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Oneness**

**Healing Regret
with Lucid
Dreaming**

**The Wound
Behind the
Wound**

**A Miracle Second
Chance with
Soltan the Cat**

**Bees, Bees!
Everywhere,
Bees!**



THE MANY WORLDS OF LUCID DREAMING

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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions

Send your submissions through our website or via e-mail to lucylde@yahoo.com. Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity. *Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2020

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH ILEANA LARTIGUE

Long-time
Seth reader
and
lucid dreamer,
Ileana Lartigue,
uses inner
senses to
explore the
energy within
the dream realm

Welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life. When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?

I first realized it was possible to become aware in a dream when I was in my mid-twenties. Like for many others, it was through Carlos Castaneda and the teachings of Don Juan Matus. I read Don Juan's straightforward yet mind-warping instructions to Castaneda in *Journey to Ixtlan*¹: "Tonight in your dreams you must look at your hands."

Those words struck me. I trusted Castaneda's books were not a work of fiction but that idea was difficult to fathom. And if indeed it could be accomplished, I thought it was something reserved for Shamans and the highly advanced few. In any case, it felt far beyond my reach.

Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while? What happened in your early lucid dreams?

One afternoon in Boston, a few years later, the cover of a book caught my attention. On it was a detail of *The Enchanted Realm*, a painting by René Magritte, with the words "*The Lucid Dreamer*"² in large white type printed below. It had a strong effect on me. The combination of the words and the image drew me in. I felt a change of focus take place. It was as if an inner doorway, that mirrored the one on the cover, were opening and beckoning me forward. It was magnetizing. The feeling lasted only a few seconds. But I'm sure that that book cover was functioning, at that moment, as a lucid dream induction.

A few days later in a hotel room in downtown Montreal I sat contemplating the dark urban landscape of the city below me. It was late at night and the scene had a sci-fi, *Blade Runner* quality that was mesmerizing. There was something slightly unreal about it. The combined effect of the cover of the book seen previously, and that I now had with me, and that futuristic midnight view from behind thick glass, triggered my first lucid dream.

Window to the Cosmos

I'm in a pitch black room. More than a room, it's the energy structure of one. It's completely empty but I can sense the walls

around me. There's a small, square window high up on the wall in front of me. The window is open and beyond it there's a glowing source of light. . . . The fluorescent white curtain of the window is blowing towards the interior of the room, moved by some cosmic breeze. I realize I'm dreaming. What I feel at that moment is hard to describe. I experience an instantaneous sense of connection with my surroundings. We are not separate but part of the same live energy field that forms the dream. That field is reactive. It's sentient. In an instant I realize my power over the dreamscape and the infinite possibilities at my command. I can do anything I want . . . literally.

Standing now fully aware at the center of the dream, I try manipulating the dreamscape for the very first time. I summon a friend, who immediately appears, and a short interaction takes place. But what I do is secondary to the feeling that's coursing through me, of disbelief in the face of a power I realize I possess and that's contradicting everything I've been told about dreaming and the limits of dream consciousness. I'm totally awake in the dream and able to interact with it in a way that's not supposed to be possible.

For many years, Malcolm Godwin's *The Lucid Dreamer* was my only book on dreams. It worked as a powerful ally, a kind of talisman. It's full of images related to dreams, and dream techniques, but the images captivated me more. To this day when I think about that cover I feel the original pull into dreaming that I felt that afternoon in Boston. I'd like to experiment further with using images as a lucid dream induction method.

As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised you? Or led to unexpected events? Tell us about those.

The lucid dreams that have most impacted me are the lucid dreams in which I interacted with the awareness behind the dream for the first time. They completely changed the way I view lucid dreaming and relate to the dreams. The awareness has opened countless doors for me and is constantly pointing towards new ones.

Other lucid dreams that stay with me for days are the ones in which I'm given instruction on the nature of dream reality and, by extension, the physical one. Most of these dreams take place in what I feel are deeper levels of the dreamscape. Often it's movement of energy and/or vibration through sound or music which produce an intense sensation that are at the heart of the dream. Not so much the action or setting. They're more a sensory experience than a narrative. They're like vibrational keys or blueprints I'm given that I then have to replicate and figure out how to use. Their effects are profound and long lasting.

Convergence / True Communication

I'm lucid. I'm in a spacious café, sitting at a square, wooden table. Terence McKenna walks in. He's wearing a long sleeve T-shirt with a symbol on it. I think it's a sun. He raises his hand [and] places it on my shoulder. The moment he does so, our energy fields explode. They expand. A secondary screen appears in my mind, over the main dream image. It gives me more information on what's taking place. Two fields of energy are coming together. The screen fills up with yellow-white light. It's an extraordinary experience. Extremely strong. The feeling of the energies coexisting is blissful. Overwhelmingly so.

At first I think the word 'complete' might describe it. Two energy fields that 'complete' one another. But it's not exactly that. It's more like two notes that are playing simultaneously and somehow overlapping in space-time. The harmony produced between them as they vibrate enhances them both. It's an energy chord. (2 April 2019 / Manhattan)

There is very little action in the dream and the dreamscape is minimal. What's important is the electromagnetic exchange that's taking place and what it implies. The dream is showing me, on the parallel screen, the dialog of frequencies taking place below the visible surface of the dream before it's translated into dream images. It's letting me see the energetic essence that's giving rise to the dream.

I understand this because, at that moment, I'm experiencing it corporeally but also because the dream is making a parallel statement on the secondary screen to guide me, so I'll be able to fully grasp it. These secondary screens sometimes appear . . . like footnotes that explain or shed light on the main action unfolding in the dream so I'm sure to understand it when awake. The dream is also addressing my waking aspect then. It knows I'm going to look back on this when I wake up so it's giving me the information that I'll need to correctly interpret it. It's communicating with my dreaming self but also with the waking counterpart.

As I walked through Central Park later that morning, still immersed in the sensations of the dream, I realized

that the energy interchange I'd just witnessed is also taking place beneath the world of matter and bringing it forth. It's all around me. In physicality, the frequencies of all beings and of the inanimate world are constantly communicating, connecting and playing off each other, producing different effects. We call these "encounters" or "interactions." But what we perceive with our physical senses is only the surface of a very complex, much more intense energy play. The dream gave me a much deeper understanding of dream interactions but it also changed the way I perceive the waking world.

What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

The state itself fascinates me. The merging of conscious awareness with the malleability of the dreamscape offers limitless possibilities in any area the dreamer may want to explore. I want to know more about the nature of reality. I can delve very deeply into that through lucid dreaming by directly questioning the dream, interrogating dream guides when they're present or calling them in. Much can also be inferred about this through the structure, content, and unfoldment of any given dream. There are no limits.

Many of my lucid dreams are related to sound and music. I love music and the way I experience it in lucid dreams is more intense than in waking. Sound has more texture. It's richer. I can hear tones or chords that I can't when awake. I often hear myself gasp within the dream at the beauty of some of the images I encounter. So I also want to explore lucid dreaming as an aesthetic, acoustic and/or visual, experience. This can be a way to gain insight into the nature of perception through the inner senses and how they relate to the physical ones. Healing is another area that's wide open to investigation. Whether it be physical or emotional healing, there's a lot that can be done there.

What techniques have you used to become lucid? Which do you find most helpful?

I use the WBTB technique very often. It's become a ritual for me. I get up at dawn, have a cup of coffee, work on dream-related things, and then go back to the dream world.

Recently I've been focusing on becoming more stable in the hypnagogic state. It seems key. In that interface where wakefulness and sleep meet, the psyche gradually lets go of the structures and constraints of waking consciousness. Many possibilities open up then. I feel it's a lot more than an in-between state. It's an incredibly rich terrain, far more complex than I'd realized, and that has great value in and of itself.

There is an imagery that is unique to it. Hyperreal dream images and image sequences that baffle me unfold there, many of them charged with meaning. They're not the usual hypnagogic images. And they have a quality that's different from those in dreams or lucid dreams. . . the colors are greatly enhanced, the way the characters move is different, and they're hyper detailed. I want to see if I can interact with them from within hypnagogia before falling asleep. Or, if they're connections or points of entry into dreams that are opening up briefly, I might be able to enter those specific dreams.

Hypnagogia can also function as the starting off point for lucidity. But not only as passageway. I think that once a certain steadiness is attained in that state, the exact balance needed to remain and move in it without either being ejected into wakefulness or falling into sleep, I'll be able to look for and open the precise dream door I want, i.e., enter the dream that I choose, or to construct the dream I desire around me from scratch.

There is also a category of dreams, some of them lucid, in which the dream provides me with dream techniques I can later apply to induce or improve lucid dreaming. This amazes me. It's as if a circuit were being created between the lucid dream and the dreamer, the waking counterpart who later applies the lesson learnt and back to the dream that is born from this interaction.



Red Lotus

Another dream on dreaming. I'm being taught lucid dreaming techniques. There are guides there. I can feel them. I'm lying on my back in some kind of lush garden or forest. I'm surrounded by vegetation. Nearby . . . a body of water. The entire dreamscape is a sketch, like black ink outline over parchment background. It's as if the dream were an illustration on thick, aging paper. The only thing in color is a red lotus that's glowing in my neck and throat area. A dream guide reminds me to chant the sound 'Ah . . .' which I have forgotten to do. I can feel my throat

vibrate and my whole body react as I generate the sound. It's a delicious sensation. It gives me a sense of liberated expansion. It's as if I were being amplified, as if I were stretching out through the sound. The experience is profound. But more in a literal sense. It's taking place at some very deep level of the psyche. (11 November 2019 / LA, California)

The dream was visually stunning and had a powerful effect on me. It came shortly after I'd heard the description of a Tibetan Buddhist technique for inducing lucid dreaming, as described in David Jay Brown's *Dreaming Wide Awake*.³ The dream is taking the induction further, letting me experience it within the dream state and with an intensity I can't reach through visualization alone.

Lucid Dreaming Energy Sphere

Dream on lucid dreaming again. I see a large, semi-translucent image of Robert Waggoner's two books side by side in front of me as if projected on a screen. I focus on the watercolor night sky on the cover of Lucid Dreaming, Plain and Simple.⁴ I love that image. The book describes, among other things, induction techniques. I feel the unmistakable sensation of becoming lucid rising up in me. It takes me over until I'm completely immersed in it. I'm shown a symbol so I'll better understand what I'm feeling. It's a horizontal beam of light running through a glowing energy sphere. The beam of light is the dream flow with the glowing sphere it traverses representing the very intense period of lucidity I'm currently moving in, as if swimming in an encapsulated energy sea. At some point, the lucidity recedes and I'm out again, back in a non-lucid dream. (16 June 2020 / Brienon sur Armançon)

The dream is pointing out the sensation of lucidity. It's drawing my attention to it. It wants me to feel its every nuance, to absorb it corporeally so I'll memorize it. I'll then be able to invoke it more easily at will. It's an energy blueprint for me to follow and repeat.

At some point, you realized that you could use your connection with your inner awareness as a means to become lucid, right?

Yes. I've experimented with using the inner awareness as an entryway into lucid dreaming. I summon the sensation of the awareness and hold it as I move through hypnagogia and into sleep. This creates a pathway my consciousness can follow to enter the dream directly, without losing focus. The awareness becomes a portal between wakefulness and dreams. I described this in a previous issue of the LDE.⁵

"I tune in to the awareness behind the dream and hold it in my body. Hypnagogic images begin to take form. I see a room in the house I grew up in. The dream is opening up in front of me though I'm not yet asleep. I move forward and into the room with determination, attempting to enter the dream that's beginning to solidify. As I'm doing this I clearly feel how my waking consciousness morphs into dreaming consciousness. I feel the moment of transition, the exact point where the waking self yields to its dreaming counterpart and lets it take over. It's amazing. An unbelievable sensation. I'm now surrounded by the dreamscape, fully lucid. I know my body sleeps." (25 March 2019 / Mexico City)

In this case I was able to feel the precise moment of transmutation when one form of awareness morphed into another. On other occasions, there's a short gap between hypnagogia and the re-emergence of conscious awareness within a dream:

Dragon Wings

It's close to dawn. I decide to practice calling the awareness behind the dream to bridge me into lucidity. I conjure it and hold the connection with its presence. I let myself sink into it. Once I feel I have a firm grip, I turn my focus to the hypnagogic images that have started to emerge. They rise and fall. The closer to sleep I get, the more detailed and meaningful they become. This is a sign for me to hold onto the sensation of the awareness so I won't drift into non-lucid sleep.

I break lucid into a dream. I realize I've succeeded in connecting with the awareness prior to sleep because I erupt into the dreamscape in mid-flight. I'm flying over an old city. I think I'm on the wings of a dragon. I can only see the back of its head but I can feel its power beneath me. There are Roman ruins on the ground below us and ancient buildings of all kinds. People are moving around but the place looks semi-abandoned. We land. I'm now on a small boat moving along a canal. I focus my eyes on the water. It's dark. I fear falling in. It might be polluted. Or there might be some creature lurking under the surface. But then I remember I'm dreaming. There's nothing to fear there at all. I feel the dream wants me to let

myself fall into the canal. I do this. I feel the fresh water on my skin and the joy and freedom of swimming in a liquid atmosphere. The dream goes on. . . . (12 August 2020 / Muret)

Has your interaction with the awareness behind the dream changed your relationship to waking events or the waking world?

Yes, it has. From my first dream encounters with the awareness I realized that the communication with this intelligence is not limited to the dream state. It can be accessed in wakefulness. By calling upon the precise sensation of connection to the awareness while in a meditative or dissociated state, where consciousness is no longer bound by the linear constructs of space-time, I can activate the same sentient energy field I encounter in dreams and interact with it. It works like an energy bridge. The interaction then takes place through the physical.

"The key was to bring forth the exact energy imprint as in the dream state. My body has memorized it and I'm able to replicate it almost exactly when awake. It feels similar to calling upon the inner self in dissociated states. But it's not exactly the same. The presence of the dream awareness in waking is stronger, steadier. It's a deeper, more informed, less filtered version of it. This might be because it's coming directly from the dreamtime. The sensation that's triggered when it emerges is akin to that of becoming lucid in dreams. Only here, I'm becoming hyper awake in wakefulness." LDE⁶

I can then ask the awareness for information or guidance. It responds almost immediately. The time that elapses between my query and the answer is decreasing. The response comes through a knowingness that emerges in my stream of consciousness, a word or an image. Or it's given to me through symbols, i.e., objects or events that are present in the physical world that has become dreamlike.

A shift in perspective takes place. A witnessing of reality from an alternate point of view much closer to that of lucidity. The waking self cedes to the dream awareness. But not completely. The two forms of consciousness coexist. A hybrid state results as they come together. The presence of the dream awareness makes itself felt in the physical. The objects and interactions that unfold there take on the quality and mobility of a dream. The waking world, from the new viewpoint, transforms into a temporary dreamscape. The awareness communicates through the available symbols. I then read the symbols of the surrounding landscape and the scenes that are taking place there as I would a dream. They are just as powerful and poetic as their dream equivalents and the insights gained are of the same richness.

Do you recall the lucid dream in which you reached out to your inner Self and were taken on a visual journey through different dreamscapes?

Yes, it was a very potent sensory experience. I had trouble processing the amount of visual input and the beauty and intricacy of the imagery. I was deeply moved while in the dream because I was so overwhelmed by the sensorial encounter with the dreamscape I was presented with but also because I knew full well that the whole experience was taking place in the dream state.

The Lighthouse / An Inner Self Connection

I'm traveling. I'm in a medieval city that's under attack. People are seeking refuge, gathered under thresholds for protection. The danger passes. I want to get back to my hotel for my luggage but I can't remember its name or location. I ask a woman for help. She doesn't understand how it's possible that I don't know the name or address of the hotel I'm staying at. I explain to her that it's quite natural as I'm in a dream and people aren't usually aware of that sort of information in dreams. As I say this I realize I'm dreaming. I become lucid.

I ask the dream to take me back to my hotel. The dream complies; a force starts to pull me through the narrow streets of the city . . . but then I remember I'm lucid. Why go back to the hotel? Better to use the lucidity for something else. The dream comes to an abrupt halt, waiting for new directions, as I decide what to do next.

I ask to meet my inner self. I feel its familiar presence immediately. I ask it to teach me something. The dream starts to move again. My inner self flies me out of the town to a field of flowers that stretches out in every direction. I've been there before, twice at least, both times lucid. There are flowers of all kinds. A very large one that looks like a prehistoric sunflower stands out because of its beauty and detail.

I'm airborne again, being taken to what feels like a higher dream level. I find myself on a beach, a vast ocean before me. Standing in the ocean, close to the shore, are all sorts of fantastic buildings, foundations under water but the rest of the construction visible. The one right in front of me has an Amsterdam feel to it, beside it a pyramid, behind it a cathedral, and so on. They are all in motion, as if carried by the movement of the waves and their rhythm. I'm fully lucid and in wonder at the beauty of the vision. It's so vivid, so alive, so full of intricate detail. Unbelievable. Is my psyche producing this? Or is this another reality I'm witnessing?

As I'm pondering all this, lost in my reflections on the dreamscape, I turn my sight upwards. Standing on a cloud, half lost in mist, is a lighthouse, white and red spiral shooting up towards the heights. It's simply magnificent. My heart skips a beat. My eyes fill with tears at the overwhelming beauty of the image.

I realize my inner self is letting me see that it is in everything. It's the force that is sustaining it all, giving it form, both in waking and in dream state. It's the presence that is powering everything. It's a significant moment for me. I'm totally aware that all of these reflections are going on within me, fully conscious, fully lucid, as my body is sleeping. I wake up. I close my eyes again and let myself bask for a while in the intense sensations and magical imagery I've just lived through. (22 August 2017 / Muret)

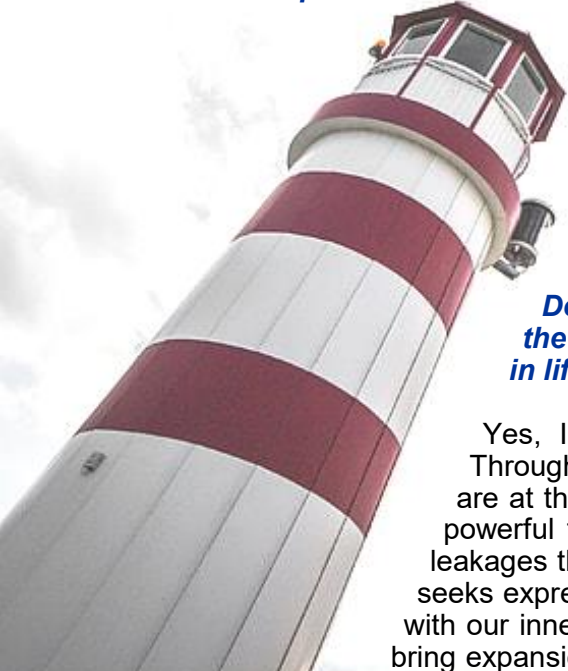
The dream strengthened my bond with the dream awareness and with the dreamscape. I could feel how they responded to me immediately. The flow and direction of the energy of the dream depended on my volition. I could feel it come to a stop when I hesitated and instantaneously move again when I made my wishes known.

It was also an inner deliberation on lucid dreaming, a dream reflection on lucidity from within lucidity. I wondered about the nature and the origin of the dreamscape and was given a fuller understanding of the force that's generating reality both in waking and in dreaming. What's wild is that all of these reflections took place while I was completely aware but my body was sleeping.

Did you feel surprised to see the entire lucid dream change? What did you make of the new scene and symbolism? What meaning does a Lighthouse hold for you?

The scene has added meaning in retrospect. The buildings, carried by the ocean waves, are signaling energy points that are relevant for me, places and moments that have significance in my current existence and that I might wish to explore. I can feel the energy link that binds us. But the field of consciousness is limitless. There are an infinity of points accessible to me. How to not lose my way? The lighthouse is my beacon, the light of a higher awareness pulling me towards center. It gives me direction, keeps me on course, both in waking and in dreaming, through a sea of consciousness that has no bounds.

Interestingly, your lucid dream interactions with the awareness behind the dream or your inner self seem to result in the presentation of new dreamscapes and symbols.



Yes, that happens a lot. The dream awareness often communicates with me through shifting dreamscapes. Another way of saying this is that the awareness provides me with information that's coming from different levels of dream reality. The whole dream environment and atmosphere can shift in an instant to provide me with whatever it is I'm seeking at the dream level where it originates or where it can best be explored.

Do you think lucid dreaming could help heal one's self or heal the world by giving us a new view of the self/Self and its purpose in life?

Yes, I do. Lucid dreaming opens the door to the inner landscape. Through it we can perceive the underlying configurations and rhythms that are at the source of our waking world. We can come face to face with the powerful forces that are at play within, the conflicts, the obstructions, the leakages that are hindering the flow of life energy. That energy is creative. It seeks expression. Through lucid dreaming we have the opportunity to interact with our inner visions, to establish dialog and find solutions and guidance that bring expansion. This can lead to real fulfillment which, in my mind, is the most

profound healing of all.

Thanks, Ileana, for sharing your lucid experiences with the LDE!

Thank you, Robert, for the charts of the lucid dreamworlds you've so carefully drawn and that you share with such generosity and passion. They are invaluable. ▲

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MELINDA POWELL

The Hidden Lives of Dreams

What They Can Tell Us and How They Can Change Our World

On average, we spend around six years of our lives dreaming. Yet, astonishingly, few of us understand the purpose of dreams and even fewer recognise what our dreaming mind can tell us about ourselves and our world.

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'Exploring the depths of dreaming with an experienced guide like MELINDA POWELL will bring you closer to your heart, your purpose and your truest self. Highly recommended.'

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Black Lives Matter!

My First Healing Attempt

By Troy Vrolyk © 2020



June 10, 2020: *In the dream, I became lucid in an unknown basement. Everyone had vanished. It seemed to be nighttime. There were no windows, I was alone, and it was almost pitch black except for a dimly-lit lightbulb — the old-school kind with a pull chain. For some reason the bulb seemed extremely weak; only the filament part was lit a little. “What the heck can I do with this scene?” I wondered. I thought I would need more light, first of all, then remembered reading a few days earlier that Robert Waggoner had written about “a ball of healing light.” So I thought I might as well try that and kill two birds with one stone: gaining light and healing myself, too!*

I called out, “Dream Queen! Give me a ball of light, of healing energy!” A ball started to form, almost the size of a beach ball or at least a little bigger than a basketball. It started off as sort of dark matter collected from the surroundings which I could actually see, like a black hole sucking in its space environment, but conveniently in the shape of a ball in my right hand. As it grew, it seemed to also take the tiny bit of light and energy from that dimly-lit bulb, causing a quick lightning-transference from the bulb to the energy ball. Cool!

Being 41 years old, I have a few ailments that need healing. I looked down at my toes first and worked my way up, thinking of what to heal. I got to my right knee, that has been giving me pain for about 15 years, and decided to focus on that. I called out, “Give me all the energy I need to heal my knee!” I held the ball of energy close to my knee, saying, “Now I will heal my right knee” and then placed it inside my knee. There wasn’t any glowing light or weird sensation like I had read about; instead, the energy/dark matter infused with tiny light just seemed to transfer and become absorbed into my knee.

I thought, “I hope that worked!”

Every day, in my waking state, I walk downstairs to the basement. Due to my knee, I don’t even try to walk down straight; I have to angle sideways to reduce the pain, and even then it still hurts. It’s been like this for years. Another important thing to mention is, although I’m optimistic enough to try something like healing my knee, I’m also very careful not to “force results” or “see things that aren’t there,” to the point I could be called pessimistic, so upon waking from the dream, I feared right away that it would not work. In fact, I avoided going down to the basement all day when I was asked to, making excuses, just to not have to deal with the disappointment of a failed lucid dream healing attempt. I think it was safe to say that there was no placebo effect here; in fact, even if it worked, I’d say my negativity could have erased any improvement!

Finally, around dinnertime I was asked again to go to the basement. Having run out of excuses, I bit the bullet and approached the stairs. “Okay,” I thought, “Here goes nothing!” I turned mostly sideways like I always do, and stepped down. Hmm, that’s weird . . . not bad . . . not bad at all! I made it all the way to the bottom, with NO PAIN! Wowzers! Lucid dream healing may have actually worked! I didn’t want to push my luck but I also wanted to see the extent of the healing, so I walked back upstairs . . . felt great . . . and then tried something I hadn’t tried in — walking down straight. I made it to the bottom with zero pain and felt like a kid again. WOOHOO!!! I could not believe it . . . it had actually worked!

As each day went by and I approached the stairs carefully, by day 4, still there was no pain! Alas, it did not last though; by day 5 there was a hint of pain, and then, after that the knee seemed to slowly revert back into its old hurtful self.

I have a couple of theories on how to improve the “healing power” in future lucid dreams:

1) In case the power came from that crappy, dimly-lit bulb, next time I should try to get into a more brightly lit area — the more light the better. The ultimate light would be the sun. Then I could summon a ball of healing energy and give my knee a full dose!

2) In case the power came from within my own “lucid power,” I should try again in 6 months [from the first attempt]. I had only started to try lucid dreaming on January 8, 2020, so my first attempt was only 5-1/2 months into my practice . . . which would make me a lucidity weakling!

I plan to try again when I hit Year 1 of my lucid dreaming practice. I’ll make sure to find the most well-lit location I can, to fully stabilize myself, make sure my lucidity is “topped up,” and then give it another go! ▲

Healing of Depression and Debilitating Grief through Lucid Dreaming

By Randall Woods
© 2020



Depression has been a recurring psychic pattern in my life, yet paradoxically, one providing fertile grist for growth. Depressive episodes manifested at age fourteen and intensified to the point that they interfered with my day-to-day and eventually moment-to-moment functioning. I was hospitalized, my schooling suspended, and I chose to undergo ECT.

At the age of twenty-four, in 1977, I began employment in a government position as an investigator. In the fall of 1979, I took what I call a walk on the wild side, though not quite wild enough to get fired. Instead, I was called into the Director's office and solemnly given a choice. "Your work is good," the director said, "and we don't want to lose you. However, we require you undergo a fitness for duty exam. Otherwise you must leave. The results will determine whether or not you can stay."

The fitness for duty exam consisted of three separate visits with two psychiatrists and a psychologist. Afterwards, the Director called me back to his office and said, "We'd like you to stay, under one condition. You must undergo counseling." I briefly considered resigning, but chose to stay.

Soon thereafter, I met Dr. Richard B., a clinical psychologist. He offered a number of ways we could work, one being dream analysis. "If you can remember and record your dreams," Dr. B. said, "we can analyze them." So, I began a dream journal.

I kept a notebook and pen next to my bed and, promptly upon waking in the morning, recorded my night's dreams. Over time, I began waking and recording the dreams closer and closer to when I dreamt them. And then, one night I awoke in the dream before it was over. I found myself in the street in front of my house, jumping up and down. I actually felt that I was in waking life in the street. However, on the final jump I floated above the street and, while looking down, realized: I am dreaming! I am awake! And I know I am dreaming!

I had no idea what I was experiencing until a couple of years later, in the mid eighties, I came across Stephen LaBerge's book, *Lucid Dreaming*. It was then that I realized the phenomenon had a name and a history! Other people experienced it, and it was researched in sleep laboratories.



This skill further developed by itself and soon helped me dissolve depression. One of the first times this happened was after I had been depressed for a few days. One night, I found myself in a dream trying to keep my distance from a police officer and a bank robber he was chasing. As I became lucid, the police officer closed in on the bank robber and I was caught between them. The officer fired his gun, but instead of the bank robber, I was hit in the solar plexus, right below the sternum. "I have been shot in the belly-heart!" I cried out. With those words, the depression along with the knot in my solar plexus released. The next day I felt lighthearted and was free of depression.

A lucid dream also helped me recover after my mother died in 2003, when I was overwhelmed with incapacitating sadness. I could not put more than a few seconds of focus together. This intense grief interfered with doing my job and getting on with my life.

Three weeks after her death, I dreamt that I was in front of my parents' home where I had grown up. The house was unkempt and it appeared that no one lived there anymore. The mailbox was full of leaves and I stepped onto the porch to clean it out. Amongst the first handful of leaves was an envelope. I opened it and found a card. It was an announcement of my father's death. He had died nine years earlier, so that

had no effect on me. I pulled out more leaves and with them another envelope. This time the card was an announcement of my mother's death, and at that point I became lucid.

I let out an immense single cry and felt my grief dissolve. When I arose from bed, I realized that I was no longer hindered by debilitating grief. In the following weeks and months, while still feeling sad at times at my mother's passing, my waking life functioning was neither subsumed nor held captive by grief. Subsequently, I was able to move forward with the rest of my life.

In closing, I feel lucid dreaming is a phenomenon beyond my waking life self. A paradoxical waking experience in sleep where I have been blessed with healing, a catharsis from depression and grief through a greater Self . . . and a Space where grist is ground for growth in life's deepening inner journey. ▲

HEALING REGRET WITH LUCID DREAMING

By Daniel Oldis © 2020



What is regret (or remorse)? Generally defined as the emotion of wishing one had made a different decision in the past, it is often much more destructive

and debilitating than mere "wishing" — at times, chronic for life and impacting mental health.

While there is no independent diagnosis of regret in the WHO classification for mental disorders, make no mistake: for those affected by obsessive regret, it is indeed an illness, keeping the sufferer from living fully in the present. Regret is a form of delusion: an ideal life or perfect happiness would have been waiting for us at the end of the road we did not take, the door we did not open.

In my younger and dreamier years, I would often see the same middle-aged giant of a man at our neighborhood bar where, invariably, during football season he would drunkenly repeat the same story of his life's regret, and I would listen as if hearing for the first time: While in high school, Ben had received a football scholarship to a big college, but his girlfriend became pregnant; he chose to marry, had the child, and so, goodbye football career. He relived this choice every day, regretting this single, fateful decision that had kept him from becoming the greatest football guard since Gene Upshaw — and with it fame, wealth, and infinite bliss.

Now, in the bar every night, to anyone who would listen, he replayed his dreadful choice and its final effect: an endless treadmill of a life with his "drab" wife Mary and "mediocre" daughter Marie, watching other men become football heroes on TV. I felt that big Ben was very ill, literally dying of regret and drinking.

At the time, I was somewhat of a lucid dreaming evangelist, passing out LD books and articles and dispensing lucid advice as if I actually knew what I was talking about. Ben was interested. He was interested in lucid sports; he wanted to be a football hero in his dreams, defending the line, overpowering the other team. With practice and incubation, Ben did achieve his goal, and in one dream he saved the game and saw the crowd in the stadium: fans cheering, lights flashing, cameras rolling. In his lucid dream, he had taken his other choice, followed the other road of his regret; he was a star, the greatest player of all time!

The night Ben told me of this dream, I was ecstatic, but he was quiet, barely touching his beer. "Ben, you did it," I said. "You made the right choice this time and became a hero." I was thrilled that lucid dreaming had allowed him to fulfill his deepest wish. "So how do you feel now?" I asked. "I feel okay," he answered. "It was strange: after the game, I searched the crowd in my dream, but could not find Mary and Marie. It just wasn't that great without them there. It wasn't what I expected, I guess."

I did not see much of Ben after this night. Over the years I heard bits and pieces about him — that he had quit drinking, was doing well, and had another kid, another girl. I guess big Ben finally closed that other door, the one he never opened. ▲





Dream One:

It's a beautiful day. The sun is shining bright on the Colorado foothills. I am intrigued with how the plants and flowers bend with the slight breeze. Everything seems so alive! I am walking down a well-trodden path when I look up and see a tunnel. It is cut through a small hill. It's inviting, and I feel myself pulled toward it.

I begin walking down the tunnel. It's dark. The walls start closing in on me. I start shrinking into myself. All of a sudden I hear a buzzing noise. It gets louder and louder. I am surrounded by a million buzzing hornets. Golden hornets. Threatening. Closing in on me. I am about to get engulfed!

I take a deep breath and call on the elements. The Sun, the Lightning, the Rain, the Wind, they all come to my aid. I light up the air around me, burning off and blowing away the bees. I have vanquished the threat. I have brought my awareness into the dream in order to take care of myself. I am safe.

But now, being awake in the dream, I am tired of having to fight to be safe. I have a history of being chased and threatened by people, things, animals, and others in the dream-state. I want to be done with it. True, I always come up with better and better ways to defend myself. But it's tiring. When will it end? I want to re-program the dream to let the bees catch up and to be totally safe. But the dream is over. I've missed that opportunity. It's time to move on. Time to wake up.

I woke up feeling empowered on the one hand, but disappointed on the other. I was totally safe, but I was continuing the fight. Happy and sad at the same time. Powerful yet simultaneously powerless.

At that time in my life I was living in Boulder, Colorado. I was burnt out on living there and was looking at moving. Tunnel — change is coming, but I feel the options are limited. Bees — feeling threatened, fearful. No matter where I looked to move, I came up with limitations, reasons why this city, that town, that state didn't work. I was looking at Colorado Springs, a few hours south of where I was currently living. But there were drawbacks there as well. Even though I had a couple of sponsors for my work in that area, NO WAY was I moving there!

Dream Two:

I am at a party in Colorado Springs. Nice people. Nice house. Fun party. I think I'll go outside and get a breath of fresh air. I walk down the front steps to the driveway and lawn area. I stop to look around. It's a beautiful day. The sun is shining bright on the Colorado foothills. I am intrigued with how the plants and flowers bend with the slight breeze. Everything seems so alive! "This seems familiar," I think to myself. "I've been here before. I've been in this dream before. What's happening?"

I look up. And, as I do, I trip over something. I am lying on my stomach, with my lower half on the lawn and my upper half on the driveway. And there, right in front of my face, is a bees' nest. Golden hornets. Hundreds of them. And they're getting agitated. "But, wait. I've been here before. I remember! This is MY dream. I can take a deep breath and relax. And I am totally safe." The bees back off. They are all looking at me as they form a circle around my head. "Now this is what I wanted. This is where I want to be. I am totally safe in the midst of my fear."

I awaken feeling empowered, in charge of my life. I feel good about having limitless options and being able to respond to new situations, even if they are threatening. I approach the next day wondering what it will bring and if I should perhaps look into Colorado Springs a little more seriously. Maybe my fears have been standing in the way.

And now to the magic: That day, while driving, I had at separate times two different bees — golden hornets of course — fly into my shirt. And late that afternoon, another one flew up my shorts. In each instance, I took a deep breath and relaxed. “I can let that happen, and I am totally safe.” And, without fail, the bees flew back out without stinging me.

To make matters more intriguing, less than two months later I found myself totally self-employed in Colorado Springs. One person was organizing workshops for me. Another was organizing private appointments. I had an offer to share someone's apartment, and I had office space as well. I surrendered and moved there almost immediately.

As a side note, I used to have a phobia about bees. At one time, I even jumped out of a moving vehicle when a bee landed on the console between the seats. True, the car was only going about two or three miles per hour. That's not necessarily so bad, except for one thing . . . I was the one driving. Yup, definitely a phobia. But over time I used hypnosis, relaxation, shamanic journeying, and active dreaming to get past it. I have released that phobia, and am even thinking about becoming a beekeeper.

Those nasty little black, red, and purple wasps, however, give me the creeps. I'll work on it. Maybe later. ▲

THEME FOR OUR DECEMBER 2020 ISSUE:

NIGHT CLASSES

Practicing music, sports, arts, or attending school in lucid dreams

Are you a musician, athlete, artist? Do you enjoy learning new things about history, science, archeology, or some other specific area of study? When you go to sleep, does your training or education continue in your dreams? Or do you have lucid dreams in which you learn or train for activities that you don't pursue in waking life? Where do you learn? Do you find yourself in school or university settings, gyms or clubs, art studios or museums? Who are your teachers, trainers, coaches, or mentors? How do you interact with them in your lucid dreams? Or are you the teacher trainer, coach, or mentor? If so, who and what are you teaching?

Please send your experiences with “Night Classes” to LDE via our website: www.dreaminglucid.com

SUBMISSIONS DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 15, 2020

Love One Another!



I have known of lucid dreaming for quite some time as dreams have been an interest of mine for close to 25 years. I have kept a dream journal for about the same length of time; however, it was about five years ago that I started serious attempts at cultivating lucid dreaming as a skill. During that time, I have read at least 10 books on the subject.

I have not had what I would call a resounding success with my efforts. Achieving lucidity has been difficult for me. I have had maybe 20 dreams where I achieved lucidity, and most of those have been brief. Some of those lucidity instances have been unaided, and others occurred with the aid of supplements like Galantamine and Passionflower tea. In most instances, I have simply known that I was dreaming, with a few exceptions where I deduced that I was dreaming.

In my quest to achieve lucidity in my dreams more often, I found the website www.dreaminglucid.com, and read of two healing experiences in a past issue of the LDE (Vol. 4, No. 2, Fall 2015 — see page 8, *A Lucid Dream Healing of My Dad* by Ginny Miller; and page 18, *Self Directed Healing* by Rey Brannen at: <https://www.dreaminglucid.com/>).

These experiences provided inspiration for my own attempt at healing in a lucid dream. I must recommend that if anyone attempts anything like this that it is imperative that their attempts and results be monitored by their doctor or other competent medical personnel.

During an eye exam in late 2013, I was told that my eye pressure was high. A few months later, in April 2014, I sought a second opinion from a glaucoma specialist. The specialist diagnosed an eye condition called Pigment Dispersion Syndrome. What happens in the syndrome is that the pigment in the eyes flakes off and interferes with the normal drainage channels of the eye, thus raising eye pressure and increasing the risk of developing glaucoma. The specialist performed an eye scan called Optical Coherence Tomography (OCT) which measures and maps the thickness of the eye's retina to establish a baseline for future comparison. The specialist also said that my eye pressures were close enough to normal that I would not need treatment at that time; however, the condition needed to be monitored on a regular basis.

I had wondered during the intervening years about follow-up scans but did not pursue having one done. Then, during an eye exam in January 2020, I agreed to a follow-up OCT scan to determine if retinal thinning had occurred. When the results of this second scan were compared with the results of the baseline scan from 2014, the doctor noted that there was retinal thinning in my left eye which might be more than normal age-related thinning. Although the progress of the retinal thinning was not so serious that it would cause major dysfunction in my eyesight, the doctor thought that treatment was warranted.

I was very concerned about these results, and researched other glaucoma experts in my area. I found one who seemed to have excellent reviews. Fortunately, I was able to contact this doctor and schedule an appointment for a second opinion on these results.

At some point, I decided that I would attempt to heal my eyes in a lucid dream. On May 3, 2020, I had a cup of Passionflower tea before bed. After about four hours of sleep, I woke up, took 8mg of Galantamine, went back to bed, and then was successfully able to enter a state of lucidity. It was another instance where I knew that I was dreaming without a reality check.

While I was lucid, I remembered that I wanted to heal my eye. I took my right hand and put it over my left eye.

I then removed my hand from my eye, and saw what looked like a discharge of white light from my left eye. My left eye seemed to feel different when I woke up.

About two weeks later, I followed approximately the same steps, although I did not have Passionflower tea before bed. After becoming lucid this time, I attempted to heal my right eye. I did not notice anything happening in the dream such as the white light I saw the first time.

Then, about two weeks after that, I went to the appointment that I had scheduled with the glaucoma expert for the second opinion. I had obtained the results of my first two OCT scans and brought these along for the doctor to review. During the appointment, another OCT scan was performed.

The image in **Figure 1** is from the baseline OCT scan of April 2014. It shows a map of my retinal thickness in microns (millionths of a meter) of my left eye in a “clock hours” format.

The image in **Figure 2** is from the OCT scan of January 2020 showing the same view of my left eye. In this scan, the thickness numbers are lower, and this represents the retinal thinning which concerned the doctors that performed this scan.

The image in **Figure 3** is from the OCT scan of May 26, 2020, from the “second opinion” appointment, and again shows a view of my left eye. This scan was taken after my healing attempt in the lucid dream of May 3, 2020. Here the retinal thicknesses are much more like those in Figure 1.

I was in the room as the doctor reviewed the scan results. “There appears to be a reversion,” the doctor said, in a manner that seemed perplexed. I explained that I had attempted to heal my eye during a lucid dream. I do not remember exactly what the doctor said. However, shortly after that, the doctor said something along the lines of, “However it happened, it happened.” ▲

Figure 1, Baseline OCT Scan, April 2014



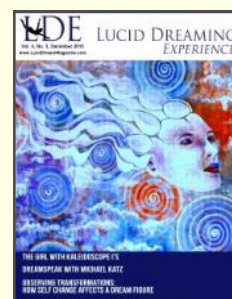
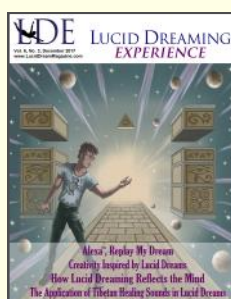
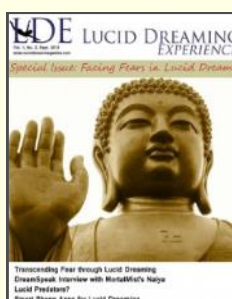
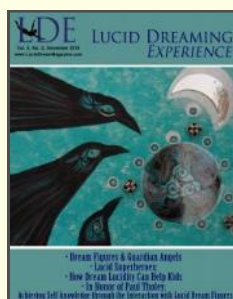
Figure 2, Second OCT Scan, January 2020



Figure 3, Third OCT Scan, May 2020



TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES



Read PAST ISSUES of the Lucid Dreaming Experience online at:

<http://www.dreaminglucid.com/past-issues/>

A Miracle Second Chance with Soltan the Cat

By Karim © 2020



I rescued Soltan, a beautiful white Turkish Angora feline, 15 years ago when he was just a few months old. What was first an effort to rehome him turned out to be a permanent adoption. He grew on me and became my little sidekick. Today I view him as my child, a part of my family.

After an operation to extract a bad tooth for Soltan last November 2019, his recovery went south and he got seriously ill. After a lot of vomiting and diarrhea on the day of his recovery, he eventually ended up lying in a corner of the bedroom with his face pushed against the wall. He was completely unresponsive to any calls or petting and looked like he was in a lot of pain. I rushed him to the vet who decided to hospitalize him for a couple of days with a fluid drip.

After two days, Soltan was still not eating in the clinic. When things were not going well, the vet asked me to take him home and see if being in the home environment would help improve his appetite. It was agonizing seeing how he lost 500 grams of weight in a matter of three days and was constantly in tremendous pain despite all the medication. I was devastated by his suffering, especially since the vet was out of options. The vet was clear that this was not a normal scenario post tooth extraction. It was the worst-case scenario he had ever seen. He said that I should be prepared for the possibility that Soltan may not survive. As a last resort, I decided to use the one skill I've relied on my whole life: seeking the help of the world of dreams.

For the next few days, before falling asleep, I focused all my intention and willpower on incubating a healing dream for my beloved cat. These are the dreams I experienced as a response to my daily dream seeding:

In the first dream, I was sitting on a chair close to my bed watching over Soltan as he was sleeping. Suddenly something nudged my right arm and I looked towards my right to find a big black panther that just walked into the room. Seeing a panther enter my bedroom was the cue I needed to realize I was dreaming. The panther rubbed its face against my arm in a very friendly way which eased my fears of such a powerful creature. It then walked up to Soltan. He stared at my cat for a while then sniffed him, opened his mouth and breathed air at him. I could see light particles transfer from his breath to my cat. The panther then left.

The next morning while Soltan and I were cuddling in bed, I started chanting mantras while placing one hand on him and visualizing healing light filling his body. While doing that, I slipped into another dream. In it, I was still in bed with Soltan and the same black panther from the previous night walked in, jumped into bed and laid down next to us. Recalling this character from the previous night's dream helped me realize that I was dreaming. The panther just sat there doing nothing. I felt no need to speak or interact with it. I started feeling energy buzzing in my body along with an immense sense of relief and safety. I woke up knowing that I was being supported by my inner world for the healing of my cat.



The night after that I dreamt again that I was in bed with Soltan next to me. I turned my head toward the window and through it a majestic lion jumped into the room. What are the chances of that happening on the 9th floor of a building? Realizing this could not be happening in waking life, I became lucid in the dream. The lion felt both regal and magical. He kind of reminded me of Aslan from Narnia. Instinctively I knew he was not an enemy. He approached Soltan and started licking him all over from head to tail. They even bumped and rubbed heads with each other as if they knew one another. The lion looked at me and nodded, then went away.



These dreams almost felt like we were being visited by healing feline ancestors as a reaction to my incubation.

Two days later, Soltan still was not showing any signs of improvement in waking life. He was eating very little and not responsive. The only thing that changed was he started to sleep next to me in bed like he used to.

I kept my intention strong for a healing dream.

The following night I dreamt that I arrived at an airport. When I reached the immigration counter I got a stamp on my passport that said '*Residency to the State of Mercy*'. I was told I am very lucky to get one as it is not given to everybody.

I walked around a very futuristic looking city. Though it had high technology and flying cars it was also very green with lots of trees and vegetation. I remembered I was holding some papers in my hands. I eventually arrived at my destination, a courthouse.

I entered the courthouse and went to a counter and handed the papers over to a man sitting behind it. He stared at the papers and said, "This is a petition for prolonging the life of Soltan the cat." As soon as the clerk said that, it prompted me into lucidity as I realized I couldn't be petitioning for my cat's life in a courthouse in waking life. The man looked into a futuristic-looking computer with a transparent glass display, kind of similar to the one Ironman used in the movie, *The Avengers*.

The man spoke as he looked at the monitor, "Hmmm . . . such petitions can only be accepted by the Grand Judge." I asked him, "Who's that?" The man lowered his glasses and looked at me as if I asked a very dumb question and I then said, "Oh, you mean like God?"

He replied with, "FYI — According to our system, Soltan is scheduled to die in the next 3 days. Let's hope that this petition is accepted".

I walked out of the courtroom crushed by this terrible news. I knew I had done the best I could so far in both waking life and in the dream world. Suddenly I started to feel a sense of peace and calm descend over me even after hearing the news. I started to feel acceptance of Soltan's fate, whichever way it was to go. I rested in the knowledge that I had done everything I possibly could to help him.

I walked around the city, not knowing how long it would take for a judgment to be passed. I noticed that the people were extremely kind, not prejudiced at all that I am an outsider or a sort of immigrant into

their city. One man offered me soft drinks and a hot dog from the kiosk in the middle of an open square. He gave those to me for free, saying that I seemed upset and he hoped that things would turn out okay for me. I thought to myself, 'What a lovely place and lovely people.'

After what felt like an hour or two, an announcement boomed out of the loud speakers around the city.

"THE PETITION FOR SOLTAN HAS BEEN ACCEPTED! I REPEAT, THE PETITION FOR SOLTAN HAS BEEN ACCEPTED!"

People started cheering and patting me on the back and congratulating me. Fireworks were shot in the sky and I could see balloons floating up in the air. I felt such intense gratitude and happiness for the acceptance of my petition that I began to cry. The feelings carried on with me when I woke up.

Awake, I looked next to me and Soltan was not in bed. I rushed around the house looking for him to eventually find him in the kitchen. He just finished eating his bowl of food! Something he had not done in 7-8 days! His face was also looking brighter and more vibrant!

At this point I was jumping for joy!

From that day onwards, Soltan recovered very quickly. He's back to normal now, meowing loudly to get his food on time and pushing me out of my side of the bed because it became his new favorite sleeping place.

This incident has boosted my faith in the power of dreams especially for healing and affecting the physical world. I believe the dreams were instrumental in the recovery of this little one.

This last dream was also very crucial in bringing me to a place of humility. I understood that I do not have control over my environment 100%. There will always be factors completely out of my control. While I knew this intellectually, it was good to have that realization dawn on me. Having said that, I knew I had the ability to petition and ask the inner world and the deeper awareness to influence an outcome in the physical world.

However, after doing my best I learned I must surrender and respect the larger will of life for whatever outcome that comes to pass. In this case, Soltan has recovered. He could have easily passed away. All I know is that I am extremely grateful that we have more time to spend together while alive. ▲

Soltan the Cat: author photo

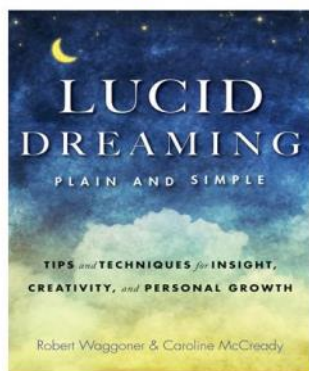
Panther image: katerinavulcova / Pixabay

Lion image: Alexas_Fotos / Pixabay

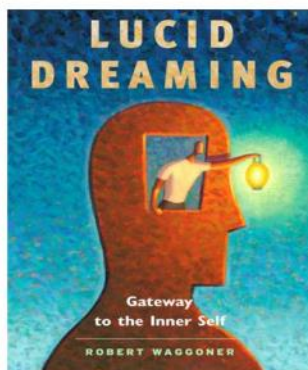


Robert Waggoner's books are available at major booksellers and online in print, CD, mp3, audio, and Kindle.

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Journey into Oneness

By Daryl4D © 2020

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April 25, 2020

Going WILD, 8:30am. Lying in bed, looking through my closed eyelids I start to see clear images. They disappear, then later reappear. This goes on for some time. Some are animated. I lightly say, "I want clear images." Suddenly I'm sitting at a lunchroom table, my body stiff . . . I also feel my physical body lying down in my bed and my legs are stiff as well. I struggle to get up, wondering if my physical body is also reacting this way. Then I fall down next to a photo-mat. As I try to roll out, I can see a woman through my closed eyelids . . . "You're in the way, move!" This does something to me as I am now standing outside a café, facing a serene moonlit landscape and a woman in a beautiful dress. I hold onto her hips as she holds onto my shoulders and we do a slow dance, but as I try to look at her, her face is blurred. We stop and she tells me I've misled her, and images begin to appear of earlier times in my life where this may have occurred. "I'm sorry, I didn't know what I was doing," I tell her, and with that she sits down and disappears.

I'm now left standing in the yard looking at the dark sky. "Heal me and heal my legs," I cry out to the Awareness behind the Dream. Nothing happens . . . and then I'm suddenly swept up and travel through the Universe at a comfortable speed, through layers and layers of a translucent medium . . . each layer is filled with different symbols until I come upon layers that are filled with prison bars. "You know what you did," a voice says from behind me. I begin to wonder: What, was I a Nazi or something in a past life and did something horrible? But the whole experience actually felt good and I soon awake.

In this experience I was actually looking to heal a knee injury that I'm presently dealing with, but it took an unexpected turn. I'm not fully surprised though because I do hold the belief that all ailments have an emotional seed when you get down to it. For example, why just heal an ulcer if we don't heal the underlying cause (such an irritating boss or our inability to deal with stress) just to have the problem re-surface somewhere else? This dream did not make my knee much better, but why? I figure it has to do with my relationship with the feminine, or more specifically with my own feminine side, and so . . . not so fast . . . the healing is more a process than a one off. Over the next few months as I revisited this issue, it only seemed to confirm as such (what follows is the CliffsNotes version of the ongoing drama; typically I bounce in and out of dreams many times in one session).

June 24, 2020

Lying awake I ask the Awareness to help me through my blockages. I'm on my left side and soon I feel an energy holding onto me, not threatening but heavy. I struggle and fly out and am able to separate from this energy but I'm in total darkness and then back on my bed . . . again this energy holds onto me. With some struggle I'm able to remove it. This male energy is nearby talking to me and it turns into a woman I once had a difficult past relationship with. I think about escaping but then take her hand, so we remain separate and we walk outside to go to a meeting. Eventually I let her go and fly off.

Now back on the bed, a blob of energy is on me again. I pull it off and its "J". I tell him I need to be separate (he's a close relative and knows the other woman as well). He says, "How do you know I'm really J? . . . How do you know you're really you?" I tell him I can come get him once in awhile but I must be on my own. (The issue here is abandoning someone I care about as I evolve as a dreamer). With that I let go of his hand and I'm free. Now I'm back on my bed but with no energy

holding onto me, I get up and walk out of a garage . . .

I see an exotic city in the distance and decide to try something new. I summon the city to come to me and it begins to move towards me, becoming ever so bigger. I then awaken back on my bed and decide to go back again. As I exit the garage I'm now in the middle of an ancient stone city. I explore it awhile and then follow a couple to an eating area. I decide to try another first for me: I find a bowl of dumplings and eat them. Their taste is quite normal but when I wake up I feel absolutely full.

Now you might ask, what does all this have to do with healing my knee, seeing that was what I had in mind going into this dream? Well, several things. . . when you look at the symbolism it starts to make sense. You see, our legs carry us forward in life, and my injury is impeding that. In my dreams, it appears this blockage manifests as either being stuck, or as an energy blob holding me back, which then transforms into people or situations in my life that have challenged my progress or that I may still have issues with. With the resolution within the dream, I'm finding myself with new powers and flexibility in my experiences (symbolized by summoning the city as a newfound power rather than flying out to it AND eating food and finding that energy translated into physical reality as a symbol that energy can carry over directly from the dream). Also, interestingly, the next day "J" came to me in the physical and told me the woman (from my dream) was now moving back to my home town after a long absence. Coincidence?

I did continue to heal this issue in other dreams.

July 18, 2020

I'm spending a lot of time looking for images under my closed eyes but to no avail, when all of a sudden I'm walking down this street and immediately know I am dreaming. I'm a bit excited by this which causes the dream to fade, like a blanket of darkness enfolding around me, eventually covering me like a cocoon. As I lay there I feel stuck. I stretch my neck to see beyond this dark blanket and I can make out a full-fledged dream just beyond, but I can't move. Then this beautiful woman appears next to me and starts saying something but I can't make it out . . . another woman appears and they start talking to one another, the first one telling the second one what I need to do to get unstuck. I stretch my neck to overhear her and she says to make a particular sound while focusing on my upper teeth. I do just that and start to feel freer and a hole starts to open up in this cocoon. I do it again and this time I am fully free.

As I exit, I walk out the door of a minivan onto a residential city neighborhood. As I walk down the street, I am met by two children who ask me to go with them to help someone, but I think I would rather go in another direction to try some other goals. One of the women from the cocoon is now attached in a small energetic form to my back and suggests it would be better to go with the kids, which I do. I am led to this guy sitting in a living room chair, all wrapped in blankets, his head covered with a hood to hide his (sick) appearance. His dark watering eyes staring at me as he mumbles a challenge, sort of taunting me. I can sense the darkness within him and confidently exclaim, "Pull it out of your ass!" — feeling that this will somehow help him. Shortly after, I wake up.



Although this was not the most elegant way to deal with my shadow, the dream does illustrate how the feminine, in the form of the women in my dreams, is now coming to my aid rather than challenging and confronting me.

During these months I've had many other lucid dreams related to this issue. The ones I've written about here highlight the gradual healing taking place and how my abilities are improving over time. (My lucid dreams have been longer, more frequent, and more conscious over these past months, which I feel are a direct result of my focus on healing.) I've also seen marked improvement with my knee, although one could argue that would have improved over time anyway. But I feel close and on the verge of a major change in my life due to my healing process with the feminine. Something is definitely on the horizon. I believe my dream healing is "to be continued. . . ." ▲

Rose image: congerdesign / Pixabay
Dance image: rauschenberger / Pixabay

The Wound Behind the Wound

By David L. Kahn © 2020

When I was ten years old, I spent three weeks in the hospital with a serious staph infection. I was put on high doses of antibiotics for several weeks and fully recovered, except that I developed psoriasis for the first time not long after. I have been fortunate in that my psoriasis has never been significant, and at worst only irritating. Some spots have lasted years, while at other times they go away quickly. It can be completely gone for years, only to arrive again seemingly out of nowhere. Over the counter or prescription ointments have helped somewhat, but in most cases not much. Dietary changes have resulted in full remission for significant periods of time, but at other times have had little effect. There seem to be varying causes of flare-ups, including both physical and emotional triggers. In recent years I have had a couple of stubborn spots on my left knee and left ankle. I decided to try and heal myself in my next lucid dream. As it turns out, it wasn't quite that simple.

In my first lucid psoriasis healing attempt, I saw the veins in my hands glowing with green light, with the trees around me glowing with the same green light. My fingertips were particularly bright, and I touched my knee and ankle with them. I held my hands there for a few seconds and then noticed that the psoriasis spots had turned black. I spoke directly to the dream asking if I am now healed. I heard a telepathic response saying that I am healed, but that it will take some time before I see it. I woke up curious about why the healing would not be visible until sometime in the future, and exactly who or what part of me made that decision.

Fast forward four years. The psoriasis on my knee cleared up, but the ankle became somewhat worse. I tried a series of a few more lucid healing dreams. When lucid in the first of these dreams, I touched the top of a pine tree with the palm of my hand and then awoke into another scene in which I was in a bed looking at my hands. My hands looked normal, except that there was an extra set of child-sized hands protruding from my wrists next to my regular hands. I tried to speak my intention to heal myself, but I had extreme difficulty speaking. I didn't see any healing light and woke up feeling frustrated.

In the next of these dreams I still had difficulty speaking, but I could quietly speak my intention. I looked at my hands to see if any glowing light was coming out of them. I didn't see any light, but there was gray mist or smoke coming out of my fingertips. I woke up feeling like I had at least made some progress. In the third dream in this series, I could clearly speak my intention, but woke up immediately after speaking the words.

In yet a fourth lucid dream in this series, I was aware of my prior difficulties both in healing my psoriasis and in speaking my intent. I noticed a feeling of congestion in my throat. The scene changed; I was then floating near the tops of some pine trees and saw a colorful ball of light appear next to me. It spoke to me, saying that I have done the physical things needed to heal myself, but I must heal the emotional wound. I was able to see the connection between my difficulty in communicating with the physical manifestation of psoriasis.

In my most recent lucid healing dreams, I chose not to specifically try to heal my psoriasis, but rather, to ask the dream to tell me what it is that I most need to heal. I have gotten some interesting and unexpected responses, including a dream in which several dream characters told me that I need a dog. I have noticed that my ability to communicate in dreams has greatly improved, with the manifestation of that in the waking world coming along at a slower pace, and the psoriasis on my ankle has suddenly improved significantly in a short period of time.

Among my takeaways from this lengthy lucid healing experiment is that my psoriasis appears on my skin as a symptom of something else, and that it has done little good to try and heal my skin without going to the deeper underlying issue. Those deeper issues have included a need for a change in diet, managing stress, overcoming negative habits, or healing emotional wounds. When I can see the psoriasis as a method by which my subconscious (or perhaps my larger awareness?) is trying to communicate something to me, rather than as a problem that needs fixing, I have the opportunity to heal much more than my skin. ▲



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Israel — *Leave The Past Behind*

(I don't remember in full detail what happened before I became lucidly aware, but I do remember I was back in the city where my parents and grandparents grew up.) I am in the places I had been in when I was younger and everyone in my family is there too. I have access to a car and drive around (still not aware). For some reason I make a wild turn and start driving the other way.

By now I'm all of a sudden in a bathtub somewhere, now I become (lucidly) AWARE. I don't get overly excited because usually the dream collapses when I do. Instead I tell myself to focus and breathe. To take my time. To focus on my intention that I've been waiting to do for a while now. To ask questions.

I look over to my left and see a woman. She looks quite different; green in color with orangey red hair. I tell myself, "Okay, this is it." As I start to talk, I find it extremely hard to get words out, almost as if I'm not supposed to be doing this. This has happened to me before in dreams, but this time I pushed through and kept focusing on my intention.

I ask her, "What is the meaning of this dream?"

She replies, "To leave the past behind, let go of it, it's done now."

I start getting really emotional in the dream. I am just filled with joy and feel so thankful that she answered me. Then I woke up, still amazed.

Johanna — *Can I Meet My Dream Guide Now?*

I have tried several times to meet my dream guide when I am lucid in a dream. The first time I asked, I found myself immersed in some kind of black, empty space. Little by little I could see how small bright blue figures or shapes and stars began to form and get bigger, then a silhouette began to emerge, but I got very emotional and woke up.

The second time I asked to meet my guide in a lucid dream I heard someone laugh behind me. It seemed to me someone was mocking me. I asked again and I heard the laugh again and then the dream collapsed.

The last time I tried I had the strangest dream. After asking to meet my guide, I was in a dark, foggy tunnel. As I began to approach the light at the end of the tunnel, two figures or beings started to emerge. When I got really close I could see the figures were actually two cartoon characters!

They didn't say anything, but they had their hands up as if they didn't want me



to go on. For some reason I ignored them and continued walking, and I then entered some kind of mall.

Once inside the mall I noticed the place looked fuzzy, so I began to say, “Ohm, ohm, ohm . . .” louder and louder (this mantra works really well to make the dream more stable).

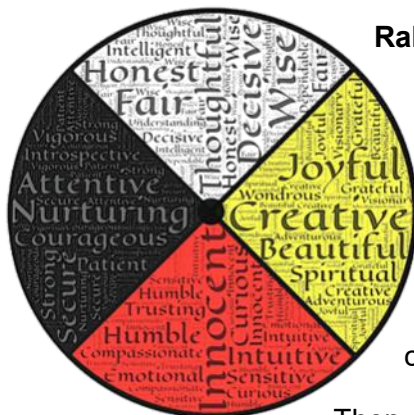
At that moment I realized that everybody in that mall was a cartoon! They were all really tall and third-dimensional, and it all seemed really funny, but after walking for a while I asked again, “Can I meet my dream guide now?” and the dream collapsed.

Ron — Asking for Healing

On July 21, 2020, at age 75, I had open heart surgery, requiring Aortic valve replacement and triple bypass work. I visited my usual dream realm, Seth University, Dream Campus (my term), and requested that the Seth energy vibration send me healing energy to assist in my recovery, and, in addition, I tasked my inner self-being to also shower me with healing energy.

The Seth entity, or the We Are Seth gestalt family of essence personalities, has been constantly showering me with healing energy which I feel pervading my body and my healing process is amazingly accelerated and my doctors and nurses are impressed with my progress. I asked and I received and my beliefs allow for such accomplishment.

The Seth family wears guises and adopts clever personas as they work behind the scenes, so to speak, and they are approachable in the dream realms unencumbered by time and space. They work in both physical and non-physical terms and they are related with the Seth of Jane Roberts.



Ralf Penderak — Peace is still Whole

I'm meditating . . . I toss and turn, until I feel so deeply relaxed I notice how my hearing vanishes time and again.

I find out I'm not to focus on the hearing, but on the goal of meeting my dreaming friends in the Astral Temple, and that makes the sounds of music mute. I get shivers all over, and sense the presence of my friends Maria and M2 in a kind of energetic “building.” The corridors are dark. It is somehow symmetrical, like a cross or multi-spoke wheel of tubes with a place in the center and a wheel outside. Different friends are present in the spokes.

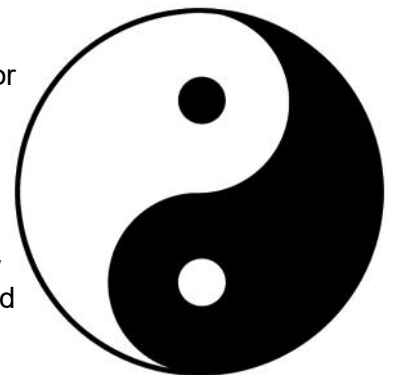
Then I find myself lucidly at the right place, in the center, where Maria conjures a circle of four parts. She mentions an asymmetry: While everybody wants us to believe there is war, peace is still unbroken. I understand it still exists whole in every corner of our being. The news always tell us about war, but peace is so strong and real.

I'm cautious not to step onto the circle she conjured on the floor, though I can hardly see it in my darkness, and I nearly bump into her. I say, “It doesn't matter, if you see peace in four parts (Medicine Wheel), two parts (Dao, Yin and Yang), or as an unbroken circle — it is always whole.” More is happening, but I don't recall. I wake up (false awakening, then continuing to dream non-lucidly).

Notes:

Some dreaming friends in Maria's “PsiDreamers” group incubated together for healing dreams. This dream wasn't mutual (though the communication felt so “real”) but there were some syncs; group dreaming happened. I believe Maria was the only other dreamer lucid in this incubation.

This is one of my rare wake-induced lucid dreams. Not high-level lucid, but mindful and active. Not shining bright, but like my typical “faint” astral journey vision, which carried over into the lucid dream. The dream feels numinous and healing to me, because of its reference to an unbroken Whole part of our being.





Blake — *High Drive, Deep to Left Field*

I'm standing next to a table in the corner of a dimly lit bar. There are only a handful of people standing around and the bartender is starting to clean up for the night while the band on the stage tears down their set. I decide that I should probably head home for the night and make my way to the bar where I leave a \$20 bill and exchange head nods with the bartender.



As I turn around to leave, I look over to the corner table where I had been standing and realize that I don't recognize anyone at the table. I also can't remember the name of the bar. Not being one to frequent random bars alone, I realize that I must be dreaming, although I continue to just go along for the ride for the time being.

I set my drink on the table and head for the door. As I get to the door and make my way up the steps, I hear the growing sound of a large crowd. Reaching the top of the steps, I have trouble seeing anything for a moment as I find myself under bright stadium lights. I blink my eyes a couple of times, which instantly clears up my vision, and look around to find that I've just walked up the steps into the Boston Red Sox dugout at Fenway Park. It's at this point that I reach full lucidity and start to take a more active role in where the dream is going.

I look around the stadium filled with fans and decide to fly up to the top of the Green Monster in left field. I walk up the dugout steps to the field, but after reaching the top step I continue to float up for a few seconds before stretching my arms outward and making my way across the field. As I'm flying, my surroundings disappear completely for a brief moment, leaving nothing but white emptiness in my visual field, but as soon as I find my seat on top of the wall the stadium, players, and fans all return.

Over the stadium speakers, I hear, "Now batting, second baseman Dustin Pedroia," and without actively trying to make anything happen I think about how cool it would be to catch a home run all the way up here. Sure enough, the next pitch is thrown and Pedroia hits a line drive headed straight for me. I stand up, ready to make the catch, but lose the ball in the glare of the stadium lights. My visual field starts to fade away again and I frantically try blinking again but with no luck this time, as I wake up to find myself laying in my bed.

Paintedturtle — *State of Grace*

I am in the neonatal intensive care unit in the hospital where I am employed. Everyone here is horrible. Robotic caregivers are torturing grotesque-looking infants and zombie parents look on. I am disgusted, but suddenly, I realize that these images are a dream, and I am not the captive of this scene. I can leave if I choose to. I turn and walk down a long corridor that opens to a cavernous space without walls or ceiling, yet I am still indoors. The atmosphere is so thick, I am buoyant, I am swimming in it.

I'm filled with joy. I must wake myself lest I forget all this. Streams of pleasure are flowing from the core of my body to the surface. Every cell on my skin is glowing with sublime pleasure. I am awake on my bed, in my room. I have just experienced the true "state of grace," not the banality depicted to me in Catholic school many years ago.

Opal — *Lucid Dream Healing Attempts*

July 24, 2019: My close friend E and I become lucid in a forest. We are both donkeys. We keep spinning around, trying to create an “ethereal, mystical landscape,” without realizing we’re more or less already in one. When it doesn’t work, we keep walking. We find ourselves in a Snow White-based theme park and enter an exhibit/ride. There are lots of strange and interesting objects, plus some written things, a windy staircase, and different sections that move you around, I think. We leave here, round the bend, and end up at my camp.

I recall my dream goal and tell E, “Sorry, I have to go.” I see my mother and run off in her direction. I ask to do a healing on her teeth. She says, “Sure.” We go up the metal stairs, which are cold. (E comments on how expensive they are.)

I stand in front of my mother and say, “Dream, fill my hands with healing energy overflowing!”

I feel a bit insincere. My mother reminds me that I should make sure any negative energy in her teeth comes out of my hands and doesn’t enter me, so I do. I am amazed that I didn’t think of this but that the dream version of her did, and was looking out for me. I also whisper for my ancestors to help me. I start by waving my hands around her mouth like I would to welcome in a holiday with a candle, and then open her mouth, touching her teeth.

She says, “Do you have the touch?” She starts frothing/foaming (and has a LOT of sort of sparkly spit.) I’m not sure if this is a good thing or not.

When I feel done, I stop. I don’t think it worked. I accidentally broke a thing she has in the dream for her teeth. She has difficulty breathing now. I am really scared. I try to help her. I know this represents how in waking life I always seem to mess up something important when I’m trying to help. I choose to believe it represents nothing more. I go down the stairs, and then fly back up.

I tell my mother, “I’m going to do it again.” This time I say again, “Dream, fill my hands with healing energy overflowing.” I feel a little bit more sincere. I say, “I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you,” as I move my hands in the candle motion over her mouth. I spontaneously burst into a prayer. I forget which one, but I think it helps to anchor me. I don’t recall any physical representations/signs, but I feel more satisfied when I finish.

Upon waking I find that my mother does indeed feel a little better, but she woke up significantly earlier than I did and it started before I attempted the healing. The feeling slightly better doesn’t really last and as far as I know there were no long-term effects; i.e., it was not successful. It was definitely an interesting experience though, and I will certainly keep experimenting with lucid dream healing.

Veronica — *A Visit During Surgery*

I always have lucid dreams. One huge one was during a surgery. I went into surgery for one of my cancer surgeries. As they put me to sleep under anesthesia, I woke up standing next to the hospital bed. I looked down and saw the hospital socks and gown so knew I was still in surgery and could see my body on the gurney.

A beautiful woman appeared. As she got closer, I realized she was my adopted mom who had passed seven years prior, from cancer. She hugged me and told me it would be okay. I felt so much unconditional love.

As the nurses started to wake me, I was getting further away from this beautiful angel and started to cry as they woke me up.

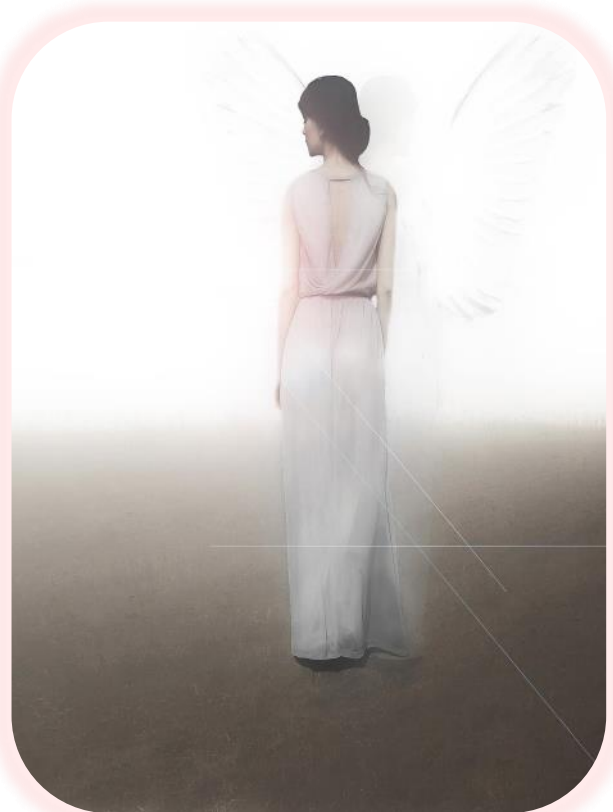


Image: 27soon / Pixabay

Atma Mu — *Not-Quite-Lucid Lucid Dream*

I'm not sure if there is a spectrum for lucid dreaming but I feel I had a 'not quite lucid' lucid dream a few years ago. I had been out the night before drinking heavily and had ended up sleeping on a friend's couch. Early the next morning he woke me and told me he'd give me a lift home. Once I got home I went straight to my couch and passed out. I suppose this was an impromptu WBTB experiment.

Moments later I 'woke up' in my living room. It was the same time of day, same lighting. I was in the same clothes, etc. But now there was a small gathering of people in my house quietly chatting with each other with drinks in their hands. I sat up and thought, "How did all these people get in? Did I bring them back with me?"

I stood up and walked to the kitchen. There were a few people in there, too, and I thought to myself, "Is this a dream?" I decided to do the old pinch test and pinched my arm; it did nothing. I felt the pain and concluded I was not dreaming and woke up. The dream was so real that I was convinced it was real life.

Jeffrey Randle — *Interrupted By Gismoe*



I wake up in the middle of the night, to the sound of my own voice set as my alarm clock. "Stay still, don't move, remember, remember, remember, everything that you need to remember." The alarm then auto-dismisses as I start to process my thoughts and REMEMBER my goal to do (W.I.L.D) lucid dreaming.

I use my awareness to scan my body. I am on my right side and want to roll over badly. I ignore it. Then an itch starts in my shoulder, but I ignore it. Both impulses get stronger. Ugh! But I ignore them. It freaking hurts . . . I ignore it . . . and then the itch and pain both vanish.

I feel funny; a feeling that one might say is heavy as lead and one might say is as light as feather. Light vibrations start like electricity, tickling up my spine and down my fingers and I feel numb. The vibrations get even stronger and I hear a HMMMMMMMMMMMM sound, buzzing in my head, and scary whispers. . . FIGHT OR FLIGHT FEAR RESPONSE SETS IN. I feel it in my belly, like I'm about to drop off a roller coaster.

I think to myself, "Don't let this fear snowball. Balance emotions . . . no fear, no hate, no anger, no sorrow; only feelings of love, joy, excitement, and respect."

I start to visualize my room around me with as much detail as I possibly can. I start to visualize what it would look like to make a rolling motion out of my bed onto the floor of my room. I then put all of my attention onto my left shoulder blade area, then my right shoulder blade area, and rotate my awareness back and forth, back and forth, until a rocking sensation starts.

I set a strong mindset, with high confidence, no doubt; trust self and know it will happen. The words ROLL OUT are going over and over in my head. The magic happens and I roll out onto the floor of my room. The vibrations stop. It's dark and I can feel my knees on my carpet. With my hands, I touch my surroundings. I can feel everything, but I can not see. It's gloomy, like a foggy darkness of gray and black surrounds me.

I bring my attention to my hands, then start rubbing them together, putting them in front of my field of vision. I start to see them appear and I yell out, "Vividness now! Clarity now!" and "High definition vision now!" all while visualizing my room around me with as much detail as I can.

My vision shifts, like a light has come on and I can see. It's still not very clear, but I can make out my room. I start touching everything around me — my body, my dresser, the carpet, the bed — paying close attention to the detail and textures.

My environment becomes much more clear and vivid. I stand and try to float up into the air by jumping and flapping my arms like butterfly wings. It serves as a reality check before I jump out of my window! I run, jump, and smash right through a glass window like a crazy man, landing in my dad's garden.

It's dark out but I can see well, and the stars look amazing. I lay on my back and look up at them, amazed at how clear and close they are. My vision changes like a telescope and I no longer have a sense of a dream body. I am in a visionary state! I enjoy taking in the vast beauty of the stars, other worlds, and galaxies for about one minute. It is amazing.

Then . . . total darkness. From this darkness my sense of a dream body comes back. I can feel my knees on a hard surface. I stand up and begin rubbing my hands in front of my face. I can see them and then I look around. There is a big concrete-like square table or slab in the middle of a room surrounded by five pillars. In between each pillar is a torch on a metallic metal pole and there is a man standing off to the side. He wears gray robes and does not move or even acknowledge my presence. Then I see her — the lady in red.

She is beyond stunning — like you might imagine a goddess would look. She wears beautiful ruby-red jewelry and an outfit of all red that I can't even find the words for. She is a total knock-out, beautiful.

I tell her I am lucid. She laughs at me and says nothing. A door opens up behind the pillars, and she makes a "follow me" gesture, then turns and begins walking away. I start to follow her down a rather dark and gloomy hallway that is also lit up by torches on metal pillars of some sort.

Then . . . "Meow, meow, meow." My cat Gismoe wakes me up, rubbing his face against mine. "Meow, meow, meow." The whole right side of my body is SORE from ignoring the earlier roll over signal! I think to myself, "WTF, cat? I was totally about to get lucky!"

James Linville — *Inner Child*

It wasn't my goal to heal when going into this dream, but it was certainly a result. For several days, I had been setting the intention on meeting one of the archetypes of my personality with no success.

The dream started with me in a playground and soon I noticed my son, who was 4 at the time, playing with another little boy who looked very familiar. Realizing the little boy he was playing with was myself at the same age I was quickly brought into a lucid state of mind.

I walked over to the boys and picked each up. Myself in my left arm and my son in my right. I hugged both very tightly as tears filled my eyes and I began to cry.

Waking up with tears in my eyes, I realized the message of my dream was that I need not be so serious all the time and to enjoy my son's childhood. I needed to play and spend more time with him (I tend to be a workaholic). I started to do just that, and the result left me feeling a lot calmer and more at peace with myself. This is another one of my favorite lucid experiences!

Emily N — *Healing Elixir*

My lucid dream is short but very powerful.

I become lucid in some sort of high-end health food store. It is not a regular health food store, but more of an energy/spiritual health food store. I look into some bins and find small vials and seem to intuitively know that this will heal me (in waking reality, I have a condition where there is chronic pain in my abdomen). I look at the price tag and it's listed for over \$100. I then open one vial and drink it. I instantly feel healing light in my body and experience joy in my dream body and joy in general, an ecstasy state of being.

I awake and find I am still in the same state of ecstasy and bliss in body and mind. The pain in my abdomen is completely gone. This state lasts the entire full day. The pain did come back, but I am able to 'tap' back into the dream and body memory of drinking the healing elixir and can re-experience the healing again.





James Sims — *The Elvish Expedition: Meeting God in Elvish Terms*

At the beginning of this dream, my younger sister and I embark on a quest for elves. Due to the supernatural theme of our intent, I'm lucid from the beginning of what will turn out to be an amazingly jovial dream.

My sister and I have silver and golden foods that seem to symbolize ambrosia. Tossing these holy meals on to the ground, we manage to invite our first elf to the feast. Once this occurs, the others, now knowing it's safe to come out and play, partake in the spiritual feast. I try out one piece of this food, which has the taste and texture of kernel corn. As we feed our elvish friends, we all laugh and scream with childish joy.

As we happily run about the dreamscape, my sister states that elves are of a vibration very similar to that of God. Baffled, I ask the Consciousness beyond dream, "Is this true?" The answer comes in the form of an older woman who answers in the affirmative. I receive further confirmation upon seeing these benevolent beings' golden Aura as it brightly glows!

Astonishingly, approximately three weeks prior to this lucid dream, I had been told by a psychic that benign fairies surrounded me.

Therefore, as a closing note, I wish to comfort anyone experiencing isolation at this time by informing you that you are divinely loved and guarded by an Angelic Team of Light.

Caroline Kiley — *Twins Two Many*

Thirteen miles into what was intended to be a 14-mile run, I began to feel an all too familiar gripping sensation on the outside of my right knee. Experience had taught me that pushing through the increasing pain to finish that last mile wasn't worth the consequence. I compromised, at 13.1 miles, with my own ego by telling myself it was still a new personal distance record and that it also marked the halfway point toward my marathon goal. In cooling down that day, I devised a plan to heal and strengthen my knees in my next lucid dream.

A few nights later I dream that I am happily lying in the middle of an amiable dog pile comprised of my family on a big L-shaped couch in a rental cottage. Looking to my right, I see my dad telling a story at the end of the couch. My suspicions are raised when, looking to the left end of the couch, I also see my dad storytelling. It is a predicament, however, because my dad is, in fact, an identical twin. I double check and find that while Dad on the right is solo, Dad on the left is accompanied by his twin. I press my left index finger through my right

palm and I am finally convinced that I'm dreaming!

I remember my dream intention and step into an empty, adjoining room. Sitting bent-kneed on the beige, loop pile carpet I am struck by the intense authenticity of this "rental" and laugh at the irony of its mundaneness. Then I hold my palms an inch from either side of my left knee and invoke healing by saying, "Let's do Reiki!" I can feel the pulsing energy flowing between my hands. Wary of closing my eyes, for fear of losing the dream, I look softly on the room. Soon I move on to my right knee because I am also afraid of disrupting the dream by staring for too long. Perhaps influenced by my expectation, the scene soon morphs and takes a new direction.

The following night I once again become lucid, this time rather spontaneously after watching a car sail off a cliff into a sparkling ocean. Five young women swim to safety so gracefully it appears almost choreographed. I sit facing the water and resolve to close my eyes this time. As before I begin with Reiki for my left knee, but around the time I move to my right knee I lose lucidity and the scene.

In waking life, long run Friday had arrived. I hoped to run at least the 14 miles I hadn't been able to complete the week prior, if not the full 16 miles indicated on the current week's calendar. In fact, I ran all 16 miles; no knee pain, not even a twinge.

Luke S — *Shifting Planes*



I entered a mode of consciousness where I felt no memories of awareness of my previous self. I travelled through a land of pure light; sometimes white, sometimes light blue, with white light tinted blue at others.

I oscillated between existing as the light itself, in geometric shapes flashing/morphing in the light (mostly triangles and squares) and as a humanoid of light dancing through my surroundings. I was in tune with desire as an abstract concept at the time and had an intuitive sense of how to work with it. This was not desire for a particular thing, but an abstract form. When I let go of all desire, which I did consciously, and felt like the right thing to do, I became the light, with no center point of awareness.

I became aware that I wasn't awake in the material plan after the first time I let go of desire and then focused on letting the experience unfold by surrendering to it. This surrender was coupled to letting go of desire. When I regained a little bit of desire, I would become shifting geometric patterns and flashes dancing in the light. If I gained a little more, I would shift into a humanoid of light.

After this went on for awhile, I permanently shifted into a humanoid made of light and started dancing. I became aware of another humanoid dancing with me. Eventually, some upbeat music started playing. Most of the time it was an excellent tune I don't have awareness of existing on the physical plane, but it seemed kind electronic. We danced to "Ooh, baby, do you know what that's worth / Ooh, heaven is a place on earth!" [Belinda Carlisle, *Heaven is a Place on Earth*] for awhile as well. We never touched while dancing, and it wasn't sexual at all. Sexuality didn't seem like a relevant concept in this state.

Eventually I recognized an ocean pattern in the light. We soon morphed into otters and wandered mainland to an ice path of light, which started to melt. My partner went off one way further into the mainland. Right before he parted, I said, "Otters have the most fun, because, well, we're otters," and I took off back for the ocean. Just after that I became aware of "shifting planes." My consciousness got blasted back into a regular dream body, and I had a few moments of reintegration/remembering who I was. I woke up after this.

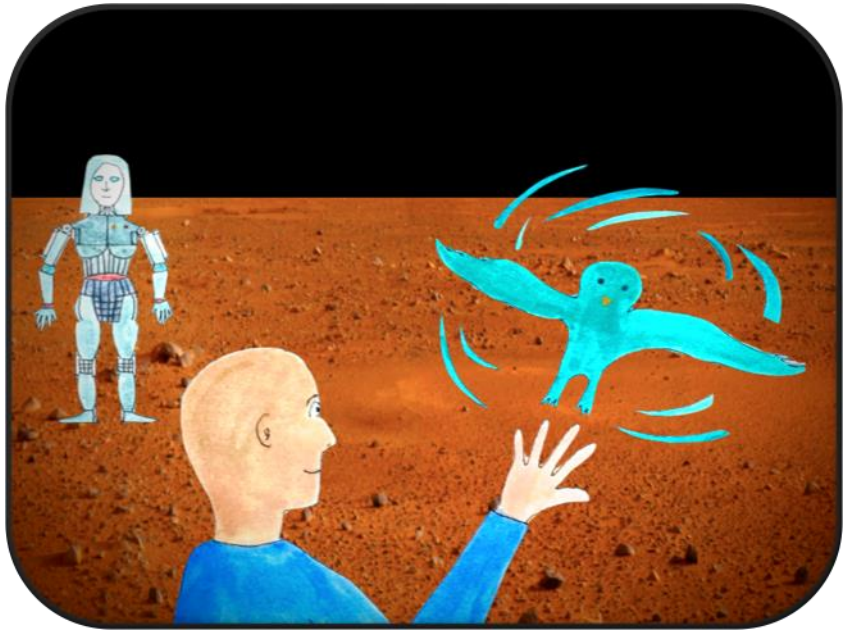
I recognize this state as the clear light mind (the pure light parts) from dream yoga, or at least a state very close to it, and the dancing as a close relative.

Arthabandhu — *Space Balls*

I was a female robot on a far away planet. My batteries had run flat so I was 'locked-in' and only able to watch what went on around me.

A ship landed and deposited hundreds of "explorer balls" which rolled across the planet. I was afraid of them, but the fear seemed to get me lucid, and the next thing I know I am in my normal body.

Straight away, the fear is gone, and I am curious about this strange planet. I contemplated the empty nature of one of the balls as it floated above my palm. As I did so, it melted into liquid parts that swirled and transformed into a shining green bird.



Artwork by Arthabandhu

Maria Isabel Pita — *Every Soul Can be Bella*

Outside a great long structure at night (ostensibly where I just was) still thinking that I really need to record my lucid dream, I spot a tall tree close to me that reminds me of the tulip tree I loved on the mountain; the one which seemed to have a crude man's face carved into the trunk. Moving over to it, I lightly kiss the trunk. "I miss you . . ." I say, but then add, "No, I don't!" Because it's true, and because that "face" in the bark manifested as a deceiving spirit in an early lucid dream, and I've left behind that pseudo-pagan stuff.

Looking up, I catch sight of what should be the full moon, but even though it's nighttime, to me it looks like the solar disc, which in waking life I love glimpsing through a fine veil of clouds. Turning in place while looking up at the vast heavens, I perceive more of these feathery clusters of white clouds all above and around me, and giving voice to my feelings, exclaim, "This is magnificent!" I think: I have to stay in this dream and stop worrying about recording my first lucid dream as I realize that I am, in fact, still dreaming.

Turning away from the tree (the long structure I emerged from stretching out alongside me a few yards to my left) I catch sight of a white office chair flying out a high window not too far away from me. As I watch it soaring through the air, I think: Well, don't you come and hit me. It seems it might have been launched on a deliberate trajectory. It's a very nice, affluent-looking office chair, with coppery arms and legs, and a pristine white leather back and seat. And as it turns in the air toward me, it seamlessly transforms into a much larger and cushier white seat that looks more like the exposed cockpit of a spaceship. I wonder: Could that be my ride?!

Walking toward it as it moves closer to me, I now see a figure sitting on the right side (my left) of the white couch the size of a Love Seat. It's wearing what looks like a pure white spacesuit with a spherical white helmet I can't see through, yet there's no ship, just this cushioned seat big enough for two at the top of a throne-like platform. I'm a little frightened, yet as we draw closer and closer to each other, I declare, "I think I'm in love with you!" This is after I glimpsed the bottom edge of his face when he revealed it to me, and I realized it was a skull.

As the cockpit-throne comes to a stop, it seems death has come for me, yet what I truly feel emanating from this figure strikes me as a playfully teasing love, which intensifies as I dare to climb up onto the "throne" with this space-suited skeleton. The fact I possess the courage to do this in response to the almost shy tenderness of his love confirms what I felt earlier as we drew nearer to each other, that he might be God. And as I kneel on a step at his feet, looking up at his moon-white helmet, I understand the fairy tale *Beauty and the Beast* for in these moments I live it, facing death while feeling, knowing, it is only an illusion, a transition like a spell being broken to reveal the beautiful Prince who loves me as I love Him. Every soul can be Bella!

I really can't describe how incredible, amazing, and wonderful it is that I was able to position myself on this grand mausoleum-like dais (formed of a pristine white substantial light) with this Being. Although my body in

the dream is that of a grown woman, in relation to Him, I am no larger than a five-year-old child.

Notes: That enthroned figure was not wearing an outer space suit but an inner space costume! He was a blend of a futuristic astronaut, a skeleton in a space suit, and a large mysteriously living statue in a graveyard, yet none of these things. He was a Being and we loved each other. Those moments when I felt his almost shy teasing were so unexpected and amazing. He was everything I might be afraid of (a fallen angel/alien from outer space and the Grim Reaper) yet I trusted him, felt his love and loved him in return. And his playfulness, which for a few seconds bordered on shyness, made me feel so loved! There was humor there, but it was all for my sake, a game with very real stakes, for frightening me was part of enlightening me and challenging me, urging me to the supreme act of faith and trust as, instead of running from death (the proverbial Grim Reaper) I climbed up onto the throne and made myself comfortable at his feet.

I also feel now, thinking about this dream, that my Lord enjoyed this playful scene and that my soul was immensely honored by its casualness, for of course He knew I would pass the test! In the dream I thought he might be God, and I know He was, yet he might also have been my Angel performing/delivering a message from God to my soul, a lighthearted message of love, and how I behaved was my wholehearted response. Because that's what the word Angelus (Angel) means — “messenger.”

Chuck Blimp — *My First Lucid Dream*

I realised I was dreaming because I had 6 fingers, so what I did was I went down the hall and said to my mum and dad that I was dreaming. They didn't really respond. So, I flew up and I was hovering when I realised I was in my pyjamas. I tried to (mentally) change my clothes. I changed my shirt with mental powers, but I couldn't change my pants.

Cortezanegro — *Let Me Rephrase That*

Upon my first induced lucid dream, I was so excited when I awoke in my dream that I immediately asked to meet my Consciousness. I got sucked up into the sky and halfway up I had a realization: “No, no, I meant my Subconscioussss . . .” and thus, I woke up, in my bed.

Veronica — *No Bottom*

A lucid dream that I can't forget is one in which I was floating in space in a bubble with stars all around me. I felt extreme peace and the beauty of the stars and thought, “There is no bottom.” But the bottom was my body — after floating for a time, I started falling down, only to be woken up with a jerk as I came back to my body.



Ena Xena — *Healing My Mother Wound*

One of my first lucid dreams in my early 20s was of a healing nature. In the dream I was sitting in a room with my parents and their acquaintances, and we were all sitting and watching TV. At the same time I noticed that my mother was talking over the TV (as she often did in real life) which at first I thought was annoying. Tuning into what she was saying made me really embarrassed as I realised she was saying judgemental things about me. Things I didn't want the other people to hear. I felt betrayed, humiliated to my very core, and angrily stood up and left the room.

By the time I walked into the next room which was dark, I was already crying from helplessness. The next thing I noticed was the same TV set as in the previous room, which struck me as odd and I realised I was dreaming. As I sat there in the dark room next to the TV set, aware I was dreaming, I couldn't feel excited about being lucid because I could still feel the emotional pain that forced me to run away.

Instead I had an idea to find exactly where the pain I felt was located. Still sobbing I took a deep breath and tuned in to my body. I felt the pain in a knot in my chest and heart. I felt determined to work with this pain as much as I could in this dream, to release it.

Simply allowing it and feeling it was the first step. It wasn't pleasant and it brought more tears but it felt like the right thing to do. Then I wished to breathe it out and it happened very swiftly. As I started to relax, feeling relieved, I woke up on a pillow wet with tears.

The relationship with my mother was never the same again after this dream. Later the same morning I noticed something had shifted in me and in her. I wasn't so attached to her moods, opinions, and judgements. I felt compassion for her. This was a powerful beginning of healing my mother wound.

Oliver Wedgewood — *Stuck on a Ledge*

After a non-lucid dream involving a car, a woman, and a mechanic with a hammer, I find myself on a narrow ledge of a building, several storeys high with the woman dream character. It's pretty scary being so high up without a way to get down safely. I ask her, "Why is it that we always end up on a high, narrow ledge?" I think to myself that perhaps this has happened a few times previously. Then I realise I'm in a dream and say to her, "Do you know that this is a lucid dream?" I push my finger through her nose to make the point! I become lucid and realise that we can fly off the ledge. I take a deep breath and we jump off, soaring into the sky. I practice flying loops, 'stalling' into free fall and then restarting the 'engines' again. As always, flying is very good fun although I'm reminding myself periodically that this is a dream and that I am lucid.

I realise that the woman has now gone and I'm in a house with dim lighting. I want to practice levitation. It's difficult to achieve at first and I don't get very far, but then I close my eyes and imagine myself becoming lighter and lighter—I levitate!

Then I'm holding Buddy, our little white Bichon Frise/Shih Tzu doggie, in my arms and remember that he has developed a pimple on his back, which has been worrying my wife and me for several months. I say out loud, "I heal this pimple!" and place my finger on it. There is a little red flash of light from my finger. The pimple seems to have gone and some hard, solid bits of material appear in his fur, which I try to pick out.

I then try to remember my other lucid dreaming goals but the dream starts to fade and I feel the bed sheets and waking reality returning. I'm so happy to have experienced another lucid dream as I've only had a few so far. I'm also very grateful to the woman dream character who helped me become lucid.

Update in waking reality: Over the course of the next 3 weeks, Buddy's pimple reduced in size until it completely disappeared. Did the lucid dream healing help, or was the pimple going to disappear anyway? We will never know, but I have a feeling that my dream did indeed have some kind of positive healing effect. Either way, my wife and I are very grateful that Buddy is now in good health with no pimple to worry us.



Buddy: author photo

David Krusell — *The Car Thief's Goddess*

1969: In waking life, I was an at-risk post adolescent, enervated with a great deal of self-induced stress. In the dream I am facing a wide, closed gate, like is used on farms for animals. Jeanette, the local, unattainable beauty queen, stands in front of the gate — unattainable because she is the property of the local violent criminal. (In waking life, she radiates in my eyes.) But I realize I am dreaming and reach out for her breast. She stops my advance with a quizzical half smile, then picks me up as if I am weightless, bending me in every possible configuration as if I were a pretzel.

When I wake up, all my bodily pain, stress, and emotional constriction are gone.

Janet Mast — *Attempted Lucid Dream Healing of my Thyroid*

April 2015: I'm dreaming and lucid. As I look across a room, a large opening in a wall draws my attention. Through the opening/portal, I can see another wall a few feet beyond it. That far wall is painted a light blue covered with white markings. From here it seems the white markings might be words so I fly closer, intrigued, wanting to read the wall . . . but when I reach the portal, hovering here, now I can see the white markings are abstract images or symbols, so it's a bit like looking at abstract flowery wallpaper. I also see the far wall is very tall, and flanks a descending staircase to the left. I fly on through the portal and turn left, flying down the stairway into a basement area.

The layout is just like my childhood home, except that this basement space is not dark and grimy but clean and neat, filled with lightness and white — an inviting space, even a bit spa-like. I see a simple bed/bench made of clear glass or acrylic, positioned along a wall. I lie down on this bed, separate my consciousness from my physical body, and turn to look back at my body. I decide to attempt a healing of my thyroid. Looking closely at my neck, I mentally direct healing energy to the right side of my throat. (My intention was to heal the nodule in the left lobe of my thyroid, so I'm unsure why my lucid focus was on the right side.) An egg-shaped area inside my throat lights up with a glow, and then within the glowing area I see red lines start to light up and connect, as if there is a network or web running through the "egg."

The scene shifts. I'm in an inner space with one or two other people. Something involves a doctor — Doctor Who? There's a threatening situation brewing; we're aware of a dark entity lurking outside, trying to get in. This dark entity is a black webbed or networked structure with the ability to rapidly expand and take over the entire space, crowding out or suffocating everyone and everything inside it. I sense this is something like the Crystalline Entity on *Star Trek*, something that can cause total destruction. Seeing this dark entity lurking at an open door, we quickly close the door and then go around trying to secure this space by closing all other entries. It seems the mission is accomplished — but later, I walk by a different doorway, which is open, and again see the black entity stretched across the top left corner like a spider web (but more uniform, made with long black rods connected at the ends by small black ball shapes — a molecular structure?).



A feeling of panic ensues . . . it seems the situation is futile! Somehow we learn that the dark entity intends to give birth now, and we know the birth will fill up the entire space with another dark entity, just like the first. A figure sweeps into the room dramatically, wearing a long, dark, hooded robe — and now suddenly, all of this seems like a stage show, with this robed figure representing the dark, webbed entity. Aha, I recognize the face under the hood; it's a local teenage boy who played the role of "Uncle Fester" recently in a high school musical theatre production of *The Addams Family*. "Uncle Fester" announces, quite loudly — "It is TIME . . . for my BROTHER . . . to be BORN!" Seeing the boy as the face under the hood, I have a hard time taking the whole thing seriously. I say, cheekily, "Hmm, I don't suppose you'd consider giving birth outside? No?" He shoots me a dark, brooding look. Clearly my attempt at humor is not appreciated, and the dark entity fully intends to birth its nefarious "brother" inside this space.

Waking, at first I felt amused by the "dramatic flair" of the dream, but mostly I felt concerned over the idea of something dark "festering" in connection to my thyroid. Years earlier I had been diagnosed with a nodule ("egg") that was slowly growing inside the left lobe. All medical efforts to shrink it had failed. I had been

reluctant to do surgery but this dream seemed to indicate something was changing, and perhaps I wasn't taking the situation seriously enough. I decided to move forward with scheduling the recommended surgery I'd been putting off for years. In November 2015, I had a partial thyroidectomy, removing the left lobe of my thyroid. The surgery and recovery went smoothly, and pathology showed the >5cm nodule was benign.

G — The Lucid-Me Requests Healing

I have managed to become lucid plenty of times ever since I first read an article on the topic in the early 2000s. I usually, however, get so excited immediately or shortly thereafter, that staying aware in my dreams for a prolonged amount of time is still quite the challenge. One of the things I have noticed, too, is once I become (lucidly) aware, it seems that not always the “awake me” is in charge of the itinerary or says or does things that are necessarily recognizable as the physical me.

A case in point is a lucid dream I had several years ago after a rather stressful time at a job had left me with stomach issues. Being stressed during your waking life already will not support lucidity. You're simply too exhausted when you go to bed and your dreams tend to be too hectic to determine what exactly is going on.

At some point however, I did become lucid after being awake for a short time in the early morning. The lucid awareness happened in a dream where I was on a plane. A woman beside me was annoyingly leaning into my space even though she was rather petite in size. She had her feet up against the seat in front of her and insisted on seeking eye contact, seemingly just to get under my skin even more. The moment I started questioning my reality was when from one moment to the next we had exchanged seats on the plane for what looked to be the arrival hall in a random airport.

“Wait a minute. How can this be?” It took a bit more convincing (and more often than not the dream convinces me that this is real and I should stop second guessing its oddities) but this time around I could not deny the strangeness of being on the plane and then being at the airport within a split second. I became lucidly aware.

Next to me was still that annoying woman from the plane. She was now seated in an ECV (Electrical Convenience Vehicle). The first thing the “lucid me” did was go over to her and thank her profusely for making me become aware. The next thing that the “aware me” did was totally out of character for me, too. I stated out loud to the dream space, “Jesus Christ, heal my stomach!” I felt an immediate odd jolt in the lower right quadrant of my stomach as if something that had been in the wrong place was abruptly pushed back where it belonged. I had barely uttered the words and felt the jolt when I woke up.

Firstly, I have to note that even though I went to both a Catholic and a Christian school growing up and had friends with very religious families, I am more adverse to religion in general and prefer to seek my path in a more individual spiritual manner. Hearing myself yelling “Jesus Christ” out loud definitely gave me pause upon waking.

Secondly, the movement I felt in my (dream?) abdomen did not completely heal me instantaneously. Even though my physical stomach did feel better when I woke up, I can in hindsight say that it was definitely the turning point. Things continued to improve thereafter.

Thirdly, I had read about healing during lucid dreaming before, for instance, in Robert Waggoner's book. I was aware of descriptions of placing a ball of energy or light on a part of your dream body that needs help. If I had to translate that to what to anticipate in my own lucid dream, I figured I would recall and invoke something similar . . . but it seems like the “lucid me” had its own ideas of what would work best for me.

Ever since that healing experience, I have set intentions to become aware again and heal other parts that may need it. Past issues with friends or family, for instance, or physical ailments, or help healing others. Generally, however, lucidity catches me off guard and comes and goes so quickly, it seems I have to work on stability first before I can move forward with the other items on my agenda.

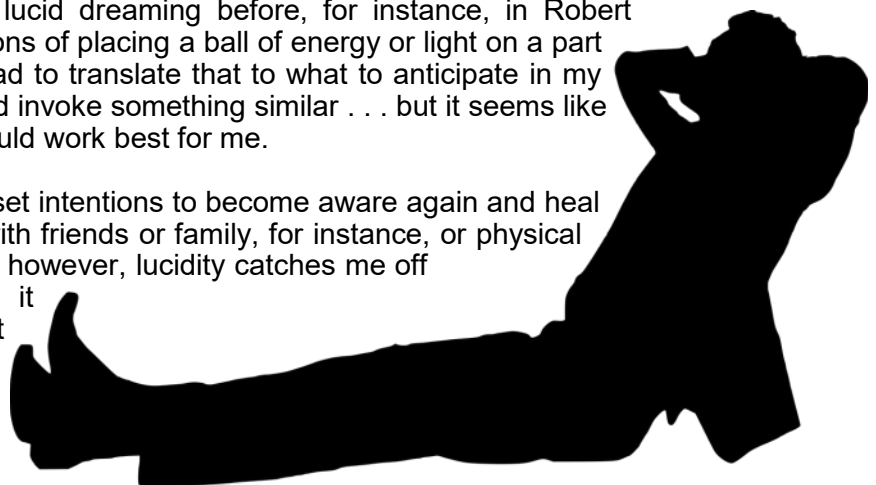


Image: Mohamed Hassan / Pixabay

Before becoming lucid again, this time in my dream I was with my wife Anne when the doorbell rang. It wasn't our usual front door (or house we live in) as there was a coloured, frosted window in it, and a small overweight person in an overcoat and hoodie had his face pressed against the door window. It looked like he might be one of Anne's students. I opened the door and he said, "I want to hear Anne's voice". I lied and said Anne was asleep. He repeated it and put his hand down the front of his trousers, but to my surprise I could see the beginning of a handgun appearing. I panicked and tried to press the door closed, but he pushed back. Then the realisation I was in a dream came over me and I just let him push the door open to carry out any intent he wanted.

I settled down at the edge of a forest and decided to sit down and thought I could create a sofa. The sofa wouldn't appear so I tried to make it appear under me as I sat, but only a pile of sticks broke my fall. It felt comfortable, so I lay there slightly propped up and remembered my shadow dream plan and statement (Sankalpa I learned how to make from Charlie Morley's courses) about my over-eating urges shamefulfulness. I called out "Eating Shadow . . . Come To Me!" Nothing appeared in front of me, but to my right I noticed a young man lying on the ground next to me, his head near to mine but lying down on the ground stretched out on his back in the opposite direction to me.

I asked him, “Are these people my shadow as well?” and he said “Yes”. I called out to everyone, “Let’s have a group hug!” and they all came forward and surrounded me. I stretched my arms out as much as I could to embrace everyone but there were too many people there to fit my arms around everyone (at least ten or more). They were all dressed quite plainly in grey jumpers, etc., except a girl who dressed like a Goth with a nose ring. I looked behind me and near a cliff edge was a young man with long black wavy hair dressed in full leathers (a bit Jim Morrison-like). I asked about him and several of them talked to me about him and told me his name (I don’t think I was listening properly, as I couldn’t remember any of the detail when I woke up).

Equal Rights Matter!

and he looked really grumpy. I looked straight at him and asked him if he was going to do something in his programme about this. I wanted to hug him, but it seemed very awkward to do with his metal brace. He seemed to recognise this and suddenly held out his hand to me, and I shook it. Then he stood up and turned walking away (not disabled) and I called after him, "Can I ask you something?" He stopped and turned back to me, surprised, and I asked, "Why are there so many people here?" Immediately there was a long, loud, throaty growl coming at me from a man with his mouth wide open beside me.

I wake up with the growling sound in my ears and feeling quite shocked.

Notes: This has to be the most incredible experience of my life and it feels like a profound healing, also. Later that evening, Anne and I were out for a meal and she noticed I had left half of my main course uneaten and asked if it was okay. I said it was lovely, but I didn't need to eat any more of it. I told her about my lucid dream and she now looks at my dream practice with greater understanding. Since this shadow dream experience, I still like my food, but I'm now selective about my portion size and usually feel hungry before I want to eat. Also, I can now sit with hunger comfortably and better consider what I want or need to eat. I no longer feel controlled by the urge to overeat or go to the cupboard for something to eat to suppress my emotions, especially in the evenings.

Ivan Luis Picoli — *Diagnosis and Healing Session*

The healing started with a diagnosis healing dream where I found my hands with black hematoma growing over them. I knew I had an injury that caused the bleeding and I had the feeling that the dream wanted to show something related about my blood circulation. A doctor said I had to go through a painful surgery to fix it. I didn't want the procedure, so then the dream changed. I found myself in a room with my brother, he was talking to another being that I could not see. They were planning a healing session for me. My brother asked me to stay quiet in my bed, and I waited for the healing.

I heard a voice saying that creatures with wings would heal me. After some time several shining green butterflies entered the room carrying the branch of a tree with berries. The branch was floating in the room, while the butterflies flew in my direction. I allowed the butterflies to walk throughout my body. While my body was being filled up with butterflies, I could hear my brother and the other being reciting some mantras or sacred phrases. My body was tingling due to the butterflies.

I stayed there feeling the butterflies for a few minutes and received a bath of bright light coming from above. Suddenly, my body started vibrating strongly and I identified the same phenomena I felt in previous dreams, I called it the Chi Body phenomena.

After some strong vibrations, I detached from my body and was floating in the room. I had an OBE. At this point, I was already lucid and identified the room as the same place where my brother was currently sleeping (old grandma's house that today is his house). I floated and crossed the ceiling to the outside but decided to return to the room. I checked my body and saw myself and my brother on the bed. I touched both of our faces and signaled a positive sign to my brother about the healing. He replied with a smile. The lucid dream faded into a sequence of lucid visions.

I saw in front of me a book containing the diagnosis of my body. The first page was a summary, the second page had a drawing of a body and descriptions of anomalies and illnesses. The third page was a prescriptive list of herbs and plants. I read about dehydrated or drying chamomile. Another prescription of a plant appeared as a drawing of the plant and its components; it had several seeds like peas within a pod. The drawing had Greek letters on the description which I could not understand it. To finalize the lucid visions, I closed the book and read the author, Auspin, as its title. I believe it must be the name of a healing institution. I woke up and wrote down the dream. Fortunately, I was able to remember a few of the prescriptions upon awakening and will look for the plants. ▲



Lucid Dreaming

Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience

www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

Robert Waggoner's Book Website

<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne, First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation

www.dreams.ca

Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Ed Kellogg

<https://duke.academia.edu/EdKellogg>

Beverly D'Urso, Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

Melinda Powell, née Ziemer

www.pathtolucidity.com

Dream Research Institute, London

<http://www.driccpe.org.uk>

Lucid Dreaming Links

<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

Lucid Sage

www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Ryan Hurd

www.dreamstudies.org

Maria Isabel Pita

<http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>

Christoph Gassmann, Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey

<http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html>

Nick Cumbo, Sea of Life Dreams

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny

www.cafepress.com/moondialart

Janice's Website, with links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

The Lucid Hive

<https://thelucidhive.com/>

Lucidity4All

www.lucidity4all.com