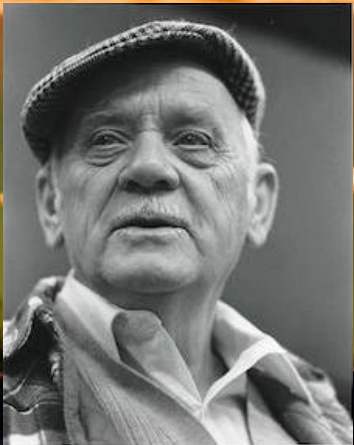


In Memoriam

The Legacy of Robert A. Monroe

1915-1995

“WHAT BOB'S WORK HAS MEANT TO ME”



Twenty-three people share with us how their lives were shaped by Bob Monroe and his work.

In Memoriam

The Legacy of Robert A. Monroe

“WHAT BOB'S WORK HAS MEANT TO ME”

This book has been compiled from testimonials submitted in commemoration of Bob Monroe.

On this 101st anniversary of his birth, we extend our gratitude and appreciation.

Some articles have been edited for space or clarity.

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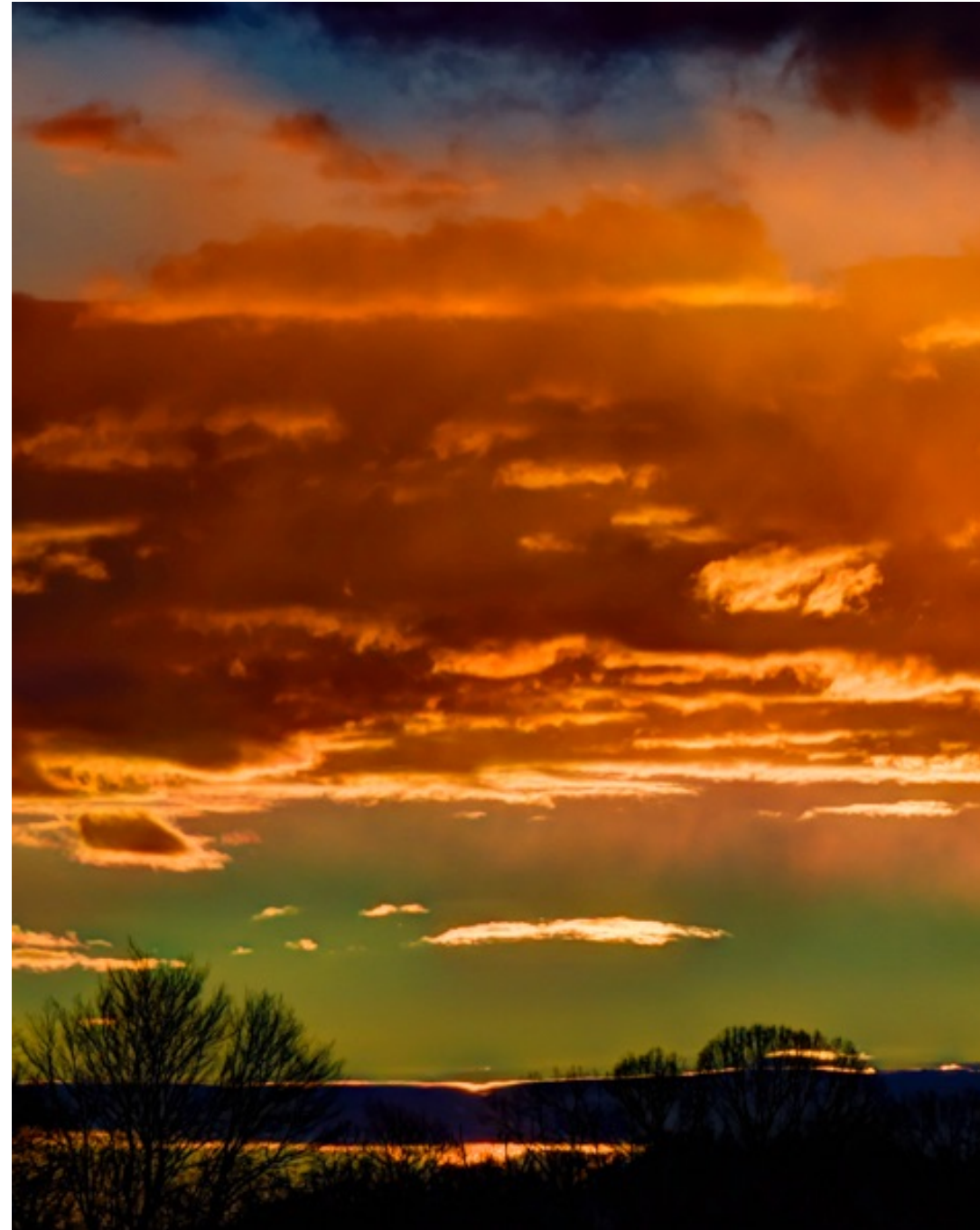
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Foreword

Nancy McMoneagle
TMI Executive Director and President

Bob Monroe's centennial in 2015 came as something of a shock. Not a surprise, of course, but the jarring recognition of a century having passed since he was born! Then, the frisson of a further realization—that his influence has been rippling through the noosphere since at least 1971, when *Journeys Out of the Body* was published.

My involvement with Bob's avocation—the exploration, investigation, understanding, and development of human consciousness—began when I was a teen, frequently listening to his “special sound combinations” before I went to sleep each night. After graduating from college, I answered his burgeoning fan mail and read firsthand the heartfelt messages of thanks and relief. Bob's reporting of his personal OBEs set people free. No longer did they feel secretly insane because of the out-of-body and

other paranormal events they experienced. Bob's readers were waking up, and they were eager to learn more.

They did learn more. Bob and Nancy Monroe founded The Monroe Institute to research consciousness and educate and serve those who yearned to journey further and deeper into realms of consciousness previously unknown to them. Now, some forty-five-plus years later, TMI has a solid presence in the global community. Many of our strongest advocates are international. Bob made his final transition on March 17, 1995, but the letters and stories continue to arrive at TMI. Anticipating



Bob's 100th birthday celebration in 2015, we began asking for testimonials on "how Bob Monroe changed your life." We expected a flurry of video selfies that would be edited into a string of pithy sound bites. Instead, we received thoughtful written accounts.

We had to rethink the tribute, and the timing. This eBook is the result.

Happy 101st Birthday, Bob!



A RELATIONSHIP WITH ROBERT A. MONROE



Over the years, thousands of people had the opportunity to interact directly with Bob Monroe.

Others have had a connection with Bob Monroe that was otherworldly.

Whether it was in the lab, at a Gateway Voyage, in one-on-one conversation, or during an OBE, he never failed to leave a remarkable impression.

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Overcoming Communication Difficulties

by Chris Gobie



(Chris lives in Front Royal, Virginia, and drives to TMI sometimes just to walk the labyrinth, sit by the crystal, and relax in the midst of the Institute's energy.)

When I was born—and yes, I have to take the story back to my birth so everybody understands the impact that Bob Monroe had on my life—I was born with a few difficulties, one of which was speech. As a child I stuttered so badly that people could not understand what I was trying to say, and back in the sixties, in my elementary school years, knowledge of disabilities was not at its peak in the educational system.

My not being able to communicate properly with people was very frustrating for teachers, family, and friends. It was so difficult that in school they just passed me from grade to grade to grade, not being quite sure what to do with me.

“ I could not read or write, even at the first- or second-grade level.

With that being said, I had other learning disabilities as well, which translated into emotional disabilities. By the time I got here to the Northern Virginia area in 1968, I was in the fifth grade, but I could not read or write, even at the first- or second-grade level. Reading comprehension was not there at all.

The Fairfax County School System told my parents that a special school was needed for me if I was going to be a member of society in some fashion. My parents looked at different programs at different schools in the area, but most of them didn't fit my needs, and if they did, were unavailable. My parents finally put me in a private school, which ended up doing as much as it could to help me through.

In the meantime, I was attending our local Episcopal Church. I spent every day in chapel talking to God and to what I felt were other spiritual beings giving me messages—communicating with me on the

principles of love and how unconditional love truly works. I was fifteen years old at the time.

Tom, who is director of the youth of our church, was a little bit more progressive spiritually speaking than you would normally find back then in his role as a priest or minister in the Episcopal Church, and he saw so much love in me. He had heard about Bob Monroe and the work that he was doing, so he set up a meeting with Bob and me. I remember going to Bob's house, where we sat on his back screened-in porch. We had a very long talk, and in the discussion he was very patient, very loving, and very kind because with my stuttering problem it was very difficult to communicate with him in a normal conversational way. Bob told me then that there was something special about me, and that beings were communicating with me, and the things they were communicating to me were of love and kindness and patience toward people who were mistreating me and making fun of me. The love that I had for people was a direct reflection of the spiritual people who were talking to me.

About a week or so later I received a cassette tape in the mail from Bob with instructions on how to use the tape. This tape that he gave me helped me launch into another dimensional world that I had never experienced before. The cassette introduced me to the people to whom I had been speaking all these years. I now finally physically met them in a different room and this is what opened up my world, not only in a spiritual sense but in a physical sense as well.

“ Now I was able to put a face to voices and follow their instructions.

Now I was able to put a face to voices and follow their instructions. Once I learned how to follow the instructions they were giving me, I learned how not to stutter. I went from being in special education to going to Northern Virginia Community College and then going on to other universities as well.

At this point in my life, thanks to Bob Monroe, a world that I would never have experienced physically and spiritually was now available to me.

What I was learning at this point was not only how to love myself but how to unconditionally love others—which is the most important thing. I was learning through this whole rebuilding process, and not only did my educational and emotional status change and my physical speech change, but the way I communicated with people also changed in this process. I not only learned how to channel beings on the other side in another dimension, I also learned how to channel humans here on this planet, who are physically here.

There is so much to share in the forty years since I was introduced to Bob Monroe and TMI it would probably fill a book.

There are so many times Bob Monroe and The Monroe Institute have intervened in my life to help and show me what true unconditional love is all about, and of course, one of the best vehicles to find unconditional love at The Monroe Institute is through the Dolphin Energy Club (DEC).

Love's healing light and energy to all.

Robert Monroe—Neighbor, Friend, Mentor

by Suzanne Evans Morris, Ph.D.



Bob Monroe was a gentle yet gigantic force of change in my life. I came to my first Gateway program in 1981, ostensibly because of my interest in learning more about Hemi-Sync as a sound tool that could be incorporated into whole brain learning

—one of my passions at the time. I left that program with so much more!

I grew up in a family where both of my parents were scientists who honored linear, logical information processing. To be valid, everything had to be logical. I was good at this way of thinking, but always knew this wasn't the only way of being in the world. As an adult in my work as a therapist with young children, I felt that my success in relating to them and their families came from a very different place and that I was able to blend this with the logical thinking I had been raised with.

But I didn't trust this side of myself and felt that professionally it was invalid and needed to be suppressed as I communicated with others. But through Bob's gift of Hemi-Sync and his constant invitation to go inside and into an exploration mode

to find the answers ourselves, I found myself exploring, questioning, changing, and beginning to trust the answers within me.

My own journey continued when I moved to Virginia and to the New Land where Bob became a neighbor, friend, and mentor for many years. I now serve as a mentor to many parents of children with special needs and to therapists who are seeking to understand and implement programs that go beyond the technical, “what do you do?”

From Bob’s model for me, I am able to help them find the journey that will lead to their own answers as they discover the “how” as well as the “what” in their lives with others. I am more able to support them as they discover new ways of listening to their inner guidance and trusting that their children have their own answers. Hemi-Sync facilitates that process for me and for the many children, families, and therapists who join me in this journey.

I thank Bob every day for the gifts he has given all of us. My life is richer and deeper because I have known him.



A Special Communication

by Susan Cord



Long Back Story: My yoga instructor had major sinus polyp removal surgery last Friday and she will be unable to teach the class for two months. One of the women in our class volunteered to do backup for her and will be filling in for all but one class.

Some part of my self stepped up and said, “I’ll lead that day if you’d like.” I take this class four days a week (during a good week) so am pretty in tune with the routine. However, the Virgo in me started fretting and said to me that I’d better memorize the routine and rehearse it till it was perfect—you can just hear her, can’t you? So in prep for this one-day event I learned how to take a video with my little vintage Kodak camera and hand held it for forty-five minutes to capture the routine that my instructor led on Thursday—one day before her surgery.

The next day (Friday) I took the video to my photo guy, Daniel, and asked him to make it into a DVD and also to rip the sound from it and make that into a CD. He had never ripped sound off a DVD before and had to Skype with a friend in South Korea to figure out how to do it. He called me back all excited when it was finished and told me to come get it

because it was too big to send by email. I took a brand new, just unwrapped, blank CD to the shop so Daniel could burn the audio onto it, which would allow me to put it on I-Tunes and transfer it to my tiny I-Pod, thus allowing me to listen to my teacher's instructions through ear buds while leading the class.

WHEW! **End of Back Story!**

I hurried home and put the CD into the computer and opened I-Tunes. When I opened the newly created CD on I-tunes it was titled ... wait for it ... The Monroe Institute—Opening the Heart—Disc One—Centered Calm!

I called Daniel immediately and asked him if he had any Monroe stuff on his computer, and he told me he had never heard of The Monroe Institute. I do not have Opening the Heart in my Monroe collection.

How could this happen? When I played the CD, it was, in fact, the forty-five-minute yoga class with nothing else on it!

Evidently, Bob chose to honor me with this special communication that could not have occurred without his intervention.

That's my story and I'm stickin' to it!



A Sign(ature) From Bob

by Harald Holler



Unfortunately I never met Bob in the flesh, yet he has influenced my life in more ways than anybody I did meet in the flesh.

To start at the beginning of my journey leading me to TMI:

I had an NDE when I was fifteen years old. Just a year before that, the local priest dropped dead during the Protestant church's "Confirmation Service" when he was addressing me as one of the young fellows being officially adopted into adulthood. He was reciting my birth psalm: "The Lord Is My Shepherd" when a sudden heart attack took his life, causing him to fall back stiff as a board, breaking his neck on the altar bench. Seems God wanted to be sure he really would die this day.

I had had other close encounters with death before. My childhood was spent in a war zone of verbal and partially physical abuse by my father toward the entire family. So religion at that point was somewhat a safe haven, with youth excursions allowing me to be away for a while. The death of the priest had shattered the comfort I had found in religion.

Shortly after, my Grandma decided for whatever reasons to tell the whole family that I am gay. Not that she could have known, yet she nailed it. I was at the time pondering the question myself and had secretly come to accept that I am. In hindsight she most likely did make my Coming Out easier—it wasn't at the time.

When my heart stopped during surgery—most likely due to an overdose of anaesthesia—and I floated out of my body, I “saw” the bright lights of the operating table directly in front of me. I “turned” around to see my body on the operating table and how the doctors and nurses were trying to start my heart again with CPR and shock paddles. I tried to get back in my body, yet a barrier-like a force field kept me from approaching my body. I “turned around” again and saw in the corner of the room the Tunnel of Light attracting me. Because of feeling a tremendous guilt around death and dying, about the priest's death in church, the brushes with death before, and for being gay, I was sure that I would move straight to hell when entering the tunnel—I

simply was afraid to go. Panic entered my soul as I was stuck between worlds. The next thing I remember is waking up, tied to a hospital bed because I had become violent when waking up while still unconscious.

“ How was it possible that I could leave my body?

This traumatic NDE left me with no other choice than to make sense of what had happened. How was it possible that I could leave my body? What was reality, when other nonphysical ways of existence now existed beyond doubt?

As I was very science oriented, it set me on a long journey. I read Max Planck, Albert Einstein, and all I could get my hands on about quantum physics-mechanics, relativity theories, etc. Yet in those days there was no scientific evidence of the correlations between thought and matter, of souls as energetic fields, or similar. So I ventured on. I started to study philosophy, discarded the western branches, and dived into the eastern branches. I dived deep into

the gray zone of esoteric teachings and met a few truly gifted souls and many charlatans. Dancing naked around a fire was just not my thing.

Yet all of that was only giving my logic framework more to incorporate into something I already knew to be true. Yet I was not having the experience of being connected to Spirit or other realms or beings. I felt disconnected—clinging to my traumatic memory of my NDE—that had proven to me that I am more than my physical body yet without any further experiences or evidence.

“ I felt my purpose, to bring Hemi-Sync to more people ...

Meanwhile I had moved to Costa Rica and started to build a small hotel from scratch with my partner at the time. I had picked up the book *On the Toltec Path* by Ken Eagle Feather and stumbled for the first time upon a paragraph about Bob, The Monroe Institute, and Hemi-Sync. After having tried in vain to sit in Zen, Tao, or similar meditation practices without being able to stop the constant wheel of my mind,

Hemi-Sync, its scientific base and research, gave me a new approach to take on.

Shortly after that I participated in my first Gateway Voyage, which gave me so much proof of me being more than my physical body that it changed my life forever. I felt my purpose, to bring Hemi-Sync to more people, while I attended one graduate program after the other. I felt a strong connection to TMI, to Laurie Monroe, to Shirley at the DEC, to Joe Gallenberger, Skip Atwater, and Joe McMoneagle, who had helped me to literally survive some daring times when my life was under threat in Costa Rica.

I attended TDAP to become a Gateway Outreach Trainer. And it was at the end of this program when I had my nonphysical encounter with Bob.

The old Monroe family house was just being converted into a new retreat facility, and Laurie had found a number of old rolls of audiotape in the attic with music that Bob had composed and recorded in Cuba. A forty-five-minute tape had been assembled with some deep Hemi-Sync layers underneath

named Curtains. Laurie addressed us after we had “survived” TDAP, saying that she had a special gift for us, and after explaining the origins of Curtains, told us that as a special treat we would be the first group to listen to this tape, before coming together and receiving our official TDAP certificates.

“... please give me a sign...”

During the tape session not much happened at first. Sinking deeper into Focus 27, I suddenly felt a presence. I had never met Bob and only “knew” him from some video footage I had seen over the years when attending programs at TMI. Yet, it felt like him. So I send out my thoughts: “Bob, if this is you, and if it is my purpose to dedicate my work to TMI and Hemi-Sync, please give me a sign.”

We gathered after the tape session for the usual debrief, and I had already forgotten about this short encounter. Laurie started to congratulate us and gave out the TDAP certificates. When I received mine, I saw that there was no signature on it. I

approached Laurie and told her that my certificate was not signed. She apologized, telling me that this had never happened to her before, took a pen, and signed it. When I sat down again in the circle, I looked at the signature. Knowing Laurie’s signature from my other certificates of the graduate programs, I saw that this was not Laurie’s signature—at least not the A. Monroe part after her first name, which clearly seemed to be a different handwriting. I showed her and she was close to tears, telling me that this was the signature of her father. I indeed had my sign(ature) right on my TDAP certificate, and Bob had answered my question in his most unique, humorous fashion



Follow That Fox!

by Jan Caroc



When my former spouse did Gateway Voyage, she had—among other things—a strong vision of Bob and a lot of nice, playful foxes. She dismissed this as something she had made up herself. The fact is, while she had this vision in Virginia, I had the rather astounding experience of seeing a fox in the middle of morning traffic in Copenhagen!

After reading Laurie Monroe’s article in the spring FOCUS and after very unsatisfactory attempts at communicating with my former spouse, I saw the photo of Bob at the bottom of the page. I focused on the photo and stated the following question: “Well, you old fox, how would you show up for me?” Then I went out to get in my car to go get some food. While walking downstairs, something kept

saying, “Don’t use the car, walk instead.” I ignored this (I’m lazy!), but I couldn’t get into the car. The driver’s side lock had fastened. I tried several times and ended up with climbing in via the passenger seat. And still this “walk instead of driving” message kept coming. Then I wasn’t able to start the car, and I finally said, “OK, I’ve got it; I’ll walk.”

I then climbed awkwardly back out via the passenger seat, and was halfway out of the car, when, very fast, running noises made me freeze in my steps. The noises came from two small, beautiful foxes who swept around me and the car in a half circle not more than two yards away, disappearing into a neighboring garden. You can imagine I was excited! I started walking, and after twenty-five yards another fox was sitting looking at me over his shoulder—a big, older fox. It then darted off.

I was in dreamland! It was rather overwhelming, very reassuring, and completely wonderful. I might add that these are the only times I’ve encountered foxes in Copenhagen. They are not very rare, but what a nice chain of profound synchronicities!



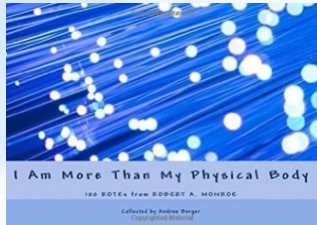
IT'S LIKE THIS ...



Bob provided focus in my meditation practice, gifting me with a powerful toolkit to explore and expand my consciousness into increasing levels of FREEDOM.

Andrea Berger

Andrea is a residential trainer at TMI and collated the book, *I am More Than My Physical Body: 100 Rotes from Robert A. Monroe.*



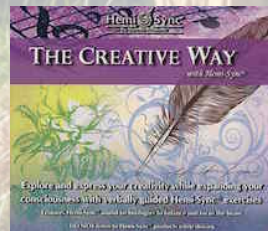
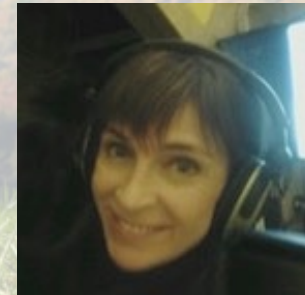
I met the late great Robert Monroe at Helena in 1977. I am who I am today, because of him!

Chuck Davis

Chuck is the inventor of the pROSHI NeuroDynamic Activator, the world's first electrodeless neurofeedback trainer.

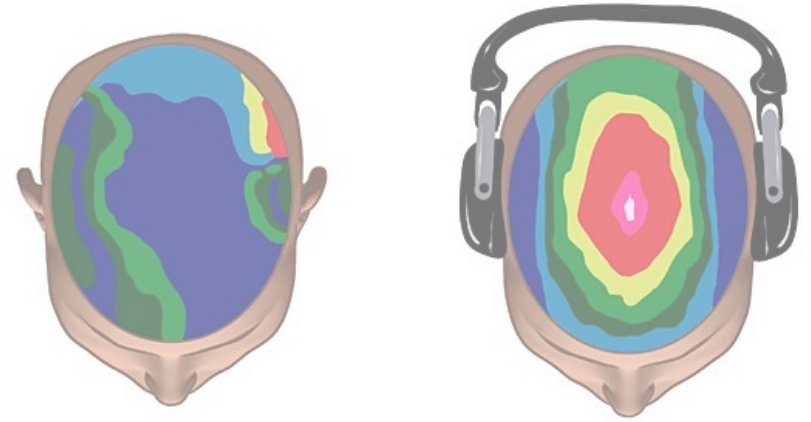
Bob's work helped return me to myself in a deep and lasting way. He was the ultimate techno-shaman.

Patty Ray Avalon



Patty Ray is a residential trainer at TMI and has created several Hemi-Sync tools.

USING HEMI-SYNC



Hemi-Sync is the cornerstone
of the work
of The Monroe Institute,
and the principal gift that Bob
gave to the world.

1. **Peter Spiro:** *Diamonds in the Rough* (p. 22)

2. **Sophia Philo:** *Metamusic and Becoming a Real Human Being* (p. 26)

Diamonds in the Rough

by Peter Spiro



Peter Spiro is a poet, playwright, and a teacher “in the trenches” of New York City. He and the students in his classes deal with a reality light years away from

the bucolic surroundings of The Monroe Institute. And yet, their experiences and aspirations may not be so different after all.

I’m a writer. Teaching school is my “day job.” After dropping out in the tenth grade, I got my equivalency diploma, went on to college, and even made it through graduate school. But school has never been a joy. So it’s no surprise, I suppose, that it continues to be my challenge. As Swami

Beyondananda once said, “Life is like photography; we develop through the negative.”

My students are a lot like me. Every one of them has either voluntarily dropped out or has been thrown out of a previous school. Their ages range from sixteen to twenty-five. Almost all of the females have at least one child; most of the males have had run-ins with the criminal justice system. The alternative high school program that I work in is the last stop. If they don’t make it with me, they hit the streets and take their chances. It didn’t take long to realize that my education courses—“Blueprints for Thinking,” “Keys to Motivation,” “Patterns for Ideas,” and “Integrating the Curriculum”—weren’t doing me, or the students, much good. I needed something real, something that could change outlooks and modify self-destructive behavior patterns.

By that point in my life I had already run across the books of Robert Monroe and was listening to Hemi-Sync tapes because they made me feel better. So one day I took a boom box into my classroom and attached fifteen-foot wires to the speakers so they could be separated for stereo. I plunked in the

“ No doubt about it, this stuff worked!

Remembrance tape and synchronized the room. Then I nearly keeled over from what I saw: kids who couldn't sit still for more than a minute were suddenly satisfied to sit, reading and writing, for hours. Even visiting administrators reported feeling euphoric for a few days afterwards. No doubt about it, this stuff worked!

So I've continued to build on this miraculous offering. And during the 1997–98 school year, while teaching in a literacy program at the Harlem YWCA, I tried to re-create the total TMI experience for the students with my feeble technology—that is, the same boom box with the extra-long speaker wires.

As the students arrived, they were greeted by Robert Monroe's voice on the Morning Exercise tape. "Good morning," it begins, "and it is a good morning."

As the Morning Exercise played, I handed out paper and asked them to write down whatever was on their minds. Then I showed them a large bucket labeled "Energy Conversion Box," and asked them to drop the papers inside when they were done. After they had converted their energy, I asked them to copy an affirmation I had written on the board. "I am more than my physical body" didn't quite cover our situation. So I used sources like *Seth Speaks* and *Conversations with God*. The affirmations usually sparked lengthy discussions about what they meant and how they applied to daily living. I supplemented their reading list with metaphysical books such as Betty Eadie's *Embraced by the Light* and other accounts of near-death experiences, out-of-body travels, and remote viewing. Hemi-Sync played nearly nonstop throughout the day. I'd mix up Concentration, Remembrance, various Metamusic

selections and on occasion, some Mozart and Gregorian chants. Sometimes I'd light a stick of incense, burn a candle, or charm the students by tracing their energy fields with divining rods.

By the end of the year, the students were reading and enjoying it. Some of the kids even took extra books home. Even more amazing, they read them, returned them, and asked for more. I had to make a supply run to Barnes and Noble because they went through books so much faster than I had anticipated. Please understand that just carrying a book around is a symbol of weakness for most of them.

“ In large part, these kids experience life like combat soldiers ...

In large part, these kids experience life like combat soldiers: long stretches of mind-numbing boredom punctuated by moments of extreme terror. They don't go to workshops or lectures or get massages. They don't know who the Dalai Lama is, and they

don't care. However, I have discovered that nearly all of them have had experiences of the nonphysical world that they do not understand. Once they gather that I'm almost as wildly abnormal as they feel, they begin to confide in me. A student tells me that an Indian, whom no one else can see or hear, lives in her house and beats on a drum. What can this mean? A student writes to me that she can see the future before it happens and wonders is this ability good or bad? And a student describes these weird dreams in which he's walking around while his body is still asleep in bed. What does this mean?

Any "normal" teacher would probably refer them to a school psychologist. If they would not accept the unreality of their experiences, they'd be shipped off somewhere and given strong medication. Their track records of violent and maladaptive behavior can justify all sorts of malevolent therapeutic approaches. Physical reality is harsh; nonphysical reality is confusing. So what do they do? Sadly, they kill each other. And even more sadly, the killing has spread to places like Springfield, Oregon, and

Fayetteville, Tennessee. Why do children kill each other? What are they trying to say? Do they have a message for us? Perhaps great souls are coming through these young ones, asking us to rediscover basic truths, to search for the intelligence of the Divine Plan unfolding in and around us. There are two ways to view such kids. One is as the “thug” image they project. The other requires softening your gaze until you see not the thug but the thug’s halo.

Me and my class full of thugs. But I know who they really are. I sit up front and watch them as those binaural beats masked by sounds of surf enter our ears. Students stretch in rows before me like sweet melons. Mouths move soundlessly as they orchestrate thought. The in-and-out of each breath flexes in rhythm with the surf. We’ve all slipped inside a tube of deep, round silence. And here is where I begin to fall in love. Is this not the essence

of our mission, which is joy and the satisfaction of fulfilling the unfolding plan?

Few things change overnight. I can tell you that by the end of the year reading scores had improved. More importantly, however, a sense of connection had developed. A connection to each other and a connection to something even larger than that. These young ones are demanding connection and communion with a most impassioned appeal. What shall our offering be?



Metamusic and Becoming a Real Human Being

by Sophia Philo



I am not a good English speaker. I speak Mandarin, but I am interested to read something about the brain, mind, and consciousness. I really love Metamusic Remembrance, which have helped me a lot.

When I was fifteen, I was a hyperactive and noisy student in my class. I was so bad-tempered that I lose my temper everyday. Oh my gosh, I just like Phineas Gage, who has damaged his prefrontal cortex. My teacher is always shout at me, because I have done something stupid. I almost lost my heart.

Luckily, my mum presented me with Remembrance album, which was bought by my mum online. How incredible it is! It can calm my mind! Now, I listen to it everyday. I am becoming a real human being, not Phineas Gage. Now, no one call me Maniac any more! I am really happy!

THREE VIDEO TESTIMONIALS



I really think that the main gift was his acknowledgement that each one of us could find out the 'truth' for ourselves.

Watch Charlene Nicely's Testimonial

It was time to discover the myth I was living by.

Watch Katheryn Streletzky's Testimonial



The impact was beyond words.

Watch Oliver Tappe's Testimonial

PROGRAMS AT THE MONROE INSTITUTE

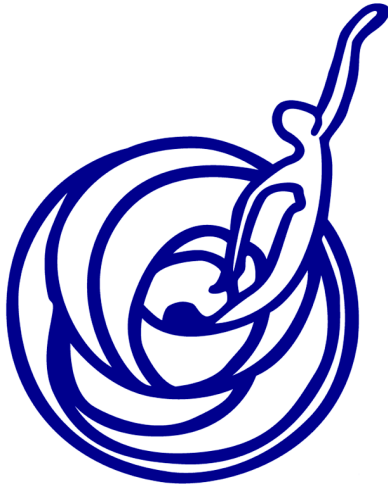


For more than forty years, The Monroe Institute (TMI) has been providing experiential education programs that allow participants to pursue their own personal exploration of human consciousness. Tens of thousands of people have attended the Institute's residential and Outreach programs, and millions have benefited from our educational materials.

1. **Basil Bristow:** *Entities and Soul Rescue Work* (p. 29)
2. **Brooke Steytler:** *"In Body" Experiences* (p. 30)
3. **Diane Waybright:** *A "Love Bomb"* (p. 32)
4. **Jenifer Wilson:** *How Wondrous Our Lives Can Be!* (p.

Entities and Soul-Rescue Work

Basil O. Bristow



I attended Gateway Voyage back in June 2002. That almost immediately changed my life, for, on the second day, I found myself having a silent, yet very clear, conversation with my father, who had died

thirty-seven years earlier. This kind of channeling had never happened before. From that point on I discovered that I could channel various entities who wished to tell me about living a more peaceful, loving, and joyous life on Earth. So far I have channeled messages from sixteen different entities, and I freely email these messages to anyone who asks for them.

Another aspect of Bob's work that brought further changes in my life happened during Lifeline. It was there that I discovered soul rescue work. It was from this that I realized that I could assist people who are close to death. I became a member of a "No One Dies Alone" program created by a local hospital, and by using the abilities that Lifeline gave me, I was able to help many people to move on. When the hospital was no longer able to run the program, I moved over to a local Hospice organization and am presently a member of their "11th Hour Volunteer Program."

Thank you, Robert Monroe, for making my life far more helpful to others while at the same time, making that life far more interesting.

In-Body Experiences

by Brooke Steytler

I had an out-of-body experience in 1975 while visiting the USC campus. I didn't know what it was, but I knew it was something significant. It wasn't until the late eighties, though, that a friend suggested I read *Journeys Out of the Body* after I told him about my experience. I resonated with it immediately, and I later wrote Bob a letter, including a VHS tape of an animated video I had made about my OBE. He responded by sending me an autographed copy of *Journeys*, which I cherish to this day.

I wasn't able to make it to the Institute until the summer of 1996, when I took the Gateway Voyage program. During my introductory interview, Penny Holmes suggested to me that instead of an out-of-body experience, what I really needed was an in-body experience!

At first I balked at this, and it wasn't until I took Guidelines two years later that I received the message: an out-of-body experience is all well and good, but you're alive now and you'll have plenty of time to be out of body later. The point is you're here, and you might regret one day not taking



advantage of being in your body. (I've told of this experience to others at TMI, and it has been quoted in some essays.)

But it really did change my whole outlook on life. I realized I had spent a lot of time trying to “not be here.” I was thirty-five, never really had had a girlfriend, and walked around in a marijuana-induced haze most of the time.

Since then, I've traveled a lot. During Lifeline I became inspired to visit Kauai, where I painted this watercolor of the Menahuie Ditch—a place I now refer to as “the center of the world.”



Spinner dolphins from a trip to Bimini in 2014.

I have revisited Hawaii several times and also have been to Peru; Palenque, Mexico; and Silverbank off the coast of the Dominican Republic, where—inspired by meeting Peter Russell during Exploration Essence—I swam with humpback whales.

(And, yes I do have a girlfriend now, whom I've been with for ten years!)

I would also like to share a brief little animated video I made based on some of my TMI experiences:

The Door to Sleep



A Love Bomb

by Diane Waybright

Dear Bob,

The first time I encountered your work was in the late 1970s after a spontaneous OBE. A friend suggested I read *Journeys Out of the Body*. I thoroughly enjoyed it and used your technique to induce more OBEs.

The event that has impacted my life more than any other, however, came much later. It was in the PREP session that is a part of Guidelines. I call it a Love Bomb experience because it was as if I exploded into pure unconditional love, a state familiar and yet forgotten, until that moment. Through my joyful sobs I found myself stammering "I c-c-c-can't b-b-believe I ever d-d-d-doubted."

Thank you for helping me remember who I really am.



How Wondrous Our Lives Can Be!

by Jenifer Wilson



I had the very good fortune to meet Bob Monroe at my Gateway Voyage. I was so excited and humbled to meet this man who has given us all a means to discover what we are and where we're going.

I have participated in five adventures at TMI and have discovered how much potential we have, how wondrous our lives can be, by using Hemi-

Sync. MC² really showed me this, as I allowed love to flow and the spoon just melted and bent.

I cherish the like-minded people I've met and the memories. I thank all of you who carry on his work and make it possible for us all to experience what is possible.

Thanks Bob!



THE GATEWAY AFFIRMATION



“

I am more than my physical body.

Because I am more than physical matter, I can perceive that which is greater than the physical world.

Therefore, I deeply desire to Expand, to Experience; to Know, to Understand; to Control, to Use such greater energies and energy systems as may be beneficial and constructive to me and to those who follow me.

Also, I deeply desire the help and cooperation, the assistance, the understanding of those individuals whose wisdom, development, and experience are equal or greater than my own.

I ask their guidance and protection from any influence or any source that might provide me with less than my stated desires.

Understanding The Gateway Affirmation

by Mike Assum

I met Bob in 1975 and have been connected to The Monroe Institute ever since, having taken almost all the courses—some numerous times—and having had blocks of up to four weeks at a time at TMI.

The state that is produced is the deepest that connects us to our Essence and supports us living in that state of Pure Love and Contribution. The work is important. It is important to retain Bob's work.

The Gateway Affirmation Bob developed was very precise. The six domains of Expand, Experience, Know, Understand, Control, and Use are very precise and represent the six domains required to coalesce a whole. The energy conversion box frees the mind, resonant tuning allows us to go deeper and frees us, the resonant energy balloon creates deep safety for us, and the Affirmation gives us access.

This is a protocol that enhances our experience of our deeper Self, which allows us to manifest from a higher level of consciousness and contribution.

So much of our world is focused on “faster, shorter, easier” and we tend to skip what gets us to our Essence. It is as if we already know it, so we don't have to do it. As Joe McMoneagle strongly reports in Remote Viewing, there is a protocol, and when we skip pieces, our level of success is reduced. Thus, the protocol as it was conceived and transmitted is very important. Leaving out steps limits access and success.

Lots of Appreciation, Care, Compassion, Gratitude, Love, and Support.

ROBERT A. MONROE'S BOOKS

Journeys Out of the Body
Far Journeys
Ultimate Journey

With his classic and best-selling *Journeys Out of the Body*, Robert Monroe introduced readers to his remarkable excursions out-of-body and into outer consciousness. In his next two books, he explored the incredibly rewarding opportunities that lie beyond the limits of the physical world.

1. **Carrie Lee-Irvine:** *Nightmares and Journeys Out of the Body* (p. 37)
2. **Jason Gateman:** *A Letter from Robert A. Monroe* (p. 39)
3. **J. K. Scott:** *Sleep Paralysis and Journeys Out of the Body* (p. 42)
4. **Sharon K. Barrett:** *Airplanes, Panic Attacks, and Robert A. Monroe* (p. 44)
5. **Lori Alaniva:** *Opening a Vast World* (p. 53)

Nightmares and *Journeys Out of the Body*

by Carrie Lee-Irvine



I was born in Ireland, and the thing I most remember about my childhood is how much I loved going to bed. I didn't understand why until about twenty years later!

Things changed a lot for me when my mother died when I was sixteen, as it would for anyone. I did not have a very good relationship with her, and when I started dreaming about her, it felt too weird. I was very confused, as I really felt she was in my room. I could see everything as it was, but there was a radiance about her that filled my room. Because she spoke to me in a very loving and adoring way I thought I must just be dreaming.

From then on, I started having nightmares, with a lot of noise in my head, and I would force myself to

wake up. Then I would feel myself moving super fast through a tunnel. It was very noisy, and I would see a light at the very end. Needless to say I was terrified, and I thought I was going to die. As time went by I got braver, and I would try to stay with my nightmare to see what would happen. I started to feel hands underneath me. That led to hands on my ankles and wrists, and I felt I was being pulled out of myself and yet still felt I was myself. This went on for a period of ten years, and I never spoke to anyone of this. I had absolutely no idea what was happening, and I never heard of anything like it. This was happening in the eighties and nineties when there was no Google!

I arrived in Toronto, Canada, in 1996, and I was in the World's Biggest Book Store when I stumbled across Robert Monroe's book, *Journeys out of the Body*. I found myself speed reading and I couldn't

stop. I literally felt I was reading about myself. I was amazed and so excited that of course I bought it and read it in a few days.

My life changed immensely from that day on. I no longer felt alone, different, or even scared. Things started to make sense to me. So today, and eighteen years later, I have read all three of his books. Many times over. I finished reading them again earlier this year.

I have had many wonderful out-of-body experiences and met wonderful guides, including Robert. I have grown spiritually and emotionally and have gained a lot of wisdom. My heart has softened and my mind has opened. I currently listen to the CDs Abundance Waterfall and The Shaman's Heart II.

I thank Robert Monroe for showing me the way. For helping me set myself free. Robert is still a big part of my life. I am still on my journey and have come a very long way. I would not be the person I have become if it weren't for Robert Monroe.

It feels wonderful to have this opportunity to say "Thank You."



A Letter from Robert A. Monroe

by Jason Gateman



When I was eighteen years old a good friend of mine gave me his copy of *Journeys Out of the Body* to read. From the moment I began reading the book I was completely transfixed. I instantly felt a deep connection to Bob and his experiences and immediately tracked down *Far Journeys* as soon as I finished *Journeys Out of the Body*.

Bob's demeanor and character shone through to me as brightly as they could. Through his words I felt his fear, joy, wonder, and sadness as he documented his adventures in the books. I can't describe the utter feeling of kinship to Bob I felt

right away and still do to this day. As soon as I finished *Far Journeys*, I wrote Bob a letter using the address for the The Monroe Institute that was listed on the books. In the letter I expressed my thanks to Bob for his material, as it helped me answer many questions I had carried with me since the suicide of my father when I was three. I also asked for some information about the programs at the Institute as I really hoped to attend one day.

A couple of years went by, and I got a copy of *Ultimate Journey* as soon as it was released. My outlook on life at this point had completely changed to a different overview from his first two books, and the third simply solidified my grounding. I had experienced a number of spontaneous OBEs and hundreds of lucid dreams that I was much better equipped to understand and participate in, thanks to Bob and his books.

Shortly after I finished reading *Ultimate Journey*, an envelope from the Institute arrived in the mail. I was now twenty-one years old and excitedly opened the package of brochures and information about the Institute and Hemi-Sync.

On top of all the material I pulled out of the large envelope was a short four-line, typewritten letter from Bob that was signed in black marker. In the letter Bob thanked me for my interest in the Institute, expressed his condolences on the death of my father, and left it that maybe he would see me there in the future. The letter was dated February 22, 1995. It was my dream to attend the Institute and get the Hemi-Sync CDs to be able to practice at home. It was always at the forefront of my mind, and I hoped one day to meet Bob himself. Little did I know that he had died not even three weeks after sending me the letter. I didn't find out about his death until a couple of years later when I began to use the emerging Internet.

In 2008 I finally realized my dream of attending the Gateway Voyage program in Virginia. My

expectations of the program were extremely underestimated, and I left there with a whole new sense of self and purpose. It was an intensely personal and changing experience and one that I am eternally grateful for being able to experience. After leaving the Gateway program, I had a number of purposeful OBEs and experiences in alternate realities where the I-There was also attending programs similar to the Gateway Voyage in other Institutes. It was a very exciting crossover period being able to experience these different Institutes in different space-times.

Life has continued to unfold, and everyday is a new experience. Thanks to Bob I no longer get too deeply pulled into the Earth life sojourn and am able to always keep an elevated view on the experience. I enjoy every day and swing into emotional ups and downs as I always have, but through it all am always able to maintain perspective and not get addicted to being here. I know that I am getting closer to cycling out of the Earth Life System and am very grateful and blessed to have been given such a wonderful

gift and road map that Bob fought to bring back and define.

I colour my decisions in this life based on "what comes next for me after I am gone," as Lee Stone helped me put in place.

I had always kept Bob's letter and the material for the Institute that he sent me. It was one of my most cherished possessions and was instrumental in keeping my desire to attend the Institute alive. No matter how hectic life got, it always kept me focused on the importance of that goal for me personally. In 1999 I had made a number of moves and lost the box containing the envelope with the letter and material. I was certain the box was gone, as I knew which box it was in and exactly where the envelope was. For many years I moved all over North America from Toronto, Ontario, to Las Vegas, Nevada, and all points in between. I had unpacked and packed a dozen times and always missed (nostalgically) that envelope and letter. In early 2008, a couple of months leading to my attendance of the Gateway, I unpacked the last box from my most recent move,

and to my utter amazement saw the envelope with the letter and informational material sitting in the very bottom of the box. My heart exploded in joy and I took it out to find it in the same worn condition it was in the last time I saw it. There was no way I had missed that in any of the packings and unpackings all the years prior. I was instantly reminded of Bob and his money pants story and felt that the appearance of this letter was something of this nature.

To this day the letter hangs in a frame beside my desk in my home office. I have attached a picture of the letter to this email. I am not only eternally grateful for Bob and all of his work and exploration, but for the continued devotion everyone at the Institute has to continue his legacy. There is no grander purpose than giving people the tools and confidence to go out and discover the answers for themselves. Someday soon I hope to return to the Institute for the Lifeline program.

Please keep up the great work. You are all helping change the world more than any of us can know.

Sleep Paralysis and *Journeys Out of the Body*

by J. K. Scott



Reading Robert A. Monroe's book *Journeys Out of the Body* was both life altering and life affirming and became the most monumental influence upon my being.

As a teenager I experienced sleep paralysis and thought it was normal. Years later, I was hospitalized for eleven days with upper lobar pneumonia (likened to the 1912 Spanish flu). During a late night emergency bronchoscopy, I had an extraordinary experience (known as an NDE today.) I met with nine elders reviewing my life. Mentally, I communicated my desire to return to raise my four-year-old son.

Understanding it was my decision, I returned to the hospital and my health improved within days.

Afterward, my sleep paralysis became more frequent, and visionary experiences intensified. I wrote noted psychologists asking for information. No reply. Then, in 1973 at Shambhala Book Store in Berkeley, California, I bought *Journeys Out of the Body*. (I still have the gray, double shadow, soft cover book, with a \$2.95 imprint.)

Monroe's experiences and teachings expanded my world-view to an understanding that this vast universe is far more complex than one can imagine. My insatiable desire to deepen my understanding has opened realms of realities and perceptions that there are billions of dimensions beyond comprehension.

In October 2013, I attended William Buhlman's Out-of-Body Exploration Intensive at The Monroe Institute and fulfilled a lifetime desire to be there.

I am deeply grateful and indebted to Robert Monroe for magnifying my life's path.



Airplanes, Panic Attacks, and Robert A. Monroe

by Sharon K. Barrett

In the late 1980s I developed an unusual fascination with aircraft, and particularly with aircraft communication and navigation—anything that had to do with "frequencies." I had no idea why this seemed important, but I began reading books on the subject, and I also started hanging out at local airports, learning about different types of planes and talking with pilots. My multiband radio was usually set to aircraft channels.

I was also very interested in all sorts of psychic and metaphysical phenomena, but at the time I certainly didn't see any connection between these two seemingly diverse interests.

One day when I was at the library, I saw a book that caught my attention. Quickly flipping through it, I found that *Far Journeys* was the autobiographical account of a man named Robert Monroe, who had



pioneered research into out-of-body experiences. Being familiar with what had formerly been known as "astral projection," and knowing some people who had experienced OOBES (as they're called), I checked out the book and began reading it on a Sunday night.

I'd always been very aware of episodes of coincidence in my life, and over the years I'd come to view them as cosmic mile markers, or indicators that I was on the right course. As I began reading Monroe's book, I was surprised by the synchronicity. For starters, I learned that the author lived within just a couple of miles of my family's ancestral land in Nelson County, Virginia, and that Monroe had brought the first cable television franchise to my part of the state. It's always interesting to learn that an internationally famous person lives in one's area,

“ My attention was now firmly hooked, and I read further.

and I felt a "connection" to the author, just due to the proximity.

As I read a little further—still in Chapter 1—I felt goose bumps rise as Monroe told the story of one of his own coincidences that involved his trying to locate a radio marker beacon—a device that is used in aircraft navigation. My attention was now firmly hooked, and I read further.

Still in Chapter 1, I read Monroe's story of a weekly poker game, and how he just "knew" all the cards that were being dealt one night. His matter-of-fact style of reporting this event—saying that he didn't understand it, but was simply telling what had happened—seemed to increase his credibility, and I got the distinct impression that this book was an important one for me to be reading, even though I didn't know why.

My parents came over for dinner that night, and I'd left the book on the coffee table in the family room. When my dad saw it, he commented that Mark (not his real name), one of our long-time family friends

and one of my father's former co-workers, used to play poker with Monroe each week. My jaw dropped, and I said that I'd just read about the poker games and how Monroe knew all of the cards one night. My dad said that Mark (who is as down to earth and sensible as you can get) had mentioned something about it, but that he didn't think that he was aware of or interested in Monroe's other experiences. The "coincidence level" was rising rapidly, as was my curiosity.

After my parents left, I looked through the Sunday paper that they'd brought over. In it was a small article about the crash of a single-engine Ryan Navion—a type of aircraft that I'd never heard of.

I clipped out the article and placed it on the arm of the sofa, feeling that this was somehow important, too, and I decided to see if I could learn more about this type of plane the next time I went to the airport. Then, after getting my young sons to bed, I continued to read Monroe's book.

“ To say that reading it required some opening of the mind is a bit of an understatement.

To say that reading it required some opening of the mind is a bit of an understatement. Rather than necessarily being a weird book with lots of New Age overtones, I found that Monroe was taking the out-of-body phenomenon out of the realm of the occult and putting it into the research lab where every aspect of it was thoroughly examined and documented.

Additionally, volunteer researchers from fields such as psychology, engineering, and physics were experimenting with certain tonal frequencies that essentially created a "frequency following response" (another aircraft navigation term!) in the brain, and which caused the two hemispheres to work cooperatively. Hemi-Sync, I read, had been used in all sorts of practical arenas, as the tones were found to promote relaxation, reduce pain, increase

learning, and more. A whole range of research was being conducted at The Monroe Institute of Applied Sciences, including the study of OOBES, which sometimes occurred while subjects listened to the Hemi-Sync tapes.

Of course things did get weird as Monroe began talking about his experiences, and I read these with an open, but somewhat skeptical, mind. He then wrote about his communications with the "beings" that he met while in the out-of-body state, and while my skepticism kicked in even more, I was also fascinated—if nothing else, it read like good fiction!

Turning to Chapter 8, I was stopped cold when my eyes locked on the words, "I am flying a single-engine Navion ..." With a rush of adrenaline, I shifted my eyes to the newspaper article that was still lying on the arm of the sofa. This was getting a little too weird, as it seemed that the coincidence level had just jumped off the charts.

I read the rest of the book carefully, and with a balanced mix of acceptance and resistance. It was a

lot to absorb. At the same time, the interest in navigation and communication became more intense, and it suddenly seemed important to get aircraft navigational charts. Of course I had no idea why—and I didn't see any connection between the charts and Monroe's book—but the thought persisted.

I went to the local airport a week or so later—not the big public one where commercial jets landed, but the smaller section at the end of the runway where corporate jets and private planes came in. I felt incredibly stupid when I walked up to the counter and said that I needed charts, and even more stupid when the woman asked me what kind.

“ I didn't know what to tell her, didn't know what to ask for, and didn't have a clue as to why I was there.

I didn't know what to tell her, didn't know what to ask for, and didn't have a clue as to why I was there.

When a pilot walked by, the woman behind the counter quickly handed me off to him, saying that he would probably be able to figure out what type of charts I needed.

The pilot, a perky sort of guy named Bill, seemed delighted to answer my questions, even though I was still very awkward about the whole thing and didn't know what to ask. I think I just said that I was really curious about everything, and that I wanted to learn how aircraft navigation and communication worked.

Grabbing several things that just looked like big maps, he led me to a meeting room and spread the charts out all over the table. Pointing out the radio beacons, he tried to explain how they communicated with the equipment on the aircraft, and then, with a smile, he grabbed my arm and said to come with him to the hangar. The next thing I knew, I found myself sitting in the pilot's seat in the cockpit of a medivac airplane.

Once there, Bill showed me the onboard computer and told me that information was relayed—via certain frequencies—between the beacons on the ground and the computer on the plane.

“ It was all pretty interesting, but suddenly—with no warning—I felt the blood drain from my face, and a crushing wave of fear and nausea swept over me.

It was all pretty interesting, but suddenly—with no warning—I felt the blood drain from my face, and a crushing wave of fear and nausea swept over me.

I'd been plagued by sporadic panic attacks since the late seventies. Of course, this was before the days that panic attacks were recognized as often being caused by chemical imbalances in the brain related to problems with serotonin uptake, and before the advent of medications such as Paxil which help to restore the proper balance of neurochemicals.

While I'd been able to function reasonably normally in my work and in my daily life without any type of medication, there had been stretches over the years when I had developed full-blown phobic symptoms that caused me to avoid situations from which I couldn't easily escape.

At best, a panic attack would cause me to have a pounding heart and rapid breathing, but I'd had them escalate to nausea, vomiting, and feelings of "impending doom," too. And to this day, I don't think there's any way to convey—to someone who's not experienced them—the sheer, immobilizing terror that is felt during a panic attack. As I sat there in the airplane, I could tell that this was going to be a bad one.

Bill merrily chatted away, oblivious to what was happening to me, and I felt the panic rise even further. It was the ultimate in self-consciousness—I was aware of every rapid and irregular beat of my heart, aware of my uneven breathing, and everything took on an "unreal" and distorted quality.

“ I suddenly realized that I was looking at the back of my head, from a slightly elevated position, at a distance of about eighteen inches!

And then it happened—as the feelings of terror and nausea and the need to escape became overwhelming, I suddenly realized that I was looking at the back of my head, from a slightly elevated position, at a distance of about eighteen inches!

As terrifying as this was—and I knew that I was dying in that moment—I somehow managed to work in a rational thought: while I'd sometimes gotten myself out of a panic attack by physically being sick, I knew that throwing up was NOT an option (would I short something out and could I be sued if I damaged the airplane?), and I also knew that it would be impossible to quickly bolt out of the plane, given the tight quarters. Around the edges of this rationality, I also was aware of how it would

surprise (understatement ...) the pilot—who was still talking, while programming an imaginary flight to Los Angeles.

I forced myself—or myselfes!—to focus on what he was saying, and while I don't remember the "re-entry," I was suddenly back inside of my body, and the panic was gone as quickly as it had come. The whole episode probably lasted no more than one minute.

Bill stopped for a second, asked if I understood what he was saying (oh yeah, right, certainly, caught all of that), then he launched into another part of the lesson, and I was able to ask reasonably intelligent questions. Within a few minutes, I was completely back to normal, laughing and talking and taking advantage of this opportunity to learn about a subject that had intrigued me for quite a while.

When we left the hangar, we walked around outside and looked at the different airplanes. I asked Bill about single-engine Navions, and there was one sitting on the tarmac. I didn't see anything

particularly remarkable about it, however, nothing coincidental happened, and, oddly, it just no longer seemed important.

We finally walked back to the main building where I thanked Bill for his help, purchased a couple of navigational charts that showed radio beacon transponders in my area, and came home.

“ Nothing seemed significant ...

Over the next few days I looked at the charts and tried to figure out what was so important about them. Nothing seemed significant, and I wondered why I'd felt that I needed them in the first place—especially since I'd had to go through a truly awful and bizarre panic attack in order to acquire them!

And then, in a flash, I suddenly understood everything that had happened—and why. I thought back to the sensations of the panic attack—of the new and terrifying experience of being outside of

“ I realized that I'd had at least a partial out-of-body experience.

my body—and I realized that I'd had at least a partial out-of-body experience.

More insights flooded in, and I remembered reading in *Far Journeys* that some psychologists and psychiatrists were using the Hemi-Sync tapes to promote relaxation in their patients. As I made these connections, I wrote a letter to the Institute detailing my theory.

In the letter, I said that the feelings of unreality associated with some severe panic attacks might be caused by partial out-of-body experiences. If the Hemi-Sync tapes sometimes caused people to have spontaneous OOBes, it might be possible to use the tapes with severely phobic people as a form of biofeedback—bringing them to the brink of an OOB, reducing their fear about the feelings, and then helping them learn how to (literally!) keep themselves together.

A couple of weeks went by, I was busy with the here and now, and I basically forgot about the letter and about my experiences in the airplane. But then one day I received a letter in the mail from a psychiatrist in Pennsylvania. An affiliate with The Monroe Institute, he said that while he hadn't been able to prove that the phobic feelings of unreality were necessarily spontaneous partial out-of-body experiences, he said it was a possibility. He went on to write that he had been using the Hemi-Sync tapes with his some of his patients who experienced panic attacks, and that he was seeing excellent results.

Perhaps the most comforting part of the letter to me was its tone. At a time when some people probably would have deemed me certifiably nuts (i.e. panic attacks, weird interests, obsessions with frequencies, etc.), it was very reassuring to be addressed as a colleague, of sorts, rather than as a potential patient!

While I'll admit that I've had occasional moments of anxiety in the last ten or twelve years, what I experienced in the cockpit of the medivac airplane—

and the connections that I made afterward—seemed to mark the end of a decade of sporadic and severe panic attacks; I've not had one since.

In the years since 1988, I've read Monroe's other books, and I still regard them with a mixture of skepticism and acceptance. None, however, have had the same personal impact as *Far Journeys*.

Ultimately, any truth is filtered through the human personality and conscious mind, and I'm not sure that I agree with all of Monroe's interpretations of his experiences. Coincidentally, through entirely normal means, I've since met a couple of people who are connected to The Monroe Institute, including one who went through the Institute's Gateway program a couple of years ago. I enjoyed talking with him about his experiences, and as I mentioned earlier, I know other people who have had out-of-body—as well as near-death—experiences. Perhaps the most important thing that I learned from reading Monroe's books and from experiencing the severe panic attack in the airplane is that who we really are is quite separate from the

body in which we live. Through this experience, I feel that I was able to touch yet another part of the elephant, and gain more knowings about the God-force.



Opening a Vast World

by Lori Alaniva



I grew up in a conservative Midwestern suburb. Ghosts and psychic phenomena were forbidden topics. As a teenager, it blew my mind when I discovered a few simplistic books about psychic abilities (precognition, telepathy, and telekinesis), the afterlife, and reincarnation. They satisfied me for a while. Yet eventually, I felt something was missing.

When I became a young adult, I discovered my first book by Robert Monroe, which eventually led me to other books by him and those whom he inspired. The

material from these authors opened up a vast world for me. They helped me see that the instincts I had as a child were true—that life is everywhere, in everything. They also showed me it is possible to experience other realms of reality, and even communicate with other forms of life, including “inanimate” and noncorporeal ones.

In short, Bob Monroe unveiled for me a world of wonder.

Happy 101st Birthday, Bob!

