

Before traveling to Turnberry on my Bilderberg sleuthing mission, I drove to the western coast of Scotland and took the ferry to Mull, a large, unspoiled island of craggy coastlines and surprisingly few people. On a previous trip to Scotland, I had fallen in love with its tranquility and its natural beauty—moors, waterfalls, forests, beaches—and I felt pulled to return.

The day after I arrived, I drove at sunrise to Calgary Bay on the island's northwest coast. I parked my car, walked on the white sand beach still bubbling from the receding tide, and amused myself with picking up shells. It was too early for sunbathers; I had the beach to myself. After half an hour I stopped. My inner being was perfectly still. There were no thoughts in my mind. As I basked in the experience, I suddenly felt my teacher's presence.

"I have drawn you here to show you this," he told me telepathically. *"This..."* He paused for me to assess my surroundings. *"This is who you are."*

The energy was tremendously clear, the air vibrant with otherworldly light, the waves lapping the sand, the sunlight glistening on the deep turquoise water. Everything was in harmony. Nothing was lacking. Nothing needed to be added. Everything rested in Divine Presence—including me. My mind was still. My heart was open. I was completely at peace, yet it was more than peace; I was one with everything around me. There was no difference between my own awareness and my surroundings. *I was the beach in all its perfection.*

"In your day-to-day life," he resumed, *"your mind is filled with thoughts. Emotions course through your body. But these thoughts and emotions are not who you are. You are this, the perfection of existence, Spirit itself. You forget because you live in the Kali Yuga, a time of violence and destruction. You forget because there are billions of people on the planet. Everyone is psychic. Everyone is awash with the thoughts and emotions of six billion people. All of that has nothing to do with you. This is who you are. Trust yourself. Trust this."*

I scanned the ocean and the beach, my eyes finally coming to rest on the woodlands in the distance. A feeling of sadness washed through me. *I miss the Earth,* I confessed to my teacher on the inner

planes. *Not so many years ago, when the energy of the world was less convoluted, you could take a walk in nature and feel the Earth, but now it's almost impossible. Moments like this are so rare.* I sat down on the sand, crossed my legs, and drank in the beauty.

"You have lived many lifetimes on this planet," he said, *"and you have come to love her deeply."*

My awareness expanded and gradually descended into the Earth itself. Her body was my body; her oceans were my oceans. I could feel her trees rooted in my flesh. I merged with the spirit of Mother Earth, feeling all her strength, her depth, her vast presence.

I ask you for your power, I said spontaneously to the Earth. *I ask for all of the qualities your magnificent female form holds. I must take apart the Patriarchy, and I beseech your help. Please, for the sake of the human race, help me with this task.*

The beach was perfectly still, save for the salty breeze that caressed my face and the solitary cry of a gull overhead.

In order to do this task, I said, now directing my telepathic thought toward my teacher, *I'm going to need the power of the Earth. Is that right?*

"That's right," he answered. *"It's good that you've asked. Ask and you shall receive."*

Spiritual Teachings on Psychic Development

Throughout the eighties, my teacher had taught a variety of subjects, including psychic perception. He believed that everyone is born with psychic ability but that, in an age of reason, people are conditioned from childhood to disregard psychic input.

"Being psychic," he explained one evening to a group of students, *"has to do with having the ability to perceive beyond the physical. It's the study of perception, how to become perception itself eventually. As we develop our psychic perception, we become more aware of ourselves and those around us, of different planes of consciousness, different beings, different energies.*

"Two chakras are involved in psychic perception: the heart and the third eye. The heart is associated with feeling and intuition. The

third eye allows for clairvoyance, clairaudience, seeing into the future and the past, knowing what's going on," his eyes widened, "in other people's bedrooms!" Everyone laughed. "...without having to be there and go through the experience yourself." He now joined us in our laughter.

He explained that everyone can typically use three methods of perception: sensing (with the physical body, by way of the five senses), analyzing (with the mental body), and feeling (with the emotional body). Psychic perception is a fourth method of perception. "With psychic perception we can simply *know* things. We can know what something looks like without having to look at it physically. We can know what something feels like without having to go through an emotional process. Psychic perception is shorthand. It's a faster method of apprehending something's true nature."

His first instruction was simply to *believe*, to move beyond the rational concept that the psychic doesn't exist. When I first met my teacher, I had no psychic abilities. I wanted to believe, but I couldn't *see* anything.

"Don't be misled by the term 'seeing,'" he instructed us. "Sometimes psychic perception is visual, but sometimes it is a feeling, a knowing."

This advice helped. I struggled to unhook from my physical vision. It was easier if I concentrated on feeling.

My teacher would often ask us to look at something—either in the physical or in another dimension—and report our psychic perception. I felt like a fish out of water. If I was lucky, I could identify a feeling while other students described visuals in enormous detail. It was infuriating.

I badgered my teacher. "Why am I unable to see?"

"Too much baggage," he explained. "You need to lighten up."

I shook my head in frustration.

"What blocks the development of psychic perception," he explained patiently, "is your attachment to your thoughts, ideas, beliefs, emotions—liking some while avoiding others—and your senses. You have a description of the world. You see life in a certain

way. We are conditioned to see life in a certain way. But that's not really the way life is. Life is a flux. It's fluid. We simply *order* it in a particular way. You focus your attention on certain things and ignore others. If you want to become psychic, you need to learn to let go."

Sometimes, as I listened to people describe their seeings, I recognized I had felt or even seen the same thing. Hearing them voice their experiences brought my cloudy perception into sharper focus. It was like studying a foreign language. I slowly assimilated a psychic vocabulary, learning to associate feelings with visuals and ultimately to interpret them.

"If you really want to learn to be psychic," my teacher told us, "spend time with someone who is. It's not your intellect that learns this skill; it's your awareness field. By associating with someone who is psychic, your body of awareness learns from their body of awareness."

The best person to learn from, of course, was my teacher, who was phenomenally developed psychically. He could read us like a book, describing details about our lives that even we didn't know. He would kick off lectures by giving a psychic readout of what was happening in the world. I was continually astounded. My hazy understandings about world affairs would become crystal clear as he reported the "energetic news."

My teacher advocated using a meditation technique to develop psychic perception. He called it gazing. It was an open-eye meditation in which we stilled our thoughts and gazed at an object. We were to hold our attention on the object steadily without using a particularly intense focus. Because the gazer takes on the energy of the object on which she gazes, he suggested objects in nature—a stone, a candle flame, the center of a flower—rather than those that were human-made. The trick was not to anticipate anything. Expecting something to happen was a sure way to remain locked in the three-dimensional, physical world. By remaining neutral and keeping the intellect at bay, the awareness field, which was far more intelligent than the mind, had a chance to take over and capture knowledge about the object.

I began making steady progress by practicing. After a few minutes

of gazing, I would see the object begin to shift and change. I was phasing in and out of different dimensions, seeing what the object looked like in alternate realities. A red rose, for example, was only solid in the physical. In an alternate dimension, I perceived it as a radiant, otherworldly red hue. In yet another dimension I saw the rose break into individual particles of consciousness, each surrounded by an ethereal red light.

“What does it mean,” I asked my teacher, “when the rose breaks into particles of consciousness?”

“It doesn’t *mean* anything. Stop trying to understand it with your mind. Seeing has nothing to do with the mind. It’s a completely different method of apprehending things. After some time, when your skill is more developed, you’ll be able to decode what you see and bring it down through the conscious mind, but when you are engaged in the act of seeing, don’t try to figure it out. Just see.”

It had been twenty years since my teacher explained his gazing technique, and since that time I had clocked thousands of hours gazing. Now, in Scotland, my practice was about to pay off.

The Transformational Power of Love

Leaving behind the beautiful, nature-filled Isle of Mull, I returned to the Scottish mainland and drove south down the coast, past Glasgow. Busy highways narrowed to country roads that wound through Scottish villages. Long-horned Scottish cattle stared at me across stone walls. Weather-worn farmers tipped their woolen caps as I passed.

Then fifteen miles outside of Turnberry, the place where the Bilderbergers had met just four years earlier, I hit a wall of dark, heavy energy. It was almost palpable, and I suddenly felt intense fear. I reached out on the inner planes to my teacher.

“*I’m right beside you,*” he told me telepathically. “*Just listen to everything I tell you while you’re here.*”

I slowed the car and focused on the road. Five miles from the hotel, I began to feel nauseated. Taking some deep breaths, I labored on. As I crested the hill overlooking Turnberry, I caught my breath

and pulled the car to the side of the road. Emerald moors sloped down toward the sea. Beyond the craggy coastline was an island, a gigantic rock. It felt extraordinarily powerful but had a dark, sinister cloud of energy around it.

What in God’s name is that? I wondered.

A half an hour later, standing at the window of my modest eighty-dollar-a-night hotel, I stared at the luxurious five-hundred-dollar-a-night Turnberry Hotel, ensconced on the Scottish coastline opposite the rock island. The hotel’s long, white façade and red-tiled roof found a perfect complement in the red-hued sand traps of the golf course below and the cumulus clouds overhead. My eyes drifted beyond it to the churning sea. I wanted to inspect the hotel but was put off by that island. Its distorted energy made me tremble. I turned inward to my teacher for advice.

I’m thinking about going to the Turnberry for dinner tonight. What do you think?

“I just hope you brought something to wear.”

An hour later, sporting a handmade silk jacket over a classic black shift, I parked my economy rental car next to a Rolls Royce and, bolstering my confidence, entered the Turnberry’s marble lobby. An attractive young woman at the front desk looked up and smiled. I approached and inquired if she could help me with a dinner reservation.

When she had completed a phone call to the dining room on my behalf, I asked, “Have you worked at the hotel for some time?”

“Yes,” she replied, “for a number of years.”

“You wouldn’t happen to know if the Bilderberg Conference was held here in 1998, would you?”

“Oh, yes,” she answered quickly. “I actually worked during the conference. Not all of our employees did—they brought in their own staff. But I’m a manager, and a few of the high level staff stayed on during the conference.”

I nodded. “That must have been *very* interesting for you.”

“Indeed,” she replied, her eyes brightening significantly. “I’ve never seen so many dignitaries. They instructed the staff not to look