

Dream Walker

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(Editor's Note: The first part of this article describes an event experienced by the husband of the author when he was a teenager. Although the author has chosen a 3rd person format to recount the event, she notes that this is not a fictional account. The second part of the article gives contextualizing material about this individual.)

Part I. The Event

The screen door slammed with a bang as Bill rushed into the house. "Mom, are your home?" he shouted. The silent reply calmed him as he realized that his mother had not yet returned home from work. He ran through the house, leaving a trail of sneakers, track sweats and shorts on his way to the shower.

Track practice had been unusually grueling that day. Springdale High was preparing for the annual County Invitational Track Meet, to be held the next day. Bill was hoping to break the school record in the 400 meter relay. He was the anchor man on the relay, the fastest boy that Coach Hanks had seen in many years.

As the hot water soothed his aching muscles, Bill thought of all that he had to do. It was his mother's birthday, and he had planned a special evening for her. If he had known what was to happen that night, he would have used his running ability and taken his mother far, far away from that place. However, not knowing what mystery lay in store for them, his thoughts raced on.

There was no extra money for a party, a store-bought cake, or dinner out. Nevertheless, Bill had planned all week that he would bake a cake and prepare dinner himself. He felt this was the least he could do for his mother, who had given and sacrificed so much for her children. Since his father's death five years ago, Caroline Moore had worked tirelessly to see that her five children were well taken care of.

Bill was the youngest, and the only child remaining at home. He had become very responsible and self reliant for a boy of sixteen, qualities that Caroline felt a mixed sense of pride and guilt about.

She worked as a medical assistant in a doctors office. The job did not pay well, especially considering the amount of work that was expected of her. She ran a marathon from the front desk to the exam rooms, assuring young mothers, assisting the elderly, and fielding requests and demands that Dr. Brooks constantly sent her way. Caroline often stayed past six o'clock to finish her bookwork and escort the last patient out the door. Then she cleaned and prepared the exam rooms for the next day.

Bill knew that his mother felt guilty about leaving him alone so much of the time. But, his life was full and he was content in the privacy that he was now privileged to. All of his brothers and sisters were either at college or married. His days were busy with school, sports and homework. Bill had longed for an after school job, but Caroline had insisted that

he devote himself to being a student and athlete. He usually spent the weekends doing odd jobs around the neighborhood for some extra spending money. He had saved his money for two months, and had bought his mother a new watch for her birthday.

Usually, Bill started feeling a little lonely if Caroline had not returned home by seven or seven-thirty. Tonight he was pleased that she would be late, as he would have plenty of time to prepare the meal that he had so carefully planned.

He jumped out of the shower and sprinted down the hall to his room. Quickly he threw some clothes on his damp body and combed the tangles from his naturally curly head of auburn hair. He reached in his shirt drawer and rummaged around until he brought out the carefully hidden box that he had placed there days ago. Alongside it lay a greeting card and wrapping paper. Closing the drawer, he turned, ran to the stairs, and raced down two at a time. When he reached the landing, he slid and almost fell on the highly polished wooden parquet.

Carefully and deliberately, he wrapped the gift, signed the card, and placed them in the center of the dining room table.

Turning toward the kitchen, he smiled to himself with a sense of anticipation and determination. He was pleased that his independence had paid off, when an hour later he gently smoothed the canned frosting on the still warm-from-the-oven cake. The hamburgers were browning nicely on the broiler pan, and the table set for two.

Just then he heard his mother's car pull up the driveway, and as he wiped his brow, he said aloud, "Great timing. Bill ole boy!" Caroline breezed through the kitchen door, hung her keys on the peg board, and was pleased to smell the inviting aromas that greeted her. It had been an extremely long and tiresome day, but just the sight of her youngest son standing there in the kitchen, with that beguiling smile of his, was encouragement enough to lift her heavy mood.

"Happy Birthday, Mother!" Bill yelled as she pulled off her jacket and lay down her purse. "Oh, Bill!" she gasped as her hand flew up to her cheek in a surprised expression. "I had completely forgotten - it has been such a crazy day!" "Well, Mother, you just come right in and have a seat. Tonight you are a pampered woman. Your dinner awaits!"

Caroline was moved to tears when she saw all that her youngest son had done. "He's such a good boy." she thought. "I'm so lucky to have such a wonderful child. Especially after all he has been through!" She reached over and hugged him tightly. Perhaps she held on a little too long, because he wiggled away and back up with a look of half-embarrassment and half-love on his face. "Aw, come on, Mother, it's not such a big deal. I just wanted to make your birthday nice for you. After all, you always say. 'Nothing's too good for my family.' It's time you got something back."

After they had dined on hamburgers, potato chips and colas, Bill told Caroline to close her eyes and he brought her the cake and present and placed them in front of her "Ok, Mother, open your eyes, make a wish, and blow out the candles!"

When they had finished with their celebration, they moved to the den where they comfortably spent the rest of the evening engaged in conversation and television viewing.

"By the way, Mother," Bill began. "the County Invitational is tomorrow. Do you think you can make it? Coach Hanks thinks we have a good chance of taking first with the relay.

Besides, I was really hoping that you could see me run before the season is over.” “Bill, I will definitely try to be there. I have already asked Marion if she could come in for the afternoon. I’m really sorry that I have not been able to get away from the office before now, but you know how Dr. Brooks is! He always has three days of work that needs to be done in one.”

After Bill had gone to his room for the night, Caroline sat back on the couch with a sigh. Since DeWayne had died, everything had been so difficult for her. She had never worked outside of her home while the children were small. And then, suddenly, she was left alone with five children, two of whom were in college, two in high school, and little Bill, who was somewhat younger. Yes, it had been hard; in fact, most days it was a downright struggle. But, somehow, they had managed. The older children seemed to be doing well, and Bill, whom she had spent so many hours worrying over, had truly become an exceptional young man. Tears filled her eyes as she thought about the special evening he had so carefully planned for her. She was tired to the bone, but she felt deep contentment and pride as she closed up the house and headed for her room, and the bed that to this day seemed to be so empty, and so painfully lonely.

The cool breeze of the spring night breathed in and out of the open window in Bill’s room. He stirred in his sleep, and rolled over. In a half-sleep, he sat up, and looked around the room. As his mind cleared, he wondered what had awakened him. A feeling of purpose suddenly filled him, and he rose from the bed and walked into the hallway. In the dim night’s light, he paused as if he were trying to remember what had brought him out of his bed in the middle of the night. A calm yet thundering voice filled his mind. “Come with us.” As Bill’s mouth began to form the word, “Why?”, the voice spoke again. “Do not fear. We have not come to harm you, but for each of us to discover one another. Please come now.” Bill looked around, and saw no one. He realized that he was caught in a strange and frightening dream. Once again he tried to speak, but the words would not form upon his lips. A gust of wind raced down the hallway, and Bill had to lean on the banister to prevent himself from falling over. It was as if at that moment another presence had joined him. He looked in the mirror, and saw his reflection, He glanced down at his hands, expecting them to be shaking and sweaty, but they were still and dry. He knew that he had been joined, but he saw no one.

Quickly, he turned toward his bedroom, but stopped short. “Please, come with us now,” the voice echoed in his head. “I should wake myself up now,” he thought, “but I can’t.” At that moment his feet moved forward and down the stairs. Through the still and dark house he crept. Silently, he picked the keys off the peg board in the kitchen and stepped out onto the cool concrete of the patio. He headed for the garage, and several times he paused to look around, sensing another’s presence.

Once in the garage, he looked around the dark, and then glanced down at his bare feet. “I must be crazy! Here I am in the middle of the night, barefoot and half naked, sneaking away in my mother’s care to an unplanned destination!! Oh well, it’s only a dream...it really doesn’t matter,” He stepped into the car, and as he did, the passenger door flew open, paused, and then closed itself. “Where am I going?” Bill asked. He heard what seemed to be his own mind speak back to him in a voice that was unfamiliar,

unexplainable. "You will know as you shall go." the voice replied. Bill turned the key in the ignition, back the car down the narrow driveway, and proceeded up the deserted street.

After driving about thirty minutes, on country roads that he had often been on with his friends while they were out "cruising", Bill pulled over to the side of the road, parked the car, and turned off the engine. He sat for a few minutes, wondering what he was going to do next. Waiting for an answer.

Suddenly, a bright light engulfed the interior of the car, illuminating everything as if it were high noon on a blistering summer day. The sweat began to pour down his face and neck, and he thought that if it got any warmer the car would surely melt.

The voice spoke. "We are here. Come with us now. Bring the other one with you as well." Bill looked around in the car, wondering what it meant by "bring the other one with you". Shrugging, he reminded himself that it was only a dream, and dreams sometimes had non-sensical things in them.

He reached for the door handle and immediately wrenched his hand away. It was boiling hot! He felt as if he had just placed the palm of his hand on the fiery red burner of his mother's electric range. Once, as a child, he had done that, and his hand was blistered and sore for two weeks.

While he was caught in his pain and memories, the door of the car was suddenly blown open. He stepped out onto the sharp gravel. The light was now right above him, and as he looked up into it, the voice said, "Do not look up. Look only in front of you and walk toward the field." Bill rubbed his eyes with the palm of his right hand, and began to walk in the direction of what appeared to be a freshly plowed farm field." He heard both of the car doors slam, and he wondered again why they were both opened. Just then, he slid down a wet and slick embankment about five feet deep. Once at the bottom, he had to crawl on his hands and knees to the top. When he reached the top, he steadied himself on the warm, soft soil.

He walked into the middle of the field, about one hundred and fifty yards from the road where his car now sat in darkness. The light continued to hover over Bill and illuminate his way. He heard a soft humming sound, and noticed that there was fog in the air about twenty feet in front of him. For the first time since his dream had begun, he fought back a lump in his throat, and noticed that his hands were icy and wet.

Stopping to catch his breath, he knelt for a moment, wiped his forehead, and wished for something cold to drink. As he looked up, he noticed that the fog had moved in closer. There was a soft humming sound coming from in front of him, and as he looked closer, he could see something shiny descending from the cloud. It was like a staircase.

Bill stood up, and decided that he had had enough. He was going home...going to wake up from this crazy and frightening dream!

"Do not leave now. You have come so far. Please come and meet us now." The voice pounded louder and louder inside Bill's head. He held his hands over his ears so that he could not hear any more, but the voice kept coming from within, and it grew louder and louder as the steps moved closer and closer. Bill felt his body being propelled forward, toward the steps, and then he was moving up them.

When he reached the top, he was aware of a light that was much brighter than the one that he had seen before. He placed his hands above his eyes to shield them from the brightness. As he turned to look around him, he saw the door closing. "NO! WAIT! I've got to get out of here!" he yelled. "Do not worry. We will let you go soon." Bill looked around and saw that he stood in a circular chamber with six door like openings. Everything was a cool metal gray color. One of the doors opened, and a strange looking creature approached him.

The creature was about three and half feet tall, and resembled a human form. It's head was three times the size of a normal human's head, with no hair. It's ears were large holes that projected into the sides of it's head, right above the temple line. The arms of the creature were extraordinarily long, with five spiny fingers on each hand.

As the creature approached Bill, it reached out its long arms toward him. Bill stepped back. "Do not be afraid of us, we mean you no harm." Bill noticed that the being did not have a mouth, but seemed to speak through the largest, most piercingly beautiful eyes he had ever seen. As he gazed into those huge round eyes, he saw emotions, and words of wisdom. Bill no longer needed vocal words. They began to communicate at an alarmingly fast rate by simply looking into each other's eyes. The fear left Bill's body, and he began to question the creature. "How is it that you can talk to me in perfect English?" Bill asked. "We have understood the powers of the mind for many generations now. It is easy for us to enter one's mind, organize the thought patterns and languages, sort through and analyze ones logic and emotions, and communicate in a decipherable manner."

A door opened into the atrium where they stood, and two more creatures entered. "Come with me now, I have told you about us. There are things we want to know about you." Two doors opened, and one of the creatures headed for the door at the left. Bill felt a sudden pulling and jolt within himself. "Do not worry about the other one," the creature said. "You will be re-united soon. Bill looked around, and wondered what he could mean. There was only him.

They proceeded through the door on the right and continued down a long hallway. Soon they came to another door way. Without touching a button or doorknob, the door slid open, from bottom to top. As Bill wondered how the door worked, the creature explained that all their systems worked through the energy emitted through body heat.

Upon entering the room ahead of them, Bill noticed that it was full of instrument panels, lights, and millions of buttons. In the center of the room stood a long table that resembled a surgical table. Bill was instructed to get on the table and lay down. As he walked over to the table, Bill could see several more of the creatures sitting in small compartments with many panels and buttons before them.

As Bill lay down on the table, two more creatures joined the first and stood over him. They began to chatter in a language that was undecipherable to Bill. Above the table were several lit panels, and from one of these panels dropped twelve black wires with shiny points on them. They took the wires and placed them on Bill's body. Two were placed above his eyes. Another was placed behind each ear, and more were attached on his chest, arms and legs. A large screen moved down from the ceiling and stopped when it was about five feet above his head. The room became dim, and it felt to Bill as if he began to revolve slowly in a circle. He closed his eyes, because the movement was beginning to make him dizzy.

One of the creatures told him to open his eyes, and as he did, he saw picture come on to the screen. Picture of a fetus in the womb, moving through the birth canal, being born. A baby, a toddler, a small child, Bill realized that they were tapping his memory as he recognized the small child to be himself. For awhile, he thought he was dying, because he had heard that when you die, your whole life passes before your eyes. Then he thought, "This is just a dream, Bill. It will soon be morning and I will wake up and it will be all over."

After the pictures had gone through every moment of his life, every happy, sad, boring and exciting moment, and came up to that very minute, the creatures removed the wires from his body and pushed a cart close to the table.

On the cart were many instruments, shiny and unusual. The only thing that he recognized was a syringe and needle. As he laid his eyes upon it, one of the creatures picked it up and approached Bill. "Oh no you don't," he thought. Two of the creatures moved then, one to his head, and one to his feet, and held him down on the table.

The creature with the syringe placed it in Bill's naval, and poked it into his flesh about three inches. He lunged and poked with the needle until he seemed satisfied that he had placed it in the proper place. After drawing four vials of liquid from his stomach, they all moved away from Bill. He must have passed out for a few minutes, because when he opened his eyes again, they were scraping skin off of his hands, head, the inside of his mouth, and his legs.

When they had finished, the creature that Bill had met first moved closer and Bill could hear him say, "That is all we need to know. You may now join the other and return."

Bill sat up on the table, and felt weak with dizziness and nausea. One of them approached him with a vial filled with cloudy liquid and appeared to offer it to him. The smell of the liquid was repugnant, and at first he wanted to refuse, but his throat ached with thirst. He drank the smelly and foul tasting liquid. Within seconds he felt fine. His strength had returned, and he was no longer dizzy.

Bill jumped down from the table and moved toward the door. The creature joined him, and the door was opened. They walked down the hall and soon they were back in the atrium. One of the other doors opened into the area, and another creature joined them, Bill felt as though another presence was with the creature, because he suddenly felt reassurance and safety.

The stairway began to descend, and as it touched the ground. Bill walked toward the opening. He turned around to gaze one last time upon the strange captors who had roused him from his sleep and had brought him to this strange place. There was no one there.

Once again on the soft, warm soil, Bill began to run toward the direction of his car. When he got there, both doors again opened for him. Without taking time to run around the car to the driver's side, Bill dove in the passenger's side and slid across the seat to the steering wheel. The doors closed. Bill started the car and drove home faster than he had ever gone before.

The birds were chirping and the breeze had stopped blowing in his window when Bill's alarm buzzed at seven o'clock. He rolled over in his bed and hit the snooze button. Sinking back into a deep sleep, he thought it was much too early to get up. After five minutes, the

alarm sounded again, and Bill reluctantly sat up and turned it off. “Wow,” he thought, “what a night. I hardly feel like I slept at all.” He stretched, and as he did, his muscles felt sore and achy. He remembered his dream, and smiled to himself. “Glad that one’s over with. I’ve got to stop watching so much junk on TV!” he thought as he rolled his legs over the edge of the bed.

He looked down at his feet and saw that they were caked with dirt. He shivered, grabbed a fresh set of clothes and moved toward the bathroom.

As he jumped into the shower, the water hit his tired and achy body and felt good. He cupped his hands and scooped up some water to wash his face. Suddenly, he pulled away as if he had been stung. His left hand hurt. He looked down at it and saw that it was blistered and red. Once again, he remembered his dream. He passed off the thoughts that were now beginning to frighten him and rationalized that he had probably hurt his hand in track practice and had not noticed it until now.

As the water began to wake him up, his mind moved on to other things, especially the big day ahead of him. “Today is the big track meet, and if I’m going to break any records. I have to start concentrating on it instead of a stupid dream,” he thought.

He quickly dressed for school and bounced down the steps two at a time. Quickly he came to a halt when he saw his mother at the table, still in her nightgown, reading the newspaper and drinking coffee.

“Hey, Mother, what are you still doing here? You’re always gone by now!”

Caroline shifted uncomfortably in her chair, looked up at her son with tired eyes and said, “Oh, Bill. I was pretty tired this morning. I didn’t sleep well, Marion called to see what time I wanted her to go in for me and I asked her if she wanted to work the whole day.”

“That’s great! Now I know that you’ll be there for sure to see me run.”

“Of course I’ll be there, Bill. I just need a little rest.”

Bill pulled his toast from the toaster, grabbed the butter dish and orange juice, and headed for the table.

“Is that all you’re having for breakfast, Bill? That’s hardly enough for a boy who’s planning to break a school record.” Caroline smiled gently as she looked over the top of her newspaper.

“I don’t have time for anything else. I’m running really late this morning. First, I overslept, then I had to take another shower. I sure hope the rest of the day goes better than it has so far!”

“Why did you shower again this morning? I thought you always showered after track practice.”

“Well, it’s really pretty weird, Mother. I think I did some sleep walking last night. When I got up this morning, my feet were dirty, and I was sore all over. I sure had some strange dreams, I can tell you that for sure!”

Again, Caroline glanced at Bill over the top of the newspaper. Gently, she folded and placed the paper on the table. As she shifted in her chair, her hand moved to the tender spot in her abdomen.

Bill’s comments had triggered a question in her mind. “Could it have been that Bill was the unknown presence that I felt in my own dream walk?”

She looked deeply into Bill's eyes and asked, "What was your strange dream, Bill?"

"I dreamt that I took the car and drove far into the country, and while I was there, I was taken aboard a very strange ship or something. Anyway, I think I had better quit watching so many science-fiction movies." With that, he grabbed his books and headed for the door.

"Wait a minute, Bill. I'd like to talk to you some more about your dream. It sounds very strange I know, but I also had a very similar dream."

Bill stopped dead in his tracks and turned to look at his mother. All color had drained from his face as he realized that maybe his dream wasn't his alone, but that perhaps his mother had been the unknown presence, the "other-one" that the strange creatures had spoken of. He walked numbly back to the table and sat down across the table from her.

"What do you mean, Mother? Are you saying that you also went somewhere last night, and saw a ship and strange people?"

"Yes, Bill. They told me that someone else was with me, but I had no idea it was you. I wondered how the car was driving, because I was in the passenger seat. But I thought it was okay, because it was only a dream."

For the next few minutes, they discussed their shared experience and determined that it was truly a very strange mystery. When they had finished talking, they both agreed that while it was very strange, it was not anything of great importance, and they need not make a big deal out of it. For that matter, it was actually very insignificant. They never spoke of it again.

It was as if someone had taken their dream walk and filed it away in the cloudy, faded area of memory where all dreams go.

Part 2. Additional Notes

In the next few pages, I will relay information told me by my husband concerning his experiences dealing with OBEs, dream lucidity, sleepwalking, UFO encounters, ESP, and possible inherited factors concerning some of the above.

My husband tells me that he first experienced OBEs as a child. It did not only occur while in a relaxed and prone position, but also occurred at will when in a classroom, while watching television, or at any other time that he so desired it to occur. He describes his feelings as being tranquil, non-threatening, and at complete peace with himself. When calling upon himself to perform the OBE, he would simply concentrate on rising up and out of himself. Once he had accomplished this, he would rise above himself, look down upon his body, (which was still in a sitting or lying position in a state of wakefulness, with eyes open, and normal breathing) look around at the environment, wander about the room a bit, then return to his body. He explains the form of self as being somewhat physical in nature in the sense that he had the physical properties of the body, but it was transparent in nature. He did not try to leave the room, nor did he try to go through walls, windows, or doorways. He reports having a complete sense of freedom. Had he desired going through walls, windows or doorways, he felt confident that it was within his power to do so. Freedom of movement was not restricted by gravity. He could move in any direction, at any speed.

He continued to perform these activities until his early twenties, at which time he became concerned that he was being tempted each time to wander further away from his body, and felt the desire to remain away from his body for longer periods of time. He was concerned that at some point he would not be able to return to his body and would be caught in that state forever. To this very day, he feels capable of willing an OBE if he so chooses, but for the previously stated reasons, he does not.

The next subject that we discussed concerns his consciousness in sleep, or “dream lucidity”. On a regular basis, my husband reports that upon retiring for the night, he will quickly fall into a sound sleep around 11:00 pm. He awakens at approximately 12:30 am, ready to get up. Realizing that it is too early to get up, he begins a process of recall that I will attempt to convey. He begins relaxing, closing his eyes, and consciously pulls data from his memory. The data that he brings forth may be of any subject or memory that he chooses. It is a self-controlled process. For instance, if he is working on a blue print at the office (he is in the general contracting business) he can bring the complete blue print before his eyes, and study that which needs to be changed or re-designed. When he returns to the office the next day, he is able to make his changes by simply taking pencil in hand and writing down what changes he previously completed during the night. For pleasure, he might choose to recall certain experiences or events from childhood. He claims total and accurate recall dating back to the age of six weeks. His father passed away when he was nine years old, and consequently, he feels cheated because of the amount of time he was unable to spend with his father. Therefore, he can recall memories that he and his father shared with perfect recollection and complete context. He explains his method of recall like unto that of a movie projector that is being single-framed. Life to him is but a series of photos, in perfect order within the brain, just awaiting his command to come forth into his consciousness. He is able to run the memories (frames) as quickly or as slowly as he desires, to the place or time frame that he is searching for. He then views it at the speed he chooses. By using this method, he can recall an entire day, a single moment, or a series of events that tie together. Oftentimes, he will “return to college” and re-take an exam or an entire course. While in school, he found his method of studying so successful, he held a 4.0 GPA. In coaching others in this method of recall, he has not been very successful, as others either do not comprehend or are unsuccessful in their attempts.

There are times that he will use lucid dreaming as a source of studying behavior patterns in other people. He can often decipher or discern another person’s thinking process or behavior patterns to assess what that person is going to do, or how that person will react to various stimuli.

I would like to point out here that he is emphatic about the self-control aspect of this type of recall. He maintains that at all times he is in total control of the process, and reports a feeling of complete, but relaxed consciousness.

We have spoken many times about his sleepwalking. I have witnessed this event many times during our fifteen years of marriage. He has been known to actually drive a car and be gone for periods of time that range from fifteen minutes to over an hour.

On one particular occasion, he woke me from a sound sleep and asked me to follow him. I walked behind him out onto our back porch, where he proceeded to take me by the

shoulders, point my head in the direction of the windows, and began to point outside, in to the darkness. He kept repeating, "Look at that! Would you just look at that!!" I asked him "What do you see?" He repeated, "Look at that! Don't you see? Just look at it!" This continued for about thirty minutes, at the end of which time, he led me back to our bedroom. He then lay down and proceeded to fall into a deep sleep. When I questioned him about the incident the next day, he had no idea what I was talking about.

It is very common to see him up and about during the night. Either he is checking out things that go bump in the night, or checking the interior walls for construction details. When I question him about his inspection of the walls, he tells me that he is looking for a doorway or window. What he believes he is actually doing is an active animation of blueprint detail. In other words, he believes that he is walking through one of his buildings that is yet to be built.

The most disturbing incident to my husband is what I believe you termed as "dream sharing". As a child, he had a recurring dream about being in space, simply floating along. There was a great feeling of apprehension and tightness that he can only explain as claustrophobia. (He claims not ever being claustrophobic except in this dream.) As he is suspended in mid-air, suddenly there are many heavy balls that begin rolling over his body, pressing down, pinning him motionless and unable to escape. He never shared this account with anyone, except his mother, until a few months ago. One of our sons, eight years of age, was reporting to his father that he had been experiencing a series of repetitive and frightening dreams. He explained the dream that he had been having, and much to my husband's surprise, it was an exact version of the dream he had spent many a night frightened as a child over.

I think perhaps the reason for the great concern is that this particular son shares many other traits with his father. For instance, the child is also a sleepwalker. I often find him wandering about the house during the night, checking out odd sounds and making sure that all the doors are locked. His teachers report that he is well beyond his years in wisdom and understanding. He has been labeled as a "little old man in a child's body" since he was a toddler. One thing that my husband finds both humorous and interesting, is that oftentimes, when playing, our son will proceed to run about very quickly on all fours with his back arched high. This is not crawling in the typical fashion, but I would guess a form of such. My husband reports that as a child, he did the very same thing. We have not seen any one else ever do this before.

While I'm speaking about dream sharing, I would like to interject here a few comments as a follow up to "Dream Walker." When I asked my husband about their conversation he had with his mother, he reported that they neither one became very agitated or excited about the matter. It was as if they should take note that something had occurred, but there was no big deal about it. They both acknowledged the exact experiences, discussed it only a short time, then ceased to discuss it any further. I very much wish that I had the opportunity to discuss with my mother-in-law these events, and many other things as well. I cannot. She has since passed away.

My husband says that he has seen UFOs many times since, but has no conscious recollection of experiencing any unusual encounters, time lapses, or unexplained events.

From my perspective, I would like to make note of my comments made earlier concerning his driving of an automobile during sleepwalking. Why didn't I follow him? When I think of the danger he was in, it makes me shudder to think that I let him just drive off in the car by himself, asleep! At the time, it seemed that the right thing to do was to return to my bed, because he would be fine.

Finally, I would like to tell you of the experiences my husband has had concerning ESP. Many things that he has seen remain known only to him. His accuracy concerning the visions that I know of is very high. He has described the possession of this talent as being extremely painful and oppressive. Often he refuses to acknowledge the power because he can not bear to see what those he loves are going to suffer. It has also been painful in the respect that he has warned others about their behavior, or the consequence of an action, and they refuse to listen. He often jokes that he could be a wealthy man if only he would listen concerning fads, styles, and new inventions.

There have been positive and good revelations, but the pain of the bad or unfortunate visions has outweighed the good because of the tremendous amount of pain that personally accompanies such knowledge.

One such example of a good revelation comes to mind when I recall that two years ago I was diagnosed as having a tumor on one of my ovaries that looked suspiciously cancerous. While awaiting surgery and the pathology reports, we were quite anxious, to say the least. We have three young children, and it was a very difficult time for us, as we contemplated the implications of a malignancy. On the eve of my hospital admission, we were sitting on our patio, quietly watching the stars, avoiding any uncomfortable conversation. He broke the silence by sobbing and telling me that there was something that he was not supposed to tell me, but he could not hold back. On the previous night, as I lay quietly sleeping, he was in deep prayer concerning my health. Suddenly a being appeared at the foot of the bed, in front of me. The being told him that he was my guardian angel. He told my husband not to fear, that I was going to be fine. The doctors would perform the surgery, and would find no cancer. I would soon recover my health and vigor, and would live a long life. My husband told me that the angel seemed very strong and powerful, yet gentle and loving. I can relate to that very much, as I have always sensed my guardian angel at work, protecting me and rescuing me many times from near death.

When the surgery was performed, we were told that the tests for malignancy were negative. I had a miraculous recovery, and two weeks later I was back in Iowa serving as Matron of Honor at my sister's wedding.

These are only a few examples of a variety of phenomena experienced by one person. There are many related incidents that could conceivably fill an entire manuscript. Each incident covered here has been told in brief detail.

The massive quantity of related experiences being reported by thousands of sane, intelligent human beings bears a significant message not to be ignored. The knowledge that we have concerning the powers of the human brain is a dim spark in the reality of contained intelligence. It should therefore be deemed appropriate and essential that the study of these experiences be pursued.