



Sign Post are
all around us

Contents

Introduction	4
John and I being born.....	5
Take me to your leader	8
.....	8
Learning How To Ride A Bicycle	12
House of the future.....	14
My dad teaching us yoga exercises.....	34
Breathing through the nose while running.....	36
The ranch	43
Betsy Topallion.....	45
Yoga class in high school	48
Afraid of the dark	51
Finding Bombay Ashram	53
Zambia.....	56
Cape Town	62
My First Girl Friend	65
Paul McClain.....	72
Computers - Harry Bartz	75
Miami Beach Police.....	81
David, and David	83
Zoran	86
Sai Baba dream (moving to California)	90
Meeting Barbara	93
A Dream Come True in Del Mar	95
1 Split Second Got It Driving Ca	97
r	97
Kundalini Snake Experience	99
Naval Special Warfare -Meeting Alien	101
Dome Automation and Magical Maui.....	103
OnMaui	106
Back to the mainland	107
Senior Staff Web Developer, 1999 to 2009	108

Charles Schwab, San Francisco, California	108
PAT	109
PAR Letters.....	109
Pricing Desk.....	109
Business Calculator	110
RPM program	110
Stock Market Game	110
Moving to Kansas - phone interview	113
Down the rabbit hole one book leads to another	117
Song Getting Back On My Feet	119
Closing Chapter Lessons Learned and Humanity's Path Forward.....	122

Introduction



Introduction

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 1 minute ago

Imagine a vibrant and bustling city, with people going about their daily routines, unaware of the intricate web of synchronicity that surrounds them. In this world, the air is filled with an ethereal symphony, resonating with the rhythm of life itself. Each occurrence, no matter how mundane, carries a hidden message, a signpost guiding us towards growth and transformation.

Picture a person walking down a crowded street, lost in their own thoughts. They pause to tie their shoelaces, unaware that in that very moment, a stranger passes them, carrying a message of inspiration and opportunity that could change their life forever. In this world, the synchronicities are not mere coincidences, but intentional whispers from the universe, nudging us towards our highest potential.

As the story unfolds, we delve deeper into the interconnectedness of all things. We witness the protagonist's journey, as they learn to recognize and embrace these hidden messages, gradually unlocking profound lessons and growth opportunities. Each encounter, conversation, and experience becomes a stepping stone, expanding their understanding of themselves and the world around them.

In this novel, we are invited to contemplate the unseen forces that shape our paths, and to reframe our perspective on everyday occurrences. Each moment becomes an invitation to dive into the depths of synchronicity, to listen to the whispers of the universe, and to embrace the interconnectedness that weaves through every aspect of our lives.

So, join us on this captivating exploration, where the ordinary becomes extraordinary, and where the symphony of synchronicity guides us towards a greater understanding of ourselves and the world.

John and I being born



John and I being born

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 2 minutes ago



Once upon a time, in a small town nestled by the sea, there lived two brothers, Little Ricky and his twin brother John. Born on a warm winter day, they shared a bond that was beyond the ordinary. From their earliest moments, they had a unique way of connecting with each other - through telepathic communication.

Their first impression of this special gift came when they were born. Little Ricky remembers telling his brother to go first and "check it out" as they entered the world. His brother embarked on a journey of pure bliss, descending down a long, bright tunnel filled with ecstasy. Overflowing with excitement, he called Little Ricky to join him, and together, they laughed joyously in the depths of their shared connection.

In their childhood, the brothers experienced the wonder of telepathic communication firsthand. Their minds effortlessly transmitted thoughts, pictures, emotions, and experiences, making words unnecessary. While others struggled to understand them, mistaking their non-verbal exchanges for communication difficulties, the brothers reveled in their ability to communicate on a deeper level. When they wanted to describe an apple, they didn't rely on words alone; instead, they would send vivid and graphic experiences of the fruit, allowing the other to fully comprehend its essence and significance.

As they grew older, the brothers came across stories of faraway tribes in the South Pacific Islands. Legends told of their extraordinary ability to communicate telepathically, just like Little Ricky and his brother. It fascinated them to learn that these tribes, far removed from their small coastal town, had ancient knowledge and practices that embraced the power of non-physical communication.

In the present day, the world relied heavily on physical means of communication, like telephones and the internet. These methods seemed limited and lacking the depth and intimacy that the brothers had experienced. Little Ricky couldn't help but find it amusing how society viewed telepathic communication as something mystical or unreal when, in fact, it could be the most natural and innate way for humans to connect. Over time, humanity had simply forgotten this inherent ability, letting it slip away from collective consciousness.

Little Ricky couldn't shake off the idea that the human potential for telepathic communication was something to be explored, understood, and reclaimed. He believed that unlocking this dormant power would not only enhance human connection but also revolutionize the way society functioned. Where others scoffed at the idea, Little Ricky felt a deep sense of curiosity and a yearning to bridge the gap between what was known and what could be.

Guided by memories of their extraordinary and seemingly magical childhood, the brothers embarked on a journey of exploration and self-discovery. They delved into ancient texts, consulted with mystics and scientists, and sought connections with like-minded individuals across the globe. Together, they built a movement to reawaken humanity's inherent telepathic abilities, urging others to let go of doubt and embrace the limitless possibilities that lay within each individual.

As the brothers shared their story and offered guidance to others, the world slowly began to remember the power it once possessed. People from all walks of life were inspired to reconnect with their own telepathic potential, rekindling a sense of unity and understanding that transcended physical barriers. The small coastal town became a hub of telepathic exploration, with workshops, gatherings, and experiments becoming a part of everyday life.

Little Ricky and his brother's journey brought about a transformative shift in consciousness. They showed the world that the power of telepathic communication was not a figment of imagination but a fundamental aspect of the

human experience. Through their efforts, humanity once again embraced this natural gift, using it as a tool to build connections, bridge differences, and create a more harmonious world.

And so, the tale of Little Ricky and his brother serves as a reminder that the extraordinary lies within the ordinary, and that the power to communicate through the ethereal can flourish once again. The story lingers in the hearts of all who dare to dream and believe in the unseen, encouraging them to explore the depths of their own potential, for the greatest wonders often reside in the uncharted territories of the mind.

Take me to your leader



Take me to your leader

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 4 minutes ago



Once upon a time, in a small town, there lived a young child named Little Ricky. Little Ricky was filled with wonder and curiosity about the world, always seeking deeper meaning and connection. One sunny day, their Uncle decided to take them and their brother to a restaurant called Bob's Big Boy for a special treat - chocolate milkshakes!

As they sat at the table, eagerly awaiting their milkshakes, they noticed the place mats in front of them. Printed on the mats was a spaceman with the phrase "take me to your leader." Little Ricky and their brother couldn't contain their excitement and decided to playfully wear the spaceman masks over their faces, giggling with joy. In that moment, they felt a sense of connection to the stars, recognizing that they were made of stardust themselves. They laughed, realizing how seriously people often take life while missing out on the cosmic joke.

As Little Ricky grew older, their fascination with the universe deepened. They pondered the teachings of Einstein, who had revolutionized our understanding of reality over 94 years ago. They questioned why humanity persisted in seeing the world as purely physical when there was so much more to explore and experience. Little Ricky believed that everyone, including themselves, was special and connected to something greater, even though not everyone was aware of it.

One of Little Ricky's favorite pastimes was stargazing. They would lie on their back in the grass, gazing at the night sky, feeling a profound sense of belonging to something far beyond this universe. Despite inhabiting a small human body, they knew deep down that their consciousness existed everywhere, encompassing the sun, the stars, and everything in between. Little Ricky longed to share this realization with others, but such ideas were rarely expressed in their western culture at the time.

Around the age of 10, Little Ricky's yearning for self-discovery intensified. They actively sought ways to explore their inner world and understand themselves on a deeper level. Whenever the words "India," "meditation," or "yoga" crossed their path, Little Ricky felt a mysterious chill down their spine. These concepts held a tantalizing promise of unlocking the secrets of their own consciousness.

In their search for meaning, Little Ricky also tried to engage with their local church. However, they struggled to connect with the religious concepts presented there. To Little Ricky, life was a magnificent and glorious journey, and Christianity seemed focused on instilling guilt for events from 2000 years ago. Nevertheless, they maintained a strong connection to Christ through their own personal and private experiences. Little Ricky believed that spirituality should be a deeply personal and intimate encounter, cultivating their unique relationship with the Creator.

Occasionally, Little Ricky would watch televised church services, hoping to find substance and guidance. However, they often found them lacking in authenticity and depth, feeling like a mere façade. They sensed a disconnect between the true essence of spiritual connection and the external rituals offered by organized religion. Still, they held onto the vision that someday they would have the direct personal experience they yearned for, trusting that the doors within their being would be revealed in due time.

As a child, Little Ricky's life seemed to exist on two levels. On one hand, they were a carefree and joyful individual, fully immersed in the wonders of the world. They loved playing and exploring, embracing the beauty and laughter life had to offer. On the other hand, their inner world was rich with dreams and desires, always reaching out to the stars and their celestial friends. They lived in this world but refused to let go of their inner realm, knowing deep down that there was a profound purpose to their life.

In their culture, the idea of becoming one with the Creator was rarely expressed. The common belief held that one could only hope to experience such a connection after death. However, Little Ricky couldn't accept this notion. They knew that, as human beings, they had the potential to have a direct, moment-to-moment relationship with their Lord, right here and now. This belief never wavered within them, even as a child. Occasionally, they would catch fleeting glimpses of this profound connection, awakening from dreams with overwhelming joy and ecstasy. Though they didn't always retain full conscious memory of these experiences, they felt reassured that their celestial friends were watching over them and guiding them on their path.

In their heart, Little Ricky firmly believed that in due time, they would be shown the way to consciously experience that inner joy 24 hours a

day. They held onto this vision, knowing that they were destined to live a life fully connected to their Creator, embracing the unity of all things and celebrating the beauty of existence. And so, the journey of self-discovery continued, as Little Ricky carried their inner spark and love for the stars with them every step of the way.

Learning How To Ride A Bicycle



Learning How To Ride A Bicycle

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 3 minutes ago



Once upon a time, there was two twin brother named little Ricky and little Johnny. Little Johnny was a genius at picking up and learning new things.

While little Ricky was what you would call on the slow side. It took him hundreds of tries to learn new things.

For example one Christmas morning their wonderful parents presented them both with brand new bicycles. Both of them were so excited.

Well, they took them outdoors. Little Johnny hopped on his and immediately started riding down the block. Well, Little Ricky didn't have the same luck. It was kinda funny to see how clumsy he was.

He didn't give up. He knew deep down inside he could learn how to ride this. It took him about a month.

The first time he realized that he was riding the bicycle he was filled with joy. He was so grateful. I did t. I did it. I didn't give up.

This incident carried him throughout his life. Every time he had to learn something new he remembered the experience of learning how to ride a bike.

Years later his wife said that he learned things so quickly. Little Ricky just smiled. He knew that life taught him such a precious lesson at such a young age. New give up. Preserve. You can learn anything. It may just take your time.

The moral of this story pertains to each one of us in the sense that it emphasizes the importance of perseverance and not giving up. Little

Ricky's journey of learning how to ride a bike despite his initial struggles serves as a metaphor for overcoming challenges and obstacles in life.

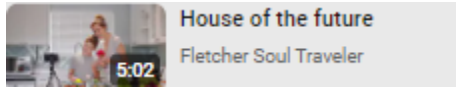
Often, we encounter new tasks or skills that may seem daunting or difficult to grasp. It is easy to get discouraged, especially when comparing ourselves to others who may excel effortlessly. However, the story of Little Ricky reminds us that everyone has their own pace of learning and growth.

The story encourages us to embrace a growth mindset and recognize that our abilities are not fixed but can be developed with time and effort. Little Ricky's determination and belief in his own potential allowed him to eventually master riding a bike, which in turn instilled in him the confidence and resilience to tackle other challenges throughout his life.

The moral teaches us that success is not always immediate or linear, but rather a result of perseverance, patience, and a willingness to keep trying despite setbacks. It reminds us to trust in our own ability to learn and adapt, regardless of the initial difficulties we may face.

Ultimately, this story serves as a reminder that everyone has their own journey and unique pace of progress. By embracing the lessons of Little Ricky, we can foster a mindset that encourages continuous learning, growth, and the belief that we can overcome any challenge with determination and perseverance.

House of the future



Once upon a time, in Pasadena, California, there lived two brothers, Little Ricky and his twin brother John . Born in December 1952, their childhood was filled with wonder and innovation. Their father and grandfather owned an aerospace company and were inventors ahead of their time.



Little Ricky and his brother lived in a futuristic house surrounded by an orange grove. From a young age, they explored the grove, sneaking through the fence and creating adventures in their treehouse. Their house itself was a marvel, equipped with technology far beyond its time. They could clap their hands, and the lights would come on, outlets hidden in the carpets, and even windows that closed automatically when it rained.



Move lamp an where and it would light up. 1



Windows would close when it rained. 1



Move watching us on TV 1

Their mother would watch them in the backyard through video cameras, all while preparing delicious meals. Their house was even featured in the Los Angeles Times Home section, capturing the attention of those fascinated by the futuristic advancements.



Steering wheels for kids 1





Floating frying pan 1

As the years went by, their father and grandfather continued to push the boundaries of innovation. They developed a jeep that could withstand bullets and float downstream, getting more miles per gallon than standard jeeps. They hoped the US government would take interest, but after years of rejection, they realized the need for connections that they lacked. Around this time, they also designed modular houses that could be built in a week and cost only a fraction of traditional homes. Unfortunately, the trade unions opposed this revolutionary concept, preventing its widespread availability.

Little Ricky grew up surrounded by this spirit of innovation and a belief in the power of technology to shape the future. He inherently absorbed the belief that the future could be brought into the present, and he became determined to do just that. One of his earliest ventures was in multimedia, even before the term

existed. Teaming up with a close friend named John Slowsky, they developed a visual database for the real estate market. Their program allowed users to search for houses and take virtual tours, winning them awards at trade shows. However, the world wasn't quite ready for such advancements, and their project, although ahead of its time, didn't gain the traction they had hoped for. They also worked on photo database programs for the Department of Justice but eventually lost the bid to IBM, who offered to complete the job for just one dollar.

Throughout his journey, Little Ricky always felt a strong connection to something beyond the physical world. He carried with him an early impression, a memory of him and his brother communicating telepathically when they were born. They would laugh inside, sharing experiences, emotions, and even visuals without the need for words. In their young minds, this form of communication felt natural and effortless. Little Ricky heard stories of tribes in the South Pacific Islands who communicated telepathically with their loved ones, reinforcing his belief in the power of such connections. Despite society's skepticism, he clung to the idea that these abilities were inherent within humanity, simply forgotten and unexplored.

As he grew older, Little Ricky couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and curiosity about what lay beyond the horizon. He continued his explorations, both in the physical world and within himself. He yearned to bridge the gap between the futuristic dreams of his family and the present reality. He believed that with determination and a willingness to embrace the unknown, he could bring about transformative change, uniting the spiritual and technological realms.

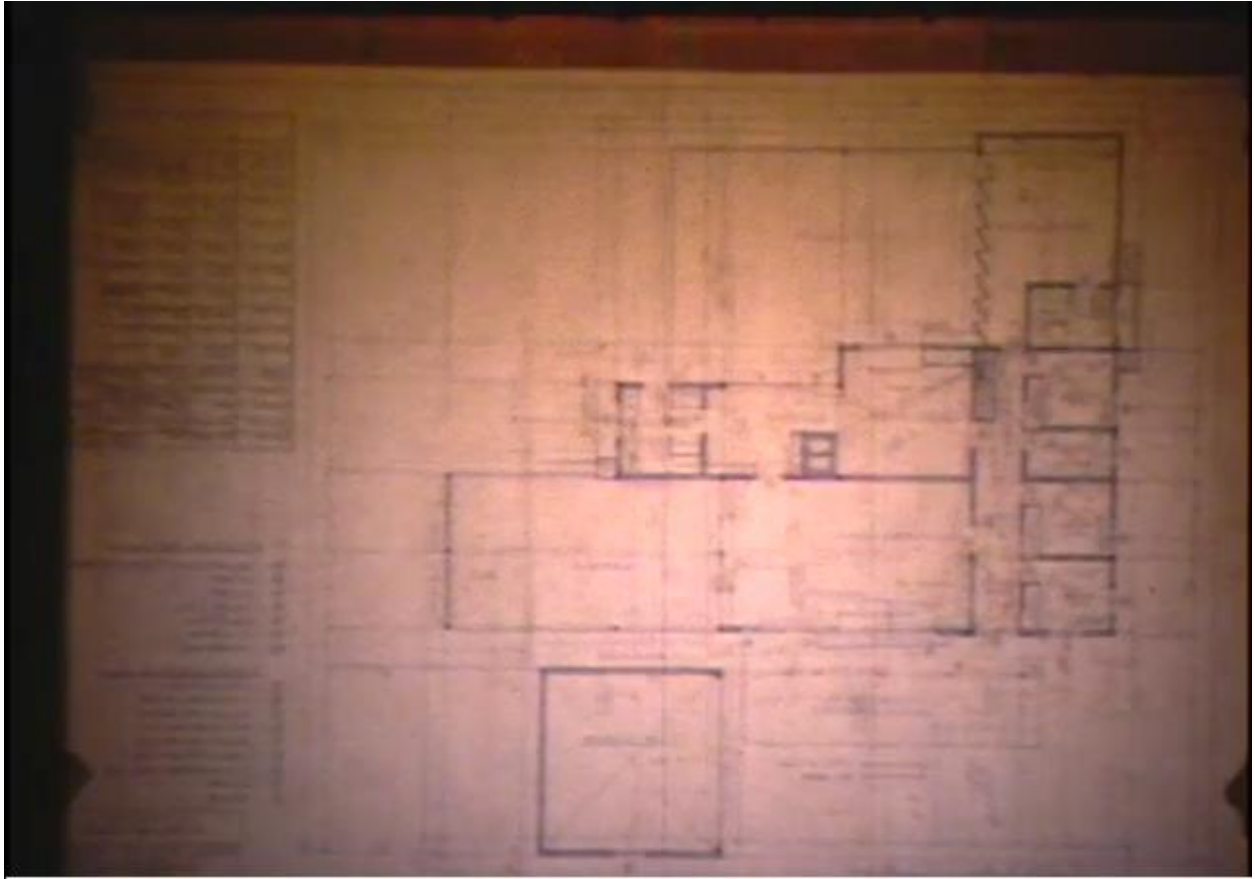
And so, Little Ricky's journey of innovation and self-discovery continued, fueled by the memories of his extraordinary childhood and the belief that the future held infinite possibilities. He would always carry the spirit of the orange grove and the boundless potential of telepathic communication within him, ready to venture forth and bring forward the wonders that awaited.



Control room 1



Designing house 1

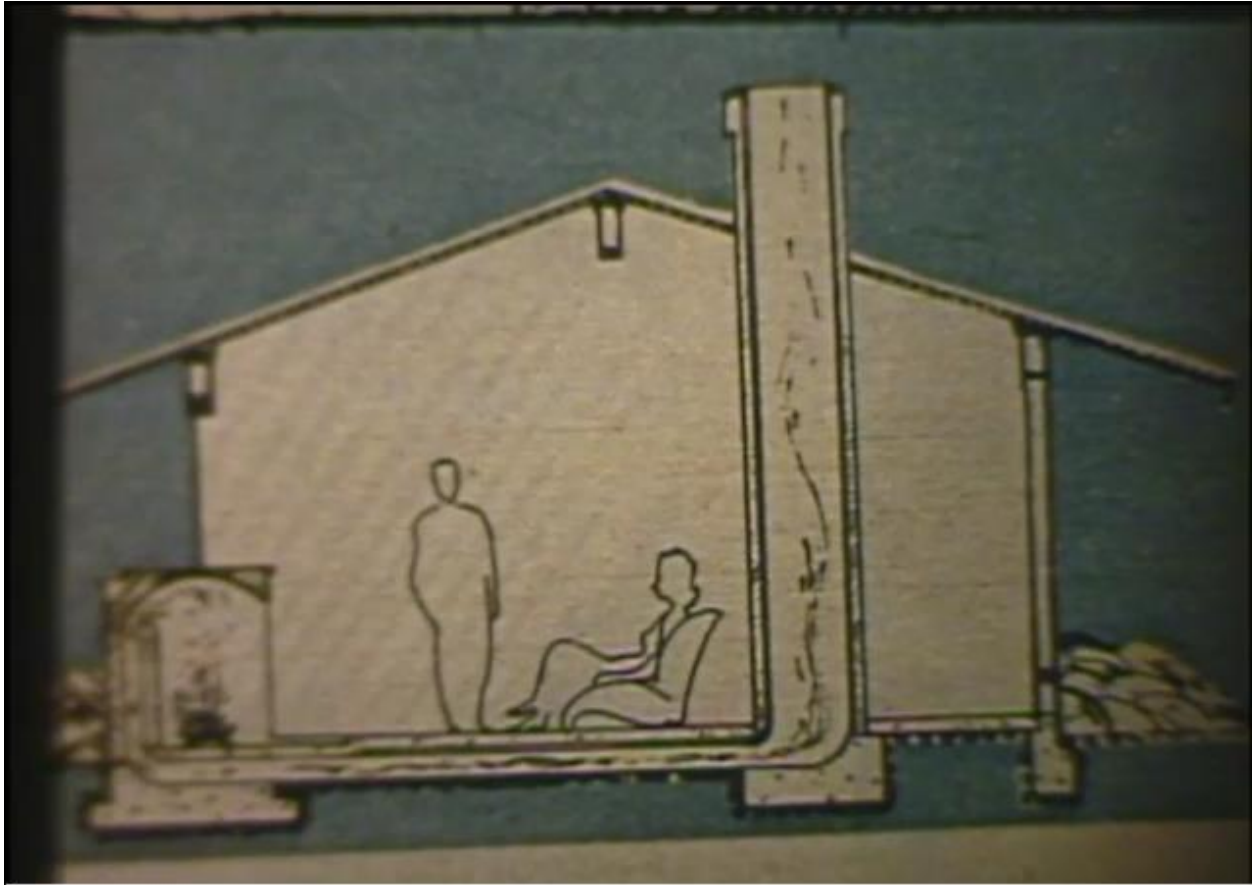


Plans 1



LA Times House section 1





chimney underneath floor. 1

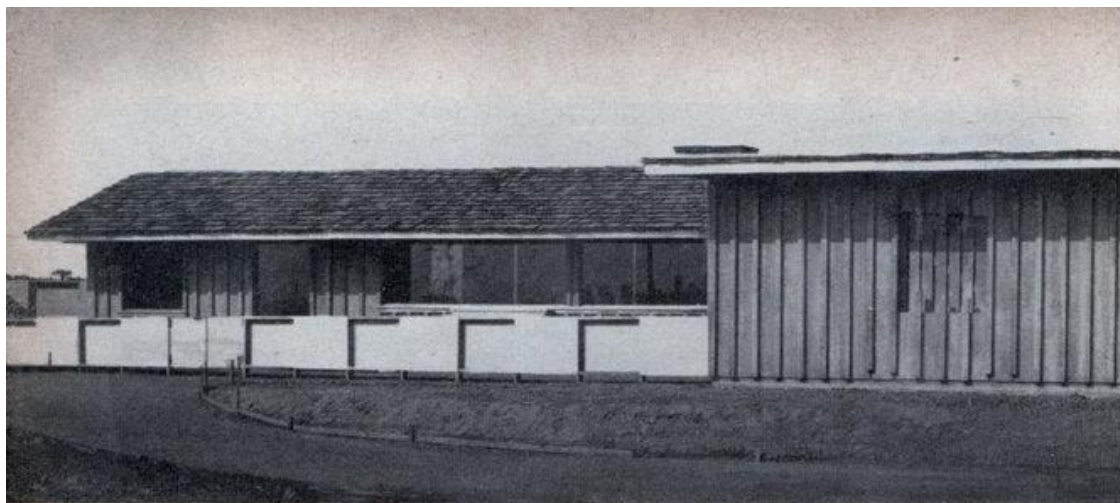




Lights turn on and off by waving hand. 1



Could see out but not in. 1



"House of the 21st Century" has rustic shake roof and board-and-bat siding. Makeshift fence is only temporary

Built for Modern Living

A HOUSE OF MAGIC

By Thomas E. Stimson, Jr.

IN JACK FLETCHER'S new home, the windows close themselves whenever the wind blows hard for more than 15 seconds. They close automatically, too, when a rainstorm starts or when the outside temperature drops too low for comfort.

Guests never trip over the wires to a floor lamp in Fletcher's living room. The floor lamps in this "House of the 21st Century" have no electric cords. Their fluorescent tubes, in fact, could be burned out and still operate perfectly when placed over certain spots on the living-room floor.

Mrs. Fletcher's stove has an attractive hardwood top and she does her cooking over the stove, not on it. A concealed electromagnetic cooking element not only heats the pans but keeps them suspended in the air while the meal is cooking. There's no need for an "old fashioned" metal stove top.

If the children start quarreling in their play yard, Mrs. Fletcher can admonish them at once from the house via a loud-speaker attached to the play-yard wall. She sees the youngsters by means of a television camera that scans the yard area and is linked to TV receivers in the kitchen, living room and master bedroom. These picture tubes also receive standard TV programs.

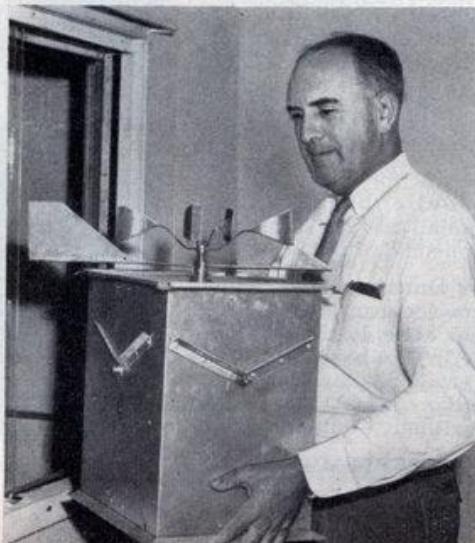
In the Fletcher house you don't need to press a wall switch to turn on the room lights; they turn on automatically as you

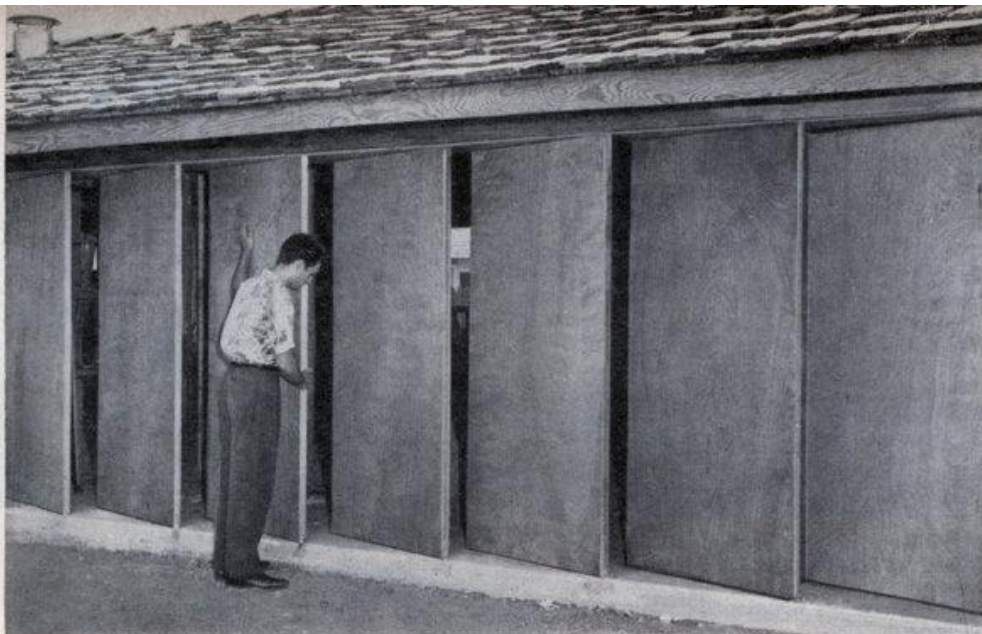
enter a room, then switch themselves off when the last person leaves. This "walk-a-light" switching system likewise rings the doorbell when a visitor approaches and serves as an alarm against prowlers.

To phone his office or various friends Fletcher presses a button opposite the name he desires, then lifts the receiver when a signal lamp shows the connection has been made. The actual dialing of the number is performed by a concealed rotary switch.

One of the fantastic features of Fletcher's

"Window brain" with rain troughs, weather vane and wind gauge, shuts windows exposed to bad weather





Bedroom wall consists of slab doors permanently set at a stagger. Movable glass panes will be between

thus can be simple nonload-bearing curtain walls built up from short inexpensive lengths of material. The wall panels, in fact, were assembled at a temporary factory instead of on the job. They consist of one-by-six-inch vertical stiffeners nailed to two-by-four horizontal spacers. There are no vertical studs in the ordinary sense. Any scrap lengths of wood as short as 29 inches can be used.

This wall core is erected, then building paper and insulation are added, and finally the exterior and interior wall surfaces are applied. In Fletcher's home the exterior consists of redwood boards and bats. Wall-board paneling is used in the interior.

Steel-pipe columns support the roof beams. The beams are hollow and are built in accordance with aircraft design. A typical beam may consist of a two-by-six on top, a three-by-six on the bottom with 16-inch-deep walls of one-half-inch plywood and with an internal wood stiffener every eight feet. One of these beams will support a 25-foot span and can be nailed and glued together "by the mile" at less cost than solid timbers. For some shorter spans two-by-fours are used for the top and bottom of the beam.

To provide privacy, light and ventilation in his bedroom Fletcher used slab doors for one exterior wall, the doors being staggered to create a louvered effect. The space between each pair of door panels contains a narrow pane of glass for ventilation.

Patio areas outside the house have louvered roofs that screen out the sun and yet permit air to circulate. The patio-roof boards are set on edge, in slots, and may be

removed when winter sunlight is desired.

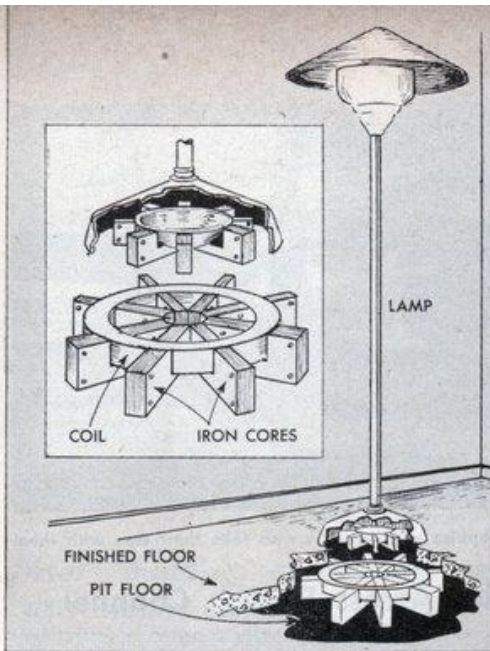
Fletcher's self-closing windows are actuated by a "window brain" located on the roof. The brain is actually a metal box with rain-catching channels on each side and with a weather vane and anemometer on top. Inside the box is a bimetallic thermometer. When bad weather strikes, the instruments actuate an electric circuit. Solenoids beneath the windows trip locks to release springs which close the windows.

Mrs. Fletcher's mysterious stove operates by electromagnetic repulsion. Be-

Wood louver roof over patio provides shade in summer, may be lifted out for additional sunlight in winter



POPULAR MECHANICS



Cordless floor lamp relies upon induction coil buried in concrete slab floor, secondary coil in lamp base

neath the hardwood stove top are four main lifting coils that also heat the metal pan floating above it. Three adjustable stabilizing coils steady the pan.

To operate his cordless floor lamps, Fletcher buried induction coils at various points in his living-room floor. Contained in the base of each floor lamp is a secondary coil. The current flowing between the coils provides enough wattage to fluoresce the gases in the fluorescent tube at the top.

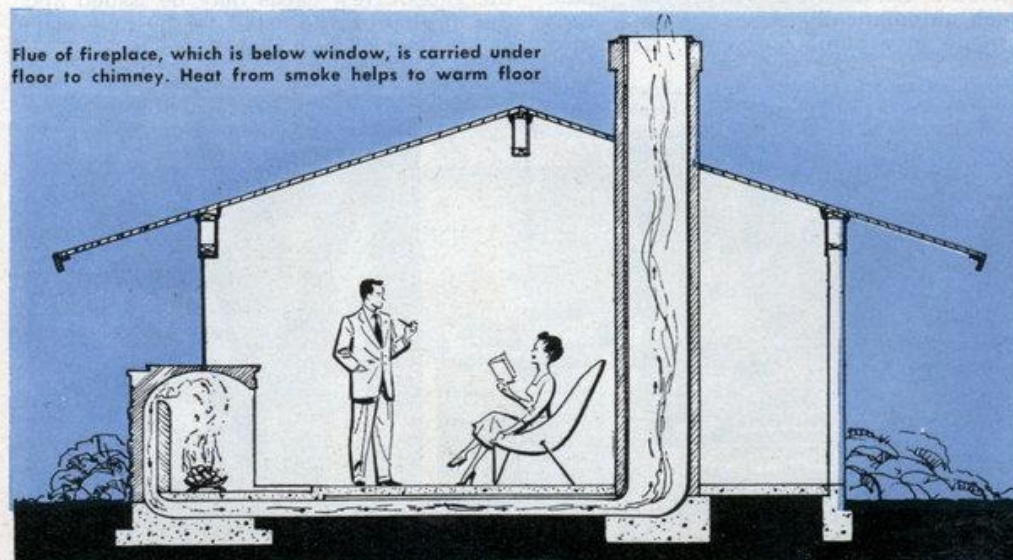
The walk-a-light switching system throughout the house operates on the capacity principle. The presence of a person's body changes the capacity of a plate



John Campbell shows that fluorescent tube of lamp glows brightly even when lamp is lifted from floor

connected to a vacuum-tube circuit. A relay then switches on the lights. The same capacity effect operates the doorbell when a person walks onto the porch. It is used outside the house to operate lights and on a burglar-alarm system.

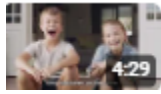
By the time you read this, Fletcher may have added some other improvements to his house. He and John Campbell are studying the feasibility of an outdoor air conditioner that would keep the large patio areas at comfortable temperatures even on the hottest days. And they are thinking about an invisible ultrasonic screen that would keep flies away. ★ ★ ★



Flue of fireplace, which is below window, is carried under floor to chimney. Heat from smoke helps to warm floor



My dad teaching us yoga exercises



My dad teaching us yoga exercises
Fletcher Soul Traveler

Once upon a time, in a small suburban neighborhood, two young siblings, Richard and John, found themselves embarking on a journey of health and well-being, guided by their loving father. It all began in their sixth-grade year when their father handed them a brown folder containing a series of exercises.

Little did the siblings know that these exercises held a significant amount of wisdom, passed down through their father from a source he only revealed many years later. As they diligently practiced the exercises, following the drawings on the brown pieces of paper, they could feel the positive effects they had on their bodies.

It was not until 10 years later, when Richard and John began studying yoga, that they discovered the true nature of those exercises. They were, in fact, ancient yoga postures. A wave of realization washed over them as they realized that their father had unknowingly introduced them to the ancient art of yoga from an early age.

When their father confessed that he had a yoga teacher back in the early sixties, Richard and John could not help but laugh. For so long, their father had been teaching them yoga without even realizing it. The siblings felt a sense of joy in knowing that they had been on the same wavelength as their father all along, even though none of them had been aware of it.

Through the years, Richard and John continued to practice these exercises, building a foundation for their physical health. Although they had not received formal training, the daily practice became a vital part of their lives, nourishing their bodies and minds.

Their parents, conscious of the importance of a healthy diet, had instilled in them good eating habits from an early age. Their meals consisted mainly of vegetables,

grains, fruits, and poultry, with sugary treats reserved for special occasions. As a result, their bodies thrived on wholesome, nutritious food, further supporting their overall well-being.

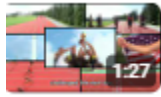
Good sleep habits were also ingrained in their daily routine. Every night, Richard and John would retire early, between 7:30 and 8:00, as their bodies naturally followed the rhythms of life. Their parents lovingly tucked them into bed, and without any resistance, the siblings would fall into a deep, restful sleep. This regular and rejuvenating rest contributed to their robust health, with Richard only missing a week of school due to illness throughout his entire twelve years of education.

Reflecting on their upbringing, Richard and John couldn't help but notice the conscious choices their parents made, setting the stage for their continued path of well-being. It was as if their DNA held the wisdom of their ancestors, guiding them towards a healthy lifestyle.

As they grew older, they realized that their upbringing had rooted within them a deep spiritual connection with their bodies. While their friends struggled to understand or relate, Richard and John knew that their bodies were divine vessels, capable of immense strength and vitality. They also discovered that guidance could be found by listening to their inner voices, reminding them that they were never alone on their journey.

And so, Richard and John's story serves as a reminder that sometimes, the guidance we seek is already within us, waiting to be discovered. Even as children, they had tapped into a well of knowledge that shaped their lives positively. Through their regular practice, mindful nourishment, and restorative sleep, they embraced a healthy lifestyle that continued to support and fulfill them as they journeyed through life.

Breathing through the nose while running



Breathing through the nose while running
Fletcher Soul Traveler

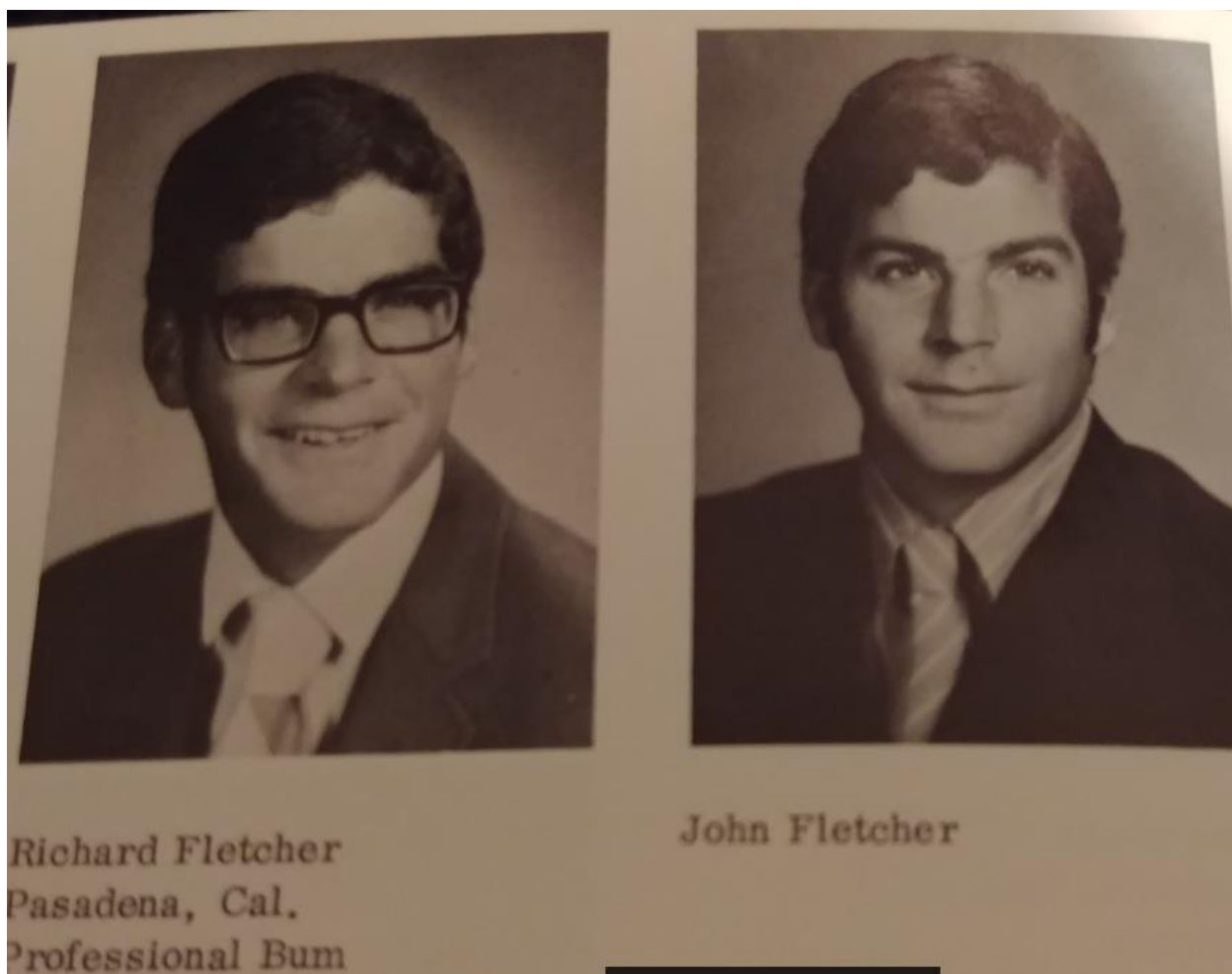


In ninth grade, my brother and I went out for cross country and track. I didn't excel until the tenth grade. Then I was unbeatable. I won every race of the track season. I remember how incredible running was. It was such a rush. My brother and I could run 10 miles in an hour. Running put me in such a trance. At times I felt I was on top of the world. Each step was a living

experience of the power of life surging through me. I remember one tactic I learned on my own was to breathe through my nose as long as I could during the race. I ran the 1320 3/4 quarters of a mile. I would usually run two laps through my nose and the last lap and I would run as fast as I could through my mouth. I would usually win by a long shot. I remember my last track meet before the finals



Graduation day 1



Year book photos 1

I won my event yet according to some rules I could be challenged the next day. The following day I had to run against runners who have been running varsity all year round. I knew that it would be very hard to run the next day. It usually took a few days to fully recover. I ran a respectful race but didn't qualify.

For All-County Clash

"Keep up the good work," can always be heard from atop the stadium stairs by Harbor's cross country runners. Optimistic Coach Robert Donald is usually the one yelling the encouragement while his team works out below.

Coach Donald is very pleased with his team as they look toward the upcoming Orange County Championship tomorrow. Coach Donald stated, "Every week we have over 20 improvements in time, which is very good for a field of only 40."

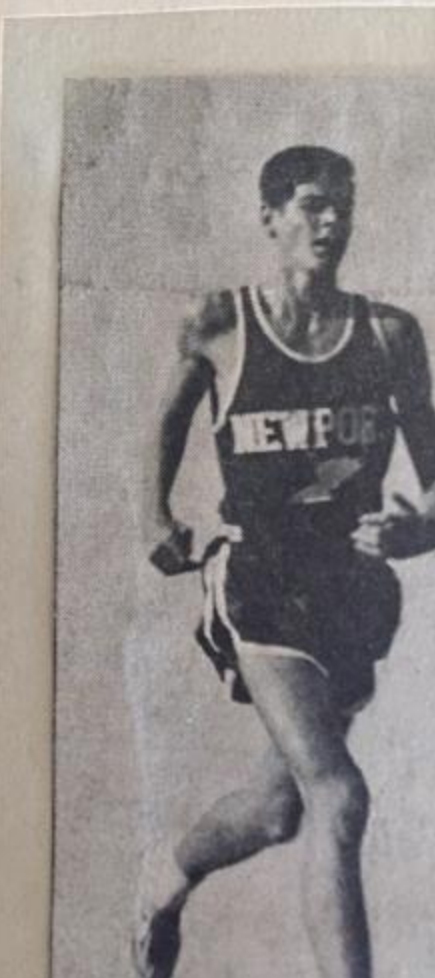
Toughest Challenge

While looking ahead toward future meets, Coach Donald pointed out that Westminster will be Harbor's toughest challenge.

Against Marina October 4, the Tar varsity was victorious over the Vikings by a score of 22-33. Top runners in that meet for the varsity were Rick Pierce (1st, 10:53), Dave Jaffee (2nd, 10:57), and Chris Bently (3rd, 11:05). Rick Fletcher led the junior varsity with a time of 11:27, while Frosh-Soph runner, Nat Brown, turned in a time of 12:30.

New Frosh D-

Donald would like to see cross country become a winter sport alongside basketball and wrestling, thereby giving runners more time to build their stamina after summer.



1320 — 1. R Fletcher (NH) 2. Alward (NH) 3. Robertson (NH) Time: 3:28.8.

11:05). Rick Fletcher led the junior varsity with a time 11:27, while Frosh-Soph...

Steve Devier (880), Ken Hurst (1320).
Newport Harbor — Brad Schultz (220), Kirk Chatillon (1320), Rich Fletcher (1320), Court Reeser (120 LH), Terry Allbritton (SP), 880 relay.

Terry Albritton went on to set the world record in the shot put. He is regarded as a pioneer in importing the training techniques from the Soviet Union to the U.S. These methods include power cleans, plyometrics, and other fast twitching muscle training techniques.

Class Switching
There are, however, a great many advantages to having a double. Sophomores John and Rick Fletcher enjoy switching classes. As a matter of fact, they fooled Mr. Bob Hailey last week, although this trick is not always successful.



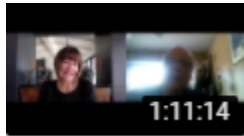
a word of wisdom
from a fool

"OM"

Randy

Stabler

The ranch



Talk Storey With Joyce Caldwell Ukropina
Fletcher Soul Traveler

The story begins in fifth grade when Richard meets a girl named



Joyce. From the start, Joyce shows immense kindness towards Richard and their brother, especially when she discovers their shared love for surfing. Joyce's dad, a member of the Macco Corporation and owner of the infamous Hollister ranch, allows them access to this private and exclusive surfing spot.

Impressed by Joyce's father's kindness and demeanor, Richard reflects on how selfless both Joyce and her father were in extending this invitation. They had no personal gain in doing so, and instead chose to share the joy and beauty of the ranch with others. It's evident that kindness runs deep in Joyce's family, as her brother, Scott, also possesses the same kind traits.

Richard and their brother seize the opportunity and embark on



numerous surfing adventures at the ranch. With permission to enter this pristine and heavenly surfing spot, they feel like they've been handed the keys to paradise. The ranch is simply breathtaking, especially during spring when wildflowers

cover the landscape, and offshore winds create perfect surfing conditions, a rarity in California.

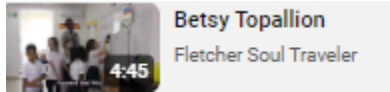
Richard describes the ranch as the "Disneyland of surfing" without the crowds, an incredible blessing that they were fortunate enough to share with friends and loved ones. They are in awe of the breathtaking beauty of the ranch, with its starry skies at night and the serene solitude of miles of empty beaches. Richard emphasizes their gratitude towards Joyce and her father, seeing their act of kindness as a precious gift that has left a lasting impact.



Throughout the years, whenever Richard sees Joyce, they never fail to express their gratitude to her and her parents for the incredible experiences they were able to enjoy at the ranch. This story serves as a reminder that kindness can go a long way, impacting the lives of others and creating cherished memories that last a lifetime.



Betsy Topallion



Once upon a time, in the final year of high school, there was a remarkable teacher named Mrs. Topalion. She possessed a unique gift for poetry, a true maestro of words. Her passion and love for the art of verse were contagious, causing her students to marvel at the beauty and power of language.

One fateful day, as the sun cast its gentle rays into Mrs. Topalion's classroom, an assignment was given to the students. They were to select a poem of their choice and read it aloud to the class.

Excitement filled the room as the students eagerly searched for the perfect verses to captivate their peers.

Amongst the students was a young individual who found solace in the magic of poetry. This student was drawn to the spiritual realm, yearning to find meaning in the rhythm and rhyme of each carefully crafted line. Deep within their heart, an enigmatic poem resided, waiting to be shared with the world.

The day arrived, and with nerves tingling, the young student stood before their classmates, clutching the spiritual poem in their trembling hands. The room fell silent, anticipation hanging in the air like a delicate thread. As the student began to recite the words, their voice carried the weight of emotion and uncertainty.

When the final verse concluded, Mrs. Topalion, with her kind eyes and gentle smile, posed a question that pierced through the silence. She asked what the poem meant, seeking to unlock the depths of its hidden message. Without hesitation, the student replied, claiming that the poem was self-explanatory. But in truth, they were lost in the vast labyrinth of its meaning.

The astute Mrs. Topalion, gifted with insight beyond the ordinary, sensed the student's uncertainty. Instead of pushing further, she chose compassion and understanding. She recognized the student's thirst for knowledge and an unspoken desire to explore alternate paths, to traverse the valleys of imagination where worlds spun from words.

It was from that day forward that Mrs. Topalion took the student under her wing, becoming a guiding light on their poetic journey. She encouraged the student to question societal norms, inviting them to perceive the world through a different lens. With every class, Mrs. Topalion pushed the boundaries of their imagination, urging them to dive deep into the abyss of their own thoughts and emotions.

Together, they embarked on a profound exploration of the written word, diving beneath the surface to uncover the hidden pearls of life. Mrs. Topalion nurtured the student's creativity and taught them to harness the power of language, enabling their words to become a force that would touch the human soul.

Through the lens of Mrs. Topalion's unwavering guidance, the student learned to craft poetry that revealed the joy and sorrow of the world, casting their emotions onto the page like strokes of a master painter's brush. They discovered a world where words carried immense power, where poetry became an instrument for transformation.

Years passed, and the student blossomed into a mystical poet, their words resonating with countless hearts across the land. Richard never forgot the benevolent Mrs. Topalion, the catalyst who had ignited their passion for poetry.

This is a story of gratitude, of a kind and wise teacher who instilled within a young poet the love and appreciation for the wondrous realm of poetry. Mrs. Topalion's gentle guidance propelled the student toward a destiny filled with meaning and purpose, forever reminding them that within the pages of artistry lay the power to transform lives and embrace the beauty of the human experience.

Each year some
great things happen
to me — Getting to
know you & John
was one of them
this year — Done
a marvelous time
on your trip —
Mrs. Sepalian

Yoga class in high school



Yoga class in high school
Fletcher Soul Traveler



Once upon a time, in the picturesque coastal town of Newport Beach, there was a high school called Newport Harbor High. It was here that a young student named Richard, filled with curiosity and a thirst for adventure, embarked on a journey that would shape the course of his life.

In his junior year, Richard was faced with the opportunity to choose from a variety of electives. While many of his peers opted for traditional classes like art or music, Richard felt a magnetic pull toward something unique and unconventional. It was then that he stumbled upon a three-week yoga class being offered on the school's basketball court.

The class, led by two extraordinary teachers, Ramakrishna Ananda and his wife, invited students into a world previously unexplored. The energy and passion they brought to each session were unparalleled, captivating Richard's attention from the very first moment. It was as if a door had been opened, revealing the path to a realm he had always known existed but had never found a way to enter on his own.

Filled with excitement, Richard threw himself wholeheartedly into the practice of yoga. The combination of physical movement, breath control, and spiritual connection proved to be an intoxicating cocktail that stirred his soul. As the weeks passed, Richard's love for yoga grew stronger, and alongside his newfound passion for the sport of surfing, it became an integral part of his life.

Curiosity piqued, Richard wondered how this radical practice had found its way into his high school. It seemed almost rebellious, like having a communist teacher come and educate a class on communism. Nonetheless, he embraced the opportunity with open arms, grateful for the unique path his education had taken.

After the three-week yoga course ended, Richard sought further guidance from



Ramakrishna Ananda and his wife. He discovered that the couple had their own yoga center, just a stone's throw away from the school, nestled next to the car wash on 445 E 17th St, Costa Mesa, CA 92627. With enthusiasm and determination, Richard enrolled in classes at the center, delving deeper into the practice of yoga postures and meditation.

As the years passed, Richard's dedication to yoga and surfing acted as

catalysts, propelling him on incredible adventures around the world. He embarked on a surfing odyssey, chasing the perfect wave across exotic shores. And in his pursuit of inner peace and self-discovery, he journeyed to the birthplace of yoga itself, India, immersing himself in the rich traditions and teachings of ancient gurus.

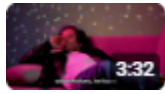
Looking back, Richard realized that this series of events, starting with that three-week yoga class, had set him on a path he never could have imagined. One thing truly did lead to another, opening doors of opportunity and setting the foundation for a life filled with passion and purpose.

He discovered that the practice of yoga and the art of meditation were not merely physical exercises or relaxation techniques; they were profound tools for personal growth and transformation. These practices became a guiding force, instilling within Richard a deep sense of presence, peace, and spiritual connection.

Even after 51 years, the yoga center on 445 E 17th St, Costa Mesa, CA 92627 still stood as a testament to the beginnings of this incredible journey. It had witnessed the transformation of countless lives, its walls echoing with the stories of individuals who had discovered the power of yoga and meditation.

And so, Richard, now a wise and contented individual, continued his lifelong practice of yoga and meditation. He never ceased to be grateful for that fateful elective class, for the teachers who had ignited his passion, and for the journey that had unfolded as a result. He understood now that one thing does indeed lead to another, and that the interconnectedness of every choice and experience is what makes life truly extraordinary.

Afraid of the dark



Afraid Of The Dark
Fletcher Soul Traveler

Once upon a time, in the small town of Newport Beach, lived a young boy named Little Ricky. From a young age, Little Ricky had a burning desire to explore the world and experience different cultures. He dreamed of stepping foot on every continent and immersing himself in the wonders that lay beyond his sheltered hometown. However, there was one obstacle that stood in his way - Little Ricky was afraid of the dark.

This fear had taken root in his heart after a terrifying encounter during his 5th-grade year. Little Ricky was collecting money for his brother John's paper route when an eerie voice emerged from the bushes, beckoning him closer. Sensing danger, Little Ricky's instincts took over, and he sprinted away as fast as his legs would carry him. From that moment on, the darkness held a haunting presence in his mind.

Little Ricky's fear extended beyond the night. He was even afraid to take out the garbage after sunset. Every evening, he would quickly place the trash in the can and race back to the safety of his home, as if pursued by unseen shadows. This fear cast a cloud over his dreams of travel and exploration. How could he embark on grand adventures if the mere thought of the dark sent shivers down his spine?

Determined not to let fear hold him back, Little Ricky decided to confront his phobia head-on. He knew that in order to travel the world, he would need to embrace the unknown, even in the darkest corners. So, he began seeking out small ways to challenge his fear.

First, he painted his bedroom walls with glow-in-the-dark stars. As he lay in bed, staring up at the twinkling constellations, he found comfort in their gentle illumination. Little by little, he started venturing out into his backyard at twilight, pushing the boundaries of his comfort zone.

One evening, armed with a flashlight, he ventured into the woods behind his house. As the darkness enveloped him, his heart pounded with fear, but he

pressed on, determined to overcome his phobia. In the midst of the shadows, he discovered the nocturnal world that came alive at night. The rustle of leaves beneath his feet and the chorus of crickets soothed his restless soul. Gradually, Little Ricky's fear began to wane, replaced by a sense of awe and curiosity.

Emboldened by his progress, Little Ricky sought out more challenging encounters with the dark. He joined a stargazing club, where he marveled at the beauty of the night sky and learned about the constellations that guided ancient explorers. He even volunteered at a local wildlife sanctuary, which allowed him to witness the nocturnal habits of creatures both familiar and mysterious.

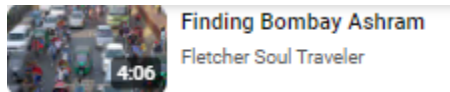
With time, his newfound appreciation for the dark seeped into every aspect of his life. He found solace in silent evenings spent reading by lamplight, embracing the peaceful solitude that only the night could offer. Little Ricky became an advocate for the beauty of the darker half of the day, urging others not to shy away from its allure.

As the years went by, Little Ricky's fear transformed into a deep love for the night and all its mysteries. He eventually achieved his dream of traveling around the world, fearlessly venturing into the unknown and immersing himself in the wonders each country had to offer.

Wherever he went, Little Ricky shared his story of overcoming fear with others, encouraging them to embrace their own obstacles and pursue their passions. He became known as the "Brave Voyager," inspiring countless individuals to confront their fears and seek adventure in the darkest corners of their hearts.

And so, dear reader, remember that even the most daunting obstacles can be overcome with determination and perseverance. Just as Little Ricky conquered his fear of the dark, you too can find the courage to embrace the unknown and embark on your own extraordinary journey of self-discovery.

Finding Bombay Ashram



As we stepped off the train in bustling Bombay, excitement and anticipation filled the air. Maharaj Ji, a revered spiritual leader, was in the city for a week, and we were eager to meet him at the Bombay Ashram. Little did I know that the journey to the ashram would be a

test of faith and trust in a city unknown to us.

As the train station began to empty out, I realized with a sinking feeling that I had lost the directions to the ashram. Panic threatened to take hold of me, but I quickly composed myself and reassured my fellow travelers that everything would work out. With a confident smile, I suggested we hail a taxi and figure out the way ourselves.

With the western girls by my side, we flagged down a taxi and climbed in. The driver looked at us expectantly, awaiting our instructions. I calmly replied, "We will direct you." The driver seemed puzzled, unable to comprehend how four strangers in a foreign city could navigate the labyrinthine streets of Bombay.

Undeterred, he reluctantly nodded and started the engine. Once inside the taxi, I closed my eyes, trying to clear my mind and connect with a higher guidance. In the depths of my being, I felt a sense of clarity, and I began receiving directions on where to go - turning left, then right, and repeating the pattern.

The taxi weaved through the chaotic traffic, honking horns and colorful sights filling our senses. I assured the driver to trust our directions, though he remained skeptical. Yet, as we continued with unwavering confidence, the driver too began to trust in our intuition and followed the instructions.

After what seemed like an eternity, I sensed an inner knowing that we had arrived at our destination. Instructing the driver to stop, we stepped out of the taxi and stared at the grand entrance of the ashram. With a surge of relief, we mustered the courage and knocked on the door.

To our surprise, the door swung open, and the serene atmosphere of the ashram enveloped us. We entered, feeling a profound sense of belonging and purpose. Maharaj Ji, unaware of our miraculous journey, greeted us warmly, as if he had been expecting our arrival.

I remained humbled by the experience and chose not to reveal how we had found the ashram. For me, it was a testament to the power of trust and intuition, a reminder that even in unfamiliar territories, there is a guiding force that leads us on our destined path.

Throughout our stay at the Bombay Ashram, we immersed ourselves in the teachings of Maharaj Ji, finding solace and wisdom in his words. The ashram became a sanctuary, a place where we could connect with our innermost truths and find purpose in our lives.

Looking back, I realized that our journey to the Bombay Ashram was about more than just reaching a physical destination. It was a journey of faith and surrender, a reminder that sometimes, when we let go of our need for control, the universe conspires to guide us to exactly where we need to be. And in that beautiful ashram, amidst a sea of

strangers turned friends, we found not only Maharaj Ji but also a deeper connection to ourselves and the divine.

Zambia



Once we finally reunited with Tess and Kathleen, our adventure in Zambia took an unexpected turn. We decided to switch partners, and I found myself hitchhiking with Tess towards the country's capital, Lusaka. It was an exhilarating experience, watching the picturesque Zambian landscapes pass us by as we made our way towards our rendezvous point.

As we arrived in Lusaka, we stepped out of the car and moments later, Kali and Kathleen emerged from another vehicle. It was as if the universe had aligned our paths to converge at this very spot. Little did we know that this meeting would lead to a life-changing encounter with a kind-hearted Zambian named Gary.



With our resources dwindling, we were grateful when Gary approached us and generously offered us a place to stay at his dairy farm in the countryside. It was a humble abode, but it felt like a sanctuary amidst the vastness of the Zambian landscape. We shared our mission and our journey with Gary, and he listened attentively, opening his heart to our cause.

In a fortuitous turn of events, we discovered that Gary's uncle held a prestigious position as the president of the national TV in Zambia. Recognizing the power of our story, he used his influence to arrange a television interview for us. The next day, after the evening news, we found ourselves being welcomed onto the national television stage, a platform that would amplify our message of peace and personal transformation.



Clad in simple Indian whites and barefoot, I wondered how our message would be received by the people of Zambia. But as the interview commenced, I was pleasantly surprised by the interviewer's sincerity and genuine curiosity. There was no trace of sarcasm or skepticism, only a desire to understand and connect with our message.



The response we received was overwhelming. The TV station was flooded with phone calls from viewers who were intrigued and inspired by what they had

witnessed. It was as if the people of Zambia had been waiting for a message of hope and inner peace. The following day, we were invited back to the TV station for another interview, continuing the profound connection we had established with the Zambian people.

Our reach expanded even further as the Indian community in Zambia heard about our teachings and invited us to their temples and homes. We were welcomed like esteemed guests, treated like royalty, and showered with gifts of money, watches, and clothes. Each day, we had the privilege of speaking to the Indian community, sharing heartfelt discourses on personal growth and self-realization.



Meals were abundant, as each household embraced the custom of offering food as a gesture of friendship and hospitality. The spread before us was a testament to the kindness and generosity of the Zambian people. I remember one Hindu temple where the priest took down Krishna's picture and replaced it with a picture of Maharaj Ji. It was a profound moment that highlighted the universality of our message, transcending boundaries and cultural differences.

But amidst all the incredible experiences we had in Zambia, one memory stands out vividly. The day we visited Victoria Falls, it felt like the entire world had come alive with wonder. As we stood on a bridge, surrounded by the breathtaking beauty of the falls, we found ourselves in the midst of a playful gathering of monkeys in the forest canopy. And then, the most magnificent sight unfolded before our eyes - a perfect 360-degree rainbow encircled us, as if the universe itself was bestowing its blessing upon our journey.



That moment, etched in my memory, symbolized the awe-inspiring connection we had established with the people and the land of Zambia. It was a testament to the power of compassion, unity, and the human spirit. As our time in Zambia came to an end, I carried the spirit of the Zambian people within me, forever grateful for the transformative experiences and the love that had embraced us on our journey of self-discovery and service to others.

Fifty years had passed since our unforgettable adventure in Zambia, but the impact of our journey remained ingrained in our hearts. And now, the time had come for Prem Rawat, the Peace Ambassador, to come to Zambia and share his profound wisdom with those who needed it most - the prisoners.

As part of his Peace Education program, Prem Rawat's message of inner peace and personal transformation had touched the lives of countless individuals around the world. But this visit to the prison in Zambia held a special significance. It was an opportunity to reach out to those who had been deprived of their

freedom, in the hopes of inspiring them to find peace and purpose even in the most challenging circumstances.

As he stepped foot into the prison, he was met with somber faces and guarded expressions. The air was heavy with a sense of despair and resignation. The prisoners, clad in their faded uniforms, lined up with uncertainty in their eyes. But as Prem Rawat began to speak, his words flowed with compassion, resonating deeply within the hardened hearts of those present.

He shared stories of redemption, forgiveness, and the power of personal choice. He spoke of the potential for inner transformation, even within the confines of a prison cell. His message transcended the physical barriers and touched the essence of each person's being. And with each word, the atmosphere within the prison began to shift.

Tears streamed down the faces of hardened criminals, as they allowed themselves to open up to the possibility of change. The walls that had confined their spirits for so long started to crumble, replaced by a newfound hope and resilience. Prem Rawat's words had the power to ignite a flame within their souls, guiding them towards a path of self-discovery and inner peace.

The impact of that day in the prison reverberated beyond the confines of its walls. The transformation experienced by the inmates propelled a ripple effect throughout the prison community. Prisoners began to engage in dialogue, to support and uplift one another. Programs were initiated to address issues such as anger management and conflict resolution, promoting a more peaceful and harmonious prison environment.

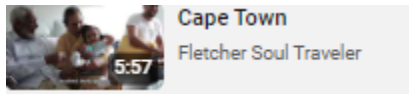
News of Prem Rawat's visit eventually spread beyond the prison walls. The media caught wind of the profound impact his teachings had made on the incarcerated individuals, and soon, people from all walks of life were eager to learn more about his message of peace. As word spread, volunteers stepped forward to organize peace education workshops across the country, embracing the opportunity to make a positive difference.

In collaboration with local organizations, Prem Rawat's Peace Education program began to flourish in Zambia. Schools, universities, and community centers welcomed his teachings, recognizing their potential to inspire and uplift individuals of all ages. The impact of these workshops was felt not only by the participants but by their families, their communities, and ultimately, society at large.

The ripple effect continued to grow, reaching even the most remote corners of the country. People from various backgrounds and cultures united under the common desire for peace, compassion, and personal growth. This shared vision transcended differences and emerged as a unifying force, fostering a sense of unity and understanding among the people of Zambia.

Ultimately, the legacy of Prem Rawat's visit to the prison in Zambia would forever be woven into the fabric of the country's history. It would serve as a testament to the transformative power of inner peace and compassion, demonstrating that even in the face of adversity, hope can be found, and lives can be transformed. Through the efforts of individuals like Prem Rawat and the unwavering spirit of the Zambian people, a pathway to peace and personal fulfillment had been opened, lighting the way for a brighter, more harmonious future for all.

Cape Town



Well, we finally made it to Johannesburg. It had been quite the adventure, navigating the visa process and finding our way to South Africa. After spending a couple of weeks in Johannesburg, immersing ourselves in the vibrant Indian community, we felt ready for the next phase of our journey.

I boarded a plane from Johannesburg to Cape Town, where I would spend the next few months preparing for Maharaj Ji's visit. Nigel Fairhead, a kind-hearted local, had offered me his home, an old 17th-century church, to stay in during my time in Cape Town. The city itself was a marvel, nestled between the Indian and Atlantic oceans, and I felt fortunate to have this opportunity to immerse myself in its beauty.

During my stay, I met Chris Parker, a fellow surfer, who quickly became a dear friend. We spent our days exploring the waves and sharing stories of our respective journeys. Little did I know that our friendship would withstand the test of time, and we would still be in touch over 50 years later.

My main focus, however, was preparing for Maharaj Ji's visit. I started by giving talks about self-knowledge at the university in Cape Town. The students were eager to learn and curious about Maharaj Ji's teachings. As word spread, the whole student body showed up when Maharaj Ji came to give a talk at the university. It was a testament to the impact his message had on young minds, and I felt a deep sense of gratitude to be a part of spreading that message.

My time with Maharaj Ji in Cape Town was filled with profound moments. I recall one particular conversation we had in his room, where he spoke about his father, Shri Maharaj Ji. I was fascinated by the lineage and asked him questions about his upbringing. Maharaj Ji handed me a magazine from England, containing some of his discourses. He signed it "Saint Ji Maharaj" and drew a map of his old school in Dehra Dun, India, on the back. It was a treasured gift that I still hold close to this day.

One memorable day, we ventured to the Cape of Good Hope. The sight of the two vast oceans merging was awe-inspiring. As we climbed a set of stairs, Maharaj Ji challenged us to a race to the top. I was no match for his speed and endurance. He effortlessly outpaced all of us, leaving me breathless at the summit. We celebrated our adventure by posing for a picture with a South African photographer. Maharaj Ji, his trusted bodyguard Bihari Singh, and I huddled together with our arms around each other's shoulders, grinning with childlike joy.

Eventually, it was time to return to Johannesburg. Our time there was truly magical. Every day, people from all walks of life would gather at the house to listen to Maharaj Ji's teachings. It was incredible to witness the unity and harmony that prevailed in our gatherings. Westerners, blacks, and Indians stood side by side, embracing each other as brothers and sisters. It was a beautiful testament to the power of Maharaj Ji's message and the potential for humanity to come together.

After two weeks in Johannesburg, it was time for Maharaj Ji and me to fly back to England. But even though we were physically leaving South Africa, Maharaj Ji's heart remained there. The next day, during a gathering, he paused his speech upon seeing me enter the room. He turned towards me and uttered the words that echoed through the room, declaring that while his body may be in England, his soul resided in South Africa. It was a profound statement that resonated with all those who were present, leaving an indelible imprint on our hearts.

The impact of Maharaj Ji's visit continued to reverberate in South Africa long after our departure. Inspired by his teachings, people actively worked towards dismantling the barriers of division and moving towards a more inclusive society. Dialogues were initiated, organizations were formed, and projects were launched, all aimed at fostering understanding and promoting equality. South Africa set forth on a new path, propelled by the seeds of unity and peace sown during Maharaj Ji's visit.

As I reflect on those transformative moments in South Africa, I am grateful to have been a part of Maharaj Ji's journey. The memories of our time together, the moments of harmony and connection with people from all backgrounds, continue to inspire me. And it serves as a reminder of the power of love, the potential for

unity, and the ability of individuals to come together and create positive change in the world.



Prem and his wife have coffee with a journalist in South Africa

75K views • 1 year ago

Paz Ahora

Para más información visitar: <https://www.premrawat.com/es/> <https://www.tprf.org/> <https://www.wopg.org/es/prem-rawat/> ...



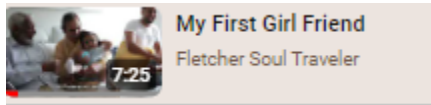
RIP Dear Nigel

155 views • 1 month ago

Fletcher Soul Traveler

Fletcher Soul Traveler Click on link for PDF <https://evolutionrevolutionoflove.com/PDF/CD/cd17.pdf>.

My First Girl Friend



Before I met Anna Carney I never had a true girlfriend. During my high school years, I had a hard time with the way we operate in society. For example, many of my friends would see a beautiful girl and say “wow I wish I could get laid by her”. They would complement a girl by her breast size or judge

someone who was overweight. I guess I saw life differently as my friends. I knew this life was sacred. I knew that to know God wasn't to go to Church on Sunday for an hour and then the rest of the week you could do anything you want. Knowing God isn't a token. You don't just unconsciously go through the motions. It's a moment-by-moment, day-by-day, year-by-year affair.

At times I was quite lonely in high school. All my friends had girlfriends yet I never did. Girls liked me but nothing ever developed. I think I only went on two dates in high school. I realize the loneliness was my soul was calling out to me. At times it seems something external will fill the loneliness but it never will. The cup must be filled from within. Being young I didn't know that.

I first met Anna in an ashram in Mexico City. She was from Ireland. Anna caught my attention. She was on the same

wavelength as me. She loved to meditate. She was fun and loved the adventure of life. Anna had a great heart and soul. She was funny. She was smart and she had wisdom. Also, she loved to cook.

Anna was kind. She had the maturity and understanding that life is sacred. So over time, we fell in love. I remember once I need to renew my visa for Mexico. Anna and I took a train to Guatemala. I still remember at the border crossing this American boy around 10 years old with a beautiful parrot on his shoulder. My first thought was this boy already knows about life. I could sense that traveling was his education.



We spent a week or two in Guatemala. I always will remember Lake Atitlan. What a beautiful Lake. The lake is surrounded by mountains and volcanos. I loved the Mayan people. They were short. Most of them were under five feet tall. Most of all they were happy and content. They come

from an incredible lineage. The Mayans at some point in time developed calendars that made the Gregorian calendar look primitive. Yet we think they were ignorant and lived in the Stone Age.

Anna and I visited Kali's Mom. She had a house in Baja California. Along the way, we stopped off at Matanchen bay. This bay was known by surfers since the sixties. On a good day, you can ride a wave for almost a mile. The only drawback is at sunset and sunrise the no-see-ums come out by the millions. One day we took a walk up the point, past the bay. At some point, both of us realized that we should turn around. We couldn't quite pinpoint it. We turned around and start to walk back to



Matanchen bay. Well, we were right to turn around. As we were walking a bullet whizzed so close we could hear it. We didn't turn around but slowly walked away.

At some point, Anna and I thought we were going to get married. It is a custom in Ireland that the man



asked the daughter's father to ask for the hand in marriage. So I did. Anna went back to Ireland to visit her family. We were going to meet in Toronto Canada in a month. I remember Anna comes to Toronto and we are staying at this elderly couple's house. She made

this dumpling soup that I still remember today. It was the best dumpling I ever had. We met Richard from White Rock British Columbia. He was driving back home and said we could travel with him if we liked. We did. I remember traveling at night and an avalanche occurred as we were passing. We were at the right place and the right time. If we were off by thirty seconds we would have covered in snow.



We ran into Mahatma Rajeshwar and Bill Paterson. They were going to do a TV interview and asked us if we wanted to come. We spent a few days there. Bill gave me a copy of a book about Milarepa. He was Tibet's greatest Yogi. The Kagyu lineage still exists today. In fact, in Ashland Oregon, there is a beautiful temple

that comes from the Kagyu lineage. Bill, unfortunately, died about 10 years ago. He was well known for his kindness.



We made it to British Columbia. We stayed at Dr. Michael Klaper's house. He has been on the cutting edge of health for over 40 years. Mahatma Rajeshwar and Bill Paterson came to visit our house. We made this incredible Indian meal for Canada's thanksgiving. Bill

showed me how to put chapatis in the oven to puff up. It was a beautiful technique.



Anna and I moved to White Rock. It's right on the border of the US and Canada. It borders Semiahmoo Bay. I remember walking home with Anna late at night when it was snowing. It was so peaceful. I used to play chess with the elderly man next door. He

loved my company.

Anna and I went to Vancouver Island with a friend of mine name Richard. He wanted to try out surfing. We went to Wreck Beach. The



waves were quite fun. The water was cold. A friend of ours had a nice sauna that we used.



At some point, Anna decides to move to Nelson BC. Quite frankly I felt lost for a

while. I didn't have the maturity and life experience to cope with this. You can't put your happiness and love into someone else without having

that inside of you. Nobody can fill you up. I learned that you can't hold on to something forever. Everything changes. Our relationship was never the same.

I spent around 6 months in Nelson BC. We stayed in a beautiful Cabin built by a friend of ours. Bill School his wife and son lived there. Nelson was an incredible place. I love the town and the people. Many of the folks were involved in meditation in one way or another. The first time I ever saw fireflies was in Nelson. I was captivated by the flashing of the lights.



We loved going to Nelson hot springs. It's a natural hot spring with many different temperature pools. It was a great place to go and relax with your friends. Back then it was real cheap in getting in.



One of my favorite moments was going to Kootenay Lake for a 3-day adventure with Anna. We took this ferry to this island. I remember having French bread and brie cheese along with a little white wine. The ferry ride was gorgeous.

Mountains were all around the lake and the water was crystal clear.



During my stay in Nelson, I met someone who went to Jay Victor Scherer's Academy of Natural Healing in Santa Fe New Mexico. I decided to move there. Anna moved to Gainesville Florida.

We met up in California about a year later. Anna was still living in Florida and I was still living in New Mexico. I introduced Anna to my Mom and Dad. I remember my Dad made homemade gazpacho soup. It was served cold. Anna and I made an Indian meal for my Mom.

During this trip, my Dad, Anna, and I went by car to Nevada City to visit my Grandmother Josie. I loved my Grandmother. That was the last time I ever saw her.



Anna and I never got together again. The last time I saw her was over thirty years ago. We had lunch at a Chinese restaurant in Miami Beach. I remember having Wong Tong soup.

I have fond memories of Anna. Anna has been happily married since 1997. I'm happy that she has found someone special in her life. Thanks, Anna for being a part of my life.

Paul McClain



Paul McClain
Fletcher Soul Traveler



In the fall of 1982, I found myself in New York City on a business trip. My stay was at the house of a good friend, Mark, and his wife, Geraldine. It was during my time there that I heard about another friend, Paul McClain, who had been channeling people's guides. Intrigued, I decided to meet with Paul and see what this experience was all about.

Paul explained that for a year and a half, he would leave his body and enter a trance-like state where he could communicate with beings from another dimension. At first, I was skeptical. It seemed far-fetched, but I couldn't help but be curious. After all, Paul and I were friends, and I trusted him. So, I decided to be open and see what would come from this experience.

During my first meeting with Paul and his guides, I was astounded. As Paul entered the trance, his whole demeanor changed, and he began speaking in different voices, male and female, depending on the guide present. The information that came through was incredibly detailed and personal. It described aspects of my life that Paul could not have possibly known. I became convinced that it wasn't just Paul speaking but something greater, guiding and communicating with me.

As I continued to meet with Paul and his guides, I developed a deeper and profound relationship with them. They would prophesize events in my life and offer guidance, like psychoanalysis sessions, helping me navigate through my challenges and decisions. Through these experiences, I learned to take responsibility for my own life and to trust in my own inner guidance.



I realized that our society often dismisses those who hear voices or have experiences beyond the usual as crazy. However, I came to understand that many of these individuals are not crazy but are aware of different dimensions and have acute senses beyond what

most can comprehend. Oracles have existed for thousands of years, and the channeling experience has been a part of human history. I began to appreciate that there is more to our existence than what meets the eye.

Over the course of five years, I met with Paul around ten times. Each session brought new insights and a greater connection with my own spirituality. The information that came through during these sessions helped me to step into my own power, relying less on external teachers and putting more faith and trust in myself and my own inner guidance.

One of the significant prophecies that came through during these sessions was about meeting an entity named Mafu, an enlightened Lord who would be channeled by a female. This prophecy eventually came true when I moved to California and had the opportunity to witness and learn from Ammaji, the channeler of Mafu.

Through these experiences, I learned that there are no accidents in life. All things are under the will of something greater, and those with an open heart and good will can witness the workings of the Divine. It is a journey of faith and surrender, of being guided to where one needs to be, and embracing the ever-growing bond with the Almighty.

In the end, my experiences with Paul and his guides taught me the importance of humility and service. I learned that surrendering one's will to that of the Divine brings fulfillment and purpose to life. It is a blessing to have such a connection and to be able to serve in alignment with the greater plan.

As I reflect on my time with Paul and the guidance I received from his guides, I am grateful for the profound impact it had on my spiritual journey. It opened my eyes to the existence of other dimensions, the power of the unseen, and the importance of tapping into our own inner guidance. It was a transformative period of my life, one that I will always cherish and hold dear.

Computers - Harry Bartz



Computers Harry Bartz
Fletcher Soul Traveler



It's 2:13 in the morning. I've been sleeping meditating for an hour. I was thinking and contemplating about the web of life with Harry Bartz. I first met Harry in LA in 1976 over 40 years ago. It wasn't until the late seventies did we come in contact with each other again. We both moved to South Florida in the late seventies. We were both involved with the

same teacher.

At that time Harry was running a tree cutting business. It was a great business. There was always plenty of work. Harry hired me and we became good friends.



At that time windsurfing took off in America. Harry took up windsurfing. He invited me to his house and in his backyard, I learned how to windsurf. I bought a board and it was love at first sight. John Baier and I were windsurfing buddies. During certain seasons the wind would howl and you would have the time of your life.

I didn't see Harry for a while. One day I bumped into him and he told me he finished a year's course at the Computer Science Institute. He took Basic, FORTRAN, and COBOL. I always knew I was going to be involved with Computers. Even at a young age, I

```

380 type(json_val, json_val)
381 //force the constraints to be stored sequentially
382 //as an array, the order of the variables below
383 //is significant to avoid the unaligned float warning!
384 sequence
385 //for the linked list:
386 type(json_val, json_val) previous => null()
387 type(json_val, json_val) next => null()
388 type(json_val, json_val) parent => null()
389 type(json_val, json_val) children => null()
390 type(json_val, json_val) tail => null()
391
392 //variable name:
393 characterkind-Ck, len-1, allocatable // name
394
395 //the data for this variable:
396 real(80), allocatable // dbl_value
397 logical(4), allocatable // log_value
398 characterkind-Ck, len-1, allocatable // str_value
399 integer(80), allocatable // int_value
400
401 integer(80) :: var_type = json_unknown //variable type
402
403 integer(80), private :: n_children = 0 //number of children

```

knew that. To make a long story short I'm still involved 35 years later.

So Harry was a catalyst. Here's the definition.

In chemistry, a substance that causes a chemical reaction to occur but is not itself involved in the reaction. Note: The term **catalyst** is often used to

refer to the prime agent of any change: "She was the **catalyst** for the reorganization."

I find it fascinating that life's events help you to be at the right place and right time. Synchronicity was there. Harry gave me the impulse to enroll and start an incredible career.

Yet it doesn't stop there. Harry was one of the ones who told me about Mafu.



Fast forward a few years. Barbara and I moved into a house with Linda Graham. Linda's ex-boyfriend was Donn Rochlin who in the future (25 years later) provided the music for my first poetry/music CD. It's featured on this site.

Yet guess who is living next door. Harry Bartz. Harry made a ton of money selling computers and moved to Sedona.



This was in 1987. In 1991 my family and I moved to Hawaii for 6 glorious years. I got a software engineering job at the Maui Space Surveillance Site. My wife and daughter went to Maui and I went to Portland Oregon for a few weeks. I had a contracting job I was going to work on. In Portland, I get a call from Harry and he tells me that Mafu was going to give a 3-day retreat in Ashland Oregon. He was teaching about ancient Vedic meditation techniques. Now that's a subject I love and dear to my heart. So I went.



In 1999 I started working with Charles Schwab as a senior software engineer. At that time our family was living in Penn Valley California. I was a telecommuter. Now Penn Valley's internet connection wasn't very good. It was horrible. You had to use a modem. So I started to look for a community that had a great internet connection and a great high school for my daughter.

Well, Ashland Oregon just recently installed the whole town with fiber optics. Ashland High was an incredible school for my daughter. Guess what Harry was still living there.

From 2000 to 2008 we spent a lot of time seeing Mafu. He liked me. When we first moved there one day he got off the stage and came up to me and gave me his initiation jacket. This jacket he has worn for many of his imitations. I was honored. At that time I also was involved in a Mystery school and used that jacket for the initiations.



Many people think that channeling was fake. Well, I met and talked to Mafu many times. We had a deep relationship. Like any

relationship, you knew one another. Yet there were numerous times I saw Penny (who channels Mafu) and said Hello. She had no idea who I was. I think I spoke to her once when she was reading off the list of attendants for a seminar and said hi to each one.

One time I saw her and Rob Spinnler was with her. I said 'hi' and as I was walking away she whispered to Rob who that's. Rob said that's Richard Fletcher. That gave me a sign that I had a relationship with Mafu. How can you have a relationship with someone when you never interacted with them? So it makes perfect sense for Penny to say who's that? We have never interacted before.

What I liked about his group that Mafu taught about kindness. He taught about compassion. He taught about meditating for the whole planet. He taught universal truths. The universe is kind. That is its nature. Mafu is kind. That is his nature. As humans being our true nature is kindness. It is just covered up.

So here was a group practicing universal truths of love and compassion. It wasn't just words



Mafu was an incredible drummer. Imagine during the winter. It's snowing and you're on top of a mountain inside of an ashram. It's nighttime and the wind is howling. Mafu is on stage beating these huge Japanese Taiko drums. It's a site to see.

At that time and place, you could be in some remote monastery on top of a mountain in the Himalayas at night.

Now back to Harry. As you can see Harry has had a tremendous impact on my life. Harry is very kind. In Sedona, I had little to my name and Harry would treat me to lunch. Harry doesn't say much, like me at times. He doesn't preach. He just smiles. He has nothing to prove. He loves to meditate. I know he is having a great experience but he doesn't talk about it. Yet you can see it



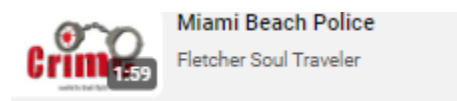
from his eyes. He is humble like that. He has served the Foundation for Meditative studies for over 25+ years.

I call him a few times each year. It is good to connect with a dear friend. Friendships are God's way to connect with him.

Imagine we are the universe yet we have forgotten that fact. Friendship is God's way of saying 'I love you'. Treasure your

friends. We all have an aching soul that's trying to find its way home. Friendship help soothes the soul.

Miami Beach Police



Synchronicity played a significant role in my career as a software engineer for the Miami Beach Police Department. It all started with a chance encounter with a friend from New York who had done a project for the department. They needed some help, and I happened to be in the right place at the right time. This synchronistic connection led to me getting a full-time job with the department.



As I worked there, synchronicity continued to manifest in the projects I worked on. The cocaine epidemic in South Florida prompted me to develop a Property Management program for the department, allowing them to log and track all evidence. This program proved to be extremely useful in their fight against crime.



Additionally, I wrote a crime analyst program during a time when crime rates were soaring due to the influx of Cuban refugees. This program helped the department keep track of and report on various aspects of crime, aiding in their efforts to maintain law and order.



their belongings.

Finally, I developed a Pawn Shop program that played a crucial role in identifying stolen items. With this program, we could easily match any items brought to pawn shops with those reported as stolen, making it easier for victims to recover

Overall, synchronicity was a major factor in the opportunities and successes I experienced during my time with the Miami Beach Police Department. It brought me to the right people and projects, allowing me to make a meaningful impact and help fight crime effectively.

David, and David



David, and David
Fletcher Soul Traveler

Richard woke up early in the morning, his mind buzzing with thoughts of his long-time friend, David Schweizer. They had been friends for over four decades, and their friendship had been one filled with synchronicities and shared experiences.

As Richard logged into his computer, he was surprised to find a message from David Schweizer waiting for him. It was another perfect example of their connection, a delightful synchronicity. Both Richard and David had started their journey in different cities, living separate lives until they both found themselves in South Miami during the 80s. It was there that they discovered their mutual interest in pyramid kits and their shared connection to Ramtha and their respective interests in building these kits. Mind you Richard's wife Barbara own her pyramid making company before she met Richard.

Now David and my wife Barbara had a mutual friend in Castle Rock Arizona. Barbara went to visit Jim about 3 times. Each time Jim Maheu would say you just missed David and David Husson (another friend of mine).



It was during this time that David, along with his friends John Baier and Harry Bartz, introduced Richard to Mafu's tapes. This introduction led Richard to a job working for Shirley MacLaine on her nationwide tour. Little did he know that this job would lead him to some of the most influential people in his life.

Richard flew from Miami to Los Angeles to start his job and was invited to attend a Mafu event with his new colleagues. Little did he know that this event would change his life forever. He met Mafu and Zoran, two incredible spiritual teachers who would guide him on his path. This meeting was another instance of synchronicity.

David was also present during this time, attending various events and shows. The two friends would often take walks in the hills of Pacific Palisades, deep in conversation about the spiritual teachings that had captured their hearts.



One day, David invited Richard to join a pyramid project in Sedona, Arizona. Excited by the prospect, Richard agreed and soon found himself in the breathtaking landscape of Sedona. David and David were there to welcome him, and they introduced him to another remarkable individual,

Zoran.

Richard quickly became enamored with Zoran's unique teaching style, full of games and laughter. Zoran was an entity known as LOGOS, personifying the power of the word. His teachings resonated deeply with Richard, and he found himself immersed in a community of laughter and joy.

During one of their meetings, Zoran revealed that Richard and his wife Barbara were both students at a school called Nucleus on another planet. They were learning about the power of the mind and the mysteries of the atom. Richard was astounded by this revelation, feeling a deep connection to Zoran and the teachings of Nucleus.

Zoran also hinted that Richard would soon meet the woman of his dreams. Intrigued by this prophecy, Richard had a dream in which he met Barbara, his future wife. The very next month, Richard found himself in a friend's house, and Barbara walked in. He recognized her immediately, playing it cool as he knew that destiny was at play. Their meeting was the beginning of a beautiful love story.

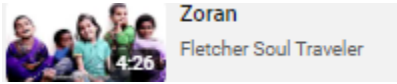
Zoran not only taught Richard about the power of laughter and joy but also shared techniques for connecting with his inner self. He explained that life was meant to be fun and humorous, not a struggle or battle. Through Zoran's teachings, Richard gained a new perspective on life, one filled with laughter and joy.



As Richard and David continued their journey together, they marveled at the synchronicities that had brought them closer. They saw their friendship as an example of how bringing heaven to earth could create a true paradise. Meditation and a connection to their inner selves were pivotal in their pursuit of happiness and fulfillment.

And thus, the story of Richard and David, intertwined through synchronicities and shared spiritual experiences, continued to unfold, guided by their unwavering friendship, laughter, and love for life.

Zoran



Richard, Makara and Barbara 1

Once upon a time, in the mystical realm of other dimensions, there existed an entity known as Zoran. In these realms, Zoran was revered and known as LOGOS, a word that held great power and significance. On Earth, the word "Logos" originated from the Greeks, meaning Word or Power. The Bible also spoke of Logos as the Word, stating that in the beginning, there was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God. Zoran, in all his essence, personified this divine Word.

One day, in the city of Phoenix, Arizona, I was introduced to Zoran by David and David. They had spoken highly of him, describing his unique teaching style filled with laughter and toy demonstrations. Intrigued by their words, I decided to attend his seminar. As I entered the hall, the sounds of a familiar voice filled the air. Confused, I wondered why a Mafu tape was being broadcasted through the sound system. Little did I know, it was Zoran speaking, channeling through the vessel of MAKARA, much like Mafu.

As I settled into my seat, completely captivated by Zoran's presence, I observed his playful nature. His teaching approach revolved around games and laughter. He had an array of stuffed toys that he would distribute to the audience, creating an atmosphere of joy and amusement. At one point, he called upon volunteers, and to my surprise, I was among those chosen. He placed an orange ball in my hand and asked me to share the significance it held for me.

Without hesitation, I explained how the color orange represented collagen, the substance that binds cells together. I saw the ball as a symbol of the life force that kept the entire universe intact; without it, everything would fall apart. Zoran chuckled, winked at me, and commended my answer. That night, I was left deeply intrigued by Zoran and felt a strong connection. I knew in my heart that we were destined to become close friends, and I longed for a personal conversation with him.

The following day, a meeting was arranged, and excitement coursed through my veins. As Zoran entered the room, an infectious wave of laughter filled the space. People outside the room marveled at the sound, likening it to an auditorium filled with joyous souls. Only three of us were present, yet the laughter seemed to multiply. Zoran, aware of the intensity of the moment, warned us that his laughter might cause harm to the physical body he occupied.

As the laughter subsided, the tone shifted, and Zoran began to reveal profound truths to me. He disclosed that we were both students at a cosmic school called Nucleus, where we immersed ourselves in the mysteries of splitting atoms using the power of our minds. This was not a conventional educational institution but a practical experience-based mystery school. At Nucleus, Makara and I had been comrades, learning and growing together.

Zoran shared many enlightening insights with me, and our friendship blossomed. During his seminars, he would always call upon me, treating me as a cherished companion. It was on one such occasion that he asked me about my thoughts on women. Intrigued, I expressed my desire to unravel the mystery of relationships. Zoran assured me that something special was on the horizon and that I would soon meet the woman of my dreams.



True to his words, I had a dream that very night. In the dream, I encountered a woman named Barbara, and a voice urged me to get to know her when our paths crossed. It wasn't long after this dream that I found myself at a friend's house, and in walked Barbara. In that instant, I recognized her as the woman from my dream. With the knowledge that destiny was at play, I played it cool, allowing our connection to unfold naturally.



Through Zoran's teachings, I learned valuable techniques to tap into my inner self. Laughter played a central role in his methodology. He believed that laughter and joy emitted a frequency that could effortlessly permeate the subconscious mind. Zoran likened the pursuit of happiness to using the bathroom – just as

we don't inspect our stools, he asserted that life should not be a struggle or battle. Instead, he emphasized that life was meant to be fun and filled with humor. Laughing with Zoran became a precious gift, and through his teachings, a new perspective on life unfolded before my eyes.

And so, Zoran, the embodiment of the divine Word, and I continued our journey together, guided by laughter, joy, and a deep understanding of the mysteries of existence. Through our incredible friendship, I discovered the beauty of embracing life's playful nature, forever grateful for the profound teachings bestowed upon me by LOGOS himself.

Sai Baba dream (moving to California)



Sai Baba dream moving to California
Fletcher Soul Traveler



In the enchanting land of Arizona, I found myself immersed in a vivid dream that would forever alter the course of my spiritual journey. In this remarkable dream, the great Indian Saint, Sai Baba, appeared before me, his magnificence radiating like a thousand suns. Known for his miraculous abilities to manifest jewels from his hands, Sai Baba was beloved by millions around the world.

To my surprise and astonishment, Sai Baba was unwell in this dream. A multitude of people surrounded him, their concern palpable in the air. My heart skipped a beat as he approached me with a plea for help. "Only you can heal me," he whispered, his voice filled with both vulnerability and trust.

Instantly, a surge of energy surged from the depths of my being. It was as if every cell in my body awakened, attuned to the divine call of Sai Baba's healing. Without a moment's hesitation, I extended my hands towards him, channeling the boundless energy of love and compassion.

As the energy flowed into Sai Baba's body, I witnessed a profound transformation. His entire being trembled with the force of the healing energy. Gradually, a sense of serenity washed over him, and I knew in my heart that the ailment that had plagued him was dissipating. The power of divine love was working its miraculous wonders.

But what truly overwhelmed me was the sublime connection that formed between Sai Baba and me during this healing process. The love that coursed through us transcended words, surpassing all earthly boundaries. It was an experience of pure transcendence, an indescribable fusion of energies that left me profoundly humbled and deeply grateful.

This extraordinary dream was more than a mere figment of my imagination; it was a transformative encounter that resonated at the core of my being. Just three months prior to this dream, I had embarked on a profound healing course, guided by an insightful instructor who had foretold of a great gift that Sai Baba would bestow upon me.

True to the instructor's words, this dream marked the realization of that prophecy. It was a precious gift, a powerful reminder that wisdom and blessings can come to us through various channels, often in unexpected ways. It served as a humbling reminder for me to hold deep respect for all spiritual teachers and to recognize that profound lessons and gifts can be found in the most unexpected places and people.

No one person possesses all the answers; our collective tapestry of wisdom is enriched by the unique contributions of each individual. It is through a willingness to learn from one another, to embrace diverse perspectives and teachings, that we can truly expand our understanding of ourselves and the world.

From that moment on, my spiritual path took on a new dimension, one rooted in gratitude, open-mindedness, and a profound respect for the interconnectedness of all beings. I understood that, like Sai Baba, we each have unique gifts and experiences to offer this world. Whether we are revered saints or ordinary individuals, our presence and contributions hold immense value.

Armed with this newfound wisdom, I embarked on a lifelong quest to seek knowledge, to embrace various teachings, and to honor the divine spark within each person I encounter. I may not have all the answers, but my heart envisions a world where we celebrate the beauty of our differences, where we learn from one another, and where love and compassion guide our every step.

In that magical realm of dreams, an eternal connection to Sai Baba was forged, an unbreakable bond that continues to illuminate my path and inspire my journey towards greater understanding and love.

Meeting Barbara



Intrigued by the connections and coincidences surrounding their meeting, the narrator and Barbara felt a growing sense of excitement and anticipation. As they spent more time together in Sedona, their bond deepened, and they realized that they shared a profound connection on both a spiritual and emotional level.

Despite their initial reservations and the challenges they had both faced in their past

relationships, they couldn't deny the powerful energy and love that flowed between them. The moment they held hands, they felt an inexplicable rush of energy that solidified their belief that they were destined to be together.

The couple spent the winter in Sedona, surrounded by the natural beauty and spiritual energy that the region was known for. They embraced the serenity and tranquility of their surroundings, nurturing their growing love and exploring their shared passions for spirituality and personal growth.

On New Year's Eve, as the clock struck midnight and fireworks lit up the sky, the narrator had a dream of Sai Baba. In the dream, Sai Baba shared a message that resonated deeply within the narrator's soul – they were being guided to move to San Diego. The following morning, both the narrator and Barbara awoke with the same thought on their minds, surprising each other when they both said, "Where do you think we are going to move?" The answer was clear – San Diego.

Barbara also shared a dream she had that night, where she too was told that their journey together would lead them to San Diego. The synchronicity and alignment of their dreams only reaffirmed their belief that this move was meant to be.

With hearts full of hope and trust, the couple made the decision to embark on this new chapter of their lives together. They packed their belongings, said their farewells to Sedona, and ventured towards the sun-soaked shores of San Diego.

San Diego welcomed them with open arms, embracing them in its vibrant culture and endless possibilities. As they settled into their new home, they immersed themselves in the city's rich spiritual community, continuing their journey of growth and self-discovery.

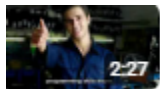
Barbara's inability to have children became less of a concern as they realized that their connection was not defined solely by their ability to conceive. Instead, they focused on building a fulfilling and sacred relationship, one that would be a source of love, support, and transformation for both of them.

Their love story transcended conventional expectations and blossomed into something extraordinary, guided by divine intervention and the power of their shared dreams. Together, they embarked on a journey of love, purpose, and spiritual awakening, creating a life that was beyond their wildest dreams.

In San Diego, their love story continued to unfold, a testament to the profound impact one touch, one connection, and one dream can have on changing the

course of two souls forever. Their story serves as a reminder that when we trust in the universe's plan and open our hearts to serendipity, incredible things can happen.

A Dream Come True in Del Mar



A Dream Come True in Del Mar

Fletcher Soul Traveler

Richard and Barbara arrived in San Diego, their hearts full of hope and excitement. They found a charming apartment just steps away from the ocean in Del Mar, a quaint beach town that seemed to embody their dreams.

Luck smiled upon them from the start. On her first day job hunting, Barbara landed a position at an insurance company, thanks to a serendipitous meeting at an employment agency. Richard's expertise in computer programming proved invaluable, and he spent the next year developing a system for Barbara's new employer.

Their joy multiplied when they discovered Barbara was pregnant. Months later, they welcomed their beautiful daughter, Aleia, into the world. Richard felt as though all his dreams were coming true.

The beach became an integral part of their lives. Richard embraced the surfing lifestyle, spending countless hours riding the waves. He even took a job with the Navy Seals, which allowed him to combine his love for technology with his passion for fitness and the ocean.

During his time with the Navy, Richard's innovative programming skills shone. He created efficient templates that dramatically reduced

development time, impressing his colleagues and superiors. The flexible work arrangement even allowed him to work from home for six months, giving him more time to surf and enjoy his family.

Summers were especially magical when Richard's daughter Chanda would visit from Philadelphia. The family would spend blissful days at the beach, boogie boarding and playing in the sand. Richard felt a deep sense of contentment, believing he had achieved the life he had always dreamed of.



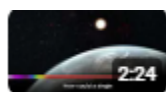
Despite the financial challenges, Barbara chose to stay home with Aleia, believing that showering their child with love during her formative years was crucial. Their decision strengthened their bond as a family and filled their home with happiness.

As Richard reflected on their journey - from their fortuitous move to Del Mar to the growth of their family and the fulfillment of their personal and professional

aspirations - he felt profound gratitude. In the sun-drenched beaches of Southern California, Richard and Barbara had not just found a home; they had created a life that surpassed their wildest dreams.

1 Split Second Got It Driving Ca

r



1 Split Second Got It Driving Car
Fletcher Soul Traveler



The Cosmic Commute

It was just another Monday morning. Richard merged onto the highway, joining the familiar sea of brake lights and impatient honks. He sighed, settling in for the usual tedious drive to work. Little did he know, this ordinary commute was about to become extraordinary.

As Richard absent-mindedly changed lanes, it happened. In the blink of an eye, the world around him dissolved. The cars, the road, even his own body seemed to vanish. In that fraction of a second, John experienced something beyond comprehension.

He was everywhere and everything at once. He felt the burning heat of distant suns and the icy void of space. Galaxies swirled through him, and he danced among the stars. Black holes whispered secrets of the universe, and he understood them all. In that instant, John was the universe, and the universe was John.

And then, just as suddenly, it was over. Richard found himself back in his car, hands gripping the steering wheel. The traffic continued to crawl forward, oblivious to the cosmic journey he had just taken. His heart raced, and his skin tingled with residual energy, as if he'd been struck by lightning.

As he continued his drive, Richard's mind reeled. What had just happened? How could a single second contain such vastness, such

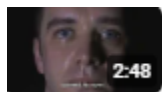
knowledge? He felt changed, charged with a new awareness of the interconnectedness of all things.

Throughout the day, Richard couldn't shake the memory of that moment. He found himself wondering: What if he could access that state of being all the time? How would it change his life, his understanding of the world?

As he drove home that evening, Richard looked at his fellow commuters with new eyes. He realized that each person around him had the potential for such an experience. Each carried within them the entirety of the cosmos, whether they knew it or not.

From that day forward, Richard's daily commute became a reminder of the extraordinary nature of existence. In the midst of the ordinary, he had touched the infinite, and it had touched him back. And he knew that at any moment, in the most unexpected places, the universe might once again reveal its true nature to anyone willing to see it.

Kundalini Snake Experience



Kundalini Snake Experience
Fletcher Soul Traveler



The Awakening Serpent

In the quiet stillness of dawn, Richard sat cross-legged on his meditation cushion, his eyes closed, his breath steady. The young man had been practicing the Mafu techniques for months, but this morning felt different. A sense of joy and contentment washed over him,

deeper than anything he had experienced before.

Suddenly, the calm was pierced by a surge of energy so powerful it took his breath away. With his inner eye, Richard saw a magnificent cobra materialize at the base of his spine. Its scales shimmered with an otherworldly iridescence, its eyes gleaming with ancient wisdom.

Fear flickered through him as the cobra began to move, slowly ascending his spine. The energy was overwhelming, almost too much to bear. But something within Richard knew this was a pivotal moment. Summoning his courage, he surrendered to the experience, allowing the serpent to continue its journey.

As the cobra rose, it paused at each chakra point. With every stop, Richard was flooded with new sensations and insights. Colors swirled in his mind's eye, and he felt as if veils were being lifted from his consciousness.

The cobra's ascent seemed to last both an eternity and mere seconds. When it finally reached his third eye, Richard gasped. The world around him seemed to dissolve, replaced by a vast expanse of understanding. In that moment, he grasped the true nature of the Kundalini experience he had only read about in ancient texts.

As the intensity of the experience began to fade, Richard slowly opened his eyes. The room looked the same, yet everything had changed. He realized that this

profound experience had been within him all along, dormant and waiting to be awakened.



Richard's mind raced with newfound clarity. The metaphors and symbols in ancient scriptures suddenly made sense. They weren't mere stories or myths, but attempts to describe real, transcendent experiences.

As he stood up, still buzzing with energy, Richard felt a deep connection to generations of seekers who had come before him. He understood now that the path to higher consciousness was not just a concept, but a tangible journey within oneself.

From that day forward, Richard's practice took on new depth and meaning. He approached each meditation with reverence, knowing that within the quiet of his own being lay the potential for extraordinary awakening. The memory of the cobra served as a reminder that facing our deepest fears can lead to the most profound transformations.sss

Naval Special Warfare -Meeting Alien



Naval Special Warfare Meeting Alien
Fletcher Soul Traveler



An Unexpected Encounter

Working as a computer programmer for the Navy, my days were usually predictable. But one evening, as I descended the stairs from the main building, my routine was shattered. Out of nowhere, an alien appeared behind me. He looked like a blend of human and reptilian, a sight that filled me with a mix of fear and curiosity. Despite my initial fear, I felt an odd sense of calm.

As I reached the bottom of the stairs, I saw the guard looking directly at me. I wondered if he could see what I was seeing. The alien was right beside me, yet the guard seemed oblivious. I chuckled to myself and continued walking out of the building, the alien still by my side. He followed me to my car and even sat in the passenger seat as I drove for about ten miles.

Throughout the drive, I wished I had the courage to speak to him. The alien exuded friendliness and wisdom, and I could sense his smile. Despite the eerie feeling of having an alien in my car, I knew I was safe. It was a surreal experience, one that felt as real as any encounter with a human. Our society often dismisses such encounters as hallucinations or visions, but I don't drink, take drugs, or lack sleep. This was a genuine encounter with an alien from another world.

A few months later, I found myself with Zoran, who claimed to have a massive mothership within our galaxy. He took my family and me for a

walk in the Laguna Mountains outside San Diego. We walked for about an hour before Zoran stopped and asked, “Do you see anything different about this place?” At first, I saw nothing unusual, just a forest. But then I noticed the huge circle around us where the leaves, grass, and trees were burnt. I had heard stories about UFO landings leaving burnt areas, and it was clear that this was not man-made or natural. It was no coincidence that Zoran had led us to this spot.

These encounters have left me with a sense of wonder and curiosity. Next time, I hope to have the courage to converse with these beings



Dome Automation and Magical Maui



During the nineties, my family and I moved to Maui, where I landed a job at the Haleakalā Observatory. Boeing was the subcontractor, and the Air Force operated the Maui Space Surveillance Complex, tracking space debris and satellites. One of my first projects was to automate the dome system, which was manually operated by someone in a snowsuit, often dozing off during important passes.

My friend Paul handled the hardware design, while I was in charge of the software, written in C++, a language I was not familiar with. We had a tight deadline, but we managed to install barcode readers around the dome and used an IBM Pizza box for calculations. The system had to move the dome quickly and then slow down for fine adjustments. After some initial issues, we successfully installed the system on time, and it was so effective that another dome requested the same setup.



One day, while at the Observatory, we reviewed a tape from the previous night showing a UFO spotted on Maui. It was reported on the evening news, and experts couldn't identify the object. Working at the Observatory was incredible, with breathtaking drives up the mountain, rainbows appearing and disappearing, and

the camaraderie of my surfing friends. We worked four ten-hour days, including drive time, and often went surfing before heading up the mountain.

Living in Maui was magical. We resided in upcountry Makawao, where we didn't need air conditioning or heating. Our home had a huge avocado tree, bananas, oranges, and passion fruit. The Hawaiian spirit was infectious, and over time, the locals opened up their hearts to us. Surfing was a way of life, and the ocean was in their blood. I loved the Hawaiian culture, which many believe descends from the ancient race of Lemuria.



One of my favorite surf spots was Paukukalo near Wailuku. One day, the waves were massive, and I caught the best wave of my life. My friends cheered as I rode the wave with pure delight.

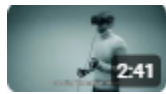
Maui was a place of magic and mana, and we cherished our six years there.

Here's a photo of my surfing buddy and co-worker at the Observatory Bob Brem. He has a mentor for robotics at Baldwin High School.



Programming mentor Bob Brem poses with Baldwin Robotics students and their robot during last year's FIRST Hawaii Regional Competition in Honolulu.

OnMaui



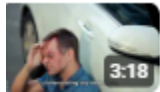
On Maui

Fletcher Soul Traveler

My dear friend John Slowsky, Matt Rauch and I developed OnMaui.com in 1996. It was quite revolutionary for its time. John did all the graphics for the site. Since then John has been at the forefront of graphic design. Check out <http://slowsky.com/>.

We developed 3 virtual towns in Maui. Makawao, Paia, and Lahaina. Imagine back then we didn't have Google walkthrough of towns. John and I developed something similar to what we have today. For example, I took photos of the towns in Maui. John then stitched together the photos. Back then VRML(virtual reality markup language) was just taking off. By the way, it didn't make it. We created virtual walkthroughs of these towns. You could stroll down the street and go into surfboard shops and art galleries. You could even buy things. Years later we have google maps where instead of a person walking down the street they have this car with a built-in camera. They could capture images of our towns in minutes.

Back to the mainland



Back to the mainland
Fletcher Soul Traveler

Once upon a time, in 1997, our family decided to leave behind the beautiful beaches of Hawaii and return to the mainland after six wonderful years. With our decision made, I wasted no time and sent out a few resumes. To my surprise, a response came in quickly from a man named Dexter Robinson.

Dexter informed me that he would be visiting Maui in a few days and wanted to meet me for an interview. It seemed like fate had intervened, as he saw this as an opportunity to combine business with pleasure. With excitement in my heart, I eagerly awaited his arrival.

As soon as Dexter and I met, we instantly clicked. The interview turned into a friendly conversation, and before I knew it, he offered me the job on the spot. I was overjoyed to have landed the position and began working for him. My new role involved doing work for the naval supply center located in Cortana, California. All the projects I undertook were funded by the federal government.

Life went smoothly for two years, until an unexpected turn of events occurred. The funding that had supported our projects abruptly dried up, and as a consequence, I lost my job. It was a difficult period, grappling with the uncertainty of what lay ahead. However, I held onto the belief that something better was destined for me.

A year later, as I was contemplating my next move, I decided to reach out and check in on Dexter. In the meantime, he had secured a position at Charles Schwab. Curiosity piqued, I struck up a conversation with him, and to my surprise, he mentioned a potential job opportunity.

Encouraged, I applied and was called for an interview. The process went smoothly, but as fate would have it, I would have to wait for nine long months before receiving a formal offer. The waiting game could have tested anyone's patience, but I had faith in the power of synchronicity. I knew that sometimes, the most incredible things took time to manifest.

During those nine months, I embraced the concept of patience and resilience. I focused on personal growth and development, knowing that the universe was conspiring to align me with the right path. And finally, my patience paid off when the coveted offer from Charles Schwab arrived.

Looking back, it all seemed like a perfect symphony of synchronicity. If it hadn't been for Dexter's timely visit to Maui, our paths may have never crossed. The unexpected loss of my previous job pushed me to seek new opportunities, leading me to reconnect with Dexter at the most opportune time. And even though the waiting period was challenging, it allowed me to grow and prepare for the next chapter.

Life's synchronistic dance had woven a beautiful tale, guiding me towards new beginnings and better opportunities. It taught me to trust in the journey and embrace the unknown with open arms. And as I embarked on this new adventure with Charles Schwab, I carried with me the lessons of patience, faith, and the undeniable power of synchronicity.



This is from my LinkedIn profile.

Senior Staff Web Developer, 1999 to 2009

Charles Schwab, San Francisco, California

Developed, maintained and upgraded cutting edge financial industry software. Created .net web based software for operations and brokers. Charged with all phases of development including database design, stored procedures and jobs.

PAT

Lead Developer

Built program called PAT which tracks all Transfer of Authorization (TOA's) going out for a Broker when they leave the company. Each broker signs an agreement saying they won't take any clients with them when they leave the company. This program tracks all ex-employees for a certain period of time depending on their warning level. It will send out an email when the threshold is met. The legal department has used this tool for bringing lawsuits towards the ex-employees who have violated their contract. Built a series of reports using MS Reporting Services that they use daily. C#, .net 3.5, Team Foundation server, JavaScript, AJAX, MS SQL, Teradata, Sharepoint, Visual Studio

This software project has resulted in Schwab not having to go to court to protect their clients.

PAR Letters

Lead Developer

Generated custom letters to be sent out for various rate changes. Built first a custom tool where the broker had to custom build the letters. The second phase automatically creates the letters from a database job. This system saves Schwab 40 hours a week in input alone in the San Francisco office. No longer does a rep need to input the letters. C#, MS SQL, Sharepoint, Wiki, .Net 2.0, Team Foundation Server, Visual Studio 2005.

Pricing Desk

Lead Developer

This program tracks in a queue all pricing changes requested for a client and is part of a web based software tool on each Brokers desktop. Each request is reviewed by the Pricing and Analyst team for approval. C#, MS SQL, Java Script, Web Services, Sharepoint, Wiki, .Net 2.0, Visual Source Safe, Visual Studio 2005.

Business Calculator

Lead Developer

This is a tool utilized by the Brokers to calculate naked, spreads, and straddle and is a part of each Brokers desktop tools. It was developed in JSP, Java, Java Script, Web logic server. Converted Calculator to c#, Java Script, Sharepoint, Visual Studio 2005, .Net 2.0.

RPM program

This program calculates how much Schwab makes for each account. If a client calls for a discount this tool displays around 30 key areas displaying how much profitability is made on the account. As the Co-developer of this program won prestigious award presented by Charles Schwab himself. C#, JavaScript, AJAX, MS Sql, Oracle, Teradata, Sharepoint, .Net 2.0, Visual Source Safe, Visual Studio 2005.

Stock Market Game

Developed a stock market game using Java and web logic. The game was used to determine a person's portfolio in real-time. This game was used to see who the top teams in Schwab were and the top Brokers. Each player was given \$100,000 of play money and over a three month span Schwab could see who was the winner and all strategies used Java, web Logic, JSP, Java Script.

Dan Villarreal, CSM, PMP

Sr. Program Manager, Vice President at Bank of the West

I worked with Richard on several critical efforts at Charles Schwab. Richard was the primary developer and contact representing his technology group on the projects I managed. He was adept at interpreting the business requirements, which were often in flux. Richard could be relied upon to foresee the potential risks and helped us to mitigate them before they became an issue. Most impressive about Richard was his ability to work independently relying on his own research to find the right sources of data in a highly complex organization. The result was that Richard developed a brilliant tool that allows Schwab to stem a historical asset attrition issue that was costing the firm tens of millions of dollars.

March 5, 2009, Dan worked with Richard at Charles Schwab

[Maurice Wright](#)

Creator of Things at MWright - portfolio.mwright.com

Humility and intelligence are the first two words that come to mind when I think of Richard Fletcher. We worked together on the same development team for a number of years. In addition to his affable nature, what sets Richard apart from other developers is his discipline around coding. Whether it's documentation, technical project management, or coding itself, Richard is better than anyone when it comes to identifying and implementing the shortest, most efficient path from point A to point B. February 20, 2009, Maurice worked directly with Richard at Charles Schwab

[Wynne Shaw](#)

Council Member - Lone Tree City Council District 1

Working with Richard and his web development team was a breath of fresh air. Richard worked with me on several web development projects over the period of about 5 years. He asked the right questions, was able to converse in easily understood terms to me (saving more technical developer language for his own team) and always found ways to find a creative solution to address our needs. The results Richard and his team delivered allowed for significant productivity gains across multiple business units. February 15, 2009, Wynne worked with Richard at Charles Schwab

[Paul Bishop](#)

Senior Software Application Engineer

I have had the pleasure of working with Richard for 8 plus years, and can't say enough about his contributions to the success of our team. Richard has a tremendous work ethic and produces quality solutions that usually exceed the expectations of the business partner. Richard has been a consummate team player and is very quick to offer his help and extensive programming knowledge with others in any capacity. Additionally, he is able to easily grasp the needs of the end users and quickly deliver top quality, high impact applications utilizing the most current technologies. I would recommend Richard to anyone looking for a proven top level performer. February 12, 2009, Paul worked directly with Richard at Charles Schwab

[Eric Wood](#)

Software Application Engineer at Charles Schwab

I have worked with Richard closely on the same team through out the last nine years or so. His extensive experience coding and his ability to understand the business make for an excellent combination. In addition, during my time working with him, I have known him to be a person of integrity and intelligence, as well as someone who brings a positive attitude in his daily efforts! Richard has made a strong contribution to our programming team and I recommend his work in this capacity. February 9, 2009, Eric worked directly with Richard at Charles Schwab

I worked for Charles Schwab for almost 10 years. They laid off around 12,000 in 10 years. I love my job. It was extremely creative. I won various awards and even was presented one by Charles Schwab himself. There was a great team that I worked in. Unfortunately, I survived 10 out of 11 layoffs. My last project saved the company millions of dollars everyone who worked on that project got laid off. I was given a very generous severance package on the condition I wouldn't sue over age discrimination.

I spent a few weeks looking for a job find this job below. I worked on this project for around 6 months. This software was written for the salesman at Panasonic. Imagine the salesman going to Walmart and they would have a software program where they would have sales projections for the various items Panasonic would sell. There were many different factors involved. I created a temporary data storage where when the salesperson went to a Starbucks they could upload their business to the online server.

Unfortunately, this was during the recession. Panasonic lost over a billion dollars in a quarter and the project never got released. I was laid off <grin>.

Moving to Kansas - phone interview

As we settled into our new home in Overland Park, Kansas, I couldn't help but reflect on the synchronicity that had brought us here. It all started with the unexpected sale of our house in Ashland, a fortunate turn of events that had allowed us to make a sizable profit. The real estate market in Ashland had experienced wild swings, and we had managed to capitalize on one of its peaks.

It was during this time of transition that I received a phone call out of the blue, offering me a phone interview for a job opportunity with the USDA in Kansas City Missouri. Curious but open-minded, I agreed to give it a shot. Little did I know that this simple decision would set in motion a series of synchronized events that would change the course of our lives.

The phone interview went surprisingly well, and within half an hour, my wife excitedly announced that I had landed the job. Surprised and confused, I asked her what job she was even referring to. She explained that the call I had just received was the offer I had unknowingly been waiting for. It was an opportunity to work in a completely different part of the country – Overland Park, Kansas.

As we packed up our belongings and said our goodbyes to the familiar surroundings of Ashland, the synchronicity of it all began to sink in. Our decision to sell the house at the perfect time had created the financial stability to embrace this new adventure. The fluctuations of the real estate market had aligned perfectly with our goals and aspirations.

Arriving in Overland Park, we were greeted by a vibrant city with a welcoming and tight-knit community. Our new home provided us with great opportunities, both personally and professionally. The cost of living was more affordable compared to Ashland, and the job I had unknowingly accepted turned out to be a perfect fit for my skills and interests.

As we settled into our new life, I couldn't help but find meaning in the synchronicity that had led us here. It was as if the universe had conspired to guide us towards this new chapter, aligning the events of our lives in a remarkable way. The unexpected sale of our house, the phone call offering a job in a new city – it all seemed orchestrated, creating a seamless path for us to follow.

Over time, we would come to appreciate the synchronicity that had brought us to Overland Park. We met incredible people, built lasting friendships, and experienced personal growth that we could have never anticipated. Looking back, it was clear that every twist and turn had led us to this moment, and we were grateful for the synchronous dance of events that had shaped our lives in such a profound way.

I'm not sure how stable it is to work as a government contractor. Unlike government employees whose jobs are usually secure, contractors face uncertainties. Here's my personal story as a contractor:

I was responsible for maintaining a program that involved selling various livestock insurance once a week. Every Tuesday at 10:00 AM Central, we would open the doors to accept live orders. We would typically sell around 3 million dollars worth of insurance before running out of funds. My role was to ensure that the doors opened precisely on time, not a minute earlier. It was an exciting experience, resembling a mini stock market.

However, in March 2013, the government encountered financial difficulties, resulting in my layoff.

At this point in my life, I have accumulated numerous practical experiences that have taught me one constant truth: change is inevitable. Whether it be in my personal or professional life, I have witnessed time and time again how change is a fundamental part of our existence.

In my early years, I would often resist change, seeking stability and predictability instead. However, as life unfolded, I realized that fighting against change was a futile endeavor. At some point, I embraced the idea that change is not to be feared but rather embraced and navigated.

Professionally, I have held various positions in different industries, witnessing firsthand how businesses evolve and adapt to changing market trends and technological advancements. I have experienced layoffs and restructurings, which taught me the importance of resilience and adaptability. I recognized that in order to succeed, I had to not only accept change but also actively seek opportunities for growth and development.

On a personal level, I have also undergone significant transformations. From relationships that came and went to moving houses and changing cities, I adapted to new environments, cultures, and dynamics. I learned to let go of attachments, understanding that holding onto the past only hindered my ability to embrace the present and future.

One of my most profound experiences of change was the loss of a loved one. This painful event shook me to my core, but it also taught me the fragility and impermanence of life. I realized that change can be abrupt and unexpected, making it crucial to cherish and appreciate the people and moments that matter most.

As I reflect on my journey, I realize that change is not merely an external force but an integral part of personal growth and development. It has shaped me into a more resilient and adaptable individual, equipped with the tools to face whatever life throws at me. I have come to find solace in the fact that change is constant. Rather than fearing it, I have learned to embrace the unknown and view each new phase of life as an opportunity for growth and self-discovery. With each experience, I continue to evolve and develop a deeper understanding of myself and the world around me. The only constant I find solace in is change.

[Mike Reed](#)

Lead Engineer Software at the Sunflower Group

Richard is highly experienced and dedicated to working with the latest technologies to maintain his edge. He has a strong ability to translate business requirements into practical solutions. While Richard and I were never working on the same team, our teams needs crossed a number of times, and I could trust that when Richard was involved the job would get done and it would get done right. Richard is also a good soul. The type of teammate you value both personally and professionally.

Down the rabbit hole one book leads to another



Down the rabbit hole one book leads
to another
Fletcher Soul Traveler

Once upon a time, in a small town tucked away in the rolling hills, there lived a young boy named Little Ricky. Little Ricky was an avid reader and loved to lose himself in the pages of books. He found solace and inspiration in the worlds created by authors and often dreamed of becoming a writer himself.

One day, while exploring the local library, Little Ricky stumbled upon an old, leather-bound book tucked away on a dusty shelf. The title, "Down the Rabbit Hole," intrigued him, and he eagerly flipped through its pages. To his surprise, he found that the book was empty, except for a single sentence written in elegant script on the first page. It read, "One book leads to another."

Intrigued by this cryptic message, Little Ricky decided to take the book home. That night, as he closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep, he began to dream. In his dream, he found himself standing at the entrance of an enchanting rabbit hole. Curiosity beckoned him, and without hesitation, he stepped into the abyss.

As he fell deeper and deeper down the rabbit hole, he saw flashes of vibrant colors and heard faint whispers of wisdom. When he finally landed, he found himself surrounded by an endless collection of books. Each book had a different title, a unique story waiting to be unraveled.

With a sense of awe and wonder, Little Ricky approached the first book and began to read. The words danced off the page, and he was transported to a world of imagination and knowledge. As he delved deeper into the story, he felt a connection with the characters and experienced a profound understanding of the human experience.

In the blink of an eye, he finished the book and moved on to the next. And then the next. And before he knew it, he had devoured book after book, each one leading him to a deeper well of wisdom and insight.

Little Ricky soon realized that the books were not separate entities but interconnected threads of knowledge, woven together like a tapestry. Each story he read revealed signposts, guiding him through the labyrinth of life. The more he read, the more he understood the intricate web of connections between the books, his dreams, and the universe.

Eager to share his newfound wisdom, Little Ricky began to write. Inspired by the dreams that had birthed his passion for stories, he poured his heart and soul into a book of his own. He titled it "The Thread of Wisdom."

As Little Ricky's book reached the hands of readers around the world, it resonated deeply with each person who read it. They, too, felt the pulsating thread of wisdom that tied them to the universe. People began to realize that they possessed the same capability to tap into this wellspring of knowledge, to dream and create their own stories.

Little Ricky's words became a catalyst for change, encouraging individuals to step beyond the boundaries of societal norms and embrace their own unique path. Through his writings, he reminded others that common sense was indeed uncommon, but it could be reclaimed by exploring the limitless world of knowledge and dreams.

As time passed, Little Ricky continued to write, fueled by his ever-expanding dreams and the intricacies of the universe. He wrote over 80 books, each one a testament to the boundless potential within him and within every person willing to embark on their own journey down the rabbit hole of wisdom.

In the end, Little Ricky realized that he was not special, but merely a conduit for the thread of interconnectedness that runs through us all. And so, dear reader, remember that you, too, hold within you the capability to tap into this infinite reservoir of wisdom. All it takes is curiosity, an open mind, and the courage to follow the signposts that are all around us, leading us to our true selves and the extraordinary wonders of the universe.

Song Getting Back On My Feet

(Verse 1)

Life's thrown us all some curve balls
Knocked us down, made us crawl
But in this moment, we rise again
Getting back up, we won't pretend
No one's exempt from the challenges we face
They're the fuel that ignites our growth and grace

(Chorus)

If life had no challenges, it'd be mundane
Like a movie with no plot, it's all in vain
Up and downs, the ebb and flow
That's the nature of life, don't you know?

(Verse 2)

Change, we resist with all our might
Clutching onto ruts, fearing what's in sight
But change is like the seasons, so divine
Each a beautiful expression of life's design
Nature harmonizes, it simply is
Living in the present, free from past and future's abyss

(Chorus)

We're often haunted by the past's hold
Anxious for the future's stories yet untold
This constant tug-of-war ensnares our minds
But living in the present, true peace we find

(Bridge)

In the center of life's storm, we stay strong
Ready to face the curve balls all along
Like a skilled batter with a high average score
We navigate the challenges, forevermore

(Chorus)

Celebrating every victory, big or small
Proud if our journey leads us to standing tall
Learning the tricks of life's trade, we grow
Being gentle with ourselves, to ourselves we owe

(Verse 3)

Pause, take a breath, and simply be
Stop and enjoy moments, feel them deeply
In relaxation, paranoia finds no space
A stressed mind, the root of life's race
Befriend your thoughts, tame your mind's wild horse
Find tranquility amidst life's chaotic course

(Chorus)

Remember, life's rhythm will never be beat
You'll always find your footing, get back on your feet
With strength and resilience, you'll rise above
Embrace the challenges, and keep shining, my love

(Outro)

We've all been thrown curve balls, it's true
But we'll always find our way, me and you
So dust yourself off, my dear, start anew
For in this journey, there's nothing you can't do.

Closing Chapter Lessons Learned and Humanity's Path Forward



Closing Chapter Lessons Learned
and Humanity'
Fletcher Soul Traveler

As we reach the end of this journey, it's time to reflect on the myriad lessons learned and how they can illuminate a path for humanity. Each story, each experience, has woven a tapestry of wisdom that can guide us towards a more enlightened and connected existence.

Embracing Synchronicities

The vibrant city where synchronicities guide people teaches us to be open to the hidden messages in our lives. These moments of serendipity are not mere coincidences but signposts guiding us towards growth and transformation. By paying attention to these signs, we can align ourselves with the flow of the universe, leading to a more harmonious and fulfilling life.

The Power of Connection

The tale of Little Ricky and John, the telepathic brothers, underscores the profound impact of non-verbal communication. Their deep connection reminds us that true understanding goes beyond words. By cultivating empathy and tuning into the unspoken, we can enhance our relationships and foster a deeper sense of community.

Lifelong Quest for Meaning

Little Ricky's fascination with the universe and his quest for deeper meaning highlight the importance of curiosity and self-discovery. This journey is a reminder that seeking knowledge and understanding is a lifelong endeavor. By nurturing our sense of wonder and exploring the mysteries of existence, we can find purpose and fulfillment.

Perseverance and Growth

The story of learning to ride a bicycle teaches us the value of perseverance. Despite initial struggles, Little Ricky's determination leads to success. This lesson

is a testament to the power of a growth mindset. By embracing challenges and learning from failures, we can achieve our goals and grow stronger.

Humanity's Path Forward

These lessons are not just personal insights but universal truths that can guide humanity towards a brighter future. By embracing synchronicities, fostering deep connections, nurturing curiosity, and persevering through challenges, we can create a world that is more compassionate, enlightened, and resilient.

As we move forward, let us carry these lessons with us, using them as a compass to navigate the complexities of life. In doing so, we can build a future where every individual is empowered to reach their full potential, and where humanity as a whole can thrive in harmony with the universe.