

CHAPTER FOUR

The First Communion

Drinking coffee at Denny's seemed to be a strange situation to have the greatest spiritual experience of my life, but that was where it happened.

After we received our coffee and exchanged several pleasantries about the Christmas season, I had to show my curiosity. "I'm full of questions. I want to know the meaning of the bells, who you are and what you mean by mission."

"One at a time," he smiled. "What do you want to know first?"

"Do you know why I heard the bells?"

"The bells were tuned to your vibration and I was calling for you. The spiritual law is that I could not come to you, but you had to respond and come to me. You heard the bells and came to me as I anticipated. That is all I will tell you right now."

"Well, I'll take any morsel I can get right now. Can you tell me who you are? Obviously, you're more than a bell ringer and I think more than any ordinary man..."

"If I just tell you outright you will not believe me," he said. "Hold your right hand up and let your fingertips touch mine."

I felt kind of weird doing this. I looked around and saw we were fairly secluded in a corner so I thought *what the heck* and put my fingertips next to his.

"Now look at me steady in the eyes," he said.

It seemed a strange thing to do, but everything about this man and events leading up to our encounter seemed strange, so I thought I had nothing to lose and looked him in the eyes as we touched fingertips. At first nothing seemed to happen.

"Keep looking," he said, "and free your mind from all thoughts."

As I cooperated with him, I felt my mind begin to drift. I thought we were having a Vulcan mind melding, for I sensed a merging of our two souls in a way difficult to explain.

He pulled away his fingers and asked: "Now you tell me... Who am I?"

I drew back in a start and exclaimed: "I know who you are. You're John!"

He smiled and said, "You've known all along my name is John."

"But you're not just any John. You are *the John!*"

"And which John is that?"

"You are John, the fisherman, the son of Zebedee, the apostle... the Beloved... How do I know this?"

"I transferred some of my memories to you. Do you believe them?"

"You're right. If you told me outright I might have thought you were a crackpot, but seeing your memories makes it hard to deny. A part of me believes what I received, but another part says this is impossible. My mind has to make sense of all this. I have to ask a couple of more questions."

"Ask away."

"Two thousand years have passed since the days of the apostles. This means that either you are now an angel sent back to the earth or are a resurrected being... Or perhaps I am just dreaming all this."

"It is none of those things," he said.

"But what else could it be?" I asked.

"There is one more possibility that you missed. A hint is given in the Bible." He then reached into a bag he carried with him and pulled out a very old-looking Bible. He found a passage, pointed to it and said: "Here. Read this...Verses 22 and 23 in the twenty-first chapter of John."

I picked up his Bible and looked at it. The print was very old. It seemed to be a King James translation, but the type was an old Roman style. "I suppose this is the very first King James Bible published," I said half joking.

He glanced back somewhat serious and said, "Not quite. The first edition was bulky and not practical to carry around. This is a later but still very old edition."

"Of course," I said, humoring myself. "Now which verses was it you wanted me to read?"

"Twenty-two and twenty three. Keep in mind Jesus and Peter were talking about the apostle John, whom you now remember to be me."

I paused and read the verses: *Peter seeing him (John) saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.*

Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?

"I remember this scripture," I said. "It is very mysterious. It seems to leave it up in the air as to whether John will die or not. I remember reading several legends that he was boiled in oil and still survived."

"That's not a legend. I was boiled in oil. In addition to that I have been crucified, tortured, stabbed, hung and shot several times."

"So, you went through all that and you never died?" I asked, amazed.

"Notice the careful wording of the scripture. It indicates that the will of Jesus is that I tarry until he comes again, yet he did not say that I shall not die. I have died several times, but was revived again and healed by God... something like the experience of Lazarus except when I was revived I was able to choose the age I was to be. I usually pick the early twenties."

"But now you look like you're around sixty. Is that the age you picked this time?"

"No, my friend. The last time I died I was revived looking to be at about the age of twenty-one. That was back in 1944. Since that time I have been aging normally. My body presently has an age of about 71 years of age."

"You look good for seventy-one," I remarked with a smile.

"I've learned to take reasonable care of my body and have learned to overcome sickness. I have not been ill for about 1500 years, and even then I was careless and poisoned by an enemy, so I was not ill for normal reasons."

"So, how did you die in 1944?"

"I was hung with piano wire by a wayward brother."

"He must have been wayward all right. Who was this person?"

"Adolph Hitler."

"Hitler!" I exclaimed. After a moment of absorbing the moment, I asked, "So were you in a

concentration camp or something?"

"No." He paused a moment and continued, "I lived among the Germans and assisted in an attempt to overthrow the Nazis from within."

My eyes widened. "I remember reading about a rebellion against Hitler lead by a one-eyed, three-fingered man."

"That man was Claus Schenk Von Staufenberg who made a very brave effort to remove Hitler from power. I was there working with and encouraging the little band of conspirators, but not everything a disciple does succeeds. After Staufenberg failed in his attempt to kill Hitler, everyone who even smelled like they didn't like Hitler was killed. I was unable to escape and was one of those rounded up and hung with piano wire because they couldn't find any regular rope."

"So, do you experience pain when you are killed?"

"When I am injured I feel what anyone else would feel, but have learned to neutralize discomfort by detaching myself from it."

"So when you die, and are revived, do you have the full memory of your past?"

"When I am revived, I lose a lot of my memories, but then, through contemplation, I have learned to retrieve the important ones. That is an advantage I have over others, if you want to call it that. I have a memory that goes back 2000 years. If I were to write the story of my full life it would take many volumes."

"So, what have you been doing the past 50 years?"

"It's a long story, but I will give you a skeleton outline. After I was revived I saw that the next major threat was the Soviet Union, and I have spent most of my time there. I am not allowed to be a major player, however. My mission is to work with, inspire and teach people who can change the world in a positive direction. Therefore, in Russia I worked with those who sought freedom and democracy and encouraged them to forge ahead. The Christ told me that my work helped to prepare for the falling of communism and the Berlin Wall.

"I also traveled to China and worked with the Christ to inspire the students at Tiananmen Square, but, as I told you, not everything I do succeeds immediately. Even though the attempt at democracy in China failed, we planted seeds that will materialize in the next attempt.

"We now are living in a time of great opportunity. The authority and tyranny that ruled Communism in the Soviet Union have basically come to an end. We still have China and Third World nations who will have nuclear weapons to worry about, but I saw a window of opportunity where I could take some time off and offer some pure spiritual teachings to the world. I have been looking forward to this for lifetimes. I just hope you are ready for what I have to give you, my friend."

"I've always been interested in philosophy," I said, "and the spiritual side of life. If you want to teach me, I'm a sponge waiting to be filled. I'm curious about one thing though. Why did you pick me?"

"Christ selected you. He tuned my bells to your vibration and sent me to Boise to send you the call."

"The call?"

"Yes. Before any great work is accomplished, there must first be a free-will response to a spiritual call of some kind. You had to make a free-will response to the bells you heard and seek me out as I sought you out. The disciple must meet the Teacher halfway."

"So, this mission you have for me... Is that also based on my free will?"

"Of course. You can accept or reject it. Few disciples, however, reject a teaching mission. Instead, the problem is that most of them wind up messing it up by seeking glory for themselves instead of passing it along the chain that links us to the One God."

"And what is this chain?"

"Whenever true knowledge comes to the earth it comes through a chain of souls who are linked to the One Great Life. If you accept your mission, you are linked to me, I am linked to Christ, and Christ is linked to the entity he called *Father* in the New Testament. The Father is linked to God with such oneness that He is one with God and is God in every way that the average man can conceive. Any links higher than the Eternal Father are so far beyond us that it is futile for the average person to think about them."

"You mean there are lives higher than Jesus or the Father of Jesus?"

"It does not do a lot of good going into detail about this now, for it will offend some people as truth always does. I have been killed a number of times just because I was seen as a heretic."

John continued: "I will say this one thing. Imagine the consciousness of just one cell in your body. Next, imagine the consciousness of all your cells put together, which consciousness is your own. The gap in consciousness between you and a cell is so great that communication on an individual basis is not practical. Yet, if you have a problem with your foot, which is composed of billions of cells, you will pay attention to healing it and in the process benefit not only the foot as a whole, but also the billions of individual cells within it.

"The One God governs over a large universe, and right now this sector is a sore foot. You and I are cells that are working in conjunction with many other cells to heal the foot. That is all I will tell you about this at present. We must press on to your mission for I'm not sure how long I have with you."

"Why aren't you sure?"

"If a world crisis surfaces, I may be called away from you."

"OK. I'll try to not distract you." I said. I was amazed at myself for being so believing, for I am usually fairly skeptical of outlandish or unusual claims. But the reason I could not seem to question the validity of this man was that he seemed so familiar, like an old friend, and I could not deny the memories he planted in my mind. I had to ask, "What is my mission?"

"The first part of your mission is to teach the Keys."

"What are the Keys?"

"There are Twelve Keys of Knowledge, Twelve Keys of Understanding and Twelve Keys of Eternal Life. I am to teach them to you, and you will teach them to others."

"Are you sure you've got the right guy?" I asked. "I've done a little teaching, but I'm no Moses."

"Moses didn't think he was a great teacher either, but he did OK."

"Well, I would refuse to teach anything that doesn't make sense to me," I said.

"That is exactly the quality we are looking for in a student," he said.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "Give me some of your teachings, I'll think them over and we'll go

from there."

"At least you are willing to start the process," said John, "but I can only give you the keys one at a time."

"Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt to learn a couple of them and then if they make sense I could continue."

"A logical conclusion," stated John.

"So, when do we start?" I asked.

"How about now?" said John.

"Right now? I'm afraid I'm not prepared. I don't even have anything with me to write on."

"This is not your standard method of teaching," he said. "You do not need any paper."

"What do I need then?"

"You need to use your understanding as you never have before..."

I was silent for a long 15 seconds in anticipation.

CHAPTER FIVE

Hints and the First Key

I gathered my forces and inquired, "So, how do we go about doing this?"

"If I were to just tell you the keys, your understanding of them would be quite limited and you would not appreciate the depth of knowledge that lies behind them. Instead, we will use what is called the *Intuitive Principle*. I will give you pieces of information, or hints, and you contemplate where they are leading you and give me your intuitive feedback. Then I give you more hints until you come to an understanding of the principle. Sometimes that understanding comes gradually and other times it comes instantly in a flash of light."

"So, are you going to give me a hint now?"

"Yes. Your first hint is the question: WHO OR WHAT ARE YOU? Or if you put it in the first person you ask WHO OR WHAT AM I? Each time you are given a hint you are allowed to ask enough questions to get the direction of the hint settled in your mind so your intuition can foment. Do you have anything you want to ask?"

"I might as well take a stab at the answer. It seems easy enough. I am a human being."

"That is the definition of your physical presence, but the term *human being* is just a vibrating term that tells you nothing of what you are. Think again. WHO OR WHAT ARE YOU?"

Obviously, John was not going to let me off easy here so I reflected for a moment and replied: "If I recall correctly the scriptures tell us that we are supposed to be sons of God. Is that what we are?"

"It is true that you are a human being. You are also a son of God as the scriptures teach. But just saying you are human or a son of God, Godlike or angelic means little. It is just an expression of words with little meaning to most. Let me ask you again... WHO OR WHAT ARE YOU, really?"

This sounded easy at first, but I was beginning to get the idea that it might be harder than I thought. I thought a moment of every teaching I could think of about who I was and then responded. "Some say I am Spirit or Soul. Is that who I am?"

"And what is Spirit or Soul?" said John.

"Well, I guess it is me without my body. Perhaps that which continues after death."

"If I were to tell you that you are Spirit, does that tell you anything about who or what you are?"

"Well, yes. I guess so."

"What does it tell you?"

"It tells me that I... that I'm.... that I'm, well, some type of spirit essence."

"Didn't you learn in Basic English that you are not supposed to define a word with the word you are defining? You do not define red by saying it is red. You do not define spirit by saying it is spirit. Now let me repeat. If I say you are Spirit, what does it tell you?"

I was about to define Spirit by using the word *Spirit* again, but caught myself and thought a moment. "I guess if I am Spirit then I am not physical."

John then reached toward me and grabbed my wrist. "But I can feel your physical self. So are you really Spirit?"

"Well, I guess am a physical being with a spirit."

"Let me explain something that you must remember throughout this course. I will always speak to you precisely. I did not say that you have a spirit, but I asked you what it would mean if you were Spirit?"

"I guess it would mean that I am not physical."

"Progress at last!" said John. "But if you are not physical, then what is left?"

I thought a moment. "Spirit, I suppose."

John sighed. "Again I ask, what is Spirit?"

"I'm not exactly sure... Perhaps life, essence, vibration. It is what we are when we are not physical."

"But if you are Spirit it is also what you are when you are physical. If you are Spirit then you are always Spirit. Do you think you alter between being Spirit and not being Spirit?"

"I guess not."

"You now have food for thought. Think about this question for the next week. We will then meet in seven days and review your thoughts and give you more direction. Please repeat the question for me again."

"What is Spirit?"

"No, my friend. That followed the question. If you are to get the correct answer, you must contemplate the correct question. What is the question?"

"Who am I?"

"Not quite. Think again. What is the question? Remember what I said about exact wording."

"Was it *What am I?*"

"Think again."

I thought back to the beginning. "Was it *WHO OR WHAT AM I?*"

"That is correct, my friend. Now, contemplate that exact wording and the direction of our conversation during this next week. Make notes of what comes to your mind no matter how out-

of-place or ridiculous the thoughts may seem. Also, keep this thought in mind as we progress. Sometimes the hints will help you discover the direction you are not supposed to go, or wrong answers, so eventually only the way of truth is left."

"Interesting," I nodded in appreciation.

"Now let me ask again. If I were to tell you that you are Spirit, does that tell you anything about who or what you are?"

"I guess in reality it doesn't tell me a whole lot."

"You are correct. Even if the statement is true, it means very little to you or anyone else in your present state of understanding. When and if you get the first principle, you will at least have some understanding along with it."

"Fascinating." I felt like Spock on Star Trek observing an advanced alien race.

"Time is about up. I should be on my way."

"John. I have one more question."

"Yes..."

"Can I share what I have learned with my wife?"

"If you are successful you will share your knowledge with the world. Because the destiny of

male and female is to become one, you should share all things with your trusted wife. But do not tell anyone else of your experience until the time is right or you will be cut off from further teachings. Here, let me get the tab."

"It seems strange to have John the Apostle buy me coffee. I would have thought someone of your status would just materialize what you need."

"How little do you realize the correct use of power, my friend. When in the world of man interacting with man, I must be as a man just as you are. You will learn more about power later." He shook my hand. "Good-bye for now."

"Where and when will I see you again?"

"I am working as a bell ringer seven days a week at Albertson's supermarket. I am easy to find. Come back in seven days, next Thursday, and we will continue class."

"OK. Sure," I said, as I watched him pay for coffee and walk out the door. I half expected to blink my eyes and watch him disappear as he walked down the sidewalk, but he did not. He just looked like a normal older person strolling down the walk until he was out of sight.