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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



**Reunion with Dad • Knocking on Death's Door
Unexpected Experiences with the Deceased • The Astral Knife
Lucid Dreaming from Beyond the Grave
DreamSpeak Interview with fantasy author Elias Pell**

International Association for the Study of Dreams

Dream Conference

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KERKRADE, THE NETHERLANDS**

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June 8 - 12, 2024



KEYNOTE & INVITED SPEAKERS



From Left to Right:

Keynotes: Dr Francesca Siclari, David M. Peña-Guzmán,
Dr Newton Kondaveti & Dr Lakshmi Newton, Michael Schredl
Invited Speakers: Martin Dresler, PhD., Marja Moors

ABOUT THE DREAM 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, a Dream Art Exhibition, the annual Psi Dreaming Contest, and the ever-popular costume Dream Ball.

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<https://iasdconferences.org/2024>



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Astral Knife © Karim 2024

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 lucyldc@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: May 15, 2024

Theme: Lucid Dreams of Healing

We welcome your articles, lucid dreams, and artwork related to lucid dreams of healing, as well as on any topic related to lucid dreaming.

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LDE Website

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

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2024

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH ELIAS PELL

Fantasy
author
Elias Pell
shares his
unique
lucid dreaming
perspective

Elias, 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?

At the age of five, after a very lucky escape from a house fire, my dream life was overshadowed by the very real sense of having already 'cheated death'. The phobias and nightmares soon followed, and I still believe that achieving lucidity was, at least in part, a form of mental defence—and a way of escaping—from those nocturnal torments.

Without wishing to plagiarize the opening of my own novel, at first, I was unaware of anything unusual regarding the manner in which I dreamt. This assumption soon began to fade, replaced with hesitancy by around the time I reached the impossible landmark age of hitting 'double-digits'. The more I listened to the dream experiences of other children and adults, the more tight-lipped I became about my own.

I remember mentioning the way of 'stretching out' dreams while I was at school, and the friend's reaction being so harsh and dismissive that I immediately retreated to the sanctuary of my cocoon. Those early years had been a long, shameful and painful struggle to overcome my fears and nightmares, and so I reasoned that any potential benefit or gain was well deserved.

It was probably a little later that I read about the term 'lucid dreaming', and I think my reaction was mostly one of comfort and relief at knowing that this wasn't completely abnormal, that it was a 'real' and accepted thing. This was only eclipsed by the equally daunting and awe-inspiring possibility: whether the things I had already seen, experienced and interacted with could also, in some way, be real.

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

For me, this is a tough one to judge as it started so long ago. Awareness came quite suddenly, but negotiating comfortable movement within the dreams took some time and practice. Also, the

‘stretching out’, or serialization of dreams at so young an age, for example, would feel weird to call a success since it developed very naturally and was something I assumed everybody did. Going to bed every evening and rejoining the dream that had been ‘paused’ from the night before was something I viewed as almost mechanical, like brushing one’s teeth.

Some of these dreams would last for weeks or months before finally running their course, but in spite of the wild locations, sights and events, perhaps the most magical elements of these sagas were the friendships that were formed. Bonds more intense than those I was used to within the waking world. Those fascinating dreamscapes were sometimes influenced by topics learned at school, whether geographical, classical or historical. These elements seeped in and shone like distant lighthouses upon the horizon. On other increasingly rare occasions, the sagas were interrupted by the stubborn remnants of those previously mentioned night terrors.

For the most part, though, during those early childhood dreams, everything was about exploration. Once the bucket list of waking world impossibilities had been plundered and even the act of flying had become quite normal, my attention gradually began to turn away from the sky and focus on the more obscure: seeking and watching for signs, I went towards the depths—to the water.

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

Between the ages of 13 and 18, my dreams took on a wider and perhaps more unusual scope. A figure that continued to appear on many occasions was the old homeless man. This dream character had such a profound effect on me as a child that—much to my mother’s dismay—when people asked what I wanted to do when I grew up, my answer was ‘to live in a cardboard box’. I feel I must explain. This humble, largely-overlooked old man was the embodiment of calm yet earnest wisdom, like Shakespeare’s fool, and possessed such an energy below the surface that—like Coleridge’s Mariner—he held me ‘with his glittering eye’, and I could ‘not choose but hear’.

With the benefit of hindsight, I believe he was showing me the pitfalls and inadequacies of a purely materialistic focus. Whether his views were more closely aligned with Franciscan thought, the Buddhist monks or the Sufi mystics was irrelevant. The point I took away was that true wisdom was not necessarily to be found within the sparkling and the new, but already existed, even if long buried beneath layers of dust and cobwebs: that appearances could be deceiving.

It was under his scowling instruction, in one memorable lucid dream, that he encouraged me through an unexpected doorway. We were seated side by side in a wide open field under a Samuel Palmer moon, and he was tut-tutting at me for wasting my time staring up at the sky in the hopes of seeing a shooting star. We were communicating in thought words, but he roughly said: “What you seek is already inside, not out there, not ahead but behind.”

As though to demonstrate, he showed me the thought shape of an Ouroboros, and I remember rising off the ground, pushing forward to separate from my physical body, and arching over into a backwards somersault. With hands together, I dived back through my open mouth, smoothly turning myself inside-out as the spiral was completed. In that giddy rush, my body became a star-speckled trail of light, each star shimmering with fine glowing tendrils, like sea whips swaying upon unseen currents.

As though in approval, the old man levitated to join me and drew his own light to the surface, and it filtered through his skin with graceful ease. The rest of the dream was spent ‘travelling’ with him to far-flung places in a sort of showcasing elucidation. The method of transport was peculiar and hard to explain; it felt a little like fully immersive slides being dropped into place from one of those old-fashioned View-Master’s. Throughout this experience, we were tethered to that field but propelled almost instantly and catapulted into these new destinations. There is a scene in my novel where two of the characters (Steggie and Euryale) embark on a similar journey, zipping through regions and distant lands ‘like seasoned Shadow People’, invisibly viewing obscure civilizations.

I believe my old homeless guide was trying to broaden my perception through this sequence of wild images and locations. A vision of humans, and an array of other beings, as drifting sensory energies, as tidal star-matter cloaked beneath a gossamer membrane of ephemeral flesh.

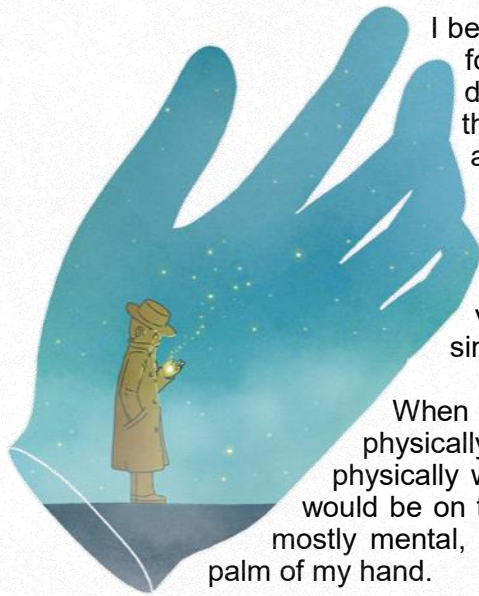
What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

From my experience, it would have to be the scope and potential uses of exploration through lucid dreaming. Beyond the endless avenues of inner reflection and sensory perception, I have also learnt to really appreciate the possibilities from a creative perspective. Over the years, I have grown to love dream-spinning at the writer's wheel, whether that's creating new poems or text from scratch or editing and working through already existing problem lines, sections or plotoles.

During my final years of school, I even used dreams as a study aid by either going through study notes *ad nauseam*, revisiting certain topics or replaying particular lessons as accurately as my memory would allow. Over the last decade, in a few instances, it has even helped with more mundane waking world issues. Perhaps the least glamorous being me thoroughly examining the broken toilet for a good five minutes before going to sleep and proceeding to 'fix it' through exhaustive trial and error. Real 'edge-of-your-seat' stuff!

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

Not very many, I'm afraid. As mentioned earlier, having started at such a young age, if there were early techniques, they are lost to memory. By the age of about 14 or 15, my interests—lucid dreaming related—were already moving in a variety of directions. Aside from a general love of literature, I was beginning to delve into philosophy, psychology and spiritualism.



I became fascinated with astral clairvoyance and began using a black mirror for that purpose and as a meditation aid. I cannot say for sure to what degree these interests affected my lucid dreams, but I do remember those years up until reaching my twenties as having been wildly intense and perplexing on the dreaming front.

The only techniques are ones that I have read about, out of curiosity, such as MILD, WILD and WBTB, and those practices do seem quite logical and sound. The only action I have frequently used is visualization, which is a great tool: a meditative focus on something singular and simple, just before going to bed.

When I was younger, for example, during my school years, I would sometimes physically enact these techniques: skim-reading a section of a textbook and physically writing down a few bullet point keywords on a slip of paper. The focus would be on these few words as I fell asleep. As I got older, this process became a mostly mental, meditative process: visualizing holding trigger objects or words in the palm of my hand.

On a curiously connected, though possibly unrelated note, when I was very young, I had an 'imaginary friend' called Oscar, who came from a distant star and who would exist/appear/communicate with me—yes, you guessed it—directly through the palm of my hand!

I cannot say why exactly this simple dreaming ritual proved so effective, but it seems for me that the act of touching, holding or grasping these images in my mind would help initiate a more accurate awareness within the dream when uncurling and opening my fingers.

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

I never really felt there were rules as such, but on certain occasions, there have been some fairly unyielding limitations. At least, that was how it would appear to me at the time within the dream, even if some other person or being was proving—by demonstration—that they were not limited in the same way. On these occasions, upon waking, I usually first try writing down and then dissecting both the details of the dream itself, the particular limitation and the feelings it evoked. Then, often attempting to channel a sort of Jungian approach, I consider how those elements could relate to my current state of mind and body.

The one particular limitation which has occasionally exerted itself throughout my dreams is related to flying. More specifically, on a number of occasions, while being able to fly, the height that I am able to get clear from

the ground has been seriously restricted, usually to a maximum of around three to five feet. This was such a sharp contrast to the norm that I have tried over the years to find some correlation to events within my waking life when this occurs. I'm not an expert at dream analysis, but I suspect it might be linked to periods of waning confidence or emotional instability.

Since this issue of the LDE focuses on lucid dreams of the deceased, I wonder if you have had any deceased figures prompt you to lucid dream awareness? What happened?

Towards the end of February 2020, as fate would have it, I had travelled from Spain to Lago di Como, Italy—unaware that within days, the area would become a major epicentre of the Covid outbreak in Europe.

Although fleeting, the dream was vivid and unforgettable and left me reeling. It began with a painful memory from twenty years prior: the man who had been an influential father figure to me—not long before he passed away—showing a teenage ‘me’ the crescent scar across his back where a lung had been removed. The operation had been a final attempt to stop the cancer from spreading, and the searing display was a form of shock value intervention to break my smoking habit. Against every instinct, I forced myself in the dream to step towards him, reaching out a hand towards the blackened porcupine stitches. My stomach rolled empty as I battled a rising queasiness, my mouth pooling with excessive saliva, my brain astounded by the uncanny exactitude of the cloying disinfectants within those hospital walls.

The dream spun away on an inconceivable axis for, as he turned to look at me, his face was replaced by that of another. Staring me down was not the salt-of-the-earth father figure whom cancer had claimed but an equally influential dear friend who had died only eight years previously. This was the spiritual healer whose kindness and wisdom had guided me from a young age. He was the one who had provided me with the specific glass lens with which to construct my black mirror during my teenage years.

I wish I could say that we talked at length, for there were innumerable things I needed and would have loved to ask and share, but, as with the rarest and most heart-breaking communications of my life, there was no room, or perhaps need, for words. In that silence, a universe of understanding was passed eye to eye, a rippling vibration of energy like the subatomic dance of Shiva. I awoke tearful at our momentary proximity, unable to shake the ‘soul-knowing’, the meaning of his message: an unavoidable, imminent health warning.

I challenged my thought processes and beliefs a hundred times that day: was it some form of my subconscious or unconscious tearing through? I remember concluding that if this had been direct and conscious contact, then whatever was coming around my ‘tomorrow-turn’ must be severe—I believed with all my heart that he would not have reached out to me otherwise. As the world descended into panic and chaos over the following weeks, I waited, amazed that our group had emerged from that area unscathed. Within weeks of returning home, a persistent calve muscle pain struck me as odd, perhaps even evocative, but still a long way away from the lungs. And yet, with the late healer’s face in mind, I went for a check-up and from there was rushed straight to hospital when a deep vein thrombosis and arterial blockages were found. The doctors concluded that I was very fortunate that no blood clots had circulated to my heart or lungs.

How did water figure in your lucid dream experiences?

From a young age, a great many of my lucid dreams were situated within, or revolved around, water. As to possible influences or reasons for this, I cannot be sure. I was a passionate long-distance swimmer and a massive fan of the film adaptation of Charles Kingsley’s *The Water Babies*. Whatever the reason, there was a steady progression of these lucid dreams through the years.

They began with the act of submersion, of going under and holding my breath until my lungs were ablaze and bursting. Pretty soon, these limited exploratory dives had reached their natural boundaries, but the need to push further was almost obsessive. Time and again, I threw everything my mind could muster, from snorkels and scuba gear to bathyspheres and submarines. Throughout such early expeditions, there was the inescapable leaden awareness that I was barely skimming the surface while also remaining detached and not at one with the environment.

Perhaps, on an understandable and rational level, I knew but was resisting the obvious solution: moving—unaided—outside the physical limits, whether that meant drowning or an amphibious existence. In parallel to Lao Tzu’s journey of a thousand miles (beginning with a single step), mine would begin with a single breath,

or perhaps more accurately, a single exhalation.

The first dream in which I voluntarily ‘drowned’ is fairly difficult to describe; as a writer, I am keenly aware when words cannot match the weight of experience. After a brief, heaving convulsion, there was stillness. I became water on an elemental level, with a shadow awareness or *deja vu* of some regressive, eternal state, womb-like yet prior to any physical conception. I watched as my fingertips dissolved outward, surrendering form for freedom and any notion of ownership for self-assimilation. I remember an echo resonating through that unfathomable silence. It was the same voice that woke me up in the middle of the night when the house had been burning to the ground, refusing to let me sleep. The very same simple words that the spirits told my friend, the spiritual healer, to pass on to me as he guided me through his work: “Welcome home, little brother. Welcome home.”

Looking back, do you feel that the realm of water has to do with inner depth or something else, like emotional depth (inasmuch as many associate water and emotions)?



As you say, there are a lot who associate water in dreams with emotions and, as a sensitive, this would potentially make sense. Perhaps, though, as an unfortunate result of my Piscean indecisiveness, I find myself compelled by my entangled nature to question the visible current.

Water could also possibly symbolize purification, rebirth, and even life itself, and within these dreams, there was a very real sense of letting go, and the descent was part of that somehow. It reminds me in some ways of how Plato viewed philosophy as the practice of dying—not in a depressing way, but more in a transitional sense of leading somewhere else. Similar, I suppose, to the manner in which the Death card in Tarot can be interpreted as some profound change or increased self-awareness. Again, this

possibly mirrors the wisdom of Ancient Greece and the well-known Delphic maxim: ‘Know thyself’.

The realm, as I found it, was brimming with life existing beyond that darkness, a pulse of sentience, a simultaneous immersion and curdled diffusion of calm. An energy washing over and through, revealing a landscape transformed, like the sudden drawing back of an enormous curtain, or the sweeping shift of some celestial occultation.

Having read and listened to several accounts from other lucid dreamers, my experiences with and within the water are comparable, in an abstract yet almost indistinguishable manner, to their explorations of space, the universe and beyond: ‘As above, so below’. Whether ascending beyond the stars or descending through the trenches, as with my meditative astral encounters, the feeling I would come away with was a deep and overwhelming humility at sensing both my insignificance and gratitude at belonging—even as such an infinitesimal speck—within such an awesome and ethereal flow.

Have you ever had lucid dreams that connected to the Hero’s Journey or mythological/folkloric elements? If you would, tell what happened and how it affected you?

Many, yes. Growing up, I had a deep love of mythology, legends and folklore. These stories filled me with such wonder, and being able to recreate parts of these incredible journeys within my dreams definitely fueled my thirst for more. Most of the time, especially at first, I would usually accompany these great and legendary figures, a sort of phantom sidekick or silent ‘Robin’ to their ‘Batman’.

I remember one of those early adventures ending up being an awakening of sorts that I could never have predicted, involving my then ‘standout favourite’ hero of them all: Perseus. That was until I followed him on perhaps his most daring and fearless mission of all: to hunt down and bring back the head of the dreaded Medusa. I had read the full, unabridged story but—much to my later shame—had somehow been so distracted by the ‘heroism’ and gore that I had overlooked the absolute wrongness of the bigger picture.

My unconscious mind, however, had not missed a beat, and as he bagged his prize, it transpired that my idolization of him, and our dream-companionship, was destined to end. The subsequent and quite unexpected encounter, which then led to a special connection, was too important not to recount within my novel—albeit from Steggie Belle’s point of view. I just hope I managed to do the wonderful Euryale’s spirit and kindness justice.

As far as the Hero’s Journey, in some ways, I feel this connects back to the water, the ‘freediving’ and the descent. In many cases, it was literature that provided me with a wealth of possibilities, like an endless gallery of vibrant canvases through which to leap. Following others’ footsteps as they descended into those lesser-known and mysterious realms, from Orpheus and Aeneas to Dante and Swedenborg. Perhaps it was from these uncannily familiar places, together with Jungian archetypes and the collective unconscious and my own lucid dreaming experiences, that led me to the premise and questioning threshold of my novel:

What if our understanding of dreams is just a poor reflection of another place . . . a real place?

As a writer, does ‘literature’ appear in your dreams or lucid dreams? How might that occur?

As detailed in my answer to the previous question, I feel incredibly lucky to have conceptually and figuratively gone to bed with so many writers who, sadly, I will never get the chance to meet within the waking world. With actual literature crossing into my dreams, as opposed to embarking alongside characters as detailed above, this would usually happen with poetry. In this sense, I have found it easier and more manageable to find purchase and take hold of shorter texts. These would then reappear within the dream in their entirety, normally as a starting point for further contemplation.

One particular poem, possibly one of my favourites from either world, is a short piece from the incredible Louis MacNeice titled *Snow*. Although beautifully brief, the feeling it evokes is a boundless dreamscape perspective, with the liminal divide as the glass that he describes. For me, each turn of phrase speaks of potential and possibility, of duality and magic, the kind I have come to know so well through my dreams:

“World is crazier and more of it than we think, / Incurably plural.”

Have you ever dreamt (symbolically or lucid-literally) the next chapter of a book or article? Tell us about that.

Writing and then editing my work within lucid dreams took some patience and getting used to, and was not without its own frustrations and challenges. As is popular with many people, I keep writing materials close at hand in order to combat the infuriating fog of dream evaporation. I also, often shortly before waking, do the similar mantra of repeated focus—mentioned earlier to aid in reaching lucidity with a specific focus—but in reverse, to help bring key pieces of text, as waypoints, back over from the dream.

One particular very short story was written in such a manner. It was inspired by quite a random event from when I was working in London several years ago. During one of my regular rush hour commutes, our tube got stuck in a tunnel for 45 minutes. Pressed up, sardine-style, against the window, I was kept entertained by one of the lights in the tunnel, which would randomly flicker on and off. Two years later, the dream came in full, inspired by that single memory but spinning off into a bizarre afterlife prospect.

Upon waking, I managed to write down the bare shell of the story and spent the best part of a week returning to flesh out and polish the written text. The eureka moment came from that first waking, getting the phrase “every carriage a melting pot of emotions and jaundiced dreams” written down, and then using this short extract as a waypoint, or anchor, to reboot the surrounding text itself. In the evenings that followed, I would visualize writing down those words on a piece of paper, putting it into an envelope and holding it tightly before going to sleep.

The short story’s title is *A Light at the Middle of the Tunnel*, and it was published in my collection *Scapegoats*

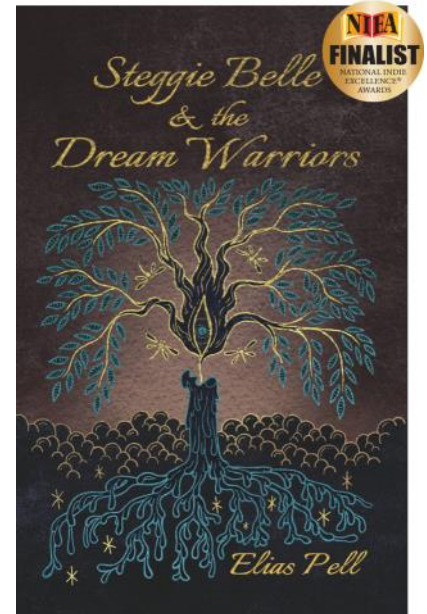
& Crowbars: <https://www.eliaspell.com/blog/sneak-peek-inside-scapegoats-crowbars>.

Elias, thanks for sharing your unique approach to lucid dreaming. If you would, tell us more about your recent book and how people can learn more about your work!

Thank you so much for allowing me to share my experiences, Robert! Heeding the sage advice to "Write what you know!" I decided to base my debut novel on my own lucid dreaming experiences.

The story follows Zoofall, a mysterious man in a sealed attic who is desperately scribbling down secrets from his childhood. About how, beyond the limits of lucid dreaming, he discovered the existence of another world where Reality and Mythology meet. He must finish his incredible story before the seven candles run out, then face the nightmarish demons of his past, and the question which has haunted him for most of his life: "What really happened to Steggie Belle?"

Shortly after publication, *Steggie Belle & the Dream Warriors* was awarded as a Finalist in the Fantasy category of NIEA's global annual competition in 2021. It's available as both a paperback and ebook and has just been released as an unabridged audiobook, narrated by the incredibly talented Jay Forrester.



I would be hugely grateful if the LDE readers would consider giving the novel a chance—and I would love to hear thoughts and opinions—as it still remains largely unknown. I would also love to hear from any fellow dreamers who might have any questions or wish to reach out. All versions of the novel are available for purchase across the most popular platforms, and more information about myself, and other works can be found on my website: www.eliaspell.com. ▲

Book Links:

Paperback & ebook: <https://www.eliaspell.com/steggie-belle-dream-warriors>

Audiobook: <https://www.eliaspell.com/steggie-belle-the-dream-warriors-audiobook>

Reviews:

"Reminding me slightly of a darker Peter Pan, written in the style of Homer's Odyssey... perfectly well-rounded: leaves you with questions, but this adds to the mystery of the book."

– LoveReading Review

"This is one of those books that you read and want to read again and again; then you find it hard to talk about it because it offers such a transporting experience that should only be lived."

– Readers' Favorite Review



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REUNION *with Dad*



By Karen659 © 2024

I'd like to share an exciting, short, out-of-body experience from 2015, as it involved seeing my father again for the first time after his passing in March 2014. I did not actively seek a connection with him after he passed over, somehow knowing that when the time was right—when we were both ‘ready’—that we would see each other again.

I have learned that physical emotions have a huge impact in the astral and traveling. When out of body, one cannot allow strong ‘human emotions’ to control the actions. There is only one strong emotion that can exist in the astral, and that is LOVE... not sadness, regret, or other overwhelming emotion, as that will not allow you to stay in control of your experience. Hence, I believe, there was a need for some time here in the physical for me to adjust to seeing him again, so as to allow a less emotional (sadness, longing) response upon seeing him.

As it was, when I first became aware, I could hear his voice speaking to someone. It was a strong, clear voice that I so missed hearing during his later years. He was speaking to someone off to his side and I remember thinking how wonderful it was to hear his voice again.

With that thought, my vision cleared and I became aware of my mother (who is still in the physical) on my right. I asked her if she could hear Dad’s voice as well? She kept talking to me about how it “can’t be him,” as he’s no longer with us.

Looking to my left, I saw him. There was Dad, in all his youthful vigor, sitting in a chair chatting with what felt to be a ‘patient’ (Dad was a nurse) that I couldn’t see. Dad was engrossed with discussing his life’s events: how he became a nurse, was drafted into

the Army to become a Captain, built houses, and on and on with his accomplishments. It felt good to hear him sounding so strong and so proud.

Excitedly, I yelled to my mother, “Look, look! It’s Dad!”

But all I could get from her was, “No, no, it can’t be him; he’s gone.”

I knew I was out of body, ‘asleep’ as it were, and visiting my Dad but I could not get my mother (who I assumed was with me astrally as well) to believe that Dad was with us. And in speaking to Dad, it felt like it was difficult to convince him that he could see me because I was out of body or ‘dreaming.’ He said, “What do you mean you are dreaming? I’m right here!” I also knew that this was my chance to move on and travel a bit more with this awareness; however, my emotional attachment with Dad, in seeing him for the first time since his physical death, was so strong that I didn’t want to leave him.

Although this was a short visit, without too much activity, the intense emotional satisfaction I received from the experience is beyond words. For those who don’t fully understand that we are more than our physical bodies, it takes time to become adjusted to a spiritual existence—but ultimately they will, as that is our true nature.

I’m pleased to know Dad is doing well and enjoying his new ‘life.’ Hopefully sharing this experience will help those who have had losses in their life to realize that ultimately, our loved ones are happy and safe and will once again be a part of our ‘lives,’ whether with a short visit while in physical or with a long-awaited spiritual reunion upon our own deaths.

All that I have learned led to me another wonderful out-of-body reunion with my father:

I awoke early one morning and was settling back into sleep. I did not feel like I was close to falling asleep when I started feeling my usual pre-out-of-body vibrations, gently but persistent. I could hear all sorts of 'noises' in the room—cars passing my house, the furnace humming—so did not think I was deep enough to take advantage of the vibrations.

I willed the gentle vibrations to become stronger. After a short time, they were stronger and then I could feel a gentle 'sway' of my body, signaling it was time to 'roll out'! I rolled off the bed, ecstatic to see I was out of body again! The window to outdoors was right next to me, so I took a big leap through the window, knowing I couldn't stay close to my body for too long. (I will admit, because I hadn't been out of body in a while, there was a very slight concern that I was going to physically hit the window!—but that is where you push on, knowing that fear will stop any further exploration.)

Immediately through the window, I could see the outdoors looking just as it appears in real life, and flew to my right around the corner of the house and then up to the treetops nearby. I remember thinking, "Wow! I forgot how much FUN this is to fly!"

Almost as soon as I said that, I felt I was losing control. I couldn't 'zoom' and move around as I wished. I was feeling a sensation like something was pulling me backward. (I had learned from experience that you must just 'let go' and see what happens, without overanalyzing any experience while out of body.)

I was pulled backward, enjoying the passing scenery in this backward-facing position. As I moved skyward, I remembered that I had no plan for where I wanted to go and perhaps this was why I wasn't in control.

However, at that point I heard Dad's voice—clearly and distinctly—saying (of all things!), "Ho Ho Ho!"



Immediately, I said, "Dad! Are you here? I'd like to see you!" and with that thought I was gently placed on the front lawn of my house, but—oddly—now it was during a beautiful snowfall with snow all around. I didn't think twice about the weather, as I again heard his voice saying, "Ho Ho Ho!" which, with all the snow, had me thinking of Christmas.

Then I saw him walking toward me from the trees by my house (coming from the direction of his own home next door). He was wearing his usual winter work coat and had a HUGE smirky smile that was his classic look!

The emotions flowed as I moved to him and hugged him tight! I was so happy to see him! I don't remember the exact 'words' exchanged, but there was a sense of deep love and the awareness conveyed to me that I should let my Mom know that he was alright.

The entire experience didn't last long. As I hugged him, I could feel the loss of connection as I was being pulled back to full wakefulness. The lingering sense of deep love and happiness enveloped me as I lay there crying out of sheer joy, giving thanks to the Universe for giving me this opportunity to connect with Dad once again.

In hindsight, the whole "Ho Ho Ho!" and Christmas theme was perfect... I was receiving a 'gift' of love and reconnection, and a reinforcement that life truly goes on and we will see all of our loved ones again when the time is right! ▲

Knocking On Death's Door

By Chiron O'Keefe © 2024

Back in 2005, my mom passed away. I was privileged to be there by her side and hold her as she departed. Following her death, I had three powerful, lucid dreams.

The first one immediately followed her death. I saw her sitting up in her bed, quite happy. I burst out with, "Wow! You look great! What's it like being dead?" (*Side note: when I awoke, I admit to cringing at how I just blurted it out like that! The "Me" who often guides or helps others has much more finesse!*)

Luckily my mom just grinned and said, "Great!"

A week or more later, I slipped into the second dream. In it I was walking hurriedly down a long hallway, feeling troubled as I was told by someone (who I was aware of but could not visually perceive), "*She doesn't remember she's dead.*"

As I burst into my mom's room, I realized she'd mocked up the same environment where she'd died—a small hospice where she'd had a lovely room. She was sitting up in her bed, looking belligerent. This was not unusual; my mom could be very sulky and resistant, like a rebellious teenager in many ways. As I watched, she mimicked an action from her hospice days—picking up a bottle of water, cracking it open, and pouring it into a glass. What was unusual, though, was the glass was a martini glass. I'd never seen her drink a martini. When she noted my observation, she pouted and said, "*I guess this makes me an alcoholic then.*"

Now what's most surprising to me about that statement was that even though she enjoyed drinking while I was a kid, by the time I was in my teens, she never drank at home. She went out occasionally, and certainly in her waitressing year, she enjoyed drinks with coworkers after her shift. But within the boundaries of my childhood, she actually did not appear to have any issues with alcohol. Still, my dad worked for the Anheuser-Busch company (so a heavily drenched-in-booze environment), plus my stepfather, brother, an aunt, and uncle were all alcoholics. So it was definitely a part of her world even if she herself never demonstrated any issues.

I said gently, "*No, mom, you're not. Remember: It's all beliefs. You need to remember that.*"

When I awoke, it was clear that was the right message for her, one she needed to remember lest she had to create another life just to sort out that specific belief.

About a month later, I had my last official "transition" dream with my mom.

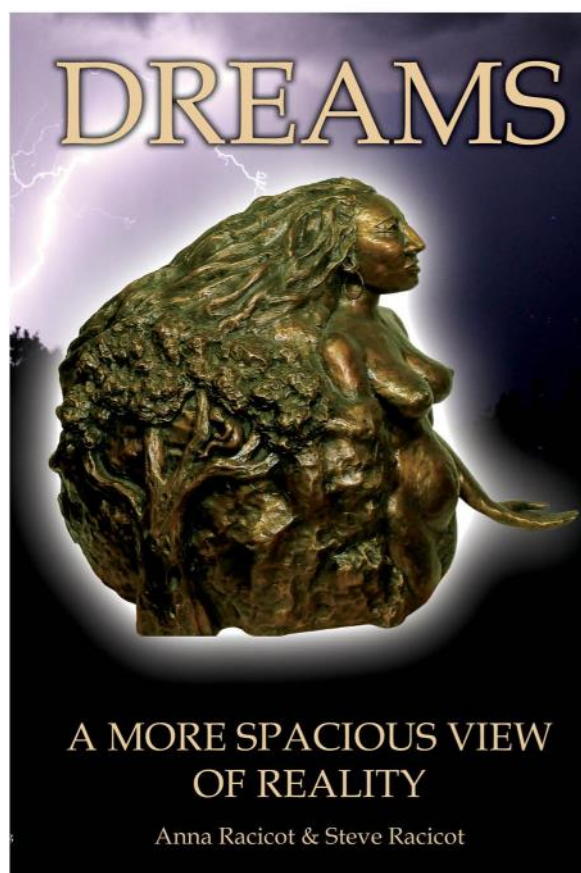
In this, she was much more relaxed and calm. She appeared to me in her younger form, discarding the attachment to herself as an elderly dying woman. Her form shifted and morphed, sometimes looking like her and sometimes like another person and I wondered if she was already creating a side project, exploring what/who she might want to be in her next life. She seemed not only happy, but enthused. I asked her how it was going and she responded with pleasure, "Great!"

I waited and she explained, "I'm back in college! They're teaching us how to Break The Chains."

We then walked through a gallery of paintings, most of which were not static but ever-changing. It was hard for me to perceive them clearly as these were obviously her distinctive emotional thought patterns, laid out in a beautiful hallway of glistening art, a very appropriate mocked-up framework as my mom's greatest unfulfilled passion was to be an artist of magnificent paintings. Her excitement was contagious and I was thrilled for her.

When I awoke, I immediately put together that the "Chains" she referenced were chains of connecting beliefs, and she was clearly an enthusiastic student. Her biggest yearning in life was to return to college (where she got her A.A. degree in psychology, late in life), so, just as we all do, she created a framework that suited her desires and her beliefs. ▲

*If you enjoyed this excerpt, you can discover more in Chiron's new book, **An Emerging Soul's Guide to Awareness: Seth, Mysticism, and The Journey of Life**. Follow her on Facebook or at chironokeefe.com*



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The One

By David L. Kahn © 2024



Following my dog's death in October 2023, I hoped she might make some appearances in my dreams. Four weeks after her passing, I had the following experiences in a night of lucid dreaming that went much deeper than I had imagined.

I woke up at about 12:15 and was having trouble getting back to sleep. I chose to go with it, rather than to fight insomnia, realizing that this state of consciousness has something to offer and can be a sacred space. Eventually I fell back asleep and entered the following dream.

I am lying on my back on the living room floor in front of the door. I feel like I am down here because of the trouble sleeping, but the floor surface feels hard on my back and I decide to go upstairs to bed and see if that makes me more comfortable. I sit up and see Bella in the living room. I'm aware that she died, so I'm thrilled to see her. I pick her up to carry her upstairs with me and say, "I got you, buddy." I also gather a large white comforter, which I place under her so that I am carrying Bella on the comforter. I walk up the stairs. It is dark, but visible, as though a nightlight is on. I think about how Bella is alive, as though I must have dreamed her death before. I am happy she's here with me, but now I know I'll have to grieve her death again soon since she's old. I have some lucidity now, with part of me knowing that Bella is dead, and this is a lucid dream.

I woke up from this dream without further insomnia and quickly fell back asleep and into the next dream, which again begins with me on the floor, this time in the bedroom of a friend. The lighting is much like in the previous dream, as though the scene is lit with a nightlight. Rather than seeing a white comforter this time, a white blanket is stretched out over the floor. I recall the comforter from the earlier dream, and I tell my friend that I just saw this in a lucid dream. This causes lucidity in this dream, and I now realize that I am having a second consecutive lucid dream.

I fell back asleep and, once again, found myself in a similar scene as in the previous two dreams. I was inside a house lit with a nightlight. I feel like I am still having insomnia again, but I am not bothered by it, and I observe what comes. I move into my third lucid dream of the night, with this one being a much longer and more intense dream.

I am on the stairs, and sense other people nearby, possibly on different levels of the stairs. I have no specific sense of them. I look up and see a slit between levels of stairs, as though the staircase has a 180 degree turn halfway up. The slit is an area in which I can see straight through. It is only about a foot long and a couple of inches wide. I have a card in my hand, about the size of a typical wedding invitation. I toss it upwards as though I am using this as a test for lucidity. The card goes straight up, and it returns straight back down into my hand. It seems unlikely that it would travel that straight and smoothly. I look at the card as a lucidity test. Among the words I see are "Fantasy Football" and "pause." I look again and the word "pause" is now "Pam." With this, I have confirmed that I am dreaming.

Simultaneous to this, as I look up into the slit, I am lying in bed with Pam asleep next to me. I see Bella come up to the slit from above and look down. I am amazed at how clearly I see her. She looks a little mangy, but overall okay. She walks down through the slit and then snuggles into me. I am lying on my left side, and she is in front of me. I feel her, and she feels real. I feel like this is a dream in this simultaneous part of the dream, too. My focus here is on how real Bella seems. I want to tell Pam, but I let her sleep as I am comforted by Bella's presence.

Now having read the card and confirmed this to be a dream, I see a girl seated close to me, possibly on the

stairs. She is a young woman with long straight hair. She is not someone I know. I tell her, “You’re dreaming.” I then realize that she is part of the dream. I say, “You are my dream, and I am yours,” understanding that we are each an aspect of each other’s dream.

I am now outside at night, but can still see in a similar light, as though there are streetlights nearby or the moon is bright. I say, “Show me what I need to see,” as I float and allow my flight to be pulled where it goes. I have a slight sense of fear as I am aware that what the dream shows me may not be what I want to see. I float towards a brick corner of a building that looks to be two stories high. The bricks are large and tan, and it has the look of an old house or building. I only see the corner as I float towards it. I stop, and am then pulled upward and angled, unsure where I am being brought to next.

I am now indoors as I float through a house, which may be an older house. I may be in a room to start with and then float down a hallway. As I float, my hands are held up above me. The ceiling is popcorn plaster. My hands are through the plaster and touch the underside of a wooden roof slightly above it. The distance between the plaster and the wooden roof is just enough for my hands. I feel a sense that I am unable to go through or above this roof, as though I feel that the dream is the one not allowing it. I am unsure what this is about. Though not painful or physically uncomfortable, I don’t much care for the scene, or the feeling of my hands being stuck and dragged between the plaster and wooden roof.



I move past this scene and am looking into an area that looks much like the dark staircase area, still with enough light to see, but not bright. I end up in front of my brother, sort of. It is a giant face of my brother, which is in front of an area of this building that is open to a cave-like area of the building that looks like a large open pit with some rubble. I am before my brother with my hands facing up. My hands are completely covered with a thin layer of plaster or concrete from them being dragged through the plaster popcorn ceiling. I feel like I can’t remove this myself. My brother removes the plaster from my hands. At this point, I think he is more like a normal-sized person, but as I speak to him, he is the giant face of my brother.

The size of this dream brother, along with an emotional sense I have, is that he is powerful. Even though he looks like my brother, I am aware that isn’t who he is, and that he is only presenting himself this way. I ask, “Who are you?” He responds, “The One.” I ask “The One” if he can help me. He replies, “Yes—unfortunately.” I am surprised and somewhat scared of the answer. I wonder if the creator of everything is unkind. I am also aware that he said yes, even though he said “unfortunately,” and I’m unsure what it all means. I ask him, “Why unfortunate?” He says because of something about me being too much, like maybe I hurt myself too much, or something along those lines. I feel like it means I can be helped, but I have a substantial amount of work to do. I say, “I can make progress, right?” He lets me know that he didn’t hear what I said. I find that odd, since he’s so powerful. At this same time, I wonder if he can read my thoughts and feel what I’m feeling. If that’s the case, I can’t hide anything from him, and he already knows what I’m trying to ask. I repeat my question, but he doesn’t answer.

What I notice in the space behind him is a large circular or oval opening in the building. The space I see is behind “The One” and down. It is mostly open, dark, though I can see somewhat into it from the lighting above, and it has the feel of a cave made from the rubble of a destroyed building. I see some rubble, like small pieces of concrete, and a few boards against one of the walls.

My immediate thought upon awakening was that “The One” reminded me of scene from *The Wizard of Oz* when Dorothy realizes that the great and powerful Oz is just a man—though, as it turns out, a man who was able to show the various characters the gifts they had been carrying with them all along.

“The One” has shown up in several lucid dreams, albeit under different names. It feels like he is simultaneously me and not-me. Though I was able to piece some things together, as is so often the case with lucid dreams, more mystery was also created.

Getting back to my original thoughts of my dog, Bella, appearing in my dreams, a thought repeated itself often as I began taking the long and lonely steps through grief. I knew that grief was a sacred experience, and that I could not waste the experience by coming out of it the same. I needed to use the grief as a catalyst for growth.

With death comes new life. In that way, I can integrate Bella into my life beyond her physical presence. ▲

Mom Visits in a 1950s Pink Dress (and I Seek my Soul Guide)

By Janet Mast © 2024

In August 2022, I had this spontaneous lucid dream encounter with my mother, departed since 2019:

My sister Carol and I are standing at one end of a spacious long room (stretching far off to the right). There's a woman walking straight toward us from the other side. She's wearing a beautiful 1950s-style dress in a soft pink color.

As she gets closer, I realize... *it's Mom! Wow, she looks amazing!* She looks young and glamorous in this retro pink dress with a small waist and full, swingy skirt. My heart fills with joy to see her again. She stops in front of us and doesn't say anything but smiles radiantly, beaming pure love toward us. There's some decorative black netting around her neck, maybe attached to the dress collar, and some netting over her hair, too, with a fluffy soft pink feather on one side. In our excitement, Carol and I are talking over each other, exclaiming: "Mom, we're so happy to see you! Mom, you look so beautiful!"

I add, "I love this dress... it's just gorgeous. I would love to have a dress like this someday. Maybe you could leave it to me in your will?"

Next, suddenly, I'm seeing a close-up view of the skirt fabric, which is dark. I ask, "Is this navy blue or black?" As my eyes focus more, I discern the color is mostly navy blue but with some black squares mixed in. Moving my gaze up slightly, I see that the fabric on the bodice is a mix of navy blue and black, too, except for an area on her right side torso which looks like a delicate patchwork of lighter-colored fabrics, a mosaic of intricate squares and rectangles.

Suddenly I think, *Wait a minute... this dress was PINK before... I think this is a dream!* And with that, I'm lucid. I'm excited over becoming lucid and think, *Quick, what can I do with this opportunity? What did I want to do the next time I was lucid in a dream?*

I look at a wall and notice the lower half is speckled or mottled in dark colors that, moving upward, transition into increasingly lighter colors, and then the top

half is white. Looking up toward the ceiling, I call out: "Awareness Behind the Dream, please show me my soul guide! Please show me my soul guide!"

I glance to my left to see two people standing beside my sister. All in a row, it's a woman named Clare, a man named Clarence, and my sister Carol. *Clare, Clarence, and Carol! That's kind of funny*, I think.

Although I don't know the man, somehow I knew his name. I recognize the woman as lucid dream teacher and author, Dr. Clare Johnson. Surprised, I ask her, "Are you my soul guide?" She says nonchalantly, "Oh, no... we had a guy named Hillman last term, but he's gone now."

I'm puzzled by this answer so I call out again to the Awareness: "Please show me my soul guide! Who is my soul guide?" I'm intent on staying lucid... but I don't recall anything more from this scene.



This soulful lucid dream was and is an incredible gift with much to ponder and explore. It was pure joy to see Mom looking so vibrant, and to feel her love.

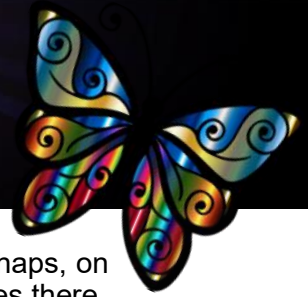
I shared the dream with Dr. Clare Johnson (author of *The Art of Lucid Dreaming*) and she commented: "Sometimes we ask to meet our soul guide with certain unconscious expectations (it should take human form or appear a certain way) but a soul guide can also be a state of mind. A state of soul."

In revisiting this dream, I realized that the "patchwork" area on Mom's dress precisely matches an area of my body that needs physical healing. And, I suspect the Hillman mention is a nod to the late James Hillman, archetypal psychologist who wrote *The Soul's Code*. He urged dreamers to "stick with the image" so, in that vein, I hold closely this lucid dream experience of my mother, radiant in a gorgeous pink dress, as an uplifting, inspiring, and healing image. ▲

Janet Mast is the graphic designer of the LDE.
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Loved Ones on Horizons of Heaven

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2024



I believe in Purgatory. I also believe I have sometimes dreamed of Purgatory. So perhaps, on rare special occasions, our souls are permitted to commune with deceased loved ones there.

Great fairy tales can be spiritual allegories. Imagine Cinderella strolling into the palace to meet the Prince before her fairy godmother helped her become as beautiful as possible. In this spirit, I personally look forward to the purification of Purgatory. Our souls might be instantly purified after death as if by a magic wand because everything is possible with God, but in the story Cinderella's beautification requires some creative transformative work. Only then is she fully prepared to enter the King's Castle and dance with the Prince.

"The Church gives the name Purgatory to this final purification of the elect, which is entirely different from the punishment of the damned."—Catechism of the Catholic Church par. 1031

Even before I read what the Church teaches, I believed in a transitional state after death, in part because of my dreams with deceased loved ones. The doctrine of Purgatory is well supported by Scripture and not, as some have argued, a relatively recent invention of the Catholic church. *"Some of the earliest Christian writings outside the New Testament... refer to the Christian practice of praying for the dead... The Bible speaks plainly of a third condition, commonly called the limbo of the Fathers... If the limbo of the Fathers was purgatory, then this one verse directly teaches the existence of purgatory. If the limbo of the Fathers was a different temporary state, then the Bible at least says such a state can exist. It proves there can be more than just heaven and hell."*—catholic.com/tract/purgatory

The night before she died, I dreamed of my maternal grandmother (who was Christened Rosa) standing in a colorful garden, and as she smiled at me, the sparkling antique lizard pin she liked to wear suddenly transformed into a colorful butterfly that flew away.

My very first lucid dream occurred when I was thirty-three years old, three days after my maternal grandmother passed away:

I found myself sitting across from her in a place resembling a small private airport waiting room. Looking over at me, she said in Spanish, "I'm dead, aren't I?" to which I replied, "Yes, you are." The next thing I remember is walking with her through a dark space. Helping support her bent form, I encouraged her to straighten her back, assuring her that she didn't need to stoop anymore because she was no longer confined to her physical body. I distinctly remember looking down at our clasped hands and thinking: When I wake up, I will know this was real and not just a dream. This is really happening.

Just before waking, I found myself standing in a well-lit interior resembling a post office just as a tall, slender figure strode cheerfully into the space declaring, "I'm here to pick up the package!" This person had an attractive fine-featured face, gently waving shoulder-length blonde hair, and was wearing a white uniform. Watching this intensely energetic and androgynous courier proceed to the counter, collect what he had come for, and stride out again, I felt the "package" was my grandmother's soul and that the courier was an Angel of God.

In the summer of 2006, approximately six years before I began lucid dreaming regularly and intelligently, I had this vivid dream:

My father (I call him Papi) is sitting at a small round table on an upper balcony of an outdoor restaurant attached to a hotel. Although the sun is shining brightly, he looks sad and depressed. Walking over to him, I remind Papi that we're supposed to visit the pyramids together. He tells me he doesn't think he can make it. I'm very upset, and insist we have to go. I remind him that he promised me we would.

A few days later, I received an email from Papi informing me that he had been diagnosed with Leukemia. In the months that followed, we grew closer than we had ever been. The pyramids of ancient Egypt (a civilization I have been studying since I was a child) are monumental expressions of a powerful belief in immortality and so, metaphorically speaking, my father and I did indeed visit them as together we confronted death. Seven months after his diagnosis, he passed away. The evening after his funeral, I was standing in the bathroom of a hotel on my way home, and as I brushed my hair, I heard my father's voice saying joyfully, "Maria, my love! You were right, Maria! You were right!" His voice didn't register in my physical eardrums, yet it was clear as a bell ringing directly in my mind. And that night, I went to bed determined to dream with him.

I find myself standing in a small town staring at the entrance to a theater, and at once I become lucid. I concentrate on the open door through which people are streaming out onto the street, absolutely determined my father will be one of them...and there he is! Immediately, we're embracing each other, but I notice that he looks a bit groggy and confused. He warns me, in the way he always did when he was worried about me, "You have to be careful here, Maria." My eyes fixed on his face, I perceive his features mysteriously morphing.... Abruptly, I'm hugging a man with a similar build and complexion to my father's but who isn't truly my father anymore. Then he collapses at my feet as if shot in the heart by the man I now see standing nearby. The stranger's intently aware eyes stare straight into mine, and although he is an attractive man, his cold sharp smile scares me so much, I instantly understand I have to get away from there as fast as possible! Launching myself into the sky, as I fly away from the scene, I begin waking up.

At the time, I thought of this man as one of my Guides protecting me from the dangers of a "place" on the "Other Side" I was not prepared for, but to which the force of my grief and love propelled me, hence my father's warning. I now recognize him as my Guardian Angel, whose appearance "disabled" whoever had taken my father's place even as he deliberately frightened me away from there into the relative safety of waking reality boundaries.

Not long after Papi's death, I had another dream with him:

I find myself walking toward a long white structure on an ideally luminous day. The single-story building is surrounded by a white stone walkway punctuated with matching stone benches overlooking lush grass and flowering trees. I follow the path until I come upon Papi sitting on one of them. I ask him if I can sit with him, and he promptly moves over as he apologizes, "Sorry, but here we tend to sit in the center just because we can." I reach for his hand and cling to it. In the peaceful silence, I become acutely aware of being there with him. I look around us, and the lucid sense of being fully present in the moment intensifies as I say, "You know, we're really sitting here now, but we could also already be sitting together on the Other Side with nothing to fear, not ever..." To which Papi replies, "I feel we could be, because of the sun."

Immediately after waking from this dream, I walked up to the mountain top with my dog, where a deep mist enabled me to look directly at the rising sun. There it was, in all its orange-gold splendor—the solar disc as



clearly visible to my naked eye as the full moon. The vision felt like a blessing, like a gift from my father telling me we truly had been together in my dream. Of course, I understand now that my father wasn't referring merely to the solar disc but to the Son of God. Because of Jesus and His gift of the Holy Spirit, my father's soul and mine could, for a few priceless moments, be together in a dream.

Lucid Dream of May 6, 2014 — Asking Papi About His Life on the Other Side

It's a lovely day and I'm walking up our long curving black driveway, which is surrounded by trees in full summer leaf. Everything feels absolutely real and more vividly sensual than normal; even the slightly rough texture of the black asphalt beneath my bare feet tempts me to lie down on it to experience its unique sensation more intimately. I dismiss the urge, and for a few moments the world goes dark, but not completely. There is still luminous sky to the right of our tallest tulip tree, so that its familiar outline defines the edge of the darkness. Relaxed, I continue walking, simply waiting for my vision to completely return, which it does just as I round the final curve in the driveway.

When the house comes into view, I see a man walking toward me. Behind him, a small group of people is gathered at the top of the driveway where it merges with the brick courtyard. My heart literally seems to expand in my chest when I realize the visitor is Papi striding across the grass toward me smiling his uniquely wonderful smile. Above normal clothes, he is wearing an unusual flesh-colored fur cape, long and affluent-looking yet light enough to billow around him.

Hurrying to meet him, and gazing joyfully at his face and into his eyes, I cry, "Papi! I didn't expect you!" and he lets me know (without actually telling me so) that he only dropped by to say hello but that he can't stay; already he's turning toward the big car around which the others are gathering. I suffer the sinking sensation I am all too familiar with. Once again it is obvious I desire to spend more time with him than he does with me, which makes me very sad. "You can't just stop by for five minutes, Papi!" I protest. "You have to stay! Please, Papi!" I will *not* let him leave so soon....

Abruptly, we are all inside a small rectangular room I feel is part of my house, although not in waking reality. It appears to be some sort of antechamber where guests can congregate, as they are doing now, some sitting, others standing and talking in the even light. There are no lamps, no furnishings at all, but a dark-haired man with his back to me (my brother?) is loudly and passionately playing a piano. Papi is standing a few feet away from me, smiling and saying something to someone. He looks happy and healthy, which makes me glad but also confuses me. Can it be that his leukemia is in remission? He's been sick for years, and yet he's still alive and looks perfectly healthy....

There's a transition I can't remember, to sitting in a large dark room. Diagonally across from me, Papi is seated in the center of another couch. Keeping my focus on him, I somehow manage to pull myself up into a standing position so I can walk over to him. "It's okay," I tell him, staring intently down into his eyes. "I'm lucid now. I wasn't lucid before. I understand that you're dead."

Smiling, he replies, "Of course I'm dead."

I sit down beside him on the couch to his left, and as I ask him many questions, our positions relative to each other occasionally shift slightly. I wish I could remember everything we talked about word-per-word, but I know for a fact that at the beginning of our long conversation, I clearly picked up from him that life after death is not what he had expected it to be; it is much like physical life only infinitely more dynamic, for he is constantly and profoundly engaged in its unfolding.

At one point, while we're both standing, he tells me about a female acquaintance who covets a particular golden mausoleum for herself. I realize he's making a joke about dead people tomb hunting the way living people house hunt. I exclaim, "You don't really live in mausoleums here!" and he smiles at me the way I remember him doing whenever he was pulling my leg.

Deep into our conversation, I ask him, "Is there an infrastructure here?" He looks away, and the wonder in his voice is shadowed by fear as he replies, "Maria, it's as if the center of the city is alive..."

This makes wonderful sense to me. "It must be the heart," I tell him, as in the Sacred Heart. The vision that flashes in my mind is of an open city square filled with a misty dark-blue light manifesting between the buildings and joining earth and sky as it thrusts out slightly like a woman's breast. It is unfathomably alive and yet

only one intimate connection—like a tiny bay in an endless ocean—to an absolute and Supreme Being, all-knowing, all-nurturing, all-giving and unending Life. It is nearly impossible for me to describe what I felt in this vision, but I instantly grasp that “where” Papi is now constantly interacts with and mysteriously manifests his innermost thoughts and feelings—his soul.

Excited, I tell him, “I have a theory, Papi, that we’re all like cells in the single body of humanity, so here, individual souls might be like cells bringing this particular world to life.” I seem to comprehend that where he is the activity of “day-to-day” life centers on experiencing and “working” with your soul, which is effectively turned inside-out.



When we are once more sitting, and partially embracing each other, I declare, “I’ve asked you a lot of questions, Papi, and I’ve been dreaming for a long time. It’s going to be hard for me to remember everything you said. Let’s go over the points we covered. First, the infrastructure here is alive...”—I phase out of the dream.

I got the feeling that Papi and everyone else in that “place” was metaphorically suckling at the same Divine “breast” which cared for them while mysteriously helping them grow.

When I shared my dream with my mother she pointed out how, at first, I had to insist my father actually stay and spend time with me, and that it was my determination which obliged him to sit down and talk to me in a lucid dream. I know Papi loved me, but he always cut our phone conversations short when there was the real danger they might become more personal. This time, I didn’t let him hang up!

I believe I was permitted to commune with my father in Purgatory. The Sacred Heart I had a vision of in the dream, when he described the center of the city as being alive, connects where he is with God but it is not heaven, which is full and unimaginably glorious union with God.

“No happiness can be found worthy compared with that of a soul in Purgatory except that of the saints in Paradise. And day by day this happiness grows as God flows into these souls, more and more as the hindrance to His entrance is consumed. Sin’s rust is the hindrance, and the fire burns the rust away so that more and more the soul opens itself up to the divine inflowing.”—Fire of Love: Understanding Purgatory, Saint Catherine of Genoa

I had not yet read this book when I had this dream, but I believe I glimpsed the truth of this “divine inflowing” my father informed me was at the heart of everything. During his final weeks in the hospital, I was in the room with him when a Catholic priest arrived to see him. Papi asked me to stay, but when the priest, standing at the head of the bed, opened his Bible and began praying, I mumbled some excuse and fled. For a long time I sat outside in front of the ocean watching the seagulls, my back to the hospital, around which vultures circled.

I’m sure it was no coincidence I had this incredible dream with my father after I fully embraced the Catholic faith into which I was Baptized and Confirmed, in great part because of my lucid dreams.

When he retired, my father was Director of U.S.A.I.D. in Central America, which might explain the word I found myself spontaneously using in the dream—*infrastructure*—for much of his work consisted in overseeing the development of more modern infrastructures in poor rural communities.

Excerpt from my Lucid Dream of October 21, 2014 — Another Talk With Papi

I’m sitting on the edge of the couch, gazing down at him where he reclines against it. At this point, I ask him a question I can’t recall now, but I vividly remember his response. “God is there....” And as he says this, I suddenly perceive slender shafts of golden light shining down from above and behind him as though cradling him. Resting his left hand over where his physical heart would have been he adds, “You feel pain in your essence...” as I observe a soft white light that seems concentrated in his chest area. And there is a note of uncomfortable awe in his voice as he tells me, “Forceful people come to you....” And a perfect understanding fills me as I look at his face, and the light.

“See, too, certain rays and shafts of light that go out from that divine love towards the soul... Two works are

wrought by these rays: the first is purification and the second is destruction. Look at gold: the more you melt it, the better it becomes; you could melt it until you had destroyed in it every imperfection. Thus does fire work on material things. The soul cannot be destroyed insofar as it is in God, but insofar as it is in itself it can be destroyed; the more it is purified, the more the self is destroyed within it, until at last it is pure in God.” — Saint Catherine of Genoa

Lucid Dream of June 5, 2015 — Rosa in Purgatory

Walking purposefully, I suddenly come upon my maternal grandmother standing in some large common room. I almost walk past her, but then pause, becoming gently lucid as I understand that I’m seeing my dead grandmother. She looks very much like herself, and is wearing something akin to a hospital gown made of a thin pale fleshly material marred by stains of varying sizes and degrees.

I ask, “Abuela?” even though I know it’s her. I can’t remember our exact words to each other, but I begin by asking her how she’s doing, and she tells me that she’s fine, even though she is undergoing some very intense treatment. I reply, “Yes, I already knew that from another dream” as I remember glimpsing the process, which consisted of something flowing into and out of her. And as she speaks to me now, I receive another image of what her soul is experiencing. A great force is flowing into her like an invisible river’s powerful torrent, but it is not water, or even the amorphous so-called “energy” of material science—it is a Living Power/Quality/Vitality/Pure Life actively engaged in purifying her. The crude analogy of a soul enema comes to mind, because it is definitely uncomfortable and yet totally necessary. I suffer the impression this “area” of Purgatory is akin to a hospital wing, and she seems content there, if not exactly happy, because she is making progress, getting better slowly but surely....

This lucid interlude with Abuela continues as I observe her “morphing” into what looks like another woman, but it may be a more youthful version of her. As she demonstrates to me something of what she experiences in her “soul treatments” I perceive a greenish-gold “energy” building up inside her that forms a subtly glowing aura around her before abruptly “climaxing” in intensity and “snapping” into a golden egg-like frame around her—I literally see a gold-edged aura embracing her, as well as the other women in the group standing around her. They all appear to be undergoing the same “treatment.” They stand there filled with a Splendor so bright it can barely be contained, their forms vibrating as though fit to burst with its radiance. Then they all begin dancing in a stop-motion-film kind of way, their arms and legs jerking up and down as their heads turn stiffly from side to side, almost like robots except there is nothing mechanical about their wholehearted exuberance. It’s more like a ritual dance in which their gestures script a language expressing what their souls are experiencing. To me it looks as though the intensity of their joy is so great, they simply have to dance and dance even if their motions are, for the time being, painfully retrained. Yet watching them, I know all that matters is they are filled with this golden Light-Life which is such a pure and absolute joy, it’s wonderful to be around them. As I begin ascending above this scene, I wake up.

Lucid Dream of January 16, 2021 — A Divine Shore

Although I was lying on my side in bed I slowly, gently become aware that I’m now resting on my back feeling completely and deliciously relaxed. Somehow I know I’m outside where the light is a pure bright white yet also ideally soft. A wind which is more than a breeze yet considerably gentle is playing with my long skirt, which occasionally wafts upward like a sail before gently breaking against my bent right knee in a silky-soft wave of fabric. I know I’m on a beach, and that my little dog, Arthur, is curled up asleep at my feet. But just to make sure, I shift my bare left foot slightly and confirm my impression with the feel of his silky soft hair. How utterly relaxed and content I am is wonderful; I feel I could lay here like this indefinitely and be perfectly happy.

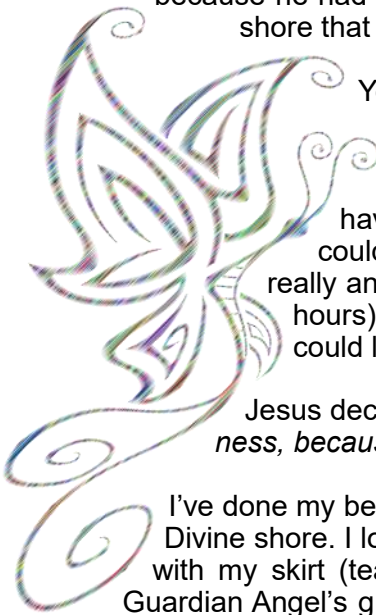
I rouse myself slightly only so I can look up at the sky, where almost directly above me I perceive a large opening akin to a cloud-portal inside which (larger than life and facing downward) is Abuelo’s (my maternal grandfather’s) face, and the only strange thing is that he has no eyes. I know this means something, and his familiar loved presence only adds to the glorious reality of the scene. I don’t need to sit up as, turning my head to the left, I see that this beach is full of people and yet it doesn’t feel in the least bit crowded. I hear no voices, there is no sound at all, yet I don’t notice its absence because all of us are somehow wonderfully one with the Light. The atmosphere is utterly bright and white and yet there’s no need to squint against it. There’s no blinding sun blazing down on the scene; this sublime shore seems to actually be *inside* the Light. There are also no shadows; the only darkness is akin to the fine strokes of an artist’s black pencil forming the outlines of living people—reclining or standing on the beach as well as in the water near the shore—who all appear as happy as I am to be here.

The scene is vibrant and dynamic, yet as I look up the only motion I'm aware of takes the form of a tiny white moth or butterfly fluttering energetically beneath something akin to an archway of paler light, its tiny form as bright as the atmosphere and even brighter. The scene is radiant with life and yet at the same time perfectly silent and profoundly restful.

Utterly content, I return to simply lying there on my back, my only concern (which really isn't one at all) being the way the wind keeps playing with my skirt, each time seeming about to lift it high enough to expose my intimate parts to a man resting on his side between me and the water and who, facing in my direction, never takes his eyes off me. Yet I know it doesn't matter what happens with my skirt because here all is well... all is *exceeding* well....

I'm disappointed when the scene begins slipping away and I find my awareness drifting along narrow city streets facing blank walls, everything looking empty and lifeless as I land back in my physical body in bed.

Dream Notes: I immediately thought about how Abuelo's face had no eyes, and understood that it was because he had lent me *his* eyes (his vision) so I could see, catch a glorious glimpse of a Divine shore that does not exist on Earth but in the Son and the Light of Life Eternal.

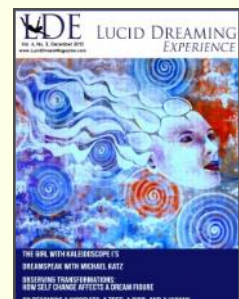
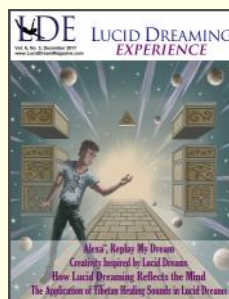
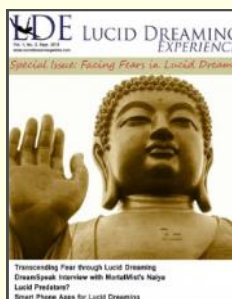
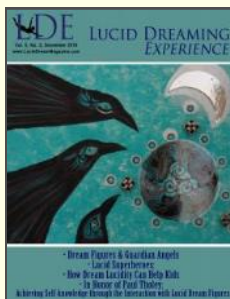


Yesterday, when I walked Arthur to the ocean, the sunlight was so bright on the water I could barely look at it, and I said to my Lord in my mind and heart that I could not wait to see Him and look straight at Him (for He is the Light Who is Life) with my eyes wide open and not go blind, as described by many people who have died and returned to share their experience of a blinding light of Love they could look straight at. Countless people who relate their Near Death Experience (not really an accurate term because all these people were clinically dead, in many cases for hours) all speak of the most brilliant and beautiful and mysteriously loving light they could look straight at without.

Jesus declared, *"I am the light of the world. If you follow me, you won't have to walk in darkness, because you will have the light that leads to life."* John 8:12

I've done my best to describe the absolute relaxation, peace, and tranquility I experienced on that Divine shore. I look forward to feeling as I did resting there while the wind of the Holy Spirit played with my skirt (teasing me with my modest concern?) with my beloved little dog who I call my Guardian Angel's glove. And perhaps that man reclining on his side facing me, and who never took his eyes off me, was my Guardian Angel because later that same night, I had a marvelous lucid dream featuring him and some of his fellow Angels! ▲

TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES



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The Astral Knife

By Karim © 2024



I wanted to share this dream that highlights the thin line between dreams and out-of-body experiences (OBEs).

The dream starts with encountering a dream sage, a Tibetan monk draped in vibrant orange robes. His aura, a serene composition of loving kindness, enveloped me, beckoning me into lucidity as we discussed dream exploration and dreams within dreams.

From the folds of his robes, he produced a magical tool that he called an Astral Knife. With a swift gesture, he sliced the air creating a slit through the fabric of my dream bubble leading outside, only to find the familiar confines of my waking life bedroom on the other side.

Together, we leaped through this tear between worlds, landing amidst the mundane yet strangely surreal setting of my room. The monk, seemingly some sort of dream teacher, presented me with the ethereal blade while instructing me to use it to continuously practice exiting my dream realities. It felt like I was given an assignment by my dream world.

My bedroom was aglow with an astral essence. Three somber dark clouds hovered, each cradling a core of colored light that seemed to struggle to break free. One was an electric blue hovering over my desk, a vibrant red on the left side of my bed, and a warm orange on its opposite. The monk counseled caution of attempting to uncover what is hidden in those clouds on my own. He warned of the possibility of potential traumas that could be lurking in there that could leap out in the guise of dark entities or shadows if not approached properly with the right protocols.

He promised guidance in future dreams on the best way to unearth the trapped light. Until then, my practice was simple: use the knife to exercise exiting from the dreamscape, nothing more.

No sooner had the monk vanished than I was entranced by the clouds' dance. I marveled at the resemblance of my astral bedroom to its waking life counterpart, which sparked a question within me: had I stumbled upon a novel method to OBE from the dream state?

My newfound lucidity wavered, and I found myself adrift in another dream. Yet the memory of the Astral Knife remained. Reaching into my pocket, I felt the cool touch of the blade. With a swipe in the air, surprisingly, I returned to my room with increased lucidity. I continued practicing a few rounds of slicing my dream bubble and jumping back out into my bedroom whenever a dream formed.

After waking up and in the afterglow of this dream, I was pondering the significance of the clouds and their locations in my bedroom. I also eagerly await the return of my dream mentor. The prospect of slicing and exiting my future lucid dreams with this astral knife fills me with excitement and anticipation.

In dreams, we are often granted profound magical artifacts. The Astral Knife, is one such gift from the dream world. It appears to me to symbolize the focused awakened mind that cuts through illusions and stories to increase awareness and lucidity. I plan to also use my knife in my active imagination to cut through stressful and anxious thoughts in my waking life as well.

We often tell ourselves stories that are similar to the dreams we experience at night. I believe by cutting through these illusions, we can see things as they truly are, without any biases or preconceptions. ▲

Artwork: "Astral Knife" by Karim © 2024, produced using ChatGPT (Also featured on this issue's cover)

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On July 30, 2020, I had a “night goal” to connect with a recently-deceased loved one. I didn’t get lucid that night, but did slip into an interesting dream. I was wandering around an unknown area consisting of multiple little dwellings; not sure if it was a motel or small townhomes. I heard that the deceased friend I was looking for was in one of these units, so I scoured the area looking for him. Then, to my surprise, I started talking with him on my cell phone, and asked where he was. I told him I think I’m close, and wanted to see him one last time before he died. Surprisingly, he said he was in another city in another Province (in Canada). I was stunned, and said, “Oh, that’s a little too far to get to at this point... darn,” and I woke up.

A couple months later, in September 2020, I decided to ask his daughter if he had ever gone to that specific far-away city he named in the dream. I was doubtful, as he lived in a small town and it was his home, his community. Sure enough though, his daughter replied that, yes, he did go there over the years, and in fact, he was there just before he died! I wondered who I had talked to in the dream... was it a true version of my friend before he died, or a confused friend after he died... or something else? And what was with the multiple little dwellings or units of townhomes or motel rooms? Had he stayed in a place like that while visiting that city? Or did that area represent something like a graveyard of tombstones? Either would have been fascinating.

On October 10, 2020, I thought I would connect with my same friend again, but this time tried it a little differently. At 2:11am in the hypnagogic state, I invited him to come to me in case he was still around this dense plane of existence and had any messages for any loved ones he had left behind. After waiting in that state for a couple of minutes, my monkey-mind diverted to other experiments, when suddenly I felt a chill over my whole body. What the heck is going on? Oh right... I invited the deceased... he must be in the room!

In theory, I thought this would be nice, but I didn’t realize this chill over my body would be present during a visitation. Lucid in the liminal, I talked to my friend for some time while trying to ignore it, but the chill kept a certain air of fear in the room. I thought about opening my eyes to see if I could see him, but thought maybe that would just make things worse—I’m not sure I’m ready to see a ghost!

Can

I felt a little ashamed of my fear, thinking my friend had traveled to my bedroom and I had behaved rather inappropriately; not warm and welcoming and helpful, as I had intended.

You

The next night while lying awake at 4:22am in the hypnagogic state, I just started talking to him as if he were still here in my room. I apologized for my fear the night before and said I would really like to convey any messages, if he had any, for his loved ones. I asked him if he could find a less freaky way to communicate with me—in a lucid dream would be ideal, or an astral state, or any altered state, preferably. I then thought to “hypno” him (that’s what I call trying to connect with someone in the hypnagogic state, perhaps similar to remote viewing).

See

This?

All of a sudden, I slipped into a very powerful hypno state... it was a vivid scene. I looked around the vision in confusion, then saw some words forming in the air, as if

they were being typed. They said something like “*Can you see this?*” I finally clued in that it was my friend! He actually found a less freaky way to communicate with me and it was working brilliantly! I tried typing back on a nearby keyboard but then slipped out of the scene and was wide awake.

Another surprising “call for the deceased” encounter I had was on January 14, 2021, at about 2am. By this time, I’d had a few more experiences that were more pleasant, and thought I was getting the hang of it. But this encounter was unique in that it was someone I didn’t know personally. A friend had asked me to try to connect with the deceased man, who had recently committed suicide. I tried to gather some info on him and then invited him to my room.

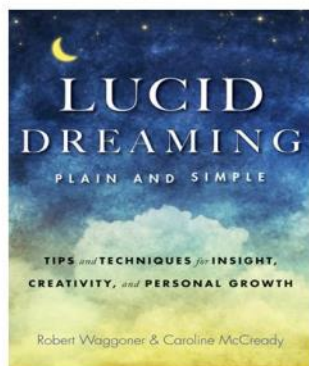
The chills came fast, even before I got into the hypnagogic state. I immediately felt something different with this one though. It was a terrible negative energy in the room. I quickly deduced that he still had the same feelings he’d had just before he died, which must have been quite negative to take his own life. I didn’t even anticipate that sort of issue and thought those waking-state feelings would have immediately dissolved upon “crossing over.” Apparently not! I was in quite an awkward position; I was in my room with an angry spirit still mad at the world, whom I had never met.

It seemed too late now to do anything but address the situation, so I just started telling him the truth. There was no sugar-coating for a ghost! I apologized and said, I know you don’t know me, but his friend who loves him had asked me to get in touch with him. I went on and on about how loved he was, and then talked a bit about some of our shared hobbies. It took about an hour, but finally I felt the energy “clear,” going from extremely negative to neutral or positive... definitely much more peaceful. I then tried to hypno him and heard the words “eight pounds.” I’m not sure if he was referring to a dog he loved or a fish he caught, but at least I felt that although things didn’t go exactly as planned, I had possibly helped a spirit go from a bad state to a more settled peace, and I knew he could move on. ▲

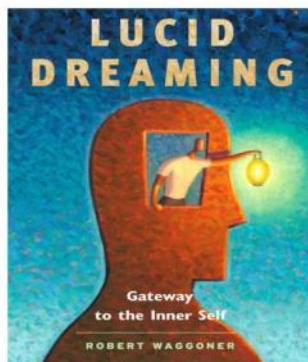


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Lucid Dreaming from Beyond the Grave

By Melinda Powell © 2024



I share here an excerpt from my most recent book *Dreams My Mother Taught Me: Lessons in Lucid Dreaming from Beyond the Grave* (pending publication), which tells the story of how my relationship with my mother, Margaret, deepened after her death as she initiated me into lucid dreaming.

Some readers might say my visions of my mother are nothing more than a projection of my dreaming mind. Others might argue that from beyond the veil she truly appeared. But I sense both are true. Through her presence in my dreams, my mother, like a wise Sophia figure, taught me to surrender to union with Divine light.

A pivotal lucid dream involving my mother took place when pressures had been increasing at the charitable counselling center I was running. The centre faced closure unless we could raise an additional fifty-thousand pounds in the coming three months. As in the myth of “Psyche and Eros”, in which Psyche labors under tasks so insurmountable they could only be completed with the help of divine guidance and grace, I was feeling a burden of responsibility beyond my capability.

This night in question, before falling asleep, I had spent much time in prayer. In the lucid dream that followed, my mother revealed herself to me in an entirely new way.

The dream is presented here in two parts:

Initially, it seems that I am in the dining room of my family home where I grew up. The room has been newly renovated and sunlight streams in, a detail which seems strange to me since in waking life the room was usually shaded by a roof over the patio.

One of my sisters-in-law comes in looking worried. I say to her, “We are in a dream so there’s no need to worry.” Then I remember that the dining room wall features a gold-lined mirror and turn to look at it. The room and my sister-in-law appear in the mirror, but my own reflection is not visible. At first this concerns me since I wonder if I have died, but then it occurs to me that from the spiritual perspective it seems a good thing, in that my ego defenses must have dissolved.

This awareness brings lucidity and surrender as the dreamscape gives way to a vast field of glorious Black Light. A strong wind seizes my being and carries me a great distance. My bare “feet” are set gently upon unseen ground. The moment this happens, it feels as though all the stones, plants, animals, and beings of this place rise through me, as if my soul has touched the fount of Life itself, surging upwards and taking complete hold of me. After that my memory goes blank for some time.

By this time, many other lucid dreams had shown me that mirrors not only reveal aspects of our own nature but also can serve as portals to new dimensions, so I had been curious to see what the dining room mirror might reveal. However, this was one of the rare times I could not see my own reflection. The ensuing lucidity freed me to experience a profound awakening to the fullness and richness of all, infusing me with a fresh zest for living.

It seems fitting that this dream began in the dining room of my childhood home, a room that had once epitomized my parents' hopes for their future happiness.

When I was a child, the golden strands running across the mirror reminded me of a topographical map, but in this dream, it proved to be a "map" to the inner world and the challenge of overcoming my ego defenses so that I could know myself and the world in a new way. Hence the dining room's recent renovation in the dream.

Although my mother had not appeared directly in this part of the dream, her presence was symbolized by the gold of the dining room mirror, signifying her most treasured hopes for her family and herself. Through this dream, I feel certain she knew that I would be led to the riches of the inner life.

The dream scene abruptly shifts to me resting in my bed of my (then) home:

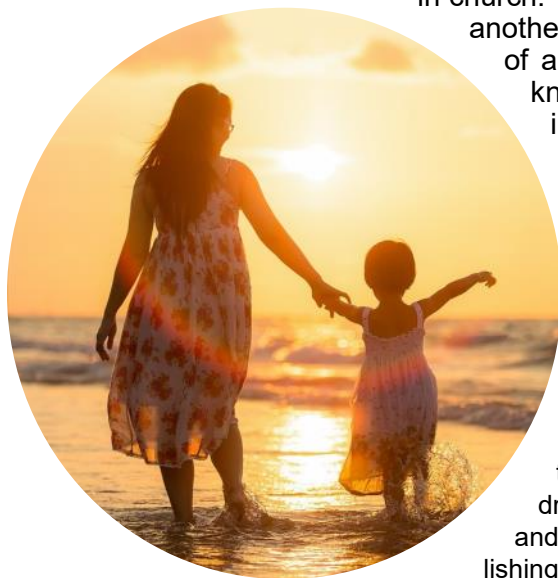
A male Being comes in and lies next to me, desirous of making love. His skin looks like obsidian, but he seems edgy and distracted, and my mind thinks, "An incubus". What bothers me most is that I am wanting to rest and contemplate the first part of the lucid dream. Also, given the Being's edginess, I am unsure whether he means me harm or good, so I sit up and start singing a hymn to Jesus, certain that the Being will disappear if the song doesn't suit him. I sing, "Jesus, name above all names, beautiful Savior, glorious Lord, Emmanuel, God is with us...." The Being slides away.

Then I hear a woman taking up the tune in a sweet, high soprano. Instantly I am in a still, shining black space. I recognize this voice as my mother's. Out of the darkness appears a white sphere, inside of which a purple cube emits a large red, pulsating ball of light from its central point. The harmony and beauty of the form is breathtaking. My mother's voice comes from the innermost sphere of light. I understand this is how my mother's being is being shown to my Imaginal mind.

Filled with love and longing, I raise my left hand to caress the form as if I were caressing her cheek. We sing together and then I say, "Mother, does this mean I will be with you soon?" It seems odd because we are together in that moment. She laughs lightly and continues singing in a reassuring way.

Unexpectedly, I find myself transported to another dream scene in which I open the window in my room so that I can go flying among the autumnal leaves, which I do for some time, weaving in and out of the treetops. Normally I don't do such things in lucid dreams, but I feel like having fun and celebrating. Then I awake.

Hearing my mother's finely tuned voice puts me in touch with the many-layered memories of sitting next to her in church. Then, neither of us could have imagined our love for God and for one another would be shared in this way! This dream meeting felt a culmination of all the dreams that had come before, one in which we could at last know one another as beloved Beings of Light, the same light that illumines Creation in love.



Finally, the lucid dream comes full circle, returns me to the bedroom of my London flat, and, in sheer pleasure, I take flight, soaring over London, free from all constraints, confident the charity would raise the needed funds, and certain in the knowledge that love is eternal. ▲

Melinda Powell, MA Psychology of Religion, co-founded the Dream Research Institute (DRI), London, to promote research and education on dreams and wellbeing. Past vice-president of IASD and former director of the DRI and Help Counselling Centre, she now teaches and writes about dreams. See *The Hidden Lives of Dreams* (Bonnie Books UK, 2019) and *Lucid Surrender: The Alchemy of the Soul in Lucid Dreaming* (Archive Publishing 2021). www.melindapowelldreams.com and www.driccpe.org.uk



The dream I'm sharing here is one I intended after finding out my mother had been diagnosed with a life-threatening illness. I thought I'd attempt to help her in a lucid dream to see what would happen.

Before I tried for this lucid dream, I asked my mum if I could come to her in a lucid dream and help her, and she accepted. She knows what I'm like and, while she isn't the most open-minded person, she was open to me trying to help her in any way I could.

I repeated my intention over and over until I fell asleep. Quite literally on the first attempt, I became lucid and remembered what I wanted to do. I felt a rush and very quickly found my mum. She didn't look very happy but was pleased to see me, nonetheless.

I placed my hands on her body and willed myself to heal her. My hands lit up with a glowing light and an energy emitted from my hands and went into my mum. This carried on for a quite a while. This lucid dream was particularly longer than most of the others I've had. It only ended once I felt I had done enough. I noticed a light back in my mum's eyes as I woke up.

Before the lucid dream, my mum had had a scan that showed a sizeable tumour. After the lucid dream, however, and shortly before an operation to remove this tumour was to take place, the doctors found that the tumour was nowhere as big as they originally thought. They were able to remove it quite successfully. I do believe this had something to do with my lucid dream. ▲

Theme for the June 2024 issue: Healing in Lucid Dreams

** Share your lucid dream experiences of healing ... body, mind, or spirit! **

Have you resolved recurring nightmares through lucid dreaming? Addressed a phobia or anxiety by lucid dreaming? Worked to direct healing energy in a lucid dream on a physical problem? Had some other kind of healing experience in a lucid dream?

Please send us your *lucid dreams, articles, and artwork* related to lucid dreams of healing for this special theme issue. We also welcome submissions of lucid dreams, articles, artwork on any topic connected to lucid dreaming.



Submissions are due May 15, 2024 via our website: luciddreamingmagazine.com



James Sims — *A Deity from the Seventh Density*

After spending some time in contemplation and lamenting over my recent feelings of loneliness at the onset of this dream, I become lucid while staring at a TV screen. In this screen, I see Spirit in the form of a middle-aged Woman, who communicates with me through the screen and seems to trigger my lucidity.

Knowing right off the bat that She's a Spirit Guide, I ask Her, "Are You a Wanderer [a Soul from a higher density or dimension who assists beings on earth]?" To which she answers yes. I continue the inquiry: "What density are You from?" She replies, "7th Density." "Wow!" I exclaim. "Souls from 7th Density are very rare! What percentage of Souls on earth are 7th Density Wanderers?" Initially, She responds, ".99%." However, when I repeat my question to confirm that I've heard correctly, She says something that I consider contradictory until I contemplate it more carefully: "99%, nearly 100%." (This is true because, on the level of the Absolute, we are all enlightened Buddhas regardless of our seeming attainment in the illusion of time and space.)

Feeling lonely and in more need of spiritual support in the physical realm, I ask, "Will I ever meet You on the earth plane?" To this She says no, implying that She's a Soul Who once incarnated physically but is now well above the level of physical incarnations. Feeling disappointed by Her answer, I then ask Her, "Why are You visiting me now?" She states, "You have recently been saying many sincere prayers, which I will always answer." Touched by Her heartwarming words, I seek confirmation: "So, whenever I call out to You sincerely, You will always answer me in some form?" "Yes," She assures.

As our conversation progresses, She appears to take a more physical form, and I can see Her in the room, confirming that She'll show up in whatever form is most helpful for me. When I hear a baby who cries rhythmically in the same room, Her focus shifts to consoling this baby, who symbolizes my wounded Inner Child. Despite the seeming inconsolability of this baby, who cries seemingly endlessly, She stays with him/me for the remainder of the dream.

Further elaborating on Her readiness to answer my every call, Her compassionate presence confirms that, in much the same way that She answers my verbal prayers, She answers my sorrowful cries as well by providing me with Love and Light whenever I am in distress. (This lucid dream came at a very synchronous time in the sense that, just the night before, I had prayed for healing of my religious trauma.)

Dear Deity of 7th Density, I love You and thank You so much for always being here with me.

Nightowl — *Dear Dad*

In the tender embrace of a lucid dream, I found solace amidst the swirling storm of grief that followed my dad's departure from this world on the first day of the year. The days that ensued were a blur, with more questions than answers, and an investigation that seemed to prolong the agony. Yet, it was in the realm of dreams that I found a space to bid him one final farewell.

For over a month, my nights were a canvas painted with visions of him, so vivid, yet I remained oblivious to

the reality of his absence in my waking life. He was there, just another character in the intricate tapestry of my subconscious narratives. But my resolve was unshaken, fueled by an unwavering determination to consciously connect with him once more.

Then, one night, amidst the ethereal backdrop of my dreamscape, I reached out to him. A phone call bridged the gap between us, albeit marred by static and the muffled cadence of his voice, a testament to the chasm that now lay between our realms. Technology, with its whimsical ways in my dreams, mirrored the surreal distance that death had imposed. In that moment of lucidity, I yearned not for words or explanations but for the warmth of his embrace. And so, with the clarity of a lucid dreamer, I summoned him into my presence.

We spoke no words; no inquiries about his untimely departure escaped my lips. Instead, I chose the simplicity of a hug—a silent testament to the love and longing that words could scarcely convey. In his embrace, I found an authenticity that transcended the bounds of my dream-induced creation. He was as real as my memories could conjure, down to the familiar height difference that had me looking up to him in both life and dream. This was not a figment of my imagination but the essence of my dad, preserved in the sanctuary of my heart.

Our hug was an eternity encapsulated in a fleeting moment, a lifetime of love and farewell interwoven in a silent goodbye. As I released him back into the ether, a profound realization dawned upon me—the final gift from my dad was a poignant reminder of the preciousness of life, a treasure I vowed never to squander. “Dad, in that ethereal embrace, you imparted the wisdom of cherishing each breath, each moment. Your legacy is a beacon that guides me through the darkest nights, illuminating the path with the enduring glow of your love. Farewell, until we meet again in the dreamscape of eternity. I love you.”

Georgia Palmer — *The Farewell of a Body*

I am walking along the grass below my childhood home, a path I would take every day to walk to the village and back. Suddenly I am aware that my deceased father is with me, and I become lucid.

I haven't seen him in my dreams for such a long time and I ask him why. He tells me that it is harder for him to come and communicate with me now because he has decided to reincarnate into a new body.

His form changes from the body I know and recognise as 'Dad', into the body of a young man in his teens or 20s. He is showing me his new form. He tells me that he has been reincarnated in the North-East of England and I get a sense that I will meet this man one day. I feel a mix of sadness and awe as the dream fades, and I awaken to the realisation that my father has moved on to new pastures.



Tasha — *My Grandfather*

I'm in the house. It's a different house, much bigger. I look outside as a car pulls up. It is my mom and she has my Grandad, Grandma, and Grandma Joan with her. They all get out of the car and come inside.

I finish what I'm doing and then turn to meet them. Mom and both grandmas are standing and Grandad sits down in an armchair. I go to him and lean down to give him a big hug. As I hug him, I realize I am dreaming! I say “This is a dream! Thank you for helping me get lucid!” as I still hug him harder. “I have not seen you since you died!”

As I pull away, I look at him and he looks years younger—maybe in his 30s, and healthy. I say, “I never saw you when you were young.” I ask him how he is doing. He says he is great. I am so happy to see him. I ask, “What is it like over there? Have you met God?” He laughs and says, “I can't talk about that!” I say, “But at least tell me, is there a God?” He says, “Oh yes, he is out there.” I say, “But you haven't met him?” He says “No.” I tell him how wonderful it is to see him, and then I wake up.

Chris Cuniffe — *Appreciating Jerry Hicks Leads to Lucid Dream*

Preliminary Note: This dream occurred in 2013, a day prior to my attendance at a channeling seminar by Esther Hicks. She channels “Abraham.” Esther’s husband, Jerry Hicks, had passed away a couple of years before this seminar. Prior to falling asleep, I spent some time thinking about Jerry and I felt strong positive emotions about him.

The Dream: I approach two people reading books by “George Anderson.” Each book has a different title, and neither is familiar to me. This surprises me because I thought I had already read all the books by the medium George Anderson. I ask one of them if their book is by the medium George Anderson. They say no, indicating that their book is by a different George Anderson.

I then find myself walking in a grassy area, conversing for some time with Jerry Hicks (but I could not recall the details of the conversation). There are some others around us. Then it suddenly hits me that Jerry has transitioned from physical reality and therefore this must be a dream. The transition to lucidity is smooth. It is hard to believe it is a dream because the scene is so incredibly vivid. To prove to myself that I’m dreaming, I attempt (with success) to float off the ground. I float around outside for a bit, but not that far off the ground.

Then I go into a house. I approach a door that goes back to the outside and decide to try to experiment with the door. I make several attempts to pass my hand through the door, but the door feels very solid and I’m unsuccessful. I decide to just use the doorknob, and this works fine. Once I get back outside, I find that the houses around me are all stunningly attractive. Very upscale and colorful. The houses all have a similar architectural design that features clean lines. The neighborhood seems to have been built on a series of small rolling hills.

As I walk down the street, I start to see the ocean. I want to get closer to the water to see the views. Then the scene starts to fade very quickly. It fades away before I can even begin to attempt to stabilize it.

Postscript: When I attended the Abraham-Hicks seminar the next day, there were about 500 people in attendance. After introductory remarks, Esther/Abraham opened the floor for a volunteer to sit in the “hot seat.” Probably around 100 hands went up, including mine. I was selected. When I got into the hot seat, I related my dream about Jerry Hicks and asked if I had interacted with the “real” Jerry or my dream version of him. “Abraham” responded to the effect that it was Jerry, that Jerry’s energy was present at the seminar, and that it was not a coincidence that I was the first person selected for the “hot seat.”

Sara Casalino — *The View from Another Window*

I dreamed I was working at a kennel inside a house. The doorbell rang and I frantically got up from a nap, still in my pajamas. I hurried to get dressed so I could answer the door, since that was part of my job, but someone else answered it. The veterinarian found out I’d been napping on the job, but luckily didn’t fire me. “Next time the bell rings I want you to answer the door a little quicker,” he said firmly.

I went into the bathroom to make sure my clothes weren’t rumpled (since I’d gotten dressed in a hurry), then turned around and saw a man sitting at a desk using a computer. I gradually became lucid. I realized the bathroom had an office and a doorway leading to another other area of the house I hadn’t known about. “You have a whole suite back here,” I said. “Do you want to see my view of the outside?” the man asked. “You’ve piqued my interest,” I agreed.

I followed him through the other area of the house and we reached a large window, which took up the entire wall. I saw a gorgeous view with dark green grass and large red, orange, and yellow flowers. The flowers were unfurling slowly in the breeze. “They remind me of goldfish,” I said. They looked graceful, like a goldfish with long fins and also resembled zucchini flowers. My window, on the other part of the house, also faced this view. I realized that when I looked out my window, the view was different. There were no giant flowers and the hues were more like light green and blue pastels instead of the vivid green and red I was seeing now. “The view is completely different from my window. It’s a different kind of beautiful,” I said. I had become more lucid now.



We went outside and walked around. It was like we were in a new place. Many people were walking around, wearing clothes from earlier time periods. The people were friendly and welcoming—you felt at ease around them. We all greeted one another with smiles and a hand greeting. The hand greeting involved the hand being palm up, like you're giving something, and you move it towards the other person like you're sending love to them. I intuitively knew the hand greeting and its meaning. It meant you were sending love to others. People didn't use this greeting on a group of people, but used it to acknowledge each individual person.

The man from the office mentioned I was similar to a particular person, someone from the past. I found this intriguing but I don't remember what else he said about that. Me and the other people got closer together and held hands at one point. Then I woke up.



Jill Lowy — *Grand Central Station*

I had gone to sleep and then I awoke having to use the bathroom. I went into the bathroom and noticed my hair looked funny in the mirror. I thought to myself that this can't be right. Then I realized I was dreaming!

I did a lucid dream check by putting my hand on the wood trim next to the door and sure enough, my hand went right through it. Yippee! Then I used Robert Waggoner's technique and asked my dream mind to show me something I need to see.

Immediately, I was transported to a place that looked like Grand Central Station except so much bigger. I was standing with some friends in the crowd watching the newcomers entering into the platform after arriving on some kind of transportation. I did not see any train or transport vehicle as I was inside the station.

A new group of people were arriving and walking down the platform. I knew instinctively that they had all recently passed away and were heading toward their new destinations. Suddenly, I saw someone I knew. It was my old boyfriend, Joe! He had recently passed away from leukemia. I yelled out to him, "Hey Joe!" He looked right at me and did not recognize me. And he continued on his way. I was feeling confused that he did not appear to know me. And someone from my group said that he could not see me because I appeared different to him, and that he was adjusting to his new conditions there. I tried to call out to him again, but found myself back in bed.

Rudra Yamala — *Night Shift*

In this dream, I'm some kind of graduate student on the night shift. We are in a lab with bright fluorescent light and stainless steel tables. One wall is a large glass window, like an aquarium. I am looking through it at a vast tangle of plants going on and on into the distance like a prairie. It is a dense proliferation of branches fanning out. I remember laughingly saying, "I'm going in."

Then I went to suit-up in wet suit with face mask. I became lucid. And quickly I had to do something to stabilize the dream and stay down longer. So I shifted into a Yoga Nidra meditation dissolution. I remember I could feel the tight grip of the wet suit was a body image of muscles relaxing. In the wet suit, I became held in the paresthesia of meditation. Becoming lucid I said, "Going in," to nobody in particular. It was more as an affirmation of my intention. I was relaxing into and looking into the movie screen space between my eyes.

When I say "night shift," I mean a kind of phase shift, where the oneironaut can relax and get a fairly harmonious tuning-in going and start to shift into a much bigger space than the room with the bed where he lies asleep. And so in my dream I saw this thing, like branches of a tree, a very prolific and beautiful and generous tree. But it was shifting and avalanching and cascading. Later I thought it could have been a neural net, or a great huge bed of sea grasses swaying. I was suspended in neural buoyancy like a fish in the invisible gentle wave motion passing through.

Now in my dream the tree had lots of tiny little berries on it, and within each berry there was a whole other

tree! And it kept on proliferating like that. It gave me a sense of worlds spawning worlds. It was vast. I decided to try and walk around in it and look at it. It was everywhere branching and mirroring to self-similarity, extending on and on in all directions.

I must have zoomed up to a higher perspective, because I felt like I was as small as an ant walking on the sideline of a football field. This plethora of branching tree limbs everywhere dense with little worlds seemed infinite. Especially the way it got going on ad-infinitesimal.

But once again, the dream was drifting, fading. I had to try and maintain lucidity. I thought to look down, to try to feel rooted in the ground. I noticed a leaf attached to a tree; saw the veins in the leaf similar to the branches in the tree and the roots buried deep within the ground at my feet: I knew it was acres of countless roots wrangling amongst themselves, quiet and writhing; held in the net of mycelium. Then, what looked like branches with little berry fruits on them, just exploded and there were all kinds of colored lines, going every which way.

Then I was looking into a cloud chamber. The raw seething chaos of creation and annihilation in a cloud chamber. The energy of the moving particles leaving vapor trails. And I realized it was not about the particles; it was about the relationships of the particles.

This relational view is something I was trying to understand from earlier in the day—this dream was a gift from the psyche exploring the understanding.

RickM — Cloudy Clairvoyance, Part 3

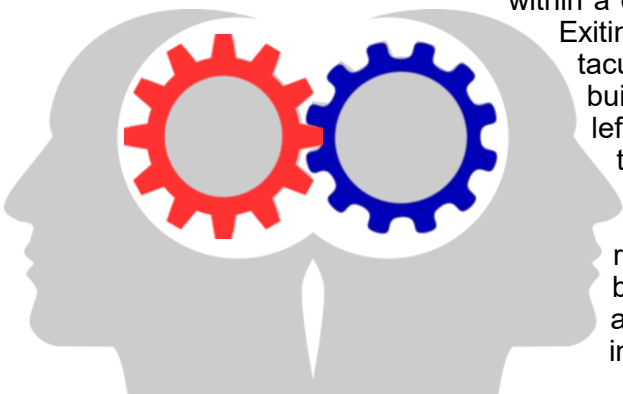
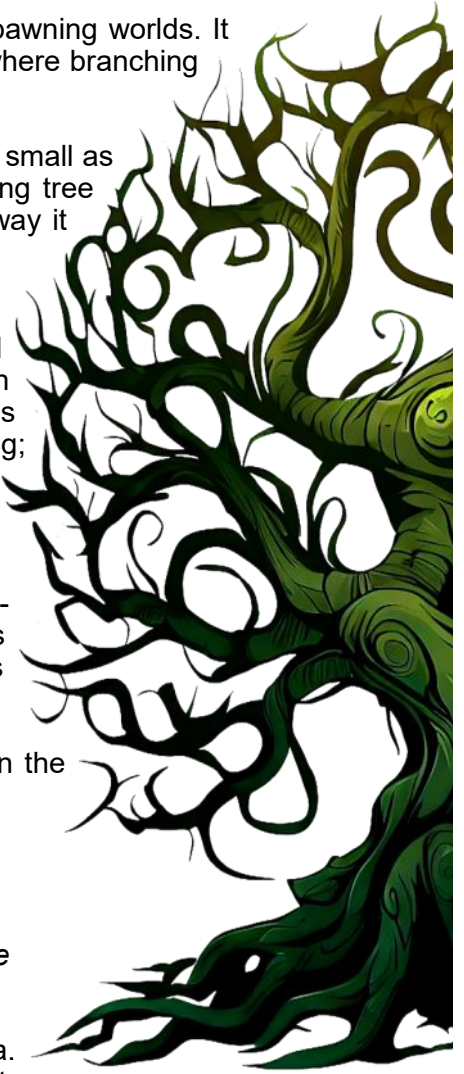
This submission is a continuation of the dream series first reported in the previous issue (LDE December 2023, page 33).

In the dream, I'm walking through a large automotive service area. Technicians are moving about busily attending to their business. The facility seems vaguely familiar, but I can't quite determine where I am. Without warning, a vehicle quickly backs out of a work bay. As I jump aside to avoid being struck, the car parks in another bay directly across the way. Exiting the auto, a male worker begins walking back to his original workspace. Perturbed, I tell him to be more careful, as he almost struck me. He acts as if totally unaware of my presence, so I now begin wondering if I'm having a dream.

As a reality check, I push off gently with my feet in an attempt to float, and, sure enough, I begin rising slowly. Recalling the script I've prepared for my next lucid dream, I ask the following: "Awareness, if my precognitive dreams are supplied by an outside source, please show me the color red. If they are an innate, God-given ability, then please show me the color blue."

Receiving no indication of a response, and still rising, I notice the facility has four concrete walls with no doors or windows. As mentioned in my previous submissions, this seems like another attempt to restrict movement within a dream; however, my head now starts to penetrate the ceiling. Exiting the building, I'm looking down on a very dramatic and spectacular appearing landscape. On my right are attractive office buildings mingling between verdant deciduous trees, and on my left are well-manicured suburbs with beautiful homes that seem to stretch for miles.

While I'm trying to decide in which direction to take my exploration, the scenery suddenly turns two-dimensional and becomes less vibrant. On closer inspection, everything now appears to be just a prop and this realization carries me back into waking reality.



M. Eckman — *Meeting Mom on Main Street*

My mother passed away in May of 2014. She and I shared a love of books. I had the following lucid dream shortly after her death:

I am wandering around a book shop off the Main Street of my hometown. I step outside onto the sidewalk and see the back of a woman ahead of me that I think looks just like my mother. I start walking down the street toward the city dock and toward the stranger who is not moving. As I reach her, the woman turns around to face me and I see it is my mother!

I am overcome with excitement and joy. I become lucid when I recognize her. We embrace and then I run my hand up and down her arm, feeling its solidity. I ask her if we will be able to experience each other in this way again someday and she replies, "Yes." I wake up.

I immediately went downstairs to share the dream with my husband, who was still awake and in our living room. I could barely get the words out because I started sobbing. It was so powerful and real. I felt I had just been with her.



John Hillman — *It Seems Real Enough*

In my very first lucid dream, I remember strolling into a dream version of the library support services warehouse I then managed and running promptly into a longtime librarian friend of mine. She immediately began to rave about what a nice picnic my staff was hosting for the librarians, which was a surprise to me as there was no small amount of divisional rivalry between our two work groups. Nevertheless, it was undeniable that a well attended party was in full swing across the first floor of the warehouse, with picnic tables heavily laden with all manner of delicious-looking food and drink being served by my smiling staff to their appreciative librarian counterparts.

At that moment, my second-in-command (a notorious curmudgeon) approached me commenting on just what a nice party it was, and that is when I realized I was in a dream as it was totally unlike him. I got on the elevator and went up to the second floor, marveling all the while that I was conscious in a dream. Getting out of the elevator I noted how the configuration and finishes of the building were similar but different from the warehouse I knew so well in my waking life.

I walked up to a metal railing that does not exist in the "real" version of the warehouse and positively pounded on it as a test. It felt like solid metal. "It seems real enough," I thought. I turned around and there stood an old gentleman with whom I had worked for many years, now deceased, and he was holding my son, a toddler who had died of cancer years ago. I became so excited to see them both and I called out their names... and woke up, but it was beyond gratifying to see the two smiling faces of people I love so much, if only for a moment.

Skc — *Meet Up with Wife's Late Brother*

I am in the farmhouse which is filling up with Germans coming to work there. It is night and I am in S's room sharing a bed with G. G is attempting to get intimate with me but eventually gives up and I briefly fall asleep. On "awakening" I need to urinate and go out to the front veranda only to find a number of couples sitting there speaking German. I then walk down the passage intending to use the toilet/bathroom at the back of house.

On the way I encounter W. (my wife's late brother). My realisation that he is dead is a dream sign and triggers lucidity.

I walk into the toilet/bathroom and W follows me. I ask him if he has any message for my wife. He replies, "There are joys and sorrows, and in business there are difficulties and achievements, but all of this just does not matter."

The bathroom is also filling with people, so I go out to the hedge at the back of the house and urinate there. There is also a little girl urinating in the vegetable patch. I now become 'semi-lucid' and then return to the bedroom which is larger than in real life. I have now been booted out of G's bed and have to use a mattress on the floor. The bedroom is also filling up with people (mainly women) all coming to sleep there.

Someone mentions that we're all getting up early to work on the farm. I tell them 'No way' as I've got to bed so late. I see a digital alarm set for 4am and some minutes. I try to sleep but someone in the room keeps switching on the light. I then awake (for real this time) in my own bed and write down this dream.

Notes on preparation: Little effort during the day but some self hypnosis before going to sleep. This was also the first time I tried the "Lucid Dreamer" app on the Kindle. Had difficulty falling asleep before the tones started and fell asleep whilst the tones were playing.

Gary Braun — *Wisdom Elders Reveal*



I am with a friend, walking down what looks like miles of stone carved steps. The stairs are carved out of a giant canyon wall. I am pushing a giant steel cart that is heavy and awkward to manage down the steps. I lose control of the cart and tumble over the cart head first. I become lucid. I fly into the air.

I feel myself waking up, so I pound my chest with my fists to anchor my consciousness in my dream body. I surprisingly awaken to my resolve to be awake in the dream and am no longer concerned about waking up. I ask the wisdom elders to reveal my purpose for this life.

I fly into the sky and the sky transforms into an infinite swirling kaleidoscopic cosmos. It is both moving and static simultaneously. It envelops me in a wave of bliss-consciousness and I comprehend the infinity of time and space. It unfolds forever and lasts forever and then there comes a funny moment of a felt acknowledgement between myself and the wisdom elders, like I hear us simultaneously say, "and that's it." I bow and say thank you.

Then I pause and say, "I'm wondering if I can have something more practical that I can apply when I leave the dream?" In the next moment, I'm in what looks like a giant military cargo plane. A large arched metal hull. There are about 40 people there and I think I want to find the wisdom elders and ask my practical question of the purpose of my life. I realize there are too many people to vet in the time remaining in my dream state, so I slam my hand on a metal steel table and say, "Mental Formations be gone!" Instantly, half the people disappear, and there are three older gentlemen with very playful expressions who seem amused by my actions.

I think I still don't have time to vet the remaining people, so I stay at it again and slam my hand down harder. Now everyone disappears except the three gentlemen. This time they are very amused—talking to themselves.

One of them says to me, "We think you're doing pretty good."

Then they are laughing and gesturing a replay of my actions saying, "He did the thing," and the other one says, "He's doing great!"

I ask them if they are the wisdom elders? They smile broadly and I smile back, but now I'm interested in the metal hull of the plane that remains and say, "This has to be a mental formation," so I reach my hand through the wall to check. And say, "Yup."

One of the old guys, still amused, says, "Look at him go, reaching his hand through the wall."

I do it again and this time feel a slight sensation against the webbing between my fingers. I wake up.



Dylon Whyte ✂ WIZARD — Spread It Like PB & Jay

As I awaken into non-ordinary reality I find that I've been sleeping in the parking lot of a busy grocery store. A clock reads 6:28am, which seems wrong with way too much activity for this early in the morning.

Uncle Donnie then arrives, dressed in a loose sweater. This is the first time I have seen him since he passed, so I am instantly aware that I'm experiencing a lucid dream. In fact, I am so exited to see him that I kiss him on the lips. He is surprised and laughs.

"How are you doing?" I ask, as we walk close enough that I can feel the rough cotton texture of his sweater.

"Oh, you know, fighting the good fight," he says. He then explains "It is completely randomized every time you come back."

How random?" I ask. "Like could you come back as a blob with green skin and big red lips?"

"Yes," he replies.

"Is there any way to avoid coming back?" I ask, but he doesn't answer, and we continue walking. The dream begins fading and I ask, "Have you seen Dad?" I then discover that my Dad and I are walking together.

"How are you?" I ask with a hug. "Oh, you know," he replies.

"Can you tell me what's going on?" I ask.

"Why do you want to know?" He replies while clumsily concealing a half-circle shaped Tupperware container behind his back. It appears to be filled with commercial peanut putter and 5 or 6 hand-rolled marijuana cigarettes.

"I guess because it just drives me crazy not to know," I say, looking up at him humbly.

"Ok," he replies, "You and Ashley (my partner) have..." and his words fade off into mumbled whispers that sound like "pssst pssst pssst", and something about "...the Game."

I smile and reply, "You do realize what you're doing and that I can't understand you?"

He repeats the same statement in the same way with a wry smile and the scene begins to fade. I wake up scrambling to journal everything I can remember. It is 6:28am in the "real" world.



Ella Sheiman — *My Grandpa's Next Life*

It was a lovely winter morning. I had set my clock to 4am and, following half an hour of wakefulness, returned to my dedicated sofa and drifted slowly back to sleep. At some point I felt that I was starting to wake up. Instinctively I rolled out and found myself standing in my room, with foggy sight. Immediately I demanded: "Awareness now!" and my sight snapped into clear focus. Great!

My plan was to taste something, visit my daughters in the next room, and then go visit my grandpa who had passed to the other side years ago but whom I still miss. The last task on the list seemed the most interesting at that moment so I closed my eyes and asked to see my grandpa, wondering where this would take me.

When I opened my eyes, I was flying above the greenest open grass area that I have ever seen. It was so beautiful that I instantly said “Wow!” to myself. In front of me, on a hill, I saw the remnants of a castle. It looked so familiar although it is not a place I know in the current lifetime, which made me fly around and take a better look at it. This made it seem even more familiar.

I landed on one of the balconies, which I “knew” was the best to land on. There was no one around so I went down and started walking on a wide path between green enormous trees, wondering how is this place related to my grandpa?

Suddenly, there was a commotion at the far end of the path and I saw that a group of huge robots were running towards me, making clouds of dust as they come forward. I thought to myself that I probably got into some kind of future world and began to try to figure out how to get out of their way, when an open safari vehicle stopped right next to me with couple of humans inside. They gestured and told me to jump in, which I did without hesitation, and we drove off as fast as we could.

We got to a small human village and I asked the people that brought me there who they were—wondering still, who is my grandpa? They just smiled and answered something that I did not remember clearly but it indicated that none of them was my grandpa.

I went through the village and looked at the people until I found him! He was a middle-aged man, opening the gate and gathering a group of people to get trained. The moment he looked at me and our eyes met, I just knew. He winked at me and asked if I wanted to come along. I hesitated, but the younger guys said to me that it is fun and I will know what to do when I come visit next time. That convinced me and I got in the vehicle with them. My grandpa started to drive, and I asked him if he was happy. He turned to me and smiled. And then I found myself back on the sofa, smiling back.

Beth Blanchard — *Cuddled Under the Stars*



I am in a cabin cuddled in bed next to Robert Redford. I hear a voice say to me, “It is time to go before you get too attached.” My thought response is, “I am happy to go anytime... well, not happy, but anytime, no worries.” Then the man with me is my husband, Darren. He is talking about baseball and the stars.

Next I know, we are cuddled on an empty baseball field looking up at the night sky. We look up at the stars and they are like a spectacular fireworks show! The stars are no longer stars but angels dancing in the night sky. They are an amazing collective group—sparkling, twirling, and dancing against the dark night sky. It intensifies and I hear music to their dancing and it is birds chirping.

It is then that I become aware (that I’m dreaming), and am overwhelmed with intense love and realize that this is a visitation from my beloved departed cat, Adidas, letting me know we will always be together. I sit back watching the show with a knowing that he is and will always be my love, light and angel looking over me. Tears of JOY.

Rich B — *Run with My Dog*

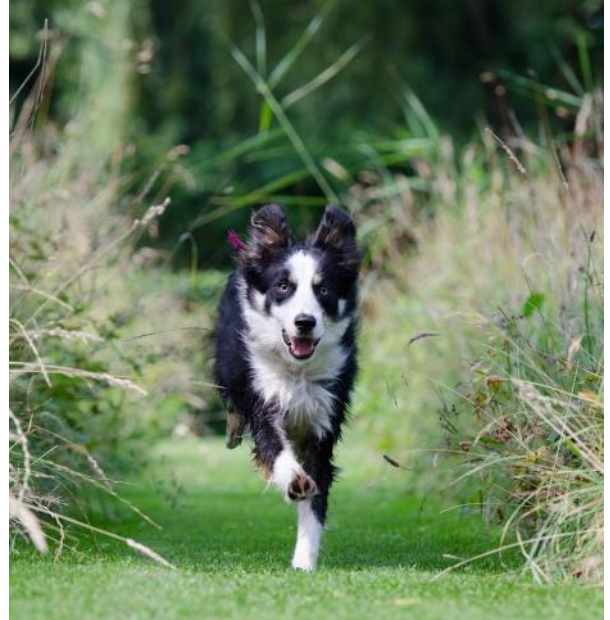
My wonderful Border Collie passed away. He was my first dog, apart from a family pet when I lived at home, and we were very close. He really was ‘my’ dog, and we were inseparable.

One night, not long after his passing, I managed to have a last run with him. I realised that he was running to me in my dream, and I suddenly became ‘aware’ that this was a dream, but I was also hyper aware that my moment with him was once again possible.

We were in a large green field in the countryside surrounded by rolling hills, running together. The joy of once again being in each others’ company was so clear and vivid, it was nearly overwhelming. We were so full of joy; it was incredible.

While we were out running, we saw a large electrical and dust storm heading towards us, along the ground, kind of like a sandstorm in the desert. Well, we just laughed, and this seemed to invigorate us even more as we had a common aim to ‘outrun’ the storm.

I woke from this dream so energized and happy that I had this chance to run with my buddy one last time.



Liz V — *The Sleepover Experience*

It's winter break. I'm a teacher and I have another girlfriend teacher spending the night so we could go out shopping and have lunch the next day. She lives a distance away and it is always a treat to see each other. After a night of catching up, I told her when my husband gets up for work at 6am, don't get up! It's our vacation—sleep in as long as you can! She was in the guest bedroom.

The next morning after my husband left, I fell back to sleep. It didn't take long until I had a feeling I've recognized experiencing before—like a soft hum/vibration feel in my body. It happened just before I fell asleep. I call this the “in-between state.” I felt myself being pulled from my body which was lying on my bed.

But this experience was different. I “woke” but was not awake in bed. I was viewing my room from where the wall meets the ceiling in my bedroom. I was seeing through my eyes, but with a no-body feel. I did not instantly recognize my surroundings. It was dark except for a little light coming through my darkening curtains over the window in my bedroom.

I noticed the bed, and in my head I was asking myself, what the heck is going on?! I saw an outline of a body lying on the bed and thought, That must be me! The next thing I saw was a shadow of someone standing by the head of my bed. Before the thought again crowded my head space, I whooshed into the standing figure and together we whooshed into myself lying in the bed! I instantly woke up, my eyes opened and I said quietly, out loud, “What the heck was that!?”

This experience took place about 8 or 9 years ago. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I did not feel threatened by the shadow self; only knew it was part of me, somehow.

Janet B. — *Two Lucid Dreams of the Deceased*

Dad Visits Me

My father died when I was in my 20s (I'm in my 70s now) and I was grief stricken. At some point in my grief process I had this dream: I was immediately lucid and knew I was dreaming. Dad appeared and said to me, “You are not the one who died. You need to live.”

Theresa Visits via A

My sister died in 2022. Not long after, I had this dream: I was dreaming of an old friend (A). We were talking in a hallway outside of a room and I thought, “Oh, I've had this dream before.” Then, he was in the far corner of the room and I was in the doorway and he said, “I love you, Janet.” I immediately knew it was my sister speaking through him and that she was visiting in my dream. It was her voice. I said, “I know. I love you, too.”



Mariana Babas — *Surprise Encounter with Death Herself!*

I am alone in a Spanish *finca*; it is a warm summer day, the light is piercing through windows, curtains, and open archways, and I am wandering through the vast rooms and hallways, admiring them and taking my time.

Suddenly, I feel something... a presence behind me, somewhere to my left, a meter away. I turn around, and my eyes meet the eyes of a very beautiful woman, dressed in black, from head to toes, veiled, wearing what seems to be like a traditional festive Spanish outfit.

She is stunning, imposing, silent. In that moment, I realise that I am facing Death herself!

I become lucid from the shock and ask, telepathically, if she is who I think she is. She gently nods her head. I am in awe; my emotions and my fear are so great that I feel I am about to wake up, but in that moment I decide to control myself and remain in the dream because my heart was aching to ask her something.

So, I take a deep breath, quickly compose myself, turn towards her, and, courageously ask her to take me to my father! (He's been dead for 10 years at the time of this dream, and I had been grieving all that time.)

She looks at me, remains quiet for a few seconds, then replies in a very assertive voice... "NO!" I decide to insist because somehow I know that this is a unique opportunity and I'll never have another chance. So, I take a step towards her and ask again, telling her that he is my father and it is my right to see him.

She keeps looking into my eyes and takes her time pondering whether to accept or not. After a few good seconds, she finally responds and says, "I will take you to your father, but it will be your responsibility!"

"I don't care!" I reply. "I just want to see my father! Take me to him!"

She then guides me towards a patio (inner garden) inside that beautiful *finca* and points towards the centre of it. I look, and I see a man standing with his back to us. He is dressed in summery clothes, a light white sleeveless vest, and cream trousers, and has tanned skin.

I know it's my father, so I start running down the stairs to meet him, screaming, "Dad!"

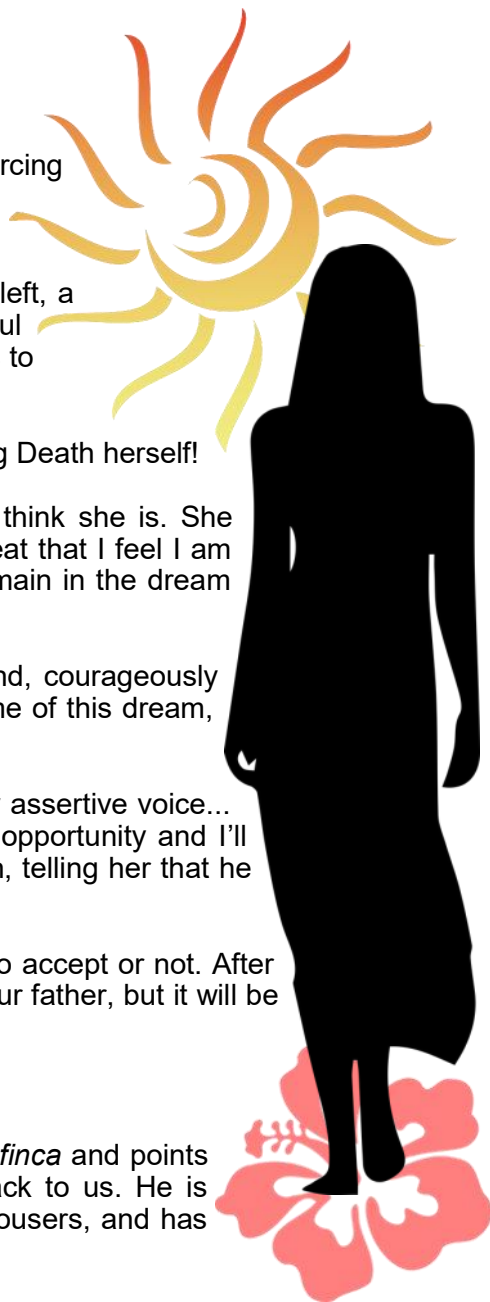
As I approach him, I notice that he is shrinking in size and becoming a boy. Then, exactly when I am near him, he turns around. I see his face. It's not him! It is him as a boy! I recognise him from our family photos. And at that age, he doesn't remember me.

I instantly realise that and start crying, understanding now what Death warned me about earlier. I decide to hug him tightly, and he stands still without a reaction. Then I take his hand and gently guide him up the stairs where Death is waiting for us. I look at her, and she speaks in a powerful voice: "I told you you'd have to take responsibility!" I nod and say sorry to her, but at the same time, I feel grateful for this unexpected, sad, yet magical encounter with my father and Death herself! Next, I wake up.

Kat Martin — *Cleansing of Guilt*

The LDE's deadline request for dream submissions was eerily apt, because that is my mum's birthday and my lucid dream with a deceased relative is about her.

My mum died from cancer just over three years ago. One of the very few things I find myself grateful for with her terminal illness is that I had time to rectify



mistakes and reduce regrets, which I managed to do for the most part. However, I still carried a lot of guilt.

I had been trying to connect with my mum through lucid dreaming for a while after her death, with mixed success. However, one night I became lucid in a busy festival-like dreamscape. I didn't even have to call out for my mum; I just had this knowing that she was standing directly behind the tall person in front of me.

The tall person moved to one side, revealing mum there. I ran into her arms, in tears. Mum said—just how she used to—“Oh sweetheart,” and I began repeating, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” over and over again, while she held me.

I hadn't planned on any of this; it came out of me in a tirade, like some kind of exorcism that I had no direct control over. It was like a cleansing of the guilt. I felt myself being pulled out of the dream and woke up in tears, feeling a huge shift of energy and release. It was a simple yet powerful dream, and still has a strong imprint, moving me and connecting with something deep inside, two and a half years later.

Celia Coolidge — “*This Has Got To Be a Dream! My Mom Died!*”



I'm sitting on a bench in someone's home. It's just inside the front door. Someone is sitting to my right. I feel it's my dad. This home is not familiar to me. It's lovely and is full of warm yellows and golds. I'm not sure if it is daytime. The light in the house suggests it is.

Suddenly my mom walks in the front door, which is to my left. She is beaming and is dressed in bright yellows and reds. The colors she's wearing really tie in with the colors in this home.

As soon as I see her I'm immediately thinking, “This can't really be my mom. She died. This has got to be a dream. But it isn't a dream. I'm really in this room. My mom is really standing right there. Everyone else sees her!”

She walks into the other room which is to my left and I can hear her brother and sisters saying, “Susan! You're here! You're really HERE!” I remain seated on the bench in the foyer in total confusion. “How can my mother be alive right now?” I think. “We told everyone she died. We've had her Memorial and her burial. How does she come back into life now? How does she fit? How do we explain things and make this work?” The (semi) lucid dream ends.

When I remember this dream, I feel a combination of thrilled and totally annoyed with myself for not immediately jumping to my feet at the sight of my mother walking into the room and grabbing her and saying, “Mom! You're here with me in a dream just as I asked! Thank you! I love you so much!” I kind of feel like a stubborn idiot now. Can we try this again, mom?

Vicki Van Vynckt — *Meeting Gene*

In September 2023, my stepson Gene passed away unexpectedly from a heart attack. He was only 47 years old. I have lucid dreams quite often and my husband (his father) asked if I could try and contact Gene through a lucid dream.

We flew to Minnesota for his memorial. That night after the memorial, I had a dream where I was with a couple of women, and I saw that I had a large metal ring on my finger that looked like it had Japanese writing on it. I found this odd, as I did not own a ring like this or know how it got onto my finger. This caused me to become lucid.

I told the women that we were dreaming, and they just looked at me, not really believing me. I asked them if they knew what a dream was, and one of them laughed. I told her that the cool thing about knowing that you are dreaming is that you can decide to do whatever you want to do—like fly. I was just about ready to fly (I do this often in lucid dreams because I enjoy it so much) and then I stopped. I remembered I was supposed to look for Gene, and told the woman I need to find my stepson.

I looked over into the next room. We were in a large office building. I saw a few men enter that room and walk around a table by a window. Out the window I could see that we were in a high-rise building downtown with the street far below. Then Gene appeared, walking with them, carrying something like a camera tripod. I went up to him and gave him a hug. He said, "I hugged you yesterday."

This was kind of a funny comment but the day before, at his memorial, there were lots of hugs from people. Maybe he was hugging me through them? I asked him what he was doing now. He said that he was a public agent. I tried to get more details about what this entailed and he said some things but it was vague, so I wasn't able to get more information. Then the dream ended.

It is interesting to note that while Gene was alive (at least in the physical) he was an insurance agent and he had some previous jobs that one might consider a "public agent," like working with the police force.



Susan Boyce — *Portal Closed*



I was standing outside a white building, like the type you see in New Mexico. A walkway that extended to another part of the building or house was partially obstructed by a wall, but you could easily walk over it.

I was with my best friend, Rick. There was a door near him. Water began to come from some place unknown; it kept coming and coming, building up to what looked like a stream or river. I kept looking at it thinking, 'How can this be?' Then I realized I was dreaming—and I said so. When I looked for Rick, he was gone and the door was gone, too. Then I woke up.

A year and a half later, Rick died unexpectedly. I had told him about the lucid dream after it happened and neither one of us knew what it meant. I read oracle cards and contacted him and he said he will not be reincarnating, so will not return here again. I think the dream was telling us this would happen.

MarkAware — *Visits by Deceased Loved Ones*

I have had multiple dreams that include seeing, and at times interacting, with deceased loved ones. At this point, I have not become 'fully lucid' (based on Dr. Ed Kellogg's *Lucidity Continuum* levels) during a dream where I am with a deceased person. I have, however, documented 8 lucid dreams over the past two years since I started my program on lucid dream learning. I sincerely hope that it is only a matter of time and skill development, before I experience full lucidity while in a dream with deceased loved ones.

In two recent dreams where I am with either my deceased father, or one of my deceased sisters, I have hugged them and felt a wonderful and loving warmth and emotion from the physical contact and overall interaction. I have noticed on several occasions, that I have looked deeply into their eyes, or noticed specific aspects of their faces, that gave me a particularly positive emotional wave of feeling during the dream, and upon waking following the dream. This wonderful and loving feeling lasts for days after the dream.

One of my principal goals in my lucid dream learning program is to increase the frequency and quality of my lucid dreams, so that I can fully engage with awareness my beloved but deceased family members and pets. With one of my sisters, I even went so far as to have a deeply moving conversation prior to her death (she was terminally ill with malignant melanoma). We agreed that she would do everything that she could to let me know that she was happy and in a good place following her death.

This was one of the main motivators that prompted me to seek out information on lucid dreaming and communicating with the deceased. It continues to be my prime motivation to learn how to lucid dream with skill and depth. Thank you to all in the lucid dream community who both teach and share their lucid dreaming abilities and experience. ▲

Lucid Dreaming Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience

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

Robert Waggoner's Book Website

<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne, First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

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

www.dreams.ca

Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Ed Kellogg

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

Beverly D'Urso, Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

Melinda Powell, née Ziemer

<https://melindapowelldreams.com>

Dream Research Institute, London

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

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

Lucid Sage

www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Lucidity4All

www.lucidity4all.com

Ryan Hurd

www.dreamstudies.org

Maria Isabel Pita

<http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>

Christoph Gassmann, Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey

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

Nick Cumbo, Sea of Life Dreams

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny

www.cafepress.com/moondialart

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation

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

The Lucid Hive — A Hub For All Thing Lucid Dreaming

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/thelucidhive>

Lana Sackwild: Get Lucid With Lana, LLC

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

DreamViews Forum

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