



INTRODUCTION

The Reluctant Psychic

Like a ship without a compass, most of us sail blindly through life with no real idea of where we're going.

Then, every so often, we run aground and assume we've reached our destination.

We all search for happiness. Yet few goals are quite as elusive. Often we think we've found it, only to lose it again or to realize we never really had it in the first place. For some of us, happiness keeps turning to disappointment. For others, happiness is always around the next corner.

We'll spend years getting an education and training for the career we've always dreamed of, then end up stuck in a job we hate. We'll search the world for true love, only to get tangled up in a five-year relationship that shouldn't have lasted five minutes.

The problem is that most of us don't know what it is we actually want. We end up sailing from one place to the next,

hoping to find who or what we're looking for through luck rather than design.

The Instruction offers an alternative to this hit-or-miss approach. It explains how to create a happier and more purposeful life by finding out who you are and why you're here.

But how?

Like everyone else on the planet, you have a soul. And what your soul wants is for you to follow the life plan it created before you were born. Your life plan is the map your soul uses to help you navigate the Physical Plane: the three-dimensional world your body and conscious mind inhabit.

Your life plan has clearly defined elements, yet it allows for total free will. It includes a complete personality, a set of goals, challenges to be overcome, people to meet, fears to be faced, and lessons to be learned.

To discover who you are and why you're here, all you have to do is look at your life plan—which is precisely what this book will show you how to do. It will walk you through the ten elements of your life plan and reveal the secrets of living the life your soul intended.

What's the importance of living the life your soul intended? The answer is that by understanding your soul's purpose, you'll no longer sail aimlessly through life. Instead of being that ship without a compass, you'll set course knowing your current location, your destination, and what you're going to do when you get there.

To discover what your soul wants, I'm going to take you on a journey to the Soul World, a place where the answers to all of life's mysteries can be found. As we step through each of twelve

doors, I'll reveal the Instruction, a unique system given to me by elevated spirit guides. Its purpose is to help you better understand yourself and enhance your experience of life on earth.

By the time the journey is complete, you'll have discovered who you are and why you're here, how to overcome many of life's challenges, and how to use what you've learned to live the life your soul intended.

But first, a little about who *I* am and why *I'm* here.

Lost at Sea

In the mid-1990s, I arrived in California amid a cloud of emotional pain and confusion. Behind me was a two-decade-long trail of drama, heartache, and disappointment. Ahead of me I could see nothing but more of the same.

Then I had an epiphany: an incident that literally changed my life.

Ten years earlier, I'd been a cartoon illustrator living and working in central London. On a trip to Brighton on England's south coast, I met a gifted psychic named David Walton. In a dimly lit shop basement, I sat opposite him as he relayed messages from spirit guides on the other side. Everything he said struck me as being astonishingly accurate. That is, until he predicted something so unlikely I couldn't imagine it would ever happen.

He said, "You're going to end up in California."

When I told him the idea didn't particularly appeal to me, he leaned forward, shook his head gravely, and added, "There is nothing you can do about it. Nothing."

A decade later, I found myself in a tiny studio, nestled in an alleyway under the imposing shadow of San Francisco's landmark Fairmont Hotel. The room was eerily silent—so much so that I could hear my heart beating.

I was stressed out to the point that I could barely think straight. I slumped down on the sofa and wondered what to do next. It had been years since I'd meditated, but it seemed as good a time as any to start again. I closed my eyes and took a couple of deep breaths.

That was when I heard David Walton's words as clearly as when he'd first said them: "You're going to end up in California. There is nothing you can do about it. Nothing."

I shot to my feet, as a wave of adrenaline shocked me out of my inertia. I looked around, half imagining I wasn't alone. After a minute or so, I calmed down enough to think more rationally. That was when I realized I was living a psychic's prediction of my life.

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Growing up in Aberdeen, Scotland, I had many psychic experiences, though I never saw them as such. I read newspaper articles convinced I'd seen them a week before, and I often knew what would be playing on the radio alarm clock before it switched itself on.

My first impressions of people were usually right, though I always had the tendency to override my intuition and see the best in everybody. ("You're too good for this world," my favorite aunt would say.) And I often knew what people were going to say

before they said it. I had to learn to bite my tongue and wait until someone had actually posed a question before I answered it.

When I was sixteen, a man in a 1930s-style hat and coat approached me at a stable in the reference library and, despite the no-smoking sign, asked for a light. He kept looking away furtively as if he were being followed, so I couldn't really see his face. I searched my pockets for matches, and when I looked up, he'd completely vanished.

When I asked the lady sitting beside me if she'd seen where he'd gone, she didn't know what I was talking about. It would be years before I learned that I'd seen a ghost, one who'd approached me because he knew I'd be able to see him.

Despite all of this, I never thought I was psychic. I didn't particularly enjoy any of these experiences; they simply left me confused and unsettled. In fact, because I could see so many things before they occurred, I used to wonder if I somehow made them happen. ("If I hadn't spent the last hour thinking about the car getting a flat tire, it might never have happened.")

When it came to making wise choices, my lack of understanding and natural tendency to ignore my intuition made me quite inept. Actually, it was worse than that. My intuition might tell me one thing, but I'd do the exact opposite.

Around the time I left home to become an art student, I met the girl who would become my first wife. What she saw in me I don't know. She was pretty, well-groomed, and highly intelligent. I was spotty and kind of frayed around the edges; my hair was down to my waist, and I smelled of Winsor and Newton oil paints. Still, opposites attract, as they say.

We married (against my better judgment), and almost immediately the relationship took a nosedive. To my utter incomprehension, her affection for me was replaced with hostility, and over the next three years I suffered a constant barrage of put-downs, criticism, ridicule, and sexual humiliation.

By the time we split up, I was a bag of nerves, and my self-confidence was nowhere to be found.

Like many sensitive people, I'd grown up hearing I was "too sensitive." By this time, I was in full agreement. I blamed my "flaw" for the state I was in. To ensure I'd never be hurt like that again, I decided to reinvent myself by adopting a protective alter ego. Out went the gentle idealist, and in came a tough-talking, cynical new me.

I surrounded myself with noise and drama to block out my feelings. I played in rock bands and partied every night. I bought a convertible sports car and took to wearing a black leather jacket to look more macho.

I hoped to insulate myself from my emotions by denying who I was. In doing so, I severed contact with the spirit world and that part of me that was psychic.

From then on, I was on my own. Like a leather-clad Mr. Magoo, I blundered through the next couple of decades, taking every wrong turn and making every possible bad decision.

I began dating lots of women, hoping to find Miss Right. There was a schizophrenic, a junkie, plenty of alcoholics, a dominatrix, two who tried to kill themselves, and one who tried to kill me.

People warned me about my self-destructive behavior, but I wouldn't listen. To paraphrase an old blues song, I'd been down so long it all looked like up to me.

Though I never met Miss Right, I started bumping into psychics wherever I went. On one occasion, a woman sidled up to me in a crowded London pub, introduced herself as a fellow psychic, and told me I should be doing it professionally. Me? A professional psychic? I thought she was mad.

Yet, despite my cynicism, I found psychics fascinating. Around that time, I started making regular visits to a gifted clairvoyant named Bettina Luxon. Every time I sat down at the kitchen table in her cramped North London flat, she'd tell me I was psychic. I used to joke, "If I were psychic, I wouldn't be here."

Yet Bettina was insistent. With her encouragement, I began practicing such things as separating a pack of cards into piles of red and black, face down. The results were quite encouraging. I even managed to successfully read a couple of people.

Then, before I could develop my skills any further, my life spiraled out of control once again.

Despite warnings from David Walton and Bettina, I got involved with a sociopath. (When they told me she had no conscience and could never be trusted, I heroically jumped to her defense.) On one of our first dates, she got blind drunk and kicked me in the balls so hard I nearly passed out. Most people would have taken that as a warning sign. Not me. Thanks to my dismally low self-confidence and abusive past, I didn't believe I deserved much better.

If I'd listened to my intuition, I would never have let her within fifty feet of me. As it was, I didn't trust my judgment—or that of the psychics. And once again, any intuitive ability I might have had vanished as my life became one long round of verbal abuse and physical threats.

I financed her business, and after four insane years she brought the whole thing crashing down. (She'd tried to start it up elsewhere under a similar name to write off the debt I was owed.) I lost the lot: the business, my savings, my home, and my possessions.

So, when I met the New Yorker who was to become my second wife, I had nothing to keep me in London. I emigrated to the States like generations of Scots before me.

For the first time in my life, I felt I'd found true happiness. She was affectionate, supportive, and highly entertaining. I used to joke that she was the person for whom the word "eccentric" was created. Unfortunately she was also severely alcoholic.

On our wedding day, literally minutes after we tied the knot, my new bride got into a scrap with a taxi driver and tried to drag the poor guy out of his cab. It was another warning sign, but I was blinded by love and quickly convinced myself that everything was going to be just fine.

It wasn't, of course. Our five years together began with high hopes, but as time went on the bad times began to outweigh the good. Moments of tenderness and intimacy were overshadowed by her alcohol-fueled rages and blackouts. My ability to use my sixth sense had resurfaced briefly, but soon, overstimulated by noise and chaos, it disappeared beneath the surface once again.

Finally, things deteriorated to the point that I called Bettina in London. Before I could even tell her what was going on, she said, "Get out now—before you get hurt." This time I didn't ignore her.

And a week later I was in California.

Who Died and Made Me an Expert?

The epiphany that took place on my first night in San Francisco inspired me to begin exploring the world beyond. I wanted to know how it was that psychics do what they do. How can anyone tell the future? Where do they get their information?

I took a recommended reading list I'd been given by a psychic I'd met in Atlanta and loaded up on books I hoped would help answer my questions. Some of them were full of nothing but vacuous blather; others were total eye-openers. I read a book a day for several months.

During that period I'd been working hard, illustrating Chester Cheetah for Frito-Lay from my temporary office in the corner of Kinko's copy shop on Van Ness Avenue. After the job was delivered, I decided to take a break. I packed a bag and headed for Hawaii.

The psychics had always told me that my deceased Uncle John was one of my spirit guides. Kathleen Loughery, a trance channeler I met on the island of Kauai, was no different. Toward the end of my session with her, she said, "Your uncle is here, and he's ready to start working with you."

I left Kathleen and walked out into the glaring sunshine in what I recognized to be a slightly altered state. I drove (cautiously) to Borders bookstore and, as I stood facing a bookshelf, suddenly saw a face to my right.

I froze in amazement. It was my Uncle John, looking just like he had twenty years before. The image was dimensional and sharp, though it only lasted a second or two at the most. At the same time I got a message: "Let's get started."

So I did.

I moved into the tranquility of a houseboat in Sausalito, just north of the Golden Gate Bridge, where I gradually regained my confidence and, along with it, my old self.

I spent the next two years learning to communicate with what John described as the Soul World. John is currently on the Astral Plane, where those who are between lives prepare for their next incarnation. He introduced me to my elevated spirit guides on the Causal Plane, the next level beyond. This is where those who have completed all their lives on the Physical Plane eventually go to become guides and teachers.

The Three Planes

Throughout this book, I'll be discussing three planes of existence. They are:

The Physical Plane

The first and most solid plane is the three-dimensional world we inhabit here on earth.

The Astral Plane

The Astral Plane is the nearest nonphysical world to the Physical Plane. It's where we go when we die and is the home to Astral guides.

The Causal Plane

When we've completed all our incarnations on the Physical Plane, we move beyond the Astral to the Causal Plane, where we eventually become elevated spirit guides.