Lucid Dreaming Experience

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- Full Blood Moon
- Lucid-Dream Chanting: HU vs OM
- DreamSpeak with Dawn Baumann Brunke
- Does Lucid Dreaming Teach You to Become a Better Lucid Dreamer?
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For fourteen years, Lucy and Robert have volunteered their time and resources to creating and publishing a magazine for lucid dreamers. We receive numerous letters of appreciation and amazement by lucid dreamers from around the globe, along with occasional requests to publish articles in foreign languages to help lucid dreamers all over the world. The Lucid Dreaming Experience serves as the only magazine for the lucid dreaming community and continues to grow in popularity and readership.

However, the growth in readership brings more expenses and needs, like an updated website. Since the beginning, Robert has simply paid for the majority of the expenses (website work, contact mail service, magazine layout, complimentary issues, etc.), yet as the magazine grows, so do the expenses and needs.

Here in 2014, we would like to improve and update our website; to provide more features and resources for our readers. We estimate that this will cost around $2,500 to have the basic work done (even with preferential rates from the web designer and free time by Robert, Lucy, and others).

Will you help us? If you have the means and a generous heart, please visit our donation site at

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Click on the DONATE button at the top, and donate by credit card or Paypal.

In coming issues, we will keep you informed of the progress.

Many thanks for your support, and thanks to all of the writers, lucid dreamers, and others who help to make the LDE an interesting, exciting, and educational magazine.

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

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

Subscriptions
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LDE readers share their lucid dream experiences
Lucid dreamer and author, Dawn Baumann Brunke, sent me an advance copy of her new book, *Dreaming with Polar Bears*. Interestingly, the book shares her dreams, lucid dreams and altered state interactions with the polar bear. Have you ever communicated with an animal while lucid dreaming? What could another species teach us through communicating in a lucid dream?

How did you become interested in dreaming and lucid dreaming?

I’ve always loved dreaming. The nightly ritual of falling asleep, having all kinds of wild adventures, and then waking up with a story to share is both incredibly fun and fascinating to me. And when we begin to connect the dots — noticing how our dreams relate to or interact with our waking life — it’s even more intriguing.

I recall a childhood dream that awakened me to these deeper connections. I was about 10 years old. I woke up in bed and saw a woman sitting at my desk. She was positioned in an odd way and had a focused expression, as if concentrating. The next day at school we had a substitute teacher. While doing a writing exercise, I glanced her way and recognized that she was sitting at the desk in the same odd way, wearing the same focused expression as the woman I saw the night before in my dream.

I was amazed by how something so mundane — a teacher sitting at a desk in a particular way — could awaken such powerful feelings in me. In that moment I had a knowing — not an intellectual thought, but a deep-down certainty — that our dreams are talking to us, sharing things that might be helpful for our waking self to know.

This was not something I felt I could articulate to my parents or teachers, so it remained a secret, a personal mystery that I often wondered about. That experience was one among many that nudged me to explore further.

What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s?

I don’t recall a first official lucid dream. I suspect that the way our culture tends to separate ‘dreams’ from ‘waking world’ is not as firmly entrenched in children as in adults. Some of my very early dreams seemed quite real and I sensed myself awake; I don’t think I distinguished that as different from waking life. However, once I bought into the
belief that dreams and waking life should be considered separate realities, then the notion of lucid dreaming took on a magical quality. To be awake inside a dream — to know that you are dreaming a dream — is both strange and powerful!

Did anything surprise you about the experience of lucid dreaming? What did you make of that?

As a teenager, I loved the coolness factor of lucid dreaming. I always felt a high degree of mystery there — and yes, there’s often such a surprise element to waking up inside a dream and realizing, Aha, I’m dreaming. It’s like when Toto pulls back the curtain and the Great Oz is revealed. The secret that you are dreaming is now exposed. But it doesn’t really end there, does it? There’s now another kind of secret to explore — the challenge and opportunity to interact with the dream as a conscious dreamer. What other curtains will be pulled away? What else will we discover?

Can you recall the first lucid dream in which you apparently communicated with an animal? What happened?

I’ve had many lucid dreams in which I’ve communicated with animals. That fits for me, however, because in waking life I sometimes work as an animal communicator— helping humans to understand the thoughts, feelings and perceptions of their animals.

For me, the dream which opens this book is unique — not so much because I communicated with an animal, or even because it a lucid dream, but mostly because it marked the beginnings of a more conscious form of dream-sharing.

This dream happened many years ago. I was sleeping on a ship and suddenly became aware of two screens of consciousness. On one side, I recognize my sleeping body on the ship and realize that I am having a lucid dream. On the other side, is a small, lively dog. I discover that I can slip my consciousness into his thoughts. As I do that, I know all about him. It’s as if I’m a guest in his consciousness and he’s showing me his life — how he’s very peppy and playful. He lives with a family: a mom, dad, older boy and young girl. His name is Little High Top, an unusual name given to him because when he first came to live with the family they set him inside the boy’s high-top sneaker and took his photo. This was a joke with the family, and they began calling him Little High Top.

As the dreamer, I’m fascinated by this dual awareness and how I can easily shift between the two worlds — I know I am dreaming on the ship, but so also do I know of Little High Top by sharing his consciousness. I sense that the dog seems aware of me. He understands that I am a dreaming human sharing the events of his life from within his consciousness. And he seems very welcoming of this type of connection.

Then, in that way of dreams, time speeds up and I watch Little High Top’s life passing by. He goes to live with an old uncle. This man is an artist who lives in a small house perched on the side of a mountain that overlooks a rocky ocean bay. The uncle paints at a table by a window and Little High Top sits across from him. It’s clear they have a warm friendship and both are content. A few years later, the old uncle dies, followed by Little High Top. But this isn’t sad; the dog shares that it was a good life, filled with happiness.

On waking from this dream, I was impressed with all the details that were specific to this dog. I was also excited about the idea of sharing consciousness within a dream. I had a strong feeling that this was not simply a dog representation (or a representation of a part of myself) but a sentient being visiting and connecting with my dreamworld. Was this possible? How? And why was it happening? This dream challenged and inspired me to think about dreams in a new way.

Was anything going on in your life, or did you have any specific interests, that would call forth such a lucid dream at that time?

I’ve always had a good connection with dogs, so the fact that the animal who showed up was a dog made some sense. At the time, I was working on a book called Shapeshifting with Our Animal Companions. This book was largely about experiencing the world through an animal’s perspective. The dream symbology of the two screens of awareness, as well as the ability to move between them (from viewing my dreaming self to sharing Little High Top’s world) was similar to my
experience of shapeshifting — or, as I often thought about it, the ability to shift the shape of one's consciousness and thus perceive in a very different way — in this case, through a dog's life and perspective.

In your book, Dreaming with Polar Bears, you mention that you had another lucid dream, which had a connection with your past lucid dream of Little High Top, yet presaged your book. Tell us about that.

Yes, this was another significant dream for me as it held the invitation which led me to write this book. Although I dreamed it about a year later, it connected to the Little High Top dream in a remarkable way.

In the dream, I'm on an airplane flying from Juneau to Anchorage. It's an early morning flight, so it's still dark outside. I'm sitting in the window seat and an older, distinguished looking gentleman sits in the aisle seat. We strike up a conversation. He tells me he is a Professor of Dreamology and that he has come to Alaska to teach a special type of dreaming. He speaks in a humble way, yet I sense he is wise and knows some secrets.

During a lull in our conversation I look out the window. The sky is just getting light and the clouds are a beautiful golden-pink color. I imagine what it would be like to float into those clouds or even to become a cloud. And then I think: How strange is it that two such different worlds — one of magical pink early morning clouds and one of a darkened airplane with so many sleepy passengers — can exist side by side, separated only by a thin pane of glass? This thought causes me to remember my dream about Little High Top and the two screens of awareness.

I become lucid and am excited to recount the dream of Little High Top within this dream — and to a Professor of Dreamology no less! I explain how I was aware of two screens of consciousness, how I learned all about a little dog by entering its awareness, and how the dog seemed to be aware of me. When I'm finished, the professor looks me in the eyes and asks, "Is Little High Top real?" I get nervous and lose my lucid edge. "It was just a dream," I say, but he continues to question me in a good-natured way. I still feel nervous but a little excited too as I realize that maybe there's something important here.

The professor then pulls a briefcase from under the seat in front of him and takes out a packet of photos. He hands me one. It's a picture of a little dog who looks like the dog in my dream. He tells me to turn it over. On the back of the photo are the words, Little High Top.

I am shocked and my thoughts begin to race — Who is this man? Is he really a professor — of Dreamology? How did he just happen to be sitting next to me and how does he have a picture of a dog I once dreamed? But the professor acts as if all is perfectly explainable. He tells me his brother was the old uncle in my dream, and that Little High Top lived with his niece's family. I once more become lucid — but only for a moment — and have the feeling that everything this man is telling me is true. But what does it mean?

Then, in that fast-forward way of dreams, we have landed. As we stand, the professor offers me an elegant ivory-colored card. I understand that this is an invitation which I am free to accept or not. As I open it, he leans close and whispers the words written on the card: Dreaming with Polar Bears.

Amazing. Then what happened?

I woke up and thought — Wow!!! I was quite amazed. Actually, I felt many things: excitement, hesitation, curiosity, doubt…

I took the invitation seriously and gave it a lot of thought. I had many questions. What does it mean to dream with polar bears? That's something very different than dreaming about polar bears (or any other animal). What would happen if I agreed to this? What was being asked of me?

But in the end, I realized it was simple. The invitation was clear: Dreaming with Polar Bears. The question was: Did I want to accept or not? I said yes.

Many of us think of animals in dreams as suggestive of human qualities. For example, a fox might symbolize being clever, while a mouse might suggest being unnoticed and unobtrusive. Yet, I know of lucid dreamers (myself included), who have lucid dreams in which their pet dog or cat appear, and often pass on valid information. But a polar bear? How did that connect with you?

It was surprising to me at first — why polar bears? Why not a dog or other animal? But the invitation was very specific — and who am I to question the wisdom of the dream world?! When I finally accepted this invitation and began dreaming of (and later with) polar bears, it began to make sense.

I spent some time reviewing my dream journals and found that I had dreamed of bears many times in the past. It was fascinating to find this trail of bear dreams. I now live in Alaska, where polar bears also reside, so on that level the connection to polar bears made a kind of sense. So too, there is something symbolic about the
Arctic — the extreme environment; the absence of human diversions; the basic elements of land, ice, snow, water, sky — that seemed perfect for dreams like these.

In your book, you suggest that all of this came in a larger framework (across time in your dream journal). Yet you began to have ‘seed dreams’ which contained some hint or glimpse of what was to come, right? Tell us about that.

Once I consciously accepted the invitation to dream with polar bears, it happened. These are the ‘seed dreams’ that I refer to. They were short and had a unique quality. I called them seed dreams because they were compact and self-contained. In retrospect, I saw they were also very much about germination, about underground (or undercover) growth that needed some time to develop.

In these dreams the landscape and sky vary, but the key event is always the same: I am in the Arctic walking shoulder to shoulder beside a polar bear. That was the total dream! I had these dreams sporadically for about a year. Near the end, I had two other dreams in which polar bears appeared, and I felt a quickening from within those, as if they were activating my awakening in the seed dreams.

I think that year of dream-walking beside the polar bear was necessary preparation. It helped me to slow down and deepen, and to open to a different type of dreaming. In the final dream, I am walking beside the polar bear as usual, but I become hyperaware of our movement — one foot, one paw in front of the other. I realize I have dreamed this dream many times before and that I am, in fact, dreaming now. I put my hand on the bear’s shoulder and turn to look at him, into his eyes. And in that moment I see from his eyes — I see myself, a dreaming human, walking beside him. I realize he is awake within this dream, that both he and I are lucid and aware within the same dream. That was quite a surprise!

As you went deeper into this series of dreams and lucid dreams with the polar bear, what did you learn about the importance of keeping an open mind and asking questions? Did you have to ignore the cultural idea that animals in dreams serve only as a symbol?

I realized early on that ‘dreaming with polar bears’ would involve exploring some uncharted territory. There’s not much written about that subject! So, an open mind was essential. I often found that I could ground myself in the dream by asking questions and making mental notes. I sometimes used that role of ‘curious journalist’ to stay focused.

As far as animals as symbols — sometimes that is true. Animals are often an easy shorthand in our dreams for a particular kind of help we may need. In these dreams, however, it was clear to me that the polar bears were not symbols, but something much larger, something much more real.

If you would, help us lucid dreamers understand the main messages that you received in these dream and lucid dream encounters? Were any of these messages completely surprising or unexpected?

The messages were of different varieties. For example, there was some experiential sharing of what it’s like to be a polar bear. In a really wonderful dream, I ‘became’ a polar bear and was able to perceive the world from the eyes, paws, skin, body and consciousness of a bear. It gave me a physical understanding of what it’s like to be a bear. I think we humans are often unaware of how much we are influenced by our beliefs and preconceptions about animals. It’s easy to get stuck in a superficial, one-dimensional idea about an animal. Whereas the real animal is very often quite different. So, the message here is about letting go of limiting beliefs and opening our awareness so that we may enter a deeper, more genuine relationship with the animal world.

The bears also shared some of their history with humans, how at one time in our past we were much aligned with the animal world. But we moved away from that, for many reasons. We gained some things but we forgot others — among them the ability to communicate with animals and share knowledge, insights, wisdom. Much of the polar bears’ message is about bringing that back, welcoming humans back to a deeper connection — not only with polar bears, but with all animals, nature, and the Earth herself.

Another key message from the polar bears is about conscious dreaming. All animal species have a ‘medicine’ or teaching they carry for the world. Bears are often connected with dreaming, and polar bears are particularly connected with conscious dreaming. I think of that both as a form of lucid dreaming, and also as a connection between ‘dreaming’ and ‘waking’. It’s the ability to walk in both worlds — to have a paw in both — to be conscious while dreaming, and to dream consciously.

At one point, the polar bear encourages you to follow their path and explore “the deep self”. What does that mean? And more importantly, how do polar bears and people do that?
The polar bears offered me a variety of challenges in the dreamworld, all of which were about expanding awareness and becoming more conscious of the interface between what we think of as dreaming and being awake. Much of my experience and much of the polar bears’ agenda is about conscious dreaming, about awakening to a larger awareness of who we really are.

So, how to do that? Great question! I think we begin with who we are, with seeing ourselves clearly — our strengths and our abilities, as well as our blind spots, our judgements and limitations. When I give animal communication classes, I emphasize the need to see ourselves clearly — to let go of our personal and societal ideas of who we ‘should’ be and make an effort to reacquaint ourselves with our authentic self. That often means we become vulnerable and take a good look at our own shadow material, but it also means we begin to find some of the wisdom and tremendous insights that our inner selves have held and protected for so long. By opening ourselves in this way, we become much stronger. We begin to see the importance of shining our own unique light to others and the world.

I think the polar bears are master teachers at this. They are very wise, yet very curious with an open mind. They also have a great sense of humor. They encourage us to find our deeper connection not only within ourselves, but also with others — all species — and with our home, the Earth.

Let’s say that tonight, after reading this article, one of our readers becomes consciously aware in a dream, when he or she sees an animal looking at them. It may be a fox, a bear, a jaguar or a hummingbird. Lucidly aware, how should they respond? How could they open up their awareness to another species?

I think it depends on the individual dreamer. How do you feel when you see this fox, bear, jaguar or hummingbird? What do your dreaming senses tell you? What are you inspired to say or do? Or perhaps you are simply there to notice this animal, to be aware that it is coming to you for a reason. Look deep, listen, feel — what do you sense? I don’t know that there’s any one answer here because each dream and each dreamer is unique. My advice is to follow your curiosity, befriend your intuition, and trust yourself.

To my knowledge, this is the first book about lucid dreaming and animal species communication. Why you? Why now?

Part of me wants to laugh and say, Just lucky, I guess! Though this is something I have thought about and something the polar bears have alluded to. I have a background both in animal communication and in writing books about that subject. I feel comfortable as a translator, sharing the thoughts, feelings, and perceptions of animals so that humans can better understand them. I also have a long history with dreaming and very much enjoy dream exploration.

What the polar bears told me is that our connection was based on mutual needs and desires. I wanted to learn more about dreaming, and the polar bears wanted someone who could help translate their story to humans. It was a perfect win-win situation!

If people want to find out more about you and your book, Dreaming with Polar Bears, where should they go?

My website — www.animalvoices.net — has information about me and all my books. If you click on the Dreaming with Polar Bear tab, you’ll find chapter summaries and excerpts, as well as information about where you can buy the book.

Thanks, Dawn Brunke, for opening a new window into the world of lucid dreaming!

Thank you, Robert, for asking all these excellent questions and allowing me to share this message.
A selection of 5-star customer reviews from Amazon.com

★★★★★ **Definitely worth reading**, February 16, 2009 - I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in lucid dreams. I've read nearly every book about lucid dreaming and I can say without hesitation this book is one of the best...I wish this book had been around years ago when I first began my lucid dreaming practice...

★★★★★ **Love the book**. Very informative and valuable information on lucid dreaming.

★★★★★ **The key to the lucid dreams world**, May 4, 2009 - I've had my first two lucid dreams on the second night after reading first 50 pages. The energy this book emits shifted my perception on very deep level and served me as a key to the lucid dreams world...

★★★★★ **Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self**, April 7, 2009 - I thought this was an excellent book for this subject. Written with conviction and real knowledge. An excellent guided tour of lucid dreaming, ranging from the scientific to the paranormal. Very highly recommended.

★★★★★ **A solid guide and a hearty recommendation**, January 8, 2009

★★★★★ **Page Turner**. Expect a lot more from this author, October 29, 2008 - Expect much more from Robert Waggoner's generous and giving spirit in which he writes. His easy to read writing style focuses on reader understanding. I'm hooked.

★★★★★ **Intelligent and forward thinking**, November 6, 2008 - Created with the high level of intelligence and pioneering quality that I'm sure many lucid dreamers have been waiting for, this remarkable book may serve as a point of reference for those eager to pursue the unknown that patiently lies in waiting just beyond our mundane awareness. ...Thank you Robert. Looking forward with great anticipation to further stimulating books from you in the future!

★★★★★ **Amazing and enjoyable**, March 11, 2009 - An absolute must-read.
Before making an important decision, many people use the phrase “I'll sleep on it first.” Imagine the implications of trying to understand how not just the brain, but how the entire human body communicates on an intercellular level. With so much at stake, this challenge wasn’t fully tackled until the 20th century. Medical science depends on understanding how a complex organism like a human body actually functions and coordinates all the activities required to sustain life.

While it’s still debated among the lucid dreaming community, mainstream science maintains that consciousness is a biological function of the brain. In the last issue of the Lucid Dreaming Experience magazine, we addressed out-of-body experiences that provide good examples of why many people are opposed to the notion that the mind is solely the result of brain function. There is agreement that the human brain is still a mysterious organ, but how it communicates within its various lobes and regions is understood now better than ever.

However, the timeless mysteries of where creativity, problem solving, and the origins of thought and dreams truly reside is a topic that will likely be debated for many years. But the shocking truth is that the breakthrough in understanding how the billions of cells in the brain communicate with each other, and with rest of the body, came in a series of dreams to neuroscience researchers.

In this article, the focus is on how important lessons were learned from the actual dreams of two scientists that disagreed on how cells communicate. Assuming that the brain plays a role in dreaming, the irony that dreams provided the inspiration for understanding something as complicated as the nervous system is somehow poetic. The answer to the question of how a signal traveling along a nerve jumps a gap (known as a synapse) was the subject of debate in the early 1900’s.
Lucid Dreaming Experience

With this issue’s topic being about the lessons learned from lucid dreams, I was ecstatic to find such a rich resource on intercellular communication in an article published in the Internet Journal of Neurology Volume 9 Number 1. Author Don Todman, MA FRACP FRCP, School of Medicine, University of Queensland assembled a thoroughly researched article titled Inspiration from dreams in neuroscience research. The freely distributed publication contains a lot of information about the specific research, but for the lucid dreaming enthusiast, here are some interesting facts:

Starting in 1900 the consensus was that neurons were connected by synapses and most neurophysiologists at that time believed that signal transmission between cells was electrical. Although electrical synapses are found in specialized locations that must remain synchronized, like the heart, several pioneering scientist began to theorize that the transmission of a signal in the central nervous system was a chemical process. But without a repeatable experiment the electrical versus chemical debate raged on. It is here we enter the dream world of Otto Loewi (1873-1961).

Otto Loewi had a dream which he credits as the inspiration for his crucial experiment that earned him the Nobel Prize along with Henry Dale that finally established that synaptic transmission is a chemical process. The details were recorded in his autobiography and it resembles a lucid dream journal: ‘the night before Easter Sunday of that year (1920) I woke, turned on the light and jotted down a few notes on a tiny slip of thin paper. Then I fell asleep again. It occurred to me at six o’clock in the morning that during the night I had written down something most important, but I was unable to decipher the scrawl.’ Later that week he woke up before sunrise and suddenly realized the meaning of his dream.

Other neuroscientists disputed the findings of Loewi, but there is another account of another scientist, John Eccles (1903–1997) using ideas gained in his own dream to challenge the basis for a chemical chain reaction being the underlying mechanism for the nervous system. From his memoirs: ‘Then in 1947 I developed an electrical theory of synaptic inhibitory action which conformed with all the available experimental evidence. Incidentally this theory came to me in a dream. On awakening I remembered the near tragic loss of Loewi’s dream so I kept myself awake for an hour or so going over every aspect of the dream, and found it fitted all experimental evidence.’
Ironically, the resulting experiment design confirmed the results that Loewi published and earned him the Nobel Prize. Mammals do create an electrical charge within a neuron, and a chemical process transmits the signal for one neuron to another. If the brain is responsible for generating dreams, then it was a dream generated by the brain that explains how the brain itself functions.

Bill Murphy, LDE Science Correspondent
Sources: [https://ispub.com/IJN/9/1/10059#](https://ispub.com/IJN/9/1/10059#)

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### My Top 10 Lucid Dreaming Experiences

What are your “Top Ten” lucid dreams? Which of your personal lucid dreams come to mind when you are asked,

“**What is your most...?**”

memorable
profound
entertaining
unusual or bizarre
enlightening
life-changing
other

Make your list and send it in to LDE!

*(No deadline – this is an ongoing invitation!)*
Lucid Dream of April 15, 2014

I'm lying on my left side in a dark room looking at my reflection in a large mirror standing directly before me. I'm so comfortably lucid, I seem to actually be wake. I can see my reflected face quite clearly. It looks just as it does in waking reality, except that my chin is longer and protrudes slightly. Without thinking about it, I carefully but confidently slice into my chin with a razor blade. To me it appears to be excess dead flesh, sort of like a foot callous which can be cut into, up until a certain point. With the fine sharp blade, I make two quick incisions, and remove a chunk of this dead chin flesh. I don't feel any pain, perhaps just a twinge, as I study the whitish, almost bone-marrow like interior of the clean incision, which is a narrow horizontal oval shape. Very much aware of the sharp razor I'm holding, I begin to wonder why I did this. I don't think I can finish the job, because I appear to have come dangerously close to the bone. I wonder at how steady and sure my surgical action was, and yet I haven't really solved the aesthetic problem. I then become more aware of my body, and look down at it. That's when I realize I made a terrible mistake. In the reflection, I sliced off a pyramid-shaped chunk of my chin, but in reality, I cut off a small chunk of my left breast! The mirror tricked me! It was some sort of optical illusion. I confirm this as I look down at my body, curled directly up against the mirror, and then back at my reflection. I do this several times, making absolutely sure. This is an awful mistake!

I don't feel any pain, only a mild sensation in my breast as, sitting up slightly, I bend over to look more closely at the wound. Yes, I accidentally mutilated my round healthy lovely breast! I somehow know, there is no doubt, the missing piece will grow back, nevertheless, this shouldn't have happened. But there is nothing to be done now. When I wake, I will have to put some antiseptic on the reddish inner skin, and keep it covered with a clean gauze bandage while it heals. My face is very close to the clean right angle carved into my round breast, and I think this might actually prove useful as a reality check for a while—in a dream, if I look down at my breast and it's whole, I'll know I'm dreaming, because in reality it isn't whole anymore. With this thought, I phase out of the dream.

My first terrified thought upon waking was that this was a dream about breast cancer. My knee-jerk response was to conclude that slicing a chunk out of my healthy breast, with a scalpel-sharp razor, was a clear sign I should get tested for breast cancer. I lay awake for a long time thinking about this dream, and trying to read how I had felt in it without letting fear bias my interpretation. The focus of the dream was my witch-like chin, as I directly faced my reflection while lying down as though on a bed. I was trying to make myself more beautiful in the dream. Cutting my breast was an accident, a trick of the mirror, and how it reflected me back at myself.
Yesterday, I had browsed some Christian forums where many people still question whether or not lucid dreaming is satanic. Unbelievable, but disturbing nonetheless. Then having dinner alone, I saw an ad (I usually forward through them) for the new TV show Salem in which the narrator asked, “What's worse than a witch trial? A real witch” at which point they flashed an image of an attractive woman who nevertheless had some “ugly” qualities to her, including a chin that was a little longer than natural. I had also begun reading St. Theresa of Avila’s autobiography, and her remarks—about all the dark doubts and fears that assail the soul as it draws closer and closer to the light of God—were on my mind.

In this dream reflection of myself, I recognized the part of me that looked in the mirror every day and experienced a deep-seated guilt, a spiritual shame, that I was entertaining the thought of trying to slow, and perhaps even reverse, the signs of aging on my face and body – of performing lucid plastic surgery in dreams. (The idea was sparked by a conversation with another very experienced lucid dreamer.) Ever since I conceived the vain, superficial intent in the back of my mind, looking at my reflection made me feel uncomfortably like Maleficent, the wicked witch in Snow White, facing her infamous mirror. Deep inside myself – in my soul – I believed, I knew, it was wrong to think of exercising lucidity in the dream space merely for cosmetic purposes.

Just before I went to sleep, I had also seen an ad for a television show featuring plastic surgeons in California, which led me to pondering on how common it is in our culture for women to put themselves under the knife, in an effort to stay looking young and beautiful for as long as possible. It is the popular perception these days that a woman has a right to do whatever will help her feel good about herself. The real question this nightmare made me ask myself is, “What will really make me feel good about myself, in every sense?” The truth is that honoring the mystery of the aging process, which encourages the growth of a deeper inner beauty, is what truly makes me happy. Would it really make me feel better about myself, theoretically, prolong my “sexually desirable to a man looks” whatever the cost? No.

Love is all that matters to me, all that has ever truly mattered to me. Loving is what makes me feel good about myself, which includes loving who I am now, and who I am always becoming as, hopefully, my inner self grows ever more beautiful. I feel good about myself when I embrace the spiritual dimension, the blessing, of lucid dreaming, and don't demote the sacred nature of the dream space by turning it into the salon of my superficial vanity. That is very different from, with prayerful intent, attempting to use my lucid dreaming abilities to assist my physical body, or the body of someone I love, in healing an injury or illness.

In this lucid dream I had on a Blood Moon night, I literally put myself under the knife, and taught myself an important lesson that stopped me from crossing a spiritually dangerous line that would have profoundly damaged my well-being.

Writing for the Lucid Dreaming Experience

Has lucid dreaming impacted your life in a meaningful or unique way?

Do you have an interesting lucid dreaming story to tell?

What are your thoughts about lucid dreaming?

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Does Lucid Dreaming Teach You to Become a Better Lucid Dreamer?

Robert Waggoner © 2014

For me and many others, our first lucid dream lesson seemed a simple one -- don’t get too excited or the lucid dream may collapse. Within seconds of feeling far too much emotion while lucid, I could sense the coming collapse of the lucid dream. After a few more similar experiences, the lesson to modulate my emotions felt hardwired into my lucid dreaming playbook.

Then another lesson appeared – don’t stare at dream objects for too long. For some reason, staring at dream objects made the lucid dreams unstable and likely to collapse. Perhaps it relates to the rapid eye movement (REM) normally associated with dreaming, meaning a fixed stare seems incompatible with the dreaming process. Whatever the cause, it only took a few lucid dreams to teach me not to stare at a dream object for too long.

More lessons, even subtle ones began to occur. I realized that I had to maintain my lucid dream awareness and not get re-entranced by the lucid dream events. Has that happened to you? You become lucid, begin to explore the dream state, and see something so amazing and absorbing that you forget it’s a dream. Soon enough, you learn the lesson of maintaining ‘lucid’ awareness, while exploring the dream.

Have you noticed the principle of the expectation effect? Lucidly aware, you ‘expect’ to fly through the wall easily, and you do so. But on the return flight, the wall seems more solid, and now you suddenly expect trouble and bounce off it! It’s a dream wall, but in that moment your expectation rules.

The lessons of lucid dreaming seem both common place and largely universal. After a number of lucid dreams, and a bit of conscious attention, most all of us begin to see that certain rules and principles apply to the lucid dream state. We may not know ‘why’ these particular rules exist, but we pay attention to the rules since violating them may result in the lucid dream’s termination.

Where do the rules and structure come from? If you play a virtual reality game on your computer, you know that somewhere, someone created the software code and rules for the virtual reality game. The rules and coding become quickly evident as you play the game. You learn that advancing requires understanding the rules as you respond quickly and thoughtfully to the virtual reality.

But in the virtual reality of lucid dreaming, who wrote the software code? Who decided upon the rules? Who placed a campus setting on the other side of the wall that you just flew through? Does the lucid dream have an inner programmer, or does it just emerge from the cloud of the collective unconscious? Who responds to your intent?

As you explore the world of lucid dreaming, notice how the lessons occur naturally and universally. Without that, you wouldn’t be able to talk about lucid dreams with other lucid dreamers, because each person’s experience would seem too unique and idiosyncratic. But because the lucid dreaming state has rules and principles, you can discuss it and everyone gets the lessons of lucid dreaming.

Every lucid dream has a lesson. Attended to with thoughtful awareness, lucid dreaming will teach you to become a better lucid dreamer. What lessons have you learned?
For a long time I’ve had a burning question about guidance and a strong desire to make contact with a guide of some sort. Whenever I asked to meet a guide in a lucid dream or OBE I’d either get no response or I’d wake up quickly and feel really disappointed. However, the following Lucid Dream yielded some answers that I wasn’t expecting.

Lucid Dream:

I was going to a cooking school, in which you stayed for a period of a few days with different groups going through. I felt very close and friendly to my group. The settling was a stone castle-like structure with internal square swimming pools, but it didn’t feel too old worldly... just a normal stone building. I become lucid and start questioning my surrounds and the reality of the dream and I conduct several experiments:

- I’m holding two objects in my hands and I’m squeezing them saying that ‘I know this reality isn’t real, yet it’s real to me, it’s hard, firm and I can’t pass my fingers through it.”
- A little frustrated and braver, I throw chairs over a balcony to the dining tables below to see what people will do.
- I start a fight and see if when I get punched if it hurts or not. I’m not too sure what happened, but I feel it didn’t hurt, yet I had shielded myself from any potential blows and tensed up.
- I fade the scene to white to try to start again, yet the scene returns just as clear as it was.
- I ask several times if there is a guide of some sort and if they can reveal themselves. Nothing happens, just the same scene continues around me.
- I decide to swim in the pool, because I’ve got nothing else to do, still half lucid. Feels very real.

Feeling frustrated, I end up higher up in the building and ask the question about a guide, sounding frustrated and even desperate. I then notice a figure standing in front of me and as I look down, I see it’s a Dwarf. I vaguely remember he’d been holding my hand and was by my side on and off at different times in the dream.

I look directly at him, acknowledging him. He smiles and without words telepaths to me, “Thanks for noticing me, finally! Sometimes you have to change the way you look and where you looking to find what you need or want.”

The dream turns into a jumble of images and I lose lucidity.

The lesson I took away is fairly obvious but it had to come from a Dwarf-like character to shake me out of my narrow expectations. I’ve now changed the way I expect guidance to come through and take a less ‘higher world’ approach and realise that guidance can be much closer to home and be more subtle than I expect.

Read more by Josh Langley at: www.dyingtoknowistherelifeafterdeath.com
In response to a suggestion by Robert Waggoner in his Internet course, I’ve chanted in several lucid dreams, obtaining very different results depending upon the specific mantra used. In two, I’ve chanted “HU.” According to the Eckankar spiritual tradition, which emphasizes spiritual dreaming and soul travel, HU is an ancient name for God and the sound of all sounds chanted for spiritual uplifting. For purposes of comparison, in two other dreams, I chanted “OM,” the sacred mantra in Hinduism and Buddhism, representing the sound of God, the eternal spirit, and the infinite universe.

As summarized previously (March 2013), in my first HU-chanting lucid dream, I was boating on crystal clear water. The day was vibrantly beautiful, colors were vivid, and ripples sparkled in the sun. After realizing the rocky coastline was unfamiliar, I became lucid and decided to chant HU. Given my lofty intent, I was surprised by the tidal wave of base-chakra sexual energy that flowed through me. Due to this energetic onslaught, my dream started collapsing, replaced by considerable amorous energy directed toward my poor sleeping wife next to me. However, because I did not want to lose a precious lucid dream, I imagined myself spinning, which directed me into a new dream setting. It was suggested that chanting HU may have initiated some sort of chakra-opening Kundalini response.

The second HU-chanting dream initially had a relatively mundane feel with many plot elements. At some point, I found myself throwing away boxes in a dumpster and, after noticing that the nearby street layout had changed, became lucid. As before, I decided to chant HU. Although lacking the intensity of the preceding dream, positive energy once again enveloped me. I flopped over on my back floating in euphoric ecstasy. Unfortunately, my dream could not hold all this feel-good energy, and I woke up.

In my first OM-chanting dream, I walked into a messy room, thinking it was my bedroom. For some reason, I became lucid. With great expectations, I sat down and began to chant OM, but nothing happened. Disappointed, I started walking around the room, now observing a woman and child in it. Assuming I had entered the wrong room, I quickly left, “Spirit,” my white German Shepherd, following me.

A few days later in my second OM-chanting dream, I entered a room that had once been mine, realizing that I had left some books and notebooks there and needed to collect them. After leaving and walking outside, I started wondering if I was dreaming, attempting some reality testing by reading text. After ascertaining I was, indeed, dreaming, I started floating in the air, and then decided to chant OM. When chanting OM, I would slowly descend to the ground; between OMs, I rose up again. After bobbing up and down for a while, I quit chanting and started exploring the neighborhood in what became, for me, a fairly long lucid dream.

Clearly, my reaction to chanting HU in a lucid dream was vastly different than chanting OM. Words are inadequate to describe the amazing, uplifting energy that coursed through me by chanting HU. These were peak experiences. In contrast, chanting OM triggered no, or even a slightly negative, response. Later, a spiritual mentor indicated that chanting OM in the projected state tends to end the projection because OM is an attunement to the collective consciousness of the many beings on Earth who are chanting this mantra while being awake and not asleep.

Perhaps, to some degree, the difference is due to familiarity. Because my wife is an Eckankar practitioner, I’ve chanted HU a lot more than OM over the years. I’d love it if other lucid dreamers would try this chanting comparison and share their results.
Kid Lucid
The continuing adventures of Al Moniz’s Kid Lucid

At Lustrous League of Lucid Heroes HQ...

YO! BANISHER!!
COME HERE FOR A SEC... WILL YA?

WATCH THIS!
THIS IS GOING TO BE 6000-00!

CLAIRE BOYANT!

Listen, Robert,
I’d say we were all
in an LD right now. Wouldn’t you?

Well, then... why don’t you be a pal and show my friend here how YOU got that new Lucid Hero moniker of yours!

SAY NO MORE!

formerly Chief Way-goner!

WELL, CONSIDERING HOW MY HANDS KEEP SWITCHING FROM NORMAL TO CHALK ERASERS, I THINK THAT WOULD BE A SAFE BET.
ALL THOUGHT FORMS NOW... 

DISAPPEAR!

Inspired by a Robert Moss quote where he says -

"I try the Waggoner Banishing: "All thought forms must now disappear!"
My lucid healing dreams added another dimension to my quest for a cure. I had been going to doctors in western traditional and complementary medicine, naturopathic doctors, Chinese medicine practitioners, herbalists, and energy healers, with the hope to receive a diagnosis and a remedy for my red itchy spots on my neck, front and back. I had been suffering for about 4 years with a tenacious rash and in the process, a biopsy revealed nothing to label, the topical ointments did little to help the intense itching, and neither the med's nor herbs worked very well to get rid of the affliction. Energy practitioners helped me to explore many modalities, but I was unable to produce a cure.

I switched careers from management to a low stress job in June 1994, about a year and a half before my first lucid healing dream. I thought the rash was stress related and maybe it was, but why did it take so long to go away? I had explored my diet for allergies, looked at environmental factors as well as emotional and psychological possibilities, yet I couldn't understand why I was experiencing the horrible rash. On September 23 1995, I asked to have a healing of my four year old rash. I intended to dream lucidly with hope for an answer. The following is the dream.

I became lucid when I felt myself surrounded by energy and I could see only darkness. I felt curious and calm. I was conscious within my dream. I was told, "You can heal yourself." I saw a very bright ray of white light enter a spot above my right breast. I was told to "Visualize the light moving to all the red, itchy spots. Then send the light along with the rash out of your body to dissolve, dissipate and never return. It's up to you." It felt like a cosmic healing and I was aware of what was happening to me. I was not afraid.

I did as instructed. I woke up from the dream with my finger on the spot where the beam of pure white light entered my body. The pure light was unlike anything I'd ever seen before. It was a powerful dream. I thought about the dream on and off for 6 months. I noticed an improvement. The rash seemed to be slowly disappearing.

On March 16, 1996, I had another lucid dream:

I was at the University of MN Clinic to see a doctor about the rash. The receptionist told me he had an emergency and had to leave. She asked if I'd like to reschedule. "No," I said and started to walk away. A nurse ran over to me and asked if I'd like to see a brilliant young resident. The nurse said, "He is excellent at diagnosing. He will help you." I said, "Yes, I need help."

She led me to a candle lit room. It was conducive to meditating, so I did just that until the resident arrived. When he entered the room, his presence was HUGE and he had beautiful shiny black skin and iridescent green enlightening eyes. He looked into my eyes and told me what it was that ailed me. He told me also what was causing my red itchy spots. He spoke to me without words, like telepathy, and I understood him.
He told me of a treatment to try and that it would be a quick process. He told me I would heal completely within a month and it would never return. He told me telepathically with certainty. He was brilliant, I thought to myself. How lucky I was to have a chance meeting with him. A truly great healer, I said to myself.

I flew above my body. My back was exposed and I saw a strong white light beaming into the little hole created from my biopsy. The light spread to all the red itchy spots on my back, front and neck. The red spots dissipated and dissolved. I held the vision.

I thanked the resident and asked where the bright white light came from, however there was no reply. I thought about how wonderful it would be if my dream was real, perhaps just in another dimension. I believe that my dreamwork and other healing modalities helped to create a healing environment.

After four years of suffering, it seemed like another month was a reasonable amount of time for the rash to completely disappear. And it did disappear. My lucid dreams were not spontaneous healings, however I was rash free by May, 1996. What a relief! As of this writing, more than 13 years later, I'm still very grateful for my healing dreams of bright white light. My lucid dreams made a difference in my healing process. If I get an ailment, I will intend for a lucid healing dream as soon as I am able.

Health and Happiness to all, BJ

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Oneironaut Sister

While we spoke of dreams, it dawned on me that life may speak to us as night dreams do: in slanted language ways, symbolically, since life could be a form of dreaming too.

Though we have been indoctrinated well to think that meaning lies just in our heads and to feel that expanding universes swell but lack the meaning found in dreams in beds,

you broke the enervating modern spell and read the days as if enchanted dreams and see, beyond your transitory shell, that everything is far more than it seems.

Some deem life – full of meanness – meaningless. You feel that it’s a dream – with meaning blessed.

Mario A. Pita
A Hyper-Real Animistic Lucid Dream  
©2014 Ed Kellogg

10/7/2014 (pre-lucid to lucid) “Inside my home (a dark wood, one story house with a metal roof, situated on top of heavily forested hill), with my brother Scott. I go outside to my driveway, but before I’ve taken more than a few steps, I hear a ROAR to my left and see a large brilliantly white jet, with triangular wings like a Concorde or Space Shuttle, making a very steep ascent at almost 90’ - right next to my house and so close to me I could have hit it with a stone. I can’t believe it as it roars by, ascending almost straight up into the intensely deep blue, almost purple sky. I notice that everything looks amazingly clear and preternaturally vivid, the trees with their golden fall colors, the jet, even my house. I shout to my brother to come outside and see this, yelling, “You won’t believe this - a jet came so close to me I could have hit it with a stone!” But I hear only an unintelligible answer, and no one comes out.

Again the preternatural quality of the scene amazes me, and as I look at my house, I see it begin to transform, into a sort of living mechanical beast, the brown metal roof and dark wood sides becoming rounded and expanding into its chest and belly, as it begins to separate from and come out of the ground. It turns into a friendly giant beast, that I can tell feels well disposed towards me.

At this point I become lucid – but stay in a state of amazement and wonder. I now see that the “jet” has returned. I see it floating above the treetops, its nose pointed at me, looking at me somehow benignly and curiously, an intelligent look as if from a friendly giant bird. I toss a small white stone in its direction, and it makes it about halfway there, bouncing off of the roof of the house. The whole scene feels magical and wonderful - surreal and hyper-real - the clarity and beauty and vividness of colors easily surpassing that of a Maxfield Parish painting by far.” RWPR

Comment: I had this dream in the second week of the 2014 PsiberDreaming Conference, after participating in Seajay Crosson’s “Is Everything Alive?” presentation thread. In part, Seejay proposed the thesis that in dreams that the counterparts of what we usually see as inanimate objects in WPR, might even seem living Beings possessing consciousness, an idea I’d never really considered before. In my dream two what in WPR I’d simply identify as unconscious “objects” became playful animated entities, an “enormous white jet,” looking like a Concorde or space shuttle, acts like a giant friendly bird, while “my house” becomes an animated “Transformer” like robot-beast house, that reminded me a bit of a friendly enormous dog about to wag its tail. This dream has made me wonder about the supposedly inanimate objects I’ve paid little attention to in dreams in general, treating them as background even in lucid dreams, because I unthinkingly carried over the same assumptions I make about their physical reality counterparts.
In Your Dreams!

Keith Bare
Flying With and Without Planes

I'm in a hotel-like room with a large window. The overall color scheme is a gray/blue. I'm eating a sandwich, and I wonder if I can go through the window while eating the sandwich. I either fly or walk to the window and pass through it without resistance. I'm in the air over some water, and I know I'm dreaming, although I do not have ecstasy, and I'm not saying out loud that I am dreaming.

I hear a small plane engine overhead. I fly up to the plane; I'm not looking at my hands or body. The plane is maybe 1,000 feet above me. As I get closer, I slow down, and I am having trouble reaching the plane. The plane changes from a Cessna single engine type to a WWII sort of a plane (my father was a pilot). I then say with a chuckle, "I command you to slow down." The plane stops, and I see a door in the side of the fuselage. I enter the plane and there are a couple of stewardesses.

For some reason, I decide not to stay, and jump back out of the plane (no parachute). I know I'm dreaming, but it does look very high up. I wonder if I will have trouble slowing down. I do slow down, and then I find myself in a room with a couple of attractive women in their 30s. I'm on a bed next to them. I wake up and it's time to go to work.

Comment: This is sort of a basic lucid dream. I've experienced lucid dreams since the 90s, but fewer as I've aged. I discovered hypnosis downloads a couple of years ago, and I listened to Eric Brown's MP3 from Amazon after the next door neighbor woke me up at 4:30 a.m. (prime time REM). When he said, 'rising above the earth,' I had substituted rising from the ground. I'd say that's the main lesson, to use hypnosis early in the morning for dreaming. The sandwich through the window could indicate that I've been eating more veggie meals. The lack of ecstasy is similar to my work day experience. I sort of regret not paying more attention to the stewardesses who were waiting for me in the plane, but it was fun to jump back to the ground. Hope this is the start of more lucid dreams.

Sam Gandy
Flying Dream/Near Projection

I had been trying to actively induce OBE's, and in a dream I suddenly became lucid. At the time I was flying over some countryside, over some fields. There was no apparent trigger, I just knew it was a dream. During the dream I stated, "I wish to have a fully conscious out of body experience." Instantly the dream imploded into blackness.

I then "woke up" (or thought I had), in a London hotel room, on an OBE course. On waking there I talked to the OBE teacher (an OBE author and teacher in real life, whose techniques I had been reading about and using) about how close I'd come to projecting!

Interesting the range of conscious awareness I experienced within such a small (dream) time frame.
Maria Isabel Pita  
Another Talk With Papi

I find myself in a house, which I sense is filled with loved ones and a few other people I'm close to. I'm engaged in an activity I can't remember now. I hear someone arrive at the front door, which is concealed behind the wall of a small entrance foyer behind me. I can't interrupt what I'm doing, so I urge Mami – who drifts toward the door reluctantly in a long pale nightgown – to let the person in. I suffer a twinge of guilt at making her do this, because I know it's Papi at the door, and that she's afraid of the nightmares my dream encounters with him might give her.

But I also think it's time she got over this, and acknowledged his continued presence in our lives even though he's technically dead. She opens the door to him, and finishing up my task, I hurry over to greet him as he makes a left around the wall of the foyer, and steps into the main room. He's wearing an immaculate, exquisitely tailored suit of a color blue that doesn't exist on earth, an uplifting, beautiful blue. "Papi, you're wearing the suit you wore in my last dream," I exclaim, "the suit I knew you would wear!" He walks a little deeper into the space, and I stand happily before him, looking up at his face... up and up! "Papi, you're getting taller!" I observe joyfully, because I feel I know this means he's growing spiritually.

He stands there a moment, gazing over my head, a gently gratified smile on his face, which looks younger and darker, with a slight golden tan. (Normally, I see him as he appeared later in life). Then he looks down into my eyes, and suddenly we're face-to-face as we "glide" into a small room behind me, as if he's pushing me backward, his dark eyes gleaming with intense feeling. We "land" on a comfortable couch in this alcove, which is like a lucid drop of water in the rushing river of my other dreams.

Papi begins talking to me, looking grave now, as he tells me about going to see his own father. I have to struggle to grasp what he's saying. I remember my paternal grandfather, who I rarely saw and didn't much like, of the time I went with Papi to visit his grave. I'm confused, because Papi seems to be talking about him as if he's still dead? "We couldn't go back to our house," he tells me, "because of the people who live there now..." My confusion peaks and I declare, "But Papi, there are no physical bodies on the Other Side..." He looks at me – he was staring into the distance as he spoke – and says, "Oh, no, but together we help each other get through it..." That makes sense, that he and his father are helping each other in ways only they can fathom.

I'm sitting on the edge of the couch, gazing down at him where he reclines against it. I ask him a question I can't recall now, but I clearly, vividly, remember his response: "God is there..." I suddenly notice slender shafts of golden light shining down from above and behind him, as if cradling him. "You feel pain in your essence..." He rests his left hand over where his physical heart would have been, and I observe a soft, whitish light that seems concentrated in his chest area. "Forceful people come to you..."

I have no wish to mar the perfect understanding that filled me looking at his face, and the light, and listening to his words, by explaining the profound sense of what he conveyed to me. We stand up, and I quickly move over to another couch where I find pen and paper, and quickly write down his responses to me word-per-word, determined to remember them this time when I wake up.

Then I go stand beside him where he's leaning against one wall as Abuela, my maternal grandmother, silently observes us from a few feet away where she stands close to an adjacent wall. I'm thinking hard about the question rising up from my heart without my conscious intent, "You can't ever see God?" I mean face-to-face, but I know at once that did not come out right. Papi looks astonished, and a little incensed, as if what I just said is ridiculous, and I quickly explain myself, "Of course you can see Him! You see Him all the time, because He is everything. He is All, the Absolute."
Papi’s mollified expression seems to confirm my words as I phase out of the dream.

I think it's because I wrote down his responses to me while still in the lucid dream, not after a false awakening, that I was able to hold them in my brain this time. I pictured the words as I wrote them, saw them, and this anchored them, for otherwise I feel they would have flowed away just like last time. Nevertheless, it’s impossible to describe how I felt seeing my father resting against those fingers of golden light. Just seeing them, being in their Presence, was a blessing.

Even though I always wrote stories and novels and poems since I was a little kid, Papi always encouraged me to study journalism in college, a possibility I laughed at every time he mentioned it. Curiously, it now seems, Papi, that you're getting your wish of me becoming a journalist as you make it possible for me to interview you in dreams about life on the Other Side.

### Richie Reeplay Dee

**Old School Run**

Went right into the dream from waking after about 5 minutes of mind clearing, then repeating "This is a dream, I am dreaming." The first few minutes felt sloppy. I was in my old room and Freddy had come and jumped on the bed to snuggle only his presence felt more human than cat.

After a while I knew I was dreaming, so I started trying to fly. Visuals were pretty crap and I wasn’t sure if I would fly. But a thought hit me to be more positive. I flew down the main route I used to take to school, mainly flying the town way with the multi roundabouts.

I flew over a man cycling, who, when I looked back again, was on a skate board. As I flew on he was walking underneath me (or perhaps it was a different man.) I looked away and looked back at him - his hair changed from thinning to bald then back to thinning. I told him but he didn't seem interested.

I then found myself outside a shop on a balcony. S was there and a few other people. I remember seeing F and I told him that gnostic Christians studied lucid dreaming. He knew and said he thinks he is one.

At some point I saw Lisa from the gym and asked how the swim went (unresolved daily task I was meant to carry out).

I left the dream quite slowly, almost false awakening, but I relaxed into it and accepted it thanking the dream for the experience.

As I woke up a very faint song played. I almost recognised it, and for a moment my rational brain thought that a radio alarm was going off in my old room. The song sounded very cheerful and filled me with an amazing feeling. It sounded like it could have possibly been Bill Withers. The lyrics said something like "now to be calm, the -- is done." Then definitely: "The whole world is yet to come."
SKC
(Early morning) 5th Lucid Dream – Farm & Pool Scene

Initially had a normal dream. It was at night and I was in bed with my wife Lorraine in my old bedroom in stepmother Audrey’s farmhouse in Donnybrook. There were lots of people in the room as well as a Combi camper with a couple in it playing music and movies!

Awetu (from my boy Peter’s old school) was there and agitating me for some green tea. I went to the kitchen but could not find any green tea. My brother Lee and more people were in the kitchen. I noticed my nephew Stephen with a cigarette in his hand and thought, “If this were a dream that would be a dream sign,” (as Stephen at this stage didn’t smoke). I then went back to the bedroom where the couple in the Combi were annoying us with their loud music.

Suddenly after a short period of blackness - Lucid! I saw a scene as if on a TV screen and felt myself “zooming” into the screen and becoming part of the scene within it. I now fully realised that I was dreaming and conscious within it!

It was a bright spring day with a vivid blue sky and puffy white clouds. There was a farmhouse, green fields, gates, and a country road onto which I had landed. As I walked down the road I came across some farm workers whom I addressed (cannot remember what I said), but they declined to answer me.

I saw a large rock blocking my path. Part of it glowed with a few colours, and it gave me an ominous feeling, but as I knew I was dreaming I decided to hug it instead of running. With that, the dark feeling subsided and the rock lost its glow.

I then saw down a gentle grassy hill of green fields and fences, a swimming pool to the side of, and just below the farmhouse in the distance. I decided to see if I could float and found I could with ease! I then floated over the fences, across the fields, down to the swimming pool.

The pool was full of adults and children happily swimming about. I too jumped in and swam. A young girl (looking a bit like Lorraine when younger) swam over to me. We hugged and gradually started becoming intimate in the pool amongst all swimmers. I was just becoming orgasmic when I woke up!

Comment: My first LD with results which now matched what I had been reading about in the books. This included the vividness and brightness of the sky and grass, and even the smell of newly cut grass and the girl’s perfume. The feeling of joy, excitement and a subtle awareness of being part of a greater reality.

Preparation: During the week I had started Stephan LaBerge’s daily mind training for “Dream Sign Checking.” I had also woken to go to the toilet around 2 a.m. and then read his book for about 40 minutes before going back to sleep during which period the dream occurred.
5/20/2014 (pre-lucid to lucid) “. . . I go through the passageway to a backstage storage area, with the wife and assistant of a stage magician. . . We find a small wood medicine chest / alchemist’s box. She wonders whether it seems a real alchemist’s box, or just a prop or imitation. When I open it, I see the drawer has lots of little glass vials with antique metal tops, with powders inside. Evidence enough for the woman to identify it as a genuine alchemist’s box. It reminds me of a homeopathic kit that my grandfather, a surgeon and a homeopath, gave my father when he went off to war in WWII. One larger vial says “Tartaric Acid,” another one “M . . .” something. To my surprise, I see the box has an owner name pasted on it, on an old paper label, Edwin W. Kellogg, so somehow the kit had belonged to me. I now recall my father gave me this kit when I went to college, but the appearance of the wood box surprises me. It looks recently made, of unfinished light colored wood.

From my left a different woman, short brown hair, a little plump, and looking in her 40’s, comes over to me. She looks very pleased to see me – in fact she tells me she brought my old alchemist’s kit in the hopes of attracting me with it. She looks at me and says, “Edwin W Kellogg Senior?” I tentatively answer “Yes?” but tell her she may have the wrong man. Although I have a Ph.D. in biochemistry, if she wants a medical doctor she may look for my grandfather. She smiles, and says she wants the Edwin Kellogg the kit belonged to, and she wants my help with her medical condition. We go outside, and while walking, I become lucid, and tell her that we dream all this, but she looks confused and uncomprehending. However, I notice that she now looks younger, in her 30’s, even in her 20’s, and I tell her this. She looks flattered, but disbelieving, and I see her apparent age fluctuating before my eyes.

Finally, we arrive at a sort of a clinic. She asks me whether it seems a good idea to go to a foreign country for chemotherapy, where she can get it more often than in the U.S., even 3x more. I see the pharmacist behind the counter shake his head negatively about this idea. I tell her that chemotherapy, no matter where you do it, in the U.S. or elsewhere, seems more likely to kill you than help you, and if you can get more of it outside of the U.S., it will just kill you faster.

However, I tell her that lucid dream healing might help – would you like me to try? She doesn’t seem to understand what I mean – still doesn’t realize that we dream – but she does lift up her skirt to show me the problem. Her legs look swollen and bruised, almost purple in color with darker patches from the chemotherapy treatments she’s already had. I ask her if she would like me to try healing her (leaving out any reference to lucid dreaming) and this time she nods “yes.” I put my hands on her thighs to access the situation, but to my surprise the areas where I place my hands immediately turn into healthy pink flesh. She smiles delightedly and says “I knew I’d found the right man!” I don’t understand – I hadn’t any intent to do a healing at that point, but I decide to go with what works. I move my hands across her legs until they look healthy and normal.

To finish up I then do an intentional lucid dream healing technique to make sure I haven’t missed anything. I hold my hands out – palms towards her and chant, “From my hands healing energy shines, to heal your body with power divine!” A gold light, like bright sunlight, emanates from my hands, filling her body with energy and vitality, hopefully getting rid of any diseased areas I may have missed with my laying on of hands.” RWPR

Comment: Although I’ve done a dozen or so lucid dream healings on others (LDHO’s) over the years, this seems the first time that someone has apparently tracked me down for that purpose – and even by name. I wonder if now that Robert’s book on lucid dreaming has become so popular, that perhaps in this case it motivated someone, who had read the chapter on lucid dream healing, to consciously or unconsciously seek me out specifically, in the hopes that I might help. Although
I've had evidential and apparently successful LDHO's over the years, I could only validate those in which I knew the individual's I'd done the dream healings on, and could contact them in WPR and find out whether they had experienced any physical improvements afterwards. In this case I have no idea of the name or contact information of the woman I healed in the dream, or even whether she has a WPR counterpart. I found the immediate healing effect of my “laying on of hands” in the dream interesting, because it occurred spontaneously, without any intention or expectation on my part that anything like this would happen, and wonder if perhaps this just seemed her faith in me having a healing effect, rather than my laying on of hands as such.

Sam Gandy
Trigger via Family Non-Recognition

I had recently attended the International Academy of Consciousness's Core Development Programme course, which is geared towards OBE's and how to induce them. I was having a lie-in one morning at the weekend and in a dream, I meet my mum in a shopping centre or trade fare kind of environment:

Our eyes meet and she smiles but I can tell she does not recognise me as her son. Instantly I become lucid. Suddenly there is an intense feeling of motion and I rush down a corridor, but then the dream spins out of control and I lose awareness.

I believe this came quite close to an OBE as this is not the first dream in which I have recently experienced a strong feeling of rapid motion, while having actively tried to induce OBE's.

Maxwell Hunter
Finding Darren

In a previous post I mentioned how I had used lucid dreaming to help me make sense of my experiences as a voice hearer. I had used lucid dreaming to talk to Scott, a friendly and supportive voice that I have (and in all honesty someone I consider my best friend) and I managed to get some very clear answers as to why I needed him. After speaking to Charlie on Skype I decided to do this with all the voices I experience starting with Darren.

Darren has been with me for almost 10 years now and he started out as a very angry, very threatening, very malicious voice that was constantly critical of myself and those around me. Being 11/12 at the time this was pretty difficult to deal with and I didn’t tell anyone for a very long time. I always considered Darren to be a negative voice, a voice that I needed to get rid of, and I treated him the same way he treated me, with resentment.

In the last couple of years he has been somewhat more reasonable and easier to talk to but I figured he was the best voice to work with as he is the most negative. The experiences I had when finding Scott were amazing but the ones with Darren have been phenomenal.

I have been blessed with lucid dreams every night for the past week (which is odd because I’ve done zero work during the day to induce lucidity) so it has given me enough time to talk to Darren. In the first dream I found him I was feeling very isolated and alone which sparked off lucidity in me. I called out his name a few times and he kept shouting, “Over here.” I eventually found him. It was dark outside and there were all these shadowy figures slowly coming towards me. I was quite scared but I spotted Darren sitting in a red car. I got in and he began to drive away.

Now as well as hearing these voices I also sometimes see them so I have a good idea of what they look like. Darren was wearing the green hoodie that he always wears and he had the hood up so I couldn’t see his face. He was driving quite fast and he appeared to be angry. I tried asking him questions but he was reluctant to answer. He seemed upset and frustrated and rambled on about his dislike for people.

A few nights later I had another dream where my
mum dropped me off outside a supermarket and somehow it just hit me that it was a dream. I went looking for Darren but every time I went through a door it would lead to another door, or a darkly lit corridor. I was quite fearful but I kept looking until I came across a restroom. It was quite eerie and had a very Silent Hill feeling about it which made me very uncomfortable. I left and entered another restroom and spotted the green hoodie on the floor in one of the cubicles. Upon approaching I found Darren curled up on the floor. I sat beside him and asked, "What do you need from me?"

"I need you to listen," he replied. This made me think for a moment. He just needs me to listen rather than push him away. He soon disappeared and I left the cubicle. I turned to look in the mirror and he was there. He was just staring at me. I stared back and I found myself feeling quite peaceful. To just look at each other and really see each other. It was a strange experience.

Last night I had some more lucid dreams. In one of them I was feeling very sad. I was listening to "Without You I'm Nothing" by Placebo and feeling like I wanted to cry. This made me realise it was dream. I walked into another room and found Darren. He was looking out of a window, his back to me. The green hoodie told me that it was him though. I approached and he turned around. Nothing was said but we both embraced. It felt weird to hug him but even weirder that he was hugging back.

I had another lucid dream later in the night which had the same theme of me feeling lonely and isolated which triggered my lucidity. I was at my grandma’s house and I went outside looking for a car and found myself a red Ferrari. I drove along and drove quite well considering I’ve never driven in real life and driving dreams often result in me crashing.

Even though I could see no one in the car I sensed my voices were with me and asked Darren what he represented. He answered that he represented anger, something I already knew but he also said he represented my insecurities, things I ran away from and that he’s here to protect me. Despite his aggressive nature I suppose he does act as a protector.

So over the course of these dreams he has opened up, asked me to listen to him, allowed me to embrace him and let me know what his role is in my life. I also noticed that in the first dream he was driving a red car and in the last dream I was driving a red car (red being the colour often associated with anger) ultimately taking back control in the last dream. Needless to say I awoke this morning with a smile on my face.

Steve Racicot
Nature of the Mind

...during a regular, nonlucid dream I realize that I am dreaming. I remember that in the waking world I had been reading a book about Zen meditation. The part I had been reading was about the nature of the mind. I decide to pursue the subject while in the dream world.

I say aloud, "I want to see the nature of my mind." The dream that had been going on disappears and I find myself flying through outer space, through stars. I repeat my intention, "I want to see the nature of my mind."

Off in the distance I see a wall that seems to stretch forever in space. I am racing toward this wall. It grows larger as I approach. It is made out of some kind of dark, brownish-coloured material. There seems to be no way around this wall and I crash at full speed into it. The wall is made of some kind of hard rubber and I bounce back off it and land in my bed wide awake.

My first thought is, "Wow, my mind is a really big obstacle." Upon further reflection I feel that I might have had a better experience if I had asked to see the nature of my heart.
UPCOMING LUCID DREAM THEMES

Spring Issue
(Deadline February 15, 2015)
Strange Encounters

Have you had strange or unexpected encounters in your lucid dreams? Have you met with alien beings, strange energies, multi-dimensional beings, etc.? Or have you travelled to alien worlds, or unusual places? What do you make of these strange encounters? What did you experience?

Send in your lucid dreams, OBEs, thoughts, and observations for the Spring issue of Lucid Dreaming Experience.

Summer Issue
(Deadline May 15, 2015)
Creative Inspiration

Many artists, writers, inventors, and creative individuals have benefitted from their dreams. Have you found inspiration for your creative work in your lucid dreams? Have you used your lucid awareness to seek out creative inspiration and new ideas? How have your lucid dreams influenced your work or projects?

Send in your lucid dreams, OBEs, thoughts, and observations for the Summer issue of Lucid Dreaming Experience.

Autumn Issue
(Deadline August 15, 2015)
Physical and Emotional Healing

Have you experienced a healing in your lucid dreams? Was it a physical healing of some bodily ailment, or was it an emotional, or psychological healing? How did it occur? Or have you performed healing on another in your lucid dream? Did you follow a specific plan or procedure or did you just ‘wing it’ in the moment? Were physical results apparent in waking reality?

Send in your lucid dreams, OBEs, thoughts, and observations for the Autumn issue of Lucid Dreaming Experience.

Winter Issue
(Deadline November 15, 2015)
Multiple Awareness and Shapeshifting

When you lucid dream, who is dreaming? How does your awareness differ from waking awareness? Have you experienced dual awareness, being aware of both your sleeping and dreaming bodies? What about simultaneous dreaming? Have you ever experienced that unique state of awareness where your attention is fully and completely focussed in more than one dream at the same time? If you have changed your dreambody, shapeshifted into another form, how has this affected your state of awareness? Do you feel or sense things you would not normally sense in your usual state?

Send in your lucid dreams, OBEs, thoughts, and observations for the Winter issue of Lucid Dreaming Experience.

Please send your submissions to the Lucid Dreaming Experience via our website www.luciddreammagazine.com or send to submissions@dreaminglucid.com
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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

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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://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/member/files/ed_kellogg.html

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

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

Lucid Dreaming Links
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Lucid Sage
www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming
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Ryan Hurd
www.dreamstudies.org

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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
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Jayne Gackenbach - Past editor of Lucidity Letter
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