

THE DREAMVISIONER – CHAPTER EIGHT

By S. Leigh Young

Since meeting Regina, Jake didn't work at home nearly as often and to make up for it, he tried to get to the office early so the project wouldn't suffer. They saw each other nearly everyday and communicated by phone, email and text messages several times a day. It seemed ridiculous, but he was sure he was in love with her. In his wildest dreams he had never envisioned meeting such a woman. She was witty, intelligent, understanding, caring, generous and gorgeous! He hadn't thought about Maggie in over a week and when he did, he felt somewhat ashamed that he could have such strong feelings for Regina. He honestly didn't believe he'd ever love another woman after Maggie.

Carey was thrilled with her father's new outlook on life, but she was still miffed about not spending enough time with him. One morning as he walked from the car into the Capitol building, he remembered their conversation from the previous night. He'd arrived home at about eleven o'clock after a fabulous date and Carey was waiting for him. As she always did when she wanted to have a discussion, she guided him into the family room and made him sit down. Sometimes he wondered if Carey felt responsible for his happiness because she often treated him like a child, worried that he was going to be hurt or disappointed if he wasn't careful. For at least ten minutes he listened to a lecture about taking things slowly and not getting carried away. Obviously, she was confused because a few minutes later, he discovered the opposite was true.

"I never see you anymore! And why haven't you brought her over here to meet me yet?"

"Cupcake, I'm sorry. We're just trying to get to know each other. I didn't want to introduce you until I was sure I wanted to keep seeing her, that's all."

"Well – are you sure yet?"

Jake didn't answer immediately. Although he wanted to continue seeing Regina, he wasn't sure if he was ready to make the next big move. If he introduced her to Carey things would be very different. It would put a final stamp of approval on the relationship and even though he thought he was in love he was still apprehensive. Something deep inside told him to keep his home life separate from his love life. Why? He didn't know. At last, he told Carey a complete lie.

"I'm sure you'll meet her soon."

"Are you afraid to introduce us? Do you think I may not approve or something?"

"No! It isn't that," he replied. "I thought about bringing her over the other night, but you were out with Mike."

"Fine. Whatever!" she exclaimed as she marched out of the room.

It was exactly what he was afraid would happen. Now Carey was mad at him and refused to speak to him at breakfast. He realized she would get over it, but it still bothered him. The decision was finally made that he would ask Regina to come to the house for dinner that weekend. Then he'd see if the two most important people in his life were compatible. And what if they were? Could he actually see himself marrying again? Perhaps, but could he ever replace what he had with Maggie?

As he approached the elevator, he noticed Steve Pennington heading in the same direction ahead of him, but Steve didn't notice him. Should he get in the elevator with him? Why not?

They were alone for several minutes in the small space as they were whisked to the top floor. Neither spoke, and the tension was so thick he could almost cut it with a knife. He hadn't noticed any spying lately, so he figured Pennington gave up trying to find out what he was working on. Finally, the elevator door opened and Pennington rushed ahead of him toward his office.

It was Thursday, the day he always met with Senator Weston at nine o'clock, so he spent the next hour finishing up the section he was working on. Then something happened that had not occurred in two weeks, and never at the office. He saw it on the screen when he looked up.

GREETINGS

Momentarily shaken, Jake looked around to be sure no one was nearby and decided he should close the door, then he sat back down and responded.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO HELP YOU – AND WARN YOU

Damn! He wondered, now what?

WARN ME ABOUT WHAT?

THE YOUNG WOMAN – SHE IS NOT GOOD FOR YOU

Okay, he thought. That's about enough of this foolishness!

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU

What! Whoever this damned Joe was, he was certainly not helping!

GO AWAY!!!

SOON

And he was stubborn too! Okay, he thought, he'd play along for a little while.

HOW DO YOU WANT TO HELP ME?

WITH YOUR PROJECT

Right! That's just terrific, he thought. First, he meddles in his private life and now he wants to help write the report! But he was still curious so he kept the peculiar conversation going.

HOW?

YOU NEED A BETTER WAY TO PRESENT IT

This was true, but how did Joe know? For weeks he'd been struggling with the best way to present the project, but was still stumped about it. Apparently, Joe knew more than he did about a lot of things, so he figured it couldn't hurt to learn more.

DO YOU HAVE A SUGGESTION?

HER NAME IS MARKIE. SHE WORKS IN YOUR BUILDING.

Huh? What the hell does that mean? Someone named Markie is supposed to help him?

TELL ME MORE

FIND HER

THEN WHAT?

YOU WILL LEARN TO TRUST ME. GOOD DAY.

Before he could type a response, all of Joe's messages disappeared. That was it? Did Joe just say good bye? He typed a few more questions, but there was no response. Apparently, he was gone. Quickly, he jotted the name Markie on a piece of paper. Baffled and confused, he sat at his desk for a while thinking about the bizarre exchange. Joe was apparently trying to help him with the project and also trying to gain his trust. But why? Who the hell was this guy? Damn!

As the day wore on Jake asked everyone he saw if there was someone named Markie working in the building. He even checked the phone register, but no Markie. At about four o'clock he finally gave up and started to wind up for the day. He was going to meet Regina for a drink at Oozy's. As he was locking the safe, he heard someone enter his office. She was a pretty young woman with long brown hair that framed her youthful face.

"Excuse me," she said. "Are you Jake Spencer?"

"Yes. Can I help you?"

She handed him a document. "I need to get your signature on this."

Jake took the document to his desk, read it over and signed it.

"Here you go," he said, handing it to her.

“Thanks,” she said cheerfully, extending her hand. “I don’t believe we’ve met yet.”

He shook her hand and smiled. “Glad to meet you. I didn’t get your name.”

“Oh, sorry. I’m Jennifer,” she replied. “Jennifer Markie.”

At first, he didn’t put two and two together, but then it hit him. “Did you say your name was Markie?”

“Yes, why?”

“Uh...oh, nothing. I once knew someone by that name”, he feigned. “Did you just start working here?”

“I’ve been here about a week,” she replied. “I work in the computer graphics department.”

“Graphics? I didn’t know there was a graphics department,” Jake said.

“We’ve just moved here from another building,” she mentioned. “They ran out of space over there so they converted part of the basement here for us.”

“Oh? Tell me more about what you do,” Jake asked, motioning for her to sit down.

Over the next few minutes Jake learned about the specific skills Jennifer possessed – skills that would definitely help present the project in a better way. Not only was she a computer whiz, she also had a background in economics, having minored in that field in college. She was the perfect one to help him. They agreed to meet on Friday and present the idea to Senator Weston. He couldn’t believe it, but Joe may be right, and his message about someone named Markie was downright eerie.

As he drove to meet Regina, he realized he was actually not thinking about her for the first time in days. He couldn't get thoughts of Joe out of his mind. How did he know about Jennifer? Joe was either someone on the inside who knew what he was working on or he was a supernatural ghost! And neither possibility was comforting to him.

As he pulled up in front of Oozy's his thoughts immediately turned to Regina. She was waiting for him at their usual table looking ravishing as usual. "Hi," said Jake, as he gave her a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Hello," she replied. "You must have had a busy day today."

"Yeah, as a matter of fact I did," he said, smiling. "How did you know?"

"I tried to call you several times but you were always gone. And you must have had your phone turned off because you didn't answer my texts."

"Oh! Sorry about that," he said quietly, taking her hand. "I was running around all day doing research. Anyway, I'm here now." It briefly occurred to him that he was lying to her, but he had no choice, did he? Because of the deadline, his cell phone was off during the day and he didn't want to answer any questions about the project.

"Yes! You are, and I'm going to dominate your time for the next few hours, Mr. Spencer," she said playfully.

"Are you now?" he responded, smiling slyly. "Well, that sounds good to me!"

Regina beamed as Jake placed their drink order. Later, they decided to go to her apartment for dinner. She promised to prove to him she was a good cook and he was in no mood to decline the offer. He didn't know Regina was hoping to seduce him. The thought of intimacy with her had definitely crossed his mind on more than one occasion, but he wasn't quite ready yet and Regina seemed to understand.

“I’ll call Carey and let her know.” Jake pulled his cell phone out of his pocket and quickly dialed Carey’s number.

“Dad! Did you forget? We’re suppose to go to Mrs. Harvey’s talk tonight!”

“Oh! Sorry Cupcake. I did forget. What time are we supposed to be there?”

“Seven o’clock,” Carey replied. “Why don’t you bring Regina with you?”

“Uh, no...I don’t think that’s a good idea. I’ll be home soon,” he said, and the call was ended.

After five minutes of apologies to Regina, he kissed her goodbye and went home to change clothes. She took it very well, which told him a lot about her. Was she for real? Was she really that understanding? As he drove quickly through the streets, he pinched his arm again to be sure he wasn’t dreaming. Regina didn’t seem to have a possessive bone in her body.

Jake had forgotten the promise he’d made to Carey several days earlier when she was still on speaking terms with him. She begged him to attend the talk Dee was presenting before the local metaphysical group and he reluctantly consented. It wasn’t something that interested him, but he knew it was to Carey. Having spent such little time with her lately, it was his guilt that made him agree to go. And, who knows? Maybe he’d learn something, he thought.

When the presentation ended, he and Carey approached Dee who was standing next to Bill. After the initial greetings, Dee asked him what he thought about the talk.

“Well...it’s definitely something I’ve never heard before,” he said, chuckling. “I’m always interested in new philosophies.”

Bill laughed. “It’s not really a philosophy, Jake, and it’s certainly not new. It’s more a way of life, at least for us.”

“Yes, I can see that,” he replied. “Dee? That part about death...that was very interesting.”

“How so?” Dee asked.

“Well, you said there is no such thing as death – that our bodies are not who we really are. Right?”

“Yes, that’s true.”

“Then who are we – really?”

“The quick answer is -- we’re energy made up of experience and wisdom existing in a magnetic field. Our bodies are nothing more than temporary vessels that we use to gain experience and wisdom. Physical matter, including our bodies, are the result of the vibrational lowering of energy.”

“Uh huh,” he mumbled. “Then where does the energy go when the body dies? For instance, where is Maggie’s energy right now?”

“In reality there is no such thing as space or time. I know it’s difficult to comprehend, but Maggie hasn’t gone anywhere. She’s right here with you. You just can’t see her because you believe in the limitations of the body.”

Jake tried to take it all in, but was having a difficult time with it. “Okay, another question. What’s the point of all this?” He waved his hand in the air as if pointing at the sky. “All this...apparent life?”

“That question requires more than a short answer,” Dee replied. “But basically, the point is to learn and share with others. I tell you what. I’ll send over some books you can read. Maybe they’ll help answer some of your questions. And then, if you want, I’d be glad to meet with you and we can discuss it further some time.”

Jake thought about it for a moment and decided to accept her offer. It was something that had always bewildered him – the purpose of life and death – all the pain and suffering. Was it some sort of punishment? He just didn't know. And then he remembered another question. "Dee, you mentioned something about the subconscious mind being rather dumb."

"Yes, I did say that. You see, the subconscious doesn't do the thinking – it's neutral. It's similar to a computer hard drive where memories, events, habits, emotions and experience are stored. Thinking, judging, choosing – those types of behaviors are performed by the conscious mind.

Jake's interest was peaked when he heard Dee mention the word **habits**. He asked her to elaborate and she graciously obliged, as they all walked toward the parking lot.

"If you do a certain activity or tell yourself something repeatedly, over a period of time, the subconscious mind records it in a special storage section. I call those sections **Pattern Modules**. Our beliefs, actions and thoughts are accepted into the subconscious unfiltered. It doesn't judge them as right or wrong, good or bad. It simply records them. And, as the pattern modules continue to fill up, the more effort is required to reprogram them."

Dee's words began to make some sense. They also explained how some of his bad habits had been formed – by his harmful thinking patterns. *I'm not worthy. It's only because of my race. I'm so lonely. I can't do that.* All these types of detrimental thoughts, that had permeated his life, were just a small example of his limited thinking tendencies.

Suddenly, Dee exclaimed, "Oh! And one more important thing – not only does the subconscious record everything and store patterns, it also organizes the contents similar to a catalog. The patterns are kept in the front of the catalog, so they're easier to access by the conscious mind. As you react to events, perform an action or think a

thought, it instantly compares it to the contents of the **Pattern Modules** first. Our brains are exceedingly intricate and complex machines, processing the data to be stored.”

“Hmmm,” Jake said, rubbing his chin. “So, there’s more to it than just the two minds – there’s also the brain.”

“Yes,” Dee replied, smiling again. “It’s actually a trinity -- brain, subconscious mind and conscious mind.”

He instantly recognized the term **trinity**. It was used throughout religious tradition to represent the father (God), the son (living beings), and the holy spirit (soul). After mentioning this to Dee, he was even more befuddled.

She explained that **God**, in her belief system, represents the higher vibrational levels of thought and ideas; the **holy spirit** represents the collective subconscious to which all individual minds are connected; the **Son** represents the illusion of the physical world and individual conscious minds that judge and filter the experience of the illusion.

She then went on to explain that the subconscious mind, when healthy, maintains a connection to a higher vibrational level of thought and ideas that the conscious mind can access. If one’s thinking patterns are self-destructive it can alter that connection, or even block it, in extreme cases. This is what has often occurred when a person behaves in an antisocial or harmful manner, or when mental illness emerges. Mental illness is exactly how it sounds – disease (dis-ease) of the mind brought about by harmful thought patterns over periods of existence. Thinking patterns also wire the brain synapses as they are recorded. As the brain experiences continuous input, the wiring forms the subconscious blueprint. “It’s similar to DNA,” she explained. “DNA stores the various blueprints of the physical illusion, while the brain stores the blueprints of the psychological responses to it.”

“You said the subconscious mind doesn’t judge, but it seems like it does,” he asked.

Dee explained that organizing the data is not a result of judgment, but only the computer processor doing its job. If something is repeated often enough, it “assumes” it is something important to the conscious mind and to the person (aspect) involved. The filtering and programming are accomplished by the conscious mind.

He mulled all this over for a moment, said his goodbyes to a few others and continued walking with Dee toward her car. “Do you mean I have control over what goes into my subconscious mind?”

“Well, there are certain events and other forces that you don’t control, but you do have the ability to control how you react, and how much emphasis you place on them. If you allow it go in unfiltered, the subconscious picks a place to store it, doing the best it can without more direct guidance from the conscious mind.”

“Wow,” he feigned. “There’s apparently a lot more to the mind than I ever imagined.” Although he found her comments to be thought provoking, he still wasn’t convinced of any of it.

“Jake, most people have no idea.” Dee responded, extending her hand with a heartfelt smile. “We can all learn to guide and reprogram our existence with purpose. It just takes practice.”

“Fascinating. Thanks Dee,” he said. “Great presentation. I really enjoyed it.”

On the way home Carey mentioned something he hadn’t thought about before. She asked him a question with which he was familiar, but had never considered very seriously.

“Okay,” Carey said. “If a tree falls in the forest and there’s no one there to hear it, does it make a sound?”

“I don’t know,” Jake answered, “does it?”

“No, dad. It doesn’t make a sound. If there’s no one or no receiver nearby, there is no sound. Now, think about that. Really think about it. What does it tell you?”

He mulled it over for a moment, but didn’t grasp what she was getting at. “I give up. What does it tell me?”

“It tells us that the sound isn’t real if there is no one or nothing there to receive it. To take it a step further, the tree isn’t real if no one or nothing is there to observe it!”

“Wait a minute,” he interjected. “The tree could still be real, even if there’s no one there.”

“No! You don’t understand,” she exclaimed in a huff. “The physical world seems real because of a collective agreement to manifest it. It’s maintained by a mutual belief that it’s real.”

Jake glared at his daughter with astonishment, chuckled slightly and slid into the driver’s seat. As Carey took her place on the passenger side, he was still chuckling.

“What’s so funny?” she snapped.

After he managed to subdue his amusement and stop his head from shaking in disbelief, he placed his hand lovingly on her shoulder. “Mrs. Harvey tried to explain it to me but I wasn’t sold on it. Convincing me the physical world isn’t real is going to be a very hard sell.”

Carey turned her glance out the window and sighed. “It’s too complicated to explain. I’ll ask her to explain it to you. She explained it to me and it made perfect sense.”

“Okay, Cupcake. Don’t worry about it. It’s not that important.”

“Yes, it is, dad. It’s very important. It’s the whole reason we see the material world. Don’t you get that?”

“No, I guess I don’t,” he replied, wishing the conversation would end, but Carey had one more thing to say.

“Mrs. Harvey isn’t the only way I came to learn this stuff. I also read about it in a book from the school library -- a physics book.”

“A physics book? I thought all this was metaphysics, not physics.”

“Like I said, Mrs. Harvey can explain it better. She says physics and metaphysics are all the same thing.”

Thank goodness, he thought, he could see the driveway just ahead. Hopefully, Carey would drop the subject when they got home. This topic was a little too much to contemplate at the moment, with all the other circumstances in his life.