

THREE ECSTATIC DREAMS

CURTIS DURRANT

Pullman, WA

[Editors' Note: In our last issue, we encouraged our readers to submit copies of dreams which included ecstatic experiences or experiences of the divine. These did not have to be in the context of a formal paper, although some of our readers chose to do that.

All three of the following dreams submitted by one of our readers, show the connection between lucid dreaming and the ecstatic "White light" experience that G.Scott Sparrow sees as one of the highest potentials of the lucid dreaming platform. Interestingly, the dreamer only experiences the divine as a particularized figure in one of the dreams, and he comes away feeling "ill at ease," . . . but we're not going to tell you why because that would spoil your own enjoyment of this whimsical account of a human being confronted by the figure of a God with a surprising message.]

First Lucid Dream (September 30, 1981)

I was sitting on my bed kissing an older lady who worked at the same grocery store that I did. Suddenly, a salesman walked into my bedroom. I was very annoyed at this man's getting into my house as well as frustrated by his interruption of a particularly pleasant situation. The salesman immediately retreated downstairs. As I followed, my mind continued to question what was going on.

I walked across the living room towards the front door. As I opened it and looked outside, I became lucid for the first time in my life. I said to myself with great enthusiasm, "This is a dream and now I'm in control." With that, a powerful surge of energy ran through my body. I felt like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz, emerging from a world of black and white to one of incredible beautiful colors (to borrow an analogy from Stephen LaBerge).

I immediately leaped from the porch and flew upwards. I reached about 50 feet in height when I felt a heavy weight pulling on my legs. I realized it was the lady I was kissing in my bedroom. I let her fall to the ground and immediately slingshotted myself into the clouds. As I flew higher and higher, my mind went blank. I was immersed in warm, peaceful, brilliant white light and my dream body tingled all over. I was almost orgasmic when the feelings overcame me and I awoke.

This was the first lucid dream I ever had. It has remained one of the most powerful and will certainly be difficult to forget.

God (December 19, 1989)

I was in the attic of an old house with the six other Teaching Assistants (TAs) that I worked with at Washington State University. Suddenly, my attention was directed to a tall, thin man in the room. He had on a white robe, his skin was tan, and his hair was the color of caramel. He had all the classical features of Jesus. He singled me out from the others and said in a commanding voice, "You're an Ass!" This was strong language from someone I was beginning to believe was God. I explained, "I don't mean to be." He replied, "That's OK, you'll be that way while you're here" (meaning while on earth, during this time in the stages of my existence). He was about to leave when I asked him humbly if I could touch him. I thought this might yield divine knowledge or feelings of peace. Just then I accidentally brushed my hand against his. To my disappointment, there was no grand energy or light or feelings of any divine nature at all. He sensed my disappointment. Looking deep into my eyes, he brought his hand to his mouth and blew me a kiss. An incredible surge of energy hit me. My head swirled and my vision went to pure white light and my body tingled all over. I realized I was lucid or at least experiencing something incredibly close to God. I woke up in my bed and began telling one of the TAs about what had happened. I again became lucid, openly realizing I had had a false awakening. Again the surge of energy hit me and I felt "God" all around me, in me, and through me. I was lifted briskly from my bed and thrown around the room four to five times. I was being totally controlled by "God" and I became dizzy, and a little bit scared.

I came to rest hovering over my own bed with all the energy and godlike feelings gone. I was in a simple lucid state now. I flew through the wall to my roommate's bedroom. I wanted to tell him what had happened. As I hovered over him, I realized I might scare him if he were to awaken, and he probably wouldn't hear me because this was all happening in my dream. I decided to tell him in the morning and drifted back into normal sleep.

I awoke at 4 a.m. and still felt the lingering energy swirling in my head. It almost hurt; I thought this experience was almost too much for me to handle. I couldn't go back to sleep as I laid there, a little ill at ease. After all, God had just called me an Ass, and I wasn't so sure that it was just a lucid dream.

Superman (February 8, 1990)

I was in a small, broken-down one room apartment, such as one might expect

to find in New York City. The old radiator and a small stove were the only visible objects in the room. My friend, Alex, was with me, but he was somehow crippled. I was forced to realize that the rest of my life would be spent working at a menial job to support the both of us at a minimal existence. I told myself, "This can't be happening to me."

This frustration was all I needed to kick this dream into lucidity. Extremely happy, I flew out the window with a great sigh of relief at leaving former situation behind. I flew higher and higher until the pure, warm, bright light was almost overwhelming. Knowing that I usually wake up when this happens, I quickly flew down until the feeling subsided and I regained firm control of lucidity.

At this point, viewing my attire, I realized I was Superman. I immediately felt invincible and flew at a leisurely 100 mph pace over what appeared to be San Francisco. I saw that an Amtrak train was about to collide with another, so I swooped down and picked it up under my right arm. I carried it effortlessly into the sky and marveled at my strength and confidence. The theme to Superman was playing and I laughed thinking how my mind dug up that song to play for me in this dream. In waking life to this day, I have not been able to remember how the music goes.

Anyway I flew into the country searching for a location to set down the train. I noticed a Billboard alongside a road which said something about a "Dream Workshop." I laughed again thinking to myself, "Hey, that's the class I'm going to teach in a few weeks."

I sat down the train and with lucidity firmly entrenched, began practicing my flying skills. I flew as fast as I could straight up and coasted to a stop. I looked over my right shoulder and dove straight towards the earth at full speed. I pulled up just above some cactuses and soared across the desert with a wonderful feeling of contentment and power. "It's always so great to fly in dreams," I said to myself with a big smile on my face, and I soon fell back into normal sleep.