

LUCIDITY

room right in the center of the event I was attending. Had I stuck to my linear list and progression and plan, I might have found myself sprinting through morning traffic to get to the conference hall for events that started as early as 8 a.m. and ran as late as 10 p.m. As it was, I had use of a tiny dorm room and walked through the campus on my way to the multiple events at the Prophets Conference in comfort and ease and with time on my hands.

How could I have known that my perceived momentum as I studied airfares, rental car arrangements and hotels would fade to dust as the Universe, in its all-knowing, rearranged my trip and my capacity to be an outpouring for others. Had I stood my ground and demanded my rental car, though none were available, I might have missed some serious synchronicity that brought whole new experiences to light.

There was some talk that our conference at the University of Victoria was somehow perceived as radical and that we were not getting the favorable press to which we were surely entitled. After all, we were a bubbly group and not a bunch of misfits or revolutionaries – well, maybe not misfits. But somehow, our somewhat unusual crowd coursing across the border into Canada put a strain on immigration, as attendees spoke of an event with speakers James Redfield, Tom Robbins, Norman Shealy, M.D., Ph.D., Huston Smith, Ph.D., Robert Anton Wilson, Brook Medicine Eagle and others. Somehow there had been suggestions that we were part of an uprising of some sort and that local newspapers were supposedly in discontent of our gathering.

As it was, I made a fateful spin on my heels and ended up in the cafeteria on a relatively quiet Saturday noon hour. I had picked up a lunch tray, and as I walked into the sparsely filled eating area, I choose to sit by a window and not too distant from a woman rummaging through her notes. As I sat and we eventually spoke, it became apparent that she was a reporter preparing to interview Barbara Marx Hubbard.¹ Barbara hails from Santa Barbara, California, and as a visionary over the past 30+ years, eloquently beholds a world in a transitory state and “birth in progress.”

VISIONARIES THRIVE IN ALL TIMES

As I began to interact with Therese, a journalist from Canadian Public Radio, I began to understand my position within the momentum that is Barbara Marx Hubbard. Therese had drawn Barbara to interview among the many journalists who were covering the event. But Therese was at a disadvantage because she was out of the loop, did not know Barbara or her books or influence and only had several hours to get ready.

Without my car and fancy hotel, I was aligned to new flow as my projected outcomes evaporated into something nature better had in mind. Instead, I found myself at the beck and call of Universal Forces as this reporter made the decision to prepare as best she could for her interview. I arrived right on cue and was able to lay down a bit of foundation about the purpose of the Prophets Conference and why we had come together. After all, we had Dr. Edgar Mitchell, former astronaut, Moon walker and founder of the Institute of Noetic Sciences; James Redfield of *The Celestine Prophecy* fame; Gregg Braden, a past senior aerospace computer systems designer turned researcher, author and visionary; several other highly regarded scientists, researchers and Ph.D.s; a Mayan Elder “Day Keeper” from the Yucatan; and so on.

In an apparent eddy of Barbara’s momentum, flow and underlying quality of intent, I was able to offer Therese a 12-page document I had, for some reason, printed off of Barbara’s Web site² before I left on my trip. I was happy to share, because it became apparent that I was helpful to Therese’s preparation for her interview. I also felt my timely arrival was a source of information as to the conscious nature and intent of our gathering. As it turns out, Therese had drawn Barbara’s name only hours earlier and she was undecided about a mad dash to the city for information, or to prepare for her interview in a more useful manner. As it was, sitting in the cafeteria on a relatively quiet Saturday and apparently open for solutions, we each arrived in a similar manner of quality of intent and openness and expectation of the possibilities. I was able to deliver a solution that ultimately lined up with the momentum that was both Barbara’s and Therese’s, as well as my own.

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It was exciting to be a participant in a synchronistic and electrifying coincidence of this magnitude. This was not in the usual vein of receiving of the bounty of the Universe. This was instead Universal Forces flowing through me seeking completion authored by the intent of another! Somehow I had elevated my vision, my possibilities and my quality of intent, allowing me to mesh with “others” in a similar rampage of synchronistic flow and outcome. I became enlivened to offer my participation in “another’s” dance that I could never have conceived, much less acted out on my own. In other words, I delightfully found myself not only the pawn of Universal Forces, but a cog in the machinery of the momentum and underlying intent that is Barbara Marx Hubbard!

For Therese’s part, she chose to become receptive and chose the cafeteria as an alternative to a mad dash to town to prepare for her interview. Certainly a multitude of possibilities came together illustrating the exponential authority available as we refine our underlying qualities of intent, for which the Universe has a ready response. Therese decided that “collecting her thoughts” was more useful than action, for which she instead achieved newfound flow and results.

Somehow, within Universal Correspondency and a holistic matrix of connection, we respond within the spectrum of each other’s quality of intent. I was in resonance to my own momentum, and I was apparently in flow to the momentum of “others.” Therese was in alignment with order in her life and preparation for her interview, all the while “open to the possibilities.” And what seemed to be momentum foreign to my own instead became the fulfillment of the wishes of others in a whole new and healthy way. I, of course, had an electrifying experience that I would be happy to host again and again!

Somehow, as I released the way it was supposed to be, took hints from Innate Intelligence and my feeling nature and followed my nose, I



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found myself synchronistically bounding through life fulfilling and supporting the happenstances and synchronicities of “others.” It was a powerful and telling experience, especially upon realizing that “my sense of a plan” had begun to fall apart soon after I arrived.

It turns out that we are all part of a vast matrix of experiences and flow events intertwined and enmeshed with each other. As we refine our vision and our capacity for momentum and corresponding flow, we align with others operating within a similar octave of resonance



As we let ourselves expand into the flow and possibilities, our worlds just naturally get better.

and synchronicity. As we climb the Map of Consciousness, it becomes increasingly apparent that our interactions feed and support not only ourselves, but also each other. It turns out we are all in this together. As we have the eyes to see and the vision to elevate the quality of our intent, what once was perceived as separation is now perceived as wholeness. We relax. It gets better.

To relate some of the other synchronicities during the event would be beyond the scope of these pages, other than to say that I walked the three-day conference feeling my way through it. Within my own cocoon of experience, I reviewed the activities, the speakers, the audience and the love that was coursing through the event. As I considered the rapt attention and participation of the audience and the intent of the speakers and staff, I began to gauge how my message might be accepted within such a conference. I began to “try on” how my material (for which this book was just beginning) might blend within the group experience and the questions and answers being bandied about. I measured how effectively I might interact as a speaker offering a piece of the puzzle explained from the numerous perspectives of the different speakers.

As I melded, merged and matched my sense of the conference over several days, as well as evaluated whether “my message” might

