

Bryan's Story

This is the 'short' version of my story. I will revise it, as I work out parts I have hidden from myself, or that I finally understand.

I was born on March 5th, 1965. My Astrological chart is mess. I'm a Pisces, born under another water sign. I have 6 water signs, 2 Fire, 2 Air, 3 Earth Signs. Did I mention 10 are mutable? And 2 are fixed?

White bread suburban upbringing. I have childhood memories from being 2 or so. I never quite fit well into school. I went home once in 1st grade because I didn't like the teacher. I was quite smart (I have 155 IQ), which means I didn't do much schoolwork. I spent most of 6th grade reading books.

Around that timeframe I had had a major tragedy. I had a special cat. I found her fishing at a creak one day, and she followed me home. She was quite attached to me. She would bring me presents, mice, birds, rabbits. She would bring home Night Hawks (that's a bird that hunts insects at night and never lands on the ground). She would jump to the tops of doors and perch, waiting to swat someone. My mother was doing laundry one day, and left the dryer open for a while. She stuffed in more clothes and turned on the dryer. It thumped, like when drying shoes, for some time. Thus I lost my best friend. Part of me was lost that day.

Fast forward to 16. In hindsight I realize I had learned to meditate. I would lay awake at night and feel the energy. This is around 1981, no Internet. I recall it was a sort of blue. One day I came into the possession of a plain yellow book. It was written by Gavin Frost, and was a Witchcraft sampler. I cannot recall how I got it. I was fascinated. Auras and energy work, Spells, and many things. I devoured it. After a few months I needed more. My first energy work was to contact the Authors for 'more' help.

About a month later, I hit a comic book store with a friend. I was browsing the used book section and there it was, a black book with a silver Ankh, and original Witches Bible (it had everything in it, including full ritual magic with sex). I bought the book without question. I never questioned the timing until this year.

The book changed my way of thinking. I never pursued the full practicing of the craft, although I did experiment a little. My first time casting a circle at 2 AM and trying to contact 'spirits' shook me pretty badly (I succeeded). The philosophy stuck with me for the rest of my life. Many times it got me through some internal philosophical doubts. Some of the rituals I later did taught me to beware of what you ask for, you just might get it!

My next great trauma was my senior year in high school. My dad changed jobs, so we moved from Ohio to Illinois. At the time I was devastated, I had been in the school system my whole life. My 'glorious' senior year and I knew no one. This is the point I became a serious depressive.

Now move was worth it. I did a ritual to find my soul mate, and I did. She moved to a new school her senior year as well.

6 years of college revolved around me trying to get out of college. I was on a full military scholarship and I wasn't happy with my choice. I took it because it was 'expected' of me. I got married in September of 1987. In hindsight I did feel a shift in 1987, but I never had a clue of what/how.

Our son was born in December of 1987, and my first 'real' job started in January of 1988. Most of my life was empty during these years. I simply existed. I changed jobs 4 times, 3 of them I attribute to 'money spells', or perhaps sensing my unhappiness, the 'money spells' were a result of my impending leaving? Chicken and egg.

Our daughter was born in September of 1995.

In August of 1996 I nearly died. I worked as an engineer in a factory. In August it could hit 100F Degrees. We had large coolers of Gatorade to drink for everyone. I filled up my cup full of ice, and took a deep drink. It was bleach/water-cleaning solution. I started gagging as I ran to the bathroom to flush my mouth/face. Leaning against a sink, my airway slowly closed shut. I pushed down the panic and realized I would die right there if I didn't get control of myself. I fell back to what meditation I know, and force myself to relax. Slow my heartbeat and open my airway. Maybe a minute went by before I sucked in some tainted air. In another minute I was in an altered state, barely breathing. In 5 minutes I was though it and breathing okay. I owed my life to meditation studies, such as they were.

In September of 1996 I was 'laid-off'. I think in hindsight it was spiteful, but I got over it.

In 1997 my marriage was on the rocks. I wasn't paying attention to my wife or my family, or myself. My wife asked me "Are you happy, do you want to leave me and the kids?" It shocked me, but not that much. Enter radical marriage therapy. Swinging. Either it cures or kills. It seemed to help.

In the spring of 2000 I got 'fired' from a job I really like. In hindsight, it was a good thing, the company was going under and I would have been let go, or taken a radical pay cut to stay there. The depression hit me harder than ever. I was simply existing. A few months later I got another job, and 16 months later I was fired again. I had been metaphysically numb the whole time, locked into depression, barely surfacing enough to do some healing or a little money work.

In September 2001 I got a new job. It was pretty good, close to home, low hours, high pay and they loved me. After about 8 months I had run out of gas. I was slipping deeper into depression.

December 2002 started my trip into hell. I was playing online video games during my sons birthday party. Nothing could make me happy. Old pleasures

were hollow. I was ignoring my wife very much. I had zero interest in sex. While we were technically still swinging, it was just sex. Then we crossed a threshold and she saw someone else. With my knowledge. But she wasn't after sex, she wanted what I wasn't giving her, love and attention. It worked out for awhile, but I couldn't quite handle it. They crossed the line of casual sex. An afternoon get together was found out. It got very ugly. Ultimately we expanded to include his wife. Then he couldn't handle it. I understand the Darkside of energy work, sexual energy has many uses. Ultimately it all ended in December of 2003.

Only it didn't. You see, 'he' was her best friend's husband. Right out of a bad soap opera. I couldn't let it go. It consumed me. I slipped over the edge, madness. Madness with a metaphysical edge. Bad, very bad. I was capable of anything. I think an Angel kicked me in the ass to go see a Doctor in late February.

Now Hell has many levels. Enter Paxil CR. It did help. I was semi-lucid, like being a bag of wet leaves. It had a serious sexual side effect that it's famous for. It also is great for inhibiting any energies you have. 9 weeks of Paxil had lulled me into a feeling of 'normalcy'. But the side effects were too much, so I changed to Wellbutrin XL. No sexual side effects with Wellbutrin, but it made me extremely edgy and anxious. 3 Weeks of Wellbutrin had made me a twitching homicidal disassociated person.

Now Hell has pits, and stopping Wellbutrin and starting Remoran dropped me into one of the darkest pits of Hell. I was already homicidal and disassociated, now I wasn't 'me'. My wife came back from 2 weeks visiting her mother's. One look at me at the airport and she burst into tears. I don't quite know how I managed to stop taking the meds after 10 days. If I hadn't, I don't think I would be here in the NOW.

Another trip to the Doctor, and another prescription. Effexor XR. LUCIDITY! Virtually no side effects and complete lucidity. It was such a dramatic shift from where I was 2 weeks before. In hindsight, I had help; there is no other way. That last week involved a LOT of soul searching. I went back to my doctor for a full prescription, filled it, and never took a pill.

I went cold turkey off meds in the end of June. Having managed to claw myself awake, I wasn't about to slide back down. I had a vision at a 4th of July fireworks display. I'm sure I didn't interpret it right, having just managed to get back on my metaphysical feet, but it had a profound effect on me. I was seeing entities in the smoke left over from the fireworks. They were telling me everything was ok.

We had a planned vacation the first week of July. We spent it in the woodlands of upper Michigan. I spent most of it sitting quietly meditating, or walking in the woods. That's all I wanted to do. We slept outside in a camper, everything was right with the world.

At this time I found a Metaphysical forum. Well, it's all about Astral Projection, but it was the right place at the right time. It let me connect with a special friend of mine. She calls herself a Quantum Witch, and has a difficult problem with time. She helped me think through what I needed to contemplate. Now I think of it as a stroke victim re-learning to speak and walk. She told me things I needed to know, and didn't tell me things I had to learn for myself. She came to me seeking help, knowing that I could help her in helping myself. Conceptualizing no time isn't as difficult for me as some others.

In August 2004 I came out of my metaphysical closet to my wife. I had been trying to get her to awaken. A week of Kundulini type energy work had produced negative energy constructs, an OBE on her part, and other assorted spiritual encounters. It was the scariest thing I ever did, and also the best thing I ever did. I felt like every day would bring new epiphanies, and I wasn't disappointed. I spent a good bit of September cleaning up after myself, metaphysically speaking from earlier in the year. Kiddie's notions of how things work came and went, stepping stones to better understanding. I found Kryon in August, a group I resonate with. Horizons expanded.

September seemed to simply be. Like the calm before a storm?

October heralded many changes. I had lost about 40 pounds of weight, stopped drinking (I can't it gives me severe headaches). I'd given up about every bad habit I had. We joined a church, curtasey of my daughter wanting to go to church. What are the odds of finding a Metaphysical church? Pretty good with help looking over your shoulder.

I found a new spiritual community in October. At first I thought it too kissy goo-goo. Maybe I still do a bit, but I understand the need now. I also discovered a better online chat, with real spiritual people. On one profound weekend I found my animal guides (Ravens, don't ya love it?) and my Higher self. A spectacular Friday got me in contact with free 'mini-reading' to find my animal guides. 10 difficult minutes alter the Shaman got it nailed down. The next night I went for broke and asked another medium about my guides. She said I had 9, with two archangel groups. I took that with a grain of salt, it didn't feel right. I meditated, and pondered, and slipped pretty deep thinking about it.

Then I sort of went for a connection. At the time I couldn't feel/hear very well, so I cheated. I went for your basic yes/no device. The questions started, the answers came. For an hour I was connected. I stayed in deep focus, asking this and that. I confirmed my Ravens, but only 1 Archangel group. Did I mention this was on the heels of the first Quintile? It was.... enlightening. I changed to a pendulum later on, and that helped me greatly. I was starting to feel/hear and converse with my higher self, with the right meditation. Baby steps.

Stumble. What happens when you don't focus or concentrate (2 kids, remember?)? What happens when you ask questions that can have multiple, or no wrong answer? So lesson learned I became much more careful about when/how I tried for hard answers from my higher self.

The October eclipse was preceded 1/2 hour before by the news that my father had multiple cancers. Steady, a little shock but it went well. I fasted for the event, and continued through the second Quintile. We were having our new member church orientation for the end of the quintile; I nearly fell out of my chair.

Fast forward to Late November. I was meditating in the bathtub (don't laugh, it works for me), when I had a vision of a glowing golden (I can now tell the difference between golden and yellow) and a door. I had just finished 4 days of intense reading of the website www.multidimensions.com. It had sung to me, on multiple levels, had rightness about it, like my Kryon readings had. 3 days later I had been wondering about a list of Ascended Masters, when link 'magically' appeared in another post. I printed the list and went into meditation. I asked my higher self if I had an Ascended Master I should work with. Well, in hindsight they had always been there, just in the background. So I asked and got El Morya. Master M pointed out that I had a book in my possession for over 10 weeks I hadn't read, and it was his bailiwick. Interesting to find out that how you think has a name: Theosophy. I have this confirmed by another's reading, but I didn't need it, I knew.

Jump forward another week when I sheepishly realize there are more to guides than Masters. So I ask myself if there are others? Yes, I have a guardian angel. Not all angelic names have an 'el' in them, enter khight. It seems 'he' has been with me always, through all my incarnations. He had messages for me from 'prior' incarnations: Age Honestly. It seems I have a faith and self-love problem, so he's been cheerleading me.

So I will stop with November. December had another paradigm shift, and perhaps marks a new book in my life.

-Namaste