

[Tom Sawyer came to my house on Friday evening, October 13, 1989. He and Bruce went to climb a mountain on Saturday morning. They came home, we ate lunch, and he went into the living room and began talking to the dozen or more people assembled there. I didn't get the recorder turned on right away, and thus missed the early part of his talk. What follows is a transcript of what was recorded]

Tom You don't have to be a catalyst. Well I just want to summarize what we were talking about. Very quickly (making up the phrase), a bleam in time is Mork to Mork on television, and a bleam is the equivalent of about one second in time. He would say, "Well, just a few bleams." A comedy. A bleam of light to me is the equivalent of a single photon of light.

I'm not talking about the scientific light; I'm talking about the spiritual light. How dare I say the light of Christ or the light of God is the ten million billion bleams of light all put together and that will make the light of God. None of these numbers will be correct for anything, but for measurement purposes let's say that fifty bleams of light is your soul and your personality. You are fifty bleams of light. With that body, who you are, and your character and characteristics. So we each have fifty bleams of light. Or you may have 35 and 50, or you may have 45 and 50 you're not less than he-- In other words the math breaks down. But anyway, out of 50 bleams of light, little Mary or Johnny that we're talking about now will have five bleams of Hipatia. In other words, five little bleams of light vibrate most exactly in the yellow spectrum. And that's a reincarnated essence or aspect of Hipatia.

Or hypothetically you could say these few little bleams of light, which is Hipatia, have slowed down to be reincarnated into-- And that makes little Johnny or Mary say, "I'm going to be a teacher." And also it can be another analogy--I'm trying to think what the phrase is. What happens when a little seven year old child walks up to his or her very first piano and plays accurately? Right. That is, by our standards, a lopsided degree of an enhanced, reincarnated ability or essence, or aspect of bleams of light from a previous soul. How dare we say that? [Woman asks question. Not audible]

No, in other words, little Johnny or Mary is not Hipatia. Right. Like a few little bleams. But you see the math breaks down. Now it is correct to say yes, he was two percent Hipatia. Hipatia, now being dead and only in soul

form, only beams of light, enters into the light, and becomes with God, like God. But the math totally breaks down because you see light is love, you can't take a knife and cut out of love and take it away. If you theoretically cut love in half and take it, there's not half love here and half love there. You can't divide it, you can't destroy it. You can't segregate God.

You have perceptions that we are separate from God, we are less than God, but the divinity within us, the actual beams of light that are in every cell in us, and collectively that makes the soul. We can think of that in terms of being subordinate or less than and separate from God. But the math totally breaks down. If I'm fifty beams of light, God is not minus fifty beams of light. Trust me in that. God is still one hundred percent. [Long comment from woman across room from Tom]

See, the incomprehensible part is at that point at which you no longer exist and you only become light, because the character and the characteristics that you are, the uniqueness that is you and nobody else, and you cease each exists. But every bit of that is available. See that's the paradox part. We westerners have trouble with paradoxes! We're not culturally conditioned to understand even two sides of the paradox, let alone the third singular all-encompassing aspect of a paradoxical situation. [A question]

Well it does because for instance, all of the various unique characteristics that you instantaneously blend with, as well as all that you have been culturally conditioned with, for, or too, that you should overcome, or improve on, or be part of and learn. All of those things.

[Question about being better, would that help] See, that's not a true statement. We wish that, and morally that's nice thing. But mathematically or realistically that is an untrue statement. To do that and better yourself to be a mirrored image of God does enhance God. But then the paradoxical side of that is you can't enhance God. God is perfect. God is only light. God is only love. Unconditional love. You cannot improve unconditional love.

You see that in itself is a two-sided paradox. Both statements are one hundred percent correct. Yes you can improve yourself in this circumstance that we call reality, improve and therefore enhance yourself, your well being, your happiness, become more divine--whatever. You can learn by your badness, by your malicious acts, you can be less than God. To be lustful, malicious, greedy, egotistical, all of those things, and you can learn from

that and then be able to have a measurement of less than God so that you, even if it requires your entire lifetime, and you will only then have the measurement during your transitional state which is like a near-death experience, and then ultimately the final death process--the transitional state all the way to the light, all the way to God, and then even if it be just a split of a second out of time, that you have enough measurement of less than God and you will then be able to appreciate and become God again. You will then blend marvelously into God's light and be in heaven, go to paradise and make it all the way.

From the perception of God, we so often incorrectly think of God as, "The God up there." the Big Boss. He, the Man, or It or she is just fine. We think in terms like, "Well, if I was God I would--" But you see in a way all of that is incorrect. Because from that level it is incorrect for God to think, "Well she is better than she is. He's better than-- Well, if you really try hard you're going to be that much better and that will make me, Dad, smile." But the paradoxical side of that is, from our point of view, from our humanistic point of view with our values, our intuitive morals, as well as our culturally conditioned morals, we have measurements like that, all as meaningful, right and just. And going around and around in circles. And bouncing back and forth between either side of the paradox. [Another comment]

Not at all. I have had in the last ten years a problem with the word hell. Here's why. The dictionary's definition and what I've been told about hell, is the one aspect of it is that it is absolutely, positively forever. Eternal damnation in hell. I can't quite accept that. Maybe it's only a word game. But for instance, if you tend to play a word game, I can accept the word hell if you say to the end of time. That's acceptable to me. I happen to know that time element. Time has ended before and it will end again. I'll give you one other example, which I certainly don't have to mention because I always demand it of myself, but if you talk about the near-death experience, or my near-death experience, the whole phenomenon I like that word. Do you know what the word phenomenal means? Something that is a phenomenal we don't know anything about it or enough about it, it is simply whatever it is. A phenomenal. I told that to Ken Ring and he--

[Someone knocked on the door and was invited to come in. Tom turned the recorder off. General greetings and talk for a moment. After everyone was

settled down again, he resumed. It was a few moments before I noticed the recorder was off and turned it back on]

Tom ... for this moment right now, for everybody in this room, including me, not for the future but for right now, there is currently existing an unattainable human goal. In other words, nobody in this room is this goal that I'm about to say. Our goal is to become unconditional love. Now right away I've thrown out a phrase that has to be qualified. Unconditional love is like the love of the Christ, the love of God. Unconditional love. Everything that you said in asking the question was conditional love. Beautiful and lovely and even divine, but conditional love.

The most beautiful scenario is, which is our goal, to learn all these loves that most of us have already experienced. Love translated to--how can we tell our love, show our love? We can do it sexually and emotionally. A very loving sexual experience in a proper atmosphere is an expression of love. Yes it is. It is very beautiful. It can be misused, of course, we all know that.

Emotionally, is it good or bad for me to be an emotional man? Of course it is good. When I was 33 you would never have seen me cry. I did cry at the Olympic Trials when I crashed. I cried when I was about nine years old when my rabbit died, but not in between. Now, since the age of 33 I can cry anytime I want too. It's okay.

In fact I've suggested to men in general that if you don't cry at least once a month, you might be missing something out of your life. It may be you need to go to a tear-jerker movie and allow yourself to cry, to become emotional, to look at a gorgeous child, or whatever. When you experience all these different kinds of love, and you learn about them, you learn about your own personal inequities, your values, your abilities to enhance the love another person, outwardly, or your honest, pure self-love, in a pure way and to enhance that.

You build and build and build, you're knocked down a few times, and then you build and build again. That's where we all are right now. The wonderful part of that and one of our goals is to still learn and build off that, to reach that plateau where you can be or experience unconditional love.

At that point you will never be bothered by the death of your own mother, or your spouse, or your own child. That sounds like an awfully horrendous

thing to dare say to a mother, a bereaved mother. Or anybody else. At that point in time you only can smile, you can only feel gleefully warm, you can only laugh out loud.

My father passed on five years ago, maybe six years ago, in July. Due to circumstances I had to promise him-- We had many conversations; he was terminally ill for many years, and intensively for the last three years of his life. We had much time and dialogue back and forth. He never fully accepted the validity of my near-death experience. He never fully accepted quote unquote Christianity, his Christianity which was basically French Catholic, American-Canadian type. It was offensive to him through social and immoral circumstances. He was basically at peace with himself when he did pass on. But he had that most beautiful opportunity to be able to apologize to anyone that he would have wished to apologize to before he passed on. To say to the people that he had not said, I love you. Ask for forgiveness--in other words to my sisters, and to members of the family and close friends. He had that opportunity. It was very beautiful.

Anticipating my father's passing, very scientifically and honestly, I said to Ken Ring, "You know there is a way about it, an aspect that I'm eagerly anticipating my father's death. Because that will be scientific proof for me. I mean I talk about all this stuff-- but my own father! it's not only my father whom I love but this is my buddy, this is my hunting and fishing partner." And I said, "There's no way that I can lie to myself. When he dies, am I going to cry?" And how much bereavement I would have to go through--I expected to go through some but how much? Will I miss a day of work? Or will I have a rough, tough, give-a-shit attitude? Will I squelch-- Well, I'm not going to cry, I have to stand upright and hug my sisters. Here's a good test.

Well, he passed on. I anticipated the time of his death but I had promised him--and he was very honest about this that he did not want his death to interfere with all of our lives. I lived in Rochester; he was in Rome, New York, hospital a hundred and thirty-five miles away. "I don't want you staying at the farm and being at the hospital every day, missing work, missing your normal life style, knowing that this might carry on another three years." getting towards the last couple of months. So I had to promise him even if I knew of the time of his passing that I would not interrupt my normal, daily routine. Translated that meant I had to go to work that day; I

had to stay in Rochester and not interrupt my normal daily routine.

I fulfilled that promise, but I did have a little bag packed and the car all ready, and I did have enough time to call Elaine and say, "It's time-- [Tom emotional] --it's time I have to go to Rome. I took off. I was something like halfway there when the phone call came to my house, "Would you tell Tom that his father is very sick and he should come right away." I did not make it to the hospital. One of my desires was to speed like 85 to 90 miles an hour and get there in time. Which was, in a way, ridiculous, because I already knew that he was going to be in the operating room, or intensive care, and they wouldn't have let me in anyway. It was just like something that I was doing. So I had that desire to be there.

I was speeding along somewhere near that Liverpool outfit near Syracuse, New York. I didn't have my watch with me, but I just took my foot up off the gas and slowed down. At first I felt actually physically hot, not uncomfortably, but warm, a beautiful warm feeling. I just leaned back and relaxed, went down to about 65 miles an hour, stayed with traffic, and cruised right in the rest of the way about 20 minutes to the Rome hospital. And knowing--in fact I just went like this and said, "Well, he's on his way." What that represented to me was his state of clinical death in that heart stoppage, basic straight brain pattern at the point where he was more than fifty percent spiritual and the next fifty percent physically alive. His hair was still growing, rigor mortis had not set in, so where do you draw the line to death? Okay, but he was fifty percent spiritual. His mind had already focused in and the soul and the mind were more uniquely one, and out of his body and on his way, so to speak. That felt beautiful; I wanted to yell, yippee! So I actually started laughing out loud. And now the guy that I had just finished passing, passed by me and saw me laughing. He must have thought I was nuts.

So I cruised into the hospital. Now here's what I had to do. I realized that it would be more proper of me to role play and be serious, keep a basic straight face for the purposes of my mother, my sisters, and my aunts who would be there and all torn up and crying--the usual type emotions and so on. And I did that. I had to be serious. And with my mother I said, "Mom, all I want to do is smile; do you understand?" She was crying and said, "Yeah, Tom, I know. But you understand that I am crying because of all that I have been through." My mother had stayed right at the hospital for the last three

months. She lived there. On a rare occasion, once or twice a week, she'd scoot to the farm and check on everything. My younger sister lived with her, took care of the horses there, and arrangements were made. There was just like a horrendous relief that he had passed on. She wasn't really bereaving as a loss really, but she was crying. We all hugged and I stayed there and that helped the situation.

We finally left the hospital and everybody went to the farm. But I stuck back at the hospital a little bit and checked with the nurses. I said, "Excuse my ignorance, I'm not familiar, but this is the first death in the family." I've never had any close relative or very close friend to die. Is there anything that you'd like me to do?" They said, "Gee, Tom, you seem so in control. Are you okay?" I said, "I don't know if you will understand but have you ever heard of a near-death experience?" And then the other nurse walked in and she said, "Oh hi, Tom. I happened to hear you and yes I've heard of that." And the other nurse said, "Tom is an experimenter; he was clinically dead for a little while." And I said, "Well that pretty much says it all. I only want to say, Yippee! Of course I wouldn't say it in the ICU department--I mean, yippee, my father's dead!"

But they understood as best that they could. I signed a few papers, made some arrangements and went to the house: role played again. Now they had a rather rushed funeral. My father actually had decided that to be cremated was the quickest, easiest way. He wasn't attached to religious ceremonies, spiritual aspects of the burial, and so on. But at the last minute my two youngest sisters were very offended at the idea of having no body at all, no burial place, etc. We had a family vote and we had a burial for him at a grave site and so on. Mostly for my two younger sisters who were at home at the time.

Took care of that. This was a very small farm that they lived in; Point Rock, there are five houses there, very rural, way up in the mountains and so on. The cemetery is very old--two hundred years or better. The records aren't that good. They had the plot-- The plot, the burial, and perpetual care, five years ago, cost \$25.00.

They dug the plot and they had made a mistake and dug down on another coffin. So now we have this, to me, hysterically funny situation. I'm where I'm about to fake the burial of my father in someone else's grave. So this is all a joke to me. I've got to keep this from the family. I took the phone call

when they realized, and so I said, "Well, what would you suggest we do to correct this? It would be best that we not postpone the funeral. Could you in fact leave the grave site open? We'll have the ceremony and we'll be able to take the coffin back to the funeral parlor and make other arrangements the next day." He couldn't believe I was talking this way! He was afraid of a lawsuit or something.

[There was an interruption at this time; someone else at the door. People talked among themselves a moment or two as everybody got settled down again]

Tom I was a 145 pounds for seventeen consecutive years, until my near-death experience. Around the time. There was a physiological change or something, a little middle age spread of maybe a gain of five pounds attributed to that, even fifteen pounds. I gained fifty pounds! Right now I'm fifty pounds overweight. I am suffering; it's my own fault because I know what to do and how to do it and on and on. A whole bunch of circumstances. This is where I am right now. I really should be on about a 1250 calorie diet--don't know if I will the next day or so! But anyway I'm paying the price.

[Marvin made a comment at this point. Could not hear him]

Tom You see, the joke on us is, this is not reality. This is a temporary--a vacation if you want to call it that, or temporary schooling, or a stopping place. [Another person commented on Downs Syndrome] You see when I say nature, I mean the total universe and God. There is no justification in nature. There is only nature. There's no righteousness, there's no judgmental righteousness, there is no justification. It's not necessary and there is no justification in nature.

As the world turns, one planet explodes. It's been part of space a million billion years. There's no justification necessary. I mean here's the game right here and you set it in motion with certain rules and regulations. No. There's a chaotic state of the universe as we perceive it and there doesn't need to be justification.

However, regarding some circumstances--like you said [indicating

woman] like Downs syndrome and what have you, retardation and so on. Let me start by saying, "Can you understand or accept some responsibility for the not perfect state of our society right now? You were born even though you didn't ask to be born, necessarily, so it's not your fault. But isn't it all of our fault? Aren't we our brother's keeper? Don't we have some participation and responsibility, or at least acceptance, of anything that's not perfect, righteous, and just? [Woman commented again]

Right! But the most subtle form completes the act. Somebody's in the most subtle form-- In other words, look at all the murder and mayhem going on. The truth of the matter is none of us is doing 100 percent our job to correct any of that. None of us are. I'm not. [Marvin comments that we are like sheep following when some of us should be leading]

Well, if you have a flock of sheep, and one sheep breaks a leg, does the sheep blame the shepherd? No, they don't even think in terms like that. It's a human condition. Emotions which lead to and bring on phobias which is nothing more than ignorance. Psychology, future anticipation, methodical, thought out, planned future participation. These are human conditions. Which all the rest of nature does not do. Now that I've said that, I can contradict it and say [Donne's(?) or Young's(?) something, something] that photons being focused through two slits in a paper--with light shining--a given photon can decide which side it will go through. Some have to go through here and some have to go through here. How is that divided? Each photon has a decision making characteristic property in it. Is a photon alive or not?

Well as we perceive life, we might consider that it does have a decision making property. In other words, I'm contradicting myself right there, making it ambiguous. I'm losing my train of thought too. . . There are some things that you only have to picture in a broad sense for all of mankind. Our failings, our lustfulness, our greed, that we don't control, either through laziness-- Even though we know methodically, that you can experience some lust and have it enhance your sexuality and therefore enhance your lifestyle. Usually a small amount. I'm saying it can work that way, and it's okay, if there's some kind of control.

Rather instantaneously you can be overcome by that and you'll be a lustful person, and be hurting yourself, your degree of control of yourself. It happens to all of us. Psychological head games! Don't we all play horrendous

head games? I purposely do it and I kind of enjoy doing that, especially when I plan it and know that I'm doing it. It can actually be funny if you really concentrate on it. Subconsciously, the head games that we play. We psychologically justify our overeating habits. We psychologically justify doing things that aren't good for ourselves. There's this whole justification thing. "I don't really need a new car, but I work hard--" When the truth of the matter is the first thing you said was you didn't need a car. Intuitively, usually our first thoughts give us the answer. No we shouldn't do this. Then that's it!

The American Indians were famous for any major decision at all--boom 48 hours, top of the mountain. Not an hour but 48 hours or maybe three days. And they would stick with their intuition. They were able to meditate and stick with their intuition. Rationalize and deal with all the pros and cons, yeah, but be judgmental about it. They then have a much greater tendency to then say, no, my soul and my heart has told me that this is right.

And what we do, we modernize and have to justify. We are all wrapped up in justice, in righteousness and justification, and we play head games. And we very often do what isn't correct, for ourselves. Little subtle things like, "Should I have an extra muffin?" Something as insignificant as that. Should I look at this painting in this way? You have the ability to look at it lustfully, or joyfully, or spiritually, or purely, or try to see the destructing lust in it that the artist depicted. But are you looking at it and trying to understand the lustfulness of the painting? And where was she or he in that moment, and why? Or are you just going to sensationalize and experience the excitement of the lustful aspect that you are interpreting. What do you do? Well, you do all of those things at different times.

The initial intuition will tell you that it is neither here nor there or it's okay for you to be experiencing that. (I'm not doing a very good job explaining the subtle differentiation) In history of mankind, there has been enough self deceit, outward deceit, deception, the power play, the phrase, I'm-better-than-you, in other words, superiority by combination. Boy, are we all guilty of that.

There are the three C's: if you criticize, condemn, and complain of that which is around you, that leaves you equal or superior. You are all a bunch of jerks. That's in a way condemning you, putting you down, but also there's that psychological, even subconscious thought of I'm making myself

superior. Another way of looking at it is if you are all a bunch of jerks, that's the normalcy. And I may or may not be superior to that.

It's that head game type of thing. The greed, ego, all those things put into the mixing bowl here, greed, ego, power play, head games, self deceit, manipulation outwardly, with people around you for whatever purpose. Through history that has created such an illusion of righteousness and justification. Bear with me when I say it's such an illusion, and so horrendously lopsided that we justify things that are spiritually cut and dried and incorrect. We righteously do something that is purely spiritually not justifiable. It's incorrect. And if you really thought in those terms, you would know damn well that you are being egotistical, greedy, or experiencing a subtle form of ego. Or just sensationalism. I'm a good example of so much sensationalism, I can argue both sides of it. I understand a great deal about it.

I used to run track and cross country. I was always the best, from my natural ability, but I was never egotistical about it. Never. It was an abnormal circumstance if you will. I would show off--for the purposes of showing off. I was a comedian. I was the class comedian. And I would show off to make it more fun. To make it more acceptable to my peers.. I never once ran a race to beat one of the other guys. That's abnormal I know. Never raced to beat one of guys on my team or on the other team. I did run to win the team effort if it was a competition, but as far as competition, the object is to do better. To do your best or better. I didn't do those things. [Comment from woman in room]

Yeah, if it's a genuine, amateurish, Olympic caliber athlete. The probability is that-- That's true. What the athlete was saying is true. I knew when I got on the starting line of the track tries of the 1968 Olympic trials--I knew that I had to beat those other four riders. It was real scary and I was excited and everything. And that was about the closest that I ever came to-- I kind of glanced over like that, and I may or may not have--and that was the closest I came to do the best I can to beat those other guys. But this was an elimination race and I have to beat those guys. But I purposely didn't identify and that was the--that I can still claim that I never raced to beat that other guy. And there was never the reverse of oh I failed and those guys beat me. No, it was that there was ten years of such hard work and so on right down the drain and that will not become a reality.

And of course the 1968 Olympic trials was to qualify to go to Mexico, win the games, and then shoot for the 1972 goal run--go for the medal. I was very realistic about it. I had this long range plan which was just dashed right then. So not only the previous ten years of training was wiped out in an accident, but the future four years and the ultimate run for the gold. The highest of probabilities was that I couldn't do that for the first time in an Olympic competition. Because even if I continued to train and everything went well for four more years--I mean the Olympics are so much more than another competition. You have to overcome so much, especially the endurance part when you have a couple of hours to compete. And you have time to think that this is the Olympics. And overcome that emotion and then get on with things.

You know the endurance part of it like the marathon and bicycle racing, is so long in duration, as opposed to making that perfect dive, that you block everything out and you do your perfect dive. The endurance part and the psychology is so much greater. You have the ability to not totally block out and just do your thing, you have the ability to bring that into this race. For this was the Olympic trials. Well... that was fun to go through in the life review.

Let me interrupt myself right now because in this talk today, I mean is it my understanding that some of you won't be able to be with us Sunday? [Two or three said they could not be there] Well, let me run through just for you what happened to me. Before I do let me just... [End of Tape]