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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



**SELF-DIRECTED HEALING
A NEW DIMENSION OF MEDICINE
DREAMSPEAK WITH G. SCOTT SPARROW
RADICAL HEALINGS: A ROLE FOR DREAMWORK
THE HEALING POWER OF MEDITATIVE LUCID DREAMS**

Reality check...

am I dreaming???

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Co-Editors

Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner

Graphic Design

Laura Atkinson

Advertising Manager

Janet Mast

Science Correspondent

Bill Murphy

List of Contributors LDE Vol 04 No 02

Rey Brannen, James Bray, Marci Erspamer, Katherine Flory, Christine Heineman, Ed Kellogg, Michael Lamberti, Anita Lenz, Ginny Miller, Mira Isabel Pita, Mike Porter, Steve Racicot, Kayleigh Robinson, Brian Stanton, Sam, Svitlana. Additional thanks to Michael Lamberti for editing assistance.

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On The Path to Healing © Lucy Gillis

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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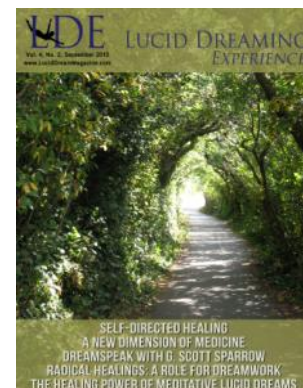
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dream speak

Dream Speak Interview with Scott Sparrow

Author, professor and therapist, G. Scott Sparrow, has been writing about lucid dreams since 1975, and more recently in 2009 in his book, *Healing the Fisher King: A Fly Fisher's Grail Quest*. Check out this illuminating interview with an experienced lucid dreamer.

As I recall, you wrote a book on lucid dreaming before the scientific evidence appeared around 1980. Tell us a bit about the book's title, *Lucid Dreaming: Dawning of the Clear Light* (Virginia Beach, VA.; A.R.E. Press, 1976) and why you decided to write it?

My initial lucid dream in 1970 was an ecstatic experience of the Light. It was the first time I'd experienced this radiance, and it awakened in me a deep desire to know what it was, and how I could experience it again. I didn't even know what to call it. In my search for understanding the experience, I discovered three sources that provided an initial foundation for my work with lucid dreaming: Charles Tart's book *Altered States of Consciousness*, in which he briefly mentioned the work of Fredrick Van Eeden; Celia Green's book *Lucid Dreams* in which she introduces Van Eeden's early work more extensively; and the books, *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, and *Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines*, both translated by Evans-Wentz. The latter work described lucid dreaming as one of six yogas on the accelerated path to enlightenment, and mentions the "dawning of the clear light" as the culmination of the lucid dream, and the after-death experience, as well.

I didn't set out to write a book about lucid dreaming at first. But in 1974, I decided to do my master's thesis at The University of West Georgia (previously West Georgia College) on lucid dreaming. That resultant thesis - a purely theoretical work based on my own experiences - was titled, *Lucid Dreaming as an Evolutionary Process*. Since I had immersed myself in Jungian studies, I saw a parallel between the emergence of self-consciousness in the primitive

“I think that meditation prepares the dream ego to be especially resilient and acceptant of whatever arises, which is an added benefit to the “mere” achievement of lucidity.”

psyche and the development of lucidity in the dream state. Jung and his students (Erich Neumann, in particular) declared the arousal of the ego to be the greatest achievement in the history of humanity, but that it had considerable downside risks, specifically the

has large windows overlooking barren land like the Great Plains. I think to myself that this is somehow real in a three-dimensional sense. Everything is amazingly clear and the colors brilliant.

“No one is with me, yet I feel that someone needs to be there to explain the sense of purpose that seems to permeate the atmosphere.

“At one point I walk holding a crystal rod (or wand) upon which a spinning crystal circlet is poised. The light passes through it and is beautiful.”

What technique prompted you to become lucid?

I had just begun meditating daily, but my first experience seemed wholly unprecedented—a “gift,” if you will. But afterward, lucid dreams seemed increasingly to be a result of meditating for about 2 hours a day, and often in the middle of the night with my college roommate, Mark Thurston. Since that time, I have recommended the practice of meditation in the middle of the night as an effective lucid dream induction strategy. I know that LaBerge, in particular, has questioned this assertion, given that there is no empirical evidence that meditation is any better than merely awakening and returning to sleep. But I am not so much an empiricist as a mystic. Also, I think that meditation prepares the dream ego to be especially resilient and acceptant of whatever arises, which is an added benefit to the “mere” achievement of lucidity.

As you began to experience more lucid dreams, what did you find interesting or surprising? What did you make of that?

My early experiences were almost always characterized by the appearance of an orb of light in the sky. Sometimes it was the moon, sometimes the sun, and on many occasions, I would see the moon beside the sun, or two moons side by side. The “impossibility” of this phenomenon became, in itself, an anomalous event which prompted me to ask, “How can this be true?” Of course, the answer was, “It can’t be,” and then I would become lucid.

Although on the one hand you seemed enthralled by light, you mention at least one lucid dream experience where the experience of light called forth a sense of fear. Tell us about that lucid dream, and how you understood it then and perhaps now?

Yes, that experiences was as follows:

“I am outdoors and see a light in the sky. I am told that I must turn my head away if the light is to descend upon

intensification of a sense of separateness, fear, and threat. (Later, Ken Wilber took up this line of thinking in his early works, *The Atman Project* and *Up from Eden*). I compared the arousal of lucidity in the dream state with the development of ego awareness in the waking state, and delineated the benefits and risks of lucidity.

Later, when I went to work at Edgar Cayce’s Association for Research and Enlightenment (ARE) in Virginia Beach, the editor asked me to expand my thesis into a small book, which became *Lucid Dreaming: Dawning of the Clear Light*. Significantly, it was the first book ARE had ever published that was not about Edgar Cayce’s work per se. On the heels of my book’s success (8 printings over 17 years), I was able to persuade the publishing committee to publish Ken Kelzer’s book, *The Sun and The Shadow*, as well. So ARE became part of the “cradle” for early lucid dream works.

When did you first become lucid, and how did you explain it to yourself? What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s?

It happened when I was 19 on January 7, 1970. I remember the date because it’s when the Magi presumably arrived at the manger. It is as follows:

“It seems that I have come home from school. I become aware that I’m dreaming as I stand outside a small building which has large black double-doors on its eastern side. I approach them to enter. As soon as I open them, a brilliant white light hits me in the face. Immediately I am filled with intense feelings of love.

“I say several times, ‘This can’t be a dream!’ The interior resembles a small chapel or meeting room. It

me. I am aware that I am dreaming. I bow my head. The ground around me becomes illuminated by the brilliant orb. I begin to be afraid as it nears me. I look up, and it withdraws into the sky. The process is repeated, but I fail to overcome my fear. I awaken."

I had many experiences during that time - in my 20s - in which the light appeared, and descended, but I was unable to surrender to it entirely. Looking back, I believe it was difficult for me to let go because I was pursuing the Goal at an early age, and there was so much that I hadn't resolved in my life, yet, such as unresolved losses related to early childhood. These obstacles are not only emotional, but somehow physical, as well; I can assure that I felt pain whenever the light surged, as if it was unable to pass through barriers in the physical body.

I have often said that when one encounters the embodiment of the divine - whether it appears in human form, or as an orb of light - any fears or conflicts related to parents or other figures of authority prevent a complete surrender to the Light. After all, the Light (or what it represents) demands everything, and if you have leftover fears related to oppressive forces in your life, then you're going to remember those felt-malignant authorities. C.S. Lewis once said something like, "Most of us are like good men who, after paying our taxes, hope that there's something left for us. With Christ, it's simpler than that: He wants everything." Lewis captures the essence of the mystic's dilemma, that it, how can one die fully to the divine, to the Light, when there's no guarantee that we won't be annihilated? It's not easy for a young ego to die. Ken Wilber has said that the purpose of the ego is to become strong enough to die - an interesting paradox that is somehow true. I wasn't strong enough to die in my 20s, because in many ways, I had not lived enough, or become strong enough to surrender fully. Along these lines, Walter Starcke, who was a modern mystic, once said, you've to have an ego before you can let it go.

But you also had powerful experiences of accepting the light, right? What happened and how did you understand those experiences?

I believe that my intense practice of meditation effectively offset some of the unfinished business from my childhood that had not been sufficiently resolved yet, and allowed me to experience, however briefly, the "imprisoned splendor." Still, I could not hold onto it because I was still deeply divided. Unless the shadow-ego split has been resolved, the experience of Light is fleeting. More recently, the experience of Light has been gentle and deeply fulfilling, not painful at all. I guess I've become more whole along the way.

During this time, you note in your personal journal "Something aches within me for change, for transformation. If I only knew what to give up, what to do?.... The world of Light recedes in the light of my indifference." I think many people on the spiritual path can relate to that at certain times. However, in your case, that night you have an interesting dream of a black panther. Tell us about that experience. How did you see it then? And how do you see it now?

Ah, yes, my dream of the black panther, that was cited in LaBerge and Rheingold's book, *The World of Lucid Dreaming*, after it appeared in *Lucid Dreaming: Dawning of the Clear Light*. Here it is:

"I am standing in the hallway outside my room. It is night and hence dark where I stand. Dad comes in the front door. I tell him that I am there so as not to frighten him or provoke an attack. I am afraid for no apparent reason. I look outside through the door and see a dark figure which appears to be a large animal. I point at it in fear. The animal, which is a huge black panther, comes through the doorway. I reach out to it with both hands, extremely afraid. Placing my hands on its head, I say, 'You're only a dream.' But I am half pleading in my statement and cannot dispel my fear..."

I cited this dream as "evidence" that our power in the lucid dream is limited, and that certain autonomous forces can, at time, overwhelm the dream ego's presumption of control. This was taken straight out of Jungian theory, in which autonomous "complexes" exist within us, and have a life of their own. In contrast, LaBerge and Reingold basically disagreed with me, saying instead that I had simply gave way to unnecessary fear, and had failed to realize that I could not be hurt by the menacing panther. I have maintained ever since that we cannot be so sure that the characters in our lucid dreams can be "tamed" simply by realizing that they are dream characters. Indeed, LaBerge and I stood on a stage together not long ago, and expressed the same disagreement, over 30 years later. So the issue of whether we can, or should, presume to have dominion over the characters in our dreams, purely on the basis of being aware that they are part of our dreams, has no simple answer. However, I have attempted to formulate a solution to this problem in the chapter I wrote in Bulkeley and Hurd's recent anthology, titled, "A Non-Dual Perspective on the Question of Dream Control," in *Lucid Dreaming: New Perspectives on Consciousness in Sleep* (Praeger, 2014). Frankly, I think it's one of the best things I've ever written, and does a pretty good job of reconciling the two positions.

About ten years later, the issue of ‘control’ in lucid dreams would emerge in a debate in the journal, *Lucidity Letter*. Tell us a bit about that briefly and how you felt about it.

As I’ve already mentioned, I maintained that dream control runs the risk of provoking unresolved psychodynamic conflicts. I suggested that we should be cautious in promoting lucid dream induction because, ultimately, we cannot presume to claim dominion over the unconscious. Jungians, in particular, have always a bit wary of the claims of lucid dreamers because the power of unintegrated archetypal forces remains a central tenet in Jungian psychology. And yet, some of the experts at the time, including LaBerge, chided me and others who were advising caution. I felt that I was simply acknowledging the limits of our knowledge of the interior realm, and that if I was wrong nothing would be lost, but if I was right, people might be spared unnecessary psychological distress. I felt it was best to proceed with humility, given the possibility of “retaliation” from orphaned aspects of oneself, or the power of the psyche that has never been fully integrated. I have never advised anyone not to pursue lucid dreaming, only to acknowledge the limits of our understanding. Somewhere in the Bible, it says, ‘Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom’. I think it’s the same idea.

The issue of ‘control’ seems an extremely important one, since it helps shape our view and responses within the lucid dream. Instead of asking, ‘Should we control our dreams?’ which presumes we do control our dreams, it seems the more essential question, ‘Do we control our dreams?’ should come first. Obviously, when lucid, we influence and respond to situations, but do we control?

I think this question of whether we actually control our dreams or not, is unanswerable. It certainly seems to be true at times, but let’s face it: Our ability to shape the dream, even while lucid, seems rather limited. But regardless, I prefer to ask, “Should we try to control our dreams?” and what does it mean to say “yes” or “no” to this question? I have always argued that we should not try to manipulate the content, regardless of whether such efforts are successful or not. Instead, I believe we should try to alter our responses to the dream. This stance is the highest level of spiritual practice, in my opinion. I believe that there’s no need to change the dream content if one is focused instead on the best possible response to it. Dream characters usually change anyway in response to our state of mind and heart, so trying to manipulate the content only serves to distract us from where the real power resides.

In your black panther lucid dream, you obviously do not control the black panther. So ‘Do we control our dreams?’ or does it seem more accurate to say that in lucid dreams, we relate to our dream content and our self view (mentations), and decide how to respond?

As I’ve already stated, I think the phenomenology of the lucid dream suggests that we have some control over the content, but not much. Again, I think that it’s best to focus on the phenomenological “fact” that we are often challenged by the dream content, and that the quality of our response usually makes or breaks the dream.

A beautiful example of relating to and responding to the lucid dream occurs in a lucid dream of a friend (or was it a client), who opens the door and discovers Frankenstein, Werewolf and Dracula there! He suddenly becomes lucid at this sight, and slams the door on them. But, as we sometimes find in lucid dreams, he considers his action, and decides to make a different response. What happens?

It’s a wonderful dream. Let’s take a look at it:

“I am in a cabin alone, and the door opens. Three figures enter and stand abreast just inside the doorway: Dracula, Werewolf and Frankenstein. I am alarmed, but the strangeness of the event convinces me that I must be

I have maintained that we cannot be so sure that the characters in our lucid dreams can be “tamed” simply by realizing that they are dream characters. . . .the issue of whether we can, or should, presume to have dominion over the characters in our dreams, purely on the basis of being aware that they are part of our dreams, has no simple answer.”

dreaming. Realizing that they are only a dream, and that I can make them go away, I say, 'You are only a dream. Go away!'

"They disappear immediately. Alone again, I think to myself, 'Maybe I should have surrounded myself with light instead.' So I call out to them to return. The door opens again, and they come back in. I say to myself, 'I surround myself with light.' Instantly, a pinkish white glow envelops me. As for the figures, I can barely see them through the bright haze.

"Then I think, 'Maybe I should invite them into the light.' So I say, 'Please come into the light.' As they walk forward, the light fills me, and I experience an overwhelming sense of ecstatic love. Following the dream, I remained in a blissful state for several days."

In this remarkable dream, we can see that the alarmed dreamer was immediately prompted to use his lucidity to dismiss the unwanted dream characters. So he was able to control his dream content, even though he was operating from fear. Indeed, the dreamer reacted as I had reacted toward the panther, but unlike me, he was successful in dismissing the three figures. It's hard to fault him for taking this initial position, given the nature of the threat. But to his credit, the dreamer doesn't stop there. The exercise of power over the imagery gives way to a desire to find a way to coexist with the dream figures by establishing a protective boundary between himself and the original threat. Now we're getting somewhere!

Lucidity isn't always helpful in working through longstanding conflicts, as this dream seemed to portray. Indeed, one can argue that this second solution (to find a way to coexist) would not have been possible if the dreamer had not first dismissed the dream characters, even though LaBerge and Rheingold may have advised the dreamer not to react from fear. But one can argue that the dreamer actually passed through several stages in his relationship with the nightmarish characters: He first had to become aware of them, then alarmed by them, then capable of dismissing them, then willing to coexist with them. Finally, he welcomed them into his personal space. This developmental sequence may be the key to reconciling the pro-control and anti-control perspectives. That is, each response can be seen as necessary and "correct" at different stages of the dream ego's development toward integrating the dream content. As a psychotherapist, I frequently celebrate a dreamer's capacity to fight back and to defeat a dream character, especially when I am aware that the dreamer has suffered significant relational trauma. I know that, in due time, if a client is supported in exercising power, he or she will shift toward more creative responses, eventually adopting a more conciliatory position.

Embracing a developmental model casts a different light on the debate of whether or not one should control one's dreams. That is, instead of answering "yes" or "no," one should instead ask, "Where am I in my developmental process of healing and integration?" If the dreamer is arrested in his or her resolution of unfinished business - or, conversely, resisting the positive potentials within the psyche - and exhibiting a chronic, contextually inappropriate response to the dream content, then we might feel concern regardless of the response.

The friend/client writes that for days afterwards, he felt ecstatic after this lucid dream. Did he face Shadow energies, and inwardly resolve them and emotionally heal in the lucid dream, which resulted in the new feeling of elation? Or how do you see this?

Yes, I believe that significant psychospiritual energy - or the kundalini/Shakti - is sequestered in the psychic split between ego and shadow, and that whenever the split is resolved, however temporarily, there is a release of powerful healing and creative energies, often culminating in the experience of the awakening of the Kundalini, and the perception of Light and ecstasy.

Much of the beauty of lucid dreaming comes from those unexpected encounters. For those who might meet their own representations of Frankenstein, Dracula or Werewolf (i.e., their fears, and issues) in a lucid dream, how would you suggest they respond to enhance the potential for emotional healing, wholeness and integration?

I would be contradicting myself to say that a lucid dreamer should always make friends with whatever presents itself. No, it's far better to respond appropriately in the moment, and then to allow the relationship to evolve. If you feel you have to run from, or even to kill a monster, there is no error in the long run because the process of individuation will not allow you to stop short of integration. The relationship will arise in a new form, until you work through the various stages that are required for complete fulfillment.

I recall in one of your therapy sessions, a client reported a lucid dream which surprised her. Tell us a bit about that, if you would.

Yes, a client - who was a frequent lucid dreamer - once dreamt that she was digging in a trash pile, and discovered a doll at the bottom of the rubbish. As she held the doll, and looked at its face, it came to life, and she realized she was dreaming. Instead of celebrating, the dreamer was shaken to her core, and felt deeply disturbed upon awakening. You would think that she would have been happy with the prospect of the doll

becoming a real person; but her own damaged sense of self was so “true” for her that to imagine a rebirth was more stressful to her than accepting her chronic, damaged self. We have to be sensitive to the fact that the “good news” that is revealed in the lucid dream can sometimes run counter to a deeply entrenched sense of self. In the long run, once again, this is all good; but in the short term, we should be prepared for the various ways that lucid dreaming can shake up the status quo, and create a temporary state of instability. In the East, such events are considered a normal part of the process, and remedies are always available to those who are passing through these “transitional states.” In the west, we often see such events through a negative lens, and too quickly pathologize a person’s distress. We really need a more sophisticated approach which acknowledges the psychological dangers of lucid dreaming. Anything as powerful as lucid dreaming has the potential of destabilizing the personality. In Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines, dream yoga is considered an accelerated path, and because of that, it is also seen as relatively destabilizing. The aspirant is advised to have a guru who can oversee the process. How many of us take this advice to heart? And at what risk do we proceed without such oversight?

In your more recent book, *Healing the Fisher King*, you interweave lucid dreams, the myth of Amfortas (the Fisher King) and personal experiences with stories of growing up and fishing near Padre Island on the Gulf of Mexico. I really enjoyed the book. You begin the book with a poignant dream on July 30, 2002. In the dream, a stingray transforms into a man of stone and begins to attack you. What happens next in the dream, and waking life?

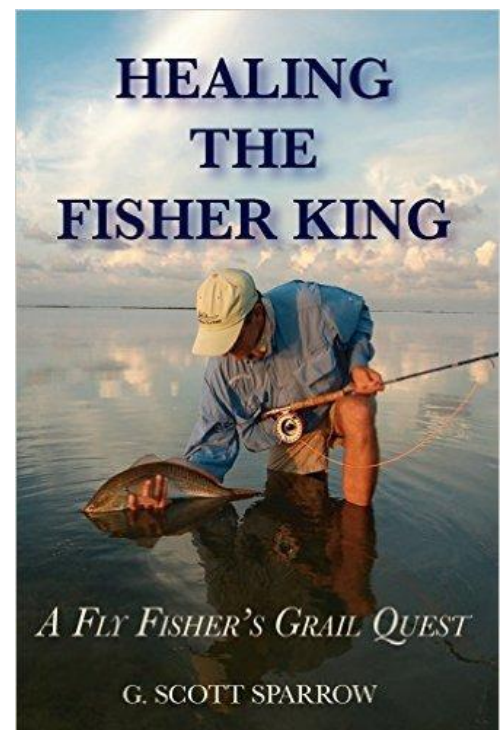
I fought for my life, and was able to chip away at the man of stone until there was nothing left of him. This ordeal mirrored the actual struggle with a life-threatening bacteria that entered my body through a sting ray’s wound, which happened while I was wade fishing only three days after the dream. The crisis forced me to look at how I’d kept myself aloof from being fully available, and fully embodied.

Briefly, what lesson or connection do you see between the myth of the Fisher King, and your personal experience of dreams, lucid dreams and life?

I have discovered that a man with too much ambition, who is deficient in feeling and a sense of remorse for the pain he has caused others, is a dangerous force in the world. A man often has to be brought to his knees, and his heart opened before he can become a force of constructive change in the world.

You conclude the book with a chapter, ‘The Way of Surrender’. How does ‘surrender’ figure into lucid dreaming, and what value comes to the person who follows that path?

I believe without question that the ultimate on the mystic’s path is to die to who we are, and what we think we know. Paul said, “I die daily.” It takes courage to cross that threshold again and again, and to leave the ego at the door. Practicing various forms of meditation and yoga, including lucid dreaming, can better enable us to say “yes” whenever that opportunity arises. I wish you all the courage you need!





A Lucid Dream Healing of My Dad

By Ginny Miller © 2015

For the past few years my father has been going in for regular checkups and blood draws. During this time his platelet count slowly declined, to the degree that last February they scheduled a blood draw to see if he has leukemia, and would require treatment. He had his blood drawn on Thursday, February 12th, and would get the results back on the following Tuesday. At the time, I felt really concerned about this, and on Sunday night decided to incubate a lucid dream with the intention of doing a healing. In the early morning I had an amazing dream:

"I find myself awake and dreaming as I walk through a department store. I remember my Dad and that I need to find him to do a healing. I go to the counter and ask for a phone. I call my parents' number and my father answers. I say "Hi Dad," and he says "Oh, you are here." I tell him where I am and ask him to meet me outside. I step outside, the day is gray and overcast. People are dressed warmly with coats and scarfs. I am standing on the steps of this department store. It is an older building and a downtown that I remember from growing up in Redding. I find myself looking to find my Dad. I am a ways from the street and I am anxious to find him so I walk to the road out front to wait. The pavement is damp as if it has rained recently. Everything is incredibly crisp and real - the smell of recent rain, the slight chill in the air. I am there. I see my Dad's black pickup truck pull up. He gets out. He walks toward me wearing a dark blue driving cap pulled down over his face that I don't remember seeing him wear before. He has on a black leather jacket.

He kneels down in front of me, I kneel as well. I put my hands on his shoulders. I look upward and ask for his healing. I look at my Dad as he raises his head to look at me. His face illuminates from within and looks translucent and he is younger looking, like in pictures I have seen when he was in his late teens and first married. His eyes are sparkling and he is smiling. We know that the healing has happened. I smell the fresh scent of rain on the pavement. I remember this day and always will. The dream fades."

I share my dream with my Dad the following morning and I also give Ed Kellogg a call later to share it with him. I am feeling so certain that his tests will be good as this is one of the most amazing lucid healing dreams I've ever had.

My father goes to his appointment on Tuesday and calls me that evening. The test results are not good. The numbers are down. When he asked his doctor what this means, she tells him it means he

has leukemia and needs chemotherapy. She schedules more invasive tests on him to follow up as well.

I am speechless. I hang up. I am in tears. I am disheartened. I am completely broken in spirit and belief at this time. I call Ed. I leave a message. I tell him I no longer believe in lucid dreams and especially in lucid dream healing. He returns my call and tries to reassure me by telling me sometimes lucid dream healings may take time. He sends me lots of information and material to send to my Dad for him to look into regarding ways to heal from cancer. For a few days we do this. My father is open to everything.

Then, a most wonderful thought comes to me - they had drawn my father's blood three days before I had the dream. I am thrilled with this knowledge! I share it with my Dad. He is skeptical, but as always, very open to everything regarding healing. We share a close bond in this way and always have. I want to tell him he does not need to get the CAT scan that they have ordered, but I feel I have intruded with so much information that I do not. My Dad and I talk about the upcoming CAT scan. He remembers he has lesions on his liver that have been there for years and have caused no problems, but he jokes "Wait until my doctor sees those!" We laugh. His CAT scan comes back completely clear - even the lesions on his liver have apparently disappeared. They cancel the bone marrow biopsy surgical procedure that they had scheduled. I am thrilled.

About a month later my Dad goes in and gets his blood drawn again and retested. This time his test results look miraculous. His platelet count went from 71 up to 101. His doctor looks stunned at the results, and says she's never seen anything like this happen before. My Dad asks her if she would like to know what he's done, but she doesn't. She does encourage my father by telling him, "Well, whatever you are doing keep on doing it."

Amazing. My dad needs no further testing or anything at all. Aside from the lucid dream healing, he has now made many healthy changes to his diet and lifestyle. He continues on a regimen of healthy eating and walking two miles a day that he began even before this wakeup call.

As an experienced lucid dreamer for more than 10 years, I've had many wonderful dreams. Each and every lucid dream has been thrilling, enlightening, and most magical. From flying on the back of Pegasus, to even having a heart-healing conversation with my sweet dog Diggity after she had passed on. But this healing of my Dad is one of the most amazing and profound bar none, given not only what happened in the dream, but because of the events that followed it in the waking world. I am a believer in the value of lucid dreaming and especially of lucid dream healing. To sum up, I would have to say that lucid dreaming is my preferred state of "being" and to those very special people that share this incredible gift, it is with love that I share this, in the hopes it will inspire others. I wish you all wonderful and exciting times in "the dream time."



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Healing From My Past Relationships Through Lucid Dreaming

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As a child I used to dream I was flying over my neighborhood above all the houses. I was too young at the time to really get a grasp of what was really happening. For most of my life I have had an interest in psychic awareness. About six years ago I took a psychic development class and it was there that I learned how to recall my dreams. I learned to say an affirmation just before I went to sleep of wanting to recall my dream. Writing in my dream journal became a passion of mine. During that time I discovered I could predict what was going to be in the media in the next day or two.

This past year I became a Certified Clinical Hypnotist. Within the program I took a class called Dreams and Metaphors. It was in this class that I learned about lucid dreaming and incubating dreams. One of the assignments was to incubate our dreams with something we wanted to work on. I chose to work on letting go of the hurt I felt from past relationships.

Each time I had set my intention to work on my fear of relationships, my ex-husband showed up in the dream. Not all of the dreams were lucid at first. I clearly understood the symbolism when I dreamt of him driving a truck and I was the passenger. I also understood the symbolism of the surroundings like winter storm-type weather with icy slippery roads and him driving into oncoming traffic. Here is the point where I became lucid. I changed the scenery of the dream to green grass and good weather. I moved the truck over to the correct side of the road and told him to get out of the truck. I had control of the vehicle and drove off feeling much happier.

In another lucid dream I had as I was working through my relationship issues, I was in the middle of a mall walking on a treadmill. The treadmill started to move backward as I was walking on it and then it broke. Just as that happened, a young couple who I assumed were husband and wife came up to me. The wife said to me, "It's okay to get back on it." Here is the point I became lucid. All of a sudden, I noticed a brand new treadmill right next to the broken one. I got right on the new one and kept on walking. I understand the symbolism of this to be that it's okay to just keep going even if something is broken.

I had another lucid dream with a similar meaning but different symbolism. In the dream I was talking to a gentleman who I found interesting. He wanted some information from me but I was hesitant to tell him everything. There was a copy machine there and I was about to print a copy of the information he wanted, however, the copy machine was broken. Here is where I became lucid. In noticing that the copy machine was broken, I decided to put the paper through it anyway. I was determined to make a copy of information for this man I was speaking with. Again, the symbolism being even though

something feels broken I can still proceed with what I want to do.

During a recent dream where I was speaking to my ex-husband, I decided to walk towards him to hug and kiss him. I felt that the symbolism was about embracing that past relationship as it was. I feel in that moment some forgiveness and letting go happened. It's a work in progress, however, it's definitely a step forward.

In conclusion, I continue to work on my relationship issues through my dreams. I feel more confident and in control since I first started my healing process. I know when I become mindful in my dreams and see my ex-husband, it's an opportunity for me to learn and grow. Seeing him in my dream presents an opportunity to stay focused and conscious in the dream. As I continue to incubate my dreams, I plan on starting to work on my fear of intimacy. Sometimes it's not as easy as I'd like it to be, however, I do feel the healing that has taken place.



My Top 10 Lucid Dreaming Experiences

What are your "Top Ten" lucid dreams?
Which of your personal lucid dreams come to mind when you are asked,

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memorable

profound

entertaining

unusual or bizarre

enlightening

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other

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Radical Healings: A Role for Dreamwork

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For thousands of years and across a wide range of cultures people have reported amazing, even miraculous, healings. In ancient Greece the sick visited the temples of Asclepius with the expectation that they would either receive information in a dream to effect a cure or would receive healing directly from the gods. Testimonies, stone tablets inscribed by grateful suppliants, specifically describe these events. (1) Two examples:

"A man whose fingers, with the exception of one, were paralyzed, came as a suppliant to the god. While looking at the tablets in the temple he expressed incredulity regarding the cures and scoffed at the inscriptions. But in his sleep he saw a vision. It seemed to him that, as he was playing at dice below the Temple, and was about to cast the dice, the god appeared, sprang upon his hand, and stretched out his [the patient's] fingers. When the god had stepped aside it seemed to him [the patient] that he [the patient] bent his hand and stretched out all his fingers one by one. When he had straightened them all, the god asked him if he would still be incredulous of the inscriptions on the tablets in the Temple. He answered that he would not. 'Since, then, formerly you were incredulous of the cures, though they were not incredible, for the future,' he said, 'your name shall be 'Incredulous.' When day dawned, he walked out sound."

"Ambrosia of Athens, blind of one eye. She came as a suppliant to the god. As she walked about in the Temple she laughed at some of the cures as incredible and impossible, that the lame and the blind should be healed by merely seeing a dream. In her sleep she had a vision. It seemed to her that the god stood by her and said that he would cure her. But that in payment he would ask for her to dedicate to the Temple a silver pig³ as a memorial of her ignorance. After saying this, he cut on the diseased eyeball and poured in some drug. When day came she walked out sound." (Stele 1, God and Good Fortune. Cures of Apollo and Asclepius (1))

While these testimonies may sound unbelievable to some, even today evidential reports of equally "miraculous" healings continue to appear. In the 1970's Brendan O'Regan and others at the *Institute of Noetic Sciences* began collecting validated accounts of unexpected healings. In 1987 he wrote: "So a year ago we got busy on our computers and started going into databases, and we now have assembled over 3000 articles from 860 medical journals in over 20 different languages. By the way, one article can be about as many as several hundred cases. As far as I know this is the largest compilation of data on spontaneous remission in the world. . . . we have found cases of remission from almost every kind of illness, not just cancer. We've selected about 800 of the most striking examples of spontaneous remissions-out of 300 articles-for inclusion in Volume 1 of the spontaneous

remission bibliography. We have many cases of remission with no medical intervention at all. These are the purest ones, the ones that give us the strongest evidence that there is an extraordinary self-repair system lying dormant within us. They make up about one fifth of what we have collected." (2) In 1993 they published a selection of these accounts in a 700 page hardbound book, ***Spontaneous Remissions: An Annotated Bibliography***. (3) These reports taken from medical journals factually documented that a wide range of purportedly "incurable" diseases somehow or the other can "spontaneously" disappear.

Because such radical healings fall outside of the conventional medical paradigm, which has no acceptable way of explaining them, even now you'll often find them rather disingenuously identified as "Spontaneous Remissions." "Spontaneous," because conventional medicine could not offer any acceptable etiology for how they could have taken place, and "remissions," because if conventional medicine has no plausible explanation for how a cure could take place, it must seem some kind of mistake that would eventually reverse itself. This despite the fact that some people who have experienced "spontaneous remissions" live to ripe old ages and die of natural causes, unrelated to whatever supposedly incurable disease they originally had.

However, although radical healings do fall outside of the outdated Newtonian reductionist-materialist 19th century science still embraced by many doctors, 21st century science can in fact provide a reasonable explanation for many of them. Experiments in modern physics have repeatedly shown that consciousness plays a fundamental role, even to the extent that some physicists have concluded that the universe seems primarily mental, not physical. And research has repeatedly confirmed that our minds can, and do, have profound effects on our bodies, that go far beyond the limits of the prevailing medical model. The often belittled placebo effect has made cancer disappear, while in others, the nocebo (negative placebo) effect has lead to illness, and even death. (4) With the advent of psychophysiology and biofeedback, scientific research has shown that mind-body healing can have dramatic effects, and that individuals can take a proactive role. Rather than passively receiving "outside-in" therapies from external sources, voluntary control methodologies have shown that people can take an active role in promoting their own healing processes - from the "inside-out."

About twenty years after the publication of ***Spontaneous Remissions***, Dr. Kelly Turner's ***Radical Remissions*** book came out. (5) Building on previous work and going a few steps farther, Dr. Turner collected additional validated accounts of extraordinary healings from cancer, and then analyzed these accounts by actually asking the individuals involved what they had done. In her work she makes no apologies for focusing on individuals with extraordinary healing outcomes, and on the strategies they used to achieve such outcomes. These stories do not just seem anecdotal, which to doctors sometimes seems a synonym for unreliable or possibly invented accounts, but factual reports of extraordinary outcomes supported by full medical documentation.

Although Dr. Turner titled her book "Radical Remissions", rather than "Radical Cures," she does use the word cure here and there in the text. As a wealth of evidence indicates that cures from cancer do in fact occur, from this point on I'll make use of the term *Radical Healings* to describe experiences of this kind. Overall I'd recommend Dr. Turner's book to anyone interested in understanding factors that might facilitate extraordinary healing from any disease, not just cancer.

The 9 Healing Factors

Some people who experience radical healings from cancer first undergo surgery, chemotherapy, and radiation, while others choose to opt for alternative therapies instead. Regardless of whether patients chose conventional or alternative modalities, Dr. Turner found that almost all patients who experienced extraordinary outcomes made use of these nine key factors:

1. They radically changed their diets;
2. Took control of their health;
3. Followed their intuition;
4. Used herbs and supplements;
5. Released suppressed emotions;
6. Increased positive emotions;
7. Embraced social support;
8. Deepened their spiritual connection, and
9. Had strong reasons for living.

In this article I'll focus on how dreamwork can facilitate and synergistically enhance each of these key factors. Of course, many people believe that in themselves dreams have a healing function. By consciously working with our dreams, we can greatly amplify this effect, and lucid dreamers, who can invoke the power of dreams *while* dreaming, may bring this healing power to an entirely new level. (6-8) Let's first focus our attention on healing factors that work more



superficially from the outside-in, and then move on to those that work more deeply from the inside-out.

1. Radically changing your diet and 2. Choosing herbs and supplements

Back in graduate school after reading Sechrist's *Dreams Your Magic Mirror* (9) as an experiment I decided to pay attention to when and how foods showed up in my dreams, and to act on that information. If a food showed up in a positive context, I would eat some the next day, if it showed up in a negative context, I would not. Over the years, patterns began to emerge, and I began sorting foods that showed up in my dreams into five categories - "Super," "Good," "Fair," "Poor," and "Poisonous." (8) I gave extra weight to vivid dreams with obvious and emphasized messages (e.g. "I make carrot juice in a solid gold juicer" or "I see ice cream at the bottom of a dirty garbage can.")

At first I saw these dream food recommendations as mostly personal, but as the years passed I began to find scientific research on the effect of diet on health that confirmed their general value for others, even though this research appeared years, even decades after the dreams. Similarly, aside from foods, herbs, vitamins, and even prescription drugs have showed up in my dreams, in positive and negative contexts. Although it might take time to establish reliable feedback, anyone can make use of this technique. It also helps to intentionally incubate dreams featuring foods for an individualized optimal healing diet.

3. Taking control of your health

In the late eighties I created a "Spirals of Health" seminar that described the characteristics of seven stages in a healing continuum, that began with healing from the outside-in and that progressed towards a kind of enlightenment and healing from the inside-out. In the first stage people basically act like infants, and when confronted by disease will passively and obediently follow their doctor's advice. Although such people make "perfect patients," research has shown that when confronted with serious illness their chances for long-term survival seem poor. And if their doctor tells them they have six months to live, they even tend to die on schedule, conforming to their doctor's expectations. (4)

As people progress along this healing continuum they begin to take an active role in making decisions, and to mindfully choose a therapy or health discipline, rather than unthinkingly following the advice of outside authorities, who they now see as advisors only. Thus, they might decide (based primarily on their thinking and reading) to change their diet, follow an exercise routine, or undergo a recommended therapy. In effect, in their waking lives at least, they begin to become more lucid, more mindful, and more aware of the assumptions that they make. Health practitioners working with people on this level need to learn to cooperate with, rather than work on, their clients.

However as people progress to deeper levels of healing, they begin to pay attention to information that comes from inside. And as I'll describe later in the discussion of Factor 7, "Following Your Intuition," in this area dreamwork can really pay large dividends.

4. Embracing social support

In the waking world, participating in dream groups, especially those designed to facilitate health and healing (like 10 and 11) can prove especially helpful in providing support to individuals feeling isolated and depressed because of a health issue. But dreams can also provide "social support" of a kind to people in their own way, through the social interactions they experience while dreaming. For example Tom, a friend of mine had a dream two days after receiving a diagnosis of advanced cancer, in which he and an M.D. friend, who had helped him deal with this situation, flew together up into the sky towards Heaven. But after a while they floated back down, and landed on the Earth. At this point they looked at one another and almost simultaneously said, "Well, that took longer than I'd thought it would." When feeling low this dream brings Tom an immediate sense of confidence and comfort. It reminds him that he has an ally he can depend on, and that while his healing process might take a little longer than they'd hoped, that in time, rather than "going to Heaven" that he will come back down to Earth.

5. Releasing suppressed emotions and 6. Increasing positive emotions

Freud described dreams as the "Royal Road to the Unconscious," and dreams do routinely bring to light both suppressed emotions and situations. Some believe that all dreams have a healing function, even for those who

do not recall their dreams or work with them. However this healing function can become far more effective through dreamwork in the waking state, (10, 11), and perhaps even more so in lucid dreams (12-15), where dreamers can transmute negative emotions or situations into positive ones while dreaming. For example:

"... I see a huge (big as a house) steamroller, tank-car bearing down on me as I stand in the middle of the street. Knowing that I dream, I choose to face it and transform myself into a superhuman state: my forearms bulge whitely with strength, as I expand and densify - but the machine still dwarfs me. As the [machine] bears down on me I don't know if I have changed enough to stop it, but I stand resolute, and tear a hole right through it to the other side, walking through the mass of metal as if I went through paper maché."

I remember this dream with great fondness, in that through lucidity I faced my fear and transcended it, ending up in a state of exaltation and joy that I can still appreciate, many years later. (14)

7. Following your intuition

Dreamwork can play an especially important role in facilitating intuition, as for many people it seems the most natural way to tune into information that they may unconsciously know, but not have conscious access to. At a certain point people begin to recognize and act upon the wisdom of their unconscious. Two way communication between conscious and unconscious develops, in the form of dreams, intuitions, and feelings arising from knowingness. Here one chooses therapies or health practices from a deeper source of guidance, and only secondarily through information received from external sources, no matter how authoritative. In general healing dreams fall into three categories, diagnostic, prescriptive, and curative dreams. (8)

Diagnostic healing dreams: prodromal or even precognitive dreams that show a developing situation in the body, either as something that has already begun to manifest, or as something that may manifest in the future. These dreams can present diagnostic information metaphorically (your dream car's engine malfunctions, or a dream toilet in the bathroom of your house overflows and won't flush), or literally (you see a mole on your dream body that alarms you). For example:

"In a mirror I look in my mouth and see a black area on the top of a tooth. After waking up, I look at the tooth, and although I see no discoloration, and feel no discomfort, I notice that it has a large white filling in the same area. Feeling concerned, I go to my dentist, who tells me that he has never found decay under a filling of this kind, and that the tooth looks fine. At my insistence, he reluctantly removes the filling, which reveals significant decay underneath, which would have led to the loss of the tooth."

Prescriptive healing dreams: dreams that provide guidance on what to do, or what not to do, to heal a condition. Such as dietary recommendations, changes in lifestyle, alternative therapies, conventional medical therapies, and also information about timing, the competence of practitioners, and probable outcomes. By acting appropriately, dreamers may reverse an ongoing disease process, or prevent its overt manifestation. An example of an intentionally incubated "dreamatarian diet" lucid dream:

"While flying in a dream, I remember that I wanted to ask which foods I should eat for optimal health. I say aloud, 'Let me now see, healthy food for me!' Below me the dreamscape changes. I now fly over plates of brown-green pasta, then lots - and lots - of bananas. I also see a few plates of pineapples, and what I can best identify as pinecones (with pine nuts)."

Curative healing dreams: dreams that heal a condition directly, partially or completely, through a mind-body-spirit integration effect, or perhaps through "divine intervention", as illustrated by the two Asclepian healing dreams I quoted earlier. However, in most cases a curative healing dream only begins a process that will take time to complete. For example:



"A woman could hardly walk because of the pain from 6 plantar warts, 3 on each foot, each about one centimeter across. One night she had a lucid dream, and remembered that she wanted to try doing a dream healing. She creates a ball of white light to heal her feet. In the morning, to her surprise, she felt absolutely no pain when walking. She looked at the warts - they had all uniformly turned black. All of them fell off within ten days."

Healing dreams can belong to more than one category. For example diagnostic healing dreams may also show the cause of a developing condition, which if eliminated might well halt or reverse the disease process.

8. Deepening your spiritual connection and 9. Finding strong reasons for living.

Aside from serving as the Royal Road to the Unconscious, for many people dreams, especially lucid dreams, also serve as the Royal Road to the Divine. (16, 17) One can easily find accounts of transcendent dreams reported by individuals in a wide range of religions. Some traditions, like the Tibetan, make systematic use of lucid dreaming to invoke experiences of this kind. (18) Spiritual dreams give people a new perspective, providing an "eagles eye view" of life rather than a "worm's eye view," and often also provide them with a renewed sense of purpose. In 1996 I had a superlucid dream, in which I suddenly and spontaneously "jumped up a level" to find myself part of a Greater Entity, an "Oversoul." (19) His/Its attitude (which I experienced) seemed benevolent but in a purely nonattached way. He/It lived in Eternal time, cared no more about the duration of a physical life, or the state of a physical body, than you or I might care about a pair of disposable paper shoes. After this dream I realized that the purposes of this "Deeper Self" had little to do with my own temporal and physical concerns. Not out of a lack of caring or compassion, but simply through a fundamental difference in viewpoint. And while I could ask for help in healing from this Greater Self, I had no guarantee that I would receive anything useful. After this dream I knew this experientially, and with certainty, and realized that if I wanted to live a long life in good health, that this seemed primarily up to me.

Conclusion

In many ways modern medicine remains stubbornly mechanistic, with doctors focusing on the physical body only. A car mechanic can get away with this, fixing or replacing broken parts without needing to concern themselves with the vehicles driver, or what the driver thinks or feels. The same does not hold true for medical doctors, who in combination with the medical industry as a whole, have already become the third leading cause of death in the United States, right behind heart disease and cancer.(20)

Human beings differ greatly from machines, and what we think and how we feel play critical roles in whether we heal and recover from life-threatening illnesses, or wither and die. And even for those who manage to avoid such situations, enabling radical healing processes can pay large dividends with respect to quality of life. Few doctors know how to communicate diagnostic information about potentially catastrophic diseases in a way that empowers patients rather than causes them harm, and vanishingly few have the skills or the time to work with their patients for radical healings. (4, 21) This means that, like it or not, the responsibility for finding a way of engaging radical healing processes depends on the efforts of the patient, and of their families and friends. At root, the word "healing" means "making whole," and dreamwork can serve as a powerful force towards facilitating and enabling this process.

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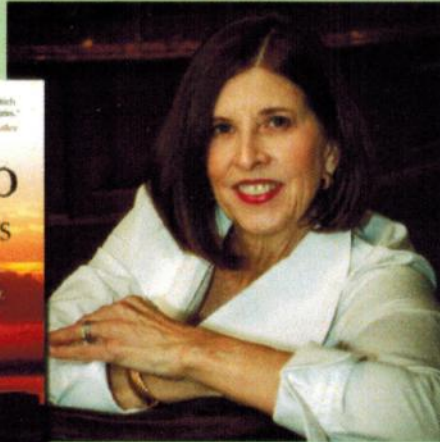
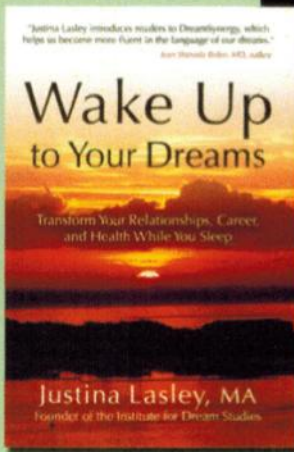
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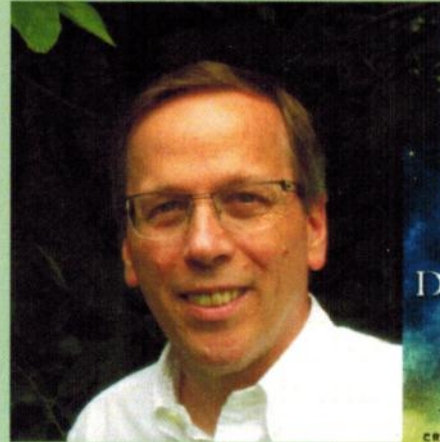
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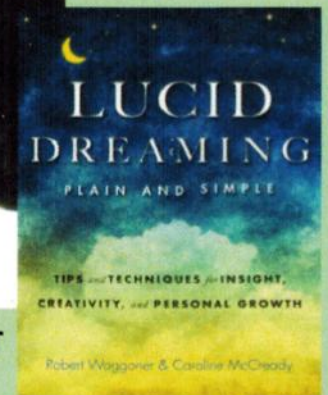
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Justina Lasley



Robert Waggoner



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My life was miserable in April of 2014. I did not realize that what would end up curing my suffering would not be professionals or doctors, but two self-directed healing lucid dreams.

I had been plagued by GERD (Gastroesophageal Reflux Disease) for four months straight. It was not regular acid reflux, but more like acid reflux from hell. It would wake me up with my own stomach acid rising up my throat 3 to 4 times per night. Since the acid burned my vagus nerve directly, it would affect my sense of well being and it would often take more than an hour to get back to sleep as I was basically in a state of panic.

In fact, it was so atrocious I could not even sleep in my bed. I set up a lot of pillows in the corner of my room because I needed to sleep sitting up otherwise the acid was even worse.

I probably only got about 4 to 5 hours of sleep per night, and even the sleep I did get was not quality sleep because of having to sleep sitting up. I spent most of my days living like a zombie from lack of sleep.

I read everything I could get my hands on about ways to heal acid reflux, I tried everything imaginable - from folk herbal remedies to the most powerful prescription medicines like Dexilant, which basically turns off the production of stomach acid.

Nothing worked. Then, I had two lucid dreams where I tried to heal myself. The first did not really heal anything.

The second one, however, ended my symptoms almost overnight.

The First Dream

The first dream started with me being in a room with my wife and a friend. As we talked I noticed the friend did not look like our friend in real life. I thought, "This might be a dream, I should find out." So I went to the friend and looked very closely at her face. As I did, her face became blurry and I thought I was waking up, but then the face came back into focus and I was just looking at my wife who looked sleepy as though she was just waking up. I then told her, "Hey, this a dream, you need to wake up!"

She was groggy and did not want to wake up and did not believe me that we were in a dream, so I said, "Look, I will prove it to you!" I proceeded to put my hand through the window glass and blinds, feeling somewhat relieved in the process to fully prove to myself it was indeed a dream.

I then took my wife by the hand and we jumped through the window and stood outside over a steep slope. To

our left there were cushioned lounging chairs about 1 story down. I chose for us to fly over them in case anything went wrong trying to fly with two people, at least we would fall on cushions.

As we flew, instead of taking off into the open air, we went toward the cushions and spiraled into a large house with high ceilings and amazing high end furniture. It was fun to maneuver in this space, and I was yelling to my wife, "See, we can fly! And we can go up over things... And down under things..." We were having a great time together, and new rooms kept opening up before us - it was like a lucid dream slalom course. At one point we flew underneath a small glass table and then up into the air over an open fire pit.

In my right hand for some reason I now had a large white salt shaker, and I said to my wife, "And watch this, we can even pour salt on this fire and stoke the flames." I did just that expecting a huge fire to roar up but only the falling salt caught fire in brilliant little star shaped glints of light.

I kept pouring and the salt formed larger glowing pink cubes clustered together at the base of the fire. It was quite beautiful and enchanting, and I expected to see it ignite into a larger fire at any moment. When that did not happen, I knew I needed to do some kind of magical incantation to cause the fire to roar up.

As I thought about what to say, this reminded me that I had a plan to heal myself with an incantation!

I tried for a moment to recall what I had planned to say. It had been so long since I had the plan originally in real life that even as I sit here now awake writing this, I do not remember exactly what I had planned to say, I just remember that I had not come up with anything I really liked. One thing I think I had was "By the power of Word, I heal my GERD" which is not very original and also oddly affirms I have GERD instead of focusing on a healed state without it.

Even in my dream I somehow knew I did not want to affirm the illness by name, and before I knew what I was doing, I found myself pulling up my shirt and rubbing up and down from my chest to my stomach back and forth while saying "By the power of Grace, I heal this Space!" and trying to direct healing intent inwards. I had forgotten to charge up any energy like is suggested in [Robert Waggoner's](#) book, *Lucid Dreaming - Gateway to the Inner Self*. There did however seem to be some kind of transparent salve that I was rubbing into my chest. I suppose that was just as good even though I did not consciously intend it, it was just there spontaneously as I rubbed and I remember being pleasantly surprised to see it.

This lasted only about 5 seconds and then I felt myself awakening and almost thought I was speaking out the incantation aloud in my sleep in real life. I looked around and my wife was already awake and out of the room.

The Second Dream

I had a normal dream that I was at some kind of a concert, and people were jockeying for position and then I left and went to a nearby room. I had the realization that I was semi lucid, but I also felt like I had to struggle to keep it. I started touching things in order to ensure that I would stay lucid. I ran around the room looking for things to touch and came to a table and started touching objects on the table in an effort to gain full lucidity.

I became fully lucid and started running around trying to find things to do. As I had not been actively practicing recently, I did not remember any plan of action yet. I came out on the porch of a place I knew in the dream to be a post office and there was a woman there I tried to talk to. She seemed uninterested in talking as many of the characters in my dreams often are. She walked off to her car and I waved at her but she ignored me.

I had a sense that I needed to find a higher purpose in this dream, and I can recall that many things happened, yet I do not remember all of them. I have the vague memory that as I walked around there was somebody sort of following me, discussing the activities of other people.

I DID NOT REALIZE THAT WHAT
WOULD END UP CURING MY
SUFFERING WOULD NOT BE
PROFESSIONALS OR
DOCTORS, BUT TWO
SELF-DIRECTED HEALING
LUCID DREAMS.

Now here is where the dream finally starts to get interesting. I came across someone who looks like a woman I know in real life. She asked me about some experience she thought I had and I told her that to my knowledge that had never happened. I realized though that here was one of the first dream characters in a long time who might be interesting to talk to. At this point I noticed there were more people sitting around her in a semicircle... the setting seemed to be in a cold room that gave me the feeling of the Arctic. Though, I suppose if the room were somehow housed in the face of the Statue of Liberty at night, it would be pretty cold too!

The woman asked me about my progress, and I seemed to think she was asking me about my spiritual progress, and part of me felt like I had not been making the progress I wanted to make and beyond that I did not really know how to answer. So I said, "Well, in terms of my progress, I have been here a long time in this dream." This to me was important to report because I knew that a lot of my dreams do not last as long as I would like them to.

I told them I had created a "totem" somewhat like the totems from the movie Inception. Except this totem was used to keep me lucid throughout the dream and instead of a spinning top like in Inception, this was an opaque greenish, heart-shaped crystal that I carried in my pocket. I used this heart crystal to focus my intent and energy as I went along in the dream.

I then told them "Well, I have not been lucid dreaming a lot recently, in part because I have been sick and have had to sleep in an weird upright position that is not very comfortable, and I value what sleep I can get these days more than trying to wake up to practice... I am just more focused on trying to get healthy".

This was a good thing, because it reminded me about my number one plan of action, namely to get healed in the dream. Now I had attempted a healing about one month prior and did have some minor improvement (this was to heal acid reflux, I also had a more successful dream before that where I did heal a severely swollen, painful jaw).

So in the present dream, I asked all the people in the group "You know, that reminds me, while I am here, maybe I could receive a group healing from all of you guys?"

The answer came back fast and unanimous "Sure!"

I remember then pulling up my shirt to expose my stomach and then going to sit in the corner. Again the

details here are a bit fuzzy, but the group formed a closer semicircle around me, and I remember they were directing energy toward me with their hands. I heard one of them actually saying something that sounded like an incantation, while urging the rest of the group, "Let's direct the energy with our hands!"

There was a wonderful blue glow emanating from their hands and entering my stomach; I could actually feel the rich, vibrant warmth of it. At this point I started to lose lucidity and I was in between dream consciousness and waking consciousness, and the scene began to take on the quality of an animated cartoon of sorts.

The energy began to transform into this blue stream of energy that was now exiting my stomach instead of entering. It became this blue arc out of which tiny fish seemed to be jumping into and swimming upstream in a stream of energy that somehow filled my bedroom in real life and that I could see through my closed eyelids and eye mask.

As waking consciousness took hold even more, I imagined that perhaps this was representative of some bad microbes leaving my stomach. The people in the group were still there guiding the process and the fish. Now my wife seemed to be there too and she was entertained by the little fish.

At this point I was almost fully awake and the vision was gone. I considered trying to re-enter the dream, but I knew that there was a lot of content and that if I did not record it then and there I would likely forget most of it, so I elected instead to wake up fully and record it.

Aftermath

After this second dream, my symptoms basically went away overnight.

Just to be 100% safe, I kept sleeping upright for a few nights afterwards, but after a few nights of confirmation, I was back to sleeping horizontally in bed and living a normal life

It has been over a year since this dream and the symptoms have not come back at all.

I found out after all of this that I have a hiatal hernia which can cause GERD. So I still have the physical issue which can cause GERD, yet I do not have the chronic symptoms anymore. I do avoid things like coffee and tomatoes just in case, but there is absolutely no question in my mind that this second dream healed me overnight. It basically gave me back my life.



A NEW DIMENSION OF MEDICINE

By Brian Stanton © 2015

Several months ago, I retreated to my parents' cabin in West Virginia to heal myself. I'd been leveled by a food-borne illness and had the stitches to prove it. Eight of them framed my right eyebrow where, weakened by the bug, I'd hit the bathroom floor with tremendous force. You could say I've had better Friday nights.

Set in the dense woods, the cabin promised a serene setting for my recovery. It also was ideal for my dreaming practices. But this time, I wasn't going to spend my lucidity flying from tree to tree or seeking erotic encounters. I had a well-motivated goal: to heal my digestive system. The anecdotal evidence was encouraging, and some people reported astonishing physical restoration from healing dreams. In *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, Robert Waggoner discusses using light to heal in the dream state:

In various colors and in various forms, this inner light is a common feature for lucid dreaming, which makes one wonder, does the light heal? Or does it *represent* healing? ⁽¹⁾

In WV, I was keen to experiment with this curative light. I was cautiously optimistic. In a prior lucid dream, I'd shouted to "see my inner light!" and an angelic sunbeam had burst through the clouds. Perhaps, I thought, I could harness the light to heal my gut.

My third night at the cabin, I dreamed:

I become lucid in my childhood house and consider flying past my parents to draw a reaction. Instead, I float into the backyard and chant: "I summon my healing light!" at the grey sky above. Brilliant sunbeams begin to crack through the clouds and I sense a palpable, growing energy. Within moments, the clouds give way and I'm bathed in total luminosity! All I see is white. I lose perception of time, but eventually the white fades to black and I hover in a void. I realize I wear a sleep mask, so I tear it off and see spiraling specks of light as I gently spin. I wake up amazed.

The experience invigorated me. That morning I jotted, "I feel stronger, more vital, both mentally and physically. Perhaps the lucid healing dream had a profound effect". Whether or not the dream affected the bacterial composition of my gut, I truly felt better afterwards. Lucid dreaming luminary Stephen LaBerge also attributes "healing qualities to lucid dreams on the basis of how I felt upon awakening." ⁽²⁾ By this standard, I am confident that I had a curative dream.

Of course, questions remain. What was the actual healing mechanism involved? Was my experience merely an amplified placebo effect, or did it reach deeper? Are these healing powers accessible through waking consciousness, or only through lucid dreams? Is there something fundamental about light that causes it to reappear in healing dreams across time and culture? Are there effective lucid healing methods yet undiscovered?

The last question bears investigation. When I began writing this article, I had a specific experiment in mind: to transport myself to a healing dimension by jumping through a mirror or TV screen. I imagined it would resemble a pink cloud of energy or an ethereal whiteness. Part of me wondered if I'd arrive in a cramped waiting room, filling out a protracted medical form. After a week of fruitless attempts, I dreamed:

As I pet my childhood dog, Lucas, I hear a noise in the next room. I open the door and, to my astonishment, see an identical yellow labrador - an exact replica of Lucas! A wave of anxiety courses through me and I have an epiphany: it's a dream! Settling my nerves, I recall my goal and approach the hallway mirror. I pause at the sight of my face, which glistens with sweat and bulges unnaturally to one side. Whatever. Visualizing my goal, I announce, "Take me to the pink healing dimension," then I dive into the mirror. Darkness envelops me. I have but one sense: an awareness of my body. Soon the void transforms into a pink gas, and I watch it curl and wisp through my outstretched fingers. I feel validated - this is exactly how I pictured it. I wallow in the mist for at least a minute, and then awaken in another dream...

The next day I felt deeply contented. Although I can't provide data from the lab, I know that a positive change occurred.

I'm not claiming to be a mystic with exceptional powers. With the proper vigilance, these experiences are open to anyone. Here are a few tips to heal in lucid dreams based on what has worked for me:

Vocalize your intent to heal. In both dreams, I carefully worded my intention. Pretend you are casting a spell and speak clearly - would a sorcerer mumble?

Visualize the dream beforehand, picturing a healing light or mist. These forms of healing energy are common to many dreamers.

Believe that dreams can heal. Waggoner writes: "It seems necessary to open up to the experience and trust in it as you seek healing." ⁽³⁾ I'd suggest picking up your favorite book on lucid dreaming for inspiration.

Be creative in your approach to dream healing. It's more fulfilling, and perhaps more effective, to heal using a personally designed method.

But the most important factor for inducing healing dreams? Motivation. And the strongest motivator?



Sickness. We all fall ill from time to time – why not use it to our advantage? A new dimension of medicine awaits those willing to seek it out.

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Brian Stanton writes on his blog at primalsapien.com



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Emotional and Physical Health Benefits for Lucid Dreamers

By Bill Murphy, LDE Science Correspondent

Emotional and physical health is intertwined which provides an opportunity for improving a person's wellbeing by using techniques such as mindfulness, which is the awareness of the present moment. Focusing on the present instead of the future or the past is not a new method for managing depression, and the ability to monitor your own thoughts is the key to its success. The process of "thought monitoring" is how many people would describe becoming lucid while dreaming. But before we touch upon the possible advantages afforded to lucid dreamers, let's first take a look at the ancient origins and modern science that together have made mindfulness an established method for stress reduction with overall health benefits.

Jon Kabat-Zinn is a molecular biologist who has been trained in ancient Buddhist principles. While he does not identify himself as a Buddhist, he eventually structured the course known as Mindfulness-Based Stress Reduction (MBSR). I became aware of his work while studying at the California Institute for Human Science where I read his 1994 book *Wherever You Go, There You Are: Mindfulness Meditation in Everyday Life* which was one of the psychology course textbooks. Research by Kabat-Zinn includes the effect of MBSR on psoriasis, pain, anxiety, brain function, and immune function. Fast forward to 2012 and his principles of MBSR were the cornerstone of a University of California Los Angeles (UCLA) study that further establishes that training the mind to be aware of the present does indeed result in measurable improvement to both mental and physical health.

As reported in The Norman Cousins Center for Psychoneuroimmunology at UCLA online edition of the journal *Brain, Behavior and Immunity* newsletter "These MBSR participants self-reported a reduced sense of

loneliness, while their blood tests showed a significant decrease in the expression of inflammation-related genes." Chronic inflammation is considered to be a primary factor in the pathology of many diseases and psychological disorders. While the study was intended to focus on treatments to improve the lives of the elderly, the practice of MBSR is not restricted to seniors.

This fits in nicely for lucid dreamers of all ages since becoming lucid while in a dream state requires the ability to become self aware while asleep. Just like those practicing meditation, the same "thought monitoring" process is employed by successful lucid dreamers. The mental stimulation reported by those who have controlled their own dreams results in a positive experience that hopefully may have similar benefits to the university studies of MBSR.

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Your Healing Dreams

Michael Lamberti **Insight Through Meditation**

This dream occurred during a period when I was focused on meditating in my lucid dreams. I don't think I had healing on my mind at all that night.

I'm lucid and standing on a big, full cardboard box looking at beautiful mountains. I remember I want to meditate. I sit down and begin. The snow-capped mountain looks very beautiful as I try to focus. People keep coming up to me and touching me, assuming I'm holy. I try to stick with the meditation and am fairly successful. I think these people are missing the point: if they want blessings, they should meditate themselves.

I see my yoga teacher in the distance and go to him when I finish meditating. I tell him how grateful I am he's here and what a wonderful dream this has been so far. The one piece of advice he gives me is to push myself a little bit harder at yoga. I agree that so far I've preferred to stay in my comfort zone and chill out. While we're talking, we both scale a brown brick building like Spiderman would. I tell him I need to wake up now so I can write all of this down. I ask if he needs any help getting down, but that's foolish... it's a dream.

At the time I had a nagging muscle strain in my back that had persisted over a month and kept me from doing some of the poses I was used to. When I woke up after this dream, I noticed it was gone. I really could push myself a little bit harder at yoga now. Did the dream facilitate that healing? Did it draw my attention to the fact that the strain was gone? I'm not sure...

Anita Lenz **Heal Them!**

In the early 90's, I had a dream experience that I feel resulted in a healing.

In this dream, I heard a voice booming, "Heal Them!" This voice was neither male nor female, but very deep and commanding and I 'knew' it was God. My immediate reaction was to tell God that it had gotten into the wrong dream, because I didn't know how to heal anybody. The voice came back louder and firmer saying again, "Heal Them!" At this point, I became a little nervous because I really didn't want to piss off God. So I nervously said, 'Oh Ok, I'll try?'

I was immediately shown two of my girlfriends. I also instantly 'knew' this was not a medical healing, but a relationship healing. I looked at the first girlfriend and said, "Oh, she is easy. She just needs self-esteem." I waved my hand and said "Done."

I was then shown my second girlfriend. I thought, "Oh oh, this is going to be more difficult." In the next scene we were in a jungle and she was on her back on a wooden board with her arms dangling by her side. With sweeping hand motions, I kept trying to drain the 'bad blood' from all the prior relationships. There were several times where I thought, "Ok, this is a wrap, we're done," and started to leave. I would be pulled or yanked back with the thought, "Oh no, there is more 'bad blood' that needs to be cleared." At some points during this process, it shifted from my girlfriend being on the board to a man, and I also worked on him in the same manner. This went on for quite some time, but was eventually finished.

I woke up and thought, "Wow, what was that about?" I felt my body and I was quite cold to the touch. I thought I had been gone a long time. The thought occurred to me that this was an actual healing dream. I watched my two girlfriends for a couple of weeks thinking I should see some evidence. When I didn't see any changes, I put it out of my mind as just a strange dream.

It was probably about 8 years later when the second girlfriend, who had moved out of state, called me to invite me to her wedding. As I sat on the couch listening to her, the dream flooded back into my memory. All of a sudden, I realized the first girlfriend had met and married somebody within a year or two of the dream. The second girlfriend had begun living with her now husband within that timeframe also. I now recalled how over the years when I spoke to her, she would tell me about their 'on and off' again work with therapists when their relationship hit a road block. I even remembered her saying, "Sometimes it was her 'issues' and sometimes it was his" that needed to be healed. It felt eerily similar to the jungle scene in the dream.

I wondered at the time of the dream and even now, if God wanted them healed isn't this something that God could do directly? Why come into my dream and tell me to 'Heal Them'?

Steve Racicot Healing Hands

Anna and I are at a large gathering of people inside a large house. As we walk among the people I see an old friend of ours who had died years ago. Seeing her causes me to realize that I am dreaming. "Look who is here," I tell Anna. She sees our deceased friend too. "So you know what this means?" I ask her.

"Yes, we are dreaming," she replies. I agree.

We walk up to our old friend and hug her. "Wonderful to see you," I tell her. She is glad to see us also and says so.

Now I remember my lucid dream intention which is that the next time I become conscious in a dream, I will say healing prayers for Anna. She is getting arthritis in her hands and I am hoping I can bring healing to her. I turn from our friend and I embrace Anna. Holding her tightly I say, "Let the healing power of God flow through me to my beloved Anna;" I repeat this three times.

Then Anna tells me, "OK, that is enough."

I let go of her and say, "Alright, let's try flying."

We are outside the building now. I jump into the air and fly for a short distance. I stop and wait for Anna. Anna runs and jumps into the air, starts to fly, but then crashes onto the ground. Her body makes a gash in the ground about fifteen feet long and a foot deep. I land beside her and ask if she is OK.

"Yes," she says. "It didn't hurt."

I tell her, "Come on. This is a dream. We can fly if we want to."

We both leap into the air again and this time we both fly. We are flying about ten feet off the ground. There are fir and spruce trees growing here and we fly between them. We come to a long fallen tree that got caught in another tree when it fell, so that the top end of it is off the ground a good ways. I point out this



fallen tree to Anna and suggest we land on it and run its length through the branches. This is something we would probably be afraid to do in the waking world. I tell her, and Anna agrees to try it. We land on the fallen tree's trunk and run easily along it, not having any trouble at all.

Now the scene becomes a public park with logs sticking up out of the ground and at this point I lose the awareness that I am dreaming even though the dream continues for some time.

I checked Anna's hands in waking to see if my healing attempt had helped them, but they looked the same. Nevertheless I will continue to do healing work for her in my dreams.

It is interesting to note that in the morning when I told Anna my dream, she laughed and told me her dream that she recorded at the same time that I wrote down my dream.

Anna's Dream: Later in a building there is a big guy with big hands who is drunk. And now he thinks he is someone special and that he can heal people. "If you can," I tell the drunk, "touch my hands and heal them." I doubt if this drunk can heal my hands. We touch or slap palms together. My hands aren't healed, but he goes dancing off.

Marci Erspamer **Caterpillar Lady**

I am having a stressful dream. I'm inside of a room with other people, people that I work with in my waking life. I'm very uncomfortable and having anxiety. Suddenly, it occurs to me that I'm dreaming, so I decide to fly away. But, to my utter discouragement, every time I leave the room through the ceiling, there is another room that I enter, and another, and another. I can't escape the bad dream. Unexpectedly, my jaw begins to hurt, a lot. I'm in pain and I keep trying to fly away from this room. I'm in a panic. Luckily, I hear a small feminine voice in one of the rooms that I enter, saying, "I'm here, over here!"

Instantly, the pain in my jaw stops. Eagerly, I walk over into a room that resembles a toy store. Although, to pass through into the toy store, I walk through long plastic sheets, like curtains – I feel like I'm walking through a construction site. I'm very lucid at this point - feeling completely "normal," but I know it's a dream.

As I walk over towards the voice, I see a lady - half human, half caterpillar. I'm surprised and excited by this experience because I've had many lucid flying dreams, but never have I encountered a "being" before. She is standing behind a table with a green cloth over it. I'm aware of other people around – they seem to be waiting for her, the caterpillar lady. She has long gray hair pulled back and she's wearing little round glasses. She reminds me of a librarian, non-expressive and seemingly very calm. At her waist I notice a caterpillar type abdomen, but with human legs. As I approach the table, she begins putting wooden blocks in front of me and she tells me, "You are here to build". Instantly, I know she is a teacher, guide - someone I should listen to.

Out of the blue, she reaches over and touches my face. I feel a deep penetrating, healing vibration. While she's touching me, she asks, "Can you feel that?" At the question, she becomes excited and animated. Consequently, I feel peaceful and nourished.

After about 20 seconds, I know she has finished with me and another person walks up to her table. As I walk away, a bunch of children sit down with me and we begin to look at and play with the wooden blocks. This is when I wake up.

After waking, I'm confident that I've been healed and I'm more comfortable in my own skin. I also understood that I had a purpose. I didn't know exactly what it was, but I knew my job was to find out.



Katherine Flory Rejuvenate

I walked into my kitchen and saw a long glass table. It looked familiar - like one I used to have, but that one was round, not rectangular. Then I remembered that I had given that table to a friend a long time ago. I thought, "This isn't my table; this must be a dream."

I saw my mom standing at the end of the table. She looked fragile, delicate, with weak bones, so I thought I should help her. I crossed my legs and levitated and held up my hands over her and said in a commanding voice, "Rejuvenate!" Green and gold light shone from my hands onto her. This terrified her and she ran from the room.

I thought, "Huh, maybe levitation was too much. Maybe I shouldn't have made such a show of it." I tried to track her down and met up with my dad. I told him about this and that I guessed I shouldn't have levitated.

Svitlana Of Healing And Kids

I keep flying/getting through darkness and fog. I see occasional images, and then I command the dream to get light. I close my eyes and when I open my eyes I expect it to happen. I do it 3 times, yet nothing happens.

I want to get into water and I find myself under the water. I breathe for fun. Then I get out of water and find myself on a sunlit street filled with people walking in all directions. They are mostly women wearing puffed up 60s dresses. Walking is hard for me, I don't know why. The street with people blurs.

A cascade of fountains and pools appears in front of me. It gets blocked by a bus. Next I find myself in the bus. There are kids, two boys about 6-8 years old, playing around pushing, laughing, being loud. I don't mind.

I remember to ask the dream about my blocks. What blocks do I have? The blocks are shown to me on my body. These are my pelvis (the back part), shoulders, hands and feet. These parts of my body are illuminated for me in my mind's eye.

I dwell on this image for a moment and then decide to heal myself. I fill my body with light and I feel how it vibrates. I do it for some time. Then I decide to heal Oles, but it is not easy to fill him with light. My intent does not work. I am confused.
Next I find myself in a sunlit city. There are children everywhere. I am pleased to see them play and run

around. I think about my niece Stephanie. Then I wake up, inspired and happy.

Mike Porter Car Ride Healing Attempt

I'm riding in the passenger seat of my car. My mom is driving and there are two young boys playing around in the back seat. Looking out the windshield, I see it is a grey, rainy day and we are driving in the city. We pass by two beautiful women on a street corner. One lifts her short skirt, mooning me as we pass. Wow! You don't see that every day. Wait a minute... This must be a dream. I'm now lucid.

I first stabilize the dream by examining the interior of the car. I'm impressed how closely it matches the waking reality version. So what to do? I recall having just read about lucid healing in the book *Lucid Dreaming, Plain and Simple*. I decide to try healing my nagging elbow tendonitis. I stand up and realize there's enough room to stand even though my car is a little Honda.

I hold out my left arm and turn it palm up. I see I'm wearing a yellow long sleeve shirt. I roll the sleeve up. As I pass the elbow, I expose a 3 inch protrusion at the exact location of the elbow pain. It has not broken the skin. Unfortunately, I don't have a plan and decide to just follow my intuition. I try to imagine a ball of healing energy forming in my right palm. I don't see anything,



but have an urge to push my palm against the swelling. I'm able to push it down into my elbow. I remove my hand and the elbow looks normal again. I thank the Higher Powers for the healing.

It's now raining heavily outside the car. I look back and see it's now a van. The side door opens and a man jumps in. He sits in the seat behind me. He looks to be in his 40's with slick black hair. He's wearing a khaki jumpsuit that makes him look like a Ghostbuster. I find him disturbing. I ask him what he represents. He looks at me startled. I guess he didn't expect that question. I ask again. He replies, "Long term pain." I ask if it's pain in my elbow. He says no. I ask from what? He looks over his shoulder as if it's a secret, then leans forward and whispers to me, "Pyrex." I then begin feeling my physical body lying in bed and my wife rolling over next to me. I'm losing the dream. I try to stabilize but wake up.

Upon waking, I excitedly checked my elbow. It felt pretty good, so I tested it lifting an object. The pain returned. Oh well. I have attempted another lucid elbow healing since then. I again did not have instant success, but my elbow is slowly improving.

Svitlana **My Healing Dreams**

I did lucid dream (LD) induction for a long time, longer than an hour. The darkness broke and I was still wide awake. Then I felt and heard a familiar buzz. It subsided. After some time the buzz was there again and I OBE'd up from the bed. I got back, and then OBE'd again. I did not see anything but I felt flight. I was flying slower and then faster and felt joy. I remembered Robert W.'s joking warning not to fly like a rocket if I OBE.

Then I thought I should start healing myself. I was back in my body and was between dream and wakefulness. I drew on the universal energy and sent its stream to my liver. It felt energizing and very good. I sent energy to my lungs, kidneys, to the joints of my hands. I did it several times. I enjoyed the warming, buzzing feeling and was excited. I forgot about heart and entire body because I started working on my head. I sent energy to my brain. It felt amazingly alive and the buzz was there again. It was as if the brain rejoiced and replied.

I was in the darkness all this time so I thought to send energy to my eyes and try to get the visual. I did and silhouettes of walls started to show through. There was a city, something like a medieval Spanish town with no trees. I sent more energy to my brain and I felt and

saw how it was sparkling and getting energized. The visual was coming into being. There was a short LD set in that town.

In all these cases before going to bed I had a healing intent. I decided on the method which I would use for healing myself. Qigong is my preferred Mind-to-Body method. I train myself in applying colors and visualizing energy while awake and try to transfer this method to the dream. I usually use golden Earth energy for energizing myself and do the body cleansing routine (imagine that I suck in Universal or Earth energy and run it through my limbs and entire body. When it leaves my body it becomes the food for nourishing the Universe).

WILD

I entered the dream and flew. It was dark. I closed my eyes and said that I wanted light. There appeared some sources of light, like street lamps around. The visibility got better. I remembered my intent to heal myself and sent energy to my body. The energy entered through my feet and filled up the entire body. Then I did a few rounds of Qigong energy cleansing.

I flew again. Dark, bare landscape. I decided to get to some beautiful place and said that and started to turn around. After a couple of rounds I opened eyes and there was a city.

WILD

Could not fall asleep for a long while. My hubby was breathing too loud, snoring, and moving so I went to the living room sofa. At some point the entire body started buzzing. The buzz intensified, and it felt like I was buzzing with energy, that I was wrapped into energy.

For some time I felt that I was about to fly and indeed at some point I accelerated upwards and was flying. I commanded 'visual', 'light' but nothing happened. I changed position, then the buzz and acceleration into flight happened again.

I got up, went to the bathroom, and after that I had the buzz back and flew into the darkness again. The sensation was new (a different kind of buzz than before) and continuous. It was very pleasurable. I wondered if it had anything to do with sleep paralysis (SP), but it did not. I could move, there was no sense of alien presence. I healed my body for some time, doing body scan, saying that I'm purging the inflammation. Then in the state of buzzing and flight I started getting hypnogogic images. There were live pictures and episodes. I was an observer.

WILD

After lying on my side for quite a while I feel a familiar buzz and slight grip of SP. It makes me constricted, but does not prevent me from moving and opening my eyes. It's just hard to do. I feel the buzz and move just a bit. Then I propel myself up, OBE, and fly fast through the roof and out. I see our forest below. It's covered with snow. I am happy to fly around for some time.

At some point I decide that I should get into a dream rather than just flying around. Immediately I get into an urban setting. It's dark. There are people around. I talk to one guy who was nearby. I ask him the usual question whether he knows that he is in my dream, but he does not. He seems unaware and dumb. I talk to another person, not much success either.

I remembered one of my goals, to heal my right knee, which has been off for the last couple weeks. There was nothing spectacular about that healing. But who knows? I was sending warm, golden Earth energy into my knee. There were no sensations though. Last time, when I worked on my left knee, the problems stopped in 2 days. It has been good since then.

LD

I was chaining. My LDs collapse and I get into new ones. They collapse because I hear my dog and my husband snoring. I fly. I try to work on healing but I cannot find the right spot where I would be alone and comfortable. I had a few dreams where I was looking for the 'right spot'. Upon awakening I know that it was stupid. Now I remember not to bother about the place and start healing myself as soon as I remember.

LD

I was lying on my right side curled, with knees close to my chin (it was chilly) so, when in SP, I wondered how to sit up or get out of that position. I was OBE in no time at all. I flew to Oles right away and positioned my body right above his and tried to work on him, projecting health and healing. At some point I gripped his hand so as to touch him directly. It felt like I did it for a long time.

Then I decided to take a break and to fly. It was dark, almost no visual. I flew out of the window, head first, over the back yard and into the forest. As I flew, I felt the twigs and leaves brush against my face and a few drops of rain fell on my face and head. I think it still was an OBE. Then I stopped in the forest, drew the earth energy with my hands and sent it to my left index finger. I flew for a while. I healed my teeth too (the next day my target teeth didn't hurt anymore and neither did my finger. Oles felt strong and his symptoms of possibly recurring shingles were gone).

Keyleigh Robinson Integrate Blockages Now!

I created a dream plan on the 10th of May 2015, within the plan I wrote up that I would like to integrate all solidified blockages in my mind. I then drew a picture of me and a black blob (the blockage) and an arrow, then drew my symbol of a blue river and the black blob integrated in it as a sign of what I wish to achieve. My short statement of intent to shout out in the dream was 'Integrate blockages now!!' I found it very important to do this as I have always felt I have many psychological blockages, and in fact have missing/blocked memories from a period of traumatic years when I was younger, and even a clairvoyant I saw told me I had a big blockage in my third eye chakra.

On the 27th May 2015 I dreamt lucidly twice that night, but it was in-between 1.30am and 4.30am that I did my dream plan.

I was in a house and I already felt semi-lucid from the start. I was in a living room and for my first time I shouted out my statement of intent from my dream plan. I shouted, 'Integrate blockages now!', but nothing happened.

I noticed that my pet cat Kobe was in the room, he is a white cat with black splodges. I shouted out again, 'Integrate blockages now!' Again, nothing. I started searching and feeling the energy in the room to see if there was anything that could be a blockage. I went through a door, and the energy felt scary - that feeling when you have watched a spooky movie - then suddenly the floor fell through and I free-fell from a seemingly great height as it felt like I was falling for ages!

At first I was scared as I thought I would splat on the floor when I reached the bottom, but I kept falling and



then kind of enjoyed the experience, as I like adrenaline rush kind of things! It felt very real! I felt it when I suddenly thudded onto a floor, but was quickly ok and I stood up.

I looked around and I was in a dim room with a sort of rusty tinge to the lighting of it. There were shapes of boxes piled up and small windows high near the ceiling. I felt it before I saw it, a normal sized black cat was skulking around down there, it had that scary feel to it and it had green eyes.

As soon as I saw it I knew it was a blockage. I thought to myself, 'I have to be compassionate and hug it, like Charlie taught on the course'. So I picked it up. It didn't like that, it was wriggling, biting, scratching! I really felt every bite and scratch it gave me! I held on though, and gave it a kiss and kept trying to hug it! It still kept fighting against me with such energy! I kept saying over and over 'I love you!'

As the battle went on, what I was doing started feeling more heartfelt and had more emotion, as I started getting upset thinking that whatever this blockage is, I have kept it deep down in the dark places skulking around and have not paid it any attention. As what I was doing came more from my heart rather than just a plan to do, the energy in the cat waned, and it wriggled less and less and I hugged it and cried, 'Sorry, I love you'. It was still scratching a bit, but suddenly this letter box appeared on a wall and it was blocked full of letters! Still holding the cat I reached out and I unblocked the letter box, pulling all the letters out. The cat then sort of disappeared, and I woke up!

I felt much more fluid, and it felt like a powerful shift had occurred in me. The following days and months I have felt more whole and confident.



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Healing Loved Ones and Myself in Lucid Dreams

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2015

Healing My Husband's Blood Clot

After two long plane flights to Australia and back, my husband, Stinger, received a preliminary diagnosis of Deep Vein Thrombosis. His right foot and the lower part of his right leg was swelling up, apparently as the result of a blood clot, and he was scheduled for an emergency ultrasound in the morning. Treatment would have entailed spending approximately a week in the hospital, and taking blood thinners for three months. When we went to bed, his leg was worse, and growing more painful. Before falling asleep, I prayed to my Lord, fervently asking Him to help me in my desire to have a lucid dream in which I could attempt to heal my husband's leg. There was not the slightest doubt in my heart such a healing was possible.

Lucid Dream of August 3, 2011:

Stinger and I are in a grocery store shopping, but we walk out of the building without any bags or packages. I feel happy because we're together, and I know everything will be all right even though we have to drive to the doctor's office first thing in the morning. It's night time, and the parking lot is mostly deserted. I feel so good, I can't resist doing a little skip and a jump, which causes me to notice that gravity is very forgiving; I feel wonderfully light in the Indian dress Stinger bought me in Brazil. I think—If this was a dream, I could fly. I do a little run in a pretend dream take off, and actually keep rising higher off the ground in defiance of gravity. I become aware of a group of people exiting the store, who stop to watch me, and I wonder what they think about this flying lady. Pretty cool, huh? I look down at my husband, who has kept walking across the parking lot, and say with calm urgency, "Take my hand! Take my hand! If you don't catch me, I'm just going to keep going." He reaches up, pulls me down, and I land facing him. Looking directly into his eyes, I ask him, "Is this a dream? Are we dreaming?" His expression is more skeptical than confused as, after thinking about it for a moment, he replies, "No, we're not." I'm inclined to believe him, because even now I'm absolutely sure myself that all of this is really happening, that we're out in the waking world shopping. But once the question is asked, I somehow know that I am, in fact, dreaming. "But if this isn't a dream," I point out, "why did you keep walking? Our car is back there."

As we gravitate toward one end of the parking lot, I remember my intent and command, "Show me your leg." Stinger obligingly rolls up his jean, and I kneel before his right leg. Where the pocket of swelling is in waking reality, there is a largish flap of skin, raised to reveal an opening through which I can see into his leg. There is a distinct welling up of blood in this space evocative of a subterranean cave where the water (blood) is about to rise up over the edge. A very dark red at the center, the blood is nearly black around the edges, but shining in that blackness are stars. I cannot possibly describe the awesome beauty of this blood welling up out of a fathomless darkness shimmering with stars! I will never forget the sight. The blood clot (for that's what it must be) is definitely there. I raise my right hand (and perhaps also my left hand) in front of it, intending a blue healing energy toward it. I don't see any blue color, but I do surprisingly see a reflection of my mouth taking some of the blood into it, tipping it between my lips as I massage the clot, the bulk of it, with my lips and tongue, somehow helping dissolve it in this manner.

After what seems a short time, I sit back and tell my husband, "I could see in there." Then, crossing my legs, I assume a prayer position directly in front of him. Raising my hands, I instruct him not to touch me as I separate my palms into a Reiki position so that healing energy may flow "down" between them into his leg. I just sit there directing healing energy into his leg, and in the dream I sit there all night. Just before I wake, we are both "teleported" from the dark public parking lot to an intimate sunlit courtyard. The stone wall to the right of a door, which appears to lead into an ancient villa, is hung with a beautiful tapestry-like painting depicting a lovely golden-haired woman wearing an old-fashioned gown and standing in a colorful garden.

I woke suddenly and, after a moment, thought—I had a lucid dream in which I healed Stinger's leg! I then said softly to him, as he moved slightly in the bed next to me, "I just had a lucid dream in which I healed your leg!" He replied something to the effect of, "That's nice," and went back to sleep as I lay there remembering the dream, committing every detail to memory. I got up a short while later, pulled back the bedsheets, and looked at his leg where it was propped up on a pillow. In the soft morning light, his bad leg looked exactly the same as his good leg. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I stroked the skin of both his lower legs, and carefully studied both his ankles and feet, before whispering, "Stinger, look at your leg!" He lifted his head off the pillow and, after a moment, asked, "Did you do that?" I replied, "Yes!" with an elation I cannot describe. The improvement was nearly one-hundred percent, and by the time we got to the doctor's office, there was no sign anything had ever been wrong with his leg at all.

My lucid dream occurred in the early hours of the morning, when it was already growing light out. Stinger had gotten up to use the bathroom, waking me in the process. He said his leg was as bad as it had been before we went to bed. I fell asleep again almost immediately, had my lucid dream, and woke approximately an hour after I heard, and saw him, limping to the bathroom. The odds are very slim that in such a short amount of time the swelling in his leg would have gone down nearly one-hundred percent. Stinger is a scientist, but he freely admits that, taking all the evidence into consideration, it is perfectly reasonable to conclude that I did, indeed, mysteriously assist in healing his leg in a lucid dream.

Working on John's Brain (*real name withheld to protect his privacy.*)

Lucid Dream of March 26, 2012:

I'm in a car, and preparing to get out, when a man in a dark suit slips into the front passenger seat. I'm relieved to see it's not a threatening stranger but John. His suit

is a velvety, textured black, or so it appears to me, and his bowler hat is antique-looking. Without actions or speech, he is very insistent on remaining in the car, he needs to, but I still want to get out, and do so, taking the keys with me. I think perhaps my mother is in a nearby car, but I can't concentrate; John is still in my car wanting to turn on the radio, looking desperate to do so. I say to him, "Well, I can't very well toss you my keys through the windshield, can I?" Even as I speak, I realize there actually isn't any glass in my way, and yet I stubbornly mime smacking the air before me to pretend there really is a barrier. Then I hand him the keys through the open window thinking—Naturally there isn't a barrier, because this is a dream.

I don't remember the transition to the interior of a quaint little store selling what appear to be quality writing supplies. John, still in his black suit, is standing at the register purchasing something. I tell him to follow me upstairs... The next thing I know, I'm fully lucid where I'm sitting in front of him, at the foot of a chaise lounge he is reclining against. There are other people lounging here in this spacious room above the store, but I am already concentrating, feeling acutely lucid, on my purpose for being here.

Clearly seeing my hands in the sunlight streaming in through the windows, I consider how best to go about my intent. I recall performing Reiki in the dream where I healed Stinger's blood clot, and understand this is the proper way to proceed. Holding my hands facing each other, leaving a few inches of space between them, I raise them before me, and silently request that healing energy flow into them. Immediately, I feel an answering warmth, which gently intensifies as a multitude of tiny squares of jewel-like multicolored lights appear between my palms. They are incredibly beautiful, shining, sparkling, glimmering, flashing and glowing, and brighter, much more potent-looking, than the sparkles of violet light I perceived when I healed my tendinitis in a series of lucid dreams. (See [Healing My Tendinitis in Lucid Dreams.](#))

Somehow knowing what I need to do with these beautiful living lights, I lean toward John, and place my hands on either side of his head, just barely touching his temples. He is no longer wearing the old-fashioned black hat (I may have told him to remove it or removed it myself) and he seems skittish, squirmy, but I make it clear to him that he needs to let me do this. I am, I think, using these lights to stimulate the electrical synapses in his brain which mysteriously correspond to them. I know the lights are not electrical, but are a pure living "energy" I caress over John's head, and I can almost feel them falling into place over his synapses like a map stimulating, perhaps even "rewiring", strengthening, and forging "relationships" between some of them. I intuitively know when to stop, after

which I briefly caress his chest, which recoils slightly. Then I sit back and tell him, "I love you."

I deliberately didn't tell John about this lucid dream; I wanted to wait and see what happened, if anything. I waited a little over two years before I finally shared it with him via email. He found it fascinating, but said no more. It wasn't until last week, when I was writing this article, that I asked him to put into words how he felt about it. He replied:

"At the time you told me this dream last year, I was feeling the urgent need for help. I took the fact that I was in your car, and looked desperate to turn on the radio, to reflect my sense that there was something wrong with my own car, with my own radio. There's a tendency to identify with one's body, and when something is ailing us, this becomes especially problematic. But we don't confuse the driver with the car: our flesh is a vehicle, not who we are. If the brain is like a radio receiver, receiving the stations of consciousness, it may be very difficult when there's something wrong with the receiver to pick up anything but the loudest, and not necessarily good, stations. Maybe the dream was an indication that your receiver was shortly to become very important to me because of the problems that I was having with mine. Reading the dream again just now, I realized I didn't remember the part about buying writing supplies at the store, but that makes sense, because writing is my way of listening for transmissions from Love, and holding onto them. I think it was helpful for me to see myself in your dream, trying to avail myself of your radio. It reminded me of who I really am. Your helping me in the dream may be part of my healing in waking life."

White Dove

Lucid Dream of March 8, 2015 (Abridged):

...Not far below me, I see a modest-sized raised platform, on which stands an animated white statue of a woman in ancient-style robes. She looks like the Virgin Mary. A handful of equally white doves are fluttering around her, and the dark facade behind her might be the back wall of a cathedral. I descend to just in front of the platform, sink to my knees and, clasping my hands in prayer, declare with hopeful reverence, "My Lady! Miriam...!" The small doves continue fluttering around her upraised hand, but abruptly her face changes, morphs into something ugly. Quickly joining her on the platform, I say urgently, "Don't let them defile you!" I

sense that evil thoughts being directed toward this dream image of Christ's Mother are responsible for trying to make her appear unholy. But I see through the deception, and lifting my right hand, I say to one of the hovering birds, "Come here, little dove." The lovely creature alights obediently on my fingertips, light as a feather, and white as a three-dimensional chalk drawing; it literally seems to exude a puff of white chalk dust as it makes contact with my skin. It is the sweetest of creatures, perhaps a baby dove, and I feel it smiling at me with all its being as we connect.

I say to the dove, "Take me to Olivia," and it immediately flies off as if obeying my request. I'm afraid it will vanish before I can muster the dream energy to follow it, but then I see it perched on the black branch of a tree waiting for me... I continue following the energetic little dove... Much sooner than I expected, I find myself on a nocturnal street, in what feels like the quiet edge of a foreign city. A dark body of water stretches out to my right. The bird has brought me to just within a few steps of an opening in the wall to my left, in which there is just enough room for a small diner-style table at which a dark-haired woman is seated facing out toward the street. As I walk up to stand beside her, she looks up at me with a subdued but friendly expression.

Despite her dark hair, I ask with confidence, "Olivia?" and meeting my eyes, she replies, "Yes." I study her face, and see that her right eye is rimmed in black, with three sharp inverted triangles at the bottom. I know this is a visual manifestation of her problem, and that if I can "erase" this darkness, she might be healed. For an instant, I consider directing a healing energy toward her eye, but I can feel this isn't the right way to proceed. Suddenly, I find myself quickly rooting through a set of drawers next to the table that are filled with miscellaneous household and office items. I grab a roll of scotch tape which, for some reason, is just what I'm looking for. It is brand new, wrapped in clear crinkling plastic, and I waste precious dream time finding a pair of scissors to cut through it.

"I feel like an idiot doing this in a lucid dream," I declare, "but I know it's the right thing to do." My intuitive intent is to attach the darkness, which I perceive in the dream as causing her health problems, to a substance that has the power to lift it away. I pull off a strip of tape, and quickly place it over her right eye. Just as I begin lifting the tape off her eye, I wake up, unable to understand why I was focusing on her right eye when my intent had been to try and heal her inner ear imbalance.

Olivia's Writes:

In April 2014, I suffered a bout of Labyrinthitis which left a lasting impairment to the vestibular function of my right ear,

causing balance problems, and some cognitive disturbances. Maria offered to dream for me. A week later, I was signed off sick, and finally referred to ENT. About a month ago, I finally decided that the dryness I had been experiencing in my right eye for some time, was a real problem. Despite using moisturizing eye drops, my right contact lens kept sticking to the eye lid, and getting pulled off center, so I made an appointment with an optician. As soon as I walked in, he told me without examination, "Hay fever!" I protested that I don't suffer from hay fever, but when he examined my eyes, it was clear there was inflammation on the inside of my right eyelid. The doctor said it had to be caused by something coming into contact with the eye, since it was only affecting my right eye. I told him about the eye drops I had been using, but only on my right eye. I had the drops with me, and it turns out they contain preservatives, as do the saline drops I had also been using on my right eye. The doctor prescribed anti-allergy eye drops, and by the following week, not only was my right eye much better, my sinuses were almost clear, and my balance was greatly improved. If this progress continues, I should be able to return to work fairly soon! In hindsight, it seems a shame now that neither Maria nor I realized at the time just how accurate her dream was.

In Conclusion

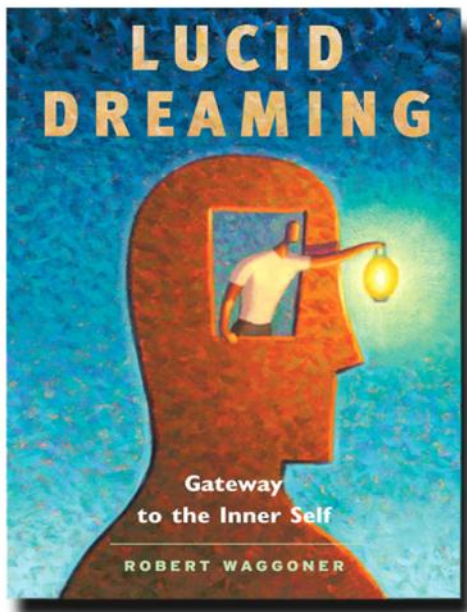
I believe lucid dreaming is well on its way to becoming an important part of how we are able to express our love and concern for others, and not just family members and close friends. It is my experience that attempting to meet other lucid dreamers in the dream space more than once—an activity I have been engaged in for more than three years—seems to establish a "soul connection" through which healing can be facilitated, whether or not I have met the individual in waking reality. (See, for example, [Healing in Dream Space](#).)

In all three of these dreams, I simply knew what I needed to do, and acted on this intuitive knowledge. What happens in dreams remains a mystery, but though I don't believe I, personally, have the power to heal anyone, I hope to continue assisting in dream healings, which I feel occur with the help, and through the grace, of an all-pervading Love our souls can grow intimately in touch with in a way that transcends words.

Maria Isabel Pita

[Lucid Living Lucid Dreaming](#) | [Lucid Dreams and the Holy Spirit](#) | [Dream Shares – Meeting in the Dream Space](#)

Available on Amazon.com in Paperback or Kindle! **Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self** by Robert Waggoner



Customer Reviews

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I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in lucid dreams.

K. C.

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Gary S.

No other book on lucid dreaming has fascinated and inspired me as much as this one.

Daniel W.



The Healing Power of Meditative Lucid Dreams

By James Bray © 2015

I am a person who has always struggled internally. Depression, self-loathing, and social anxiety are issues that have frequently plagued me. I have been using lucid dreaming to heal myself for the past few years. Not only has lucid dreaming helped me to overcome these issues, it has also clued me in to the cause of additional issues and given me many ideas that I have implemented to help myself.

I was too afraid to go find professional help. The idea of taking medication for my mental health seemed like putting a bandage on a broken bone. I could barely open up to those I was closest to in life, let alone speak to a total stranger who would no doubt suggest I take pills rather than really help me get to the root of the problems so I could get a permanent resolution. While I can think of many dreams that have helped me along the way, there is one that stands out, above all the rest.

I was at a point in my life where I was extremely volatile. I had been out of work for a year, I was drowning financially and emotionally. My inability to find work, time and again, fueled my negative mental states. I was irritable and anger had become my stationary emotion. It was difficult for me to interact with my loved ones, and I had begun to wonder if I had any saving graces at all. Who had I become? Why couldn't I find a moment's peace, even in my own head? I was a burden to myself, as well as those around me. At the time, there were several things I could have done in a lucid dream to find some relief, but I hadn't had a lucid dream for months.

My dry spell came to an end one night, by complete chance. Though I hadn't become lucid in months, I always kept a dream plan on standby, just in case. My plan was to meditate in my next lucid dream. I had read that meditation could bring about some incredibly insightful experiences, and it was something that I desperately needed at the time. Meditation was something that I knew how to do, but I never did it regularly enough to make a difference. Perhaps it could be different in a dream?



I found myself lying in bed on a sunny, summer morning. I looked over to my bedside table and saw a wooden calendar. In waking life, there is no calendar, but it seemed perfectly logical for there to be one at the moment. I began to try and figure out what day it was. I counted the days on the calendar, but as I counted, the squares changed. Eventually, I was counting and found that there were only 10 days this month. Wait, that's not right-- I must be dreaming!

I got out of the bed and made my way to the living room. The setup was entirely different. There was a wall in the room which should have had furniture against it, blocking any view. It was open, blank. I decided that this is where I would meditate. I sat down and stared at the wall as I began to focus on my breath. As I did this, the wall began to change. It seemed as though the particles in the wall were moving around. Every atom in the wall was visible to me. I continued to focus on my breathing.

The particles, appeared to be moving to specific points. Before my eyes, they began forming a replica of my own face. The face was moving its mouth, as if it had a message for me, but it made no sound. The atoms came together and formed the rest of the body on the two-dimensional plane. Trying my hardest to remain meditative failed, as I was concerned with attempting at reading his lips, to no avail.

The wall disappeared and I was left staring at myself in the half lotus position. The two-dimensional copy had become three-dimensional. My doppelganger sat across from me, with a spotlight on him coming from above. I looked into his eyes as he kept talking away, without sound. He stopped and held out his hand to me. I reached out my hand to grab his, but as soon as our hands touched, he became angry. It was as if I had hurt him, though I certainly had no intention to do so. He looked like he was yelling at me, though still in utter silence. His face became red, he was swinging his arms around, and suddenly the point of the experience dawned on me.

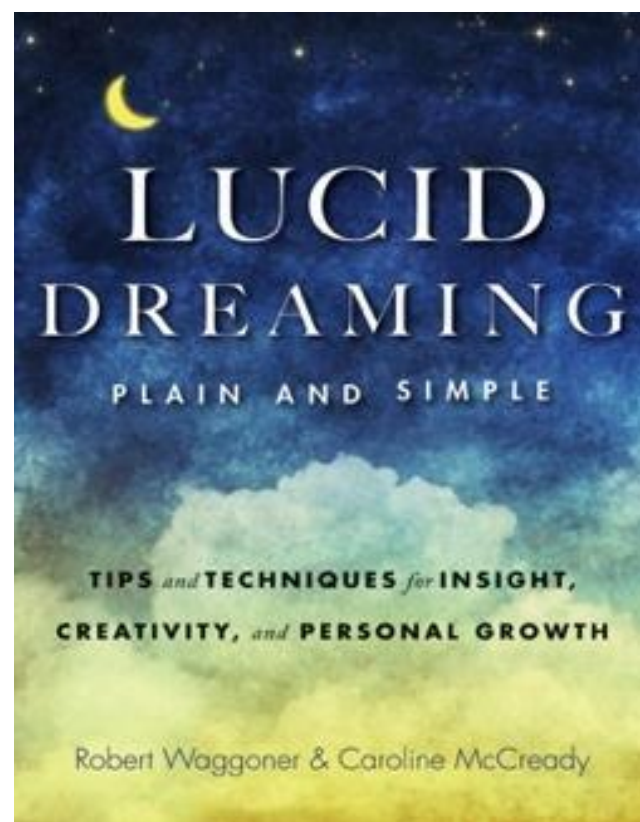
I was getting a look at myself the way others saw me. Take away the sound, take away the words, and what I was left with was a cold, hard look at the person I had become. This was the anger I had been living in. This was the aggression that my friends and family saw. This was the emotion bubbling underneath the surface, no doubt shining through so clearly that even strangers could see it. No wonder I was having trouble finding work. Every interview I had been to recently had seemed to be an exercise in futility, rather than an opportunity. This was how I was.

As the full force of the realization came upon me, I had another feeling hit me. The person in front of me was in pain. It was essentially me, but it was a person, all the same. I knew I had to say something to him, so I stood up and opened my mouth to speak. "Hey, hey stop," I said. He stopped yelling and we made eye contact. During the pause, the words came to me, "I accept you."

Upon hearing the words, his entire demeanor changed. No longer the vision of anger and hostility,

but the vision of joy. He smiled, stood up, and pulled me into a hug. As we hugged, a brilliant white light formed between our chests. It felt warm and comforting. I felt like a more complete person. Not only had I gotten a glimpse of how I had been, I also got the opportunity to make peace with it. To see myself, not like what I saw, and interact with myself. Accept myself. That was how I had been, but it wasn't who I was. It wasn't who I had to be. Applying a little bit of caring to myself had paid off.

The rest of the dream was spent talking to him, sharing laughs, being merry. I could then hear his words. Once I saw beneath the exterior, I saw the joyous, fun-loving person I could be. In that moment I made the conscious decision to be more kind in my life. Not only to others, but to myself. Cut myself a little slack, rather than beat myself up over every little issue as if it were a total disaster. This was the dream that turned my life around, in a time when I truly needed saving. Since then, I have been an entirely different person, though more myself than ever. All it took was one lucid dream, and a moment of meditation.



Available on Amazon.com



Sam OBE within a Lucid Dream

I'm lying in bed trying to initiate a WILD from the scene of a department store I see in my mind. All of a sudden, a completely different scene comes into my mind. I am running around playfully on the beach with the actress Rachel Bilson. Where this came from I have no idea, but I concentrate very hard on trying to "fall into" the scene. A kind of 'wave' rushes over me and I manage to do it, but it starts out weird.

It starts with me on the beach, but I am sort of gliding along the sand, very close to the ground. All I can see is the legs and feet of other people who are running around on the beach (probably 3 or 4 sets). I am directly beneath them; hovering around, traveling every which way.

I am extremely happy because I'm essentially lucid and I know that I at least made it to the beach scene I was thinking of.

I start to feel a bit odd because it becomes apparent that I'm not flying low or doing something cool like that; I actually have no body! Above me is now a single person running around on the beach like a looney. I think to myself, "Maybe I need to merge with that body." That's exactly what must have happened because straight away I'm 'me', standing on the beach. Hooray!

Fully lucid now, I immediately start looking around for Rachel Bilson, but the beach is deserted except for a few people very far off in both directions. I try to make her appear. I say, "Rachel Bilson will appear when I turn around". Nothing happens. I turn around a couple more times, trying to make her appear. After turning around a third time, I see the figure of a girl with dark hair about 10 feet away from me.





She has her back to me but I'm almost certain it's not Rachel Bilson because she has a different build. She's wearing a dark, long-sleeve top and a light-colored bikini bottom. She's looking out towards the ocean.

I walk up behind her, grab her shoulder and turn her around. It's Ellen, a friend I first met in high school but have since lost touch with. She is actually in my dreams fairly often and I would classify her as a dream-sign.

"Ellen!" I exclaim. I ask her how she is and she says "Good". I start to think about how she's a thought-form and probably won't say very much. In any case, I grab her hand, interlock our fingers and we start walking along the beach.

The beach is one I visit quite often in the summer because my uncle has a beach house there. It's very clean and scenic, with a very long jetty. It's my favorite beach.

As we're walking along the beach, I raise my left hand in front of my face a couple of times to try and keep my focus. Ellen randomly says to me, "I have those CD's I borrowed from you".

"What CD's?" I reply. She doesn't answer. We stop and I have the strong desire to kiss her. I

can't remember if I did or not. I may have just felt like doing it but didn't actually do it. I definitely hugged her, though. I remember feeling the material of her shirt on my hands and the sense of disbelief I had at how real it felt.

At this point, I woke up. I noticed straight away that my breathing was elevated, like I had just been fairly active.

Since reflecting on the start of the dream, I have come to the conclusion that I was essentially out-of-body within the dream. I arrived in the dream that way. I believe that the feet and legs above me were mine (even when there were multiple sets) and that 'I' was being dragged around by some sort of invisible tether. It was all very fluid though – not a violent motion at all - which is why I didn't realize or correlate what was happening. I thought I was gliding low which is something I've done before, I think.

I feel as though my body was running around the beach (like a looney, as I put it) in an expression of happiness and joy about becoming lucid; exactly what I was feeling as I was gliding around underneath. My body was doing, and 'I' was feeling. We were separate but connected.

Kayleigh Robinson Exploring and Harnessing My Creative Mind

I created a dream plan on the 28th of March 2015 (one of the tools I learnt on Charley Morley's lucid dreaming course). I had never practiced lucid dreaming before, my 1st dream course was in March, but my plan was 'in my next lucid dream I would love to explore and harness my creative mind and see through 'reality's boundaries.' On the plan I wrote this, and drew a pictorial diagram and had a short statement of intent.

I became lucid twice on the 30th of March:

I was walking in a dark wood and suddenly a light came on and I heard the sound of a string pull light switch (like mine in my attic room). At this point I realised I was dreaming and became lucid. Still, I did the reality check I had been practicing; I looked at my hands and I had lots of fingers.

I started walking down a track in the woods quite fast, and I couldn't stop, so I decided I would fly. Once I made the decision I held my arms up and I flew! It was amazing, I flew over some hills in the countryside - looked like the countryside where I live in the Yorkshire Dales, with little houses on the hillsides with twinkling lights in their windows.

On one hillside, I saw some cows, so I wondered if I could make one of them fly with my mind - as I know everything in the dream is me. So I concentrated on one of the cows and it levitated up into the air and came with me! I couldn't hold my focus on it and it fell out of the sky. I panicked, at first thinking it was going to die when it fell to the ground. But I flew down after it, and as it hit the ground it burst into energy - like light- and in its place a baby cow stood there looking quite dismayed! I then lost lucidity.

But, later I found lucidity again, it was a different dream scene, I was in my grandparents' bungalow which looked like it did when I was a little kid. I looked at my hands and noticed I had 6 fingers (there were 2 little fingers) and at that point I became lucid.



In the dream scene I recognised my uncle Paul, me, my dad and grandparents who sat around the dinner table. There was a feeling in the dream; my grandparents weren't acting as they would to their sons. It didn't feel like they were their sons in the dream, so I realised that in the dream the dream characters of my grandparents are me but just looked like my grandparents. They also acted like my grandparents as I knew them, loving and caring.

That realisation of knowing everyone around the table was me made me feel more confident to do what I want in the dream. I started skipping freely around the kitchen and exploring. I said to my grandparents, 'I know you are me and I don't feel as shy knowing that, I don't mean to be shy around the real you, it is just some sort of blockage I feel.'

So I think I definitely completed my dream plan there!

Maria Isabel Pita Circle of Light

I find myself lucid, as if in mist, surrounded by trees, although I can only see the smooth and sinuous gray trunks of a single tree directly in front of me. I want to go up above the trees so that I can study them, but I feel rooted to the spot. I close my eyes, and will myself to be high up in the sky. I'm feeling frustrated, because there's no reason I should have to literally fly up there since this is a dream; I should be able to will myself into the sky.

Then I feel a shift, and when I open my eyes again, all I see is very pale, almost white sky around me, and feel like I've made it very high up. But I'm still somewhat tethered to gravity as, very slowly, I spin around, making a full rotation. Then, as I drift gently along, I notice that I'm not as high up as I thought when I see, close by, the branches of a tree, with fresh bright green leaves. The tree must be miles high, and there are a few other exceptionally tall trees nearby.

Wondering why I felt the need to come up this high, I remember that I wanted to study the trees as a living field of some kind. There is some mysterious information up here—all the branches of the trees are like a communication field. (*Thinking about it now, I'm reminded of computer images of the*

brain's neurons and synapses that resemble tree branches, as do nerve endings and capillaries, etc.) Before long, I realize I'm surrounded by a circular field of some sort. It's pretty big, but not so big that I can't spin in the center of it, and see it all very closely. The encircling ring is in the shape of a zigzag pattern composed of a golden-orange light, a *beautiful* light made up of small—approximately as high as my waist—"pyramids" ^^^^^^^ all connected, and flowing into each other.

I know I should study it, this ring of light, so I continue spinning slowly in place. As I do so, I make out in the light what look like pine trees, the kind used for Christmas trees. The open pyramid shape of each section of glowing light seems to be made up of pine trees, but then I vaguely discern the shapes of other trees within this vivid, molten, *living* light. And as I continue studying the light, I notice something else embedded in it, but rising a little above it—clear rectangles and/or squares reminiscent of glass fish tanks, but much more pristine, like crystals.

I then become aware of no longer being in the sky. A room has taken shape around this living circle of light, but the walls are all either in shadow, or are simply black. I curiously study one of these "crystal tanks" in which I notice a few bubbles, perfect crystalline spheres, floating up through it. I don't see any fish, instead I discern whole scenes inside the "tanks." Fish tanks are often adorned with little models of treasure chests, sunken ships, seaweed, etc., and what I see is something similar, but much more complex, subtle and detailed, and the scenes all feel related to humanity. I wonder—Is this what's holding me back, in the sense confining me? Then I think—No, it's not necessarily a limitation... my Father *wants* me to play. It doesn't feel like a negative thing to have different pieces of the world contained in these crystal containers set into the living ring of golden-orange light surrounding me like a great crown.

I now become fully aware of the room I'm standing in, which is empty except for this mysterious luminous circle. When again I think—My Father wants me to play—I suddenly find myself facing large double doors that extend from floor to ceiling. The doors are a dark-red color, and I immediately head toward them. The ring of light around me doesn't confine me; I don't have to break through it

to get to the doors. Then I remember something else I want to do, and yell, "Igor!" the name of one of my dream partners. I fling open the doors yelling, "Igor!" My voice is loud, even though it feels a bit constricted, not as powerful as I wish it to be.

The completely white antechamber I emerge into is empty. I make a sharp right turn into a long corridor, and yell "Igor!" again. Almost at once, I come to an area where I notice a few people. I pass very close to a tall woman with dark hair, and for some reason, I instantly sense she can help me; she has an air of administrative authority about her. I stop and ask her, "Can you page Igor for me, and tell him to meet me... Where *is* the best place for us to meet in here?" I sense that I'm inside a very large, multistory "Mansion". The woman replies, "I'll ask him to meet you in his office." This catches me completely by surprise. "Igor has an office here? Wow!" While she is paging Igor to meet me in his office, I look around, sensing I'm in danger of waking up. "Hurry, please!" I urge, but lose the dream.

Preliminary Dream Notes:

This circle of light now strikes me as being a portal resting on its side. I've been looking for a mountain portal in my dreams resembling a Star Gate from the sci-fi series. Each link in the luminous spherical chain was pyramid-like, and also resembled a simple line drawing of a mountain. It occurs to me now that the crystal "tanks" may have been dream scenes I could possibly have entered. That's just a theory, but the more I think about it, the more I feel I was inside the threshold of a mysterious portal.

I emailed Igor my dream, and he replied: "Most of my dreams the past few nights have been about philosophy; I've been trying to figure out where we are now, what the next step is, etc. So it didn't matter what I was doing in my dreams; it was all about thinking, all about my thoughts."

Maybe that's why the woman in my dream, who I asked to page Igor, said he was in his office! ☺





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