

Spirit Club

By

Don Durrett

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Wisdom is knowing how much you don't know. – Socrates

An unexamined life is not worth living. – Socrates

Be kind, for everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle. – Plato

Introduction

Soon, dramatic changes will begin that will lead to distress and disarray for millions of people. To say that our way of life is going to come to an end is an understatement. We are approaching a shift of epochal proportions that will eventually lead to peace on Earth. However, getting there will be extremely turbulent. In fact, less than a third of the population will survive the transition.

The information in this book will help you prepare. It is not a how-to survival guide, but a spiritual guide. For, this is a spiritual shift that the world is about to experience. We are going to shift from present-day third-dimensional consciousness to the fifth dimension. If this sounds ridiculous, consider the multitudes who are expecting this shift. If you Google “fifth-dimension shift,” millions of hits appear. Are all of these people delusional?

Those who affiliate with New Age groups or metaphysical spirituality are not as misguided as the mainstream media would like to believe. This will be proven when the changes begin. The alternative healing modalities that this group has been perfecting for decades will keep them healthy. Many of these energy balancing techniques are considered foolish by the average citizen today. However, when people begin dying in large numbers from disease, this group will thrive. Health is only one piece of the knowledge this group possesses. They also understand spirituality on a level that is beyond that of the average citizen.

This group’s knowledge of the four levels of the aura—Physical, Emotional, Mental, and Spiritual—has brought them close to God. These are highly spiritual people with a close relationship to God. Once the changes begin, their Gnostic relationship with God will be revealed. People will be in awe of their knowledge and will hunger to understand it. Thus, to call them misguided is simply naïve. They are the ones who will be the new leaders of the coming new

civilization. Doubt me today, but watch what unfolds. They are the ones who have been students of archangels, such as Michael; ascended masters, such as St. Germain; and seventh-dimensional beings, such as Kryon. These discarnate souls have been preparing these New Age Lightworkers for this shift—and they are ready.

In the near future, new spiritual beliefs will be accepted that have little resemblance to what we base civilization on today. This book espouses—in story form—those beliefs that will be the foundation of the new civilization.

Set in the year 2015, in the western portion of the United States, this story is based on the various sources I have studied and pondered. I do not rely on one source, or even one main source. I put all of the pieces together. Some of the sources I have studied include Nostradamus, Edgar Cayce, the Hopi, the Fatima Prophecy, the Mayans, P'taah, Kryon, Kiraël, Chet Snow, Ruth Montgomery, the Great White Brotherhood, St. Germain, Bashar, Bartholomew, Abraham, Moria Timms, Sean David Morton, Gordon-Michael Scallion, the Gulf Breeze Six, and various other channeled sources.

The vision for this book, however, is my own and will not be 100 percent accurate. No one can predict the future with certainty. However, as we approach the shift, it is easier to see the trends. Soon the changes will begin, of this I am sure. How soon? How intense? No one can know, but I am expecting a chaotic ride, to which this story attests.

On a positive note, when I originally wrote this book in the mid 1990s, I thought anarchy and rampant lawlessness were inevitable by 2015. Today, I am optimistic that both can be avoided and that the transition will be less dire than this book originally portrayed. I also had thought that the economy and the federal government would collapse by 2015. That prediction has a good chance of being proven true.

Don Durrett

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Prologue

As I thought back to January of this year, 2015, I noticed that, even though a new year had arrived, people were not celebrating. In fact, most people believed it was going to get worse before it got better. And it was already *bad*.

I was not that surprised, because I had expected it to be bad. Yet, expectations and preparations can only take you so far. You still have to experience it. You still need to get up each day and remember how it *was*.

I remember what it was like at the turn of the century—a short fifteen years ago. Unemployment was under 5 percent nationally, inflation was nonexistent, and gasoline was only a buck and a quarter a gallon. In retrospect, America was at its height economically.

Who would have believed what would happen by 2015? Economic crisis, social chaos, martial law, state secession, and earth changes have all impacted our lives. Let's look at them one by one.

Economic Crisis. Whew! How could we have prepared for economic collapse? We discovered that the economic fundamentals we relied on were a mirage. The United States Government defaulted on its debt, which led to the collapse of the dollar and then to bank failures—one after another. The stock markets collapsed shortly after and trading stopped. There wasn't a crash; there was a collapse. Companies that were household names closed their doors. Tens of millions of jobs disappeared. Most of the mighty corporations ceased to exist.

The economy, however, didn't completely collapse. Unemployment today is no longer measured (because there's no government agency to measure it), but it is approximately 50 percent of those who want to work. Maybe 20 percent of the population works full-time. Agriculture, energy, retail, and restaurants are the

major employers. The basic industries that we need to survive are still around.

What has disappeared are entertainment (professional sports, music, film, television), lawyers, policemen, firemen, and delivery services (no more UPS or FedEx). Government, finance, and consumer industries have languished. They exist in skeleton form only, nowhere near what existed before the collapse.

Consumer luxury goods are ignored by most. Nobody can afford a new car or a new computer, although used cars and used computers are still in demand. What's the point of using precious money for luxuries? Life is no longer about luxury. It's about survival—for yourself, your friends, and your family. Society is in retrenchment. Few people shop for new consumer goods—if they can even find them.

Life is not about new cars anymore. Today, life is about soap and toilet paper, not to mention a roof over your head and a full stomach. The few people who have prospered economically in these dire conditions have become pariahs. Capitalism and materialism are definitely unpopular, and those who flaunt their wealth are often robbed by thieves.

The vast majority have come to realize that we are experiencing the hand of God, and that God has revealed his opinion of capitalism and materialism. There is a feeling now that it is time to try something different. What that is, people have not yet decided. There is, however, a definite leaning toward a simpler way of life. People want life to be simple: God, family, friendship. Those seem to be the criteria most people use today.

The economic collapse is what changed everyone's perspective. Once jobs disappeared, people began to realize that we had to create a new civilization, that our current way of life was no longer viable. People began to think differently. As I mentioned, materialism and capitalism lost their allure.

Once this *new thinking* took hold, people began living in small communities. Life became localized, with the Internet providing the only link to the outside world. People began working for local companies, eating local food, and socializing within the local community. Traveling became less common, and people stayed close to their communities.

Social Chaos. After the economy failed, society erupted into a frenzy that has still not subsided. First there were riots, then lawless anarchy. Luckily, the violence was concentrated in the larger cities. There is rampant lawlessness throughout the country but, on the whole, most citizens have been law abiding. The smaller the city, the less has been the lawlessness.

There is no tax base to fund a police force, other than a skeleton crew. For this reason, it is dangerous to travel—not only from town to town, but even across town. In this kind of environment, safety is scarce. In short, life is dangerous.

Martial Law. First, martial law was declared in Chicago and Los Angeles. After that, martial law sprouted in nearly every major city that had a large minority population: New York, Detroit, Atlanta, and St. Louis. Martial law still applies to most of these cities. In other words, once martial law was declared, it was never revoked.

What does martial law mean? It means that men in black uniforms with machine guns shoot citizens who confront them or dare to break the law. The big cities are war zones. Machine gun fire is as common in these cities as screeching tires.

Why would anyone want to live in the big cities? People didn't want to leave. It's their karma, I suppose. But even though millions still remain in places such as Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York, most people have left the metropolises. Most of us have come to understand the futility of living in them. The wealthy who lived in the Los Angeles suburbs of Hollywood, Brentwood, Beverly Hills, and Malibu left long ago.

State Secession. Texas was first; Idaho, Montana, Alaska, and Hawaii quickly followed. Secession began shortly after the riots erupted. Texas didn't want the federal government taking over their cities. By the end of 2013, the United States no longer encompassed fifty states. In fact, state secession and economic crisis were the one-two punch that took the wind out of the United States Congress. Since 2013, Congress has existed as a powerless body.

Earth Changes. Whew! I knew they were coming, but my goodness! After 2010, earth changes picked up. Tsunamis, hurricanes, volcanoes, earthquakes,

floods, drought, and tornadoes forced millions to flee from their homes. The South, especially, was ravaged.

Since then, earth changes have been nonstop, and more and more severe. Every month, it seems as if a major event happens somewhere in the world. The earth changes are predicted to continue until 2035. A major tectonic shift is supposed to occur around 2027. California will become a series of islands. Nevada and Utah will be mostly submerged. Arizona, Oregon, and Washington will be partially submerged. A section of the Midwest will become an inland sea, stretching from the Great Lakes to a huge opening on the Gulf of Mexico. Omaha will become a port city, and parts of Louisiana and Arkansas will be submerged. Sections of eastern Texas and eastern Oklahoma will also be swallowed by this inland sea.

Chapter One: Trip to Bakersfield

My friends and I were driving in the bobtail truck, making a road trip to pick up food in Bakersfield, California. Jeff was driving, with his son Kevin in the middle, and I was riding shotgun. The drive from Tucson had been uneventful, and we were looking forward to loading the truck.

“John, how many people are going to be at Bud’s tonight?” Kevin asked.

“I don’t know,” I replied. “Usually, there are fifteen or twenty. Why?”

“Since we’re getting close, I was thinking about it. I like sitting around and talking at Bud’s. I always meet new people and learn new things.”

I smiled at Kevin and nodded to acknowledge that I understood. Kevin was only nineteen. He and his dad, Jeff, were inseparable. Jeff and I were close friends, and we had been making this road trip for the last two years. We always came in late spring, and then twice in the summer.

Kevin was an old soul, like Jeff and me. He had been exposed to New Age knowledge and was comfortable talking about it. On our trips, the three of us talked quite a bit about spirituality. I respected Kevin and treated him as a close friend.

We pulled into Bud’s parking lot. He lived on his farm near Arvin, a small town twenty miles east of Bakersfield. Bud farmed wheat, corn, potatoes, carrots, cantaloupe, and honeydew. He had fifteen hundred acres and sold all of his food directly to people, at reasonable prices.

Bud was well known in the New Age community. He fed us. I came all the way from Tucson, but that wasn’t unusual. People came from all over the state of California, as well as the northwest and the southwest. There was only one requirement to be able to buy from Bud. You had to be a New Ager.

Jeff parked in the dirt parking lot, along with the other cars and trucks. Bud had a large house with eight bedrooms. It didn't matter how many people showed up for the night. Everyone was welcome. If he ran out of beds, there were always sleeping bags.

Maria met me at the door. She spoke to us in her heavy Hispanic accent. "Mr. John, hi. How was your trip?"

I smiled, "No problems, Maria. Is Bud here?" Maria was Bud's helper. She was always cleaning or cooking. I had never seen her not working.

"Yes, Mr. John. He is in the den."

"Thank you, Maria. Do you know Jeff and Kevin?"

"Oh, sure. If you are hungry, there is vegetable soup and it is delicious. Eat as much as you want."

We walked back to the den. It was a large room, approximately twenty feet by forty feet. This was where everyone gathered. There was a large-screen TV, and people were camped in front of it, watching the news. This was also where we ate, so chairs and tables were everywhere. Fifty people could easily fit in the room.

As I walked into the den, several people turned. Those who knew us rose in unison and came to give us hugs and welcomes. Everyone at Bud's house was a friend. We were like a big family.

I hugged Bud, smiled, and looked him in the eye. "It's good to see you. How's everything?"

He smiled. He was always emotional when we met again. "We're fine here. How are your wife and daughter?"

"Julie and Kate are fine. I've been working on another book, and it's almost finished. Life has been good."

"Come." He pointed the way. "I have some new friends who would like to meet you." Jeff and Kevin followed us.

We approached a group of people seated around a table.

Bud addressed the men at the table. "This is John Randall, the fellow I told you about."

One of the men rose and stuck out his hand. “My name is Adam. I’ve read one of your books. I sure would like to talk with you about it.” He was tall, about six feet four, and wore a beard. His demeanor was gentle.

I shook his hand. “Sure, let me pull up a chair.”

“These are my friends,” Adam said. “We drove down from Sacramento today in two trucks.”

I introduced Jeff and Kevin, and the three of us found a place to sit. Bud excused himself and left us alone.

“So, which book did you read?” I asked.

“*New Thinking for the New Age.*”

“Ah, you went right to the deep stuff. I take it you enjoyed it?”

He nodded. “Very much. I really like the way you write about the power of love. I never really thought about it like that. Could you explain it for my friends?”

“Yeah, sure. But let’s let Kevin have a go at it first. Then I’ll fill in what he leaves out.”

“All right,” Adam said.

“All right?” Kevin asked with dismay. “As if I know where to start?”

“Come on, Kevin,” I said. “You can do it. Just let it flow.”

Kevin paused to reflect and then began. “Love is much more powerful than people realize,” he said to Adam’s friends. “Love is powerful because it is our connection to God. When we love someone or when we love ourselves, we are on the same wavelength as God. This is why, in Corinthians, Jesus said, speaking of faith, hope and love, that ‘the greatest of these is love.’

“What we are doing here—the meaning of life—is remembering that we are God. And the best way to remember is to get as close to God as possible. When we love ourselves and others, we are connecting to God. We need to fall in love with ourselves and others, and that’s how we get close to God. Then love will flow in our lives, allowing harmony and joy to manifest. If we love enough, then the grace of God will become apparent.” Kevin paused and looked at me. “That’s all I can think of.”

I smiled. “Okay, but I know you can say more. You did a good job, Kevin. So let’s see,” I said to Adam and his friends. “Love is the key to spirituality. Love is the key to everything. Why? Because love is the energy of God. It is literally the spirit of our souls. Love is our core. It is who we truly are. When we take everything else away—our personalities, our intelligence, our experiences, and so on—we’re left with divine spirit, which is love. This is why when we love someone or love ourselves, it is the best feeling we can possibly have. Love is the ultimate. It is the Holy Grail. It is what leads us back to God.

“For this reason, the most important thing we can do is love. More specifically, the most important thing is to be *in* love. We need to be in love with ourselves and with humanity. The next most important thing is to recognize that everyone is divine and is a perfect manifestation of God. And because everyone is perfect, there’s nothing to achieve or do. Consequently, if there is nothing to do, then all that’s left is to *be* in love.” I paused.

Adam thought outloud. “You’re saying that life is about *being*, not about *doing*.”

I nodded. “You can’t *do* something to create love. And because love is the doorway to God, it doesn’t matter what you *do* in life. What is important is to *be* in love. Does that make sense?”

Adam squinted his eyes. “I think so. You’re saying that if we want to find God, then we have to be in love with both ourselves and humanity. And that without love we’ll never find God.”

I nodded. “Love is the starting point. In the past, we always considered achievement as the starting point. We wanted to live the American dream of materialism, so we did things to achieve it—education, hard work, dedication, loyalty. Many people gave more to their jobs than their families. Consequently, spirituality suffered as we focused on materialism. Now we are trying something different. Now we are trying to follow our soul’s desires, which are the manifestations of love on the planet. These manifestations are inevitable and will bring peace and harmony to humanity.”

“So, what you are saying,” Adam said, “is that I can do whatever I

choose? It's no longer important to achieve social status and material wealth? ”

I nodded. “I allow you to do whatever you want. That's unconditional love—to allow. I allow you, and I honor and respect you. You are an advanced soul who is very much in control of your own life. I hope that you follow your soul's desire and that it leads you to harmony and joy in your life.”

Adam looked surprised. “You respect me, even though you've never met me before?”

I grinned. “Indeed. We're equals, my friend. How can one piece of God be more valuable than another?”

We all smiled.

“Indeed,” Adam replied.

I rose. “I'm heading for the soup. We can talk later,” I said to my new friends. Adam nodded.

Kevin, Jeff, and I walked to the kitchen. We found a huge pot, bowls, and spoons on the stove. We also found bread and water to have with the soup. We served ourselves and then found an empty table where we could eat our food. There were about fifteen other people in the den. Soon the crowd would form a group and talk. This is what Kevin had been waiting for. This had become a custom, because so many people had begun living in groups during the last few years. When people left their homes and headed for safer areas, inevitably they ended up living in small groups.

Bud came to our table after we finished eating. “John, when are things going to get better? Everyday, I get calls from people who need food. It's amazing how much desperation is out there. It's getting harder and harder.”

“Don't worry, it will get better soon,” I said. “Yes, we're going through hardships, but we are also making major advances spiritually. It's just a matter of time before love begins to flourish. My estimate is that it will be in a few short years, as so many have forecasted.

“Bud, you and I have to be strong. We are the pillars. We provide the support that people need. It's people such as you and me who will make sure that love conquers fear. As difficult as it will get, we must persevere. We must have

courage.”

“I’m a pillar, huh?” Bud said. “Sure doesn’t feel that way.” Bud was a farmer, not a New Ager.

“Bud, why do you support us?” I asked. “I’ve often wondered.”

“My daughter, Kelly,” he mused. “After she died, I lost something. I felt a pain inside that wouldn’t go away. Then a friend of hers came to me, asking for food. I said, ‘Yes.’ That started it. Her friend was Joe Bishop.”

“Joe Bishop? How much food did he ask for?” Joe Bishop had a huge New Age community with over a thousand people north of San Francisco.

“Well, he knew I had a big farm. When I said that he could have whatever he could pay for, he asked for five truckloads. He still sends a truck once a month.

“Hey,” Kevin interrupted, “people have begun to form a group across the room. Let’s go join them.”

We got up and moved closer to the group that was forming. As usual, the first topic discussed was politics, or something to do with local government.

A man in his early twenties was speaking. “Something has to be done to stop the crime. I don’t even like to drive across Bakersfield anymore.”

“We can’t live in fear,” I said. “What’s happening isn’t the wrath of God. It’s a blessing from God. When we believe in our personal divinity, there’s nothing to fear and nothing to worry about. All we need to do is follow our own path and shine our own light, thereby sharing our internal love with the rest of the world.

“Kirael said that the most important person to love is yourself, because if you love yourself enough, you can share that love with others. That is wisdom we should all embrace. If you have enough self-love, you will love others too. And this love will smother any fears that enter your mind.”

“Is it really that easy?” asked a lady with long, light brown, curly hair.

“No, it’s not easy,” I replied. “But if you have enough trust in God’s plan, you can live in a state of love, instead of in fear. Also, if you want to help speed the transition, the best way is to shine your light and share your love. We don’t need to form citizen groups or political groups. We need to love each other, and

that's all. If everyone sets an example, we can change the world."

I paused and scanned the room. "Doesn't everyone see that fear is simply the lack of trust in God? If we begin to decide the fate of others—using politics and laws—we're deciding out of fear. In essence, we're denying our faith in God. Our beliefs are implying that we don't trust God. We're implying that we need to create rules and laws to determine how people should live.

"The only reason we need laws is because we're afraid of what people will do. But we're entering a new era now, a new civilization. We no longer need to decide how people should live. Everyone is free to do as they wish. This is possible because love will flourish. And people who aren't of love will no longer incarnate on this planet."

"How do you know this?" a man in a bolo tie and cowboy hat asked.

"My name is John Randall," I answered. "I am a New Age writer. I've been doing research since 1989. Love *will* flourish on this planet, and sooner than many expect. Soon fifth-dimensional consciousness will envelop this planet. A new civilization *will* arise. Look around at the changes that have occurred in the last five years. Anyone can see that something new is going to arise from the economic and social chaos. Do you really think we can go back to anything resembling the past?"

"No," he replied. "But I think we still need to have laws and courtrooms."

"Why?" I asked.

He hesitated. "I don't know. It just seems like we need to have some kind of law and order."

"Watch what happens in the next few years," I said. "The consciousness on this planet will continue to increase. Love will spread from town to town, person to person. In the not too distant future, crime will be rare. What will happen is revolutionary, beyond our imaginations. When love replaces fear—which is still dominant today—we, as a people, will no longer require written laws or courts of law. Instead, we will have agreements. We will agree to love each other and trust each other."

"And in the interim?" he asked. "We just allow lawlessness? We just

love?”

“I know it sounds strange, but yes, that’s my suggestion. The reason for this is that we transmute fear with love. People who inflict their will on others do so out of fear. If we react to their fear with our fear, then we only compound the problem ... if it is a problem.”

A lady sitting next to me asked, “What do you mean? You think the lawlessness is okay?”

“Everything is a perfect manifestation of God. Everything happens because it’s supposed to happen.” I gestured with my hands. “Let me clarify. This is kind of complicated, so bear with me. There are no accidents, and there are no victims. Nothing happens to anyone unless they create it or co-create it. If we are *victims* of lawlessness, we co-created the experience with the perpetrator. Thus, *we* are as responsible as the perpetrator.

“That may sound a bit bizarre,” I continued, “but we are much more powerful than we perceive ourselves to be with regards to manifestation. The reason is that *we* are aspects of God. In essence, *we are* God. The ramifications of this fact are rarely understood in society today.”

“I am an old soul,” I added, “and I have done a lot of research about God and who we are. I write books about it. There are some truths that are universal. For instance, all is perfection and all is God. Once you recognize this truth, you will be true to yourself by loving yourself. This will then extend to others. Eventually, you will no longer abuse yourself or others. Instead, all you will feel is love. You will become harmless.”

The group was silent. Kevin smiled. He was always amazed when people heard the truth for the first time. “Makes your head spin, doesn’t it,” Kevin said to the group.

“Yeah, it’s a lot of information to absorb,” one of them responded.

A man from the Sacramento group asked me, “Could you leave one of your books with Bud?” He was short and stocky, and it looked as if they brought him along to drive the truck.

I smiled. “Sure, we’ll be back this summer. I’ll bring a few copies on the

next trip.” I got up.

“No, don’t go,” he said, raising his hand. “Can we talk a little bit more?”

I sat back down. “Sure.”

“I’ve heard before that we are God,” he continued, “and that we are all one, but I’ve never been able to understand how it affects my life.”

I pondered for a moment. “When you were a child, you were likely told that God was in heaven and that He decided who was worthy to join Him. Thus, from childhood you held the fear that you were potentially unworthy for God. The result was a hole in your heart, a chasm. This chasm caused you to judge yourself to be potentially lacking and unworthy. When you judged yourself to be potentially lacking, you created a separation between your true self and who you perceived yourself to be. This judgment of yourself was the basis of your identity. You thereby separated yourself from God, which is your true self.

“You have been conditioned from childhood to forget who you truly are, and you have forgotten. When you begin to remember, you will begin to heal the chasm, your broken heart. You will begin to love yourself. Once you love yourself completely, you will love *everything* completely. With your remembrance, you will learn not only not to judge yourself, but not to judge others, because they are reflections of your true self. Ultimately, everything is one, and this recognition or awareness is enlightenment. This is what we all aspire to attain.”

I paused and scanned the room. “If you want to create change, the best way is to embrace everything in your reality. Embrace everything with the understanding that you are co-creating the events in your life. Embrace life, and allow it. Why? Because what we resist, persists. What we attempt to control with our judgments, we empower. There is no reason to try and make things better by creating new laws. In fact, that is counterproductive. The key is to be. Not to do, but to *be*.

“Are you implying that we don’t need to rebuild society,” asked the short stocky man, “that all we have to do is live in love and let what happens happen?”

“Exactly,” I said. “Look around. Look at what we’ve wrought. It’s time to

let God show us the way. We don't need to solve any problems, if there are any problems. God can manage. Trust me, the world is in good hands. Our role is to get out of the way and let God show us what love can provide. If we love each other, God will manifest a harmonious civilization.”

“All we need is love? Is that what you're saying?” asked the short, stocky man.

I nodded. “And trust, lots of trust.”

“If there is nothing to do, then why do you write?” asked someone in the group.

“That's a good question,” I said. “I write because that is what my heart tells me to do. We are all here to play a role of some kind. The key is to figure out what your role is. When I say there is nothing to do, only to be, I am talking about following our hearts.

“In the old paradigm, we were always trying to achieve or sustain a certain standard of living. The old paradigm was about doing. We were always doing things to achieve or attain something. However, when I wrote my books, I didn't write for an income. I wrote because that is what I felt compelled to do. I was being as much as I was doing. Does that make sense?

“When we do what others expect of us, that is different from doing what we feel compelled by our hearts to do. Following our hearts and doing what we most want to do—that is being. That is playing the role that we came to play. That is how we enjoy life, and how we follow the love in our soul.”

Chapter Two: The Park

The next morning, Jeff, Kevin, and I loaded the truck and headed back to Tucson. We arrived without incident in the late afternoon. Julie, my wife, and Samantha, Jeff's wife, greeted us. We had lived next door to each other for nearly a year now and had become close friends—more than friends—an extended family.

We lived with a group of approximately one hundred people. I say approximate, because the number changed from week to week. People came and went. It was not unusual to meet a new face or say goodbye to someone who was moving on.

The majority of the group lived in twenty houses next to a park. We also used a section of the park as an additional place to live: for tents, showers, restrooms, and as an area where people gathered to cook and eat. In the park, we also had a large garden, a garage to fix our cars, and a healing center.

All members of the group were New Agers, which was our criterion for membership. People who wandered into the park didn't mind moving on when they found out that we were all New Agers. Most people didn't want to live with us. We were considered strange by some and a cult by others. Some people asked if they could stay and learn about our beliefs. We were delighted to have them stay.

Nearly a third of the group had regular jobs in Tucson or another town nearby. I worked as the manager and owner of a family-style restaurant that served breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I went from being a software engineer to a restaurant owner. I figured people would always need to eat. I liked my new job. It was easy, and I got to interact with the public. I also had the opportunity to provide jobs for people in our group.

Two thirds of our group were unemployed. However, that didn't mean they weren't active. Everyone was productive, and there was plenty to do. For example, people worked in the garden, made clothes, scavenged for necessities, cleaned, and fixed problems in the homes. There was always work to be done.

Our group was not that unusual. People had been living in groups since 2012, when the economy forced millions of families to default on their mortgages. In the Tucson area, hundreds of small groups lived together. This was common throughout the country.

I got out of the truck and hugged Julie and Samantha. Kate, my seven-year-old daughter, was also there to greet us. I picked her up and hugged her. "How are you today?"

"Fine. Mom and I are making leather belts for the swap meet. Do you want to see them?" Kate was mature beyond her years. She talked as if she were a young adult. I no longer was amazed at the things she said.

"Yeah, let's go look at them."

Julie and Samantha loved to make crafts that they could sell at swap meets. They taught and inspired each other and made an array of creative things.

"Your agent called," Julie said. "He expects you to speak at the Expo in Portland next month, then Denver in August."

I nodded. Stan Davidson was my lifeline for my other job—writing and speaking. He did everything for me when it came to publishing. I gave him my books and he had them edited, published, and distributed. In return, I promoted them and shared the profits.

Julie didn't like for me to travel, and I didn't blame her. In these difficult times, she didn't want to be separated from me for long periods. But she accepted it. She knew how important it was to me. She didn't travel with me for several reasons. First, it was dangerous. There were a lot of desperate people who had turned to crime. Also, she needed to take care of Kate. It was better that they both stayed home. Lastly, I wanted Julie to keep our tent occupied and maintain a strong commitment to the group—I wanted our presence felt.

The belts that Kate and Julie had made were beautiful. They were

handcrafted out of leather, with intricate designs, chiseled with a hammer and stamping tools. I wanted one for myself, but didn't say anything. Julie and Samantha worked hard to sell their crafts, not to give them away. I bit my tongue and replied how beautiful the belts were.

Tomorrow was Sunday, and the day of the swap meet. Kate would go with Julie and Samantha. I rarely went along. I worked either at the restaurant or with the group.

"Kate," I asked, "are you looking forward to getting a new book tomorrow?"

"Yes, I want another Harry Potter."

Julie always bought Kate a used book at the swap meet. They were only a dollar or less, and Kate loved to read them. She usually read every day. She got that from me. I read every night. From the time Kate was born, she had always seen me sitting in my chair or at my computer—reading.

Julie and I decided not to send Kate to a public or private school. We would teach her ourselves. This was becoming more and more common. Society was changing so rapidly that organized schools were losing their significance. In fact, many public schools had closed due to a lack of funds. Those that remained were perversely crowded.

Today, home schooling was becoming the norm. For instance, not one child from our group attended a school. In many respects, the schools that existed were an anachronism. Schools were antiquated and had not changed along with society. They taught students the curriculum of the past, which had little relevance for the future we were headed for. I foresaw schools soon disappearing in their present form. Education would go through revolutionary change, like the rest of society.

"Okay, time to unload the truck," I said to Jeff and Kevin.

The three of us went to find a few helpers. People were expecting us with a load, so it would be easy to find volunteers. We walked among the tents that were disbursed in small groups throughout a section of the park. Most of the tents were located underneath shady trees. It was early summer and hot. As we walked

through, most people were sitting in the shade beneath the trees. We stopped occasionally and chatted. We always said hello to anyone we encountered. As we made the rounds, about ten people volunteered to unload the truck.

We emptied the truck at three locations: a garage at one of the houses, a storage tent near where we cooked and ate as a group, and the restaurant. I charged the restaurant a huge delivery fee that included the gasoline cost. It was so expensive that the restaurant barely made a profit. I wasn't sure how much longer I could afford to make the trip.

After we finished unloading the truck at the restaurant, we headed back to the park to eat. Everyone ate at the same place, which we called The Galley. There were usually people sitting in that area throughout the day.

Charlie would usually be around to help us find something to eat, no matter the time. Everyone called him Captain because he had once worked as a merchant marine and liked to wear a sailor's cap. He was in charge of The Galley. He was head cook and head organizer. He had helpers, but Charlie was in charge.

At the three main meals of the day, people gathered at The Galley. We ate in waves, and there was no specific time when we had to eat. If we needed to talk to or find someone, the best times were 8 a.m., noon, or 5 p.m. At those times, there was always someone eating the captain's grub.

Jeff, Kevin, and I approached the food line with the guys who had helped unload the truck. Because it was Saturday night, we were in for a treat. Charlie always baked bread and made a salad on Saturdays. Occasionally, there was even dessert.

As the line moved forward, I looked around at the people already seated. I waved and said hello to many friends. Julie and Samantha were seated nearby. I was content, actually happier and more satisfied with life than before the *changes* began. The spiritual aspect of my life had become more tangible. I felt more love being shared by humanity today. Not only that, I felt confident that this new flow of love would lead to something positive. I was extremely optimistic about the future.

Something good is going to happen soon, or at least by the time Kate

becomes an adult. All we need to do is to allow the future to unfold. Not to do, but to allow. Not to strive or organize, but to be gentle and nurturing. We need to embrace today as perfection, rather than to judge today as lacking or to try and do something about it.

It was not yet time to begin reorganizing society. It still had a way to fall. In fact, it would be counterproductive to begin reorganizing. In order to begin anew we had to let the old fall away. Yes, many social structures had fallen, but beliefs were still in the process of transforming. Until the process was completed, society couldn't be rebuilt. In essence, it was a period when people were learning new beliefs, which was not an easy thing to do.

Jeff and I went and sat with our wives.

"Are you guys all done?" Samantha asked.

"Yeah," I said, "everything has been unloaded. It was a good trip."

"Speaking of trips," Samantha said, "before you leave for Portland, there's going to be a political rally downtown next week. I think it would be great if you spoke there."

I grimaced. "You know I don't want to." The political rallies were monthly gatherings in downtown Tucson. People got together and anyone could speak at the microphone. It was like talk radio, where anyone could voice their opinions. Samantha usually attended.

"I know," she said, "but you have something to say. I get tired of listening to fools."

"They are not fools," I said. "Everyone has their own points of view, and those perspectives just as valid as yours or mine. Go and listen to what the people have to say, and keep an open mind. My point is to try to acknowledge that their points of view are valid, even if you disagree."

Samantha gave me a cool stare. "John, you don't need to give me a lecture."

"I'm sorry, Sam. I have a habit of saying too much. Anyway, I don't speak at political rallies because I'm a spiritual teacher. Those gatherings are about politics, not spirituality."

“Yes, they are about politics,” Samantha replied, “but I still want you to spread your message so that more people will wake up. I find it troubling that you don’t speak in Tucson. How can someone with your knowledge keep it to himself?”

I hesitated. “That’s not true. I’m constantly teaching. I write books, and travel, and do seminars. I’m quite satisfied with my service. I have thought of opening a school, but if I do that I’d have to give up the restaurant, which I don’t want to do. I like being a common man and interacting with the public. I like sharing experiences with others and staying in touch with people.”

“I’m sorry,” Samantha said. “I get caught up with my own selfishness from time to time.” She laughed. “I like to tell people how to live their lives. Sorry.”

“No problem,” I replied. “Just remember not to think with your mind, but instead with your heart. Forget about logic. Always think with love and feeling. Remember, the essence of love is *allowing*. In other words, allow me to live my life as I choose. Conversely, I will allow you to live as you choose.” I looked at Samantha with a plea for forgiveness. “Did I say too much?”

“No, that was a good lecture. I’ll try to stop bossing people around.”

We laughed.