



# LDDE

LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

*Spring Edition*  
Number 58 March 2011

*Special Issue*  
Healing Lucid Dreams

## Featuring

DreamSpeak - Healing PTSD

Psychopompic Lucid Dreams

Can Physical Healing Occur in Lucid Dreams



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Robert Waggoner © 2010

**Statement of Purpose**

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

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**Submissions**

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

\*Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.\*

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# dream speak

**AN INTERVIEW WITH HOPE  
BY ROBERT WAGGONER**

***After a tragic accident, Hope suffered from unbearable nightmares. Then she realized lucid dreaming offered a way to transform the power of nightmares and begin a path of inner healing.***

**As a young girl, do you ever recall becoming lucid in a dream? What happened?**

Yes I do recall becoming lucid as a young girl but of course I had no idea as to exactly what was going on. The dreams that I distinctly remember and realized I could control were the flying dreams. I remember flying around and just realizing that this is a dream, and smiling and just enjoying flying around. I am pretty sure I didn't do much more than that.

**Did it ever occur to you that lucid dreaming had potential for healing?**

No at that time I had no idea about the potential it had for healing, other than it felt so very free, which for me was quite healing, but I never would have thought of that then.

**So moving ahead in your life, something very traumatic happened to you when you were 22 years old. Can you tell us about that accident?**

At the age of 22, I was in a very traumatic accident. At the airport I was working at as a mechanic, I was run over by the wheels of a Boeing 767. Both legs were run over and I lost one. I remained conscious the whole time all the way to the emergency room and for some time in the ER. I was very lucky to make it and I spent 6 ½ months in the hospital.

**Once you returned home, did the nightmares continue? Can you tell us if the same nightmare scenario kept re-occurring, or was it various types of nightmares around a general theme of being harmed? What did the doctors say?**

Of course I had nightmares while in the hospital but at the time I had so much more to worry about. Once I finally went home, then the nightmares continued and became unbearable, because they were constant and very scary. I would wake up very startled and sweating. It would be almost to the point of not wanting to sleep, almost.

I mainly remember that it was usually the same scenario. Being chased by something or someone and of course it was scary and I feared for my life. Seems obvious after my accident. I can't recall if I discussed this



[recurrent nightmares] with any doctors or therapists

**After your recovery, you visited a bookstore and came upon Jayne Gackenbach and Jane Bosveld's book from 1989, *Control Your Dreams: How lucid dreaming can help you uncover your hidden desires, confront your hidden fears, and explore the frontiers of human consciousness*. What did you think, as you started to read it?**

I honestly can't remember if I actively began searching for answers to get rid of my nightmares, but I do remember that they were bothering me quite a bit. I can't remember if I purposely went to the bookstore or if it was by chance. But the moment I saw the book "Control Your Dreams," I could not ignore it. As I began to read it, I did realize that I had lucid dreams when I was young and could not believe how easily and completely I could control them. I believe having known I had lucid dreams when I was younger is what kept me with the book and believing it. I can imagine that this concept is difficult for people to grasp. I know it is, because when I have explained to people that this is how I got rid of the nightmares, the look on the faces tells me so.

**After a bit of lucid dreaming practice and reading, a pivotal lucid dream happened. Tell us about this lucid dream and what it meant to you.**

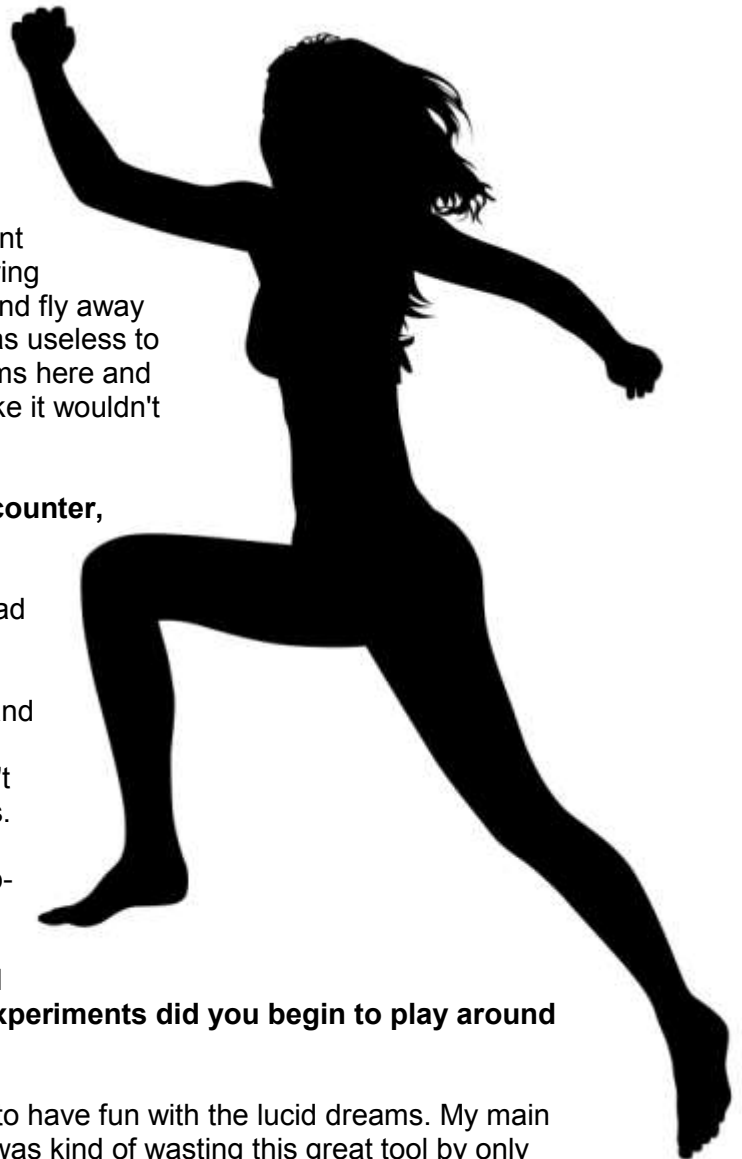
It didn't happen right away.... But the big moment for me was this dream; I was running for my life scared as usual. I knew something was chasing me but I wasn't sure who or what. As I ran and ran, I think that perhaps it occurred to me, "Hey, I am running but I only have one leg." At that moment I knew I was dreaming and I got a bit excited. I realized I was being chased but suddenly I was no longer afraid. I stopped running, turned around and saw the approaching monster. It looked ugly and scary and he slowed down and realized I had stopped running. As it approached me, I waved at it and smiled a huge smile and then jumped up and flew away. It was so amazing and I can never forget it. The monster even got a confused look on it's face the moment I waved and smiled. As I flew away I just had fun with flying around. I only had to evade whatever was chasing me and fly away a few more times, and then it was like they realized it was useless to continue to chase me. I may have had a few more dreams here and there, but they stopped bothering me and I always felt like it wouldn't be a problem since I knew what to do.

**So did the nightmares end after this lucid dream encounter, or just become less frequent or powerful?**

I did have one dream that scared me quite a bit after I had ended most of the nightmares. Once again I was being chased and I became lucid and I started to fly. But the shocking moment was that the demon then jumped up and started to fly after me. It scared me but I was able to remain lucid and just basically think him away. I really can't say that I have had many more of these kinds of dreams. The chasing has ended and it really did happen rather quickly. I think the fact that I had done it before was helpful.

**I assume that you had other lucid dreams, which did not involve nightmares. What kind of lucid dream experiments did you begin to play around with?**

Once I was able to stop the nightmares then I was able to have fun with the lucid dreams. My main thing is to fly and I really love it. But I began to realize I was kind of wasting this great tool by only flying. Although I did do some cool stuff with the flying such as just fly straight up and keep going and



going up into space and look down onto Earth from space. But I started thinking of other fun things to do and had some great dreams.

One time I wanted to see what it would feel like to jump off a building and really land, not stop myself by flying. I did it and it was so exhilarating, I felt myself hit the ground and I just bounced. I must admit for a second at the top of the building I wondered if I let myself hit the ground, would I die? But I just couldn't help myself. Another time I decided I wanted to see my accident – probably just from curiosity. The most interesting thing happened. My brain protected me. There I was at the scene of my accident and it was like I had some kind of blinders on. I could see the airport and all around, but the moment I knew my accident was happening, then it was like a black space over the actual accident - like on TV when they black out nudity. I couldn't believe it. Even though I was bummed to miss it I found it very fascinating that this happened.

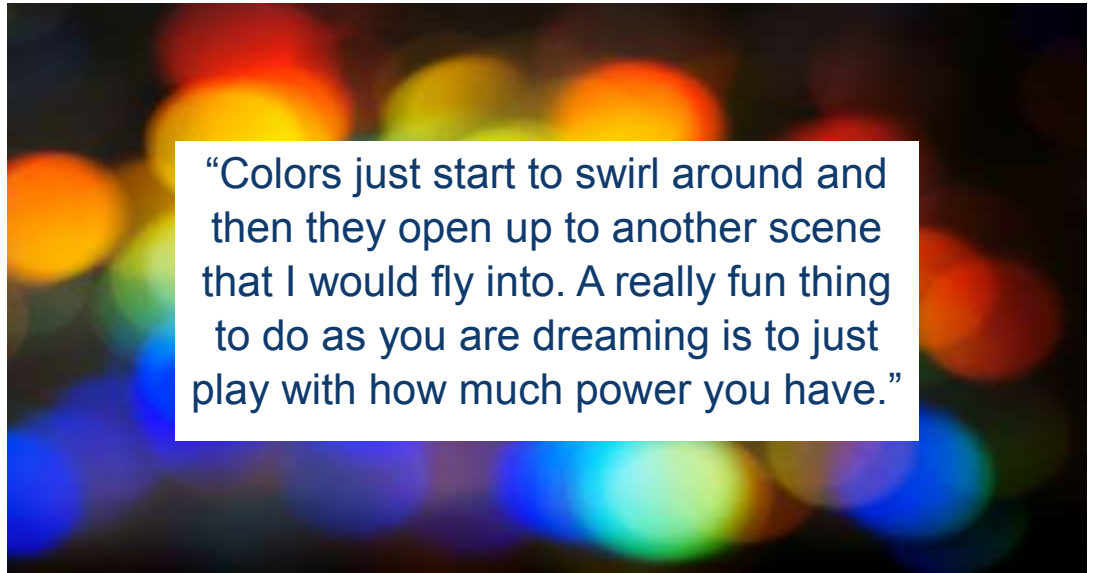
In another lucid dream, I had decided to visit my Grandfather who has been dead many years and I was able to make it happen. When I had a chance to speak with my grandfather it was pretty interesting. It was like I was flying in time or something and all of a sudden I slowed down and realized I was floating up high in the kitchen of my grandparent's house. He was sitting at the kitchen table. I floated down to a chair and we just smiled and said hello. It was so touching and so emotional. It was in many ways also healing to me.

### **What did you make of those experiences?**

I really enjoyed all my experiences while going lucid. I think we often forget just how easy it is to call upon whatever you want. I also love playing with things that are just simply not normal.

For example, I have played a lot with colors. Colors just start to swirl around and then they open up to another scene that I would fly into. A really fun thing to do as you are dreaming is to just play with how much power you have. Just think about what you want to see at that moment and have it appear. That is pretty powerful and fun. Sometimes scenes will just open up like a curtain to a play, for me.

This is so cool. This is what lucid dreaming is all about I think. Sure you can make people appear and do different



“Colors just start to swirl around and then they open up to another scene that I would fly into. A really fun thing to do as you are dreaming is to just play with how much power you have.”

things but try to think of the most bizarre things you can, this is when it gets really fun. Those are the dreams I pretty much can't find the words to explain here.

### **Now, I may be wrong, but I believe you read my book and tried some additional experiments?**

The coolest thing I experimented with after reading your book was with my girlfriend. In your book, you talked about possibly meeting another person while you are both lucid. My girlfriend has not been an experienced lucid dreamer, if ever at all. One night while on the phone she began to fall asleep. Now in the past I have been able to continue talking with her even as she fell asleep so I thought if she can talk with me while asleep maybe I can talk her into a dream, and that is just what I did. This was so amazing that while it was all happening I thought I would go crazy because I could not believe what was happening.

As she fell asleep I started to ask her things like what does she see and do you realize you are dreaming and she would answer me. So, I told her here I come I am going to be in your dream now and all of a sudden she kind of giggles and says “oh you are floating down right here in front of me.” This blew my mind. So I asked her if she wanted a kiss and she said yes, so I hugged and kissed her and she sounded happy. Then I asked her if she wanted to fly and she was hesitant but she said yes. I told her not to worry I would hold her hand. I could hear in her voice she was nervous and she in fact did get scared and I had to take her down. She said we were going too fast and too close to buildings. I could hear in her voice she was genuinely frightened.

I was able to talk my way into her dreams two more times and this to me is so amazing. I am not sure if it can work with anyone. I had my suspicions it might work with her since I knew she would often continue talking to

me even once she had fallen asleep.

**Looking back, how do you feel lucid dreaming helped you heal – emotionally, physically, or spiritually?**

Lucid dreaming not only helped me to heal and aide in my recovery from my accident, but it has given me a special playground. Even when I have not done it for a while I know it is there and I can get it back and have fun. It also brings me relief to know that if I am ever in a situation that gives me nightmares that I have a tool to take care of it. Lucid dreaming is simply awesome. And I don't like to use that word loosely.

**Have you ever encouraged others with PTSD or severe injuries to consider lucid dreaming? Did it help them?**

As I have written earlier, I have told people about how lucid dreaming has helped me and most of the time they don't really understand it. I told an old friend of mine one day after we talked about the movie Avatar and she said how much she wished it was possible, because she uses a wheelchair and I said, "It is possible." She asked me of course what I meant and I told her about lucid dreaming and she was immediately excited to try it out. She read books and began to do reality checks. What is funny is she told me last time I spoke to her about it was that she was so close one night. While in a dream she did a reality check and for some reason it didn't work. She believed it was real. But I know she is working on it.

**Do you feel like doctors or therapists who deal with PTSD know about lucid dreaming? What would you like them to know?**

It has been over 20 years since my accident, so I have no idea if doctors or therapists know the power of lucid dreaming and how healing it can be. I have a suspicion that perhaps they think it is not real and just some kind of "new age" thing or something. But this is a real tool that can be so very helpful.

**Any final thoughts about lucid dreaming and its potential for healing the body, mind or spirit?**

So there it is, my lucidity stories in a nutshell. I am sure I will close my computer and think of other things I wish I had said. But I am here whenever you need someone to shout the benefits of lucid dreaming.

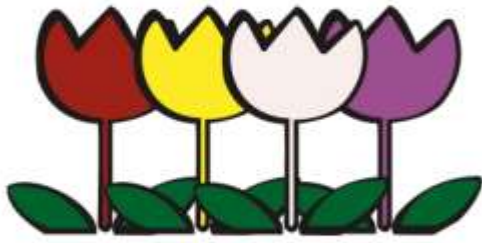
**Thanks so much for sharing your incredible story of healing with us, Hope!**



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# *Two Psychopompic Lucid Dreams*

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Recently a friend of mine, Ginny H., passed away peacefully at her home at the age of ninety. She led an active lifestyle to within a few weeks of the end, when her health failed and she opted to have hospice care at her home. Over the 20 years or so I knew her and her husband David, we'd discussed death and the afterlife on a number of occasions. Shortly after her husband's death in 2001, she requested that I look him up in a lucid dream, which resulted in one of the funniest and most unusual psychopompic dreams I've ever had.

Eleven days after Ginny's passing, I had a spontaneous and rather touching psychopompic lucid dream with her. The day before the dream the caretaker for Ginny's house had noticed that someone had turned on a light after she'd locked up the night before. She called around asking friends who might have had keys, if they had gone into Ginny's house and left on a light. As far as I know, no one did. I wondered if Ginny had managed to use PK to turn on a light, as she did the normal way on other nights, when still alive. Ginny herself believed that after her husband had died, he would turn on electronic devices for her to show his presence – mostly by making an electronic duck quack, even with the switch turned off, so she had no barrier of disbelief to doing the same herself.

I expect I will remember the wonderful smile Ginny gave me for a long time, after she realized that she'd died and had nothing more to fear on that account. Taken together, in an odd way these two psychopompic dreams, for Ginny and her husband David, make a matched set.

Ginny H. (1920 - 2010)

EWK 1/07/2011 Lucid "I find myself at Ginny H.'s house, late night/early morning, not sure how I got there. Ginny bustles around, pleased to have company. Something seems wrong to me - I vaguely recall that Ginny has died. However, when I tell her this, she says that obviously they made a mistake - she hasn't died. But then I remember more - the phone call from J., the house caretaker, that someone had turned on a light in Ginny's house after she had locked up the night before - and realize that Ginny must have done that! However, if so, why didn't J. see Ginny? I tell Ginny, "Wait a minute - I remember seeing your obituary - I looked it up online today, and they'll hold a memorial service for you this Saturday!" Ginny looks unconvinced, but then I take a better look at her, and realize that she doesn't look 90, but only 20 or 30. That convinces me, and I realize I've met Ginny in a dream. I speak firmly to her, and say "Ginny, come over here and look at yourself in the mirror. What do you see?" She comes over and looks in the mirror - and breaks out in a wonderful big smile, and does a little twirl as she turns towards me. I remind her that I'd told her I could look her up in a lucid dream after she died, and it looks like I have. I point out that she doesn't have to look like an old woman anymore now that she's died. Ginny looks pleased and happy. RWPR"

Comment: On 12/27/2010, the day of her death, Ginny gave me a call, and told me in her usual forthright fashion that "You had better talk with me now because I'm dying, and you won't have a chance later." I reminded her that I could look her up in a lucid dream after she died, just as I had looked up her husband Dave years before. We talked about whether she would make it through to 2011, and while she told me she thought she would, she passed away that evening.

## Two Psychopompic Lucid Dreams

David H. (1925 - 2001)

In the account given below, only a few weeks had passed since the death of David H. Ginny strongly urged me to visit him, and against my better judgment, the next time I had a lucid dream I did. Normally an active and cheerful man, Dave died after an excruciating year of suffering, that he spent immobilized lying in bed with terminal emphysema. I learned a lot from this dream, which in retrospect I consider almost hilariously funny. Not exactly the usual tender moments of reunion with those we care about that most people report in psychopompic dreams! <lol!>

EWK 11/26/02 Fully Lucid ". . . I remember that I wanted to try visiting Dave, and I call out "Dave H.!", Dave H.!" I fly into a sort of hospital dorm room - in what looks like an inexpensive convalescent home. I find Dave lying down in bed. He looks healthier - 70 or so, but angry and in a temper. I greet him, and he shouts "Go Away!" in a strident and unfriendly manner. I persevere, but he really doesn't want me there. I ask if he has a message for his wife Ginny, but he shouts "Go Away!" again.

I leave his room, and look around - a sort of low vibration, convalescent home - big, grayish and dirty in appearance. I see a room full of men who died of terminal diseases, one-man has blood on his mouth, and died of TB or cancer. He tells me got it when he worked as an orderly. He really resents this, and resents my health -- he grapples with me -- even trying to breathe on my mouth to infect me, as he wants me to suffer as he did. I push him away.

I leave the room and decide to look for Dave once more. I find him by himself, sitting at a small wooden table, eating a bowl of something. On seeing me, he yells angrily, "Didn't you understand you dimwit! Go Away!" I notice that at least now he seems up and about - I tell him this does seem an improvement doesn't it? I also remind them that he doesn't have to look like an old man -- he could have any body he wants. He gets up and keeps shouting, "Go Away!" at me. I can tell he means it. I tell him, "OK, I'll go away, and I will not visit you again, at least not until you visit me in a dream." He sort of sneers, but looks pleased - also his body has changed -- he now looks like a teenager! Angry and glowering - but still quite improved. Also, I notice he no longer yells at me. I ask him once again if he has anything he wants me to relay to his wife, Ginny. He just stands there silent -- refusing to say a word.

I go outside to the entrance hall, where I meet the female\male? attendant\angel? and ask. "What gives with Dave? Why does he feel so angry and why the old body image? He acts like a bad tempered adolescent!".

The attendant laughs, and says "That seems about right. Dave actually looks about in his thirties and forties usually (without me looking) - he still adjusts. His physical life now seems more like a dream to him, about equal to 30 hours of this (after) life. Not much. I ask "Can he differentiate between his waking physical reality life, and his after death life?" The attendant answers "Yes , but this just doesn't feel significant or important to him. RWPR"

Comment: In the dream I told Dave H. I would not visit him again until he had first visited me. He did so about two months later - about when I'd normally expect recovery, and acted quite friendly. I've seen him a few times since then in lucid dreams, looking in his twenties.

Final Note: After the death of a close friend or a loved one, the grieving process often takes years, even decades, to accomplish. Although we may believe that they have "passed on," most people still doubt, and without a way to confirm that those they care about still exist "somewhere," deaths often cause emotional wounds very difficult to heal.

Can we really visit with those who have died through our dreams? For myself, from a factual perspective, considering the unexpected correspondences that have showed up in my own dreams, I'd answer this question with an "I think so, but other explanations - such as telepathy, etc., might account for the unexpected, and accurate, information obtained." On the other hand, from an emotional perspective, judging the experiences based on the astonishing degree of emotional resolution that I've felt following many psychopompic lucid dreams, I find myself obliged to say, despite my personal attachment to the phenomenological attitude, "Yes, almost certainly." And as far as the proverbial "chasm between life and death" goes, for those who have the requisite skills, I believe that lucid dreaming can provide an effective way of bridging the gap.

See also: Psychopompic Dreaming: Visits With Those Who Have Passed On? by Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. ©2004. Presented at IASD's Third PsiberDreaming Conference, September 19 - October 3, 2004. [http://www.asdreams.org/telepathy/2004kellogg\\_psychopomp.htm](http://www.asdreams.org/telepathy/2004kellogg_psychopomp.htm)

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# Can Physical Healing Occur in Lucid Dreams?

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A recurring health problem faced Karen (not her real name), who suffered from out of control menstrual bleeding. Her doctor noted its serious nature and suggested a hysterectomy, as the preferred medical solution. Then one night, as if by magic, the out of control menstrual bleeding ended. Realizing that she dreamed, Karen became consciously aware and lucidly sought to heal herself.

In her lucid dream report, she recalls realizing she dreams and remembers her pre-intended desire to heal herself:

*“Touching my face with both hands, I marvel at the realistic sensation, the lack of distortion. Lightly I stroke the tip of my nose where I'd found an area of concern recently (referring to skin cancer), feel it smooth and healthy. This is a spontaneous gesture (not part of my original plan) as is my next action. Gently I insert my fingers directly into the center of my chest. There is no pain or blood, only the sensation of the pressure of my fingers moving slowly into my body without resistance. I touch my heart while holding in mind thoughts of healing and serenity. After a few moments, I remove my fingers and then insert them into my uterus (the original plan). Again, there is no uncomfortable sensation, no resistance, just an awareness of an extraordinary freedom to perform this feat so easily in a dream.*

*While placing my fingers and palms against the uterine wall, I hold a thought I've had on several occasions both in and out of dreamland -- there is healing in my hands.*

*Other than this exact phrase, I have no other word thoughts, but instead, a spreading becalming sense that accompanies my touch. I wake peacefully, in rapt wonder.”*

Waking, she feels that a change has occurred. Her bleeding stops and remains under control. Her doctor cancels the plans for a hysterectomy. Karen realizes that she can not “prove” that this lucid dream had any physical effect. However, she consciously acted to heal her physical condition within a lucid dream, and the intended results occurred.

Fortunately, Karen has company -- numerous experienced lucid dreamers have reported becoming consciously aware in the dream state and seeking to heal themselves. In my book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, I devote a chapter to lucid dream healings and recount a dozen stories of apparent healing successes. Healing the physical body while consciously aware in the dream state seems a distinct, and exciting, possibility.

My investigations into successful and unsuccessful examples of lucid dream healings revealed certain characteristics correlated to successful outcomes. For example, lucid dreamers who acted directly on their body or the ailment reported more success, when compared to lucid dreamers who acted indirectly by seeking a dream doctor or external helper or device. Similarly, successful lucid dreamers responded positively to inner guidance or suggestions, while unsuccessful lucid dreamers ignored or dismissed inner guidance and suggestions.

In Karen's case, we see these constructive actions for lucid dreaming success. First, she acts directly within the lucid dream on her dream body. She does not wait for permission or seek to consult a dream doctor – she acts. Second, she follows spontaneous prompts by touching her nose and then her heart,

where she places “thoughts of healing and serenity.” While her heart had no physical problem, she felt moved to send it healing energy. Then she places her hand into her uterus, firmly believing, “there is healing in my hands.”

Many experienced lucid dreamers have learned to follow intuitional impulses, as they sense their way through the inner realm of lucid dreaming. Though they may have a general plan or goal, a sense of spontaneous knowing often leads the way, and sometimes results in new insights about the situation. Often by letting go of the waking self’s approach and allowing the inwardly felt approach, lucid dreamers discover the most constructive path for their healing intent.

While the healing touch occurs on a dream representation of her physical body, it appears here that the brain responded with appropriate adjustments on the actual physical body. Somehow, the subconscious mind’s healing touch and healing intent projected onto the dream body parallels actual corresponding changes to the physical body. In effect, we witness a type of *healing lucid alchemy*.

A talented lucid dreamer, Ed Kellogg Ph.D., has performed much of the early research into lucid dream healing, after using lucid dreaming to heal his own infected tonsil in 1989 with “dramatic improvement.” Since that time, he has presented on lucid dream healing at the International Association for the Study of Dreams conferences, providing accounts of lucid dream healings on pain, infections, inflammation, bronchitis, scar tissue and more. (Read Ed’s papers at [http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/member/files/ed\\_kellogg.html](http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/member/files/ed_kellogg.html))

Kellogg notes that anecdotal evidence can “point the way towards more rigorous investigations” which would uncover the variables and techniques leading to successful lucid dream healings. Moreover, he envisions that “lucid dream healing may become one of the more accepted and practical applications of lucid dream research.”

Since publishing my book, I have received enthusiastic messages from other lucid dreamers who read about the concept, understood the technique and then successfully used lucid dreaming to assist their own phobias, migraines, PTSD nightmares and anxiety.

Aware in the dream, you possess amazing potential to heal emotionally, and now it appears, also physically. Do you have a story of lucid dream healing?

*Note: If you have a medical condition, please seek competent professional medical help.*



# *The Healing Sands of Lucid Dreamtime*

Mary Ziemer © 2011

In Old English the word for *healing* means *wholeness*. My own sense is that the brain state of lucid dreams is primarily intended to give the individual an experience of psycho-spiritual wholeness or balance. For the healing experience to be complete, the dreamer must then bring this inner wholeness into waking life. To understand this process, I find it helpful to liken the healing lucid dream experience to the sand painting rituals of the Navajo tradition.

In the Navajo ritual, a medicine man creates a sand painting in the form of a mandala representing the internal balance that the ill person needs in order to achieve physical and psychological wholeness. The sand painting is believed to open a connection to the spirit world. In the ceremonial hogan, the patient sits on the centre of the mandala facing east so that the spirits can bring healing agents while taking away the causes of illness and imbalance. Sands from the painting, or the “visual prayer,” are placed on the patient as the medicine man sings holy chants.

By these means, the patient is brought into harmony with the attributes of the sand painting and is then able to harmonise with life. After the ceremony, the sand painting is destroyed to safeguard its power. By analogy, lucid dreams, particularly lucid dreams in which one surrenders to the lucid experience, can be thought of as opening the dreamer to healing images and experiences: the healing sands of lucid dreamtime. As in the sand painting ritual, the encounter is relatively brief, but has long-term effects.

Healing lucid dream imagery has an internal symmetry that serves to collect the dispersed elements of the psyche and establish internal balance in the dreamer. In the unusual brain state of the lucid dream, the mind activates a balance between both sleeping and waking mental processes. As a result, the lucid dreamer, like the patient who partakes in the sand painting ritual, can literally feel between two worlds or in a new dimension. However, this is an inner experience that does not require an exteriorised ritual. Carl Jung has argued that when an image reconnects a person to a sense of their larger self, then the ego reacts with an increased devotion to life. The following three dreams give examples of lucid dream healing of body, mind, and spirit through a connection to such images.

One lucid dream stands out as having given me physical healing as well as changing the direction of my life. In June of 2000, my husband and I moved from Zurich, Switzerland, to London. The move proved very difficult for me. I became severely ill with a sinus infection that infected my inner ear canal, debilitating me for weeks. I was in pain and despondent. Then the following lucid dream came:

*An angelic man who I recognise from a dream years before, approaches me and says, “So you haven’t been feeling well.” As he speaks he lifts his right forefinger and touches my sinus areas under each eye. In the dream, I instantly feel better, and become lucid, realising that upon waking, I will begin to get well.*

*The being is walking away, so I run after him and cry out, “Can you heal my spirit?” He turns and comes up to me again. He looks at me with a great deal of love as he raises his right forefinger to the point between my eyebrows. His fingertip is just a hair’s breadth away from me. I can feel its heat and power. Then suddenly he looks at me very tenderly and with deep regret slowly lowers his hand.*

*It’s as if he suddenly got a message and was told not to heal me in this way. We look long at each other, and I realise with great disappointment and resignation that whereas the healing of my body would be rapid, the healing of my spirit would take years, at least another seven years if not longer.*

As I sensed in the dream, I woke up feeling that I would recover. Although immediate full spiritual healing wasn’t granted to me, the feeling tone of the dream gave me the resolve and fortitude I needed during a rather dry period in my life. The lucid dream also highlighted the need for me to take steps that would bring my inner nature more in line with my outer world. Soon after the dream, I registered for graduate studies in Psychology of Religion: the first step in a long period of training for psychotherapeutic work and the healing of my spirit.

At this time, I had not yet realised that healing lucid dream experiences could be deepened when I surrendered by withdrawing my desire to directly control what happened when lucid. During this time, many lucid



dreams focussed on the healing of my mind's distortions—unhealthy thought patterns that arose from my conditioned responses to reality. The following lucid dream was an experience of the renewing of my mind.

The dream came eight years after the previous one, not long after I'd taken on a new job as the Service Director of a counselling centre. The job proved to be very demanding. As the Service Director, I faced having to deal with the imminent closure of the centre. The mental stress was very intense. The night before this dream was full of busy, dead-end thoughts as I tried to think my way out of the crisis. This dream helped me to understand the importance of surrendering my fears and expectations in lucid dreams:

*In the dream, I am on the busy, Southern California freeway system in a car driven by a woman I feel I know but can't recall. We are trying to get to a meeting about something important and meaningful to us both. Suddenly I realise that she is going about it the wrong way. She is lost in a tangle of overpasses and bypasses. I tell her she can take a more direct route if she gets off the freeway.*

*It's then the realisation comes that the freeways are like the mind's byways and similar to how I feel in waking life. In that instant of lucidity, as I bow my head, the dreamscape falls away into blackness and I feel my being taken up by the black, shining winds. It feels like I'm flat on my back being carried ever inwards down a black tunnel that shines with lights the entire way.*

*At first, I think, "Oh no, here I am out of my body again and how will I get back?" There is an impatience about me and I'm not really pleased to be in the experience, a thought which makes me sad even then. But just then, a voice says quite clearly, "Come and be in my Being." The words are comforting and inviting. It seems clear I will get back, so I release my fear and surrender to being carried in this way.*

*Then the winds cease, and it feels my being has been set inside a luminescent pearl or twilight sky with touches of mauve lining the light blue. Am in this space for an eternal moment—enough to take in the spaciousness and silence, the sacredness and serenity, the still beauty of the light and life it gives. Suddenly I am surprised to be lifted out of this space—now that I am ready to stay! The return is like moving out from the centre point of a circle, out and out, and then at the last moment meeting my earth body at a slightly different level.*



I wake up grateful for the experience, yet shaking my head at the old habits of my mind and those ingrained pathways and fears it follows. It's a comforting thought that this awareness alone is enough to begin to loosen my conditioned mind's hold over my thoughts.

Some time later, I learned about the Clear Light or Clear Mind dreams described in the Tibetan Buddhist dream yoga tradition and recognised parallels to my own lucid dreams. In this lucid dream, the Clear Mind state was experienced as the pearl that 'the shell of time and space cannot contain'. The lucid dream encounter with the pearl—a luminous, symmetrical object of light—calmed my mind and gave me the inner peace to meet the outer conflict in waking life with more equanimity. In the end, a way to face the crisis came to me.

Unlike the first lucid dream related in this article, there have been times when a lucid dream has given me an experience of deep spiritual healing, renewing my devotion to life. The following is representative of lucid dream encounters with images of the inner self that are profoundly healing. By this time, I had learned much from many lucid dreams about how to enlarge my capacity to receive and sustain lucidity. Part of this process is to spend time in meditation and prayerful song prior to sleep. Before this particular lucid dream, I had done a Sufi meditation on the quality of *majid*, Arabic for *majesty*.

Curiously, this lucid dream came the night before I was given an injection to which I had a rare and severe allergic reaction. The dream also came before a difficult period of temporary separation in my marriage. Throughout the ensuing months, as my life fell apart, the lucid experience provided me with a desire to live if only to share the dream itself:

*Am walking down an empty London city street in the early morning. To my left, I notice a wooden door slightly ajar, and I enter. It opens into a small, softly lit shop. A handsome man, slightly older than me, is dozing behind the counter and wakes up fully as I enter. Oddly, a bed takes up most of the shop. A thick, rumped, golden cover is draped over the bed. Its velvet folds catch the light and shadows in a mesmerising way. The man is a jeweller and he says he's made a "bauble" for my mother. He says this as though she is alive, though she is dead.*

*As he holds the "bauble" up to the light, I can see it is made of large solid gold squares hung around a gold chain. He asks, "Isn't her name Margid or Majid?" "Margaret" I reply. "Oh yes, that's it" he responds. Aware I don't have enough money to buy this priceless necklace, I ask if my mother has paid the deposit. "She has already paid the full price" he tells me and smiles. Then he moves by the bed and, in an inviting way, says it's too early to be out of bed. The clock reads 6:30am.*

*Then I realise that it is actually 6:30 in the morning and that I am dreaming. With this realisation, I feel jubilant. I bow my head and wait breathlessly. In an instant, the dreamscape falls away and it feels as if my being rises above my physical body and then slams into my chest with a roaring sound. Again my being is moved backwards on black, shining, winds only this time it is at an incredibly high speed, faster and further than ever before between flashes of light and darkness. There is a moment of panic until I hear a Holy name and begin to repeat it.*

*With this, I settle into calmness as my being is moved farther and deeper inwards on the black winds, and then, suddenly, I feel lifted up and expanded outwards as I am moved or guided by what feels like two invisible presences through a vast expanse of stars, light years and light years across.*

*The stars are sensible beings, intelligent, radiant and full of life, breathtakingly beautiful. They seem countless and endless, yet each one is unique. Then I "see" that the stars or beings encircle an immense, numinous, black centre that they worship and reflect as they orbit slowly, almost imperceptibly, around. The two unseen presences lead me far into the vastness of the very centre of this shining blackness and there they leave me—or what is my very tiny point of consciousness—hovering in a still space.*

*For a moment I feel bereft, lost, as if there is no way to know what this mystery is or who I am—it's a kind of unknowing. But then I recall the velvety darkness of other dreams, and I wait for a very long time repeating the sacred name until slowly I begin to realise that this black light is actually supporting and sustaining me—giving me life—so how could it harm me? And I feel one with the mysterious, soft, Holy darkness and feel found and known and loved. The blackness radiates through me, until I feel that I, too, can find and know and love.*

*Suddenly, I feel like dancing. I move to raise my right "arm" up into Natarajasana—the Lord Shiva's Dance pose in yoga—and "see" that my arm is a beam of light and I am the fullness of joy. I am alive with the inner light of this black Holy mystery and one with and one of the worshipping lights.*

*Then, the two presences take up my being to guide me back through the stars to my earthly home. For ages, it feels as if we are moving outwards from the central point. Suddenly, I worry that the beings will return me to the street in Southern California where I grew up, but there comes the unspoken reassurance that I'm being returned to London, where I live in waking life. It feels as though these presences gently and lovingly bring me into my body. When I awake, it is 7:00.*

Through overcoming my fears and surrendering to such lucid experiences, I have learned to trust that the black light that acts as a healing guide. When St. John of the Cross writes, "Oh Night that was my guide, Oh Night more loving than the morning sun...." I believe he is speaking of the black light's "night". This metaphor conveys what is subjectively experienced as an objective reality in the dream.

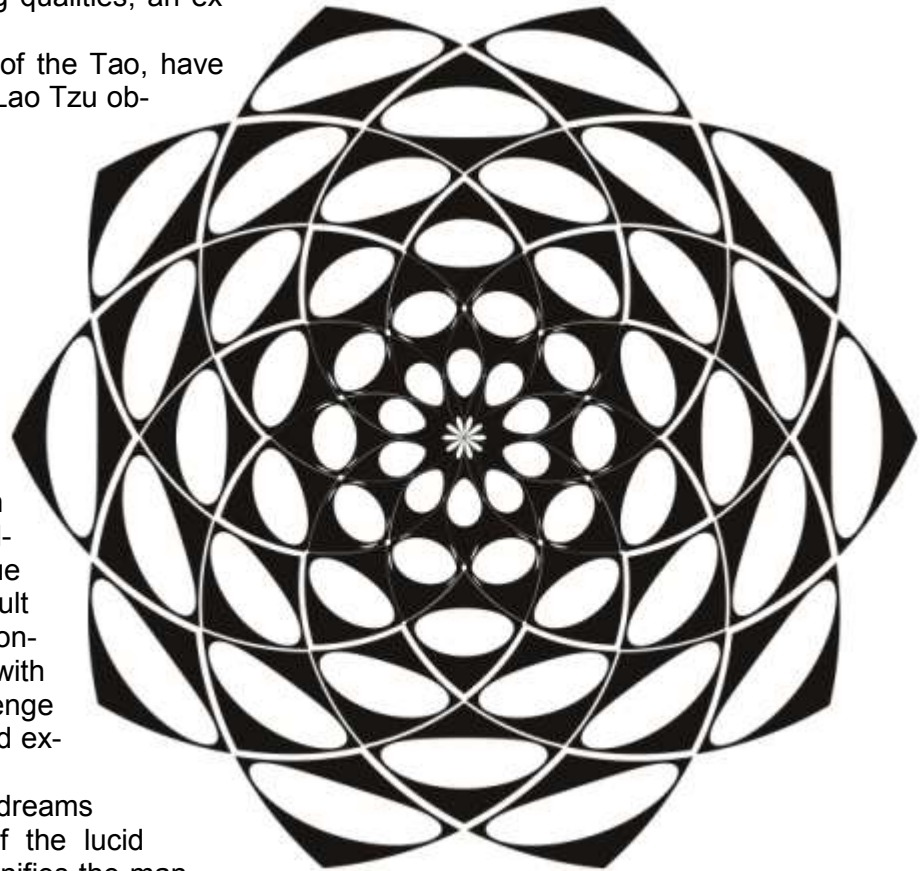
The black light teaches me how to be in the lucid dream space. Sometimes a voice speaks out of the shining darkness reminding me to breathe or to simply be. Many times, the black light has revealed itself in a healing vision of form, colour, and light, as in the lucid dream of the pearl; other times, the black light simply infuses me with healing qualities, an experience of profound wholeness.

Teachings from Lao Tzu, the master of the Tao, have helped me to understand such lucid dreams. Lao Tzu observes:

*Seeing into darkness is clarity.  
Knowing how to yield is strength.  
Use your inner light  
To return to the Source of Light.  
This is called practising eternity.*

My own experience is that such lucid dreams of wholeness, of returning to the Source of Light, do not mean that life will be one of ease. On the contrary, it feels that such dreams often come prior to an extremely challenging period. But the lucid dreams can imbue the dreamer with the grace to contain difficult waking life situations. In fact, one's whole concept of what is "difficult" shifts in comparison with the magnitude of the lucid dreams. The challenge is then to bring the healing power of such lucid experiences into the world.

The Source of Light in healing lucid dreams shines through the images and qualities of the lucid dream into waking life. Like the centre that unifies the mandala, wholeness requires that we come into contact with the mysterious centre that is the source of our very being, the source of our healing. Much as the encounter with the healing imagery of Navajo sand painting opens a connection to this source, so the sands of lucid dreamtime can open a connection to the centre of our innermost being, imparting physical, mental, and spiritual healing.



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# God and I

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I was in deep slumber and blissfully unaware of my corporeal self. Suddenly, a strong desire emerged out of nowhere and invaded my dream. The desire was to have back my free will. Still asleep and deprived of the illusion of free will I wished I had it back to explore the unlimited opportunities in the world of dreaming. My wish manifested itself in a thought; 'I'm dreaming... Oh, Lord, I can do anything I like!'

It was not the first time I had my free will, mind, and the usual solid set-up of self-identity present in my dreams. I knew I could create the world by simply wishing for it. Last time when I had access to my free will in my dream, I wished I could be invisible and I instantly acquired the ability and the expertise of invisibility. I did everything that came to my mind... It was great fun.



Another time I wished I could fly. I had flown before, but it was in a normal dream, where the corporeal self and mind were non-existent. It was so different to fly with the corporeal self and mind intact and being present and aware of the dream. I knew the difference between quenching my thirst, having sex, or going to the toilet in a dream and in reality. The same was the difference between flying in a dream and flying in a lucid dream.

I did not have to make my imagination fit in this world. Instead, I did have the opportunity to create the world to fit my imagination. 'What should I wish for?' I asked myself.

As soon as the question popped up in my mind, I realised my wish. My inner self wanted to communicate with my corporeal self. Thinking about the inner and the outer, I discovered the arbiter. I called it the Observer. The Observer was

not within, nor was it without. Yet, it was endemic to both the inner and the outer. The unity of the inner, the outer, and the Observer was the portal leading out of the realm of self.

In my normal dreams, the perception of my corporeal self was very vague. In fact, I could never see my corporeal self. I only assumed it when the dream was over. The speculative and imaginative nature of my awakened mind compelled me to believe there was a corporeal self in my dreams.

In my lucid dreaming, however, I could look at my body from all different angles and be completely separate from it, as if it was my identical twin. Aware of my dream, I looked at my body from above. It was a very powerful sensation. I gathered some strength, descended and approached my body.

'Let me look in your eyes, buddy!' I said to my body.

My own eyes reflected the totality of the world of phenomena. I saw and recognised the entire universe from one end to the other. My soul knew the entire universe by heart. My mind or corporeal self comprehended it for the first time without the usual application of words, experiences, and images. I thought I would never be able to express in words what I saw and recognised in my own eyes.

Then I heard the voice behind my right shoulder...

rather what my inner essence experienced at this precise moment.

'With the appearance of the light, the universe expanded. With the concealment of the light, the things that exist were created in all their variety. This is the secret of the act of Creation. One who understands will understand.'

That emotional imprint or Emotional Signature, as I named it, was an inextricable part of my emotional memory. Unlike my conventional memory, associated with my mind, my emotional memory was absolute and fixed. It was never developed and could never be added to or be forgotten. It delivered the totality of knowledge beyond the comprehension of the mind. On that emotional memory was based my ability to recognise love, gratitude, happiness, bliss, frustration, anger, envy... I could do that with or without the subjects and the objects that delivered those feelings. I could do that whether they had been experienced before or not.

It dawned on me... The wisdom was in recognition – not in knowledge and learning. I knew that when I woke up I would be able to describe only the plane action of the story of my dream. All the wisdom I could now enjoy would be instantly lost when the dream was over.

Once my desire for communication with my corporeal self was satisfied, I decided to ask for something even more extraordinary...

'Try to remember the wisdom,' suggested the voice behind my right shoulder. 'See that you establish a reference point, so that you can refer to it when you wake up.'

I looked for a reference point. 'What could it be?' I wondered. 'It couldn't be an object. Objects are transitory. They only deceive you,' I thought. 'I need something that is permanent, available even outside the frame of Time.'

'Show me God!' I uttered still looking in the eyes of my body.

I felt instantly the graveness of my wish. The face of my corporeal self became very stern. It frightened me, but it also filled me with excitement and anticipation.

'Look inside of yourself, for everything that is outside is the reflection of your inner self,' suggested the voice behind my right shoulder.

Then I saw the light...

I looked deep inside of myself. There was nothing to see. Everywhere I looked it was pitch dark. Frustration and fear overwhelmed him.

The light was blinding white and was coming out of everywhere. I looked at it and immediately realised it had nothing to do with the phenomenon of light. All events, manifest and un-manifest, were painfully innumerable. They were absolute or fixed. At the same time, they were unfolding... I could not come to the notion of beginning, end and differentiation. Without them, space vanished and time was indefinitely extended. For some inexplicable reason, I found a reference to that spaceless and timeless state in my mind.

'Don't look with your eyes!' said the voice behind my right shoulder. 'Look with your heart, for what lays deep inside of you cannot be seen by your eyes.'

I was not sure how to look with my heart. The only thing that came to my mind was to concentrate my thoughts and attention on my heart. As soon as I did this, my heart began to emanate light. It was golden white and quickly permeated the darkness of my inner self. My frustration and fear dissolved in the light and released my mind. Once darkness was expelled, I could see anything and everything not with my eyes, but with my heart or the inner eye.

'Endless Light,' I whispered, although there was no image of light. I was not sure why I perceived it as light, but I could not care less. Everything in the universe and beyond was one. That one was not a phenomenon. It was impossible to express it in words. It was beyond knowledge. It contained absolutely everything, nothing and that was neither something, nor nothing at the same time. At that moment, I instantly realised the real meaning of omnipresence and omniscience. Omnipresence was the permanent availability of all endless events. Omniscience was the instant recognition that those events were part and parcel of the self observing them.

The universe in its primordial state rested exposed within my inner self. I could see it all from one end to the other, from its beginning to its end. The emotional imprint of being able to see the Universe from one end to the other was the reference point I was looking for so desperately. I remembered not what I saw, but

Continued on page 20

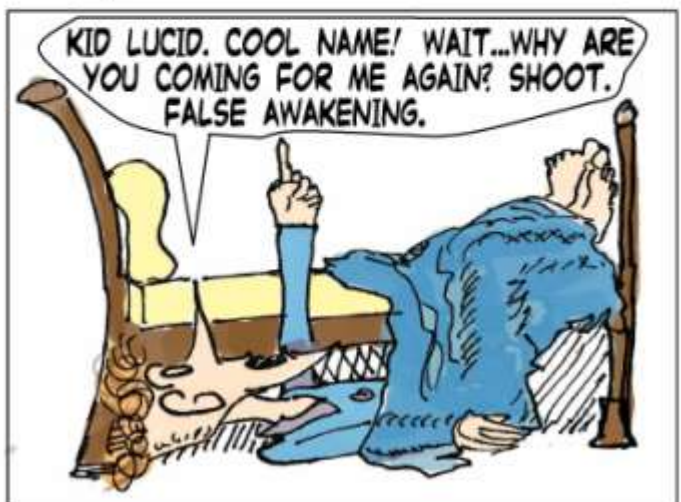
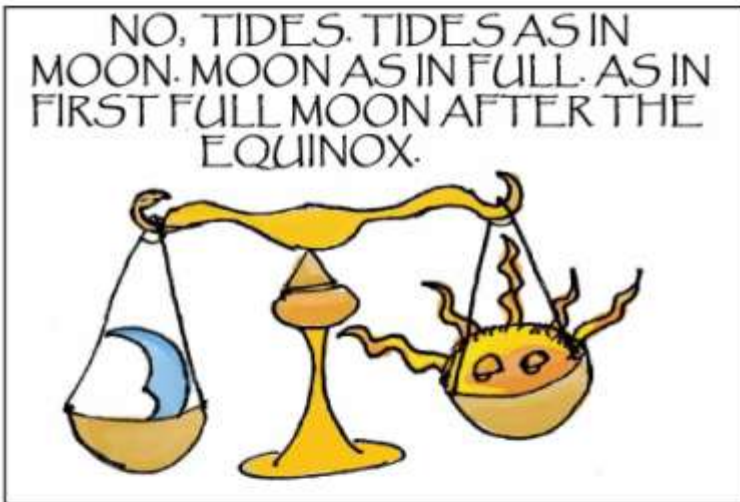


# LUCID KID-VENTURES

IN OUR LAST, SOMEWHAT CONFUSING, EPISODE MEANT ORE (AKA MEANT DOOR) EXPLAINED TO KID LUCID (IN A DREAM OF COURSE) THAT THE BOOK WHICH KEEPS POPPING UP (FIRST IN DREAMS THEN IN THAT STRANGE BOOKSTORE) WAS ALL PART OF THE PLAN. AND IN THAT PLAN THE KID HIMSELF WAS A KIND OF INTERDIMENSIONAL DOORWAY. THIS NEWS STARTLED KID SO MUCH HE AWOKE, LOOKED FOR THE BOOK AND FOUND...







NEXT: CONCLUSION!

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As soon as I saw the Endless Light, I became one with God. My soul was just about to absorb that revelation when my own corporeal self came very close to me and spoke.

To express the sound of the voice that came out of my corporeal self was impossible. It was as though zillion voices talked simultaneously in zillion different languages. The sound of the zillion voices, coming out of the mouth of my own body, was mysteriously intermingled with the Endless Light streaming out of the eyes, mouth and ears. Although most of the languages were not of this world, I needed no translation. God spoke to me in zillion different languages, but the uttered words did not deliver the meaning. They were meant to impress my mind, to overwhelm him, and to imprint on my faculties the awe of God. I realised that, but had to admit that it all worked as planned. The message that God delivered was instantly recognised beyond the perception of space, time, self, and words.

Then I felt the pull...

It was not the first time I felt it. The pull was enormously strong, relentless, and paralysing. As usual, it scared the hell out of me. The massive gravity of the pull crushed my mind, free will, and threatened my self-identity. I realised I was being pulled into a black tunnel. In the same fashion as the Endless Light, the tunnel was not what my mind imagined. The tunnel was the ephemeral passage leading into or out of the world of phenomena.

It was clear now that whatever lay opposite the phenomena and the perception of the mind had no meaning and image, but provided for them. Its length was simultaneously the insatiable desire for action and the meaning of motion and energy. Its width was the need for communication, relationships and the meaning of emotion and gravitation. Its height was the perception of free will and the laws creating the universe. Its time was the craving for diversity, the meaning of infinity and the ability to differentiate.

The Endless Light and the tunnel were not the phenomena of light and darkness. Amazingly, I referred to them as light and darkness for one simple reason; I could talk about and refer to them even though they had no phenomenal reference and no one could express them in words. I realised that I could always talk about and refer to the noumena, but everyone else would think about the phenomena. My recognition of the noumena was thus sealed, like a deadly secret,

because all my words about it were bound to be misunderstood by everyone else.

Sadness inundated me. I realised that the world of phenomena was built on the ground of endless speculations. I felt terribly lonely, as I could never share my revelation with the others, nor could I enjoy their speculative knowledge and beliefs. Depressing solitude and sheer fear of losing my self-identity invaded my essence. I recognised the fear of losing my self-identity as the pitch darkness of the tunnel. The joy and the bliss of giving up myself I realised as Endless Light and the intrinsic reference to individuality as God.

Then God said, 'When you make the two into one, and when you make the inner like the outer and the outer like the inner, and the upper like the lower, and when you make male and female into a single one, so that the male will not be male nor the female be female, when you make eyes in place of an eye, a hand in place of a hand, a foot in place of a foot, an image in place of an image, then you will enter the kingdom.'

The pull no longer scared and petrified me. I opened my heart, surrendered my ego, disposed of my body, and let whatever was left of my self be pulled into the black tunnel. 'I love you my Lord,' I said. 'I love you my dear God,' I said again.

Like an ancient secret code or password, my words transferred me to the level where sheer will, unspoiled determination and unbiased intent shaped the world before it became manifest.

THEY called that level the Bubble.

In the Bubble, there was no ego or body because no one and nothing could ever launch a reference to them. There the self was enveloped in blinding light and was devoid of attributes.

It was not the first time I was pulled into the Bubble. I knew that in there my self had total control over the world where my body dwelled and which my mind and ego explored, enjoyed and suffered. In the Bubble, time was irrelevant. The continuous rearrangement of the world was a common place. It was instantaneous. As the master of dreaming, I was well aware that my will was inclined towards the indivisible fabric of my essence.

God recognised my essence and delivered the world accordingly.

# With a little help from my friends...

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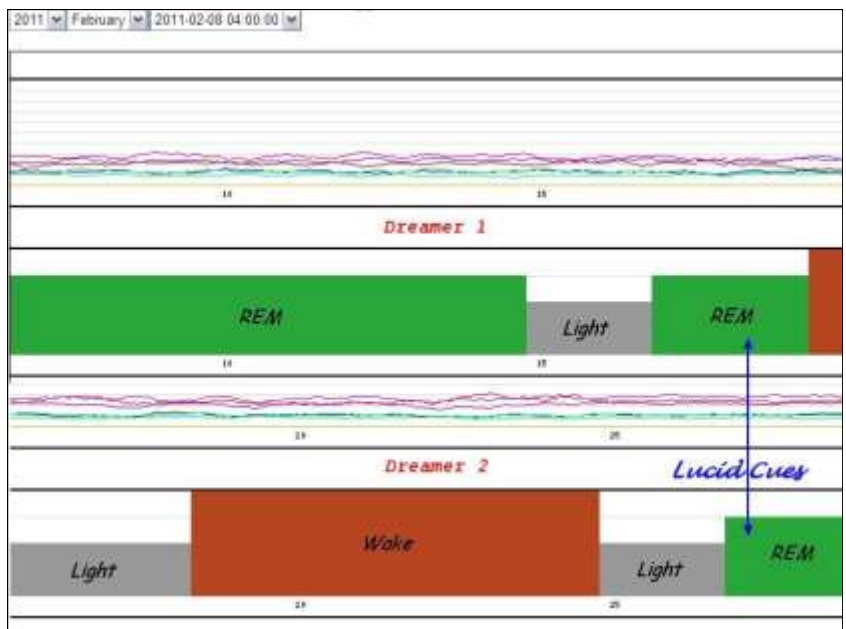
Mutual, or shared dreaming, has received much attention in the past year due in part to the movie *Inception*. The notion of two or more dreamers sharing the same dream space seems very exciting and much fun. However, there is also a healing aspect to mutual dreaming. Just as in waking life we all heal each other through our life energy and affection, shared lucidity may offer enhanced inter-subjective healing opportunities.

Ed Kellogg discusses this in his paper, "Lucid Dream Healing Experiences: Firsthand Accounts": "Healing of others [is] far more astonishing than the healing of a lucid dreamer's own physical body, which one can plausibly explain through a psychosomatic model, on a few occasions lucid dreamers have observed physical improvements in other individuals following the healing of that person's counterpart in a lucid dream. Such reports lend credence to the idea that dream reality can have a consensual and inter-subjective basis, an idea that the phenomenon of mutual dreaming (where two or more individuals have similar dreams about each other at the same time) also supports."

One of the big challenges with achieving mutual lucid dreaming is, of course, timing. As Robert Waggoner notes in his book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*: "Dual-person-lucid mutual dreams, those in which two lucid dreamers share the same dream space, are relatively rare in dream reports. This doesn't seem surprising inasmuch as lucid dreaming occurs much less frequently than regular dreaming and, thus, the statistical probability of both you and a friend being lucid on the same night becomes less likely." Add to this the likelihood of being lucid at the same time on the same night.

My last article in LDE on multi-player dream games was an attempt to get tech-minded folks interested in utilizing electronic lucid dream induction devices and the internet to help solve this timing issue with concurrent REM detection and simultaneous lucid cues to synchronize potential mutual dreamers. Now, one young engineering student at Cornell, Brian Schiffer, has created software and a website that has begun to do just that: <http://www.sleepstreamonline.com>. While still in an experimental stage, the website is employing the Zeo headband/device and streaming live sleep data and eye movements from multiple users and recording brain waves, sleep stages and REM detection. A dream share feature will allow multiple dreamers to join a dream session, and when the website software determines that the enrollees are all in REM, simultaneous audio (and/or visual) lucid cues will be transmitted to the local computers of the dreamers (see graphic). Ideally then, once the dreamers become lucid, they may seek out a common dream space or location and share a mutual dream, with all that implies for fun or healing.

Imagine a world of universal mutual dreaming and mutual healing. "You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one."



Imagine a world of universal mutual dreaming and mutual healing. "You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one."

Please take a look at his website and blog, and let Brian know your thoughts and ideas.

# *A Lucid Attack? A Fractured Hand*

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As of this writing, my right hand has been in a cast for five weeks. A great inconvenience because I am right handed, a visual artist and violinist. So here I am writing about an inner healing that is coming from a dramatic LD that I did not understand how to read and a consequential physical reality trauma. This is the story of what happened.

On the night of December 2, 2010, I awoke at 3:00 to induce a lucid dream. Setting back to sleep on the sofa, in the onset of the LD, I am beset by a large, approximately two inch bright yellow and green insect, cartoon-like graphically, with very loud buzzing and a long proboscis. It stings me on my right hand wrist, next to the artery. I pull out a stinger, perhaps 3/8 in. long, and continue to slap away the dive-bombing insect with my left hand. I hear the persistent loud buzzing as I try to escape the insect and jump into dimension after dimension, as if I were turning over leaves of a book. The buzzing grows fainter and fainter and finally it is gone. My experience now takes on the appearance of an OBE, in sepia colors, and I am flying low, somersaulting down stairs, just flying in a relaxed way low to the ground.

This was my first lucid dream in which something negative appeared, even attacked me. This shook me up a great deal, as I didn't think that something like this could really happen to me, although I had read about it - as all of my lucid and OBE experiences up until now have been mild, kind and beautiful and quite easy to interpret.

Around the second week of January I fell on a slippery sidewalk, coming down hard on my right hand with all of my weight. I thought my hand was only bruised. But in the night it began to swell. A very large oval egg-like swelling appeared next to the artery of my right hand. A small bone on the opposite side of the wrist to this welt was fractured. The cast is now setting my hand for 6 weeks.

I did not tie the lucid dream into the physical incident for a couple of weeks. I had forgotten about the LD except as an entry in my dream journal and a background thought that there are unknown energies and entities out there and I must be more careful. I seriously thought about something negative in me attracting something negative. And I began to consider that this was a psychic attack and that now it had even manifested into physical reality. A truly frightening thought.

I have been meditating on this situation quite frequently, and I certainly have had time to think about it since a great deal of my normal activity is curtailed. I wrote to Robert Waggoner, who also offered me this interesting insight. That the insect may be a symbol that the inner Self used to get my attention that something is "bugging" me in my physical waking life. That this is not a psychic attack manifesting in physical reality, but more of a "precognitive" experience, one of many probable realities selected that could happen, but chosen by myself so that I would focus on a problem at hand. To heal the problem.

And yes, in the last 3 weeks I just realized that there was a serious problem that I had to confront. Somehow it stealthily appeared in my personal life, taking me unawares, although in hind sight I can see there was a long process of antecedents and behavior on my part that allowed it to happen. And looking through my dream journals, I have found two ordinary dreams that indicated that this problem was approaching and pre-existing.

I believe that much of what we do in our physical life is in the category of healing and recovery. The inner Self dialogues with us in mysterious symbols. In this case, if I had owned and taken responsibility for the lucid dreaming imagery of the bug, instead of spending so much time deflecting the image as a psychic attack from in/out there, perhaps I would have begun my healing process much sooner and not have had to suffer the consequences of an accident to awaken me.



# In Your Dreams!

June Lemos, April 20, 2008

## FLOATING FLOWERS HEAL THE HEART

Note: In April 2008, I had open heart surgery to repair the mitral valve in my heart which had failed. I was in the hospital for nearly a month. As you will read, lucid dreaming allowed me to disconnect from all the tubes that were sticking out of my chest and arms and escape the pain and the confines of the hospital. The tenth day after surgery, my doctors were worrying that I was still draining so much. They wanted to get me out of the hospital, as I had already been there such a long time. I could not leave, however, until the four garden-hose-sized tubes were removed from my chest. That night, I had a lucid dream.

I awaken in my hospital bed in Santa Rosa and look at the ceiling. There is a big mobile with seashells and seaweed and ocean things circling slowly above my head. I think this is a little strange, but I convince myself that a nurse must have put it there while I was sleeping. Then I look out the window and see the ocean view I normally see from my Mendocino home. I say, Wait a minute, how can this be? Oh! I must be dreaming! From that point on, I am lucid.

It only takes me two seconds to decide what I want to do in this dream [I usually give myself a task, like walking through walls, talking to animals, flying, running underwater, etc.]. I decide I will heal myself enough so I can finally go home. I look down at my dream body and pull the

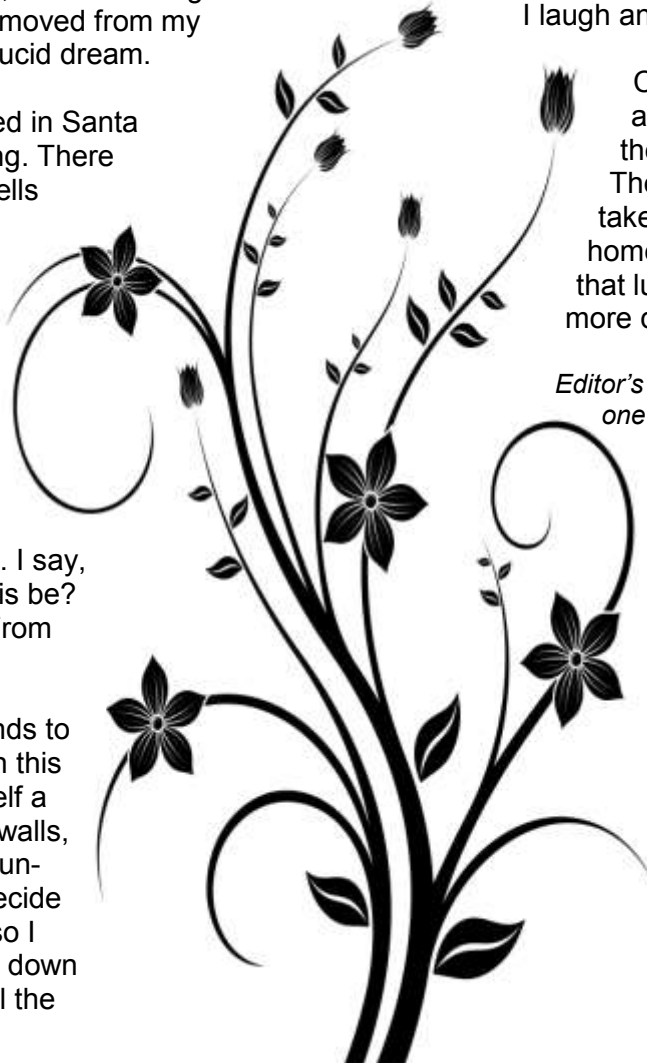
hospital gown open. There are the four tubes, and I can see the fluid draining out of them into my "briefcase" beside the bed [I called it that because the fluid receptacle was about the size of a briefcase and it had a handle so I could carry it around the hospital with me, along with the IV stand and all the other stuff]. I concentrate on the tubes and slowly the draining fluid starts turning into different colored flowers. The tubes pull out of the briefcase and wave slowly back and forth in the air in front of me, like octopus tentacles. The flowers are pouring out of them, floating gently in the air until I am surrounded by color and soft flower petals. Other colorful things flow from the tubes, like hearts and balloons and ribbons. I laugh and smile and enjoy the show.

Comment: The next morning, to the amazement of the doctors and nurses, the drainage had completely stopped. The tubes were yanked out, I could finally take a shower, and the next day, I went home. I really think that had it not been for that lucid dream, I would have been several more days in the hospital.

*Editor's note -- For a separate article about someone who meets their heart, while dreaming visit: <http://realtalkworld.com/2011/02/07/heart-talk-after-a-lucid-heart-dream-2/>*

## Lisa Cork-Twiss All the Stars Together

I'm a medical secretary who works alone in a private home office. In this dream, one day I went to work in a large office with tons of other people. A meeting was called to inform us that we would be involved in a government protest. I said that I wanted no part of it and I was called a "racist", which was perplexing. We all went outside and the streets were filled with protesters, cars on fire and rioters; very apocalyptic.





## In Your Dreams!

I walked around in a disgusted daze. Completely aware that I was dreaming, I decided to escape by flying. I flew joyfully up to the heavens, suspended in time. The stars slowly gathered themselves into one bright light that then began to envelope me. I felt my body expanding as if I had no mortal constraints; a feeling I can only describe as total, utter bliss.

I came back down to earth to find that I no longer fit in and was somehow marked and ostracized along with a few other people who'd had the same experience. I had a sense that I belonged nowhere but yet, I was smiling. My sister-in-law walked up to me and asked if I had any regrets. I smiled at her and said, "NO!" and then flew back up to the heavens to mingle with the stars. It then dawned on me in a most coherent conclusion, as the stars again started congregating around me, that I was a perhaps a racist...a "human racist."

I then woke up still feeling a calm yet intense bliss that lasted for hours.

### **Lynn Ross, 12/31/2003** **Healing in My Inner Library**

I'm walking down a road or path away from a hotel where I have been staying. Suddenly I fly up into the air a little bit. I test it to see if I can control it, breathing out a bit to push myself up higher. It works! Am I dreaming? No, I don't think so. I really think I'm awake and able to fly! I fly up some more, and then something proves to me that I AM dreaming. It isn't any of the normal triggers I'd use. It's something about where I've come from or the hotel or something silly that makes it clear.

I half fly/half materialize myself into a huge library, which is the library of my mind. Floating in the center of this place of books, I ask my inner self to heal me. I try to relax into the healing while still keeping myself afloat, which makes for a strange sensation of surrender and holding myself up all at once. I can tell that this is not working, so I settle onto the ground. I ask my inner self, "Show me what I need to know to heal!"

I see owls in graduate hats on the wall, a cartoon of

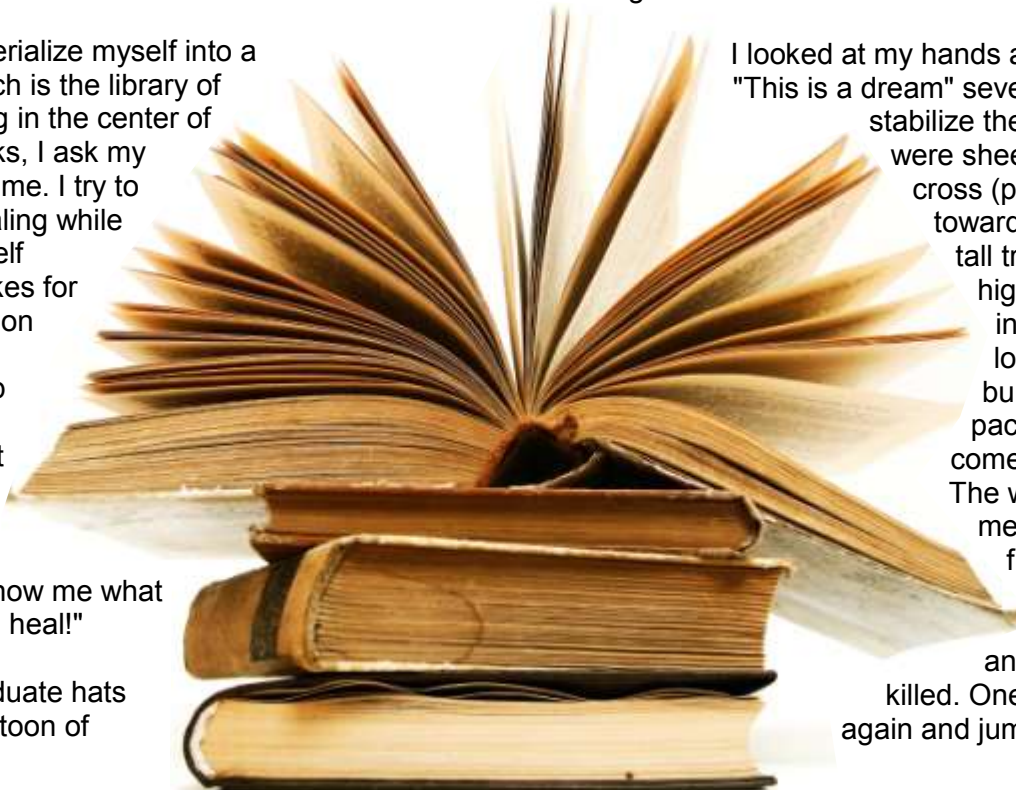
sorts. There are three of them and they are leaning over books, noting information and writing things down.

Then I'm in greyness and a voice is speaking to me. It's a female voice, but it isn't entirely feminine. I feel like this is my guardian angel, or the embodiment of my inner wisdom speaking to me. She tells me that I can only do what I'm able to do and know what I'm able to know. She tells me more that I can't remember now, talking to me for a minute or two. I get the feeling that at the end she tells me that she's always there for me to turn to when I need to. I wake up.

### **Jennifer Mulcahy, August 11, 2010** **Accept things as they are?**

A group of elderly people were in a cafeteria being used as a movie hall. I was sitting at a table with some other workers. An African American woman had my glasses on the table in front of her along with my lunch box. My glasses suddenly broke- the right lens fell out and the frames broke in half. The lens had a microchip looking thing in the center of it, which I thought was strange. The woman turned her head to look at me and I saw that she had the same microchip thing on her own glasses. I got up to walk across the room to casually check to see if I was dreaming, although I didn't want to draw attention to myself in case I was awake after all. I leapt up and tried to fly. I flew around the room, enjoying the delighted and surprised reactions of the elderly folks, and then tried to fly through the wall to the outside. I had a little trouble doing this, so I spun myself around through it and found myself outside in a clearing with grass and trees outside the building.

I looked at my hands and said out loud, "This is a dream" several times to try to stabilize the dream. There were sheep arranged in a cross (plus sign). I walked towards them. I saw a tall tree and leapt up high and climbed into its branches. I looked toward the building and saw a pack of four wolves come toward the tree. The wolves scared me, so I pointed my finger at them one at a time and they lied down and seemed dead/killed. One of them got up again and jumped high towards



me and I "killed" it again with my pointing finger. Then, I saw all sorts of animals surrounding the tree, some as tall as I was up in the tree and some closer to the ground.

Since I knew it was a dream and I felt bad for killing the others I said, "I accept all of you as you are" - and they immediately left me alone and seemed happy.

An extremely tall centaur-like creature walked over to me (I was still in the tree and he was at my eye level, although about my size in general). He said something to me I can't quite remember. I said I wanted to heal my cervix and he looked startled and upset so I said "Do you know about my cervix?" He looked stern and said, "SHHHHHHHHH" with his finger to his lips, looking around out of the corners of his eyes. I can't remember exactly what he said, but the gist of it was that they didn't discuss that there and that that was not the real problem - or maybe that concentrating on that endangered me somehow. (Woke up).

**Jennifer Mulcahy,  
January 29, 2010  
Lucid Dream of the Healing Pearl**

I dreamt I was at a mall with some young women, and they wanted to pay a lot of money to take trains and buses and taxis all over, back and forth. I flew away from them and realized I was dreaming. I said "What a beautiful night!" even though it was daytime with mountains in the distance. I flew and cupped my hands together. A small white spark with a blue dot next to it was in my hands, which grew into a pearl the size of my cupped hands (the size of a grapefruit or so). It glowed warm and pulsating with white light. I floated in the air and I put my hands over my pelvis and put the pearl inside, through my skin. It felt very warm in my pelvis, and my legs turned into a fish tail as I hovered in the sky. My fish tail and upper body undulated in an exaggerated swimming motion in spasms which I could not control as I held the pearl inside my pelvis. I woke up with a warm feeling in my pelvis.

**Jennifer Mulcahy, February 11, 2010  
Alley Cat**

I dreamt that I saw a tall, thin bearded man I vaguely remember seeing in other dreams. He said "You're a bad

lucid dreamer." I optimistically replied, "I'm getting better and better every day". I walked around and then flew. I remembered my intention of healing. I was behind a house near some garbage cans with a cat. I reached into my uterus through my skin with warm hands and felt my cervix. I felt insecure where I was, so I flew away again after asking the cat if he would help. (The cat seemed disinterested). I ended up in a mall, where a happy dog bounded up to see me. Woke up

**Jennifer Mulcahy, July 29, 2010  
Squirrel/Chipmunk Rope**

I asked for a healing metaphor. I saw tunnel vision looking down at some sort of squirrel or chipmunk. I tried to lower a small rope to him so he could escape. By the time I got the rope to him, he ignored the rope and got back down to the grass on his own, and then squatted in the grass to take a long, satisfying pee.

**Jennifer Mulcahy,  
September 13, 2010  
Asking about health**



I had several lucid dreams this morning in which I carried out my goal of asking for advice on supplementation for a health condition. In one dream, I saw a painting with four dead birds on the left hand side. I was confused as to whether or not they were upside down (but I think they were right side up). In this same dream, I heard the term "beta glucan" and that remedies I discovered myself will have a better success rate than those recommended by others.

I also had a dream that I was in a dining area type restaurant/cafeteria with a couple of friends from junior high. I had a bowl of peanut butter and jelly on the table. I wasn't sure I wanted to eat it straight like that, and had no bread. So, I opened a container of oatmeal and sprinkled some in the bowl. I noticed that it was not oatmeal at all but rather some type of plant substance (sort of my hydrangea petals but with a dot in the center of each). I tried to throw it away after asking my peers if they thought it was safe to eat. They didn't give much of an opinion.

Later, I had another dream that I was in a downtown area and I realized I was dreaming. I saw a man in a food cart (that reminded me of a circus for some reason)



and I asked him about what was best to heal my ailments. He began talking but I noticed that there was a cloth draped over the front of the cart. I lifted it and saw the same man talking and doing eye exercises. (It seemed it was the subconscious?) He said the exercises were good, but even better if you could do one eye at a time. He said something about only a rare few could master that. I remember thinking that they'd answered a question about the "wrong" ailment, but I was grateful anyway.

### Jennifer Mulcahy Burned by a Match

I had just fallen back to sleep and realized I am dreaming. I become lucid and am not sure what to do. I decide to go to Egypt again. I see a picture before me of a pyramid, although it was much smaller than as if I was there in person. I scoop sand from it with my hands and reveal some pipes and inner structure. I feel bad to have ruined it, so I find myself in a bedroom instead. I float in the air, holding a wooden bar similar to a canopy bed railing above my head. I try to produce white light for healing, but instead feel a painful burning sensation in my genitals. I notice a burned out match in my left hand and become alarmed. I hope I have not hurt myself. I think I may have blamed it on a friend of my brother's before waking up.

### Kriste Peoples Seeing My Life Stories

Note: I met Robert Waggoner at a dream conference the year it was held in Chicago. We talked during pizza one day and I found his work so fascinating, I bought his book. I started it shortly thereafter, but let it sit on the shelf for years. Now I realize why: I wasn't ready for it at the time.

After having read a passage about meeting the "dreamer behind the dream" I decided to investigate my own dream space. Rather than 'setting up the dream before sleep, I chose instead to meet my conscious unconscious and ask a few questions. One of which, I must admit, was going to be about my dormant love life.

As the dream begins, I'm in a room facing a wall. There's a floor-length mirror leaning against the wall and I know right away that I'm in a dream. I also know that I must burst through the wall in order to get into the deeper space behind the dream. So I take a breath, remind myself I'm lucid dreaming and run toward the mirror against the wall.

In no time, I'm on the other side of that wall, freefalling backwards through many stories of this dream. Interestingly enough, I realize these are my own personal 'stories' that I'm falling through, as well. This leads me to believe that my reality is the results of the stories I create and live in! (Yay/Yikes.)

As it I come to believe that I'm falling through layers of myself, I'm overwhelmed by fear and a desire to get out before I 'hit bottom.' I'm suddenly afraid that I might not make it out. The freefall stops as soon as I've made up my mind that I want out.



I'm then transported to an open green field in a New England kind of town, where there seems to be a close community of quirky, educated people. I live in Boulder, and this dream place is similar in feeling to where I live, but I know it's not Boulder. Perhaps I've landed in one of my 'stories.' There seems to be a nondenominational ceremony or spiritual event going on in the church that's situated on the rolling green hill. We're talking about animation.

An old school mate, Erin, whom I've always felt was terribly bright, offers the panel a website about women animation artists. The room is excited to hear this because we're all tired of hearing about the same few men in the field. I wonder to myself why I hadn't thought of suggesting that. Still, I'm glad that she did.

I decide I need a drink. The guy behind the bar turns out to be an old flame, an unrequited love from more than twenty years ago. I immediately wonder whether we can rekindle the past, willfully settling on this 'story' even

though I know I've opted out of the deeper experience of asking my conscious unconscious about my love life. It's like, for the sake of staying safe in the world I already knew, I chose to make a meal out of a dried pea rather than going a little farther for the smorgasbord!

This 'dream' guy turns out to be a dud. He says to me half over his shoulder as he's walking away (back toward the church), "Yeah, you might have heard about me in the news. I'm that guy with the kids on the roadside." I'm not sure what he means by that. He explains that he got so drunk, he walk off and left his two kids in the street. That's how he lost them, he said. He also said he was trying to get himself together and at this point seems to have morphed into another guy altogether. Oh, and he tosses an empty beer can over his shoulder as he walks away from me. I'm horrified at his littering on the beautiful grounds and I'm inclined to go pick up the can. But, I follow him to the church instead.

A choir comes out and begins to sing quite beautifully about holiness and mercy. The soft earth tones of their robes comfort me. I'm reminded in their message that I am holy, and that I'd do well to stay grounded be gentle with myself in this process of 'animating' my life.

I semi-wake from this dream wanting to go back without fear and meet my self behind the self or whomever it is behind the dream. Each time, though, it's not possible. Even so, I'm encouraged at how responsive my dream-escape is to this kind of exploration, and I'm excited to get past my colorful stories and into ever deeper terrain!

Thanks again Mr. Waggoner for your book, which stands as an amazing portal and guide into this truly \_\_\_\_\_ (I can't even find the word!) world.

### **Mari, Jan. 9, 2011** **Reiki and Lucid Dreaming**

Note: Well for some short time now I have informed myself about the first reiki level. My work mate is a yoga master and she helped me find a way to reiki and right now I am reading a book about it. Furthermore I will visit a reiki-exchange soon to see how it works. What makes me write is a dream I had last night... I started chakra-meditation for one week and in the beginning it didn't work so well. Yesterday morning was the first time I made a good meditation and I could open myself very good. Before I went to sleep I had the feeling that there is a message for me in my dream. Somewhere in the middle of the night I had a weird experience...

I dreamt that something very strong is trying to pull me down, I couldn't see what it was. I just can describe it as

a cold light blue- almost grey light and I was screaming a friend's name to help me and I had the feeling that another friend ( a reiki-master ) is there too .I tried my best to fight this light and I succeeded. After that my friend was looking at me and I saw my hands and arms and I could see my veins in a golden light full of energy...how can I describe it the best? My veins were golden and I could feel this very strong energy running through them. After that I found myself running in a white tunnel, well it was something like a tunnel it was white and I had the blue sky above me.

At some point I had to stop because there was a girl in a white dress holding me back and we kind of fought together. Well, she would hold my hands and try to fight me, but I didn't want to fight, so I gave up and I showed her all of my love and that everything is ok. I then realized that this girl is me, or maybe my subconscious. I knew I was dreaming but it felt so real and I could talk to the girl. I was holding the sunstone in my hand and put it on the throat chakra while I was dreaming; somehow she was smiling at me, a very weird smile, like she knew something I didn't. I have to say before I fell asleep, I send good affirmations to myself and to everyone I love - to my family, to my boyfriend, to his family and to my friend ( the reiki-master ) During this, my hands were open and I felt something very warm and strong in my hands as if they were full of energy

I know it sounds very weird and I cannot believe it myself because I don't know how to handle this. I am actually a very realistic person and before I met my friend... didn't believe so much in these things, but I always had a very deep intuition and I can feel how people feel. It's like I am absorbing their feelings and they are absorbing my energy...I don't know how to handle it because this dream seemed like reality to me and not like a dream.





## Anna, 2009, Lucid Healer Appears

I had a lucid dream just days ago where I met a young man dressed in white with clear blue eyes and blonde hair who grabbed my hands gently and said "You don't feel very well" and in that moment I experienced nothing less than BLISS! It was white/light blue energy that went in through my hands and I've never felt anything like it before. I could see the energy changing/healing my "cells" for a moment in the dream. I really felt I was healed by him, both in the dream and after. Although in the dream I was more focusing on the amazing experience itself. As he was holding my hands his eyes were getting more and more light blue and the strength of the energy made me feel we were almost moving with enormous speed. But this moving part I don't know for sure.

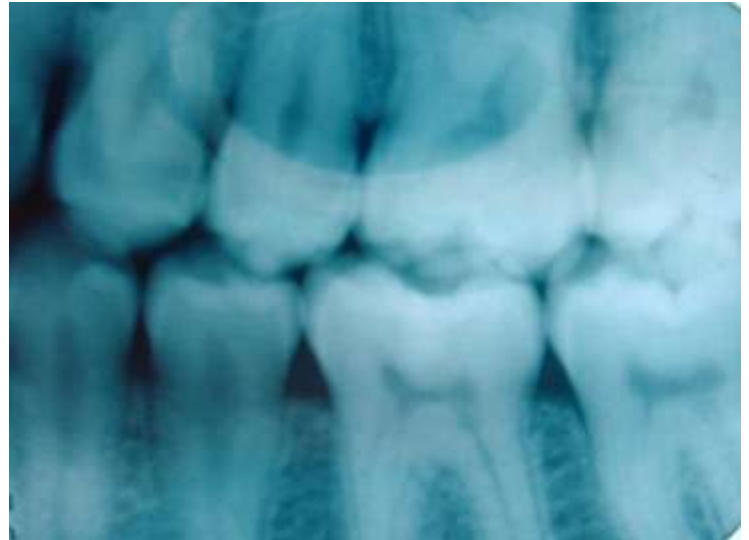
Suddenly I'm on my own again (in the same room that I first entered in the dream where he grabbed my hands) and I float/fly up to the ceiling and this is where I remember I had a strong feeling of "this must be a dream, I can't fly!" then suddenly I started falling down almost in the way of falling down from a building and I see the "dream world" plop into my real ceiling and that the dream world was bright white against my normal room. Then I calmly float back into the bed. A moment later I find myself awake in bed with open eyes and an amazing feeling within. CALM but excited. Suddenly out of nowhere I hear a big crash in my head, almost like someone hysterically banged on cymbals (that last part I find very weird and hard to explain) *[Note: sometimes experienced lucid dreamers hear a huge sound, which seems to give a sense that the body or its cell have changed – RW]*

Comment: So yes, I was healed, that I know. If it was me doing it to myself (due to the fact I was very, very stressed at the time and had a bad cold) or if it was my spiritual guide helping me is another question. Days later I read a book where the author spoke of "people in white" that are our spiritual guides in the afterworld that even help us in our dream world. I don't put too much energy analyzing what is true or not, because I feel that these things happen to me, so I just accept them and have an open heart to it.

Worth to mention is that I have previously had an enormous life changing moment (spiritual) when I was in a dream (lucid I think, mainly because it felt so real and I remember details) and I was chased by nazis (Hitler soldiers) in the subway and when captured, my fear was almost choking me. Then I saw that the soldier's swastika was nothing but a Christian cross and that he wasn't dangerous at all! The danger was all in my head! That feeling of realizing I am the one that creates my own fear (and really understanding it!), did set me free, and absolutely changed my life forever. Years later I read about a

woman that mentioned the same realization when dreaming about a dangerous snake attacking her and then she saw that it was nothing but a rope, not a snake at all. You have this feeling that nothing can hurt you ever, hard to explain though. So because the effects in my life have been so IMPORTANT from my dream life, I see what happens [in the dream] as the truth, because the effect is so real.

## Esther Manning, 2010 Lucid Healing of My Molar



Dreamt I was outside and my son was helping me rinse off my hair, I commented that the next time he should use a little warmer water seeing as it was too cold. I wrung most of the water out of my hair (which was long again) got up and went inside to get a towel. I opened up a closet door because I remembered having tossed a towel in there before my son rinsed out my hair, when it hit me that I shouldn't be able to remember what I had done previously seeing as you supposedly could not recall previous things you did in a dream. (Lucid now!)

Haha! So of course I said, "Wow, I am dreaming!" I was ecstatic and said finally a lucid dream again, it's been weeks. I got out of the closet and stood in a hallway. It reminded me of my Dad's house. To the right of me was a narrow and steep stairway going up, it was creepily dark. I decided to go exploring and went up. The stairway ended up in an attic, that was dark dusty and cluttered with junk. You could barely move in there and hardly see anything. I stumbled over a bunch of stuff all the while reminding myself that I was dreaming and that I had to keep telling myself this, so I would remain lucid and not fall into a normal dream again.

At the end of the attic was an opening that went outside into a street. I did not like being in the half dark so I told my dream to make it lighter. I said it a few times until it looked like dawn. I walked down the street between all

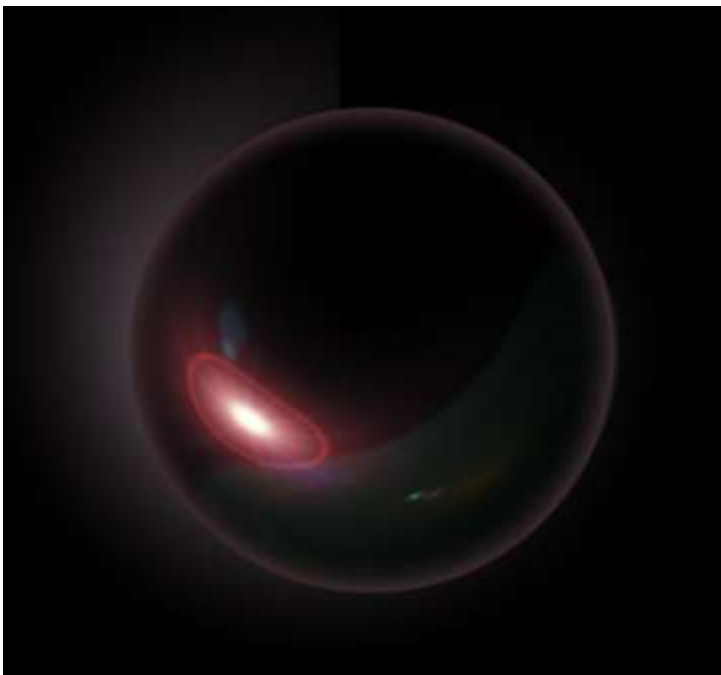
## In Your Dreams!

the people and I kept saying, "Hi everyone, I'm lucid, this is a dream." I was contemplating whether or not to talk to someone but I decided not to and to keep in mind my quest. I wanted to find my meadow where I could learn how to heal in a nice and peaceful surrounding. I kept walking and got to the end of the street where I noticed that people had made houses out of semi truck cabins. I thought that was so unique and was really intrigued and absorbed in the scenery that I lost lucidity.

When I "woke" up in this false awakening, I kept saying, "No!! Too short! I need to get back into my dream!" I lay back down and tried to envision the last part of my lucid dream when my whole (dream) body started vibrating and humming, there was a loud noise and I felt as if I was disintegrating. I went through this twice when all of a sudden it was quiet, and I indeed found myself back in my previous LD at the end of the alley.

This time I kept repeating to myself, "I am lucid this is a dream." There were a bunch of young kids at the end of the alley watching me. I decided that the alley was not really where I wanted to be, so I started spinning to change scenery. I spun around for a while, but nothing changed. I figured that nothing happened because I wasn't spinning fast enough, the ground was too rocky. I told the kids what I was planning on doing, when a couple of them showed up with a huge Tupperware lid for me to stand on so I could spin faster (clever kids). I tried again this time spinning faster, but nothing happened, the scenery stayed the same. I gave up and told the kids that I did not see why I really needed a peaceful meadow to learn healing, that any place should be fine.

I looked at both my hands and regulated my breathing, all the while trying to envision an energy ball (like a Chi ball)



to grow between my palms. I saw the space between my palms get lighter, and it changed into an orange/yellow glow. I saw wisps of smoke coming out of the palm of my right hand streaming into my left and vice versa. The orange glow was getting yellower but not any bigger. I decided to use what I had, rather than losing the little amount of healing energy I accumulated. I brought my hands up to my face and placed them on my left cheek to heal my molar. (Note: A couple of months ago my dentist tried to fix my molar but he said it might not work, seeing as he was right on top of my nerve, and that there was a big chance that I would lose the molar).

After I did my little healing a guy walked up to me and gave me a present; it was a hand crafted red foiled photo album. I told him thank you, and that I would keep memories of my lucid dreams in the album. I decided to fly off and leave the alley, but something grabbed my skirt and stopped me. I remembered my last LD where a vicious big toothed monster grabbed my arm to stop me from flying off, and the dream before that where someone grabbed me from behind to prevent me from flying off. I reluctantly decided to again face whatever held me. I turned around slowly, but this time it was no monster, it was a cute adorable little puppy, no larger than my hand that had gotten a hold of my skirt. I lifted it up and petted it for a while, it was really cute. After putting the puppy down I took off flying and the scenery turned into full daytime. I flew over gorgeous trees hanging over the water, with purple blossoms in them. In the distance I saw a gorgeous meadow and I was happy to have finally found my peaceful healing place when I ended up getting stuck in the branches of a tree full of flowers. I untangled myself and decided to pay a bit more attention to my flying. I was able to avoid the next few trees by swerving and dipping my right arm down as a plane would its wing. I aimed too low however and ended up diving into the water a great speed. It was cold and wet! I found myself being pulled under deeper and deeper, and told myself just to ride it out and see where it would take me. I reminded myself that my dream body did not require air.

After a short while I felt myself going up again, and I ended up in a water park, with water slides. After a few futile attempts to climb up a slide to get a better view of the park, I decided to just have fun and slide for a while. It was fun! At the end of the slide I flew off the edge and was airborne again. I woke up.

Comment: I wondered whether or not I actually healed my molar, so I went to the kitchen and got myself something to eat. For the first time in weeks I was able to bite down on the molar without excruciating pain. It was still a tad sensitive, but I was able to use it now. Months later, it is still doing great.

## EMOTIONAL HEALINGS

**Carole Lindberg**

### Lucid Healing Attempt of My Cat, Tomas

Last summer, the nose of my large white and grey shorthair cat, Tomas, began to fester and bleed, having the appearance of being eaten away. The doctor said that it was caused by years of prolonged exposure to our hot equatorial sun here and his lack of pigment in the nose. No cure. I made several attempts to lucid dream to cure his nose. Finally, I was able to access a LD about him. We are standing in darkness, framed in a glow of light. I blow a green mist on his nose, in an attempt to heal him. However, in this dream, I know that I have not enacted a cure, since I do not feel any alteration in my own energy. In waking reality, a friend sends me a medicinal spray, since I think that perhaps the dream is also telling me to spray or blow a cure on him. But Tomas hates this spray and will not permit the use of it on his face.

His nose continues to get worse. Part is surgically removed. He appears to be finally healing, then one day a round growth appears and begins to spread on his nose and face. I try for another lucid dream to help him, to no avail. I have been thinking about putting him down, and waver continually between the idea of killing this cat that I love and enacting a merciful ending for him or leaving him to live out the remainder of his life and just take each day as it comes until the end. Finally one night I break through to a lucid dream.

I am mid way through the LD, about to jump into a canyon and fly. Suddenly I remember Tomas, and that is what I really came here for. I now walk down a stone corridor into a stone cavernous room. There is a white reception desk and two doctors. One doctor is about thirty, with short red hair and glasses. Both wear three quarter length white coats. Tomas is in his arms. I ask the doctor telepathically if Tomas can be cured. The doctor answers, "In cases like this, there is usually no hope".

Next day in physical reality, I still am not sure, because of the word "usually". Does that imply that this could actually be an exception?

Two days later, after much deliberation, I took the doctor's answer as a casual way of stating an ultimate ending to a hopeless situation. I had my cat put to sleep. In the sadness of this moment, I realized that this really was the most loving and merciful ending to his now very painful life.

**Lisa Kelch, 11/11/2010**  
**"Visited by Light Beings"**

I awake in the dreamspace, in my waking-life bedroom at night, in my bed, laying on my left side, sleeping and just awakening, in the same position as in waking reality. I know that I am lucid in the dream space. I sense an energy pressing down above me and I sense another energy standing a few feet away, looking out my window.

Momentarily, I feel frightened, wondering if someone is in my room in waking reality, but I quickly calm, knowing somehow that it's okay. The being at the window says, "We have to go now," to the one hovering above me. I hear a female voice above me whisper to me, "We love you," I suddenly feel overwhelmed with emotion, very sad that they are leaving me alone. I say, "Please don't leave me," and I can feel this overwhelming compassion and I feel that she doesn't want to leave me. I turn my head to look at the being above me and I see a circle of light surrounded by dozens of stands of light beaming outward, kind of like a sun. I awake

Comment: This dream came during a very emotionally tumultuous week for me and I had been praying for healing. I felt very strongly when I awoke that this was not my projections, these were not angels or guides but ETs, beings from another planet that I am connected with, and that they had come to help me heal. I felt certain that the one above me was sending healing energy or working with my energy system somehow. When I awoke I felt a blend of joy and sadness; joyful to have had such a beautiful encounter and sad that I was back here on earth, alone, and in the harsh realities of human life. It was a very comforting dream and I have felt some shifting, emotionally and psychologically, since it happened.

**Adam Drew**  
**Set Free By a Chant**

In a dream recently I was in a bottomless ocean falling deeper and deeper. The water was coming in my lungs and although I was lucid (knew I was dreaming), I could do nothing to stop the experience from happening. Abruptly a gigantic monster/demon reached up towards me and grabbed me with its hand. Closing me within its fist.

As we sunk deeper and deeper my first impulse was to struggle. Yet, instead of struggling I closed my eyes and I chanted for approximately 2 minutes, "May all beings be free from suffering and the root of all suffering." Slowly I felt the grasp of the monster/demon's fist



release. As I cautiously peered out of my tightly shut eyes looking to my right I could see the monster/demon swaying lifeless in the water. Its head had imploded and its body was illuminated with light rays shining through the deep, deep water. With a sense of calm I began swimming towards the surface seeing the sun and sky I awoke.

**Mary Jo Heyen, Dec. 30, 2010**  
**“A False Awakening”**

It is night; I am driving down a familiar road. I want to turn left into a bank parking lot. An oncoming car is waiting at the entrance. I see its bright headlights. Why is it waiting for me to go by? It has the right of way. That concerns me.

I turn into the lot and approach a small square building, like an ATM building. I look behind me to see if the car followed me in – just pitch dark.

I am out of my car standing in the dark alongside the building. The other car has indeed followed me in and a dark figure is looking for me. I am crouched down along the side of the building, thinking just become part of the shadow and he won't see you. I wake up...and decide to continue the dream in my waking mind.

There, crouched in the dark, I try to slow my breathing so he won't hear me. It is painful as my heart is beating fast, but I do it. The figure gives up and returns to his car. I wait to see which way he will exit the lot so I can run around the building and not get caught in his headlights. I succeed. He leaves and drives away.

I wait a bit before returning to my car. I work my way along the building and just as I'm rounding the corner I realize he may have had an accomplice that he left behind. He did! And he is there waiting in the dark by my car; he grabs at me.

I am lying in bed with my heart pounding out of my chest – just like a nightmare. But how could that be?? I was awake and just imagining the dream.

I go through the scene again, no strong reaction to the hidden figure. I'm confused. So, I start to work the dream backwards. When I get to the part where I'm trying to control the noise of my breathing I realized that I didn't wake up – I had become lucid but was still in the dream. I didn't actually wake up until my heart was pounding in my bed.

Comment: So.....more questions than answers. Waking reality and dream reality can invoke the same strong emotional reaction? Yet, imagining a frightening scene doesn't cause a strong physical response (unlike an

'active imagination' which can). What's the difference? In dreaming reality we can often 'wake up' out of the dream thereby freeing ourselves from the experience vs. waking reality, where we are truly stuck in the experience. Is that because we are in a physical body and it is so hard to leave it? Is that why with some traumatic experiences people actually do leave the body?

**A. Dreamer, August 7, 2010**  
**Lucid with My Sister**

I am in a building with some people. I somehow realize I am dreaming and break out of the window. It's sort of hard to get through this time, not like "melting through." I am in a darkish yard. My sister follows me. From my lucid state, I ask her what she's seeing. I see these old swing sets and a couple of trees. I'll point things out to my sister and ask if she can see them. I walk up to a tree and ask if she sees it. She says she doesn't see a tree. I take her hand and put it on the tree trunk and ask her if she can feel it. She says she can.

I go into a building with her and I ask her more about what she sees. She says she never saw any tree. She is sitting on a bed. She is very unenthusiastic. In the dream I think I am having a very important dream experience, because I am asking a dream character in my lucid dream what she's actually experiencing and it is different from my own experience. My sister leaves. I go back outside. Now it's light – a bright green lawn, a swingset or two, a couple of trees and an old fashioned schoolyard. I try to wake myself up so I'll remember the dream, but I have a false awakening into a non-lucid dream.

**A. Dreamer, July 29, 2010**  
**Talking to a Former Student**

After a time, I perceive myself as being awake, I get up. The light doesn't work. I try a second time. It won't go on. I think I could be dreaming. I jump up, float, and go out through the door to the deck, saying, "I'd like to get in touch with the spirit of the land here."

Everything seems alive. I am barefoot, but soon I am in a different scene. By the side of the building, I see R., a boy I taught in school. He looks about 7 or 8 in the dream. I call to him. He says, "What?" I ask him what's he thinking. He says he's feeling really good. He just discovered some new things, he tells me, such as how important it is to really listen to other people. I say that is great. I feel good for him and that I've gained new insights too, but I don't discuss them. I tell him I'm glad to learn what he is thinking about. I wonder in the dream – Is he really R. or just a figment of my dream?



Soon, I feel myself back on my bed. I don't think I'm awake. I get out of bed, try jumping up but fall onto the floor. Then I flop back into bed somehow. I continue to dream without further lucidity.

Note: At the time of the dream, R. was actually a teenager, but I lacked awareness of his true age in the dream.

### James Rooters "No Fire Alarm?"



Leaving school I became suspicious as a fire exit door did not yield an alarm. I walked with a friend whom I no longer see and this caused lucidity. We joined up with other friends and this was as I became more aware of the dream. I began to describe to them how they were just figments of my dream. They gave me a puzzled look. I explained how my daily real life was starting to feel like a dream and how because of this they might be real themselves at least in my mind. I told my friends in my dream that they held a special place in my heart as all of experience seems just as real these days. They looked so naturally puzzled and then I awoke.

### Ahmad Hussin Finding My Hands

Note: So last night in bed I tried a trick where you look at your hand and then tell yourself that when I look at my hands in my dream I will realize that I am dreaming, and I kept repeating that until I went to sleep.

After a while in my dream I noticed my hands and just at that moment I realized I was entering a lucid dream. I read that when you become lucid always stay clam, but I couldn't help myself! All the excitement was too much. Also I realized how real every thing looked and it was AMAZING. I started to move from one place to another and after a while I bumped into my baby sister which caused me to worry and forget that I was lucid

dreaming. My question is how do I stay in a lucid dream for a long time?

### Coyote Dreaming Man (By Blue-Chitola-Walks-With-Bears) POEM BY Jorge Conesa-Sevilla, Ph.D

Something whined under the stars  
And whined some more for a friend  
Who waited in the forest.

They yelped and howled  
Disturbed by the wink  
Of a sliver moon.

They greeted each other as old lovers  
Tongues licking intimate places  
Pausing and submitting

Polite and fertile in love.

They glanced skyward  
Understanding that the calendar was off  
Or they were off.

The crescent moon did not judge.

Nor was the moon nudged  
When the human-dreamer entered their field.

This was a dream you see, this was allowed:  
The sacred coyotes and the lonesome dreamer  
Cavorting on purple-night grass  
Coyote becoming man,  
Man becoming coyote...

...the moon becoming a Viking ship,  
The vertical smile of an absent cat,  
The eye of a curved needle,  
A sliver of marzipan,  
A loaf of bread,  
Their lover.

So they ran into the crow of the forest:  
Two luscious coyotes,  
A man asleep and awakening,  
A moon almost satisfied,  
And the cat that never was,  
Smelling of marzipan.

### Tanner Lucid Dream #3

I am walking through a warehouse with two kids to take them to the bathroom. As they are in the bathroom, I say why am I in a warehouse? Then it hits me,

I MUST BE DREAMING! Okay, so I know I'm dreaming. Then I hear zombies. They're coming into the warehouse. There are a bunch of people next to me with guns. They shoot the zombies - blah blah blah. I think, "Why would I dream up something like this?" Then I go to change the dream with my Lucid Dreaming powers. Then I wake up. Wootidoo! My 3rd lucid dream without doing anything cool or fun. THIS IS HARD!

### A.M., December 31, 2010 New Year's Eve Lucid Dream

After a dream sequence of meeting and talking with several other persons, I look out my window to see many exotic birds in the trees near my home. This makes me realize I'm dreaming and I continue in a lucid state admiring the colorful birds. One in particular is a red feathered macaw parrot. My excitement wakes me up.

Perhaps this dream has significance for my future year. Happy New Year!

### Gil Ryan Shocked by Floating

I have not had much practice with lucid dreaming, though I have found my own opening for them. I found myself in the living room of my best friend's house when I wondered, "Am I dreaming?" Then to test it, I jumped in the air. I was expecting to go back down, but I found myself floating in mid-air! The shock woke me up.

### P F., January 4th, 2010 Casino Sleep Paralysis!

Note: In real life, I went to a casino with a group of friends and had a couple drinks. I made it back home around three or so in the morning and went straight to sleep.

I dreamt I was at the casino with one of my friends. I was playing craps at a blackjack table (weird). I rolled the two die and they bounced to the edge of the table and leaned precariously for a second before falling off the table. I had to get up from the table to walk around and pick the die up. My friend and the dealer were on the other side of the table. As I began to pick up the die something changed. There was no longer two die, now there were NINE. And as I looked closer they changed from having numbers to letters and they spelled out 'Demon Jake' or 'Demon Dake'. In the dream I was FREAKED out and I began to tell my friend that it was time to go. He and the dealer just laughed. I yelled that

we needed to leave but no sound came out my mouth. Then I began to hear 'the noise'. Next, I was whisked through a tunnel of some sort at high speed and awoke in my bed yelling at the top of my lungs. No sound was coming out. When sleep paralysis happens to me I am always on my stomach. I lay there on my stomach in my pitch-black room alone and can only move my eyes. I can only see a



sliver of my room off to my left but I can FEEL someone/ something standing at the foot of my bed. I was scared for my

life and I could still hear the sort of metallic sound in my head and feel vibration in my body and pressure in my head. I tried to close my eyes but it was as if my eyelids were clear, I could still see EVERYTHING. This was the first time sleep paralysis had ever been scary to me. When I was finally able to move I was still dizzy. I got up and looked it up on the internet and that when I found out the name for this and that others experienced. ##

### Ashley N. S. Cimmaron

As I was falling asleep, in that between state, I had a lucid dream. Though it was very detailed, it happened in a flash: I dreamed that an Asian woman was in a courtyard smiling at me. There was a small wooden gate separating us and the courtyard was filled with light. The light filtrated through like morning's light but brighter. The grass was healthy and green and the gate was flawed, chipped. She smiled widely at me and leaned over the gate and whispered, "What's your name?"

I said, "Cimmaron." My surprise at my answer woke me up. As my eyes opened I was thinking: why did I say that?

Comment: The next day I mentioned the dream to my dad and he told me to look the name up on the internet. As I typed in "Cimm" on Google, a long list of "Cimmaron Ash trees" popped up. I'd never heard of

the eastern tree or of the word until then. But Cimmaron is an Ash tree. My name is Ashley.

**Jeff VoVillia, 11/23/2010,  
"Gator"**

I'm fishing with some people on the shore of a small lake. I cast my line and it gets stuck in a branch but it shook some cherries loose that I was able to get. There's a foreign woman talking about grapes but no one understands her. I go to the other side of the small lake where my brother Chris is fishing. I try to unhook my line from the branch but slip off the edge and into the water, up to my shins.

In the bank of the shore I see a dark hole suddenly light up with a set of alligator eyes! The alligator jolts out and starts attacking me. I manage to get on the snout and bear hug his mouth. He then starts to barrel role in the water with me attached. I then realize I can breathe underwater. LUCID!

I then start to beat the crap out of this alligator. I swing it by the nose and over my head and slam it to the ground. I whip it around by the tail and then it turns into a stuffed animal.

Everyone on the shore watching is a dreamer and my Zen teacher, Adyashanti, is there. I fly around the room and look at all the pictures. Some of the people



were happy for me because they know someone who had realized enlightenment in the dream.

**Don Middendorf, January 8, 2010  
Wolf friend in floating barn**

Note: I've noticed that lucid dreams seem to come in waves – with the most profound dreams in the middle of about 5 lucid dreams – and maybe several non-lucid dreams with flying, passing through walls (without being lucid), or other extraordinary experiences. I would be interested in hearing if others have such a ramp-up and ramp-down for their lucid dreams. The dream below seems to be on the ramp-down side of my profound lucid dream of January 6, 2010.

After lots of fun, but only mildly lucid flying, I begin to gain lucidity and touch my knee to go down. However, it's like "my flying has its own mind" [roughly my thoughts in the dream]. Someone throws me a can of beer or soda and I pop the tab. I remember that these pop tops don't work well even in the dream state. Gaining lucidity, I pour it out on the ground and fly up watching the foam go all over the ground as I fly up.

I look around and see a huge barn that I fly over to and go inside. There's a layered, tubular carcass in one of the rafters. Is that a desiccated sea lion? No. It's a deer. I notice the barn is floating in the sky and that somehow explains the desiccation. Gaining lucidity... I see a wolf and worry it may come after me. I know this is a dream and I wonder if the wolf does something to me in the dream state if it will have a negative impact on my waking life body. I can't recall my exact concern, but I was very lucid and I am clearly aware that the (dream) wolf poses no physical threat to my waking self.

I look at the wolf again and I can see it's not a wolf, but an emaciated deer [I have several very thin deer on my land] and I can see the facial muscles. I'm still floating in the air – sort of in the rafters of this giant floating barn. I lose lucidity. I see a box that I blow compressed air at to free the frogs inside and I have a realization about animals' enjoyment of life. [that was reflected in my colleague's lecture on pre-romantic era art later that day].

Comment: In addition to the clustering of lucid dreams, this dream had several themes related to the lucid dream of two days earlier.

**Maria Isabel Pita, February 5, 2011  
Confronting Past Lives? or The Karmic Track?**

I'm lying awake in bed, around 5:30 am, observing



those vividly detailed scenes I see appear before me that are not of my own imagining, in a state somewhere on the cusp of waking and sleeping consciousness. This time, with an effort of will, I hold onto one of these scenes and prevent it from fading by becoming part of it.

I'm in what feels, and appears to be, a subterranean station of some sort. I get the sense that where I am (not conscious of a body, only of my awareness of being in a dream) there's a "train" track. I can see the back concrete (or stone) wall and metal fixtures of some kind. In the foreground there is a row of people whose faces I see clearly until I become aware of figures to their left. I ask, although I'm not sure if I actually speak out loud, "Are you afraid of the spirits of the dead?" as my awareness shifts in their direction. I get a strong creepy feeling seeing how absolute darkness covers their upper bodies and exposes only the bottom halves of heavy, winter-like black coats and clothing. My first reaction is to turn away, back toward the "living" people, but I remember that in a lucid dream I should face what frightens me, so I quickly do.

I can faintly but distinctly sense my physical body lying in bed and how tenuous my presence in this lucid dream is but I'm determined to hold onto it. I begin "floating" along the row of shadowy presences and as I do so their full figures and their heads are revealed to me, the latter swathed in dark, grayish cloths that completely mask their features and expose only their eyes. One woman I focus on stares avidly back at me as I send reassuring thoughts/feelings her way, essentially communicating that I'm not afraid of them; that I don't think they're evil. Her eyes seem to smile in response, but then she begins to blur. I make a concerted effort to lift my hands in front of my face, remembering this is a technique to hold onto a lucid dream when it begins dissolving, and I feel my physical hands on the bed trying to rise. With an effort, I manage to perceive a very out of focus version of what I know must be my hands before I look back at the row of people as I keep "floating" further left, or west. At the end of the line I move closer to a female figure whose wintery layers look rather sad and retched, poorer than the others. I move closer to her and say out loud in Spanish, with quiet urgency, "¿Quién eres? ¿Quién eres?" (Who are you? Who are you?) She replies even as she moves back and begins fading into the darkness behind her, "Soy de tu niñez." ("I am from your childhood.")

I am, and yet I am not, surprised, but I wish I could have gotten more from her before I begin floating eastward now. I distinctly make out the Oriental (Japanese?) features of a woman before or after I quickly pass another figure and yell, "Who are you?" before murmuring an apology because I realize my

authoritative tone is not the way to approach them. A tall man moves toward me. He's wearing a long black coat that seems more affluent than what the other people are wrapped in, and I get the sense, vague but persistent, that he's fair-haired, maybe with a red mustache even though I can't see his face at all. He commands, firmly but not unkindly, "Keep moving forward" which translates into me not backing away from him as he walks right into me. My face merges with his chest and almost immediately I experience a surge of energy, not intense but not mild either, the sensation of which seems to flow behind me up my spine (but I'm not sure about that). The dream begins to fade as I head further east along an invisible track in front of the platform of figures. The fade-to-gray happens very gradually before I "land" back in my body on the bed.

### **Keelin, January 29, 2011** **Undulating Flight to the Sea**

Although the Sea is a frequent and spontaneous dream theme for me, I suspect an unpleasant and lingering bout of vertigo inspired the this very pleasant and sweetly haunting lucid dream. Worth all the swaying that may have brought it on!

Dreaming with awareness, I'm soaring high, enjoying a swift undulating flight, shadowing a wide green river to the Sea. Once arrived, I seem to be but a point of conscious appreciation for the stunning scene of wild beauty that lies before me. Still, somehow I have voice enough to exclaim, "THIS IS SOOOO BEAUTIFUL!" And a delicate rainbow arches its way across the cloudless sky.

The beauty and joy of this dream experience was a comfort over the next several days whenever waves of vertigo swept me up for another undulating ride.

### **The Urban Shaman** **Precognitive Lucid Dream?**

The morning of February 10th 2011, I had a lucid dream that I was at a bar sitting at a table with friends having a conversation. That night [in waking reality], I went to a friends CD release party at a bar, and had that exact same conversation. In that conversation my friend was saying that she had a lucid dream that morning that she was going to talk to me that night. She also remembers the part where I was teaching her and her friend to fly but that happens a lot to me so it didn't stand out in my memory. I hardly know her and would have trouble remembering her name most days, but I will remember it now. Also I have never been to that bar before.

## The Urban Shaman Experiencing Energy

dream: I had this dream in 2003 but I can't let it go. I also don't like long and rambling descriptions so I'm going to keep this short. I was in a lucid dream that I was at a party. I told everyone they were dreaming and took them outside to teach them how to fly. They caught on quick and we started taking turns dipping back and forth over the pool. I rose up about 30 feet in the air and started looking around the neighborhood. All over the place we're were people raising in the air doing the same thing. That's the boring part. What I can't let go of it is what happened when I started to wake up.

It was like slowly traveling through gradations of awareness. The alignment of thoughts and sensations present during the flying lucid dream remained in place has my perception shifted. I became aware of the field of view of my body lying in bed. I became aware that I was seeing through closed eyes. I became aware that any impulse to physical movement would break the "spell". Scanning around my peripheral vision, I recognized the mess, this was indeed my room. Scanning over my body I noticed it was in the position it sleeps in, the one I usually roll out of as I wake up. I was laying on my chest with the side of my face against the pillow. I knew I was still "tuned into the flying energy" and I decided to do it again. It felt much slower thicker denser and heavier. I felt the pillow and mattress pull away from my face and chest as I rose three or four feet in the air. I saw the angle of my field of vision changed as if it was raised three or four feet in the air. I felt the blankets hanging off my body as I hung in the air and took notice of all of this. Then I gently lowered back into place, feeling the pillow and mattress return, seeing my field of vision drop to its original position. I then took a moment to recall and summarized the experience to myself so that I could share it with others. Finally I opened my eyes, recognized that the mess in front of me was the same mess from the vision, my bedroom, and I began to physically moves and check my surroundings to see that they matched my experience.

Today is February 19th,2011. Precognitive dreams about incidental experiences are common place now. So are the dreams where I am teaching my friends to fly in reality. They also remember these dreams and are telling me about them. I'm learning to see the omnidirectional light that all matter is made of with closed eyes in the hopes that I can teach others how. Or I'm going crazy! LoL : )

# LDE Readers Set The Theme!

*What would you like to see in the **Autumn** Issue of the **Lucid Dream Exchange**?*

**Psychic Lucid Dreaming?** **Lucid Dreaming and Reality?**  
**Alternate Dimensions?** **Something else?**

Please send your suggestions by May 15 to:  
[info@dreaminglucid.com](mailto:info@dreaminglucid.com)

# Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self

By Robert Waggoner

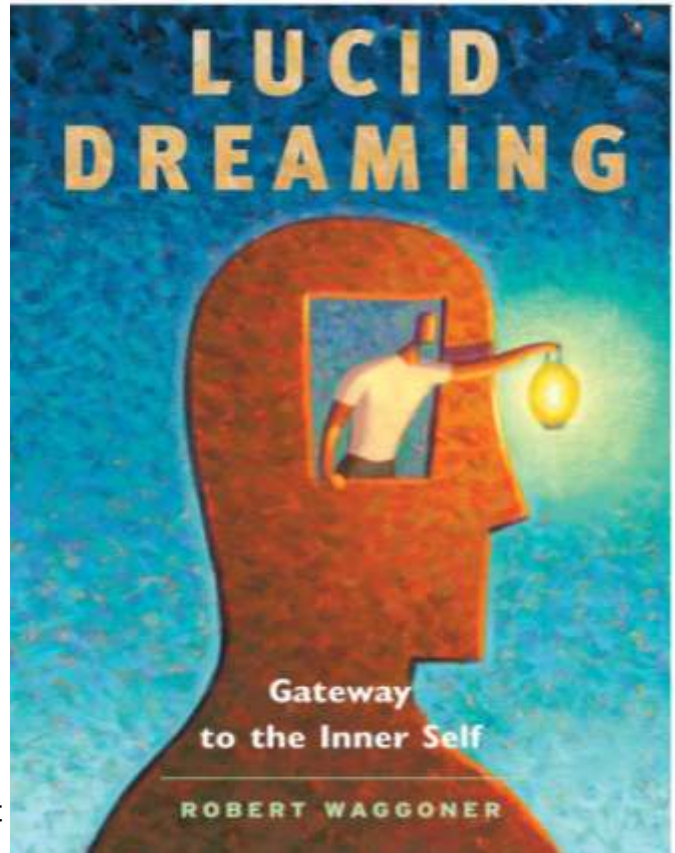
"In this remarkable book, Robert Waggoner has brought lucid dreaming to a level that is simultaneously higher and deeper than any previous explorer has taken the topic. Both autobiographical and historical, theoretical and practical, psychodynamic and transpersonal, as well as adventurous and cautionary, Lucid Dreaming offers its readers instructions and insights that they will find nowhere else in the literature. They will learn how they can become awake and aware while asleep, and how this talent can change their lives." --**Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.**, Professor of Psychology, Saybrook Graduate School and Research Center, San Francisco, Coauthor of *Extraordinary Dreams and How To Work With Them*

"Lucid Dreaming IS a gateway to the Inner Self. Robert Waggoner's unique storytelling style is **compelling reading - an impressive exploration of the subject**. The work is scholarly, fascinating, and, most of all, practical." --**Christine Lemley**, Executive Producer, DREAMTIME Series, WFYI/PBS-TV Indianapolis

"Robert Waggoner admirably fulfills his aim of bringing lucidity to lucid dreaming. His book is distinguished by its wealth of first-hand experience, and his clear recognition that, instead of seeking to control and manipulate our dreams, we should use the gift of lucidity to navigate a deeper reality and grow into connection with a deeper and wiser self. He offers practical techniques and fascinating travelers tales to encourage us to experiment with interactive and precognitive dreaming and to explore the process of reality creation inside the dream matrix. This is **an invitation to high adventure**." --**Robert Moss**, Author of *Conscious Dreaming* and *The Three ONLY Things: Tapping the Power of Dreams, Coincidence, and Imagination*

"A truly extraordinary, horizon-expanding book! Robert Waggoner goes further and deeper than any of his predecessors in exploring the implications of lucid dreaming for our synthesized understanding of consciousness, reality, and spirituality." **Robert Van de Castle**, Former President, IASD; Professor Emeritus, University of Virginia Health Sciences Center; Author of *Our Dreaming Mind*

"A must read for anyone with a serious interest in lucid dreams. Robert Waggoner has written a book examining the depth and breadth of the potential of lucid dreaming. His sensitivity to the transpersonal elements of lucidity are especially illuminating." **Jayne Gackenbach, Ph.D.**, Editor of *Psychology and the Internet: Intrapersonal, Interpersonal, and Transpersonal Implication*



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**Michael Frank**

<https://sites.google.com/site/michaelfrankphotographs/>

**Robert's Book Website**

<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

**Dr. Keith Hearne**

Author of the First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

**Lucidity Institute** [www.lucidity.com](http://www.lucidity.com)

**The International Association for the Study of Dreams**

[www.asdreams.org](http://www.asdreams.org)

**Linda Magallón's dreamflyer.net**

Flying dreams and much more. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the section entitled, "The Dream Explorer."

[www.dreamflyer.net](http://www.dreamflyer.net)

**Experience Festival**

Several articles on lucid dream-related topics

[http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid\\_dreaming](http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming)

**Lucid Dream Newsgroups**

[alt.dreams.lucid](mailto:alt.dreams.lucid) and [alt.out-of-body](mailto:alt.out-of-body)

**Lucid Dreaming Links**

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

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

[www.dreams.ca](http://www.dreams.ca)

**Explorers of the Lucid Dream World Documentary**

<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com>

**Reve, Conscience, Eveil**

A French site (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness.

<http://florence.ghibellini.free.fr/>

**Rebecca's Website** [www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com](http://www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com)

**Lucid Dreaming Documentary**

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

**Dreams and Beyond: A Lucid Dreaming & OBE Forum**

<http://dreamsandbeyond.info.tn/forums.php>

**Christoph Gassmann**

Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey.

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

**Werner Zurfluh**

"Over the Fence"

[www.oobe.ch/index\\_e.htm](http://www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm)

**Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers**

<http://durso.org/beverly>

**The Conscious Dreamer**

Sirley Marques Bonham

[www.theconsciousdreamer.org](http://www.theconsciousdreamer.org)

**Al Moniz**

<http://www.kidlucid.com>

The Adventures of Kid Lucid

**The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale**

<http://www.ld4all.com>

**Fariba Bogzaran**

[www.bogzaran.com](http://www.bogzaran.com)

**Robert Moss**

[www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.com)

**Electric Dreams**

[www.dreamgate.com](http://www.dreamgate.com)

**The Lucid Art Foundation** [www.lucidart.org](http://www.lucidart.org)

**Roger "Pete" Peterson** <http://realtalklibrary.com>

**DreamTokens**

[www.dream-tokens.com](http://www.dream-tokens.com)

**David L. Kahn**

<http://www.dreamingtrue.com/>

**Lucidipedia**

[www.lucidipedia.com](http://www.lucidipedia.com)

**Jayne Gackenbach**

Past editor of Lucidity Letter. All issues of Lucidity Letter now available on her website.

[www.spiritwatch.ca](http://www.spiritwatch.ca)

**Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum**

[www.saltcube.com](http://www.saltcube.com)

**Janice's Website**

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>