

Road Trip Road Home

I'd like to begin by revisiting one of the stories that I shared previously about the red brick porch. So after this week or so of working together, when I was working with this Master Mason, Mr. Knopf, we were building a red brick porch and at the end everything was cleaned up and he asked me to follow him across the street, which I did. We turned around, we looked back, he put his arm up around my shoulder and he said, Dennis, 20 years from now I want you to come back and I want you to look at that porch and I want you to remember that you helped build it. And that's the joy and fulfillment of a job well done. And I remember in a later conversation I was having, I blurted out that people who are on entitlement programs. And who don't really contribute, they're being cheated because they'll never know what it's like to stand back and look at that job well done and know that they helped to build it. And so that's what I meant about they're being cheated. And this part of the story is about the Master who is engaged in a war against ignorance. The Master. Casts about. And in order to carry the war forward, it becomes a battle of words. And these words take on the form of the power of suggestion. This is where the power is derived from. And the casting is in the form of the casting of spells and the casting of roles. So. The casting of roles ends up creating a supporting cast. So. The way I have phrased this is. If an individual accepts the premise of the suggestion, then they are cast into a role that supports the premise. Therefore, they become part of the supporting cast. Now. This casting can enable divine. If the master manipulators can approach dividing we the people equally by suggesting opposing ideologies as the premise for division, they thereby diminish or neutralize the power of we the people. Only the light of truth can cast a shadow of doubt. Calling into question. The acceptance by we the people

of the power of suggestion as used by the master manipulators. I mean, think about television. It is called programming after all. As I continue to experience cardinal awakenings and the resulting awakening awareness and expanding consciousness. What came to mind was road trip. To cast about carefully. Crafted call-outs that seek to resonate the ring of truth of divine guidance, taking the word to the street. If this is truly a war against ignorance, doing battle with words through the power of suggestion, then our only hope of winning the good fight is to counter the master manipulators words with spiritually discerned words. This is an extremely challenging and difficult task. That resonate with all that hear them past faith in divine intervention. Divine guidance is our only hope. We the people can reclaim the power that we have forfeited allowing the master manipulators to have rain over us and cheating us. Of the Garden Promise of a playground. for the children, and our work play of command performances and peak experiences. So, the second part of this story is the road home. This part of the story reminds me a little bit of some words from a song by Elton John, Come Down in Time and I'll Meet You Halfway. When you're engaged in the heat of battle, on the road, I was doing battle and running on adrenaline. Most of my acts were symbolic in nature, riding on the twin rails of folk and rock. Folk, because I traveled to the home of my youth to share the experience with a friend from my childhood. My friend had known me since fourth grade, and so he knew my nature. I have been accused of being folksy, and these friends of a friend were my folk. Many of them were nonconformist hometown folk heroes of the rock and roll era. And together, we symbolically demonstrated how a well-regulated militia, of citizen irregulars, would muster out in times of need. This reminds me of the individuals who rushed the cockpit during the 9-11 crisis. And what did they say? Let's roll. In any social economic system, it's always downward pressure. We, the people who work for the people, should not

let us down. We, the people who work for the people, should not let us down. We, the people who work for the people, should not let us down. We, the people who work for the people, should not let us down. with our hands, being gifted with the expertise of our skills, are the only ones who can actually add value. No matter what the future may bring, we helped build it. This was the veil of complexity that I did battle to render clear. We are willing to do our part, like the song says, driven every kind of rig that's ever been made, driven the back roads so I wouldn't get weighed. We literally do the dirty work, and all we ask in return is our due portion of the playground for the children, our return for the contribution of our work play. So in the end, the extraordinary of fighting the good fight to carry the day gets folded into the game. The extraordinary becomes ordinary. These are our hero stories, and we are caught in the middle. As the song says, clowns to the left of me, jokers to the right, here I am stuck in the middle with you. My cherished friends. Thank you.