



LDE

LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*

Vol. 11, No. 1, June 2022

www.LucidDreamingMagazine.com

**DreamSpeak
Interview with
Lana Sackwild**

**Walking (or
Floating) Zen
Meditation in
Lucid Dreams**

**Therapeutic
Lucid Dreaming
and Lucidly
Healing from
Grief**

In Your Dreams!

ABOUT THE CONFERENCE



Everyone is welcome – whether you are a professional, a dreamworker, or just a curious or interested dreamer. The program features peer-reviewed presentations and workshops in a multidisciplinary program, including the scientific, psychological, spiritual, artistic, healing, lucid, extraordinary, ethnic and cultural aspects of dreaming.

International Association for the Study of Dreams is approved by the American Psychological Association to sponsor continuing education for psychologists. International Association for the Study of Dreams maintains responsibility for this program and its content.

SPECIAL EVENTS



- Dream Art Exhibit and Reception
- Community Building for Newcomers
- A Dream Hike in Tucson
- Asclepeion Temple
- Cooling Pool Swimming Activity
- Psi Dreaming Contest
- Dream Ball & Costume Parade

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7250 South Tucson Boulevard
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(520) 573-8100



PANDEMIC PRECAUTIONS:

Although the impact, if any, of the pandemic on our conference is unknown at this point, we will be bound by whatever the local regulations are at the time and are asking that people attend only if they have been vaccinated or have had a recent negative test prior to attending.

GET IN TOUCH

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THE VENUE

The Venue is the spectacular Loews Ventana Canyon Resort, in Tucson, Arizona, USA. Discover a magical perspective of Tucson in the Catalina Mountains.





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Cover Art

Night Vision © Liisa Rahkonen

Learn more about renowned artist Liisa Rahkonen and her dream-inspired art and creative offerings at <https://liisarahkonen.com/>

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.*

Subscriptions

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Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: August 15, 2022

We welcome your articles, lucid dreams, and artwork on any topic related to lucid dreaming!

Publication Date: September 2022

LDE Website

<https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/>

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SEPTEMBER 2022 issue: Any Topic!



Send us your LUCID DREAMS and ARTICLES on any topic related to lucid dreaming. We also welcome ARTWORK inspired by lucid dreams!

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2022

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH LANA SACKWILD

Lucid
dreaming
coach
Lana Sackwild
shares how
she has
created a
new life
and outlook
through
transformative
lucid dreaming!

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

Dream life for me happened very early on. As a child, I experienced nightmares constantly and this is what led to my first lucid dream experience. Although at 4 years old I didn't have a clue what lucid dreaming was, I was sure sick of having nightmares. After watching the British TV channel (CITV) before bed, I made a decision—tonight when there is anything scary in my dream, I'm just going to turn it into a cartoon!

That night I had another nightmare and remembered what I'd told myself before going to sleep. The CITV logo then appeared as a button in front of me. I smacked it and the entire dream scene became a cartoon! I had an amazing time laughing at what were previously scary characters and shrinking them into tiny little ant-sized creatures. Little did I know then that this first lucid dreaming experience would drastically change my life forever!

I think I was around 14 or 15 years old when I first heard the actual term 'lucid dreaming'! It was such a joy to put words to something that I had been doing throughout my childhood. I was excited that other people knew about it, too, as I was always the kid who told her friends about my dreams and they all just responded by saying their dreams weren't like that.

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

I did have immediate success with my lucid dreaming practice. I think partially because I was a kid who had never been told what we could or couldn't do with our dreams. When I tried changing the dream for the first time—it worked! So this gave me a lot of confidence that I could do that whenever I needed to.

Early on, I used most of my lucid dreams for things I was struggling with. One example is when I was feeling really embarrassed about needing stabilizers on my bike when bigger kids were riding without them. My mum took me out and I had a really hard time—I fell off my bike a bunch and was super frustrated. I was scared of getting hurt as well. That night I practiced in my lucid dreams. I wasn't afraid of falling off because I knew it was just a dream, and I was actually able to see the mechanics of the bike from the third person perspective, as well, which helped me realize what I needed to do with my foot when I first got on the bike.

The next morning I could ride the bike without stabilizers, no problem. My mum was shocked! (I used this exact same process for learning how to drive a car for the first time after moving to America 20 years later! My husband couldn't believe it either, haha!)

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

I had a lot of lucid dreams that really surprised me. I think some of the most shocking were visitation dreams. The one that has stuck out the most happened when my nana passed away. She was in the UK whilst I was in the USA and so I didn't know of her passing but that night she appeared in my dreams as a younger version of herself. I got lucid immediately and went inside the house she was in, and she was running around this little kitchen making me a sandwich and brewing the tea. I really wanted to do something fun with her, like fly or travel somewhere, but what surprised me most is I had absolutely no "control" over her at all. She absolutely was her own self and she was talking with me about situations from her waking life that made no sense to me at the time. It was only after I woke up and got the call from my dad about her passing that it all began to make sense. It was powerful to be able to share some of the messages from the lucid dream with him, and I feel like that gave him more closure of her passing as well.

What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

The thing that I found the most interesting was the sense of growth and empowerment. This was a space where I was not bound by waking-life limitations (money, time, energy, location, gender, species—I could spend the night as a dolphin if I wanted to!). I loved the limitless potential within the lucid dream space. How we see things in there like a baby seeing them for the first time. The visuals—and it's fascinating how there are slight differences to the waking state. It amazes me time and time again at the way our brain can recreate things that we haven't seen or thought about for years and years in perfect detail once again. That we can go back to old memories. I love the element of surprise—that we don't always receive the answers we anticipate or how it very much feels like a co-creation that is occurring. There is still so much that interests me and excites me, as you can tell by this answer I'm limited in my ability to truly do it justice.

What techniques were you using to become lucid? Which did you find most helpful?

As a child, it was mostly MILD (Mnemonic Induction of Lucid Dreaming). Thinking about getting lucid before going to bed and really setting that intention for myself.

Nowadays I practice what I call the CEEEO technique which stands for: Characters, Environments, Emotions, & Objects / Observations. This is based around harnessing actual lucidity in my waking life using people I'm interacting with, places I find myself in, emotions I'm experiencing, and any other objects, symbols, or things going on that seem odd or notable.

I think this is much more reliable than physical reality checks because you are working with what's naturally a part of your life and therefore will naturally be a part of your dreams. If you are setting alarms on your phone or looking at your hand 100X a day, but you never see your phone or look at your hands in your dreams, that's going to take a REALLY long time for you to trigger lucidity. Whereas, if you are using themes that regularly show up in your dreams and you can make all of them lucidity triggers, you are able to increase your lucid dream frequency by a lot!

Did lucid dreaming seem to have rules? Or did it seem random and chaotic?

Sometimes I feel like there are particular rules. I've had some lucid dreams where I've uncovered information that blows my mind and I can't wait to bring it back with me to the waking state...but upon awakening it had felt like that information has been totally wiped from my memory. Parts of the dream are blank even though the rest of the dream is totally intact.

There are also times where you can have the deepest and most profound interactions, conversations, and experiences whilst lucid and other times where you don't get many answers or they seem just random and useless. But I like to believe that even when things seem random, they still have a deeper purpose. Sometimes it's taken a few weeks or months for something that initially seemed random to suddenly make sense to me.

As for chaotic, I feel like our dream environments represent our headspace. If we are stressed and things are chaotic in our lives, this will also be represented in our dreams. If we are calm and grounded, this will be what's reflected in our dreams.

You have an online presence as 'Getting Lucid with Lana' and you mention as part of your story that lucid dreaming helped you emerge from depression. How did that work and what role did lucid dreaming play?

I suffered heavily with mental health issues, depression, drug addiction, and all kinds of problems growing up. I spent some time in an institution being treated and heavily medicated for psychosis. I was under 24-hour surveillance, wasn't allowed to go outside, and wasn't allowed to have particular items with me. I had my freedom taken away. During this time, my happy place was my lucid dreams where I could live freely and do whatever I wanted. No one could take my dreams away from me.

I didn't do very well with therapy sessions, as I recognized that it was all down to my ability to talk and be able to express what I needed to. At that time, this wasn't possible for me. However, my dreams were a place where I was constantly processing information—all the way from what was super conscious to totally unconscious. This helped me tremendously, and so I had a deep curiosity within about whether it could potentially be helpful for other people, too.

This led me to later publish the world's first paper on the *Healing and Transformative Potential of Lucid Dreaming for Treating Clinical Depression*. Whilst conducting the research and working with data from hundreds of participants all over the world, I was able to see how this practice truly was transformative for



Image: Stefan Keller / Pixabay

"I loved the limitless potential within the lucid dream space"

people of all different ages, backgrounds, cultures, and unique situations. During that time, many of my participants asked me if I taught lucid dreaming practices or could help them with their lucid dreaming. This led me to starting my own lucid dreaming and living business: Get Lucid With Lana, LLC.

Without naming names or identifying anyone, have you worked with lucid dreamers who used lucid dreaming to resolve inner issues, limiting beliefs, or lack of self-confidence? Can you share a story?

I work with lucid dreamers who are using lucid dreaming to resolve inner issues, limiting beliefs, and lack of confidence on a weekly basis, so there are SO MANY powerful examples I could share. I'll share one that I was given permission to discuss for part of my MSc dissertation.

This woman (we'll call her Mary) was having terrifying recurring nightmares that were incredibly stressful. The repeating theme was her as a child being left in the car for a few moments and then being kidnapped. Mary wanted to re-write and re-wire this situation, so she induced a lucid dream. In the dream, the man got in the car as usual to take her away, but this time she was lucid and said, "NO! I don't want this to happen anymore!" The man responded, "Okay," and got out of the car. That was the last time Mary ever had that dream. After awakening, she recognized how she can change things with the responses she has. This gave her a lot more confidence in how to stand up for herself and express herself in waking life.

A man (we'll call him Joseph) shared about his fear of dogs. In his dreams, there would be a dog that chased him. Joseph was getting tired of this scenario so one day he decided to induce a lucid dream. He found himself in the dream with the dog and whilst running away became lucidly aware. He stopped running and actually turned around to ask the dog about this scenario. The dog responded, "Would you like to change bodies and see how things are from my perspective?" Joseph gained a lot of new insights experiencing things from the dog's perspective. After awakening, he recognized that he needs to look at some of his waking life conflicts from different view points. In doing so, he was able to solve his problem.

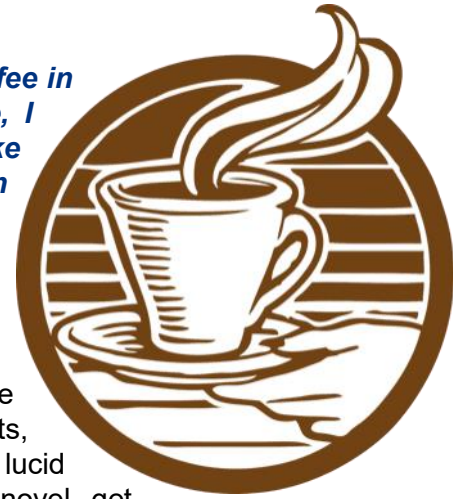
As part of your work, you have The Lucid Entrepreneur Lab. In what way could lucid dreaming connect to or support entrepreneurship or one's career? How has it helped you achieve your entrepreneurial wishes?

The Lucid Entrepreneur Lab is, in fact, my biggest lucid dreaming testimony for career and entrepreneurial expansion as the entire concept for it was birthed from one of my own lucid dreams. In 2020, I had a year of retreats lined up and ready to go when suddenly the pandemic hit. All my retreats were postponed and many of my students were suddenly out of work and canceling their sessions. I had no idea what to do, so I did what I do best and induced a lucid dream.

That night, in my lucid dream, I was shown the concept of the Lucid Entrepreneur Lab. A course that could be conducted online for people who are looking to use lucid dreaming and living practices for turning their own dreams into a reality. I saw all the different modules and things that needed to be included in order for it to work. The next morning the entire concept came pouring out of me. It took about 3 months for me to put it all together but the entire process was incredibly fast as I'd already seen how it worked in my lucid dream and was essentially just reverse engineering it into existence.

Two years later, the Lab is now the core of my business. We have Lucid Entrepreneurs (students of TLEL) in 14 different countries worldwide! The concept is really all about walking people through lucid dreaming and living practices that will help them with self-development, entrepreneurship (bringing anything new into creation—whether that's personal or business based), and how to live life at their full potential!

As for my own entrepreneurial wishes, I now work full time running the 6-figure business of my dreams (pun intended)! Being able to share lucid dreaming and lucid living practices with people who can benefit from them just as I did and use them to not just improve their own lives but impact the lives of others, too, brings me joy beyond belief. It truly is a dream come true!



I recall one night as a college student forty years ago, I dreamt of coffee in a tea bag. I saw this and examined it in the dream. When I woke, I thought, “That’s actually an interesting idea. Someone could make some money with that!” And five years later, Folgers came out with the “single serve” coffee teabags (just like my dream). Do dream- or lucid dream-inspired inventions ever appear in your or your clients’ dream lives? Or is there a way that we could ‘direct’ our dreaming towards that goal?

Absolutely! There are endless examples of inventions and creative breakthroughs that come from our dreams. Many of my students are artists, writers, musicians, and very creative people, so lots of them will induce lucid dreams to see their next bestselling painting, what to write next in their novel, get inspiration for their next musical masterpiece, and so forth.

For anyone who is looking to feel inspired, I’d recommend inducing a lucid dream for that purpose alone. Either getting lucid and just watching the dream unfold and looking out for something to naturally spark inspiration, like your “coffee in a teabag” dream—or to actually consciously embark on that task themselves. Simply ask the dream to show them their next best invention!

For some people, they have ‘dreamt up’ an idea, or can see a possible new life/career. How can lucid dreaming help them successfully cross over to having a more interesting and fulfilled life?

When we dream about something we desire, it might not always be so easy to take action on that in waking life. For example, when I first dreamed up the idea of hosting a lucid dreaming retreat, I had absolutely no experience with this or idea of where to begin. So I used my lucid dreams to get a taste for the experience. That way I could explore what it felt like to teach a huge group of people and a small group of people. I could practice teaching particular techniques and conducting presentations. I could experience the retreat in different environments. This gave me a lot more insight and confidence into how it would all play out and in what ways I wanted to bring it to life in the waking state.

We are able to use our lucid dreams as a kind of “playground” or virtual reality experience for practice and exploration. This can be especially helpful with things that we would have no way to experience without actually going through the entire procedure in waking life. It can save us lots of time and energy. PLUS when we wake up from a potent and powerful lucid dream where we tried something out (like my dream about the Lucid Entrepreneur Lab), it’s really hard to just say, “Ahh...maybe I’ll work on that next year. Or, “Ahh, it was just a dream.” You wake up with so much clarity, lucidity, and motivation to bring it to life.

In terms of fulfillment, I think it goes back to that concept of unlimited potential. If you get lucid and you aren’t bound by time, money, energy, or any waking-life “blockages,” what is it that you truly want to explore and spend your time and energy on? This will give you a better idea about what kinds of things are going to feel fulfilling for you in waking life, too.

If people want to learn more about your work or contact you, where should they go?

Instagram, TikTok, Twitter: @lanasackwild
My facebook group: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/luciddreamingandliving>
My website: <https://www.lanasackwild.com/>
Or they can email me: admin@lanasackwild.com

Thanks, Lana, for sharing your experiences! ▲

Where's Robert?

Upcoming Lucid Dreaming Events with Robert Waggoner

June 25–July 24, 2022 — Online

"Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly" Workshop

A 30-day workshop with Robert Waggoner and Gillian Thetford

Details at: https://www.glidewing.com/rw/luciddreaming_home.html

July 17-21, 2022 — Tucson, Arizona

International Association for the Study of Dreams Conference

Robert will present at the IASD's Annual Conference

Details at: <https://iasdconferences.org/2022/>

Want to take a lucid
dreaming class at your
own pace? Check out
Robert's online
offerings!

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Hemi-Sync Online Course

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Walking (or Floating) Zen Meditation in Lucid Dreams

By Marlise Brauch © 2022



As I have never succeeded in meditating during a lucid dream without immediately waking up, I'd like to explore a new approach this year: 'Kinhin'-style meditation.

My goals are to investigate lucid dreams while walking or floating through them. What happens if I turn around slowly? What can I smell, feel, hear, etc.? I want to walk through objects and become other dream figures (as in Dream Yoga stage 6). It's very different from my usual approach, which is to ignore the dream scene and shout my wish/goal aloud into the dream.

I even hope to have more lucid dreams again by concentrating on this goal, but so far, this is not the case. Here is my first attempt:

I'm lying with my back on my yoga mat in the living room. My head rests on my bedroom cushion. I'm startled: did I fall asleep during my session? It's still dark—what time is it? I take the pillow and get up. Could I be dreaming?

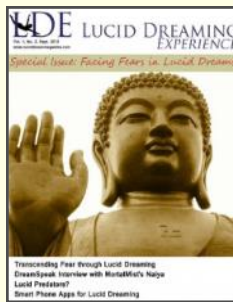
I prolong my trigger finger until it looks like a skipping rope, and laugh. I recall my goal of 'Walking Zen Meditation' and walk slowly towards a window. Smoothly, I walk through our suite table. My legs don't feel any material resistance, and I look out of the window in front of me. I see a wonderful kaleidoscope pattern in blue, white, and dark red, mirroring infinitely. It looks stunning.

Now, I look through the other window and am astonished that I see the church and houses of the old town of my home city. I'm turning toward our living room wall unit. It looks very different, more like a wardrobe. I recall another lucid dream goal and try to find 'x' inside a door, but it isn't there. The lucid dream continues a bit with me searching for 'x' before I wake up.

After sharing my little lucid dream 'project' with my ZEN and lucid dream workshop teacher, he told me that he often does this and that it's a good approach in lucid dreams. He also recommended trying to float instead of walking, as a dream reminder.

I'm motivated to try again! ▲

TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES



Read PAST ISSUES of the Lucid Dreaming Experience online at:
<https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/>



Artwork by Marlise Brauch ©2022

The Mask, The Doctor, and The Great Denial



By Gregg F Irvin © 2022

As most of you lucid dreaming enthusiasts know, there are a number of research projects engaged in developing theories, techniques, and technologies that aid in bringing about a state of lucidity in the dream world. One of the most notable is the dream mask. When the sensors in the mask detect a sleeper's Rapid Eye Movement (REM) they deliver a series of sounds and/or flashing lights. When the wearer sees the flashing lights in their dream, this acts as a lucidity mnemonic to remind them they're dreaming. I have the Nova Dreamer™ and I have had excellent success with it.

In the first ten days of using it, I had four technology induced lucid dreams (TILD), and by the third month, I'd had twelve. From what I understand, the lucidity mask works the best when a person is somewhat versed in other methods that promote lucidity, and has a high degree of desire, and motivation.

About a week after I started using the dream mask, I had a most interesting dream. I was seated at a dining room table along with some other people who were waiting to be interviewed by Dr. Stephen LaBerge, for a position on his research team. When it became my turn, I took a seat next to him and I started telling him about my interest and qualifications. While holding my dream mask, it suddenly started flashing. (In the "real world" I was wearing it, and it was signaling that I was dreaming.)

When in the dream I saw the lights flashing, I apologized to Dr. LaBerge as I clumsily tried to turn it off. After about 30 seconds he said to me, "Well, Gregg, maybe you're dreaming." I thought about this for a few seconds and proclaimed loudly, "No! This isn't a dream."

A few seconds later he again suggested that I might be dreaming, and I again emphatically stated, "No, this is not a dream." Feeling somewhat disconcerted, I left the table thinking I would not get the position.

As I left the house, I was walking down the street, heavy in my funk, when I saw Frankenstein's monster

aggressively coming toward me with his arms stretched out. I said, "I haven't got time for this," and took off flying. At that point, I became lucid and started laughing. I looked back at the house to tell the good Doctor what had happened, but the house was gone. I woke up a few seconds later, laughing at the turn of events.

Now imagine, you're in a dream, and one of the most prominent lucid dream researchers in the world is telling you you're dreaming, while the lucid dreaming mask you're holding is going off, and you still deny (repeatedly) that you're not dreaming. Keeping in mind I wanted to go lucid with all of the affirmations I gave myself as I was falling asleep. This denial to maintain my version of reality was incredible. What's the saying; denial isn't just a river in Egypt?

As I went back over this and other similar dreams in which various dream characters told me I was dreaming, I decided to intentionally create dream characters that would tell me I'm dreaming over and over. Their creation was successful, yet I repeatedly denied them. But later on, this began to show results. The first dream character that succeeded in waking me up came to me as Sigmund Freud. He told me to lie down on his iconic couch and told me to concentrate. I paradoxically asked him, "Do you really think I can become lucid?" and he smiled as he slowly nodded in affirmation.

I blacked out and when I came to, I was on my back patio fully lucid. As a disembodied voice, he had me do a few things to maintain my lucidity. This went on for about two minutes and then I woke up.

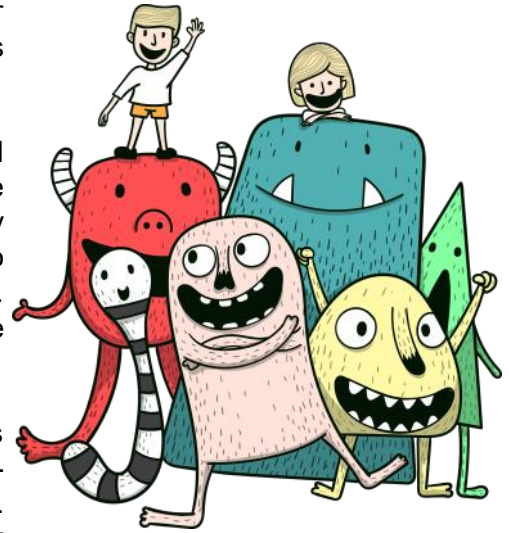
As the weeks passed, other dream characters came to me with some success in promoting my lucidity. Later in the year, another dream character (who dressed in a blue robe and always stood to my left, just out of sight) woke me up and tried to get me to maneuver around the dreamscape, which looked exactly like the big kitchen in the cartoon "Something's Cooking" starring Roger Rabbit & Baby.

I wasn't quite getting the hang of dream manipulation until I had the epiphany to look at things as though I was in a cartoon. In cartoons, I thought, anything is possible. This worked quite well and from then on, I had no problems and made great progress.

Then a curious thing began to happen. All of the dream characters that tried to wake me up (or did wake me up just by their presence) were people that I had known who had died—my Father, Aunt, Brother, and Grandfather. My rate of success shot up to nearly 90%. I wrote about this in more detail in another article for this magazine called "Just a Touch of Lucidity," published in the Spring 2016 LDE.

I have had the most success with the WILD technique and the Dream Character Induced Lucid Dream method, or DCILD. The DILD and the Beauty Appreciation method would be a close third and fourth way I also bring about lucidity in the dream world.

I continue to have success with DCILD but I wonder if some of those dream characters were just my guide in disguise. ▲



"I wasn't quite getting the hang of dream manipulation until I had the epiphany to look at things as though I was in a cartoon. In cartoons, I thought, anything is possible. This worked quite well and from then on I had no problems and made great progress."



Therapeutic Lucid Dreaming and Lucidly Healing from Grief

By Robert Waggoner © 2022

Imagine losing a parent, friend or relative suddenly. Never having a chance to say goodbye. Never having an opportunity to share your feelings of love and connection. Instead, their physical life simply ceases and their passing creates a huge sense of loss and emptiness. For many, the grief seems almost unbearable. After a while, a kind of pervasive numbness may replace the grief and color one's world in more somber tones.

But then one night, the deceased loved one appears in a dream! At that moment, your awareness shifts to becoming lucidly aware, because you know that they have passed in the physical world, so *this must be a lucid dream!* Now consciously aware, you have a golden opportunity to engage the deceased figure of your loved one.

Can lucid dreaming help you therapeutically heal and integrate your grief?

From interacting with lucid dreamers around the world, the answer seems a definite, 'Yes, lucid dreaming can enhance the healing process!' If you know how to approach it, the healing effect of lucid dreaming on grief can be profound and life changing.

A contributor to the LDE, Randall Woods, shared his story of lucid dreaming's therapeutic powers in his article, *Healing of Depression and Debilitating Grief through Lucid Dreaming*, in the September 2022 LDE (see <https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/post/healing-of-depression-and-debilitating-grief-through-lucid-dreaming>).

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

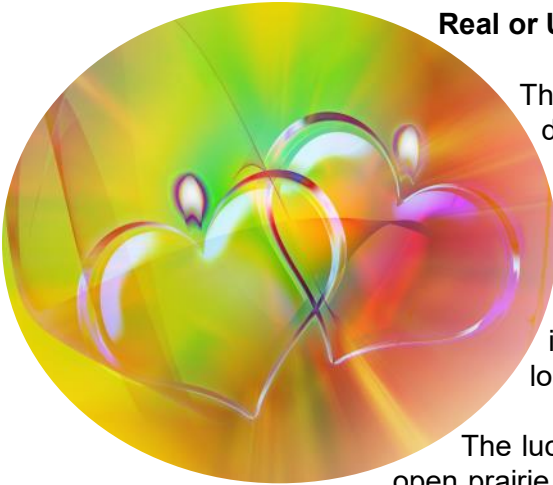
Three weeks after her death, I dreamt that I was in front of my parents' home where I had grown up. The house was unkempt, and it appeared that no one lived there anymore. The mailbox was full of leaves, and I stepped onto the porch to clean it out. Amongst the first handful of leaves was an envelope.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

I let out an immense single cry and felt my grief dissolve. When I arose from bed, I realized that I was no longer hindered by debilitating grief. In the following weeks and months, while still feeling sad at times at my

mother's passing, my waking life functioning was neither subsumed nor held captive by grief. Subsequently, I was able to move forward with the rest of my life."

Researchers and therapists call this incapacitating sadness 'prolonged grief disorder' or 'complicated grief disorder'. Studies show that about 10% of the bereaved develop these feelings of ongoing sadness, which inhibit the enjoyment of life and take a heavy toll on day to day functioning.

But what about the other 90%, who do not suffer from acute or prolonged grief disorder? They may quietly move towards a reconciliation encapsulated into this saying, "*Loss gets integrated; not overcome.*" Their grief remains, but slips into the subconscious, hidden from daily expressions.



Real or Unreal or Does It Matter?

This past month, in the final session of an 8-week course on lucid dreaming, a student shared a powerful lucid dream of meeting a deceased loved one. The student said that her father had passed away suddenly about 20 years earlier, when she was a teenager.

On the night of the lucid dream, she had focused on a dream incubation to help harmonize her being and to be shown 'something of importance'. To be clear, she had not consciously focused on the loss of her father decades earlier.

The lucid dreamer reported finding herself in a truck driving across a wide open prairie on a sunny day. She looks over at the driver, and realizes it is her deceased father! At that moment, she becomes lucidly aware! He looks young and full of vitality. From the lucid dreaming class, she remembers not to get too excited, but use this moment wisely.

Her father looks her in the eye and begins to explain to her that in her life, "You have choices," and expresses his ideas about how this relates to her. As she listens, she notes how her father continues to care about her. He then shows her symbols of his caring. Suddenly, something wells up in her, and she asks a penetrating question, "*Father, do you love me?*" She told the class that during her life, she could never recall her father expressing his love in a simple affirmative statement—and this had troubled her after his death, thinking that she would never hear the answer to this simple question! Lucidly he looks at her, and answers, "Yes," as he explains his on-going love for her.

As the lucid dreamer shared her story, I could feel the powerful emotional healing that can come from lucidly interacting with the deceased. In her face, I could see that something deep had been healed—as if this one lucid dream had resolved a question, an uncertainty, and an inner longing to know, 'Am I loved?' Of course, some may ask, "Was this real, or just a dream?"

In a 2016 LDE article, *Interacting with Deceased Dream Figures: Symbols or Something Else?*, I addressed the issue of the 'reality' of the experience (visit: [Interacting with Deceased Dream Figures: Symbols or Something Else? – Lucid Advice](#)), writing:

"So how can we reasonably differentiate a dream symbol of the deceased with that of a possible visitation? The following points may help you notice subtle distinctions that differentiate a dream symbol from a possible visitation:

Active versus static dream figures — If the deceased dream figure initiates action or seeks to contact you or show you something, then it suggests a possible encounter with the person's spiritual essence. But if the deceased dream figure sits like a potted plant, as my father did at the TWA gate, then the lack of purposeful activity suggests a symbolic projection of one's mind.

Knowledgeable dream figures — If the deceased dream figure comes with a message, warning, or advice (in person or by phone, etc.), then it suggests a possible encounter. Interestingly, Frederick van Eeden, the person who many believe coined the term ‘lucid dreaming’ recounted an experience where a deceased brother-in-law warned him of an upcoming financial loss, which van Eeden later experienced. If the dream figure seems to lack new or novel information, then it may suggest a symbolic projection.

How he or she looks in the dream — When you encounter the deceased, do they look younger, more vital and healthy than when they passed? Or do they reflect their appearance when last seen (for example in a state of ill health and decline)? When I see my maternal grandmother in a dream and she seems in her thirties (while I only knew her in her 70's and older), it suggests the dream figure has acted to re-cast themselves as they prefer to be seen instead of as I recall them. This observation seems to indicate a dream figure independent of my thinking or memory, which leads me to assume a dream visitation.

Eye contact — When we engage others, we often look them in the eye. The eye to eye contact often helps us see their response or sense of inner activity. If we recall a dream of the deceased and their eyes seem active and lively, it suggests an encounter. However, if they fail to look in our eyes or seem to stare passively into space, then it suggests a symbolic projection.

Your dream occurs during grieving or long afterwards — If the dream appearance of the deceased occurs during the time of active grieving, then it may simply reflect the inner work of processing your emotions. By contrast, if the deceased appear many years later (after the normal mourning process has ended) and possibly seek you out or share information, then it seems more suggestive of a visitation encounter.

In lucid dreams, it seems easier to determine a dream figure's status, especially if we thoughtfully interact with the deceased dream figure, judge their awareness and test their responsiveness, knowledge and behavior. We can even ask them questions and obtain information outside of our knowing, which we can later seek to validate. Processing all of this information should help clarify the nature of the encounter.

Dreamers and lucid dreamers must take care to examine personal assumptions and beliefs, when engaging the deceased. Avoid getting trapped by strong beliefs on either side of the after-death question, and simply investigate with an open mind. By investigating, observing, and questioning with a curious heart, we can become more insightful explorers of the mysterious realm of dreaming.”

Someday, lucid dreaming may play a deep role in therapy classes on healing from grief. I can imagine classes teaching the bereaved ‘how’ to become lucidly aware, stabilize the lucid dream and interact with the deceased. From my experience, the bereaved often seem quite motivated to have one more interaction with their loved one, so creating a welcoming mental atmosphere for a ‘Visitation’ dream seems natural.



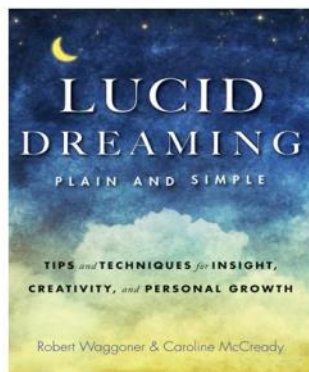
But, I have also noticed the ‘other side’ of the visitation equation! In the week before my online lucid dreaming workshops begin, some attendees note a very high number of ‘dreams of the deceased’ (which they had not expected or anticipated)! Does this suggest that the deceased ‘know’ that lucid dreaming gives them a unique opportunity to engage the physical person?

A final example shares how the ‘other side’ may look forward to lucid encounters. In the first Zoom session of a four-week course, an elderly woman shared that she had been visiting with her psychic a month earlier. The psychic asked, “Are you taking a course on lucid dreaming?” The surprised woman said, “Why yes! In a few weeks, I will begin a course on lucid dreaming.” Then the psychic stunned her by saying, “Oh good, your deceased brother-in-law is looking forward to it, since he wants to interact with you in a lucid dream and tell you things.” Imagine! ▲

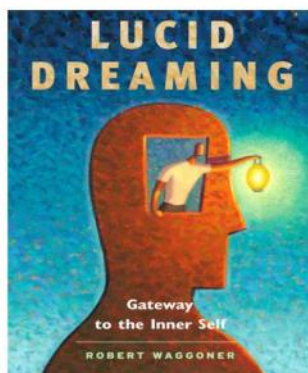


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Azalea Rees — *The Dream Character Who Was Living in an Afterlife World*

I become spontaneously lucid in the middle of a dream I do not remember upon awakening. I find myself in a mall-type building and notice an inviting atmosphere. I go through my different senses and notice a sticky texture and spicy taste in my mouth. I'm excited to notice my taste sense, as this is rare for me to experience in a dream.

I notice a strong and pleasant breeze on my skin. I wonder if I'm feeling the breeze from the fan in my bedroom and it is bleeding into my dream? I remember my goal to meet a non-self entity, and say out loud, "Can I find a dream character who is not a part of my consciousness?" I find a woman who reminds me of my best friend from junior high. I don't remember if I just assumed she was dead or if she told me that she was. I ask her if the afterlife world is more pleasant than earth, and she says it is. I ask her if she will look after me on earth? She politely says no.

She is nice but seems disinterested in engaging with me. I then watch her appearance change from an average young woman to a similarly average, but different, young woman. I don't remember the specifics of her appearance.

The rest of the dream is vague. I remember floating above a moving car. I also remember floating upside down, again enjoying that pleasant breeze. Though I forgot part of the dream I remember it was fairly long.



Stacey C. — *Three of Me*

While asleep, suddenly I became lucid and my astral eyes opened. I looked out to the side of my bed and saw myself standing there (I'll call that the third me). My second astral me, that was merged with my sleeping body, watched my third self move forward and jump into my second astral/first physical body. My second astral self could see my third self climbing into me. The third body turned around, so as to climb into bed and plop down into my first and second selves. I could feel the buoyant merging of all three bodies... and then I woke up.

RickM — *Traveling to a Forbidden Dimension (Part II)*

This is a continuation of a dream theme from the previous LDE (March 2022) issue:

I was walking through a parking lot on a bright, sunny day when I saw a large gathering of people. Moving closer, I spotted an old business associate giving a presentation. He was smiling as he talked, looking very confident, and his audience seemed engaged.

It suddenly occurred to me, "This must be a dream," since I have now been retired for a while. To confirm my lucidity, an attempt was made to fly by taking a short leap; however, this was unsuccessful, ending with me

seated on the ground. Now questioning myself, I noticed the asphalt my hand was resting on had no warmth. Moving the cheek of my face toward the pavement to get a better measurement, it penetrated the ground, so I decided to move entirely through to get a closer look.



Once across, I was in complete darkness and felt myself descending at a fast rate. It appeared very clear the destination was Hell. Typically excited about traveling to new dimensions while lucid, I had mixed feelings about what may be encountered. Now I was asking myself, “Do I really want a meeting with the Devil or a tour of his estate?”

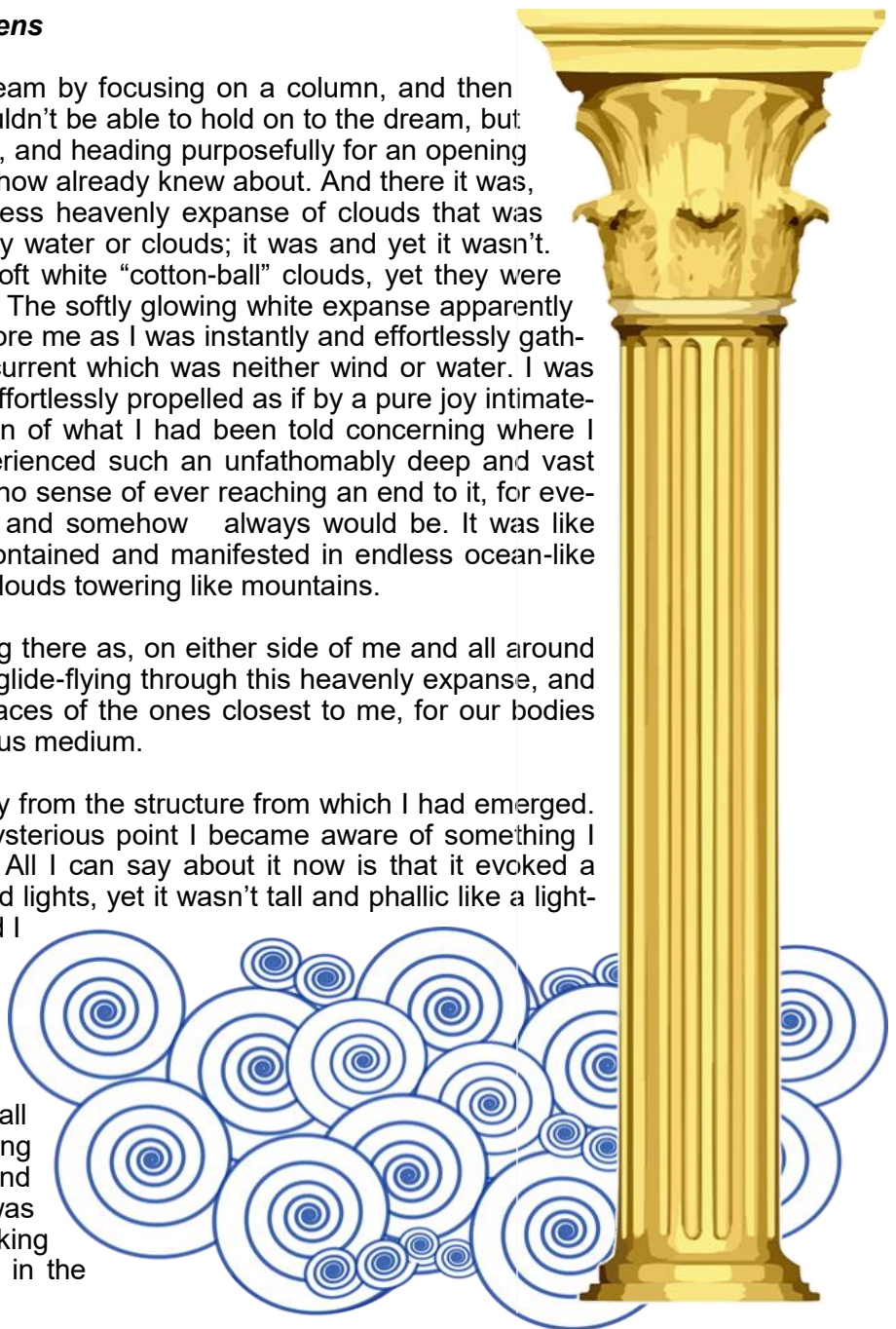
It then struck me that what I was doing was greatly displeasing to God. Looking up from the darkness while still descending, I prayed, “Lord, please return me to the surface and I will never try this again.” Instantaneously, and with lightning speed I shot back only to awaken. Feeling relieved with my choice, I have now decided to leave Dante’s Inferno (Part II) to someone else.

Maria Isabel Pita — *The Unending Heavens*

I managed to embed myself in a lucid dream by focusing on a column, and then climbing it with handholds. It seemed I wouldn’t be able to hold on to the dream, but I just kept focusing, then suddenly I was in, and heading purposefully for an opening at the end of a passage to my right I somehow already knew about. And there it was, an indescribably vast and seemingly endless heavenly expanse of clouds that was also the ocean. However, it wasn’t actually water or clouds; it was and yet it wasn’t. Immense mountains were composed of soft white “cotton-ball” clouds, yet they were more than clouds are in the material plain. The softly glowing white expanse apparently extended forever on either side of and before me as I was instantly and effortlessly gathered up into it by an invisible, intangible current which was neither wind or water. I was “flying” at high speed, not on my own but effortlessly propelled as if by a pure joy intimately bound up with experiencing confirmation of what I had been told concerning where I was. In no other lucid dream have I experienced such an unfathomably deep and vast and seemingly endless space. There was no sense of ever reaching an end to it, for everything was already potentially there now and somehow always would be. It was like night, but not dark, for all the light was contained and manifested in endless ocean-like heavens, bordered by ranges of cumulus clouds towering like mountains.

Words can’t really describe how I felt being there as, on either side of me and all around me, I knew there were other people/souls glide-flying through this heavenly expanse, and once or twice I glimpsed the heads and faces of the ones closest to me, for our bodies were completely immersed in this mysterious medium.

I continued to soar farther and farther away from the structure from which I had emerged. I saw no reason to stop, until at some mysterious point I became aware of something I already knew was supposed to be there. All I can say about it now is that it evoked a black lighthouse studded with white jeweled lights, yet it wasn’t tall and phallic like a lighthouse but more like a rounded temple. And I also knew this structure symbolized a Person... our Lady, the Star of the Sea! Veering left toward it, I became aware of what was going on behind us as I perceived a violent scene visible above the structure we had emerged from. Tall contemporary skyscrapers were being systematically demolished by a hostile and powerfully aggressive force. I knew this was really happening now in the Ukraine, in waking reality, but I didn’t think about it that way in the



dream, in which I sensed this scene was merely the beginning of more and increasingly unbridled global destruction to come. When I asked a woman near me if she could see it, we ended up gravitating back toward our solid point of origin.

As I stepped onto the “stone” platform, I lost sight of what was going on in the waking world behind this somehow otherworldly structure with open archways leading in and out. And as soon as I “landed” on my bare feet, I became aware that swimming straight toward me, parallel with the structure, was a shining black whale with white eyes and trim. This whale was approximately as long and tall as one of those massive trucks that transport fuel to gas stations, and I experienced the sense it was preparing to unleash some devastating power which immediately made me want to get away from it. But once I was back inside the structure, from which I had emerged to experience that divine flight, I heard a deep and clear masculine voice coming from outside as though the whale itself asked, “Who bowed?” in a tone that was neither hostile or angry but left absolutely no room for doubt that Who was speaking merited inexpressibly more than a mere bow. Trusting a mysterious sense this was something God Himself would say, I set aside my fear and, walking back out into the open, I saw a second identical whale swimming up flush with the stone ledge of the platform, and I definitely wasn’t afraid at all now as it came to rest alongside the first whale.

Tasha Hall — *Meeting my Soul Guide*

I’m looking for my daughter, running around downtown. I end up going down a really long and winding wet slide. At the bottom is a big, heavy door. It’s fairly dark. I open the door and go in. I’m in a room underground, and there is a little man there, maybe four feet tall. He asks me what I’m doing there. I tell him I’m looking for my daughter. He seems to think I shouldn’t be there. I decide to do a reality check so I look at my hands. I have six fingers! I’m so excited I almost wake up, but I yell out, “Clarity now, clarity now, I’m lucid dreaming!”

Everything goes in a rush of movement. I am moved really fast, first forward and then up through the trees, then I’m back in the room with the little man. I shout out to the dream, “I want to meet my soul guide!” The little man almost shrinks back, like he’s shocked. He hides behind a desk.

I yell again, “I want to meet my soul guide...please?”

Suddenly I see a puff of smoke and a man appears, standing in the middle of the room. He is tall and slightly dark-skinned with brown eyes. He looks very kind. I ask him, “Are you my soul guide?” He seems to affirm that he is. I ask him, “What can you tell me?” He says some things I don’t remember, something about how I have already been through a lot and I have handled it well.

I look around and I say, “This is so awesome; why doesn’t everyone do this? I have to remember this and write it down right away when I wake up so I don’t forget!”

I ask him more questions, but I’m not sure what. I seem to know that his name is Steve. A woman there, who I didn’t notice at first, says to him, “Show her, show her how much you care about her.” Steve takes off a ring he is wearing that is very worn, almost broken. He hands it to me. It consists of about four gemstones. One is a red ruby. I see my own ring with three rubies in a row, oval stones, but the fourth stone is missing. He wears the fourth stone always. He also has a blue onyx, and asks me if I know what the meaning of the blue onyx is. I tell him I will have to look it up when I wake up. He agrees that I should do that.

I hand his ring back, because I don’t want to break it. He puts it back on. He tells me that he wears these stones to protect me and he is always with me. Waking up feels like a rush back into my physical body. It happens like a rush of movement, like somebody reaches in and pulls me out of the dream really fast.



Blue Onyx is known as a powerful stone that radiates empowering energy to protect from anxiety and bad energies. It is also useful for opening up new lines of communication with the deceased, as well as allowing contact with spirit guides, angels, and the Goddess (among other things).

Ruby is known as a protective stone in many respects, psychologically, emotionally, and mentally, and has a reputation for keeping travellers safe (among other things).

Michael Lyons — *The Girl in the Plaid Flannel Shirt*

She was in my dream last night. This tall lanky girl in blue jeans and plaid flannel shirt just appeared. I had seen her somewhere before but couldn't remember. She stood up to put some wood on a campfire. There are some people outside in a clearing. I'm trying to recall how I've seen her. This thinking somehow popped me into a lucid dream.

Right! It came to me. She was the one in the dating app that my son flipped on by. She was the one among the young women in dresses and fancy blouses who could really rock a flannel shirt. She had the tails cinched up and tied at the navel with a knot. It was just a portrait; she wasn't particularly smiling. She had long hair almost down to her shoulders. She was a redoubtable beauty. But he swiped on by.

CONTEXT: I had told him, "No, wait. This is the Keeper." And I explained to him about quality. (I grew up in Texas and do like male humor with the boys.) "You want one who has had brothers, for whom males are not some utterly foreign entities from another world. And you want one who did NOT go to an all-girl Catholic school raised by nuns." Anyway, he swiped on by.



I might have been overstepping my bounds, to be kibitzing on a dating app with my late 20's son. He was enjoying showing up his old Luddite dad with the swiperific vicissitudes of modern online dating. It's just that I started way late. I was the oldest living parent at preschool. Once when I came to pick him up, a little smarty pants girl asked him, "Is that your grandfather?"

I always felt it would have been more fun for him to have had a younger father. Raising a child, serving their needs, being invited into their world of magic enthusiasms, was the greatest joy in my life, and I hoped he would have that experience, too. I want him to know that kind of happy. And, selfishly, I am really looking forward to getting into the grandfather business, and doing it all again.

DREAMING: Inside the dream, I have this thought: since this is a lucid dream, I can fly over the forest to look for her. I decided I would soar over the landscape and see if I could find her.

I am floating over a Point Reyes type coastal forest landscape with big trees to shelter under. Perhaps looking for a camp. It was a sparse, dry, California summer landscape. It might have been the Ho Chi Minh memorial grove in the Berkeley hills.

I was looking for people down by a river. I think they were a tribal or nomadic group. I was zooming and flying over an encampment. It might have been the same one I saw her in. I come into a camp where there are some teepees and now I see people. I see just hands coming in from around the edge of a blanket, shucking berries and nuts for some kind of meal.

There is something about the gypsies in this camp who kept soft animals. And it was also about breasts, soft cuddly little animals swaddled in a soft flannel shirt, but I don't account for the girl. I realize — I am actually looking for a wife for my son.

Then suddenly, somehow I had my hands in those long gloves reaching through portals in a glass plate, one of those waldo machines where you handle nuclear material in order to keep it quite isolated.

CONTEXT: It wasn't until writing up this dream that I was shocked to appreciate the wit of the Psyche throwing down the image, WHAM!, of handling nuclear material



in the context of a nuclear family.

DREAMING: I realize, too, I am looking for my Anima (since this is my dream). I think how in a lucid dream I can meet and query entities, I can zoom into symbols.

I wonder if the practice of lucid dreaming and induction meditation changes your personality to be more spiritual, or to have this other you that you are trying to get to? One of a Buddhist perspective.

CONTEXT: That day I was just really burnt out, you know, all day fiddling with banks and passwords, check registries, balancing accounts, and it seemed like there was nothing left in life but endless domesticity and fiddling. And my spirit just ground down and ebbed out, I could feel it just going away. Like a tide being pulled out before a tsunami and then, lo and behold, this dream, these beautiful dreams came to me.

In hindsight, now I realize this is what happens, and the psyche will generate a nourishing dream with insight. So it's a confluence of karma and wisdom. And anyway, the spirit is what this dream is about.



DREAMING: I went into a meditation-type induction and then in the dream was taken upstairs in an old-time Western hotel. I walked down a carpeted hall of dark wood wainscoting and entered a room. And there was a woman, sitting upright on the edge of the bed. It was a young woman on the bed, with long hair and wearing a flannel shirt over a plain white but lacy wedding dress with mukluks boots. It was the girl from the app. An older woman was standing by. She was maybe a matchmaker or a madam. She has taken me into the room with her and the girl and I sensed that I'm dreaming.

I said, "Oh, I'm dreaming! I'll do something to prove I am lucid dreaming. They say you should find yourself in a mirror." I looked over at the mirror and saw myself. I am an older man. I'm a father and balding. I've got a bohemian stubble and am smiling out front on the sidewalk. In the mirror is an image of myself; it is one my son has taken with the smart phone.

I didn't get any closer to understanding who this woman was (or who these women were). I felt uncomfortable to see the girl in this captured, somewhat indentured servitude situation. I preferred to think about her as with her people, in the tribe living under the trees.

The dream ended with the sharp rap of a gavel and me hearing out loud the phrase: "A decision was made not to charge with violation of property." Someone was climbing the building and got his hand stuck in some crack in the granite facade and had to be rescued. I could see the rescue had cranes and ladders up there. Somehow I had to lift him horizontal so he could get his hand out. But this was the same building... these were brothers of the girl and they too were looking for her, and they had climbed the building of the hotel she was in, looking for her.

Azalea Rees — *Meeting a Fellow Lucid Dreamer in My Dream?*

I'm standing in line at a grocery store, waiting to pay for my peanut M&M's. Halfway through ringing me up, the cashier leaves, forgetting to hand me my candy. I think she went up a tower to where there is an office and I try to follow her there. That's when I become lucid spontaneously. And I remember my goal was to engage with dream characters the next time I was in a lucid dream.

I spot a woman up ahead and approach her. She lowers her head and speaks to herself. I can't understand her, so I move on. A second woman also lowers her head, avoiding me. At the back of the store I find a girl of 9 or 10 years old who points out that she uses a wheelchair. She tells me she is a fellow lucid dreamer and that she lives in North Dakota. (She tells me her name, but I forget it upon awakening.)

She continues, telling me she tells her dad about her lucid dreams but he thinks it's weird. She is aware that I am also in a lucid dream. I'm fascinated by the prospect of a shared lucid dream and feel a sense of wonder about life and consciousness. I walk away from the girl, then think I should go back and get her last name so I

can try to find her when I awaken. When I go back she is gone. I wonder if she woke up? I'm not sure what happened after this.

Peter Maich — *Dreaming of Ukraine*

Here is a series of three dreams on nights that I went to bed wishing to connect with the people of Ukraine.

One: A short extract of a larger set of dreams. Sheep are rolling around dying in a field. Another comes along and tries to pull its skin off; it's now in flames and the other is still trying to save it. About 12 more are nearby and in flames and burning. A mass of sheep, dying with blazing skin.

The first news article I read today: "Rocket attack at a Ukraine train station 50 dead," headline states, "where thousands had flocked to escape at a Ukrainian train station."

Two: Woke at 2am and with a very active mind, struggled to find the sweet spot, got it eventually. Dreaming: Wandering down a street in a town. A taxi pulls up next to me and offers me a ride. In the dark, I can see a big smiling face and I get in. He turns around and takes me in the opposite direction to what I expected, and his manner cools a little to me. We are now stopping in a dark spot under some trees. He turns to me and now has a menacing manner and says I must wait for his friends to arrive. I get out and he pulls a weapon, aims, and is about to fire at me.

I throw a ball of energy, flashing the car and driver out of existence. Walking to a house, I see one of my old friends there. He says he knows what happened and it will cause trouble as they will now come for me. I am lying down and say that I have some talents he has never seen. I rise off the bed and hover in the air and produce an array of weapons that are part on me. He struggles with this and backs away.

I hear a noise outside and a big truck towing carriages is near. It is a war truck. I go to meet them so I can save my friend's house. Flying through the air, I hover in front of the screen and see a driver and another soldier next to him. The startled driver and soldier raise weapons and aim at me. I tell them they don't have to do this and can leave if they want. Their response is to start to pull the triggers. I smack my hand through the truck's bonnet and create a small inferno in the engine. It engulfs them in an instant and they are gone. The fire spreads, heating each towed unit, and they expand, then explode with such force it hurts my ears. The weapons gone, I move on to my next target.

Three: On my mind are the children that have passed in Ukraine. In my house and outside is a storm raging. I see the ocean encroaching on the seafront and big chunks of land falling away. Taking my partner's hand, I move closer to the windows and cast my eye out to the ocean. I am wanting to go outside and say goodbye to my home. I see three groups of two children playing on the eroding seafront. Happy, they are jumping and laughing and just being children. I go outside and approach them. There is no sadness in their eyes and so I just observe their play and don't interfere. They drift away and the ocean calms down. I see the land reforming in front of me.



Sara Casalino — *Excited To Be Lucid!*

I was standing in the dark in front of a door, feeling a little scared. The door reminded me of the door at a place where I used to work. I opened the door and stepped through, then found myself inside an apartment. Through the window I could see it was daytime. There was a cellphone lying on a table, and the phone was on speaker. I could hear the woman who lived here talking on the phone to delivery guys, who were bringing furniture she had ordered. I don't know where the woman was.

I opened the front door and peeked out to see if the delivery men had arrived so I could direct them to the right address. I saw two delivery men with their truck. They saw me and were wondering if this was the right place. Then I went back inside and was in a small room with a few windows. Then two women and a man walked in and sat down. They were friends and were talking and laughing with one another. One woman had black hair and wore a cap.



Right after the three people walked into the room, that's when I became lucid. It was immediate and the dream felt like virtual reality from then on. I got so excited and began looking around the room at the table and the people. I was trying to take everything in. I was amazed at how I could notice more things since I was aware.

I don't remember the conversation of the dream people at all. I was super excited to be lucid! And so, like a crazy person, I started waving excitedly at the dream people and saying, "Hi! How are you?" Feeling happy. They didn't notice me at all. Or they might have been ignoring me.

Then I got sleep paralysis. I freaked out for a second, but then I calmed down. The room from the dream went dark and I was pulled out from my dream. I felt my arms get paralyzed, and it felt like my arms were floating in midair. I was breathing fast, and woke up.

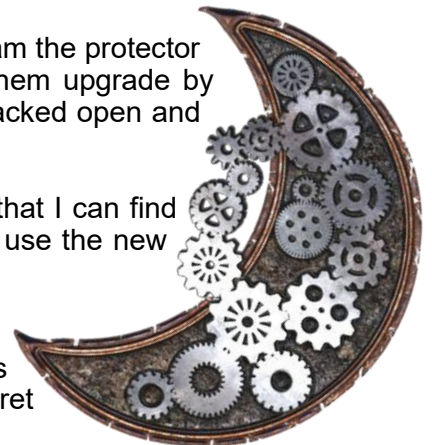
Samantha Harmon — *A Tangible Upgrade*

My upgrade starts with me waking up, my own face and parts of my brain and mechanical parts surrounding me. (Lucid, I know I am dreaming, but chose to let the dream play out. I feel as though it is trying to show me something.) I can see everything because my father/creator has placed mirrors around so that I may assist in my new upgrades. My body is pinned to the metal table, at my own request. Sometimes metaling in the subconscious has reactions in the body that are involuntary.

We speak of my beliefs of the world, and I want to know what I am capable of. I am the protector of my weaker siblings (other robot/humans, AIs). We talk about how to help them upgrade by planting ideas and seeds in their brains. They do not allow their brains to be cracked open and expanded the way I do, due to fear of the unknown.

We talk about how I am excited and willing to learn of the unknown, and hope that I can find all the darkest shadows lurking within myself so that I may integrate them, and use the new found knowledge to help others.

Suddenly alarms go off. Blaring red lights. All of my parts scattered around the metal tables quickly come together, and I go into protection mode. My father tells me to hide, "You're not ready to fight these ones," he says. He locks me in a secret



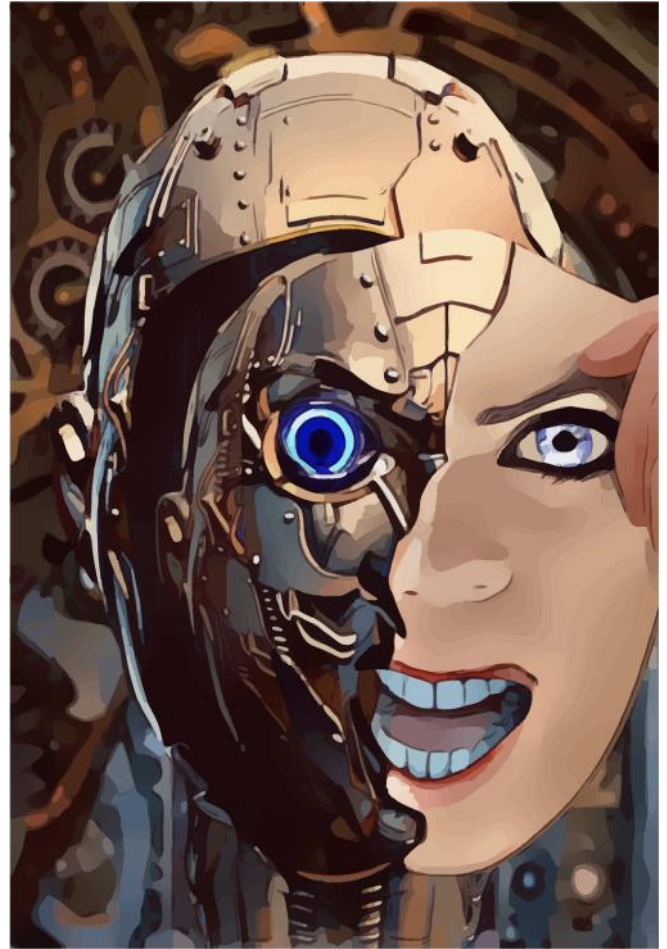
bunker within the lab. The mirrors are two-way mirrors and I can see the military men pile in with their guns aiming all around.

Robert stands still with the best poker face. “You will not find anything, for there is nothing wrong here.” They leave looking angry. I feel as though a blockage has left my brain, even though I’m not sure what it was. I get let out of the bunker and am given the task of finding my siblings and helping them with whatever task they are stuck on. This feels exciting.

I admire his work in the lab as I slowly exit. Part of me wants to stay here and explore this wonderland of science and magic, but I have a mission that is of up-most importance. I remember thinking, ‘This is a dream, and I’ve the proven ability to revisit places that feel this magical. I’ll be able to explore it again soon.’

Leaving through the lab doors, I now have a beautiful view of the whole compound. It almost looks like a college campus but much prettier, with magical fruit trees and a few small fountains and ponds. I see a few people walking around that look lost, and think, these are my people (siblings/creations from my creator).

The first person I find to help is a woman sitting by a big brick wall, looking sad. She recently had a miscarriage. There no words exchanged but just a knowing, an understanding. We hug. She puts her head in my lap and I massage her scalp. Just holding that space for her, and being gentle and loving with what she’s going through, heals her. She gets up smiles, thanks me, and walks away to go play with some of the younger siblings.



I find a young man (more AI robot than man); he is angry and punching holes in a statue of what I think is himself. He’s very self destructive. As I approach him, he seems to want to fight me. I think, maybe that’s what he needs, a little bit of ass kicking. I think of how young children will seek attention when they feel neglected. They need the attention even if it’s negative attention. So I give that to him. We fight until he’s too tired to fight. I think, that’s strange; he’s so strong but tires out so fast. We sit by a tree and as soon as he notices I am giving him my undivided attention, he’s happy. All better, no more anger, and now he gets up to fix the broken statue.

I look up to a window by the main laboratory to see Robert smiling down at me. Now the dream goes on to a few more events similar to these cases—a woman leaving an abusive boyfriend, a car chase in an RV that leads to another school, and a whole epiphany of realizing my inner power.

I might have enough from this one dream to write a short story/book. Maybe one day but for now I have much work to attend to.

This dream gave me courage. It was surprising, and very amusing. I woke feeling successful, like I had accomplished so much. I was left with a powerful feeling of encouragement for days and have had so many inspiring ideas for dream work and spiritual work to integrate. I definitely felt a real upgrade in my whole being. As a human on this planet, I have some work to do and this dream gave me a great idea on where to get started.

I do want to add that this dream came to me the day I had gotten home from attending the Dreaming Wide Awake retreat with Lana Sackwild and Robert Waggoner. I am so grateful for getting the opportunity to meet one of my favorite authors and future teacher of the Lucid Entrepreneur Lab. It was an experience I cherish and will never forget.

Jo Holmwood — *The Bears*

I was looking at a hotel lobby. It was a grand affair. Sunlight flooded in the rotating doors. A plush red carpet swept across the floor. The walls wore paisley and mirror, and the crystal chandeliers cast rainbows everywhere. The place felt like an unashamed glamour model. Bling on steroids. Nice, I thought.

It was early morning. Standing on my tippy toes, I tried to see across the over-sized front desk. Nobody there. The whole place was deserted. And silent. Eerily silent, now that I thought about it. Something wasn't right. I was scratching around the desk for clues when a metallic, clunking sound distracted me. It was coming from a corridor, somewhere beyond the lobby. I held my breath to listen. There's someone down there, I thought. A cleaner, perhaps?

My unease increased instantly. I should leave this place now. But I stayed. I had to. My curiosity was overpowering. I tiptoed in the direction of the sound. My feet barely made a whisper. The clunking became louder and was joined by grunting and the sound of water being slopped around. If that's a cleaner, I thought, they sound really sick. I hesitated. The corridor took a sharp left turn. The noise was just ahead of me. I peeked around the corner. I wasn't ready for what I saw next. Oh crap! A huge, brown bear with a red dog collar was casually drinking from a metal bucket!



It looked up and snarled. Slobber drooled from its massive jaws. I didn't hang around. I turned and fled as fast as my little legs would carry me, heart banging in my chest. "Oh, Jesus!" I yelled. There was another bear! It was entering the lobby. Coming my way. I didn't know where to run. But then I saw a pair of glass doors leading up a staircase. Bears hate stairs, I thought. I yanked them open. The bears were in hot pursuit. I took the stairs, two at a time. The stairwell spiraled up and up with no end. I found a door. Thank the lord! I burst through. It opened onto a long corridor. I kept running, trying every room I came across. Bloody hell! They're all locked! I heard the bears in the stairwell. Shit! Bears don't hate stairs!

At last, a door opened. I dove inside and locked it. Scanning the room, I looked for something to use as a barricade. A bed, a table, anything. But the room was small and empty, with only one tiny window. Everything went quiet. I held my breath and listened, my heart pounding in my ears. I heard shuffling. Sniffing. Then the bears started to bang on the door. I sat down, my back against the wall, I buried my face in my hands. This is it, I thought. I'm gonna die, right now, in this awful room, ripped to shreds by bears!

I had to go. The door was about to cave in. Hands shaking, I opened the window. I squeezed out onto a thin ledge, four floors above the street. I gulped. I wish someone would come and save me, I thought. But then I saw another bear down there on the street. It leaped for the ledge, but I was too high. My heart sank. This is ridiculous, I thought! Where is everyone? Why are all these damn bears running around? Then it dawned on me. If I didn't know better, I'd say someone, or something, is screwing with me. But what? Or who? And why? Why, why, why? I was suddenly furious. Why am I stuck on this goddamn ledge surrounded by all these bears? Then something clicked. Or popped. I'm not sure. But everything went still. I had a moment of clarity. I looked around. I felt like I had been ripped out of some low-budget movie and was now watching it in full HD. I was dreaming! What a relief!

The buildings seemed to have a radiance that made them look alive, I stroked the stone wall. It was cool to the touch and seemed to be glowing. A warm breeze caressed my face as I remembered my teachers' words:

In Your Dreams!

"With enough tension, you will wake up in your dreams." I understood. A burst of excitement ran through me.

"Okay, Jo," I told myself. "Breathe. You're dreaming! Stay calm. Look at your hands and remember your training. Do not blow this."

I climbed back in the window. I knew what to do. I opened the door. The bears stopped hammering and just stood there, looking at me. They weren't expecting this to happen! Or maybe... they were?

I walked up to the nearest bear and pushed my hand deep into its fur. It was warm and thick and so, so soft. The bears were beautiful! I thanked them for helping me to wake up. My heart was bursting with love and gratitude. Then I left the bears.



They just watched me go. I re-entered the room and climbed back out onto the ledge. I stood for a while looking out across the empty streets. The sun was getting higher in the sky. It cast a warm, golden light over everything. I am awake in my dream, I thought. Anything is possible. Anything. Anything at all. I took it all in. I wanted to live. I wanted be part of it all! I jumped off the ledge and flew away.

This was my first lucid dream. I have never looked back. ▲

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