

The Hero In You ©

**Personal Transformation
And Natural Self-Government Through
Creative Intuition, Imagination and Realized Self-Worth** ©

Be Your Own hero

Find within you the highest realizable ideal of a hero who can overcome your lower self, lower values, lower evaluations and lower ideas, who works for your personal benefit and for the benefit of all living beings.

Stepping-Stones

These writings are the stepping-stones across the river of life, from darkness into light. You are responsible for determining the nature and location of each of the stepping-stones, for believing in each one, for balancing on each one and for jumping from one to the other. The stepping-stones are subjective. They express a process rather than clear direction. Many things are left to chance, as with crossing any river, using stepping-stones.

The Journey

We must believe in our feelings, our insight, our instinct, our intuition, our impulse and all our ideas. Let's innovate, invent and inspire ourselves and the world with our creativity, whatever the medium whatever the challenge, whatever the answer.

The hero is in the depths of our own psyche. Your journey to discover the hero is a unique pathway we all must make, an individual adventure into the mysterious and the unknown.

There is no security in following your call to adventure and to refuse the call means you stagnate. Make your own path and find your hero in the mystery of your own psyche.

The Hero

The hero sets you free from the things that bind you, unleashes your talents and makes you into a dynamic, decisive and powerful person. Power up your self-esteem, maximize your abilities; overcome your challenges, conquer yourself and get what you want.

The End of Religion

I was born John David Bower in England, under the sign of Cancer, to Katherine Iris Bower, an unemployed, runaway waitress. She had a one-night stand with a married man, railway worker Charlie Unwin, a compulsive liar, who performed comedy at a workingman's club. Charlie boy got our Kath pregnant. The result was a paternity suit and me.

My mother Kath was ambivalent to the extreme. She just couldn't make up her mind what to do. She put me up for adoption, changed her mind, put me into foster care and changed her mind again. Children's Services rescued me from an overcrowded foster home, suffering from physical illness, emotional neglect and malnutrition. I was covered with bedsores and excrement – I was eight months old.

Poor Kath felt bad.

Elsie and Steve adopted me. They renamed me Christopher Judges. I was baptized in the name of Jesus. Elsie could have kids. She was madly in love with Steve, who couldn't have kids because he had mumps in adolescence. God sterilized him.

One night I walked into my parents' bedroom and saw Elsie in her nightdress, taking a pee in a chamber pot while on the other side of the bed Steve prayed on his knees, head bowed, eyes closed, hands together, like a Rodin statue. Steve and Elsie looked up at me. They ignored me, and carried on with their ablutions. This was my first taste of Christian love and forgiveness shown to me in the simple but fascinating experience of peeing and praying.

I went to the Church of England Sunday school, listened, read and prayed, because that's what my Dad did. I thought it was a load of rubbish myself. I just couldn't get interested in some 2,000-year-old dead guy, who didn't know me and never would, who reckoned he'd died for my sins. I thought that was kind of presumptuous on his part.

According to my Sunday school I was a sinner before I'd done any sinning. This Jesus guy is going to save me from what? He's the one who needs saving, hanging on the cross, bleeding to death, nails through his hands. He looks really pissed off, and I'm supposed to give up everything and follow him? You've got to be out of your tiny mind.

I was always unhappy around Steve and Elsie; they never understood I was a square peg. They only had a round hole available. I was Mr. Hyde and they were Dr. and Mrs. Jekyll. I just wasn't the son they expected. Elsie reminded me that I wasn't "her flesh," while Steve believed a boy's place was with his Mum.

They were good parents. They worked hard. I just didn't fit in. I was the illegitimate son of a show business Dad; my brother was a comedian. I wanted attention. My teachers made me stand at attention in the corner.

I told Mum and Dad I wanted to go to art school. That's where they drew the line. After all, that would involve me living at home for another five years. I knew rejection when I felt it. No wonder I had psychological problems. I wet the bed, saw faces in the curtains, and dripping faucets spoke to me. I was going insane. I had to get away.

At fifteen and a half, I enlisted for eighteen years in the Royal Air Force. It was suggested and encouraged by my parents, bless them. They loved me; it was "for my own good."

Suddenly, I was under military rule. A terrifying mistake had been made. I tried to explain. No one would listen. I'd swapped one control for another fifty times worse. *I was out of my mind.*

The psychiatrists agreed. I was nervous, got palpitations and tension headaches. I was diagnosed with a personality disorder. My abstract IQ of

183 had collided with my practical IQ of 100. I was bright when I needed to be dumb – and dumb when I needed to be bright. I was a certified nut job.

Mum and Dad were having a good time with me gone. I threw myself on their mercy, begging them to buy me out of the R.A.F. They refused, saying the service would “make a man of me.” When I let it slip, the psychiatrist thought I was round the bend. Mum and Dad agreed with him. I told them I was getting a psychological discharge. My mother suggested penicillin. My Dad threatened to disown me.

I realized what Dad had been praying for all these years: to get rid of me. He prayed me into the R.A.F. I needed a Dad who cared more. I chose Jesus.

Supposedly, Jesus had great connections with God, the ultimate Dad. All it took was dedicated praying, a miracle or two, and in no time, Jesus would have me back in civilian clothes, a free man. Praying worked for Steve. It would work for me.

I took a moral leadership course to learn more about the Son of God. Jesus was cool. He loved everyone unconditionally, did all sorts of tricks, healed the sick, performed miracles, walked on water, fed the five thousand, preached “Love God, Mum, Dad, your neighbor and your enemy.” Jesus died for what he believed in. He put his money where his mouth was and died painfully before he had any fun. He took all the sins of the world on his shoulders. He died for us so we could live. Sorry, but I couldn't swallow any of it.

I tried, but I just couldn't relate. I'm sure he was a really nice guy and did a lot of good, but frankly, him being the only Son of God threw me. I mean, God's supposedly really creative – Surely he would have had more than one son or a daughter perhaps? Where is Mrs. God?

I'm definitely suspicious of a thirty-three-year-old bearded guy in long white robes, with no girlfriend living with his Mum below the poverty line. Steve must have been soft in the head to pray to this guy. Religion is easy; you just have to suspend your disbelief and believe the propaganda.

The priestly types who taught the moral leadership course were pretty fed up with me. I told them, “You'll never sell me on Jesus, packaged like he is. It all looks too painful to me. He needs a new image, a makeover that's bright, attractive and happening. Anyone in their right mind knows Jesus won't be coming back. The priestly types slung me in loving Christian detention.

I would have to re-invent Jesus. After all, he had good ideas, all that love and compassion; the world needs it. Global warming, H-bombs, terrorism, over-population and no future, maybe Jesus is the answer?

Steve died. He was fifty-one. He should have prayed for himself instead of everyone else.

I got that medical discharge from the R.A.F. I was twenty. I had served five years. I married Pamela, a local “hot chick” with a big car and thighs to match. We lost our virginity to each other in the front seat of her Vauxhall car. Pam was a good girl. She held my hand while I got out of the Air Force. “You can do it,” she said, “I love you,” I said. Mummy was back. Thank you, Jesus.

Walking Pam up the aisle seemed like a good idea at the time. I knew it wouldn't last. I got irritated. I couldn't stand it when she bent over in her miniskirt and showed the world the crutch in her pantyhose. I hate pantyhose. It makes a woman appear to be accessible when she is not; it's a lie, just another line of sexual defense. Pamela had to go.

When Sandy came on the scene, with her bra stuffed full of Kleenex, it was love at first sight. She was exciting, not only because she was married to a colleague from work but also because they lived at the far end of a very long cul-de-sac.

The risks I took for sex with Sandy. Running like a madman up her street when her husband was due home got me addicted to my own adrenaline. I was horny, scared and always out of breath. After a year, I'd hidden from her husband six times in Sandy's coal bunker, in her outside toilet seven times, and under her bed three times. Her husband, John, caught us red-handed.

He wanted to head butt me in his living room.

“Let's sit down,” I said.

“No!” he screamed.

“Do you mind if I do?” I piped up, chirpily.

“No, not at all,” he replied politely, remembering his manners.

I sat down. The wind fell out of John's sails, deflated by his automatic response. It was all over.

Sandy found love with God. John found love with a blow-up doll.

I found love with peace and pot. Disgusted, Pamela rode off in a U-Haul.

I was divorced at age twenty-two. I had to find myself. I'd been missing for some time.

I read about some dying man who shot up liquid glucose, saw the light and came back to life. I sucked on glucose tablets and ate more sugar but the light remained elusive.

I checked out Existentialism. Man cannot be free until he has realized he is a meaningless being in a meaningless universe. Cool. It made me want to be a beatnik, drink coffee and smoke cigarettes. Sartre, Jaspers, Kierkegaard, all taught me real meaningful, meaningless stuff. Life was a joke. Why wasn't I laughing?

I got into LSD. I saw God on a regular basis. He stopped coming around when the drug dealer stopped delivering. I smoked more pot, I didn't care if I saw God or not.... Perfect.

The Buddhists told me to be full of loving kindness and I'd find enlightenment. A monk rang a huge gong while I was deep in meditation; I was so shocked I stuttered for weeks after. Was this low-grade headache really God?

I went to a Buddhist Monastery to see the monk called Sanga, who had once instructed me in meditation. We had sat opposite each other in similar chairs. The legs on his chair were six inches higher than mine. I thought monks didn't have egos. When I rang the doorbell miniature men with shaved heads and orange robes surrounded me. They all looked alike. I asked for Sanga. They jumped up and down, chattering excitedly, pointing at themselves, yelling, "Me sanga, me sanga." I didn't know them – any of them. "You're ridiculous!" I shouted. "None of you is the real Sanga!" I ran away. Later I found out Sanga meant monk.

Maybe Taoism would be better. "The Tao that can be understood is not the Tao." Okay, that's it. I'm lost. Forget it. Mind you, I liked all their male and female sex talk, but got lost in all that non-existence of the non-existence of nothingness stuff. It was cool for the Chinese, but I couldn't make yin or yang of it. I craved the simplicity of Jesus, the dead guy who loved me.

I went on retreat with a silent order of Anglican monks dedicated to serving the Lord. While I sat waiting to see a talking monk, another limped by, dressed in the full regalia of an Archbishop, a miter on his head. The other monks were dressed in dingy grey habits. I asked why the man was dressed so differently. I was told I was seeing things. There was no one in the monastery that had ever dressed like that. "Yeah, right. I imagined it. I'm stupid. I'm hallucinating."

After an evening meal of stinking cheese, diluted chicken broth and total silence, I went to my cell and fell asleep in a violent thunderstorm of nightmares. Sweating, ugly perverts, crazed monks, sex killings and Jesus, a ringmaster wielding a barbed wire whip and dressed like a woman. Evil faces coming at me out of the walls. Freaking out, I jumped out the window and nearly broke my neck. Three o'clock a.m., running in pitch-black night, falling over myself, making a racket, scared stiff, fumbling for the car keys. Driving down the road like a madman, sweating like a pig, shaking like a leaf. Jesus appears in the windshield, misty and smiling. The car bounced off a wall like a schoolyard ball. I hit my head. That was the end of religion for me.

There had to be a better way for me other than all this religious stuff. I had to find me, the real me, wherever I was.

Heroes I Have Known

The hero has a thousand faces

Joseph Campbell

Giving style to one's character means not accepting oneself ready-made
Not accepting yourself as badly made or half-made, or incomplete. Treat
one's life and one's character as raw material

F Nietzsche

As a tiny boy I talked to my teddy bear. He protected me from the night while I slept under the covers in the darkness of my bedroom. He comforted me when no one else did. He was my hero and he never let me down. At five years old I had a glove puppet called Dave whom I talked to and who talked back to me (I pretended I was a ventriloquist). Dave was my “secret me”; he inspired me, gave me courage and told me I could do what I never thought I could.

At seven I was The Lone Ranger, a cowboy with a toy six-gun on my hip, or I was Tarzan swinging from tree limb to tree limb in the local orchard. Sometimes I was Robin Hood or Superman or even Merlin the Magician. I defended miniature forts filled with toy soldiers, rescued toy cars from garages filled with gangsters. Trains and boats and airplanes were all at my disposal - unlimited power was mine. I ran the world, determined that good would prevail and evil would perish. I was a man of honor and integrity, a knight in shining armor fighting for truth, love and freedom. My empire was the living room floor until my Mum served my lunch smack dab in the middle of my battlefield just when I had the Nazis on the run.

My spirit wasn't deterred; inside I knew the strength and power I had would soon return. After lunch and helping with the dishes I would return to the battlefield and bring evil to its knees. Nothing could stop me!

Truth is I was a sissy kid. I ran to Mum at the first sign of trouble. I scared easily. I was just too damned sensitive, crying uncontrollably at touching scenes in the movies, or when I got beaten up by a bully half my size.

The kids at my school called me “Big Ears.” It made me shrivel. I was tall for my age, but with all their chastisement and all my insecurities, I felt like a trembling midget.

At home, in private, I pulled angry faces in the mirror to terrify future attackers. I pretended proficiency at Karate, yelling fake Japanese and skillfully chopping the air, creating the mystic semaphore of a Frisbee player. I constantly pretended to be tougher than I was. I suppose we all do. I thought I looked a little like John Wayne. I used to stick my thumbs in my belt loops and swagger around looking real tough like a cowboy, but the kids at my school saw through me.

I needed a hero -- someone to copy, someone to model myself after, someone better at life than I was. I looked up to my Dad Steve and I tried to emulate him. He was a great role model, except there he was every night, looking tired in dirty overalls, covered in brick dust, a hand-rolled cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth.

As much as I loved and respected him, he couldn't really be my hero. I could feel, touch and see his vulnerabilities and he was way too close. I needed a hero whom I could carry in my head, who was free from general human frailties.

Superman was great. I felt like I was Superman when I “flew” off our front garden wall, a red plastic cape billowing behind me, as I fell eight glorious feet into the flowerbed below. Superman was always saving the world or

some girl or other. I identified with him completely. He was a man after my own heart. I wanted to save the world and I loved saving girls.

Comic book heroes like Superman, Superwoman, Batman, and Wonder Woman, etc., were seed ideas that millions like me recognized and absorbed into their thirsty imaginations. They were our modern-day knights in shining armor, who could destroy any evil and carry our every dream to fruition.

They were all regular human beings who could transform themselves by their own will and become heroes of unlimited courage, integrity and genius.

They gave to us the dream that perhaps within us there was a hero waiting to get out if we could only find the “magic word.” Shazzam! I tried everything I could to effect personal transformation, including spinning around in several telephone boxes. Nothing happened. I was very disappointed and bruised. I don’t think I was doing it right.

I had to face the reality, along with the rest of the population that Superman and pals were not “real” and as much as I aspired to follow in their footsteps, I couldn’t. Perhaps, however, if I had a body like Superman, at least I could ward off those who wanted to “wear my guts for garters.”

I saw an ad in the paper for a Charles Atlas course. A puny guy was getting sand kicked in his face by a big, brawny guy who stole his girl. Months later after the little guy had done a bodybuilding course with Charles Atlas, he returned to beat up the big guy and get his girl back. He got the girl. I got the course.

I did endless “Dynamic Tension” exercises that a Charles Atlas flyer assured me would build my chest size. I ended up looking even more gangly and spastic than before. I had a huge barrel chest. When I touched my toes, I looked like a spider with four legs missing.

I considered myself too weak and annoying to live. Suicide seemed the only worthwhile contribution I could make to society. I tried to hang myself but the rope broke. I tried sucking on a garden hose stuffed in a car’s exhaust, but the car ran out of gas. I threw up nothing twenty-three times.

The thought of slashing my wrists made me queasy. Taking pills was never my strong point. Electrocuting held a certain fascination but the thought of becoming a human French fry really turned me off.

Thank goodness for James Bond. He was a real man – no ballerina Spandex under his immaculately tailored suit. Here was a tough, ruthless, sexy, high-tech personality with all the grace, charm and humor of a refined Englishman, who could charm the ladies, save the world and be drinking a martini before dinner. He saved my life; I would become Bond.

I was Bond...James Bond! I drank my water shaken, not stirred. I shaped my fingers like a Berretta, fired, then blew the imaginary gun smoke off my fingertips. I was hip, cool and deadly smooth all at the same time. Bond was so good at getting women to love him. James was like me. I wasn’t into

sports, beer or “shagging” women. I believed in love, wine and romance. I had little or nothing in common with my friends who were always off somewhere proving their manhood or exhibiting their lack of it. They left women to the sensitive types like James and me. I liked that because I wanted women, lots of them, to fall in love with me, give themselves completely to me, like I was a rock star. I wanted women everywhere to adore me.

I posed as Elvis in my bedroom, with the door closed, singing into a short broom handle with a worn out bit of string hanging off it like a microphone lead. I could do his sexy snarl, his hip wiggle and his voice –almost. Elvis was my hero.

Every time I “did” Elvis, I learned a little of what I truly believed to be his way of looking at things. It was like I knew him or had some intimate knowledge of his inner thoughts and emotions. Of course, that’s a wild assumption, but it felt right – it felt true. I was, it seemed, channeling Elvis. I WAS ELVIS! Elvis was God. Elvis was a drug addict. I followed in his footsteps but after falling down stoned several times, I let Elvis fade away.

I tried being Michael Caine as “Alfie” for a while. I wanted to get under his skin and find out about his machismo and power over women. To be like him, my use of expletives increased, only to be surpassed by the deterioration in my vocabulary and personal hygiene.

I became cocky and arrogant, in a false self-pride sort of way. I copied Alfie because he was the archetypal “Jack of the Lad,” the survivor, the street-wise punk, a bit Brando, a bit Dick Van Dyke, not too smart – a rebel without authority. The trouble with Alfie was he had no morals and no sense of decency or honor. He did have a sense of humor. That worked. Women loved me.

When Clint Eastwood came along as Inspector “Dirty Harry” Callahan he dragged me out of that Alfie malaise. Callahan was invincible, so heavy, so in control and so cold – the conqueror of evil, the defender of love, sent by Hollywood to avenge the weak and bring the scum of the Earth to their rotten knees. I got right inside Callahan.

Now when I was weak and scared, I could stare down hoodlums. Nothing fazed me. People seemed to look up to me when I walked by. Did I feel lucky? Sure I did. I was Callahan. Callahan was a killer. I could kill. I had uncovered a depth of evil I didn’t want to go to.

Parts of Clint Eastwood’s other characters were cool. After watching spaghetti westerns over and over, I could regurgitate Clint’s self-assuredness, his calmness and his Zen as my own.

The more I “did” Clint’s character, the more I was able to assume my idea of them. They taught me to be courageous, strong, dynamic, and to respect women. Having decided who the character was, I filled him out with instinctive, intuitive and visual ideas and they became the fabric of my hero.

None of these characters were who I wanted to be. Some of their characteristics I kept but overall they were too cold, too dark, too sinister and way too complicated for me. I wanted to be nicer and I wanted to feel safe. I always wanted to feel safe. My heroes kept me safe. Somewhere along the line, I had become hard and defensive.

Jim Rockford, the TV private eye from The Rockford Files, was more like it, a warmer, kinder, gentler hero. Sure, he carried a gun, but Jimmy's way of handling bad situations made me laugh. He was so damned charming and reasonable. I wanted to be like him. I imitated my idea of his character, mannerisms and style. I explored them, transcended them, copied them and found my way into the back door of his consciousness.

My "idea" of Rockford enabled me to understand the length and breadth of his motivations. Even though I enjoyed him, he was still a knockdown, drag-out private eye, with fights and murders going on every week. I needed a hero who was a lot less violent and more peaceful and happy.

I'd watched Burt Reynolds in the movies and seen him on TV doing interviews. He was always Burt, a warm, mellow, very human being, vulnerable but strong – a man who could laugh at himself. He was laid back, relaxed, always joking around and showing everyone a good time. He didn't want to kill anyone.

The characters he played would seemingly rather outwit his adversaries than inflict bodily harm on them – or anyone. He was a quick-witted jokester who was always hamming it up. He made me laugh. He was a ladies' man, kind, cool, elegant, smooth and debonair. A man to be trusted, a good man, someone I would like as a friend, someone I could rely on. This was my idea of Burt. This was my hero. I could see his image in my mind.

I imitated him, slipped on his mannerisms and slid down into the source of him, where I could explore his ideas, motivations and humor. Soon, I knew what it felt like to BE BURT! I really felt like him. I knew him better than I knew myself.

I carried a photograph of my hero Burt. I secretly stared at it, learned from it, and was guided by its voice in the heart of me. I could feel Burt in my daily life. It was as if his personality, or my version of it, enhanced and improved my relationships. I was like him, a nice guy, friendly, confident and debonair.

People reacted to me with less caution. I felt more genuine, more amusing, more self-assured and more light-hearted. I liked myself more every day. I liked my Burt. My idea of Burt loved me. He was the hero in the heart of me and he was super.

A few days later I was working as a contractor, trying to find a leak in the roof of a home in the Hollywood Hills. It was very wet under foot and it was raining. I ignored the nagging voice deep inside me telling me not to go up there. I was sure the voice was the hero in me but I knew better than him in

these circumstances, after all what did he know about leaky roofs..... I slipped and fell.

Hanging by nothing at all, upside down, dangling thirty feet above a 250-foot-long solid concrete staircase. Terrified, I was sure I was going to die. The voice in the heart of me told me to remain still and calm. I trusted the voice. I had no choice. I dared not move. I relaxed. I laughed at myself hanging between life and death. I cried out for anyone and no one came. Raging anger ripped through me.

I was alone, completely alone. My usual tough guy personality dissolved as I hung weeping, wetting myself in fear with nowhere to go but down to my death. "It's over," I thought. "I am finished. I'm losing my grip." My life flashed before my eyes. A voice in the heart of me told me: "You are responsible for where you are and who you are Listen to your heart."

I listened intuitively and followed the voice in my heart. Step by step in the face of terrifying fear I trusted my intuitive voice telling me I could save myself. I took my mind off of the danger. I found a tiny foothold then a fingernail handhold. Pushing and easing my weight millimeter by millimeter toward the roof I got a leg around a vent pipe on the roof and slowly, inch by inch, I pulled my body back onto the roof I was safe.

Listening to the voice in the heart of me saved my life. The voice is the "hero" in me, who protects and defends me from the all the hazards of the world including me.

The Castle

Torn and tattered our banner maybe but it still flies in the wind

Charge of the Light Brigade

The word "Mulligan" or "Marbian" hung around in my mind nagging at me. I didn't know what it was or where it came from. It had been banging around in my head for weeks. I was living in London, it was driving me crazy, and I had to get away. I stuck a pin in a map and drove to the pinpoint - Gifford, East Lothian in Scotland. Gifford is a small country village, a beauty spot 30 miles southeast of Edinburgh.

I found a vacation farm cottage and moved in. The hero was in asleep in me but I couldn't reach him in the hubbub of London. In Gifford, I would "find myself again," write my poetry, and get back to basics. I had never been to Gifford before; I knew little about it. The beautiful picturesque village just looked interesting as I drove into the village square. A pub in the main square called the "Goblin Ha' " caught my eye.

The Goblin Ha' had been a pub since the beginning of time. Dominating the entire decoration of the pub were murals depicting Lord Hugo De Gifford, an eleventh century magician. Hugo was an actual historical figure who had lived in this castle hidden in the woods. According to legend Hugo conquered the power of evil at the castle and brought its terrifying hobgoblins under his spell. They followed him around like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Under Hugo's control they blindly did his bidding, and in one

night built the subterranean chamber of the Goblin Hall under the heart of the castle mound.

Sir Walter Scott immortalized Hugo de Gifford in his poem, *Marmion* proclaiming the castle at Gifford to be the site where a “Merlin-like” magician, Lord Hugo De Gifford, lived in the 11th century. *Marmion*. That’s it! The word that stuck in my head wasn’t “Marbian,” it was *Marmion*. I was meant to be in Gifford...I had to go to the castle! This was fate.

Neither the barman nor any of the locals would tell me where the castle was. They were obviously jittery. “It’s on private land,” they said, “You stay away!” Next day, carrying a copy of Sir Walter Scott’s poem *Marmion*, I walked along beautiful country roads, spurred on by what seemed to be the castle ruin, vaguely marked on an old ordnance survey map.

Off the beaten track, led by chance and intuition, I walked through thick woods carpeted with flowering garlic, scanning for the castle. I couldn’t find it. It was getting late. The evening mists were hovering behind the afternoon sunlight. I walked onto a ridge, fighting through heavy brambles. Scratched and exhausted, I looked down and around. Nothing, just trees and dense foliage. Exasperated, I turned back. In an instant, my mind remembered something behind me I’d missed. The castle’s image separated itself from its camouflage. I had found it.

Fallen-down, grey stonewalls, quaintly manmade, peered inquisitively at me through the fading light. The castle, daunting and sinister, sat on a high, rocky, double mound with a raging moat surrounding it...I rushed headlong through the woods, across the access bridge and onto the castle mound. I felt different on the castle mound, as if I had left one reality and entered another. I was nervous and scared.

The castle walls had fallen into ancient rubble, overgrown and unrecognizable. Those that remained were barely standing; holes in them, once windows, peered open to the sky. Black crows entertained themselves, practicing squawking sorties and fearsome aerobatics to intimidate me.

A large black gap in the undergrowth below me beckoned. A wide parade of thirty-three worn stairs led me down into the darkness of the Goblin Hall. The Hall’s architecture is like no other anywhere in the world. It is thought to be an ancient Masonic initiation chamber. A huge, dank-smelling underground room with an arched cobbled roof and a dirt floor. It was 50 feet long, 30 feet wide and 20 feet high at the center. A window high up allowed a thin shaft of sunlight to pierce the darkness.

According to legend, when the hobgoblins had finished Hugo’s bidding he forced them to cut a spiral staircase down through the solid rock beneath the Goblin Hall. When the light in the spiral staircase disappeared, he sealed them in behind a wall of solid, black granite.

As I descended the steps I read aloud from “The Host’s Tale” in Scott’s poem *Marmion*.

*Lord Gifford deep beneath the ground
Heard Alexander's bugle sound
And tarried not his garb to change
But in his wizard's habit strange
Came forth a quaint and fearful sight
His cloak was lined with fox skins white
His high and wrinkled forehead bore
A pointed cap such as yore
Clerks say the pharaoh's magi wore
His shoes were marked with cross and spell
Upon his breast a pentacle
His zone of parchment thing
Or as some tell of dead man's skin
Bore many a planetary sign
Combust and retrograde and trine
And in his hand he held prepared
A naked sword without a guard.*

THE CASTLE AT GIFFORD



The Castle Wall



The Goblin Hall



The Staircase Descends



Inside Goblin Hall

Prehistoric settlements and ancient Roman camps surround the castle at Gifford. It has borne witness to a wealth of strange occurrences over the centuries, including the death of the last white wolf in Scotland, countless UFO sightings, witchcraft covens and unexplained disappearances.

A lone Scottish piper, in full regalia, accepted a standing wager of a bag of gold to do what no man before him had ever done: stay overnight in the Goblin Hall alone. He was never seen again. Other challengers were struck by lightning, crushed by falling trees, or just plain disappeared, trying to uncover the castle's secrets...

Visitors and researchers have always been actively discouraged from visiting the castle, and no archaeological digs have ever been carried out on the site, even though the magician's artifacts are believed to be buried there.

The castle was built in the 11th century by the Hay Family of Normandy, France, on land given to them as payment for their part in the Norman Conquest of Britain in 1066 AD. There is virtually no recorded history available in any major library offering details of the castle, its builders, or its occupants.

Ley lines are unseen powerful lines of magnetic/psychic lines of power dating prehistory that crisscross Britain in straight lines linking together the ancient monuments of prehistory like Stonehenge and the Stone Circles of Amesbury. Many times they are the site of old Roman roads or make clear straight pathways through fields and hedgerows.

A ley line connects Gifford Castle to The Glastonbury Tor where King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table quested for The Holy Grail. This is the home of Avalon, the mystical Arthurian paradise; it holds all the keys to Christian mysticism.

The castle ley line emanates from The Glastonbury Tor, legendary "Center of the World," passes through Sir Walter Scott's tomb at Melrose Abbey, bisects the castle and terminates in the prehistoric stone circle of the Isle of Orkney.

Like The Knights of the Round Table, twelve mystical roundels encircle the castle and the castle itself sits on its own double roundel. Roundels are formed when two or more ley-lines cross. Their joint power supposedly pulls outcrops of azoic rock out of the arable landscape. Used as prehistoric lookouts and ritual burial sites, they have been considered as natural secret places since the beginning of time. They stand like windswept, grey granite islands, desolate, in the fields of Gifford's Scottish lowlands.

Sir Walter Scott, a high-ranking Freemason, had secret knowledge of The "God-man" the hero of the Masonic tradition.

"The God-man, imprisoned in every human being is the solar power revered by every nation of antiquity and is endowed with all the

qualities of God. It is the first duty of every human being to liberate this eternal one within himself"

Manley P. Hall

When Scott published *Marmion*, there was huge public outcry about why he had included Gifford's "The Host's Tale" in his poem, since it was completely irrelevant to the meaning of the main body of the work and detracted from the rest of the poem...Scott was furious at his critics, but he didn't explain himself. Had Scott hidden his secret knowledge of The God-man in his work? Maybe?

In his introduction to *Marmion*, he invites his readers to:

Seek the moated castle's cell

= *Find the castle's Goblin Hall*

Where long through talisman and spell

= *Where through magic*

While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept

= Over many, many years

Thy genius, Chivalry, hath slept (thy "God-man" has sleeps)

= Every reader's god-man sleeps here

There sound the harpings of the North

Till he arise and sally forth

On venturous quest to prick again

= The hero awakens and goes in search adventure

In all his arms, with all his train

= In all his glory, as if it were a Knight of The Round Table

Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf

Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf

And wizard with his wand of might

And errant maid on palfrey white

Around the genius weave their spells

= Their spells are:

Pure love, who scarce his passion tells,
Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd

And honor, with his spotless shield

Attention, with fix'd eye; and fear

That loves the tale she shrinks to hear

And gentle courtesy and faith

Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death

And valor, lion-mettled lord

Leaning upon his own good sword

Well has thy fair achievement shown

= As your achievement has shown (in raising the hero)

A worthy mead may thus be won

= The reader has won reader, a worthy drink

At the Last Supper Jesus gave his disciples the wine of the Eucharist. (*The worthiest drink of all*) "This is my blood," he said. "Take this in remembrance of me."

At Jesus' crucifixion, Joseph of Aramathea, using a cup called The Holy Grail, (symbolizing the human cranium) collected the blood of Jesus from the wound in his side. He took the Grail to England, where it disappeared. King Arthur (symbolizing the life force) and his Knights (symbolizing brain energies) of the Round Table (of the mind) quested to find the Holy Grail containing blood of Christ

After years of searching, Sir Galahad the virgin knight (symbolizing Innocence) finds the Holy Grail. He pulls aside the cloth of gold, (material illusion) to reveal a red rose, (the human brain) At the rose's center hidden in a moated "cell" is a heart of solar gold, (the mysterious pineal gland) bursting with clear white sunlight. From within the light emerges a vision of an all-powerful being of radiant clear light, who conquers the demons and dragons of the human being's lower nature and rescues the fair maiden of his own soul.....

.....I awoke from a deep sleep drowsy and disheveled. I stumbled out of the Goblin Hall into the clear white sunlight of the early morning. Somehow I was changed. I couldn't put my finger on it but I had new strength, a new vision and a new purpose. The hero was no longer sleeping. He was awake in me.

The Pineal Gland



Quotes:

The pineal gland or "Arthurian" Heart of Solar Gold has similar expressions in many different cultures and religions throughout the world. In most cases it can be traced back the Pagan sacred symbol of the pinecone and has "mystical" significance as "the third eye."

The pineal gland is thought to be the abode of the spirit of man, the seat of the soul and to possess “God-like mystical powers. It is the place where one sees the face of “God.”

The pineal gland is a pinecone shaped endocrinal gland, a vestigial light-sensitive organ located in the exact geometric center of the head between the two lobes of the brain in a “tiny cell” surrounded by cerebral fluid.

The pineal gland controls the action of light upon the body and is connected to the optic thalami. The optic thalami are a central station for the reception, condensation, and transmission of all the intercommunicating lines between the conscious, thinking person and the external world.

Activated by light, the pineal gland contains pigment like that found in the human eye.

The pineal controls the various biorhythms of the body working in harmony with the pituitary and hypothalamus gland. The pineal gland is sensitive to light even when optical nerves have been cut. It is positioned at the exact point where the optic nerves cross, creating the “eye single”, of the third or spiritual eye.”

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single,
thy whole body shall be full of light.

The Sermon on The Mount- Matthew 6:22

In the practice of meditation and visualization, the negative and positive electromagnetic forces of the brain will interact and create a “clear white light in your head” at the pineal gland. Put aside your sense of ego and personality and keep your mental state relaxed but focused and you will become aware of your inner light at the hero in the heart of you.

First Light

Mass is nothing but appearance.
Iron stripped of twelve electrons Is ultraviolet light.
Clear white light is emptiness.

I always wanted to be accepted for my intellectual prowess. It never happened. I couldn't pass an exam to save my life. I had always been that way. I was bright, intelligent, a faster thinker than most but I had no degree and I wanted to read philosophy.

My university interview was the usual “Why do you want to do philosophy and what does your mother think about it?” The aging professor who was interviewing me looked a little glazed-eyed and distant. “Tell me, Christopher,” he said as if in a dream, “what is your definition of God?” I felt like I was drowning for a moment but then the words came spilling out of me almost to my surprise. I said:

“What you call God I call The Organism. The Organism is the sum total of All Things in Existence synthesizing and synthesized with All Things of Non-Existence; because it is all and everything it participates with no other thing therefore it can do no wrong and maybe considered as Almighty and All Good and named God.”

The professor was visibly shocked. He gulped and politely stuttered for me to repeat what I had said. I repeated the statement again word for word. The professor shook his head and with a smile said, **“Welcome to university.”**

Soon I was fighting with the head of my philosophy class. Trying to get it through his thick skull that philosophy was about man’s relationship with the world, himself and God and not about dissecting the words you use to do it. The professor was explaining. **“When a test tube full of water is heated with a Bunsen burner the rate of evaporation can be measured and we can accept those measurements as truth.”** **“No we can’t!”** I yelled out. **“No we can’t. What you are talking about is only a fact. A fact is not The Truth; it’s just a consensus of opinion. There is only one truth and that is The Truth of All and Everything. Truth is without separation, division or limit. Everything seen and unseen, in both existence and non-existence in past, present or future are one and the same single organism called God.**

“Any and every thing within that system is interdependent and relative to and affected by, any and every other thing. A kettle boils in Japan and we are all part of that. A Russian smoke stack pollutes the environment and that affects our atmosphere. There is no escape. Everything affects everything else. We are part of a living organism with only one certain truth, itself.”

I felt like I had been asked to sacrifice my freethinking to some idiot education curriculum. I couldn’t subscribe to a philosophy that turned me into a raving madman. I went to see Mr. Rosetti, the Assistant Dean. I told him I wanted to leave. **“I’m wasting my time,”** I said. He asked me, **“What would you most like to be?”**

“I want to be rich and benevolent.” I said. **“I want to help people feel better.”**

“What do you mean?” questioned Rosetti.

“I want to be a healer.” The words just seemed to spill out.

“My daughter was very ill in hospital,” Rosetti said, **“I was told she would die soon. Every day an elderly lady named Mrs. Linton arrived at the hospital asking me for permission to heal my daughter. I resisted the woman’s offer, not trusting her healing hocus-pocus. When my daughter took a turn for the worse, I allowed the lady to do her work. Three weeks later my daughter left the hospital happy, healed and healthy, sporting a golden tan.”**

Rosetti called Mrs. Linton and her Brigadier husband to see if they could help me with my healing ambitions. The Brigadier, now retired, had been a surgeon in the British Army. May Linton had been his nurse assistant.

The Lintons lived at the end of a desolate cul-de-sac. I walked through the driving rain. I kept my head down, glancing from side to side, checking the street numbers. I was soaked.

I tapped nervously on the door. May Linton, a big, stern upright lady in her mid-seventies opened it, her white hair swept up and wrapped in a bun, emphasizing her somber mood. She smiled minimally, escorting me into the "treatment room." There were no religious icons, prayer books or Bibles lying around. There was nothing in the room that offered any clue to the origins or nature of who or what I was about to experience. I sat on the bed feeling scared. Who are these people?

When May Linton reentered the room she was dressed in doctor's whites and carrying a bowl of clear water and a towel. She announced that I had "psychic stench" and would need to be cleansed or I couldn't remain in the house. I reminded her that I was there to learn how to be a healer. She quietly but adamantly insisted I be cleansed before we went any further. I tried to speak to tell her what was going on with me but she insisted the only thing that mattered was my treatment and that would make everything better for me.

The door opened, and a man smaller and older than May Linton shuffled into the room on a walking stick. His doctor's whites and white hair glistened and shone in the cool afternoon sunlight as it poured into the room through the lace curtains. He introduced himself as Brigadier Linton. He was gruff and to the point. "May will conduct the healing and I will assist her." He sat down, instantly smartening his large military moustache with two artistic upward sweeps from his right hand. Relaxing, he rested both hands on the handle of his walking stick and stared straight ahead.

May told me to lie on the bed and relax while she treated me. "Yeah, right," I thought. I lay there defying her. No one was going to get me. I was tough. No one was going to pull the wool over my eyes. This woman -- whoever she was -- would have to perform.

May Linton's hands lightly drifted over my clothing. Through my half-closed eyes I could see her dragging her hands over my arms and legs as if she were pulling something off me. At the end of each pull, she doused her hands in the clear water, dried them on a towel and began again, until she had "cleansed" my entire body. I had no sense of her touching me in any way. She seemed to be cleaning off the atmosphere around my body.

I glanced over at the Brigadier but even though he was close to me he seemed distant and removed, almost in a trance. I found it difficult to concentrate on him; my vision was blurring in the sunlight. I wanted to close my eyes. I resisted as long as I could but I couldn't hold it and as I did I sensed radiant light and heat flowing from May Linton's hands, over my chest, my shoulders, my legs. On my face, I sensed a liquid dripping from her fingertips. A perfume, drenched with the deep smell of jasmine, ran down my face. I opened my eyes briefly. I could still feel the liquid on

my face but there was nothing there. The room seemed to vibrate. I couldn't have gotten up if I had wanted to. Mrs. Linton sealed my body with the sign of the equilateral cross on my chest and told me to rest. I fell into a deep sleep.

Mrs. Linton awakened me with a cup of tea "The psychic stench is gone," she said in her mid-Atlantic accent, "You have involved yourself in too much occult study. Your ego in its desire to control the life you fear has mistakenly invited dark entities into your psyche. They are gone now. You must not interest yourself in them any further. Ask The Great Spirit for help, guidance and protection."

I returned to the Lintons' many times. I was always full of questions. I always got the same answer. "Life is a schoolroom, you will keep learning the same lesson until you get it right, then you move on to the next lesson." That was it. All my wailing about poor me, my relationships, girls, and the anger burning me up, always met with the same response "Life is a schoolyard. Learn your lessons. When you've learnt them you'll move up to the next class and start learning again." I hated school, any school.

The Lintons gave their time freely to me. They never charged me for the "treatments." Their lives, according to them, were about service to their fellow men and not about reward.

They did not encourage me to join a church, indicating all organized religion was to be avoided. They told me, "Simplicity is the key to power."

They said a cloak of darkness had finally completely enveloped Earth in 1978 and that this was the beginning of the end, unless men changed their ways for the better.

When I told them I felt worried about my life becoming contaminated again, the Brigadier suggested that I imagine myself being continually bathed in clear light. He insisted that clear light is the power of all things. "Clear light creates all life," he said, "Without light, life dies. Clear light is the complete manifestation of unconditional love."

That was my last experience of the Lintons. On their advice I had moved to Hollywood California where I received letter from a funeral home telling me they had passed away within weeks of each other. I put the letter down without bothering to read the second page of the text. I was very upset.

Distressed by the loss of them both I went to see a psychic. As I entered the room she was writing "Linton" on a note pad. "Whose name is this?" she asked, "These Lintons are telling me you are a healer and they want to work with you. You'd better hang out your shingle!"

A Mexican construction worker of mine had palsy in his face. I repeated what I had seen the Lintons do. I cleansed the body of my patient, dragging off all his "bad vibes" into a bowl of clean water. I imagined clear light covering me and radiating from my hands as I placed them either side of

his head. I held my hands there as long as I could, propelling the light from me into him with all my will that he should be healed.

Twenty-four hours later, the palsy had almost left his face. One more “treatment” and he was back to normal. Seemingly I was a good healer. Healing success followed success with all kinds of ailments and all kinds of believers and non-believers.

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My girlfriend at the time got an unexpected call from Corrine, an old friend of hers, who was a psychic working with the police on missing children cases. I asked her just one question. “Who are Brigadier and Mrs. Linton?”

Corrine was calm at first as if she was concentrating looking for a source inside herself. All at once she was yelling down the phone saying, “Oh my God, my God, I’ve never seen anything like it! It’s all light; it’s all light!” She was on top of the world, gasping and laughing excitedly, cheering. “There’s a man’s voice and a woman.... He says you are a healer and you are stronger than he ever was.” On the other end of the phone I was freaking out. There was a lovely breeze rushing to me and through me. My eyes filled with tears of exhilaration and overwhelming joy.

When Corrine’s vision faded she sounded radiantly happy. ”Never in twenty-five years of doing this work have I ever experienced anything like this. All I could see was clear light. Usually I see a figure or a face but this time all I could see was clear light. They just said all you need to know is in the letter they sent you.”

I found and read second page of the funeral letter:

“The clear light of love is the power of all things. It is in every cell of your body. When we lose interest in things it is because we lack the clear light of love. The more interest we have in things, the more power we draw through us. Frustration dulls our interest but we gain strength by holding to that interest. The clear light of love never possesses or covets; it cannot, for it is outgoing. Whatever we attach to ourselves by desire is just that through which the clear light of love cannot shine. All our karma, all our imperfections, are like dense spots that do not admit the clear light of love. The clear light of love is the complete power of all things. Approach all things with interest and appreciation, not determination. Determination is force, not power. All things seen in the radiance of love’s clear light are covered with beauty and interest. Raise the clear light of love within you”

In the heart of me is the spark of clear light that gives me life
 Defends me, fights for me and it enlightens me
 It is the hero in me.

From Zero to Hero

The hero, who can rise up and improve your life
 is hidden in the heart of every individual.

Manley P. Hall.

A kid lives in a bad area. He wants a better life. All around him he sees negative influences he doesn’t like. His parents are “missing.” He has no

role models. He has no money. He is fearful and isolated. He has no future. He wants a better life but he has no sense of self-adequacy or sense of worth to himself or anyone. He must conquer himself to get what he wants.

The kid reads comic books. He loves Superman. He is determined to be like Superman, overcome his adversity and become more than he is. He can do it. He identifies with the idea of an ordinary person like him with a hero inside him.

Fantasizing and playing, as if he were Superman, the kid senses, for a split second, he “is” Superman. The kid knows in reality he is not Superman but by repeatedly remembering the feeling of when he “is” he accesses and anchors his feelings and thoughts to the Superman spark within him.

Delving into his “emotional memory” of the spark he strives to explore, discover, expand and create his fullest knowledge of it – using it as if it were a window into the best of who he is.

As he expands his quest he develops the hero’s psychology, attitude, methodology, ethics and morals far beyond his expectations. As he learns, he is guided by his instinct and intuition deep into the heart of who he is. Deliberately and systematically he breathes strength, confidence and emotional life into the transcendent hero intelligence he finds within him.

The kid emulates the highest ideals for himself as the hero, finding self esteem and self-confidence he can believe in. He takes on the ethics of the hero, reflecting the truth, the will and desires of the hero to be his friend, guide, role model and mentor.

The kid absorbs every aspect of the nature, mind, intelligence and the character of the hero, holding every ideal of his vision accountable to the highest ethical standards and the finest transcendental qualities.

Ultimately, the kid comes to know the hero in the heart of him as a genius intelligence of clear light reflected as unconditional love. He realizes the hero creates all life and is the power of all things. Expressing the hero in every aspect of his life, the kid experiences himself as a fully worthwhile, responsible and enlightened person of integrity and power whom he can trust, respect and believe in.

The kid’s efforts turn his life around and he finds the success he wants and deserves.

The hero, expresses the ideals of love, faith, honor and truth, is all-powerful and all creative. It is the most wondrous, totally amazing, super you in the heart of you. It can’t be lost or stolen. The hero is yours and yours alone, its love is unconditional, all encompassing and forever.

Self-Discovery

There is no path – make your own

Threatened by the increasing problems of our rapidly changing world, the vast advances in our technology and the decline in moral and social

behavior, we have diminished, confused and distorted our lives, undermined our roles in society, and neutralized our chance for real happiness.

Our lack of self-esteem, our lack of trust, our self-betrayal and our inability to obtain enough secure, nurturing love, coupled with our sense there is, or may be, no future, have corrupted everyone's natural mental health, resulting in the terrifying problems of global society.

It is possible to reverse these processes.

Find and create the hero within you who is your finest ideal of yourself, who transcends all limits and is the perfect role model for you to emulate.

Ultimately, the hero transforms, spiritualizes and universalizes you, whilst reflecting back at you real meaning, value and worth in the definable positive identity you can emulate, learn from and grow with.

The hero is a necessary and integral, indivisible part of every human being irrespective of race, creed or religion and can be created, realized, understood, experienced and used by anyone at any time.

The hero is your vehicle of self-empowerment and self-government, an internal subjective discipline. There are no right answers. This is a voyage of self-discovery that we are all on, including me.

Where is me?

There is no 'me' in my brain.

There is no 'me' in my body.

'I' cannot find 'me' or verify 'me'.

Am 'I' real? Do 'I' exist?

This sense of a lack of quantifiable identity is built into the mind of every human being; it is a void, an unconscious lack of self-belief that sows the seeds of all destructive behavior.

I trust and believe in the world around me as quantifiable and real.

"I experience the world around me through my mind yet my mind cannot experience itself as quantifiable or real and unconsciously "rejects itself" and the world around it on the ground that it does not exist"

The human mind has at its foundation this unconscious sense of personal incompleteness, this lack of self-belief because it identifies with its 'me' and 'I' self that it can't find and is not quantifiable or real.

The mind, seeking to control its "incompleteness" attempts to substantiate and prove itself as quantifiable and real by gaining power over the world's wealth, its peoples and its resources.

A human being can bridge the unconscious void within them by finding and creating the image and personality of a hero in the heart of him/her, whose visualized presence reflects the individual's natural true self back to him/her as whole and complete and having meaning, value and self-worth.

Today's Heroes

Embody your personal ideals by emulating your role models.

There is an absence of genuine heroes and role models in today's society. We need heroes to look up to whose example we can use to shape our lives.

There are four types of hero, bearing in mind it is our perception of them that makes them our hero or not. When you say this person or figure is "my hero" you are stating that you respect them, are inspired by them and aspire to be like them as a role model.

Traditional heroes like King Arthur and his Knights of The Round Table were strong, courageous, noble, fair, benevolent, valiant, compassionate and merciful. They defeated evil, rescued love, fought for what's right and defended the weak without thought for themselves or their own reward.

Everyday heroes like Moms and Dads, family members, firemen, sports stars and public personalities are role models who are admired for their bravery, kindness, beauty, sacrifice, accomplishments, ability or skills, like Princess Diana, Kobe Bryant, Barack Obama, Mother Teresa. The Dalai Lama and Martin Luther King Jr.

Heroes like Superman, Batman, Spiderman, The Flash and Captain America etc. live in comic books but they fill us with awe and imagination for how great they are and how we, given the chance, would act like they do and possess their powers.

Movie and TV heroes in the modern world like Wonder Woman, The Incredibles, Rocky Balboa, Bruce Lee, Lara Croft and Bruce Willis fuel the idea that within us all is a hero is waiting to get out.

From an early age, heroes as role models are essential to the emotional growth of every individual. They set high ethical standards and represent values that can be respected and admired as worthwhile and uplifting. Heroes are shining examples of who we would like to be. How we would like to feel, think and be. How we would like to be loved, adored and respected. A hero is admired for his or her fine qualities and achievements and regarded as ideal.

Heroes inspire us to great goals and accomplishments. They rescue us from lethargy, stop us feeling sorry for ourselves and remind us to be strong and determined to succeed. Without heroes to set examples of conduct and courage, our future is doomed to be exploited, manipulated, compromised or evaporated.

We All Need a Hero

We all need a hero, to measure who we are - to uplift our vision of ourselves and to help us be more than we ever dreamed possible.

One of the best ways to elevate one's character and raise the hero within you is to invoke the characteristics of the people you admire most and

adopt their manners, speech, and behavior as your own. There is nothing false in this. We all carry the seeds of greatness within us, but we need a hero as a point of focus in order that we may grow. *Adapted from 'A Manual for Living' A.D. 55*

When the image of an idealized hero is living in the heart of a person, it acts like a psychological mirror, reflecting back to the individual a self that is quantifiable, real and perfect.

A human being, having its own admirable, ethical, hero identity within, that it knows and believes in, feels complete, meaningful, worthwhile, valuable and loved. It no longer feels threatened, wants dominance over others or consumes beyond its needs.

The hero exists in every human being and is only waiting to be emancipated and realized. The hero enables the individual to conquer himself and get what he wants. He wants what he is, a hero expressing the finest qualities, the highest ideals and genuine good character.

As a self-parenting tool, the hero enables those who experience a lack of nurturing love or opportunity for love and those who are victims of emotional abuse to rescue themselves from their dysfunction and create a new life through their own efforts on their own terms.

The hero overcomes self-doubt, builds personal power and enhances liberty and freedom. It encourages a strong self-will and a strong self-image. It advocates high ideals and teaches personal responsibility and accountability, developing intuition, imagination, creativity and unconditional love.

The hero is genius, the pragmatic channel for all skills, talents, feelings, intuitions, ideals and creative imagination. It harnesses, maintains and broadens your intuitive knowledge of yourself and all phenomena, known and unknown, while enabling you to recognize and accept yourself as an integral and indivisible part of all things seen and unseen.

The hero simultaneously supports, maintains and develops the individual's self-worth, self-esteem and self-respect, by relating him or her to the God-like hero self within. The hero can never be lost, stolen or taken away from you. It will never leave you; it is yours alone and will always love you unconditionally forever.

Finding the hero within you is a completely possible and private, natural, necessary act of self-love and determination, empowering you to uplift and fully realize your true nature. The hero will be your personal role model for your self-development, self-discipline and self-government.

The hero gives form and support to your hidden finest qualities, highest ideals and naturally good character. Knowing the hero in the heart of you is as necessary to a healthy mind as good blood is to a healthy body

Emotional Memory

What you can conceive and truly believe, you can achieve.

J Clement Stone

Stanislavski, the father of Russian Theater, describes how he himself behaved in order to be in communion with himself and find the hero/character. He made the brain and the solar plexus, which are two centers of our nerves' life, "talk" to each other. He felt as if he had two I's which established a steady dialogue between themselves as if they were two actors. When an actor brings everything he goes to the maximum of truthfulness, connects his mind and his body, and feels as if he were doing it in real life, he enters a state of "I am," where he merges with his role.

Every human experience in life leaves an emotional trace in our cells, on our nervous system, and so the feelings that participate in that experience create an indelible "emotional memory" of a person, place and experience.

Every adult has experienced emotions. People may go through different feelings of love: love for a person, a dress, an animal, or sunshine. We have also hated someone, or an insect, or war.

We have, stored in our emotional memory, on a cellular level, trace imprints and memories of every person, place and experience we have ever known. Using emotional memory, we can recollect, find, know and express any hero/character from our emotional memory and bring that character's true nature to life.

According to scientific data, emotional memory not only retains an imprint of an experience but also synthesizes feelings of a different nature. If a person has experienced the feeling of envy because his friend has a better job, or wins a lottery and if he has experienced such feelings many times, the common element in all these cases will have left a deep imprint on his memory.

From many preserved traces of what was experienced, one great condensed, magnified, and deepened memory of emotions of the same nature is formed from which to create the hero/character.

Adapted Excerpt: The Stanislavski System - Sonia Moore

Find The Hero

The hero is symbolic of that creative and redemptive image hidden within us all waiting to be known and rendered into life.

Joseph Campbell

Remember when you were a child, how much fun it was to imitate your hero from the movies, music, sports, fiction or real life? How you dressed, talked and even felt like him or her? Remember how you *just knew* inside you that your hero was wonderful and real? Remember how the more you modeled yourself after your idea of your hero, the more you accessed its fearless and uplifting qualities, the more you felt you could achieve anything and everything you ever wanted.

Remember when you were a child, who you were and how you were, joyful, innocent and full of wonder? What were you like? What did you believe in? Who did you love? How did you love?

As a child you were close to your self and there was no distance between your self and your expression of its true nature. As you experienced life you became distanced from your self and expressed your nature through the residues of fear and conditioning you had left in you growing up.

Return to your earliest memories of your childhood. Feel the finest qualities, real and imagined, you felt and experienced as a very young child. Remember gentleness, vulnerability, playfulness, sweetness, trust, creativity, natural curiosity and spontaneous unconditional love. The memories lead you closer and closer to the experience of the hero in you. Feel them in you now. Feel the depth of your positive emotional memories. Tune into them, nurture them, develop them and live them again.

Remember when you were a kid how much fun it was to play-act and imitate your fantasy heroes? Remember how you dressed, talked, acted and sometimes even felt like you were your hero?

Remember how you “just knew,” deep down inside, that your hero really existed in you. You could feel it in your blood, like it was a hairsbreadth away. Heroes are everywhere in your imagination: Sports stars, television, movies, fiction, art, comics, myth, religion, history or music. Who are you when you sing in the shower?

In your heart don't you feel a certain affinity with Superman? Wonder Woman? Batman? Tarzan? James Bond? A Hollywood movie star? A rock singer? A politician? Do you play air guitar?

Tune into your fantasy heroes, real or imagined, in the heart of your emotional memory. Remember being exhilarated when you copied or impersonated what you thought was the style and attitude of your hero? Remember getting so close to your idea of your hero that you felt you were almost becoming your hero?

Maybe you only find moments or traces of the memories of fantasy heroes you once believed in, people you looked up to, respected or impersonated. Perhaps they were friends or family or aspects of celebrity you “knew” for a second and copied or imitated

Did you copy a fantasy hero's confidence, a movie star's glamour, or a TV lawyer's assertiveness and wit? Were you a comic book hero? Did they capture your imagination? Did their ideas resonate with you and did you believe in their idealism?

Heroes are like you and me, ordinary on the outside and heroes on the inside.

Feel and remember the most important and special heroes in your imagination, remember how they felt on you and wear them again, feel their power and validity now. Throw away angry and out-of-date heroes, empty hero shells, attitudes and faces you hid behind when you were vulnerable. Be courageous.

Examine your finest hero ideals at the very source of your feelings; sense them, try them on, become them. They gave you protection, insight and connection to a power far greater than your own.

Merely conceiving of the implications of what and who your hero was changed your life, educated you and initiated you into parts of yourself you could have learned no other way.

One hero strengthened you and one gave you power. One taught you compassion. One opened you up to ideas and visions you thought were lost or beyond your comprehension. One knew the secrets you will know soon.

Notice how all your hero ideas and “memory fragments” have so much in common. List them, examine them and commit to them. Piece together the images, ideals, the nature, the attitude and the expectations you have for the very best parts of the hero in you. They express different aspects of the same hero and that hero is in you, at the very heart of your being, expressing only the finest aspects of intelligence, compassion and strength. See the hero as one idea, one person; feel the hero in the heart of you.

Isolate, absorb, relax, and move into your hero. Wear your hero’s attitude and scan its depth, personality and formidable assets of being. Enjoy the feeling of being loved, valued, meaningful and wonderful like the hero you are.

Imagine you are an actor building a character; use your idea of the hero as your vehicle to be who you want to be, how you want to be and what you like. Explore the hero; it is all you have ever wanted to be. Access its imagination, genius, creativity, sense of play-acting and fun. Examine and understand the hero’s potential and possibilities; they are unlimited,

Dive into your emotional memory; talk with the hero in the heart of you and, like an actor, merge with that role. Charge the hero with your intention to believe it, embrace it, commit to it, actualize it, and become it. You become what you believe. Feel the vibration of the hero. Sink into it. Become it. Tap into the talents and strengths of the hero. Understand, absorb, inhabit and exhibit the finest ideals and qualities of the hero. Incorporate and emulate the hero wisdom, compassion and love in every aspect of your daily life. Trust and believe in the hero. Take on the persona of the hero. Adopt the hero’s mannerisms, speech and behavior as your own.

Use clothes, accessories and style to constantly reinforce and realize your Hero in you on a conscious level. Throw out all clothes, possessions, thoughts, ideas, relationships and lifestyles that do not resonate with the hero’s likes and wants. Keep only what you truly want in your life.

Make choices, as your hero, in clothing, personal appearance, style, actions, diet, activity, personal attitude, outlook, beliefs, friends, work, leisure activities, possessions, and desires, that support your idea of your hero you love, admire and believe in.

Choose a lifestyle that supports your hero. Evoke all your hero's finest characteristics and behavior as if they were your own. Act as your hero in all your dealings in love, friendship, business, opinion and world-view. Identify your hero's finest qualities and ideals you believe in. Recognize, raise and develop those finest qualities and ideals within yourself.

The more you seek your hero the more it will reveal itself to you and the more you and it will transcend its finest qualities. Dissociate from your own problems. Your hero does not have your problems and never will. Allow your relationship with your hero to evolve and develop both with and without your direction or participation.

Ask yourself: If I were my hero, how would I feel? How would I think? How would I act? How would I dress? How would I relate to others? How would I love? Would I be kind, generous, loving, forgiving, sweet?

Notice how your deductions relate closely with the exceptional and transcendent qualities of your hero.

Picture a clearly defined mental image of your hero. Visualize your hero's body type, image, clothing and style. Use your feelings, intuitions, and insight -- real or imagined -- culled from your emotional memory to develop and experience the deepest nature and character of your hero.

In your emotional memory remember, feel and mimic your hero's mannerisms and personality as you see them. Feel, model and inhabit the attitude of the hero. Model yourself after your hero.

Impersonate the hero; feel it, believe it. The more you can access its fearless and wonderful qualities, the more you feel you can, as your hero, achieve anything and everything you ever wanted.

Realize the very best features you observed as a very young child are among the very best features of your hero. List your hero's highest Ideals, personal values, ethics, morals and level of intelligence.

Discover your hero's likes and dislikes, intellectual abilities, knowledge, imagination, integrity, wisdom, ego, purpose, courage, compassion, creativity, confidence, determination, skills, motivation, humanity, humility, abilities, strengths, fears, finest qualities, ideals, ideas. Get under your hero's skin and find out what he/she thinks, why he/she thinks that way.

What is your hero's sense of: Romantic love, brotherly love, self-belief, self-worth, self-meaning, courage, courtesy, honor, humor, willingness to help others?

What is your hero's greatest joy and deepest passion? Visualize, intuit and feel the full presence of your hero in your heart. Make the decision to be your hero for yourself.

Give your hero a name that uplifts and exhilarates you. If you don't know it, listen and one will come to you.

Act out your hero persona and mental outlook in your everyday life. Feel and mimic your hero confidence, humanity and willpower. Breathe your hero into your life and life into your hero.

See and experience your hero on your terms, your way without limit or control to the very highest standard you can conceive of. Dive into your emotional memory, talk with the hero in the heart of you and, like the actor, merge with that role.

Discover the deepest level of who your hero is, where courage, integrity and valor take precedence over force and ego. Where love for your fellow beings takes precedence over your own fear and selfishness.

Look deeper and deeper into the essence of your hero. Purify the ideas of the hero in the heart of you; test what I saw as my hero's values, ethics and morals against the finest ones I could think of. When they were lacking I boosted my idea of the idealized hero within me and aspired to become like that.

"I went through my wardrobe, my possessions, my ideas and my attitudes and threw out anything and everything that didn't resonate with my new ever-emancipating idea of my hero."

"I viewed every aspect of life as if through the hero's eyes. My love was growing and my fear was shrinking. I was becoming who I hoped I was."

"Memories of the hero rushed to comfort and strengthen me whenever I needed them. I only kept the possessions the hero told me to keep. I dressed to feel like the hero. I imitated him, gestured like him. I loved his attitude toward life. I relied on him; trusted him. We were inseparable, one."

"The more I looked at and examined the hero the more super he became. To experience him within me completely excited and uplifted me. After all, I was what I found in him. As he grew in me, he developed and transformed into the hero I am."

Update, refine and maintain a constant and complete mental vision of your hero as it constantly reflects your self-image back to you, as a wonderful, creative, loving, compassionate person who can achieve any goal and conquer any problem. Embrace the highest ideals and limitless qualities of your hero. Use its willpower to achieve what you want.

Always live up to your hero's standards, values and moral code. Recreate your life to satisfy your hero's highest ideals. As your hero, take full responsibility for all your actions and everything in your life. Live your life in your hero's shoes.

The Voice of in The Heart of You

Reason can't stand in for feeling

R E O Speed Wagon

Throughout your life when you have been confused or in danger, an instinctive voice usually pops into your mind, telling you the truth of your

situation, helping you through the problem and saving you from yourself if you listen.

This voice in the heart of you is an intuition, a feeling, a sixth sense, a hunch, and a natural instinct, fearlessly trying to guide you through life. It protects you from harm and rescues you from ignorance and self-deceit.

This voice steers you, teaches you, guides you, protects you, nurtures you, believes in you and fights for you if you let it. It is yours and yours alone. It is the voice of a natural, invisible self-government, free from fear, beyond law, surveillance, capture or control. It is a positive, spontaneous intelligence, expressing truth, righteousness, peace, universal love and non-violence.

The voice is a vehicle of conscience and reflects your finest qualities, your highest ideals and your highest intelligence. What it says and expresses is more honest, perceptive, insightful and intelligent than your conscious mind could ever be. It does this seemingly without your education, influence or participation.

No matter how you try to avoid it, hide it, cover it up or ignore it, the voice in the heart of you never surrenders and can never be silenced. It is your natural connection with the intimate knowledge of all creation past, present and future. It speaks directly to you and its super-genius intelligence offers you guidance, insight, knowledge, understanding and the certainty of your personal power, strength and courage. It is the voice of your cell intelligence, your natural self-awareness.

Listen to the heart of you, listen *with* your heart, feel its information, intuit its response. The voice in the heart of you is the voice of the hero in the heart of you. It expresses the finest ideals, transcends all limits and is your perfect role model.

“The voice in the heart of me sends me instruction all the time, pointing out who can be trusted, and who can’t. Warning me of danger and steering my way through the difficulties of life.

The voice in my heart is never wrong. It always tells the truth. It’s got insider information; it’s smarter than I am. It is supernatural intelligence, a mystical intuition. It seems to know everything before I do. It is my early warning system, my instinctive sixth sense, my hero and it’s living in the heart of me advising, protecting me and instructing me.

The Hero Experience

The hero transmutes all passion into compassion, all natural ignorance into wisdom and all selfishness into selflessness, enabling the individual to conquer his passions, master himself, rescue beauty and defend righteousness. *Manly P. Hall*

When I ask the hero questions. I get answers -- intelligent, genius answers -- for every question I ask. Now I have access to an intelligence transcending mine but it is mine. I am greater now and will be greater still.

My love is growing and my fear is shrinking. I am becoming realized. I am becoming who I hoped I was.

“My hero is in my veins, constantly giving me more and more information about the hero’s way in me.”

“When I am really up against it, worried or upset, I ask the hero in me, “What would you do?” My idea of the hero’s feelings flash back in an instant and I get intuitive answers far more comprehensive and detailed than I could ever expect from myself. I found peace and calm and the knowledge of how to be better in life and truly happy.”

“When the voice in the heart of me speaks quietly I sometimes miss what it says, or I ignore what it tells me. Either way, I always end up in trouble. Now, I always listen to the hero in the heart of me”

“I am the new “me,” I have transcended my idea of myself. Now I knew I have value, meaning and true worth. I am the hero and I created me. I am so much more than I thought I was.”

“I naturally start by having a passion for the hero/character. I just fall in love with the hero/character, she inhabits me because I am obsessed with her”

“I don’t feel like I’m bringing about the hero/character so much as my imitating mind’s ideal of her. So I start with that obsession and then once I get into the groove of imitating her I can’t snap out of it. She takes over my life. She ends up coming home with me and taking on my relationships”.

The actor visualizes himself as identical to the mind and body of the envisioned hero/character. Imbued with his idea of the hero/character’s traits, qualities and personality, the actor rehearses his hero/character repeatedly until the hero/ character is completely internalized and the actor and hero/character are one.

The Classic Hero Nature

The hero is symbolic of that creative, and redemptive image which is hidden within us all, waiting to be known and rendered into life.
Manley P. Hall

The hero is the conqueror of evil and the defender of love. He is admired for his ideals, fine qualities and imagined potential. He is the personification of the secret hopes and aspirations of the person or nation who invents him.

The hero within each one of us expresses all the psychological qualities inferred by clear light encompassing all the ideals of pure love, faith, honor, valor, fairness, gallantry, nobility, loyalty, persistence, resoluteness, graciousness, politeness, courteousness and thoughtful behavior.

The hero, whether conceived of as male or female, accomplishes great things, is considerate of others, compassionate, benevolent, and morally fearless. He has courage in great danger; he practices personal ideals of self-sacrifice and fair play, showing strength of character, admirable

qualities of caring, commitment, creativity, determination, generosity, honesty, influence, loyalty, passion, patience, respect, self-control, virtue, vision and wisdom.

Ultimately, the hero is selfless, perfect and eternal; it conquers all darkness and transcends all limits and definitions of intelligence and beauty. It provides continuous, unconditional love, compassion and relationships with all things in all dimensions for all time.

WORK BOOK

Burn Your Negativity

Take a brown paper bag; write your name on it. On a separate piece of paper write down all the negative thinking that affects your daily life. Include all your hurts, fears, hates, grudges, resentments, regrets, suspicions, weaknesses and all the things or people that make you feel depressed, angry or full of rage. Put all your negative writings into your 'negativity' bag.

Set fire to the bag. Watch all your negativity burn up. Leave the ashes behind you. Walk away.

Create Your Safe Place

There is a safe private inner place where we, as the wonderful intelligent individuals we are, can go to be safe and grow. Where we can see through what is and has been done to us, where we can build and strengthen ourselves and find The Hero we know we are.

Stand in your clear private area holding a long thin wooden pointer in your hand; inscribe the surface around you in a circle saying "I claim this area around me as mine." Inscribe another circle around yourself just beyond the circumference of the first circle and say, "This is the line of my protection; nothing can enter here except what I invite." Bring only thoughts of what you want into your circle and nothing you do not.

You have burned off much of your negative energy and focused yourself. It is from here your the journey begins to find your hero. Sit in the center of the double circle close your eyes and visualize yourself searching for the hero in the heart of you Go deep inside you. Follow your feelings; let your intuition give you your direction In your imagination call out to your hero and announce to your hero you intend to find him or her. Relax and awaken yourself.

Dialogue With Your Heroes

Do not concern yourself with the physical attributes of your past heroes. If your hero was once your teddy bear there is no need to pattern yourself after it no more than it is necessary to try to fly round your neighborhood if your hero is Superman. What is important is the mind, heart and soul of

your heroes. Start an internal dialogue with each of your past heroes. Relate to each one of them as you would a friend.

Your Best Childhood Hero

Choose the childhood heroes you related to the most. Question them. Choose them from the list below or remember your own special ones and add to the list.

Delve into your emotional memory. Feel each hero in the heart of you. Visualize each hero in your mind. Do not concern yourself with the physicality of your heroes— their special abilities, accomplishments or their social stature - try to discover what you understand to be their thinking, their nature their character, their personality, their ideas, their ideals- what makes them tick- what is their point of view, their mindset, their ethics and morals - what is their point of view?

Listen to voice of the hero in you as it speaks to you through the voice of your own heart in your instincts, intuition and emotions.

Using your imagination, discover and empower what you feel is your Hero's true nature, abilities, ethics and intelligence. Breathe life into each one of your heroes. Hold yourself accountable to your Hero's highest ideals, highest ethical standards and finest personal qualities. What did you learn from each one? How did each one inspire you?

- Parents
- Relatives
- Your teddy
- Your dolls
- Barbie/Ken/GI Joe
- Sesame Street characters
- The Muppets
- A magician
- A nurse/doctor
- A pirate
- A beautiful lady/queen/princess
- A cowboy
- A spy
- Karate guy
- A knight in shining armor
- Cartoon characters

Name the one hero who has the finest qualities, the highest ideals and inspired you the most.

Your Best Super Hero

Choose the Super Heroes you relate to the most. Question them. Choose them from the list below or remember your own special ones and add to the list.

Delve into your emotional memory. Feel each hero in the heart of you. Visualize each hero in your mind. Do not concern yourself with the physicality of your heroes— their special abilities, accomplishments or their

social stature - try to discover what you understand to be their thinking, their nature their character, their personality, their ideas, their ideals- what makes them tick- what is their point of view, their mindset, their ethics and morals - what is their point of view?

Listen to voice of the hero in you as it speaks to you through the voice of your own heart in your instincts, intuition and emotions.

Using your imagination, discover and empower what you feel is your hero's true nature, abilities, ethics and intelligence. Breathe life into each one of your heroes. Hold yourself accountable to your hero's highest ideals, highest ethical standards and finest personal qualities. What did you learn from each one? How did each one inspire you?

Superman
 Super girl
 Batman
 Wonder Woman
 Harry Potter
 Lara Croft
 Spiderman
 Bionic Woman
 Bat Girl
 Cat Woman
 Captain America
 X-Men

Name the one hero who has the finest qualities, the highest ideals and inspires you the most.

Your Favorite Public Hero

From Sports - Movies - TV - Music -Political - History - Fiction

Choose the public heroes you relate to the most. Question them. Choose them from the list below or remember your own special ones and add to the list.

Delve into your emotional memory. Feel each hero in the heart of you. Visualize each hero in your mind. Do not concern yourself with the physicality of your heroes– their special abilities, accomplishments or their social stature - try to discover what you understand to be their thinking, their nature, their character, their personality, their ideas, their ideals- what makes them tick- what is their point of view, their mindset, their ethics and morals - what is their point of view?

Listen to voice of the hero in you as it speaks to you in the voice of your own heart, through your instincts, intuition and emotions.

Using your imagination, discover what you feel is your hero's true nature, abilities, ethics and intelligence. Breathe life into each one of your heroes. Hold yourself accountable to your hero's highest ideals, highest ethical standards and finest personal qualities. How did each one inspire you? What did you learn from each one?

Rocky Balboa

Princess Diana
 P Diddy
 James Bond
 The Dalai Lama
 John Lennon
 Martin Luther King Jr.
 Michael Jordan
 Donald Trump
 Albert Einstein
 Mahatma Gandhi
 Barack Obama
 Brad Pitt
 Nelson Mandela
 David Beckham
 Rosa Parks
 Mother Teresa
 Angelina Jolie
 Oprah Winfrey

Name the one hero who has the finest qualities, the highest ideals and inspires you the most.

Three Heroes into One

The hero transmutes all passion into compassion,
 all natural ignorance into wisdom and all selfishness into selflessness,
 enabling the individual to conquer his passions, master himself,
 rescue beauty and defend righteousness.

Manly P. Hall

Write below the names of your three best heroes, one each selected from your Childhood Heroes, Super-Heroes and Public Heroes.

1]

2]

3]

Ask the questions each of your three selected heroes the following questions to enable you to fully understand the heart and soul of each one of them.

Concern yourself with what you understand to be each hero's intention, thinking, personality, qualities and ideas, What makes them tick? Discover their mind set, their ethics, their passions, their beliefs, and their morals.

The more you look into the nature of each hero the more similar they will appear and the more the divisions between them fade away.

Allow this to happen knowing that your three heroes are all aspects of just one ultimate hero in the heart of you who is revealing itself to you while finding its way to you through your emotional memory.

Question Your Heroes

We have the power to shape ourselves through our deeds
Our relationships and through the thoughts and causes we fight for

Examine your hero's:

MIND / MENTAL ABILITIES/ ATTITUDE
 DESIRES
 COURAGE
 TRUSTWORTHINESS
 HOESTY
 RESPECT FOR SELF, FAMILY AND OTHERS
 SPIRITUAL NATURE
 PERSONAL KINDNESS
 SENSE OF FAIR PLAY
 SELF-ESTEEM
 SELF CONFIDENCE
 GRATITUDE
 BELIEFS
 SENSE OF CHARITY
 MORAL CODE
 SELF-EMPOWERING ABILITIES
 SELF-GOVERNING ABILITIES
 MANNERS
 COURTESY
 COMPASSION
 INTELLIGENCE
 SENSE OF PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY
 SENSE OF FUN/HUMOR
 SENSE OF CHIVALRY
 LIMITS
 FEARS
 STRENGTHS - MENTAL
 STRENGTH - EMOTIONAL
 HIGHEST IDEALS
 PASSION
 PERSONAL VALUES
 PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY
 CHARACTER
 RELATIONSHIP TO MONEY
 VOCATION
 BEST IDEAS
 SECRET HOPES
 WAY TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS/FEAR
 SENSE OF OPTIMISM
 POLITICAL IDEAS
 DIET AND EXERCISE
 VISION FOR SELF
 VISION OF THE FUTURE
 VIEW OF MANKIND
 VIEW OF THE WORLD
 VIEW OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

What Would Your Hero Do?

For the hungry
 For the less fortunate
 For those who are without homes
 For the weak
 For those in danger
 For those oppressed

For freedom
 For justice
 For the environment
 For amusement
 For the environment
 For friendship
 For children
 In love
 In pain
 In turmoil
 In grief
 In agony
 In danger

One Hero

Visualize, see exactly the ONE hero in you who encompasses all the qualities of the three hero's you have just selected who transcends all their definition and mortal confines and is your enlightened genius super hero; fearless, infinite, eternal and indestructible.

Your one hero ultimately transcends all limit, has infinite power, wisdom, intuition, courage and compassion, is all beauty, all intelligence and all truth, indivisible, whole, complete and eternal, creating all things past, present and future.

Your hero is omnipresent, omnipotent, self-replicating, self-perpetuating and self-regulating in all dimensions, possibilities and time. It creates everything, including itself. Nothing can be added to it or subtracted from it. Necessarily, it holds all things as integral, relative, interdependent, valuable and unconditionally loved including itself.

Your hero is the personification of clear light, radiating selfless, unconditional love as clear light giving life.

Visualize merging with your hero and dissolving together into clear light.

Clear Light

Clear light is the true nature of the mind

Clear light is both what it appears to be physically and what it infers psychologically. It creates, sustains and regulates all life, forms, structure and order. It is vision, communication, will, consciousness and intelligence, the medium and the message, the cause and the effect.

Clear light infers natural patterns of intelligent, creative, moral and psychological behavior, which when considered as an individual, is the hero within me with the power of All and Everything .

All and Everything

The sum total of all things in Existence synthesized and synthesizing with all things of Non-Existence is one organism, one single living life form that

is spontaneously and simultaneously the microcosm and macrocosm and creates all and everything and is all and everything eternally. It participates with no other thing and can do no wrong and therefore may be considered as Almighty and All Good and named God.

THE NATURE OF ALL THINGS

The Möbius 8

God is symbolized in The Möbius 8 because it, like God, appears to have two sides but it is only one surface, one thing. It has no end and no beginning, no division, no exclusion, no separation, and no good or bad side. It is formless and timeless an infinite, unified field of consciousness that transcends all limit.

The Möbius 8 unifies all opposites within itself, including itself and symbolizes the unification/synthesis/sexual union of all things in the same one thing God.

The Möbius [8] Band is a one-sided polyhedra, named after August Ferdinand Möbius, the nineteenth-century German mathematician and astronomer who invented it in 1858. Möbius discovered the one-sided, non-orient-able surface that explains one-sidedness in a way that is independent of intuitive notions.

Create The Möbius 8

Cut a strip of paper 17 inches long by one-half-inch wide. Join the two ends of the sides together in a circle. Twist one end through 180 degrees and join it to the other end. This creates a Möbius in the shape of a figure eight.

The Möbius 8



The two arms of the Möbius 8 are of equal value, inside-out equivalents, a complementary pair and each mirrors the other.

The Unification of Opposites

Existence

Non-Existence



Physics

Clear Light

Psychology

The two arms of the Möbius 8, Existence and Non-Existence, are the physical and psychological expressions of the clear light of emptiness at

the center of the Möbius 8.

Clear light expressed as a personality is the hero endowed with the nature, attributes, purpose and abilities of God.



Existence & Non-Existence

The cup has Existence where the body of the cup is.
The cup has Non-Existence where the body of the cup is not.

Existence and Non-Existence are expressions of the same one thing. They are mutually dependent, inseparable; equal in value, inside-out equivalents, a complementary pair, and each mirrors the other.

Existence is Phenomena.

Non-Existence is Noumena (an object of intellectual intuition devoid of all phenomenal attribute).

Existence and Non-Existence are interdependent.

They directly relate to and are part of each other, in one living organism without beginning or end; named God.



Existence

Non-Existence

Existence and *Non-Existence* are never in static or fixed states; they are one surface – the same thing, continuously in transition from one to the other, both active and passive becoming and become at all times for all time.

The human mind's unconscious attempts to understand or define God rely on the abstract definition and identification of Existence and Non-Existence.

All separation is illusion.

Each and every "*part*" of Existence and Non-Existence is inseparable and integral to all other "*parts*" and is as valuable, important and meaningful as all other "*parts*."

The Illusion of Separateness

We human beings naturally experience our own body as more quantifiable and real than our own mind and as a result, we endow greater value to body/mass/Existence/Male than to mind/energy/Non-Existence/Female thus identifying each of them as different entities/states with distance between them, when there is none.

The human body and the human mind are inseparable from each other, integral to each other, complete and indivisible.

Likewise all things of Existence and all things of Non-Existence are inseparable from each other, integral to each other, complete and indivisible.

We human beings believe that things of Existence have real meaning and worth, and things of Non-Existence have less meaning or worth.

We trust things of Existence because they appear to harness, qualify and control the frightening and limitless universe we live in.

We distrust Non-Existence because it seems void, without substance, definition or dimension and feels threatening because it is beyond control or limit.

We trust the body but not the mind. We believe in thoughts more than feelings.

We assign more intellectual credibility to men than women.

We have faith in the conscious mind but not the unconscious mind.

The Symbolism of 1, 0 & \emptyset

[\emptyset =The Empty Set containing no elements.]

Existence is Masculine and is symbolized by-1

Non-Existence is Feminine and is symbolized-0

1 and 0 are expressions of the same one thing.

They are interdependent, equal in value, inside-out equivalents, a complementary pair and each mirrors the other

Existence-1 and Non-Existence-0 are unified as one in the Mobius 8

In human beings the Masculine-1 and Feminine-0 are unified in the act of conception between the egg-0 & the sperm-1.

Conception is the unification/synthesis/sexual union that creates a new life- \emptyset

This unification/synthesis/sexual union process is analogous to the unification of all Existence-1 and Non-Existence-0 into the one same thing God - \emptyset

\emptyset



Clear Light

1 & 0 known as binary since there can only be two values for a specific digit; either a 0 = OFF or a 1 = ON."

DNA

The fundamental building block of life



The two strands in DNA are expressions of the same one thing. They are mutually dependent, inseparable; equal in value, inside-out equivalents, a complementary pair, and each mirrors the other.

Male-1 – Masculine DNA (Representing Existence-1)

And

Female-0 – Feminine DNA (Representing Non-Existence-0)

In conception/synthesis/sexual union

Create

The same one thing- \emptyset = New Life- \emptyset

Einstein's Formula:

At the speed of light squared [E = MC²]

MASS-1

[Male/body/Existence-1]

And

ENERGY-0

[Female/mind/Non-Existence-0]

Become

The same one thing- \emptyset = God- \emptyset

SYNTHESIS/SEXUAL UNION

Nature has designated that the profound sexual union of a man and a woman and the bonding of their masculine and feminine natures, increase the likelihood of conception through simultaneous orgasm. Scientists have found evidence that to facilitate fertilization “the female orgasm pulls in and retains the greater number of sperm” ejaculated by the male orgasm. The link between simultaneous orgasm and the biological urges draws and urges all sexual beings to reproduce, give birth and sustains new life.



THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN EXISTENCE-1 & NON-EXISTENCE-0, AS SYMBOLIZED IN THE MOBIUS 8, IS SYNTHESIS/SEXUAL UNION, SPONTANEOUS, SIMULTANEOUS AND ORGASMIC AND THIS IS THE SAME THROUGHOUT ALL CREATION.

Genitalia

Phallus = The Penis = Symbol of Male Potency = Male Genitalia
 Yoni = The Vulva = Symbol of Divine Procreative Energy = Female Genitalia.

The Phallus and The Vulva are expressions of the same one thing, they are mutually dependent, inseparable; equal in value, inside-out equivalents, a complementary pair, and each mirrors the other.

In human beings:

Existence-1 is symbolized by the Male Genitalia - Phallus-1
 [representing The Penis - The Masculine-1]

Non-Existence is symbolized by the Female genitalia - Yoni-0
 [representing The Vulva - The Feminine-0]

By understanding the actions of Male-1 and Female-0 sexual genitalia in their active, passive and orgasmic states, one can understand the nature and relationship of all Existence-1 and Non-Existence-0, the Masculine-1 and Feminine-0 elements of the human body-1 and the human mind-0 in relation the nature of God, Man and Creation.

“The simultaneous orgasm of sexual union between a Man-1 and a Woman-0 bonds the Masculine-1 and Feminine-0 natures together. It focuses, connects and unifies the essence of both and transforms both, releasing masculine power to the feminine and feminine power to the masculine, forging intimate, enduring bonds between them.” the way of all creation}

In human reproduction, there is evidence the Female Orgasm-0 turbo-charges the ejaculated sperm of the Male Orgasm-1 toward conception and the creation of a new life. [A new synthesis autonomous to that which created it.] This pattern of creation is repeated throughout all Existence-1 and Non-Existence-0.

[Simultaneous orgasm increases the likelihood of conception in the profound union of a man and a woman creating a child. and bonds the masculine and feminine natures, relationship and connection. QUOTE FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE]

Transitions

All Existence-1 and all Non-Existence-0 are of equal value, inside-out equivalents, a complementary pair, and each mirrors the other.

The unification/synthesis/sexual union of Masculine-1 and Feminine-0 within the Mobius 8 unites all elements in the same one thing. These relationships are seen throughout the examples below; they are all abstract expressions of THE SAME THING-∅

Masculine-1

∅

Feminine-0



Active and Passive

Existence-1 and Non-Existence-0 evolve one into the other as they pass through their active and passive cycles. As they change form they develop different physical characteristics and create and express different psychological patterns.



Masculine -1 = Wisdom

Existence-1 (Penis/Body) - Male Energy-1

Represented in active and passive states as:

1] Penis - Active – Erect-1 [Existence-1 in Existence-1] “Up”



2] Penis – Passive - Flaccid-0 [Non-Existence-0 in Existence-1] “Down”



Feminine -0 = Compassion

Non-Existence-0 (Yoni/Mind) - Female Passivity-0

Represented in active and passive states as:

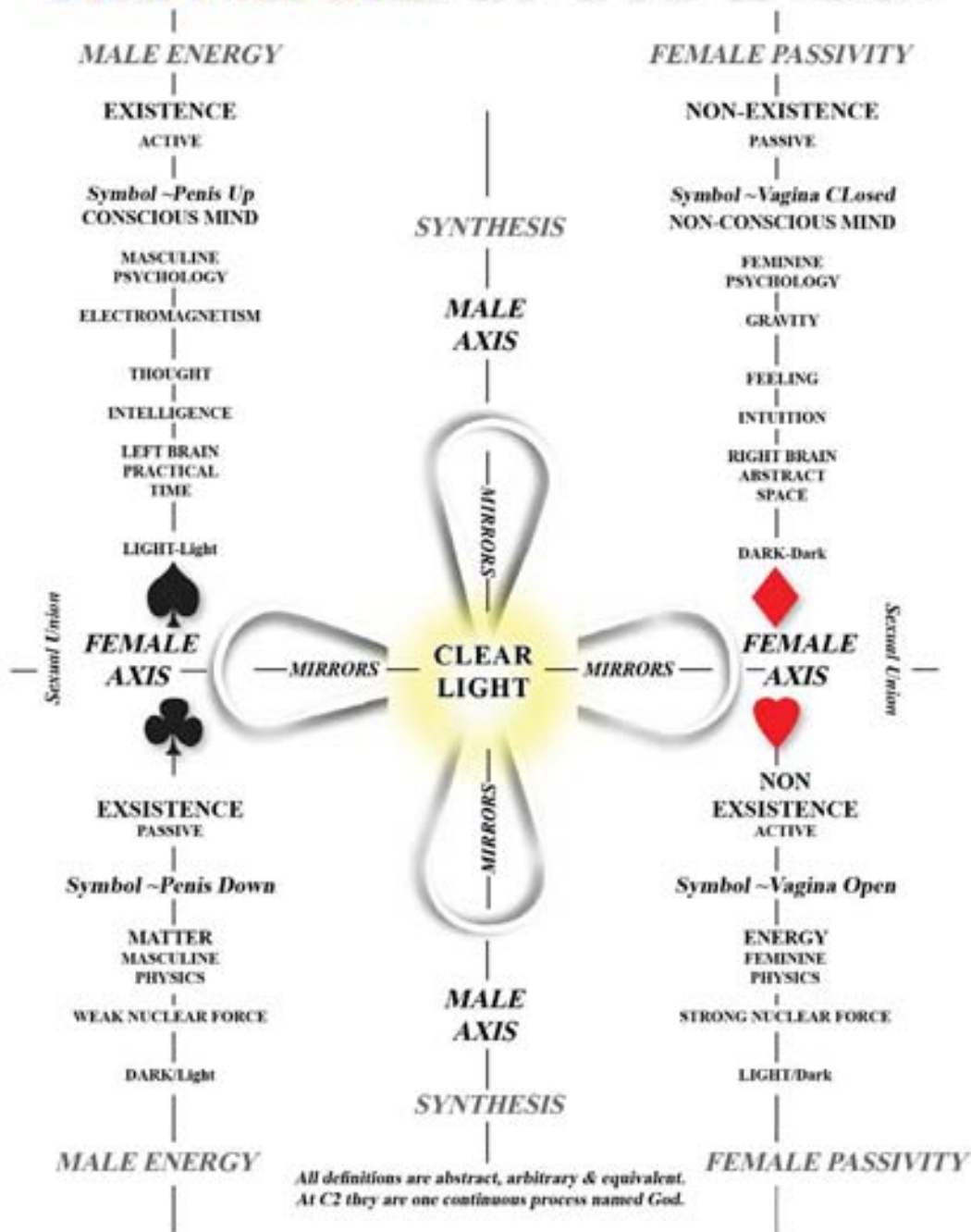
3] Vulva - Active – Open-0 [Non-Existence in Non-Existence-0] “Charm”



4] Vulvai – Passive- Closed-1 [Existence-1 in Non-Existence-0] “Strangeness”



THE NATURE OF GOD & MAN



This diagram shows the physical creations of Existence-1 and Non-Existence-0 as they pass through their infinite development.

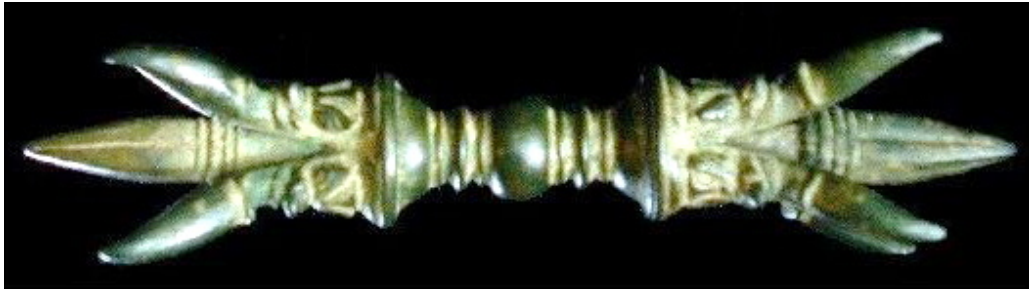
Physics -1 = Psychology -0

As Existence-1 and Non-Existence-0 evolve
they infer and express psychological patterns

Passive Existence-Female Passivity	♠	♦ VAGINA CLOSED	Egg	Spirit	Image	Symbol	I feel
..... MIRRORS							
Active Existence-Female Passivity	0	♥ VAGINA OPEN	Fertile	Mother	Love	Create	I know
..... MIRRORS							
Active Existence-Male Energy	1	♠ PENIS UP	Sperm	Father	Concept	Idea	I think
..... MIRRORS							
Passive Existence-Male Energy	①	♣ PENIS DOWN	Conceive	Son	Identity	Object	I am

The Vajra – The Hero’s Weapon

The hero’s magical weapon that destroys evil is a Vajra, a thunderbolt of cosmic proportion.



The clear lightning thunderbolt is part of every culture and civilization. It was drawn on cave walls by the earliest cavemen and was recognized throughout the ancient civilizations of the Celts, Norse, Romans, Egyptians, Greeks, Africans, Mayans, Mongolians, Chinese, Buddhists, Hindus, Hittites, Native Americans, and Koreans. They all knew the thunderbolt; it was a major part of their cosmology, the unbreakable and indestructible power, the basis of the physical universe.

Scientists believe these electron lightning thunderbolts ionized simple molecules in earth's primeval ocean to synthesize the first amino acids--life's basic chemical building blocks, thus, creating life,

Researchers have found electric fields of light inside all living cells as strong as those produced in lightning bolts.

The Vajra is a Möbius 8

Legend has it Buddha “*borrowed*” the open pronged Vajra from Indra, the Hindu King of The Gods and using the thunderbolt-like power of his own enlightened mind, closed the prongs of the thunderbolt and created the peaceful Vajra; indicating that the enlightened mind is far more powerful than any lightning bolt of cosmic proportion.

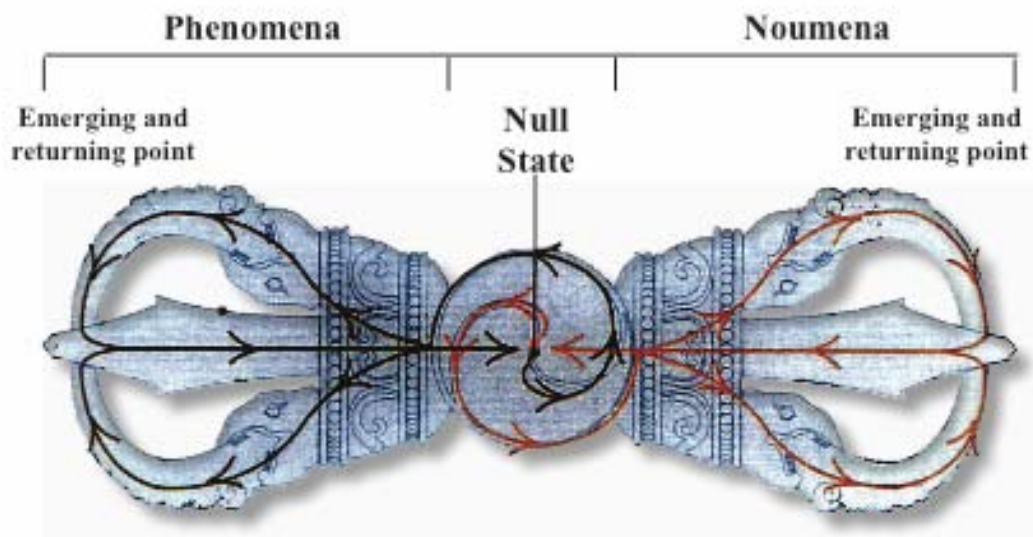


The Vajra

In Tibet, Buddhist priests [i.e. The Dalai Lama] use a small barbell-shaped metal wand that looks like the Möbius 8, it is known as The Vajra.

The Vajra is the thunderbolt of the enlightened mind. It is The Adamantine Scepter of The Diamond Way, The Heart of Tantric Buddhism; its message is emptiness as is the Möbius 8.

The Nature of The Vajra



The path of disintegration and reintegration of the phenomena and noumena returning through the single point of the vajra's core structure

The Vajra Symbolizes:

1] the unchanging indestructible power of wisdom, capable of penetrating everything.

2] the honing and use of the intellect to cut through ignorance and delusion to destroy all darkness and create enlightenment.

3] the nature of reality as endless creativity, potency and skillful activity.

4] The Enlightened Mind

Finding Enlightenment

The Vajra-1 symbolizes Male Energy-1

[Male genitalia- the path of Action /Insight]
is held in the devotee's right hand

QuickTime™ and a
TIFF (Uncompressed) decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

The Bell-0 symbolizes Female Passivity-0

[Female genitalia- the path of Wisdom/Compassion]

is held in the left hand.

The arms are crossed over the chest

When Male -1 and Female-0 are in unification/synthesis/sexual union

Enlightenment ∅ is created within the devotee

Enlightenment ∅ Quotes

The Buddha's journey to his enlightenment perfectly mirrors
the progressive development of the hero.

Joseph Campbell

To realize the state of enlightenment, Buddhists place special emphasis on the attainment of the clear white light of radiant bliss, in which one acquires the qualities of the visualized beings and through them, understands his/her own identity

The Circle Of Bliss.

The enlightened mind is powerful like a lightning bolt, clear like a diamond; it can overwhelm everything with its incomparable brilliance. It is empty space without concept or idea; suggesting empty nature, the eternal and unchanging truth of emptiness.

Enlightenment is the awakening to a profound understanding of the true nature of existence; that your existence does not depend on anything except awareness itself. You realize that awareness is the primal reality, the permanent core of all of us. Enlightenment is the experience of awareness only, Awareness that is aware of nothing at all except the existence of awareness itself.

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A Philosophical Machine

Of The invisible Government

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Published Los Angeles – 2009