanical fish. The last creature to appear looked like a coelacanth. Its mouth opened widely as it swam by my face, which I found very disturbing. During this underwater episode, I imagined that my husband was there with me as a witness to my lucidity, so I kept asking him if he, too, had seen these creatures. (He had been sleeping beside me and although we sometimes have had interesting dream synchronicities in the past, nothing out of the ordinary occurred this time.)

The dream changed. I was suddenly in New York City on Broadway around 8th Street. The light was very intense, glinting off nearby apartment windows. I decided to float straight upwards into the sky. This action was natural and effortless. At that moment, I convinced myself that this was an OBE, because everything looked so real and I'm very familiar with this area. (In retrospect, I don't think it was an OBE. In fact, I've never had an OBE, but I have become a bit obsessed with them this year--reading literature and watching many YouTube videos.)

I floated high up in the sky between two tall buildings and saw an attractive black woman wearing a shiny purple suit, a red scarf and a brilliant red hat. She
seemed to be on a very high floor sitting by an open window. Someone said a conference was going on and I should speak with her. I kept floating higher and higher.

I called out to the greater awareness, "Show me something important." Nothing much seemed to happen at first. I enjoyed the flying sensation for a while, surrounded by sparkling light. Then I found myself back with the purple outfitted woman. I was bragging about my lucid state and my ability to manipulate hypnogogic imagery. She said not to get so cocky about it. She also warned me not to get too lost in altered states and to beware of my ego. There was more to the dream but I can't remember it.

Just before going to sleep I had reread the first few pages of Anthony Peake's book on OBEs where he describes his experience of sitting in front of the LUCIA light in Switzerland. Reading about his experience may have induced my own mini-Lucia moment brought on by the sun flickering through our window blinds. If nothing else, it's a funny synchronicity.

Addendum:

So, in my lucid dream-story, there was a killer whale, a yellow sturgeon-like fish and a coelacanth-like fish. I decided to do some follow-up research. The yellow sturgeon-like fish that I saw looked a lot like a 'Moythomasia durgaringa.' This particular fish is armored, yet flexible--a very nice dream symbol. And the coelacanth-like fish looked a lot like, 'Guiyu oneiros' which means 'dreamfish.' DREAMFISH!! I love these silly dream puns! (BTW--I'm not a zoologist--this information was a surprise.)

Going dream-fishin' instead of just a wishin'... :-)

In Your Dreams!

Wishing all our readers a very joyous holiday season and a Happy New Year.

We hope that 2017 brings you an abundance of beautiful, lucid dreams.

Robert and Lucy
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Lucid Dreaming Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience
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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

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

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

Rebecca Turner
World of Lucid Dreaming
www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community
– by pasQuale
http://www.ld4all.com

Ed Kellogg
http://lucidbeing.com

Beverly D’Urso - Lucid Dream Papers
http://durso.org/beverly

Mary Ziemer
www.luciddreamalchemy.com and
http://www.driccpe.org.uk

Lucid Dreaming Links
http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm

Lucid Sage
www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid
Dreaming
http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com

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
www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams
www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation
www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia
www.lucidipedia.com

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

Awe of Awareness
www.albertlauer.com

Michael Lamberti
www.lucidscheming.com