

One

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

William Shakespeare

Darkness. Anxiety ripples through the air in tremors of anticipation. The smell of lurid fear lingers, pining in the obscure moments of heavy, burdened silence. I'm full of uneasy excitement for the unknown journey that is about to begin, yet at the same time completely open to whatever events are about to unfold. Breath is a connection between two worlds. Each inhalation draws deeply inward; each exhalation releases patterns of the lingering past. Minutes blend into moments focusing on the nothingness that lies behind closed eyes. The sparks of synapses and neurons firing sound like the cogs of an intricate machine. Synchronous waves of energy connect with the target and instantly pull my consciousness deeper inward. Vision becomes a myriad of multi-sensory signals as the inner eyes open and survey the surroundings.

This place is very expansive. An endless canopy of ultramarine blue sky is filled with cottony clouds that meander over the sandy yellow horizon. The sun is high and very, very hot. I'm dark skin perspiring underneath a thin ribbon of cottony wraps draped over my body. All around stands a crowd of similar-looking people, wearing brightly-coloured clothing. We're at a gathering in the desert. Uneasiness and restlessness dominate the feelings among the people. Something important is about to happen.

I know that I'm on Earth, but can't make out where. The cogs and wheels of the mind move so fast. Information is coming in full of messages contained within moving pictures. Multi-faceted stimuli bombard the senses into organized files of data. I question my location and there is a pause, a gap in the signal. Then a connection is reached and more pictures are downloaded in acknowledgement. First my frame of reference is expanded out to the space surrounding Earth and then instantly contracts to a point hovering over the Middle East. The point of focus comes back to the crowd amongst the sand dunes. In the centre of the crowd there is a giant box made of gold. The leader, a man dressed in robes, is talking about something so profound that it brings silence to the onlookers.

His voice is sweet, yet commanding to the great energy contained within this golden box. As he frees the lid, the light of a thousand suns project their purpose past the confines of the golden rectangle. Awe overcomes the crowd and then the loaded silence of a thousand people holding their breath...waiting for what comes next. A master at his craft, he speaks to the light, coaxing the intelligence inherent within its rays to move and become animated. Luminous arcs spray into the air and fall back to the earth as rainbow showers. By his dictate, the light pulses. It's alive, dancing poetically around his body, then venturing out among the mesmerized crowd of people.

Suddenly there's a blinding flash. A rush of energetic pressure pushes several of us through the air. A sonic boom follows and violently shakes the earth. Bodies are flying randomly through the air, directed by the consciousness in a beam of light. Confusion and chaos taint the surroundings as the crowd panics and runs in all directions. The air smells of electricity and burnt flesh. Terrible

echoes of the sonic boom that follows shake the moaning ground trembling like jelly. Another flash of light pushes me against a wattle and daub wall, and I bounce off it like a rubber ball. Amazingly, I'm unharmed and quickly run for cover. The light in the box is out of control. Sonic booms continue to follow the radiant flashes while it hits targets repeatedly and randomly.

The leader, the man in the robes, cannot stop the light beams. He struggles to find a way to control the energy and stands at his post. People are running willy-nilly in a panic, screaming in fear. Terror hangs in the air, making space for the next blast to manifest.

While I retreat into a nearby cavern in the side of a desert mountain, a strange vision catches me off guard. A man is running a few hundred yards in front of me, not dressed like the rest of us. I can see him clearly: tall, dark hair, wearing a black leather jacket with black leather dress shoes and jeans. He's completely out of context with the rest of the event, and I recognize him as a fellow viewer. Although also running in fear, he has recognized me and watches as I change direction.

A loud voice commands attention in the silence. "Viewers, end your session." Upon hearing the command, my consciousness complies and inner vision returns to dark nothingness. Reality streams in as my eyes open. The vision is now only the memory of a lucid dream. I read over my notes: lists of colours, sounds, feelings, visions and experiences, and hand them in. During break there is much discussion amongst the participants about what we saw. One man declares confidently that he was, "In the past." Another meekly adds, "There was too much information." No one knows for sure what happened. Our logic collectively strains to comprehend, but

there is still no satisfying answer.

Gathering to go over the target, our class is told that we viewed the Ark of the Covenant. My jaw drops and I'm overcome by a feeling of shock. Again, reason races to explain, logic stretches to fit the pieces of the puzzle into a place where coherence can bring safety back to the senses. The teacher describes the information that we should have acquired and I'm amazed that my information is exactly what is being discussed. How did it happen? How can one be here and there at the same time? How is it possible to experience the past...again? How could I have been right there interacting with other people, when I was here the whole time?

I'm learning the art of remote viewing: the learned ability to be psychic; a clear channel of the mind and spirit. Once the stuff of science fiction, remote viewing is now part of our world and our consciousness. It's the understanding that our senses are more than the mundane world of information, but in fact are part of a transcendental framework connected to a great web of energy encompassing all things.

The U.S. government developed remote viewing during the Cold War to spy on the Soviets. It was well known by the American military that since the 1950s, Russia and China had been using psychic spies to unlock their secrets. Top scientists were recruited to create programs to test the inherent faculties of the mind. Many years and millions of dollars were spent in an effort to unlock the mystery of psychic spying and turn it into an explainable science. By examining the wheels and cogs behind what makes extrasensory perception possible, they found that this latent ability inherent within humans could be awakened. This art of accessing the psychic senses

could be taught to anyone with enough patience and persistence, and as the years went on, many individuals in the United States military were trained in this task. I underwent the training years after its inception, when it came into the mainstream under the guise of “higher potential exploration.” Still, today there are many people from the original U.S. Intelligence program that have gone on to publicly train people in this art in an effort to help raise the consciousness of people around the world.

The goal of remote viewing is to use extrasensory perception to gather information on a specific target: a person, place or thing separated by the viewer at some distance. The target is the focus of the investigation, and all information that is acquired pertains to unlocking the mystery or finding its missing pieces. Although it had its beginnings as a spy machine, remote viewing has been found to be so effective that it has branched out to many different aspects of society. It’s now used to find missing people, advance our technologies and find solutions to seemingly unsolvable problems.

I willingly signed up for this course and yet had no idea what to expect from it. The only concern was about the years I’d spent searching for something that could not be explained. Although I could feel this “something” within me, it was completely inaccessible, utterly intangible and logically incomprehensible. I’d glimpsed it many times, even felt it in the awkward moments of silence that would come before sleep. I couldn’t shake this knowing that a part of me lay dormant inside, waiting for the right key to unlock the door. This untapped reservoir of knowledge was like a splinter in my brain, uncomfortable enough to continually cause me to question, yet not painful enough to understand its purpose.

I'd heard of remote viewing before and had even read a couple of books on the subject. After attending an information seminar introducing this bizarre subject into the mainstream world, something connected with me. Sitting amongst hundreds of strangers in the ballroom of a hotel, listening to the science behind its phenomenal potential, I knew that I'd found something important to help my journey. Overcome by a strong gut feeling, a sense of connection was urging me to become a remote viewer. I had a strong feeling that it was the magic ingredient that would help me find what I was looking for. So I signed up for the next available course and gave two weeks to devote myself to its study, to see what it was all about.

It's a good thing the subtext on the remote viewing course outline didn't read "crash course in enlightenment." The prospect of facing myself and admitting who I was terrified me. But somehow blindly stumbling upon it seemed to make it okay. It came at a time when I was at the end of my tether, having exhausted all other means of intellectual discovery, allowing me the courage to tread down a new path that would not have been entertained before. I eagerly jumped in, bursting with the courage of reckless excitement that only ignorance can bring. However, my belief that we only receive the experiences that we are ready for, whether we are conscious of them or not, gave the journey new meaning. What was life telling me? Why now? Understanding myself and what it meant to be a human being in this world was a desire deeply etched into the framework of my soul, yet I still had no idea how it related to a course in remote viewing.

As a self-proclaimed life-long seeker of knowledge, I'd just come upon the most precious of treasures. The Holy Grail of

understanding lay before me, offering the tools to distinguish fact from fiction, right from wrong, black from white. I don't think I was searching for enlightenment; it was just too heavy a subject. But thinking back now, I'm suspicious. Perhaps I'd omitted it from my list intentionally. Something in me knew that once I walked through that door, there would be no turning back.