



Episode #10 Are Dreams Just For Dreamers?

Hunter was hanging out on a jetty that extended outward into the raging waters of an ocean inlet.

Gusty breezes rapidly deposited a salty coating of ocean brine that penetrated Hunter's face, arms, hands, and any other exposed skin it could reach. His nostrils also enjoyed the freshness of the sea spray. As if starved for its essence, Hunter inhaled this elixir.

He grabbed the oversized aluminum rails that kept people from falling into the fast-moving current 35 feet below. He could probably resist

the wind, but he was a lot more confident by having a solid grip on this railing.

He glanced at the people further seawards along the jetty. They seemed to be dealing with the same emotional mixture of concern and enjoyment at the impact the ocean was employing on everyone and everything. Some struggled with fishing lines while kneeling to minimize the occasionally gusting winds. Others that were fishing were attempting to cast their sinker-laden bait in the same direction that the ocean winds were going. And the direction of the wind seemed to be reversing after every few casts as some tosses returned to the casting fishermen.

Some strollers on the jetty walk seemed to be changing their minds about the atmosphere in this oceanside environment, and they were starting to make a beeline off the jetty to get back onto the beach. But the wind began turning runners' quick cadence into a staggering gait as an occasional big gust intercepted their retreat.

Hunter smiled inwardly. He loved the changes in the weather quickly taking over this beachside. Hunter didn't consider it to be dangerous or even uncomfortable. The evolution of pace from how it had been when he first arrived here was something he could revel in. There was comfort in pleasant weather, but there was also excitement in a change. And the more dramatic the change, the more excitement Hunter would experience.

Suddenly there were very dark, ominous-looking clouds heading on-shore with no prior warning that they were coming. They flew fast and low to the water and land as they approached the jetty. They brought about a significant drop in temperature with them. Everyone was beginning to scurry around on the jetty and moving towards the beach to start their run to higher ground. Many people rushing by Hunter yelled at him to run to the high dune line, but Hunter stayed in place. He wasn't even sure what his decision was, but he knew he would not leave his current position. He felt increasing excitement and pleasure at the certainty of his choice to stay where he was, grabbing onto the jetty railing.

Soon everyone had sped by him, and he could see people laden with fishing gear, coolers, umbrellas, folding lawn chairs, and much more, racing just slightly ahead of the line of those dark and heavy low frontal

clouds of the storm. It was an exciting sight that Hunter had not seen or been a part of in his past.

Lightning bolts began to come out of the almost black clouds. It was as though Zeus had tossed them down to force those fleeing from the jetty to hurry up and get off the beach. Hunter stared at these streaks of lightning that arrived on the jetty. There was no separation in time between the flashes and the deafening crescendo of a lightning strike.

Hunter glanced around him and saw he was the only one left on the jetty. As lightning struck around him, he realized he could hardly breathe. But he was only wearing a bathing suit, a t-shirt, and flip-flops, so the rain was not half as bad as it might have been if he wore street clothes. He grabbed the bottom of his t-shirt and pulled it up to cover his mouth and nostrils, but that wet shirt was so soaked that this didn't help. He pulled the shirt off entirely and dropped it onto the jetty decking. He then cupped both hands and placed them over his mouth and nose. This tactic worked much better; he could breathe with his closed fingers.

Standing there, he marveled at the raging storm and thought how beautiful it was. He didn't understand why he was not concerned for his safety, but somehow he wasn't. In particular, the lightning strikes were the most distinctive elements to behold. He began to sense a pattern to the lightning's arrival, so he focused first on one and then on another. He soon realized he could mentally calculate when and where each next stroke would occur. He wondered how this was possible.

Then he suddenly realized he knew the next lightning strike would be right where he stood. He felt a sudden rush of fear, and then a surge of adrenaline was coursing through him. A lightning bolt had entered his body, and a brilliant, silent light encased his entire being.

He saw nothing but that light. He heard nothing, and he felt nothing. He convinced himself that he was dead. That thought alarmed him for a quick second, but then he became comfortable with that thought. If he indeed was finished, then there was nothing to it. He didn't hurt anywhere, and he wasn't scared. He understood that he was still here, and that was that. Perhaps I don't mind being dead. It wasn't that bad at all.

Then, Hunter heard a voice. It said in a soft but firm, authoritative, but somehow soothing masculine tone. "Sorry to disappoint you, Hunter, but you are not dead yet, and in actuality, you can't die anyway. Your body can, but even that hasn't occurred yet. You are currently encased within a spiritual aura, so we can talk."

Hunter looked around him to see who was talking. He didn't see anyone. Then the Voice resumed. "You wanted this meeting to occur, or it wouldn't have happened. You decided this in a previous existence. There was a need on your part to have this meeting take place, so it had to happen."

Hunter continued to turn around to see who was talking. He said. "Who are you, and why can't I see you?"

The Voice without a body answered. "The name I use for this venue is Samual, but names are rarely relevant in my preferred Realm of spirits. If you want to see me, you must ask me to open a gateway within your consciousness that will enable a vibrational structure allowing you to view me and others like me. We function in a place where nothing is a barrier as it is here on this jetty or elsewhere in this Earth Realm. Would you like to have that ability?"

"Yes, I would," Hunter replied to this question. "Very much so."

"Done!"

And with that, Hunter stood before a smiling man, dressed pretty much like Hunter was, with a bathing suit, flip-flops, and a wet t-shirt. He was ageless, and by that, Hunter couldn't begin to determine what his age was. The man wasn't young. Nor was he ancient, and for some reason, Hunter didn't think he was middle-aged either. So he determined that this man was, quite simply put, ageless.

And Hunter didn't want to keep staring at this man, so he addressed him. "Well, hello, Samual. It's nice to meet you, I guess."

"Hello to you, Hunter. This meeting is not our first, but you are not currently in a mutually familiar realm, so you can't remember if we met. And there are reasons why we do not want this to be the case now."

"What is the case then, Samuel? If I am not supposed to remember you, what would be the point of our meeting? And particularly under this current weirdness where we are both standing here, nearly naked, soaked to the skin and lightning bolts are dancing all around us."

Samual laughed and replied, "You are missing the point of what we are both attempting to accomplish here, Hunter. Let me explain it in greater detail. After you pass through this physical existence, which I will always refer to as an Obstructed Realm, you will take on a reflective existence in a non-physical reality. This Realm, which I will identify as the Transition Realm, allows for and exists for the introspection of your previous life experiences. This idea is a complicated reality concept but is indeed an actual reality. During these transitional periods between reincarnations, you assess what you did right or wrong in your previous life experiences. This idea will help you determine what you must accomplish in your next life experiences to refine your spiritual evolution. You often seek assistance from other souls when you require exceptional help in your new realities. In our case, this is why we are meeting here on this jetty and why I am attempting to let you know why we are experiencing this, as you put it, weirdness."

"Isn't this a kinda overkill, Samuel? What's with all the storm clouds, lightning bolts, and drenching rain, not to mention chasing everyone off the jetty so we can have a bit of solitude? It seems a terrorist act, traumatizing others to have it your way."

"Not at all! For those people leaving here to escape the oncoming storm, this is a normal act of obeying nature, and they all experience it as part of their day-to-day life. You were the only one to treat it as an abnormal happening. You stayed here when all the others left. You held tightly onto the railing and got windblown and saturated when the severe rainfall came. Then an electrical storm threatened, and still, you were resolute in your refusal to run. You were the only one that insisted on not doing the normal thing, which was to run like hell to safety. Both of us planned this scene before this specific reincarnation. We needed to have something occur that would pull you away from normalcy to get your attention. And we got it. It was successful."

"Wow. That's unbelievable, but I guess I have to believe this. I felt something when I was absorbing the emotion of facing the storm's worst possibility while knowing I didn't have a sensible reason to do so. Somewhere in my consciousness, I must have known that this was what I had to do. Is that it?"

"It is my friend. And that brings us to the essential premise of what is going on here. You have a mission in this particular incarnation that you must become aware of and have to follow to its completion. And the only way to follow and complete the mission is to pay attention to everything that influences you during the rest of your life experiences here in this Realm. This plan sounds easy, but it is not. Like everyone here on Earth, you tend to pay attention to the obvious and ignore the subtle influences in your lives. You have to learn to pay attention to both of those and other types of influences and then decide to act on the most important ones to your goals. These rough decisions must be based on the relevance to your consciousness. It's easier than you might think because your consciousness will tell you what is best for you in all circumstances."

"That sounds interesting, Samual, but I'm not sure I understand the essence or importance of this advice you give me. It makes sense, but I don't know why logically."

And that, Hunter, is why we both agreed that I would have to join you in this Obstructed Realm to launch you on a proper path to starting your evolution towards a higher spirituality."

"Please explain the Obstructed Realm once more, Samual. I still can't visualize it very well."

"OK. It's quite simple. In the realms of which the Earth as you know it is composed, all elements obstruct our actions and thinking. We constantly need to climb over something, go around something, dig under something, or smash our way through something. Often, even if the element you are dealing with is not physical, you still need to deal with an idea that obstructs you from reaching a goal you seek to overcome. An Obstructed Realm obstructs, and a Transition Realm does not."

"You are right, Samual, it is simple. And to simplify it, I will start calling you Sam, as that also seems simpler to me."

"Go for it, Hunter, but I will not change your name because I like the sound of it. But it is now time to go to a certain place while conversing within the spiritual aura that the lightning strike provided us. We must travel to an existence that lies between an Obstructed Realm and a Transition Realm. Are you ready?"

"Absolutely! Let's do it, Sam."

Not even a millisecond passed, but Hunter did sense a dramatic flash in that short time, forcing him to shut his eyes. When he opened them, he saw nothing at first, but gradually, he became aware of an incredible blueness. It was not like the sky's blue but more like the blackness of space had been turned into a more incredible intensity of blue than Hunter could imagine. Samuel then asked Hunter to blink his eyes.

Hunter did, and then he saw a myriad of diamond sparkles. He blinked again, and suddenly there were numerous clouds of pink, purple, red, and yellow and different hues separating those colors. Hunter looked over at Samuel and asked what this scene was.

"You are looking at our Milky Way Universe. Each time you blink, the reality of what you see increases. This step is necessary because your consciousness, still working within your limited brain capacity, is attempting to prepare itself for the magnificence of Creation. But don't worry. You will adjust to the feeling because everyone must share a Creation. You are an integral part of it, as are we all."

"Wow! That's all the comment I can muster for you, Sam, and I think I have to quit blinking because what I am seeing is beginning to overwhelm me. But, what should I make of this?"

"Just try to get used to it to set a frame of mind for what will come next. Viewing our Galaxy is not what I am bringing you here for, nor is it the terminus of our adventure. It is just a preview because you have seen it all before, and I wanted you to allow the familiarity to seep into your current consciousness, so you can deal with what comes next."

"And what is that, Sam?"

Samual touched Hunter's forearm lightly and said, "This!"

Hunter knew that Samual had touched his arm but immediately felt extraordinary. It was almost as if someone had pulled him into the deep vacuum of space. He realized that he saw nothing and did not feel or hear anything. Not knowing what direction he was facing, he turned around in desperation to try to locate something, but nothing was there. He did not even have a sense of direction. Then Samual's Voice entered his thoughts, and without a sound, Hunter realized that he was receiving a mental image delivering a message into his consciousness.

"Hunter, we have arrived in a place you have been to many times before, but here again, you do not immediately recognize it because your consciousness is still operating in an Obstructed Realm mode. I will adjust that for you now, and you can function here perfectly fine."

Why is there nothing here, Sam? It is pretty unsettling because there is nothing here."

Samual replied, "That's because everything is here, my friend."

"What does that mean?"

Samual laughed a little, understanding what his traveling companion was going through. Then he said.

"It means that in the absence of physical and non-material obstructions, such as you will always find in the various Obstructed Realms, such as Earth, there is room for everything else that is not an obstruction. There are no limits to what can be experienced in this Pre-Transition Realm because there is nothing to obstruct a soul's focus. If and as you think of anything, it will be created for you and any other soul your thoughts are meant for. But it will be gone if it is not needed by you or for others. In other words, If you have no interest in something, it will not exist."

Hunter thought about this for a bit before responding. "You said that we are in a Pre-Transition Realm. So this is not where we will spend our introspective time between reincarnations?"

"You are correct, Hunter. This place is a temporary stop for souls that require adjustments in perception before entering a Transition Realm or other Non-Obstructed Realms. I recently brought another soul here who was starting a quest to learn about the need for all of us to live multiple lives to evolve spiritually. After she was there for a second, she realized that the actual Transitional Realm would be a magical place where your thoughts create what you see and experience, along with other souls.

"We will all enter into and reside in a Transition Realm to contemplate past lives, and then return to various Obstructed Realms like Earth, to have new experiences that we cannot have in the Transition Realms, which do not present those barriers and obstructions that provide such challenges needed for the growth of a spiritual soul. These meaningful experiences occur because of all the obstructions we must deal with in our Obstructed Realms. We continue to select and experience a life of dealing with obstructions until we physically die and then reincarnate once again to continue the process of spiritual evolution. This process is repeated as many times as we feel we need to do so to evolve to the spiritual levels we desire to reach."

"That's a lot to take in Sam. But I suppose it makes logical sense. This visit we are now experiencing tells me that there is much more to our existence than I thought before we arrived here. But what is the reason we are doing this?"

"Now we are getting to the important point. When we were in the Transition Realm together, before you reincarnated to your current life, you decided that you wanted to accomplish certain goals while residing on Earth in your current incarnation. It would not have been likely that you could accomplish those goals if you maintained the typical perspectives that a soul living in the Obstructed Realms normally has. So you and I conceived a plan where I would assist you in changing that perspective when needed. This plan allowed me to cross the barrier veil separating transitional and early souls, just enough to capture your attention by altering your more restrictive current mindset. So now, here we are, and we will start the next move of raising your awareness that would normally not be possible in typical obstructive mindfulness. Are you ready?"

"I am indeed Sam. What do we do next?"

"Just focus your thoughts on me, and allow me to lead the way. I know where I want to go and, far more importantly, where you want to go, even if you don't yet."

Hunter smiled and said, "Go for it!"

Anticipation was indeed working inside Hunter's mind, but activity was not. He felt that he was still in the void. He felt like those three monkeys that "saw no evil, heard no evil, and couldn't even speak no evil". This situation was even worse; he couldn't think of no-evil or anything else. He hesitated momentarily and then mentally screamed, "What The Hell, Sam!" He almost had to cover his ears because it sounded so highly, terribly, deafening in his mind.

Suddenly Hunter had an image of Samuel laughing so hard that he was bending over, but how could this be, as he knew that neither of them had a body that could or would turn over. He began to realize how reliant he was on the physical nature of his Earthly existence. Then Samuel said, and Hunter heard.

"Now, my friend, you are beginning to understand how reliant we are in your present universe in using your body's sensory tools to deal with all the incidents and obstructions you encounter. You convince yourself that you must rely on physical senses to make appropriate determinations. This tactic may be the most effective way to react in many cases, but in many others, it is not. It can be considered a general rule that you will have much harder job-solving day-to-day spiritual issues by using physical outlooks or solutions. Likewise, reaching spiritual goals without seeking them with spiritual tools is nearly impossible. And all spiritual toolkits reside in your consciousness, not your brain, i.e., physicality, but they are available if you know how."

"OK, I get the drift." Hunter's telepathy offered Samuel. But what exactly are we doing here in this emptiness? I hate it."

"We are opening gateways within your consciousness to activate an ability for you to visualize the spiritual capabilities you have but don't use while in the Obstructed Realms. The primary capability we need right now is for you to visualize various options that might be used to solve

problems. You want to understand things that you can't understand in physical mode and sometimes to add to your spiritual growth in amazing and often pleasurable ways."

"Show me, Sam. Just show me." Hunter was anxious to get out of this dark void.

"OK. Let us try out one of the more pleasurable aspects of using one of the new talents I will introduce you to. As with everything I teach you, you must use your imagination and willpower to seek out and structure whatever you want to experience. I happen to know that you love all gardens and the environments that are associated with them."

Hunter thought about that suggestion but had to ask a question of Samuel before he started this experiment. "What kind of garden should I choose, Sam? There are too many ideas popping around in my head right now.

"Here is where we want to point out that you always have some help within your spiritual makeup. Your permanent consciousness knows what you would like to do in these affairs. So don't worry about it; trust yourself to select the best option to create something new."

"OK, Sam, Here goes nothing."

And with that, Hunter remembered one of the more fabulous gardens he had ever visited. Suddenly he found himself standing in a complex of gravel pathways, formal plantings, and structured parterres at Versailles' L'Orangerie, in France.

The sky was a cloudless robins-egg blue. Hunter was strolling around a large circular pond, ringed by concrete tiles full of crystal clear blue-green water. The morning air was brisk, and the delicious scent of orange blossoms permeated the entire garden. He started counting the large blue-green square planters lined up in very straight formal rows. Each container held a perfectly shaped orange tree. He soon understood that there were way too many to count. Then he projected a thought, "How many trees are in these containers?" Suddenly he received a mental answer that there were 1,055 containers with orange trees, palm trees, oleander, pomegranate trees, and Eugenia bushes. This telepathic

message said they are kept inside a building during winter for protection from the cold. Hunter became concerned when he realized that the answer to everything he might think of would be given to him if he didn't know the answer. He wondered how this could be.

Samual was quick to give him the specific answer to that inquiry. "That's just one of the major beauties of the Non-Obstructed Realms. Because there are no obstructions, you only need to ask or think about an answer, and you will be provided it by a Spiritual Source called the Akashic Records. These Records are a spiritual compendium of all universal events, thoughts, words, emotions, and intent ever to have occurred in the past, present, or future. That is regarding all entities and life forms, not just human interests."

"Wow!" Hunter expressed. "This makes a life experience here very cool. Why can't we have this method in the Obstructed Realms, such as we have on Earth?"

"Listen carefully, Hunter. You forget that we reincarnate into Obstructed Realms, such as Earth's, to learn to deal with unique problems and adverse situations. In short, life experiences. If you always had the Akashic records and many of the other Spiritual Aids you will be experiencing on this adventure, you would be forgoing the excellent learning results that traversing difficult obstructions offer. What we all face in those obstructed environments offers us the best lessons. By overcoming those resistances, we learn better and remember more intensely and easily. Many have said that the hottest fires forge the strongest sword. That saying might translate to the concept that the strongest souls evolve from difficult life experiences. Thus, if you existed only in those spiritual realms where other powers made every answer given to you and the solution to all problems, you would be a fragile soul. And that is the opposite of what Supreme Consciousness created us to be."

While thinking about these things, Hunter simultaneously viewed and interacted with the Versailles Gardens. He had been circling the pond and scanning the far reaches of L'Orangerie as well. He saw the large, more natural but still geometrically shaped lake in the distance and marveled that this contrived addition to the garden also presented a very realistic scene in this environment.

While admiring that distant view, he saw vast flocks of small birds of many varieties flying overhead. He then thought it would be nice to have some larger birds. Then instantly, various birds appeared near him on the ground. He saw blue-necked cassowaries, and immediately, the Akashic Record told him they had been imported from Australia by King Louis XIV. Then came some regal black-crowned cranes there were native to Africa. Because of these thoughts, these birds immediately appeared and strutted around the garden, as they must have when Louis XIV lived here and created this magnificent landscape. Hunter wondered if a Royal peacock was in residence at that time, and one instantly appeared to him and announced his high-pitched arrival. This bird had the most brilliant blue body, and he raised a spectacular fantail in fully open glory. The tail had magical blue eyes surrounded by light green rings symmetrically placed throughout the expansive fern-like tail feathers. He willed the peacock to approach him, and he did. It seemed to bow while turning around, so Hunter could take in this bird's magnificence. He returned the bow to the peacock, returning the compliment. The peacock emitted an exquisite rustling sound by shuffling its spectacular iridescent tail feathers. It sent shivers of joy throughout Hunter.

All this happened while receiving many incredible thoughts directly from Samuel's mind and the Akashic Record while originating ideas from within his consciousness. He was delighted that he seemed that he could multitask to any level that he wanted to. He could think about whatever he needed to think about and ponder those thoughts without resistance of any kind. There appeared to be no limitation as to what he could be accomplishing. He merely had to imagine it. He could then use his willpower to call upon some unknown spiritual energy to make it occur. How extraordinary these newly found abilities were. And how beautiful this garden was, and the birds alone made him think he was the luckiest person alive and in this environment.

Samuel was enjoying this scene, watching Hunter almost overwhelmed with the superbness of the occurring events. This was one, but only one, of the things he loved most about guiding another soul to new realizations of discovering what they were composed of. And Hunter was starting to understand how creative he and every other soul can be when awakened to those possibilities. And mainly because the structure of

a Universe was not impeding his thoughts and actions that all souls must reside in for resistance education.

He casually stared at the large parterre garden plots composed of artistic borders and curvilinear forms created from various evergreen plant borders, such as boxwood, and filled with flowering plants. Louis XIV adored brightly colored flowers planted and constantly replaced within the gardens. The form-fills contained hyacinths, jasmines, tulips, narcissi, lilies, sweet Williams, daffodils, and many more flowering plants throughout the design.

As Hunter considered all these factors, he suddenly thought of a question he wanted answered. He wasn't sure if he should ask Samuel or inquire about the Akashic Record. He decided on Samuel, and before he could direct his questions to him, he received his answer from Sam.

"You are wondering if you could create gardens like this, are you not Hunter?"

"I am. Can I do that, Sam? I feel that I can, but I don't know how."

Samuel laughed a small laugh and then said. "You find your answer by asking the question, and then, without allowing your ego opportunity to answer, receive a proper response for that question by logical thinking on your part."

"I don't understand that answer at all, Sam."

"Well! Think about it, Hunter. One of the reasons you don't accept your thoughts is that you want to hear solutions given by others that you deem more authoritative than your own. In most cases, however, as you mature, the best solutions are available from within your consciousness. But, you have an ego structure that will often dominate and adversely affect thinking and will result in getting wrong responses when asking your consciousness what to do in many cases.

"Remember that your consciousness also receives good counsel from your soul, which resides within the true reality of its existence. However, you are also greatly influenced by your Ego, which has an important use for existence in our obstructed realities. It is generally the

easiest route to acquiesce by adhering to the urgings of the Ego, but it can lead to dangerous consequences. When faced with deciding on a subject that you have not yet resolved, you must use your free will to consider the ramifications of making any decision. Using free will and the Ego together will generally result in the best decisions. Still, using free will in making all your decisions is essential."

"That makes sense, Sam. I do not like my Ego very much because it often urges me to do something I will eventually regret. In the future, I will try to remember what you said about using my free will when making those important decisions. But now, back to the issue of creating my gardens. How do I go about doing this?"

"You begin the process of Creation by using your imagination Hunter. Remember! Dreams are not just for Dreamers in sleep mode. To dream, whether daydreaming, sleep-dreaming, or intentionally placing your mental abilities within a dream state, the goal is to create something as a valid endeavor. And the stronger you use your imagination, the greater clarity you will have in bringing about your dreams. Let's jump into this while in this Transition Realm, where we have no obstructions to make it difficult."

Hunter was excited to think that perhaps he could conjure a garden that might be as wonderful as L'Orangerie, and the other parks of Versailles. Then he relaxed, probably at the influence of Samuel, and became aware that he was still in the emptiness of this Transition Realm, where nothing existed without the will of a soul to create something unique. He began to think that a Spiritual Power that made such an environment allowed or preferred that any soul in the process of imagining a thought would or at least could create without interference from others' souls. Perhaps this idea was more than Hunter cared to think about.

He immersed himself in thought, and suddenly, a forest began to take shape and appear everywhere within this non-space that Hunter now existed in, with Samuel observing. He was obviously at the base of a hillside where the land started to flatten. Almost all the trees were large-leaved, but as soon as he recognized that feature, beautiful palm trees of every description appeared among the more extensive tropical trees canopy. He wondered why he was conjuring up a garden that was totally unlike the gardens of Versailles. But he also knew he loved the tropics, so this was not strange.

Then he could see some ginormous flowering canopies poking through the tops of the heavy green canopy. No sooner than this animated display of greenery established itself in this new forest, than birds materialized everywhere.

They flew through the air, soaring within and under the trees' canopies. Hunter recognized them as bright blue parrots known to him as hyacinth macaws. Then red and blue macaws joined the aerial ballet as they soared from tree to tree.

Hunter had mixed emotions from apprehension and gratification for making this scene so far. He looked for Samual and saw him sitting on a large boulder under a colossal tree fern. The fern seemed oversized, with a canopy spread over 100 feet wide. He gave Samual a look created by an expansive grin. Samual offered a reassuring smile and then sent a telepathic message saying he was pleased and this was just the start. He urged Hunter to keep this dream of his progress wherever it went.

And so he did. He then heard the loud sound of water and glanced up in the direction of the sound. A giant cascade of water spilled over the edge of a high escarpment and was headed downward along the sheer vertical side of the mountain. It had left the precipice and started to fill into a large pond forming at the escarpment base in anticipation of the new waterfall. The pond was finished in time to receive the arriving cascade, and it sent a giant plumes of mist, enveloping Hunter and Samual, who were now sitting together crosslegged on the boulder. They both laughed in shared enjoyment at receiving this fresh and cool water. Before Hunter could ask Samual how they could feel this mist, Samual reminded him that his consciousness would create any sensation that was deemed reasonable or enjoyable to the adventure. But they didn't have to get soaked unless they desired to feel that sensory pleasure.

Hunter stood back to admire his budding garden and how it looked so far. He decided that he needed some animals to reside in this place. So he conjured up an ocelot, two coati-mondi's, a tapir, and a large family of howler monkeys scampering above in the treetops. They were having a lot of fun, and Hunter decided to add a troop of spider monkeys to add interest and provide competition to the howlers. He then decided to create a big jaguar overlooking the goings-on at the top of the waterfall. The more

he added to the scene, the more aggressive his design became. He then willed that everything that belonged to a tropical environment come into existence, including small reptiles such as lizards and frogs, insects, hummingbirds, and even harpy eagles, high in the treetops. Then the harpy soared downward through the trees and shrubs to grab, impale and kill one of the spider monkeys.

Hunter did not like this and decided to command the harpy eagle to become a vegetarian bird and not to eat these excellent cute spider monkeys. He then asked Samuel if it was OK to do this, as he knew he was altering the nature of things as he knew it to be. Samuel replied,

"It's OK, Hunter. This garden is your Creation, and you can do whatever you want. If you were designing within an Obstructed Realm like Earth's, all additions, subtractions, or other alterations to the total design have to follow the rules established by the higher power that created it. Those rules of Creation must be adhered to. As I told you, spiritual creations manifesting in this Non-Obstructed Realm are not solid and will not remain once you stop thinking about them."

Hunter replied to Samuel by mentally thanking him for reminding him of his current status in a non-obstructed realm and what that means to create this garden or anything else. He wanted to return to being a creator rather than thinking about it too much.

He hesitated for a second to see what had manifested so far. He stood looking at the lush and dynamic tropical forest he had created. A waterfall of magnificent dimension and stunning composition cascaded into a deep crystal clear blue lake forming from that once small pond. That lake was forming the source of a dynamic large creek that promised to grow into a great river as it continued away from this garden site.

The sunlight was typical of what Hunter would see in Florida, where he was from, or perhaps some luscious jungle in Costa Rica. Large, dense clouds passed through the view and occasionally dropped sheets of heavy rain on Hunter and Samuel. They enjoyed this deluge, too, even though the wetness of their clothing was becoming annoying. Then Hunter decided they didn't need clothing in his garden, and instantly they found that they were naked, which was much more fun.

Then the form of his jungle creation started rushing to its completion. Animals, both large and small, joined with birds, butterflies, and all manner of insects, seen and unseen. They were appearing at the behest of Hunter, and each new arrival had a niche to fit within this Creation. Hunter then established a natural food chain; every living thing had its place and a symbiotic relationship. An evolved interaction of close living connections between organisms began to form.

The environment that appeared was perfect. Now Hunter had to determine what he wanted to do with this, his own private Eden. He needed a place to live, so he decided to conjure a beautiful house. Hunter then created the framework of a structure from the mahogany trees that were prolific in this, his new jungle paradise. He placed the building on the pristine lakefront, with a view of the cascading waterfall, crystal blue lake, and the rambling creek that was quickly becoming the river forming at the far end of the lake view from the waterfall.

Most of the building's walls were getting floor to ceiling glass windows and doors, which optimized the views towards every segment of the new homesite. The flooring was composed of a Carrara Italian marble that Hunter had always admired. This beautiful material is a blue-grey marble famous for use in sculptures and building decor. The marble was from the northernmost mountains of modern-day Tuscany on Earth. The house was spacious but not excessively so. He could feel comfortable and cozy in appropriate areas. In this home, like everything in this Creation, Hunter merely had to desire it to create it, and his will caused it to happen. He imagined what he wanted next and simultaneously willed it to happen. The home was complete. He thought what he was doing was magic and considered himself like Samantha on the TV series Bewitched.

Samual, as usual, knew what Hunter was thinking and offered some comments.

"Normally, you would consider what you are doing is magic, but there is a difference here that you must be aware of. Magic is the art or practice of using charms, spells, or rituals to produce supernatural effects or control events in nature. Creation is producing results using the laws of Creation itself. But that ability is not available to us in an Obstructed Realm.

"The fundamental laws of Creation do not work in places like Earth because of the inherent laws of Obstruction. Supreme Consciousness created these laws to provide evolving souls with a means to experience the challenging rules of incarnational life in a manner that would not be possible in a Non-Obstructed Realm. All the blockages and resistances it has to deal with affect a soul's free will on Earth. It must therefore struggle more when attempting to do almost anything. A soul has to focus more intensely and specifically. It will remember more because of that struggle.

"In realms with no obstructions, everything is instantly created by a soul's willpower. As a spiritual neophyte in an obstruction-free realm, you will experience everything but generally do not learn lessons as well as in the Realm with obstructions. The discipline needed for creating in the Spiritual Realms is obtained from previous souls' lives in Obstructed Realms. Understand?"

"I'm pretty sure I do", Hunter answered. "But I am still very unsure why you are showing all of this to me now, and in this Non-Objective Realm. And what will I do with this fabulous home I have just designed?"

"Well, let me look over this fabulous home of yours. It is most attractive, I must admit, but I wonder if it would serve you very well if you were to stay here for good or perhaps a long period."

Then they both got up off the boulder they were sitting on and entered the house through a spectacularly thick glass door in silver chrome decorative framework. Hunter walked in with him as they entered a spacious foyer with a spiral staircase leading to the 2nd-floor rooms. Samual then commented.

"This house is gorgeous, my friend, but why the staircase? You will not need one because you can will yourself instantly and easily to any place you want to go within this house or anywhere else. It is, therefore, just a decorative element and will appear excessive to any visiting soul, but you could certainly keep it if you wish." They then walked into the elegant living room. Samual nodded his head in appreciation. "I love the furniture here as artwork, but would visitors ever sit on or in it except to make you happy or please your Ego? By the way, you don't have an Ego in this Realm. Oh! And I see you also have a stunning and functional kitchen in the next room, Hunter. You do know that you don't eat in this or

other Non-Obstructed Realms, don't you? You are a spiritual and not a physical being there. And if you have bathrooms in this mansion, you can get rid of them unless you want to enjoy looking at them—no need for bathing or other cleanup stuff. There are no physical needs at all.

"OK, Sam, I get the point. I was creating from the viewpoint of a solid, and what my experience was from that viewpoint. Is that the reason you brought me here? For me to make a fool of myself?"

"You didn't make a fool of yourself, Hunter. You are not used to seeing or understanding any other viewpoint. When you receive the ability to create something directly from your willpower, it is natural that you use the familiar as your target design. I was responsible for introducing you to what happens outside an Obstructed Realm's reality. You now know."

"I think. No, I am now sure I have learned a proper lesson, Sam, but I am still unsure about this lesson. I expect it has to do with what you and I had planned for when we were together in the Transition Realm, but I don't know what that objective was then."

"The lesson is this, Hunter. Everything we experience is a lesson. And you will have many tasks to deal with through many lives and reincarnations. All of those lives will be culturally and dramatically different from each other. Still, if you get specific essential lessons embedded within your spiritual consciousness, they will be available to you in each reincarnation when you need them the most. Usually, this is not automatic, but if you ask the right questions of your consciousness, it will pull the subject up and present a solution to you in a way that you will understand in the Realm you reside in at that time.

"And in regards to that question about what your objectives were when we decided to arrange for this venture while we were in the Transition Realm, I will explain that here. When you are in a Transition Realm, you are aware that you are contemplating your previous life experiences and planning for a new one, generally in an Obstructed Realm. You had decided that you wanted to live your assigned new life as a creative individual and knew that you previously had difficulties in that area in previous lives. You knew you could not be given direct instructions to resolve conflicts of this kind, but you could set up your consciousness to better recognize a problem or pattern you would need to deal with. We

discussed this and decided that our adventure would be beneficial in that regard."

Samual continued. "On this venture, you have learned that every reincarnation has a significant cultural change. You have also learned, in this venture, that your creative work is largely useless because you were designing for a life that is irrelevant in this Realm. It would be best if you had thought this out before you started the creative process. It would save you from creative stress and allow you to function better. There is no big problem with this, but it is always best to go forward with any desired goal, with ideal planning on your part."

"Has this all been a waste then?"

"It was hardly a waste, my friend. Quite often, a supposedly wasteful lesson stays in the mind and consciousness better because it elicits stronger emotions at the time. And that "sticks to the ribs, better as the saying goes.

"What a weird saying, Sam. Particularly when you are discussing spiritual things."

"It works, my friend, because we are still in an earthy mindset, regardless of where we are spiritually. I was trying to convey that your visit here in this Realm, with all the pleasure and excitement experienced in creating a garden and house that pleased you, will stay in your experience files for extraction in later life if you ask for it. OK?"

"OK, Sam. What's next?"

"We go home, so you can mull over all we accomplished on this adventure."

And then Hunter was aware that he was still gripping the aluminum railings as tight as he could. The storm that had buffeted him about was abating, and he was standing among the lessening raindrops and looking at his surroundings. He glanced down to see if he was clothed and found that he was, just as he had been when this storm started. At first, he didn't see Samual, but then he heard his Voice.

"Thank you for coming along with me on this adventure Hunter. I enjoyed it."

"So did I, Sam. Can we do this again sometime?"

"Of course. But I would prefer it be when you need an important lesson. And if that is the case, I will also know it and be there when needed. But it would help if you learned to do as much independently as possible. It is so much better when the real need for help is an important consideration. Understand?"

Hunter answered, "Yes. I do."

Then the rain stopped, and people started returning to the beach parking lot to whatever they were doing on the jetty docks. Hunter looked at Samuel, who smiled, said goodbye, and disappeared.

This venture had been a very eventful and a wonderful experience for Hunter. Perhaps the best thing that resulted from the entire adventure was knowing that he was not alone in anything that he did, and he also realized that he had a purpose and was not rudderless anymore. It was an excellent feeling.

