

" [This] book is beyond spectacular. It's funny, uplifting, delightful, and profound."
— **Christiane Northrup, M.D.**, best-selling author of *Women's Bodies, Women's Wisdom*

P A M G R O U T



NINE DO-IT-YOURSELF
ENERGY EXPERIMENTS THAT
PROVE YOUR THOUGHTS
CREATE YOUR REALITY

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CONTENTS

Foreword by Joyce Barrett, Ph.D.
Preface

Introduction: Collapse of the Wave:
Where We Learn We Are Badly Misinformed

The Preliminaries

Experiment #1: The Dude Abides Principle:
There Is an Invisible Energy Force or Field of Infinite Possibilities

Experiment #2: The Volkswagen Jetta Principle:
*You Impact the Field and Draw from It According to
Your Beliefs and Expectations*

Experiment #3: The Alby Einstein Principle:
You, Too, Are a Field of Energy

Experiment #4: The Abracadabra Principle:
Whatever You Focus on Expands

Experiment #5: The Dear Abby Principle:
Your Connection to the Field Provides Accurate and Unlimited Guidance

Experiment #6: The Superhero Principle:
Your Thoughts and Consciousness Impact Matter

Experiment #7: The Jenny Craig Principle:
*Your Thoughts and Consciousness Provide the
Scaffolding for Your Physical Body*

Experiment #8: The 101 Dalmatians Principle:
You Are Connected to Everything and Everyone Else in the Universe

Experiment #9: The Fish and Loaves Principle:
The Universe Is Limitless, Abundant, and Strangely Accommodating

Afterword: Lift Each Other Up
Acknowledgments
About the Author



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So, how do you get there? You start focusing on New Orleans. You forget that Biloxi and your beat-up '94 Escort even exist. And you remember that at every moment, you're either heading toward New Orleans or you're doubling back toward Biloxi. Every thought is a step in one direction or the other. Thoughts that take you back to Biloxi are *Good jobs and hot dates are not that available*, or the even more popular *Good jobs and hot dates are available, but not for the likes of me*.

Thoughts that move you toward New Orleans go something like this: *That new job is going to be so amazing, and Man, is this person sitting next to me on my couch ever so fine*. The more energy and excitement you invest, the quicker you'll get there.

Some people get stirred up, take a few steps toward their desires, panic, and turn right back around toward Biloxi. Others leave the Biloxi city limits, walk for a while, take a rest to look around, and then get pissed because it doesn't look like New Orleans.

Of course it doesn't look like New Orleans. You're not there yet. You're still seeing countryside that's just outside Biloxi, stuff you're going to have to pass through to get to New Orleans. But you've left Biloxi. Say a cheer and keep focusing. Whatever you do, don't stop walking. The only way to reach the sweet, champagne-drenched finish line of where you want to be is to keep your nose pointed in that direction. Do not turn around and look back. Biloxi is history. Stay focused on ... did I mention New Orleans?

At first, you'll feel glorious about this new heroic endeavor. You'll be astonished by how easy it is for you to stay focused on the beautiful city of New Orleans. You'll be laughing and skipping and enjoying the vistas. But, inevitably, the menacing distractions will crop up. Your thoughts will get sore, they'll get bored with the new routine, and they'll want to head back toward Biloxi—you know, just for a quick visit, just for one cup of tea. You start spending less and less time on New Orleans and more and more time on why the whole endeavor is futile. Maybe you should put it out of its misery before it's old enough to remember where you live.

But don't do that. Just keep walking, keep focusing on New Orleans.

At the risk of appearing anal, I want to make it clear that the Biloxi-New Orleans example is only a metaphor. And the last thing I'd ever want to do is offend Biloxi, which happens to be a really cool town with the nearly new Frank Gehry-designed Ohr-O'Keefe Museum of Art. The big thing to remember is there's no real physical work involved. It's all about training your mind, that incorrigible slacker.

It sounds like pie in the sky, I know. But I've seen it happen time and time again. Getting to New Orleans doesn't take any particular gift. It just takes a willingness to keep walking. And focusing your attention, energy, and awareness.

I always think of a magician pulling a scarf through a hole. If you can just grab ahold of one tiny end, you can pull it all the way through. That's all it takes—one itty-bitty end. Decide you want it and keep focusing until you've pulled it all the way through.

What can you manifest? Pretty much anything you've ever seen, heard, or experienced. The world is basically your own mail-order catalog. If you've seen it, or even if you can imagine it, just grab an end of that scarf and start walking.

Maybe I should be more specific. My friend Don's "New Orleans" was a Martin guitar. Martin guitars start at \$1,100, and while he didn't have the ready cash, Don made the intention to own a Martin guitar. He didn't do a damned thing, just kept believing (focusing on that guitar) that someday, somehow he'd get one.

Nearly a year later, he got a message from his mom: "Your dad just picked up an old guitar at a garage sale for \$5. It can be a toy for Daisy."

Well, that old toy for Don's daughter Daisy was a rare 1943 Martin 000-28, one of only 100 made—the same guitar Eric Clapton plays—worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$20,000. It seems that Daisy will have to wait and inherit the guitar in Don's will.

I like to call this the Statue of Liberty principle. Even though this principle is the beacon that represents everything people think they want—vacations to Jamaica, a big home in Malibu—it's actually way down on Maslow's hierarchy of needs. It's only on the first, maybe second rung. You need to get this principle down, of course, so you can take your mind off material worries, and so that you can know the truth about who you are, but none of this "stuff" is what you *really* want. Not really.

Jesus could never have brought Lazarus back to life and multiplied all those fishes and loaves if he'd been preoccupied by the desire for a beachside residence. That said, I do not want to make you feel guilty for wanting a big home in Malibu. There is not one thing wrong with a big home in Malibu. Or anything else you want. Do not feel guilty. Want it. Walk toward it with all your heart and might. Just know there are higher rungs. And that most people hoard material things out of fear. And fear, after all, is what we're attempting to move away from.

Lining Up Your Ducks (or What Coherence Is)

"Great spirit is everywhere. It is not necessary to speak to him in a loud voice. He hears whatever is in our minds and hearts."

—BLACK ELK, LAKOTA MEDICINE MAN

Most people think they can incite change only by addressing God with some screech for "HELP!" But since we now know God is the force field that runs the universe, we also know *every* thought incites change. Every time we think anything—be it a silent *That skirt makes her look like John Travolta in Hairspray* or *I'll commit hari-kari if I don't get that raise*—we influence the field of infinite potentiality. I think I should probably repeat that *every single thought affects the FP*.

The only reason we don't change water into wine or heal cancer with one touch is because our thoughts are scattered all over the place. Instead of being one, constant, well-aimed tuning fork, our thoughts are more like a junior high band of beginning trumpet players.

On one hand, we pray for things to work out, but on the other, we worry they won't. At the same time we imagine a positive outcome, we secretly think optimism is a bunch of baloney. We want to be committed to a relationship with so-and-so, but what if he leaves? We want to make money, but didn't the Bible say something about camels and rich people and the eye of a needle?

The force is literally bouncing off walls. *Go this way. No, wait; go that way.* It's knocking around like a lightning bug in a Mason jar. It's being dissipated because we have no clear bead on what we really want. It's not that the field of potentiality isn't answering our prayers. It's just that we're "praying" for too many things.

When you figure the average person has something like 60,000 thoughts a day, you come to realize that your life is being "prayed" about by a heck of a lot more than the "Please, God, let me get out of this speeding ticket" you uttered when you first noticed the flashing red lights.

Sure, you begged for peace of mind today, but you also spent 1,200 thoughts obsessing about that damned co-worker who stole your website idea. Yes, you made the intention to "think and grow rich," but you also devoted 500 thoughts to worrying about your overdue car payment. When you understand prayer for what it really is, it's easier to understand why that one-time plea to God doesn't always pan out.

The only reason Jesus could walk on water was because 100 percent of his thoughts (prayers) believed he could. He had overcome the world's thought system that says *Only an idiot would be stupid enough to step out of the boat*. There was not one doubt—not a single thought (prayer) in his consciousness that didn't fully believe it.

Your mind is very powerful, no matter how badly you disrespect the privilege, no matter how ineffectual you feel. Every single thought produces form at some level. Just because those thoughts are screwed up (and believe me, if you're a human, at least some of your thoughts are screwed up) doesn't make them weak or ineffective. Weak and ineffective at getting what you want, maybe, but never weak and ineffective.

Newton's First Law of Prayer

“By choosing your thoughts, and by selecting which emotional currents you will release and which you will reinforce, you determine the ... effects that you will have upon others, and the nature of the experiences of your life.

—GARY ZUKAV, AUTHOR OF *SEAT OF THE SOUL*

When you throw a tennis ball in the air, you can count on it coming down. Granted, it might fall in the neighbor's petunias or on the roof of the 7-Eleven, where you'll need a ladder to retrieve it, but it's guaranteed to come back down.

Intention is just like that tennis ball. It comes back just the way you send it out. Like Newton said in his famous third law of motion, for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. What you give out, what you “pray” about ... you get back in equal measure. If you send out thoughts of fear, you get back things to be scared of. If you lie, you'll be lied to. If you criticize, you get criticized. But if you send out love, you get big, bounteous love back. If you send out blessings, you get blessed in turn.

If you want to know what you're really “praying” for, take a look around your life. You'll see your innermost thoughts, the real desires of your heart, the prayers no one knows about but you.

A friend of mine was fearful of spiders. She used to worry that she'd reach into her makeup drawer some morning and instead of grabbing a lipstick, she'd find her hands wrapped around a giant spider. This unfounded thought passed through her brain every morning for months until ... guess what? She reached into her makeup drawer and grabbed a big, fat, hairy wolf spider.

To put it another way, thought is creative. The thoughts you hold in your mind, both conscious and unconscious, create what you see in your life. Every thought has a certain vibration. It boomerangs back to you according to its pitch, intensity, and depth of feeling. Your thoughts show up in your life in proportion with their constancy, intensity, and power.

Shoot-out at the I'm O.K., You're O.K. Corral (or How Your Mind Works)

“I am crowded inside.”

—PRADEEP VENUGOPAL, INDIAN BLOGGER

Your mind is engaged in an ongoing showdown between different, conflicting parts of yourself. These splintered intentions, if you will, set all sorts of dynamics into motion. Let's say you have a conscious intention to buy a new house. At the same time you set that intention into motion, you simultaneously send out an unconscious but equally potent fear of a higher mortgage payment. You start fretting about interest rates, and worrying about the termite contract you inadvertently let expire on your current house—both of which send out even more unconscious intentions. If these unconscious fear intentions are stronger than the conscious desire intentions ... well, guess which one wins?

The dynamic of opposing intentions can produce confusion and doubt. As you become open to new perceptions and desires and simultaneously experience fear and anguish, you set up a struggle.

If it keeps up, you start to doubt that setting intentions even works. Or at least you conclude it doesn't work for *you*. You become discouraged and start believing that life and circumstances are more powerful than you are.

Believe me, they're not. Not even close. Your conflicting intentions are simply creating turbulence in the field of potentiality.

Your thoughts are extremely powerful. But the FP doesn't respond only to your pleas. Let me repeat: it responds to *every* thought—conscious and unconscious—with opposing sides battling it out. Here are four of the most common battlefields:

1. **The rut.** We humans have this annoying tendency to fall into habitual patterns. Remember those 60,000 daily thoughts I mentioned earlier? Well, all but 1,000 of those thoughts are the exact same thoughts you had yesterday. Scientists tell us that 98 percent of our 60,000 thoughts are repeats from the day before.

My neighbor has an invisible dog fence. You can't see it, but if her little Jack Russell terrier dares set foot outside that fence, he gets a painful shock. All of us are like that little Jack Russell—stuck in our invisible fences.

Instead of using our thoughts to think up new ideas, to ask for the answers to life's great mysteries, we waste them on trivial, insignificant, thoroughly meaningless things. Look at the cover of a typical women's magazine:

LOSE INCHES FAST

LAST-MINUTE STRATEGIES FOR HOLIDAY GLAM

QUIZ: DOES YOUR MATE REALLY LOVE YOU?

Don't we have anything better to think about?

If the seven million readers of *Ladies' Home Journal* would all wonder instead, *What can I do to improve my own soul?* or *How could I make the world more loving?* the big problems we're so afraid of would be solved in a year. Seven million people concentrating on issues like that are an unstoppable force!

2. **The adman's copy.** U.S. advertisers spend more than \$400 billion every year trying to convince you that without their products, you are a complete and total loser. The adman's entire reason for being is to make you and me dissatisfied with what we have and who we are. The average American sees between 1,500 and 3,000 commercials per day. Even non-TV watchers are constantly being invited to "consume." Everything from ATM monitors to dry-cleaning bags to stickers on supermarket fruit has been known to feature

ads.

The most dangerous ads, as far as I'm concerned, are the new prescription drug ads, because they teach people to be sick. Madison Avenue has done a stellar job training us to need deodorant, mouthwash, and Domino's two-for-one pizzas. Now, they're breaking new ground by training us to be sick. Steven Pressfield, best-selling author of *The Legend of Bagger Vance* and other books, says his former ad-agency boss instructed him to "invent a disease" because "then we can sell the hell out of its cure."

3. Other people's heads. Like radio waves that fly around in the atmosphere, other people's thoughts constantly bombard you. You unconsciously pick up the thoughts of your family, your culture, and your religion, even if you don't actively practice it.

I once met a guy who had invented dozens of products, including many that you and I use on a daily basis. He was regularly dubbed a "genius." But if you gave him the "No Child Left Behind" test, he'd have been sent back to first grade. The guy never learned to read. And he said that was intentional.

"If I had learned to read," he said, "I'd pick up other people's ideas and cement those in my head. I choose not to bother with the interference."

This is probably the place where I should mention I'm not advocating illiteracy, just making a point that the less interference from a crazy, thought-filled world, the better your access to the FP. In fact, the reason all the spiritual *bigwigs* meditate is because it helps them avoid the interference.

4. Your own head. Despite what you may think you're thinking, it's quite likely there's an even bigger thought getting in the way. Unfortunately, all of us have an underlying sound track that goes something like this:

*There's something wrong with me.
I'm not good enough.
I have no talent.
I don't deserve it.
I can't do it.
It's too hard.*

Sweeping negative statements like these are what we call false prayers, the default beliefs to which you march in obedience. The good news is they're not true. The bad news is they operate *as if* they were true. They're your own personal amulet that you unwittingly carry everywhere you go. You wouldn't dream of plowing through life without them because, well, they're just so ... familiar.

When I first began writing for magazines, I had an inferiority complex that wouldn't have fit in Shea Stadium. Because I was from a small town in the Midwest, I couldn't imagine I had anything to say to a fancy editor from New York. Although I sent query after query pitching my ideas, I didn't really expect to sell too many. After all, I just "knew" there weren't enough assignments to go around. At best, I figured I might be able to sneak a few under the radar.

Needless to say, I got a lot of rejection letters, so many that I probably could have wallpapered the city of Cincinnati, should it have needed wallpaper. The editors didn't exactly tell me to drop dead, but they didn't encourage me to keep writing, either.

Then I read a book called *Write for Your Life*, by Lawrence Block. In the early '80s, when Block's column for *Writer's Digest* was at the height of its popularity, he and his wife, Lynn, decided to throw a series of seminars for writer wannabes.

was that it would be published,” he says.

And then he wrote a memoir about his childhood.

“And this, I decided, needed to be a *New York Times* bestseller, high on the list. It needed to be translated into a dozen languages and optioned for film,” he writes.

His agent suggested he tone down his ambitions.

“I understood his point of view,” Augusten explains. “I also understood that the book would be huge, not because it was exceptionally well written ... [but] because it had to be a bestseller, so I could quit my loathsome advertising job and write full time.”

Augusten’s memoir *Running with Scissors* spent over 70 consecutive weeks on the *New York Times* bestseller list. At last count, it has been published in over 15 countries, and was made into a film starring the incomparable Annette Bening.

“Luck? The greedy wishes of a desperate man randomly filled?” says Augusten. “No. There are no accidents.”

Pray? Who, Me?

“It’s bigger than the both of us, Ollie.”

—STAN LAUREL, ENGLISH COMIC ACTOR

People often tell me, “I don’t pray. It’s a waste of time. It’s like believing in Santa Claus or the tooth fairy.” My response? It’s impossible to stop praying. Can’t be done. Thomas Merton, the Christian mystic, said that “we pray by breathing.”

Take Al Unser, for example. He didn’t call it praying, but when he won his fourth Indianapolis 500 race, five days before his 48th birthday, he demonstrated the true power of prayer.

That year—1987, to be exact—he had been unceremoniously dumped from his race team even though he’d won the Indy 500 three times before. For the first time in 22 years, it looked as if he’d be forced to watch the famous race from the sidelines. His sponsors and pretty much everyone else wrote him off as “all washed up.”

But in his mind, in every thought he possessed, Unser knew he was not too old to race. He knew he could still win. That “prayer” was so strong that when Danny Ongais, one of the drivers who had replaced him on the team, banged himself up in practice, Unser was brought in to race a backup car, a used March-Cosworth.

Nobody except him expected anything. Not only was he driving an older-model car, but when the familiar “Gentlemen, start your engines!” rang through the PA system, Unser was stuck back in the 20th position.

But that didn’t faze the three-time winner. In every fiber of his being, he saw himself winning. He expected nothing but victory. Finally, on the 183rd lap, he worked his way up the field, crossing the line for his fourth Indianapolis 500 title. Al Unser never had a doubt. Every single thought “prayed” for victory.

Or think of the mother who, having never before picked up anything heavier than a grocery bag full of frozen foods, suddenly lifts a two-ton Plymouth off her six-year-old son, pinned underneath. At that moment, she is so thoroughly engrossed in her urgent need to free her precious child that she has no room for other thoughts. *I’ve got to move that car* is the only “prayer” in her mind. She does not remember, anywhere in her mind, that such an act is impossible.

The Method

“We are powerfully imprisoned by the terms in which we have been conducted to think.”

—BUCKMINSTER FULLER, AMERICAN INVENTOR AND FUTURIST

In this experiment, using nothing but the power of your thoughts, you will magnetize something into your life. You will set an intention to draw a particular event or thing into your life. Be specific down to the exact make and model.

Since you’ve only got 48 hours, it’s probably best to pick something that won’t drive your thoughts back to “Biloxi.” For example, if you decide to manifest a BMW Z3 2.8 Roadster, it’s quite possible your predominant thoughts will be *Yeah right, eat my shorts*. Needless to say, thoughts like that won’t take you all the way to New Orleans. Not that you couldn’t manifest a BMW Z3 Roadster (there are gurus in India who pluck jewels from thin air), but, for the sake of paradigm shifting, let’s start with baby steps. Pick something you can get your mind around, like a front-row theater ticket. Or flowers from your significant other.

My friend Chuck tried this experiment, and decided to be a wiseass. He wanted to sleep with two girls at one time. Sure enough, by the end of his 48 hours, he met a new woman (whom he now dates) and ended up in bed with her and her six-year-old daughter, who crawled in for a quick snuggle with her mom.

That’s why it’s important to be specific. And to realize that the FP has a great sense of humor.



Lab Report Sheet

The Principle: The Abracadabra Principle

The Theory: Whatever you focus on expands.

The Question: Can I pull things out of thin air simply by thinking about them?

The Hypothesis: By making the following intention and focusing on its outcome, I can draw it into my life.

My Intention: _____

Time Required: 48 hours

The Approach: I have scanned over the big catalog called the world and, for the sake of this experiment, have decided that this is what I intend to manifest in the next 48 hours. I will focus on it with all my being. And I will remember what Abraham-Hicks likes to say: "It is as easy to manifest a castle as a button."

Today's Date: _____ **Time:** _____

Deadline for Manifesting: _____

Research Notes: _____



"A great many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices."

—WILLIAM JAMES, AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGIST AND PHILOSOPHER



EXPERIMENT #5

THE DEAR ABBY PRINCIPLE:

Your Connection to the Field Provides Accurate and Unlimited Guidance

“I have often wished that when ... struggling with a decision or dilemma that the clouds would part, and a cosmic Charlton Heston-type voice would invite us to the second floor, where the Librarian of Life would sit with us for several hours, patiently answering all our questions and giving direction.”

—HENRIETTE ANNE KLAUSER,
AUTHOR OF *WRITE IT DOWN, MAKE IT HAPPEN*

The Premise

Inner guidance is constantly available. There’s never a time—never has been, never will be—when you can’t get inner assistance. For anything.

Relying on any other decision-making tool is asking for trouble. The “monkey mind”—a Buddhist term for the distractible rattle, buzz-buzz, *what-should-I-do-what-do-I-do?*—was never designed to solve problems. It’s like using a pair of fingernail clippers to cut the lawn. Yet, that’s where most of us get our guidance—from a left cerebral hemisphere that’s prone to misjudgment, faulty interpretations, and major fabrications.

The conscious mind was designed for just two things—to identify problems and formulate goals.

Anyone harnessing the mind properly would use it to define a problem or set an intention and then quickly jump back, Jack. That’s it. That’s all the cerebral cortex is good for. Planting seeds. But instead, the conscious mind decides to get involved, to weigh the pros and cons, to come to “rational decisions,” gut feelings be damned.

No sooner does the conscious mind define the problem or set the intention than it begins the yammer, the on and on about how big the problem is and why it’s not likely to get solved anytime soon and how that intention sounds cool, but ... *Geez, I’ve been there, done that, and it sure as heck didn’t pan out last time.* Suffice it to say, this spin doctor in the brain is not your best resource. It judges, distorts reality, and causes unnecessary emotional distress.

Let’s say Jane uses her conscious mind to create the intention of improving her relationship with her husband. Perfect! Great job! Except that instead of pulling back and letting the intention flower, instead of temporarily shelving the conscious mind and turning to a source that could really offer some assistance, Jane’s conscious mind begins

creating “rational” conclusions, begins considering options. Before long, it’s screaming, “Don’t get me started.”

And from there the cacophony of voices begins to sound as discordant as a band of rock-star wannabes jamming in their parents’ garage:

“My relationship with my husband is a charade.”

“My husband is needy and lazy.”

“I’ll never get what I want.”

In other words, the conscious mind starts interpreting. The problem is, it can’t see past its nose or past the preordained decisions it made before it was old enough to know better. The results can be messy, capricious, and cruel.

A better solution is to use those fingernail clippers for what they’re designed for, put them back in the medicine cabinet, and get out a tool that’s better equipped for mowing the lawn—inner guidance.

Once you get the hang of it, you’ll find it’s extremely reliable. Plus, its answers are far more peaceful, instinctive, and responsive to all the unpredictable factors that the conscious mind can’t begin to understand.

Inner Guidance Comes in Many Packages

“I have no idea what the source of my inner voice is. I certainly do not believe it is the voice of Jesus Christ, or a dead ancestor with a quavery Irish brogue, or a high-ranking Pleiadian sending me psychic data packets from a spaceship—although that last notion would be especially fun.”

—D. PATRICK MILLER, FOUNDER OF FEARLESS BOOKS

Sometimes inner guidance comes completely unbidden. Like the night I was fretting about my newborn daughter’s 106-degree temperature. I was pacing the floor with Tasman in my arms, frantic with worry, and completely baffled as to how to bring the raging fever under control. It was around 3 a.m., and while my friends always say “Call me anytime night or day,” and probably even mean it, I couldn’t bring myself to do it. Instead, I walked back and forth across our little apartment. Suddenly, a voice of startling clarity surfaced in my mind. It said, *I didn’t give you this great gift just to take it away.* I knew at that moment all would be well.

Sometimes inner guidance offers messages as distinct as those eight-ball fortune-telling toys. My friend Darlene had what at the time seemed like a rather foolish vision. She felt guided to apply for a music director position at her church in North Carolina. Sounded good except for one small detail: she had absolutely no musical training and could only play the alto sax—badly. Sure, she loved to sing, but loving to sing and getting a team of musicians to play instruments and singers to create harmony are two different record albums. Her conscious mind started its spin-doctoring: *Darlene, you are just plum nuts. Why would God—or anyone else—want you to lead a music team?*

So she agreed to give it one last shot—a shot from half court, no less—after which time she reassured herself she’d file the vision where it probably belonged—in the local dumpster.

She made the following bargain with her inner guidance: *If you really want me to lead the music team, have me run into either the minister, the board president, or the pianist by the end of today.* Since it was Monday and church was already sealed and delivered for that week, she figured she was safe. After all, she worked all day, and the odds of running

into one of those three people in her neighborhood were next to zilch.

On the way home from work, she stopped for groceries. She walked up to the checkout line when she heard a voice: “Yoo-hoo, Darlene. What are you doing here?”

It wasn’t an ethereal voice from the deep like the reassuring voice that comforted me at 3 a.m. It was the voice of Mary Jenkins, board president, who was waiting in line ahead of Darlene.

The point is that guidance comes in all packages. For many years, just before he went to sleep Napoleon Hill, author of the classic *Think and Grow Rich*, would call an imaginary council meeting of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Paine, Thomas Edison, Charles Darwin, Abraham Lincoln, Luther Burbank, Henry Ford, Napoléon, and Andrew Carnegie. As chairman of this imaginary cabinet, Hill was able to ask questions and get advice.

After some months of these nighttime proceedings, Hill was astounded that the appointees on his cabinet developed individual characteristics. Lincoln, for example, began arriving late, then walking around in solemn parade. Burbank and Paine often engaged in witty repartee.

“These experiences became so realistic that I became fearful of their consequences, and discontinued them,” Hill admitted in *Think and Grow Rich*.

Like many people who receive unusual inner guidance, Hill was reluctant to admit to his nightly council meetings.

But he did say this: “While the members of my Cabinet may be purely fictional ... they have led me into glorious paths of adventure, rekindled an appreciation of true greatness, encouraged creative endeavor, and emboldened the expression of honest thought.”

Inner guidance can come in any package you’re open enough to hear. Some of us need a big whack on the side of the head. Others are more like Gary Renard, author of *The Disappearance of the Universe*, who with his extremely open mind, got guidance from a pair of ascended masters who showed up one night while he was watching TV.

Michael Beckwith, before he became a powerful New Thought minister at the Agape International Spiritual Center near Los Angeles, saw a vision of a scroll unroll that read, “Michael Beckwith to speak at the Tacoma Church of Religious Science.” When the Tacoma pastor called, saying, “Hey, Michael, we’d like you to come speak at our church,” Michael said, “I know.”

We Put Our Inner Guidance on the No-Call List

“One of the main functions of formalized religions is to protect people against a direct experience of God.”

—CARL JUNG, SWISS PSYCHIATRIST

Unfortunately, most of us have restricted the guidance we’ll let in. We’ve decided that neon signs, telegrams, and sealed letters from God are okay, but everything else is, well, just a bit too frightening.

Hell, we’d be scared witless if a scroll unrolled in front of us or an ascended master stepped in front of the TV during an episode of *Mad Men*. Our neural pathways have said, “Uh-uh, not me, I’m not up for that.” If some angel showed up at the foot of our bed, we’d probably call the police.

It has to be challenging for our inner guidance. How would you feel if someone asked you a question and then turned his or her back, ignoring everything you said? We’re like

five-year-olds with our fingers in our ears going “la-la-la-la-la.”

You wouldn't just pick up your phone when it rings and start talking loudly. You'd say “Hello” and listen to the person on the other end of the line. Here we are accusing the higher force of not giving us clear guidance and we're the ones with our damned phones off the hook.

When Neale Donald Walsch first sat down with a pen in his hand and some tough questions in his heart, he was shell-shocked when a voice he presumed to be God answered back, “Do you really want to know the answer? Or are you just ranting?” Walsch, who somewhat hesitantly agreed to play along, said, “Well, both. And if you've got answers, I'd love to hear them.”

Where did we ever pick up the foolhardy notion that inner guidance was restricted to a lucky few? A lot of it goes back to those myths we believe about God. That he's oh-so-mysterious and only on call on Sundays. The part that was left out is that our inner guidance is reliable and constantly available. It's there anytime you choose to listen, same as CNN is on anytime you decide to switch on the TV. It's that reliable.

And you are free to put it on the spot, to demand clear answers. Now.

Anecdotal Evidence

“No matter how much evidence you have, over time you tend to block out experiences that aren't ‘normal.’”

—MARTHA BECK, O MAGAZINE COLUMNIST

Michael Beckwith, the guy I mentioned earlier who had a vision of a scroll, was looking up at a windmill one day. This is before he became a minister, when he wasn't completely convinced that his decision to pursue a Godly calling was the right one. He said point-blank, “Look, God, if you're listening, if this is what you really want for me, have that windmill point in my direction.”

Even though it was a windy day and the windmill was spinning very fast in the other direction, no sooner did he say that than the windmill stopped rotating on its normal axis and pointed straight at him.

Of course, he'd already had one or two mind-blowing experiences. To put himself through school (this is back when he wanted to be a doctor), Beckwith sold drugs—just to his friends, of course. Since he was a gregarious, open kind of guy, let's just say his business flourished. His marijuana dealership grew to both coasts, and convinced him that if he played his cards right, he could retire completely by the age of 24.

But he knew something was off. His inner guidance kept prodding, giving him bizarre dreams, strongly suggesting there had to be a better way. He decided on his own to give up drugs, to follow that “better way.” He told all his friends that it was over: he was retiring. On his final drug deal (the one that would get rid of the last of his supplies), he was busted by federal agents. Now, keep in mind that not only did he have in his possession 100 pounds of pot, but he also had large sums of cash, guns, and hot cameras.

Still, his inner voice told him, “Everything is going to be okay.”

As he prepared for trial, his friends thought he was crazy. “Why aren't you fretting, pacing the floor, thinking up strategies for getting out of this bad rap?” they asked him.

“I was guilty,” he says. “But I was also assured by God that everything was going to be okay.”

By that time, he'd seen a grander vision. He went to trial (his attorney was Robert Shapiro, pre-O.J. days, then just launching his career), peaceful and believing that no

matter what, he was loved and cared for by this very real presence. Sure enough, he got off on a technicality, and when the judge freed him with the comment that he never wanted to see him again, Michael knew that he never would.

Sometimes, the field of infinite possibilities even manages to get through to people who scoff at it. In 1975 Gerald Jampolsky, at the time a successful California psychiatrist on the “outside,” was falling apart on the inside. His 20-year marriage had ended. He was drinking heavily. He developed chronic, disabling back pain. Of course, it never dawned on him to seek higher guidance.

As he says, “I was the last person to be interested in a thought system that used words like *God* and *love*.”

But nonetheless, when he first saw *A Course in Miracles*, the book I’ve mentioned a few times that teaches personal transformation by choosing love rather than fear, he heard a voice clearly tell him, “Physician, heal thyself. This is your way home.”

And of course, it was. Jampolsky has gone on to write many books. He lectures widely on the principles of *A Course in Miracles*, and he even started a center in Sausalito, California, for people with life-threatening illnesses.

Immediate, direct guidance is available 24/7. But instead of paying attention, we taught ourselves the most unnatural habit of not listening. It’s like the foreign-exchange student who didn’t grow up around technology and has no idea that the phone beside his bed could hook him up with that cute girl in his biology class. He thinks he has to wait until tomorrow to talk to her. It’s like that overlooked space heater I mentioned in the Preface.

More Anecdotal Evidence

“If only God would give me a clear sign. Like making a large deposit in my name at a Swiss bank.”

—WOODY ALLEN,
AMERICAN FILMMAKER

When she was 25, actress Jamie Lee Curtis was hanging out in her recently purchased Los Angeles apartment with her friend Debra Hill. Debra, who had produced *Halloween*, the spooky movie that launched Curtis’s career, had brought over the current issue of *Rolling Stone* magazine as a housewarming gift. They were flipping through the magazine and chatting optimistically about the end of Jamie Lee’s most recent relationship when they saw a photograph of three men.

Jamie Lee pointed to the man on the right, who was wearing a plaid shirt and a waggish smirk, and told Debra, “I’m going to marry that man.”

She’d never seen him before and had no idea who he was, but something inside told her he was “the one.”

“That’s Christopher Guest,” Debra said. “He’s in a funny new movie called *This Is Spinal Tap*. I know his agent.”

Jamie Lee, awestruck by this very clear churning in her gut, called the agent the next day, gave him her number, and told him to have Chris call her if he was interested.

He never called.

Several months later, while at Hugo’s, a popular West Hollywood restaurant, Jamie Lee glanced up to find herself staring straight at the guy from the magazine, who was only three tables away. He waved as if to say, “I’m the guy you called.” She waved back.

Hmm, she thought. *Interesting*. Except a few minutes later, he got up to leave. He

shrugged, waved, and walked out the door. Jamie Lee looked down at her plate, kicking herself for believing in something as stupid as “inner guidance.”

But the next day, her phone rang. It was Chris Guest and he wanted to set up a date. Four days later, at Chianti Ristorante on Melrose, they met for dinner. By the time Guest left for New York to tape an episode of *Saturday Night Live* just over one month later, they’d fallen deeply, passionately in love.

Soon after, when they were talking on the phone, Chris said to Jamie, “I was out walking along Fifth Avenue today.”

“Oh yeah,” Jamie said. “What’d you do there?”

“Ah, do you like diamonds?” he asked.

They were married on December 18, 1984, eight months after Jamie Lee Curtis got that initial guidance.

The Method

“Parting the Red Sea, and turning water to blood, the burning bush ... nothing like that was going on now. Not even in New York City.”

—MICHAEL CRICHTON, AUTHOR OF *JURASSIC PARK*

In this experiment, we’ll prove that the guidance received by Jamie Lee Curtis and others is not some weird, *Twilight Zone*-like anomaly, but a very real and ongoing tool that all of us can use at any time.

You’ll spend 48 hours expecting a specific, concrete answer to a specific, concrete question. It can be as simple as whether to adopt a new Siamese kitten or as complicated as whether or not to take a job offer. Either way, give your inner guidance 48 hours to spell it out. But watch out. I tried this once and got fired. In retrospect, however, it was the perfect answer, maybe the only one I could hear to the question I’d asked: “Is it time to launch my freelance writing career?”

Choose an issue that is troubling you, something that has a yes or no answer, something on which you’re really confused and don’t know what to do. I know you’re thinking of something right now, doesn’t matter what it is. That issue will work. Look at your watch.

Ask for a clear, non-debatable answer and ask for it to show up within the next 48 hours. It might show up immediately. It might take only a day, but within 48 hours, expect to have a neon sign of an answer.

It’s your job to set the intention and the time frame. The FP will do the rest.

Stan (remember the cute former surfer from Esalen I mentioned in the Preface?) had lost his job. To make matters worse, his girlfriend of three years decided it was time to move on. Needless to say, he had some pretty serious decisions to make. First on the agenda, Stan decided, was to find a way to make some money. But he had no idea what he wanted to do. I reminded him there was a divine plan for his life and that it would be revealed if he simply set the intention and a clear deadline.

Stan said something like this: “Hey, dude, if it’s true you have a plan for my life, I could use a directional pointer. I don’t have a lot of time, so by Friday morning, I want to know just what you have in mind for me.”

On Thursday afternoon, Stan was sitting in the hot springs with a man he’d never met. The man happened to mention he was opening a self-improvement center out in Pennsylvania’s Laurel Highlands and was looking for someone to run the place. Stan immediately felt a buzz and, sure enough, less than 30 minutes later, he was offered the job, even though the sum total of his job experience at a self-improvement center was that



EXPERIMENT #6

THE SUPERHERO PRINCIPLE: Your Thoughts and Consciousness Impact Matter

“The course of the world is not predetermined by physical laws ... the mind has the power to affect groups of atoms and even tamper with the odds of atomic behavior.”

—SIR ARTHUR STANLEY EDDINGTON,
ENGLISH MATHEMATICIAN AND ASTROPHYSICIST

The Premise

Japanese scientist Dr. Masaru Emoto spent 15 years researching the effects of human speech, thoughts, and emotions on physical matter. Dr. Emoto chose one of matter’s four traditional elements—water—to see how it responds to words, music, prayers, and blessings. Using more than 10,000 samples of water, Emoto and his research assistants spoke to, played music for, and asked monks to recite prayers over the water. The samples were then frozen, and the resulting ice crystals were examined under a microscope.

In case you’re wondering what water has to do with anything, dig this: Water is present everywhere—even in the air—and since the human body and, indeed, the earth consist of 70 percent water, it stands to reason that if words and thoughts impact water on its own, they will also affect larger, more complex systems also made up of water.

What Emoto found is that when scientists treated the water “kindly,” by saying such things as “I love you” and “thank you,” the resulting water crystals became clear and beautifully formed. But when Emoto and his team talked negatively to the water, screaming such snide comments as “I hate you!” or “You idiot!” the crystals formed dark, ugly holes. When Elvis Presley’s “Heartbreak Hotel” was played, the resulting frozen crystal split in two.

In one photo, he shows how a sample from the dam at Fujiwara Lake, starting out as a dark and amorphous blob, is completely transformed after a priest prays over it for just one hour. The ugly crystal turned into a clear, bright-white hexagonal crystal-within-a-crystal. He also found that prayer could create new types of crystals that had never before been seen.

We in the West are not taught about energy and the power of our body/mind. Instead of being trained to tune in to our innate intelligence, we’re told, “Here’s a doctor. Here’s a nurse. When something’s wrong, consult with them.” Coaches tell us if we’re good enough to make the basketball team. Teachers tell us if our art is up to snuff. We’re taught to turn over our power to forces outside ourselves.

The Power of Perception

“My mind is a bad neighborhood I try not to go into alone.”

—ANNE LAMOTT, AMERICAN AUTHOR

When I was born on February 17, 1956, my father took one look at me, lying there helplessly in my pink basinet, and announced to my mother that I was the ugliest baby he had ever seen. Needless to say, my mother was devastated. And for me, a minutes-old human being, it was decided that beauty—or lack thereof—was destined to color every moment of my life.

My dad’s life-changing indictment was prompted by my nose, which was plastered to my face like a roadkill possum. After my mother was in labor for 18 grueling hours, her obstetrician decided to intervene with a pair of cold metal forceps. In the battle between the forceps and me, my nose got flattened.

Gradually, the nose bounced back to normal, but my fragile ego remained disfigured. I desperately wanted to be beautiful. I wanted to prove to my father that I was acceptable and to make up to my mother for the embarrassment I caused her.

I scoured beauty magazines, studying the models like a biologist studies cells. I rolled my hair with orange-juice cans and ordered green face masks and blackhead pumps from the back of *Seventeen* magazine. I saved my allowance to buy a set of Clairol electric rollers. I wore gloves to bed to keep the hand-softening Vaseline from staining the sheets. I even clipped “interesting” hairstyles from the Montgomery Ward catalog, pasting them to the back page of my own personal “beauty book.”

This personal beauty book, besides the 50 heads with different hairstyles, listed my beauty goals: reduce my waist by five inches, increase my bust size by six inches, grow my hair, and so on. I even included a page with plans for accomplishing each goal. To reduce my waist, for example, I would do 50 sit-ups each day, limit my morning pancake consumption to two, and give up Milky Way bars.

Despite my well-meaning attempts, I remained less than beautiful. No matter what I did, I never could seem to get my looks together. How could I? My very existence centered around my dad’s ugly-baby statement. It was the first sentence about my life, the proclamation around which my very life revolved. To go against it would dishonor everything I knew—my dad, my mom, myself.

Things went from bad to worse. By sixth grade, my eyesight weakened and I was forced to wear a pair of black horn-rimmed glasses. By ninth grade, when I finally convinced Dad to invest in contact lenses, a definite beauty booster, my face immediately broke out in a connect-the-dots puzzle of pimples. All my babysitting money went for Clearasil, astringent, and Angel Face Makeup. One summer, after I heard zits were caused by chocolates and soft drinks, I even gave up Coca-Cola and candy bars.

And if that wasn’t bad enough, my sister, who had the good fortune to escape both the forceps and the ugliness indictment, pointed out that my front teeth were crooked. Once again, I campaigned for family funds to install braces.

The sad thing about all this work and effort is that it was futile. I had no idea that until I changed the deep-seated thoughts about myself, I’d remain “ugly.” I could have exercised, applied makeup, and rolled my hair unto eternity, but as long as my dad’s indictment was the thought virus on which I operated, I was destined to be the “ugliest baby” he’d ever seen. Oh, sure, I made temporary progress. I’d clear up my complexion or grow my hair or straighten my teeth, but before long, something else would happen to resume the old familiar “ugliness.”

You see, my body had no choice but to follow the blueprints my thoughts had given it.

About this time, I discovered self-help books. It was an inevitable meeting. Any college freshman who thinks she closely resembles Frankenstein needs all the self-esteem boosting she can find.

I started with *Your Erroneous Zones*, by Dr. Wayne Dyer. I read Barbara Walters's book on how to make conversation. I learned how to win friends and influence people, how to empower myself with positive thinking, and how to think and grow rich. All the reading eventually started to change the way I felt about myself. I actually started finding things I liked.

Even things about my looks. I was tall, for one thing, which meant I could more or less eat anything I wanted and not gain weight. And my thick hair was an asset. And my best friend's mother said I had perfectly shaped eyebrows. Instead of looking for things I disliked, I started concentrating on things I *liked*. Like magic, my looks started improving. As I gave up the limiting thoughts, I began to see my own beauty. The less I chastised that poor little ogre in the mirror, the more she started to change. The less I *tried* to change myself, the more I changed.

Miraculously, my eyesight returned to normal. I was finally able to throw away the Coke-bottle glasses and the contacts. The complexion from hell cleared up, and my teeth, after months of using a retainer, began to match the even teeth of the other members of my family. In fact, the only time I felt grotesquely ugly was when I'd visit my dad and his second wife.

Although I didn't realize it at the time, I was changing my "looks" during those visits to satisfy my dad's belief about me—or rather what I thought were his beliefs about me. I now know my dad's remark was simply an offhand comment. He meant no harm.

But because I didn't know it at the time, I took his ugly-baby comment to heart and acted it out in rich, vivid detail.

Even the poor eyesight, which some might argue is a genetic propensity, was solely my creation. Nobody else in my family (there were five of us) ever wore glasses. Everyone else had 20/20i vision. Likewise, nobody else in my family wore braces. They all had picture-perfect teeth.

Anecdotal Evidence

"Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing. From this hour, I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines."

—WALT WHITMAN, AMERICAN POET

Sickness is optional. I should probably have my head examined for including this section in the book. You'll notice I've hidden it in the middle of a long chapter near the back.

It's not that you haven't heard ideas like this before—that so-and-so's cancer was caused by unresolved anger or that stress can turn hair white overnight. But what I'm going so far as to say is that we've been led down the garden path by a bloated, greedy medical system that has convinced us that disease is inevitable. I am not knocking doctors, nurses, or other medical personnel, 99.9 percent of whom are caring, committed, and well-meaning. No, they're just as hoodwinked as we are.

What I'm suggesting is that the erroneous consciousness of all of us has resulted in major "computer glitches." Instead of seeing sickness as a problem, something to correct, we accept it as a fact of life. We've all agreed to this arbitrary set of rules that says

sickness can't be escaped, illness is natural. Most of us can't even imagine perfect health.

Long ago, our minds established this false pattern of perception. Once a mind thinks it can't do some task (like unclog an artery), it informs the brain that it can't do it, which in turn informs the muscles. The "virus" in our consciousness has limited our ability to utilize our bodies' great wisdom.

But our belief in the inevitability of a degenerating body only seems real because we've believed it to be real for so long. Dr. Alexis Carrel, a French physician and Nobel Prize winner, demonstrated that cells can be kept alive indefinitely. His research proved "there's no reason cells need to degenerate. Ever."

"The education we all get is that we have no power, that we don't know anything," explains Meir Schneider, a man who cured himself of blindness, "but it's not true. Within each of us is everything we need to know."

When he was born in Lviv, Ukraine, in 1954, Schneider was cross-eyed and had glaucoma, astigmatism, nystagmus, and several other hard-to-pronounce diseases that affect the eyes. His cataracts were so severe that he was forced to endure five major surgeries before he turned seven. The last one broke the lens on his eyeball, and by the time he was in second grade, he was declared legally blind. So much for modern medicine.

When Schneider was 17, he met a kid named Isaac with a different message than that of the doctors and surgeons. Isaac, who was a year younger than he was, actually had the gall to tell him, "If you want, you can train yourself to see."

No one had ever had that kind of faith before. All Schneider had ever heard before this was, "you poor, poor blind thing."

Meir Schneider's family, like any good, sympathetic family, discouraged him from getting his hopes up. "Sure, try the exercises," they said, "but don't forget—you're a blind kid." Within a year, as Isaac predicted, Meir began to see—not a lot at first, but enough to believe that maybe this 16-year-old kid knew more than the doctors who wrote him off as blind and inoperable.

Eventually Schneider gained enough vision to read, walk, run, and even drive. Today, he proudly possesses a California driver's license, and he operates a self-healing center.

"Blind people," he says, "become more blind because they aren't expected to see. They're thrown into a category."

Furthermore, he can't understand why an optimistic concept sounds so bizarre to most people.

When Barbra Streisand was a young girl growing up in Brooklyn, she fell in love with the movies. She wanted nothing more than to be a glamorous movie star. Unfortunately, her widowed mother was dirt-poor, and Barbra wasn't exactly Grace Kelly material. Any reasonable career counselor would have encouraged her to pursue a different goal. "After all, honey, you have an unconventional nose and ... well, how can I put this politely? You being an actress is like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar wanting to be a jockey."

But Barbra's intentions were so strong that I believe she manipulated circumstances through the only pathway she could—by manifesting a voice so powerful that it led to stardom on Broadway and eventually to the movies.

Roll your eyes and call me deluded, but here are the facts: no one else in Barbra's family could sing. No one else had any musical talent.

Matter Does Not Control You—You Control Matter

"We would rather be ruined than changed. We would rather die in our dread than climb

the cross of the moment and let our illusions die.”

—W. H. AUDEN, ANGLO-AMERICAN POET

When Terry McBride was 22, he ruptured a disk in his back while working construction. After a year of visiting a chiropractor and trying osteopathy and muscle relaxers, he decided to take the suggestion of an orthopedic surgeon who thought he should have his spine fused.

“I was told I’d be in the hospital for a couple weeks, home for a couple of weeks, in a brace for six months, and then as good as new,” McBride explained at a talk I once heard him give.

Two days after the surgery, he came down with a dangerously high fever. He was rushed back to the hospital where doctors discovered that somehow during the surgery he had contracted the *E. coli* bacteria. During the next year, he had eight surgical procedures to try to get rid of the spreading infection. By the fifth surgery, he was transferred to the teaching hospital at University of Washington, where, as he notes, “I was a celebrity. I had the worst case of osteomyelitis they’d ever seen.”

On the night before yet another surgery, his team of doctors walked somberly into his room. They’d finally gotten accurate x-rays, which showed the infection was no longer just in his spine. It had spread to his pelvis and abdomen, and down both legs. To get rid of it, they said, they were going to have to cut him open from end to end. They said that by doing this procedure, they could virtually guarantee they’d get rid of the infection. But they could also guarantee that he’d lose the use of his right leg.

“Now, I’d studied under one of the great metaphysicians—John Wayne—and when someone in the movies told the Duke they had to remove his leg, he said, ‘That’s okay, do it anyway,’” McBride points out. But then the doctor went on to say that if the infection were as bad as they all thought, he could also lose his *left* foot and control of his bowels and bladder, and there was a good chance he’d end up sexually impotent.

“Quite honestly,” McBride says, “that’s where they made their mistake.”

“Now I don’t know about you, but I showed up on this planet as a happy little boy who liked myself. But it didn’t take long to learn that the people in authority knew more about me than I did. I learned that I needed to pay attention and that it was the teachers who were going to tell me how good I was in school. The coaches were gonna decide if I had any athletic ability. I learned early on to look outside myself for who I was.

“Now, I probably would have given them a leg,” McBride continues. “But when those doctors started insisting that there was no possible way to come out of this surgery whole, I decided right then and there that nobody was going to tell me who I was. I decided that very night that no longer was anyone with a fancy name badge going to determine my destiny.”

It was the night that changed his life. McBride, who had been studying spiritual principles, announced to the whole room (the team of five doctors, his wife, and his two-year-old daughter) that there was a power in the universe and he was going to use it to make him whole and free.

When he had first started saying such things, everybody had remarked, “Right on! Hold fast to your dreams.” But after ten surgeries, people began urging him to “face reality,” to quit focusing on his petty, ego-centered personal priorities.

“We’re talking petty, ego-centered personal priorities such as having a body that was disease free, a back that was strong enough to pick up my daughter, petty, ego-centered priorities like going to the bathroom without a plastic bag,” he says. “Some people started suggesting that maybe perfect health wasn’t part of God’s plan.”

“Even as a good fundamentalist, I couldn’t buy that I deserved eighteen surgeries. Maybe I’d sinned enough for four or five, but not eighteen,” McBride explains.

He was sent to talk to the hospital psychiatrist who sat him down and said, “Son, it’s time to take off the rose-colored glasses. Now you think that to be a man, you’ve got to be able to stand on two legs, to fight in the war like your father did, but it’s time to come work with me, to learn to accept that you’re going to spend the rest of your life in a wheelchair.”

He showed him his medical records, which clearly stated: “Terry McBride’s problems are not curable. He will have permanent disability and ongoing surgeries for the rest of his life.”

“But I’m not my medical records,” McBride insisted. “I’m not my past. There is a power in me. I live in a spiritual universe and spiritual law can set me free.”

“Don’t you think your body would have healed by now if it was going to be healed?” the psychiatrist asked.

But McBride refused to give up. He went on to have 30 major surgeries over the course of 11 years, and wore a colostomy bag. All the while he continued to affirm that health and wholeness was his spiritual destiny.

Finally, long after most of us would have given up, he walked out of the hospital a free and whole strapping young man. Today, he travels the country speaking about his journey, teaching people the truth about their divine magnificence.

As he says, “We are already free. The infinite power of God will back up our belief in sickness and want if that’s what we choose. But we can also change our beliefs to health, love, joy, and peace. It’s time to claim our oneness with God, to step boldly into our lives. You are God and this is the truth that will set you free.”

The Method

“There are no limitations to the self except those you believe in.”

—SETH, DISEMBODIED TEACHER CHanneled BY JANE ROBERTS

Since we don’t have access to all of Masaru Emoto’s microscopes and research assistants, we’re going to affect matter by duplicating an experiment you might have tried back in grade school—namely, sprouting green-bean seeds. Dr. Larry Dossey, in more than a half dozen books on prayer, has detailed fastidiously precise medical studies that have proven that intention on a particular physical outcome affects everything from rye seeds to women with breast cancer. Again, we’re beginners, so we’re going to start with green beans.

Equipment:

- Cardboard egg carton
- Potting soil
- Green-bean seeds

Instructions: Plant two beans in each of the 12 slots of the egg carton, and place it near a window. Water the plants every couple of days. Make the following conscious intention: *With my innate energy, I will that the beans on the left side of the egg carton grow faster than the beans on the right.*

Write down your observations for the next seven days. *Voilà*—by the end of the week,



EXPERIMENT #7

THE JENNY CRAIG PRINCIPLE:

Your Thoughts and Consciousness Provide the Scaffolding for Your Physical Body

“Your body is simply a living expression of your point of view about the world.”

—CARL FREDERICK,
AUTHOR OF *EST PLAYING THE GAME: THE NEW WAY*

The Premise

The environment in which you live responds to your thoughts and emotions. To prove this in a very observable fashion, you’re going to use your bathroom scale. Yes, this is the experiment where you offer your body up to science. But don’t worry. It’s just for three days. And the end result is something 90 percent of us, at least according to a study at Cornell University, are actively trying to do anyway: lose weight. For those two or three lucky devils who are hoping to *gain* weight, well, you can expect an increase in your health and vitality.

Your food, like everything else in the world, is infused with energy, and by working with it instead of fighting against it (as most of us do in our obsession to lose weight), you’ll easily drop a pound or two without changing a single thing.

The specific premise for this experiment is that the energy provided by your food is affected by what you say and think. Those items on your dinner plate are not static lumps of nutrition, but rather morsels of dynamic energy that eavesdrop on every one of your intentions. And while nutritionists can’t exactly quantify your thoughts to include them on food labels, they probably should if they want to make an accurate assessment of what that can of pork and beans or that package of pasta means to your health. The energy of your thoughts is being ingested right along with the calcium and vitamin D.

If you haven’t already seen it, rent the documentary film *I Am* by Tom Shadyac. The whole movie is amazing, but for the research purposes of this experiment, pay careful attention to the scene where Shadyac, a famous Hollywood director, visits the Institute of HeartMath, a nonprofit research organization that studies stress and human energy. First, Rollin McCraty, the institute’s longtime director of research, hooks electrodes to a bowl of yogurt.

Although yogurt is widely regarded as an inert blob, McCraty uses the electrodes to demonstrate that it responds to Shadyac’s thoughts and emotions. The needle on the bioresponse meter oscillated wildly when he was asked about an earlier marriage. It flew

off the charts when he mentioned his lawyer, with whom he confirmed he had unfinished business. The yogurt, without being attached to Shadyac in any way, was able to read his emotions. When he brought his attention back to the present, back to the room, the needle went still.

“We don’t exactly know how this works, but we have irrefutable proof that human emotions create a very real energetic field to which other living systems are attuned,” McCraty says.

So think about it. How many times have you said or thought something like the following?

- ☒ *It’s really hard for me to lose weight.*
- ☒ *I just look at a piece of chocolate cake and gain weight.*
- ☒ *I have a slow metabolism.*

Not only do thoughts like this make you feel like warmed-over dog doo, but they radically affect your body and what you put into it.

In the 1960s, Cleve Backster, a former CIA agent, made headlines when he discovered that plants perceive human intentions. In 1966, after retiring from the CIA, Backster started what is still considered to be the world’s largest lie-detection agency. One night, while sitting in his New York office, he decided to attach a galvanometer to a houseplant. It was a fluke, just something to kill time. What he discovered was that the dracaena that his secretary had brought in to decorate the office reacted not just to physical harm (he dunked its leaves in hot coffee and burned them with a match), but to his very thoughts and intentions. He was shocked and felt like “running into the street and shouting to the world, ‘Plants can think!’” Instead, he plunged into a meticulous investigation to establish just how the plant was reacting to his thoughts.

Using highly sophisticated polygraph equipment, he was able to prove that plants—all kinds of plants—react to human thoughts and emotions. He tested dozens of different varieties, ones we humans eat on a daily basis. He discovered that plants respond to sounds that are inaudible to the human ear and to wavelengths of infrared and ultraviolet light, which are invisible to the human eye.

Viennese biologist Raoul Francé, who died in 1943, before such intricate instrumentation was available, had already suggested that plants constantly observe and record events and phenomena of which humans—trapped in our anthropocentric view of the world—know nothing.

So why is this relevant to our bathroom scales? Of the average ton of food we consume each year, the bulk comes from plants. Granted, it’s often processed and beat and spun so as to be almost unrecognizable, but much of our food starts as living, sentient plants. The remainder of our food comes from animals, which—guess what?—also get their energy from plants. So nearly all the food, drink, intoxicants, and medicines that keep us alive are derived from plants, which Backster and many scientists who followed have proved are able to read your thoughts.

Are you getting what I’m saying?

What you think and say about yourself, your body, and your food is the hinge upon which your health turns. Counting calories and fat grams with religious zealotry may well be the main obstacle between you and your ideal weight.

Food Fight



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