

A Journey Back Home by Brian Piccolo © 2008

The vision I am about to share with you the reader is quite profound. It shows that the Higher Self truly lives in another dimension of space and time. This vision takes place in the dream world or astral plane. What is so special about this dream vision is that it begins to manifest in the physical world of the senses, over a period of one year after its initial occurrence. The experience began like this:

I was very tired one day, late in the afternoon. I was sitting in my easy chair in the living room of my apartment. I gently drifted away into unconsciousness and found myself in the dreamscape. The dream vision proceeds like this:

I find myself walking through what appears to be a stone, circular temple, located high on a cliff-like structure. I notice an A-frame vault-like opening, which is a doorway out of this circular temple. As I begin to approach this doorway, I notice to the right of me, parallel to the circular stone walls, a man and a woman sitting at a table, drinking what appears to be coffee.

The woman has shoulder-length red hair, and she is pouring a cup of coffee for a blond-haired man who sits across from her, at this little table that they share together. Upon seeing me, she stops pouring the coffee and asks, "Would you like some?"

I quickly reply, "No thank you, I am going home." At this point, I leap out of the opening in the circular stone temple and find myself flying over a familiar-looking, kidney-shaped lake, surrounded by pine trees and other natural formations. As I am flying over this lake, I see my reflection in the lake below, mirroring my image. I have long, black hair. I am dressed in a full-length, blue and white robe, and I have two huge angel wings on either side of my body. I am a winged being.

As I look at the full size of the lake again, I remember that this is the place where I used to live, before I came to earth in my present incarnation. It was my true home, and I began to feel strong emotion well up within me. Yes, home, this feels like home. At this point, I am interrupted by thirteen identical Christ-like figures dancing in the sky over the lake. One stands in the middle, while the other twelve figures dance around him in a circle. I remember that I used to fly up here in the sky to watch them dance, in the spiritual past. I always enjoyed them very much.

Suddenly, I remember that my favorite place is on the ground, on the left side of the lake. In that place is the rock I used to love to sit on while listening to the mini waterfall that was several feet away from it. The waterfall sounded like music, and there were women who lived there who used to tell me the most fascinating stories. I decide to go see them once again.

I quickly glide into the forest on my angel wings and sit down upon my favorite rock, next to the mini waterfall. I am puzzled as to why there is no one around. Where are the women storytellers?

I begin to listen to the music coming from the waterfall. While listening to this sweet sound, the walls in my apartment begin to appear around me. The floor, the ceiling, the sidewalls and the wall behind me

are now manifested around me. All the walls except one, the wall in front of me, has invaded my dream vision, so to speak. My rock is now my living room chair, but the wall in front of me is still missing, and I can still view the enchanted forest.

I am now fully awake and looking at two co-existing realities at the same time. Finally, the last wall fades in, from the periphery to the center of the wall, like the closing of the iris over a camera lens.

I thought to myself that this was quite an unusual dream and very refreshing. Yet, other than this dream's unique ending, which was that my waking state and dream state actually existed as one reality, I brushed the experience off as a one-of-a-kind experience, with no special meaning to it.

The next day, I was invited to a party on Seminole street in Indian Village, located in Detroit, Michigan. My friend, JK, was having the party and told me to be there at about 7:30 PM. I arrived at the party on time and began to move around from room to room to see who else was there. When I came into the second room, I noticed a woman with shoulder-length red hair, with her back to me. Suddenly, she turned around and looked right at me. It was her—the woman in my dream from the day before.

This woman instantly remembered the dream, because she was actually there. We actually had shared telepathically the same dream experience, at least the parts that she and I shared together. Her name was GW. We became instant friends and found out that we had a constant telepathic mind link, twenty-four hours a day.

Knowing what the other person is thinking is fun up to a point, but it can quickly put a strain on a relationship. We could exchange feelings, even to the point where I could feel what it was like to be in a woman's body. It is a different experience, absolutely. My relationship with GW was platonic and very metaphysical. After a few months of friendship, life drifted us apart, and I did not see her again for about a year. During that year, I had gotten another music group together, and we were playing at the Buccaneer bar in Detroit, Michigan. I ran into GW and invited her to come see us play.

That night when we were playing our third set, GW came walking through the door. When our set was over, I introduced GW to everybody in the band, and we all sat down. GW sat at a table to my right with RH, my keyboard player, sitting across from her. Instantly, I remembered the dream. RH was the blond-haired man sitting across from GW in the dream, and now they were here together in the physical world. They were sitting at a small table against the wall, sharing a beverage together. I found it interesting that it appeared to me that RH was unconscious of the whole dream vision connection, but I was not.

What this event taught me was that the Higher Self communicates to the lower self through dreams and stories. Since the Higher Self does not live in space and time, it compacts events into a short story that may happen over time in the physical world. Dream visions from the spiritual world are compacted together, and like a computer zip file, their message unfolds over time and space in the physical world, as history unzips it.

There were times when GW and I would sit at her kitchen table and talk to each other with and without words. One day, when I asked her about who she thought Christ might be, a third being entered the conversation and telepathically spoke to both of us at the same time. It was at that point that I did not want to go any deeper into the matter. I was not sufficiently ready to communicate to an invisible personality. There were times though, when I was alone, that I knew that GW was looking at a tree, and that she liked to read from the book of Matthew in the Bible, but that she was embarrassed to tell me.

One day when GW and I were sitting on her porch, we shared a vision together about her. When she was a little girl, she was sitting on her porch with a yellow dress on. She was waiting for her father to come and get her for the day, but he never showed up. I saw the heartache she felt as a child and still carried with her. It was then that I knew that all these psychic experiences are gifts from the spiritual world, and that they should be used to heal people of their suffering.

I have not seen GW since, but I do think about her from time to time, and I am thankful for the experiences we shared together. They were truly gifts from God to us. I hope sharing this story with you inspires you to not give up believing in your dreams. This world of the physical senses is not the whole world, nor is it the only world. There are many worlds, and the physical world is only the expression of the spiritual one that creates and inspires it.