

Chapter 1

Meet Dr. Jon R. Grady and How “The Ah-haa! Course” was born.

I was 16 years old and “spring had sprung” in Ohio where I lived. It was time for spring break, and like every other young male in Ohio, I was dreaming of Florida, warm white powdery sand, warm tropical breezes, warm ocean waters, and of course lots of bikinis. Everyone I knew was making plans to go to Ft. Lauderdale for spring break. I wanted to go but I couldn’t afford it. After much careful, mature thought, I arrived at a solution and made a plan. I decided to hitch hike all the way from Ohio to Florida and back again, sleep on the beach and eat bologna sandwiches. I could afford that. I had hitch hiked around town before, but never cross country. It seemed like a sensible, well thought out plan at the time, and I was determined to go.

Having already had several rides, I was about half way to Ft. Lauderdale on I-75. I was walking along the interstate with my thumb out when a pickup truck pulled over to give me a ride. I ran up to the pickup truck, threw my duffel bag in the back, and went to open the door, but then I heard a loud voice yell, “Get out of there! Don’t get in there!” It really startled me. Quickly I turned around to see who said it, thinking it was a policeman, as I had been told that hitch hiking on the interstate was illegal. I realized that no one was there. I was standing there all by myself.

The driver of the pickup truck was looking at me very puzzled. I knew that he hadn’t said anything. I was immediately covered with goose bumps, chills, and I knew what that meant! I knew then that my “Team” of Spiritual Helpers, who I had been very close to me in the early part of my life, but hadn’t talked to me in years, was trying to warn me about something.

Typically, in the earlier part of my life when my Team would communicate with me, it was an inner voice, the voice that is referred to as the “still small voice within”. As a child I had learned how to distinguish between my thoughts and their thoughts and that’s how we would normally communicate. However, when my Team needed my attention quickly, the voice would sound like an outer voice. The voice I heard was full of alarm and it definitely got my attention.

I didn’t know what to do, so I tried to explain politely to the driver that I appreciated him stopping, but that I was going to wait for another ride. He looked at me like he was thinking, “What an idiot, why did I stop for you?” I quickly pulled my duffel bag from the back of the truck as he drove away.

Ten minutes or so later, a car pulled over, I got in, and we continued down the freeway. About ten minutes down the road, we got into one of those bumper-to-bumper traffic jams. Off in the distance we could see smoke and figured there must have been a bad accident. As we finally got close enough to see what was going on, I could see it was that same pickup truck that had earlier pulled over for me. He had swerved off the highway, on to the shoulder, and had run straight into an overpass concrete support column.

The truck was on fire and was totally demolished. As we drove past the wreckage, I was again covered with goose bumps, and the driver of the car made the comment, "He never knew what hit him, that was instant death!" I didn't say a word and stared at the truck as we drove by. I don't think I said one word the rest of the trip. I would have been in that pickup truck if it weren't for my Team of Spiritual Helpers. I also knew this wasn't the first time they had saved my life.

That was a major turning point in my life and I asked my Team to come back and be part of my life. I asked them to teach me what I needed to know, why I was here, what I needed to do, and what I needed to learn. They had always been a part of my life when I was a kid, but then I had quit listening to them and sent them away. I separated myself from them and my own spiritual nature because I was ridiculed and called a kook whenever I told anyone about these kinds of things. I didn't want to be thought of as different from everyone else. We all want to fit in and be accepted, but now I realized that being separated from my Team was too high a price to pay just for acceptance. I realized that I couldn't ignore what I knew any longer. I couldn't pretend that there are no such things as Spiritual Helpers, Guardian Angels, or Messengers of God, whatever you want to call them.

From that point on my life changed. My Team began teaching and coaching me. They would arrange different experiences and circumstances for me to learn from. Some of the learning lessons were fun, some definitely were not. I was even learning how to learn and learn I did. I can see now that they were teaching me, and at the same time teaching me how to teach it to others. They would often tell me that there are millions of others I will come in contact with who will want to learn these things. They were creating the Spiritual Discovery Movement, "The Ah-haa! Course", and all the in-depth courses that follow. To this day, I still teach others with the same experiential techniques that my Team used to teach me.

My unusual journey in life that led to my hitchhiking experience began at birth, I suppose. However, I only have conscious memory of my Team of Spiritual Helpers being with me since I was about three and a half years old. They were what adults would call my imaginary playmates. Everyone, when they were a child, had imaginary playmates. As an adult you may not remember this, but you had them. If a child is balanced, positive, loving and feels loved, these so called, "imaginary" playmates are in fact the child's Spiritual Helpers. Everyone has these helpers, these playmates. As children grow older and begin spending more and more time in their conscious mind and are told by adults that their playmates are just "imaginary" and are told to grow up and stop talking to themselves, children begin to cut themselves off from their helpers and soon separate themselves from their real true spiritual nature.

I must have chosen my parents very wisely because my mother, though probably not conscious of what she was actually doing, would encourage me rather than discourage me to play with them. One day, I must have been about five years old, I was telling her something that they had told me and she remarked, "Why don't you ask them to teach you things?" Wow, this was like a whole new revelation! My eyes must have widened as I thought about all the possibilities. This made total sense to me and must have been my first Ah-haa moment.

Over the next few years my Team began teaching me things, giving me insights into people and situations and why things happen the way they do. Since as a child I never rejected and separated myself from my real true spiritual nature, all my spiritual senses were wide open and grew even more with their instructions and my practice. I could always see auras and energy patterns around all things and they would teach me how to interpret what I was seeing. I could feel what others were feeling, both emotional and physical. I could discern the difference between my internal thoughts and the incoming thoughts of others. I could see and communicate with souls who didn't have bodies. Often my Team would give me a whole instant inner knowing about an entire situation or concept. They taught me not only to notice what someone did, but to look deeper and learn why they did it, their motivation. This always gave me great insight into people. All this was fun, and I saw it as a great and intriguing game. I would contemplate lofty things and ask for insight into all the mysteries of life and the universe. Some serious things like why don't people say how they are really feeling when asked how they are feeling, and some not so serious things like what was considered the best thing before there was sliced bread? In those early years life was good. It was my little secret that I rarely talked about or demonstrated to others, but I'm sure that on occasion it was obvious.

For years, my parents told stories of the unusual things I would do. One of my favorites is the story of the washing machine repairman. As the story goes, I was about five or six years old; my father had spent the whole morning trying to fix the washing machine. He finally gave up and called a repairman. I was outside playing when the repairman arrived and, of course, I followed him inside to see what was going on. The back was off the machine, and for the first time I could see all the curious gadgets inside it. The repairman was having trouble figuring out what was wrong since my father had taken it all apart and had even reassembled parts of it wrong. They were getting more and more frustrated. I thought I better share with them my inner knowing of what was wrong with it and how to fix it. I just wanted to help them. After my lengthy explanation, the repairman nervously fixed it while my father tried to calm him by telling him not to be concerned because I'm always doing things like that. After he was done, he fled the house so fast that he left behind many of his tools and forgot to charge my dad for the repair. We never did hear from him again about the tools or the bill. My father told and re-told that story constantly up until his passing in 2007. I bet he is still telling it.

I was always creating some kind of a stir, but I didn't mean to. I'm sure I drove my parents crazy. When I walked up to an adult friend of my parents and asked him how he hurt his knee, he looked surprised and said, "How did you know that I hurt my knee?" I replied, "Because I can feel it." I would then be told, "Go to your room." I remember often walking into a room full of people, picking up a thought or feeling, and after discerning from whom it was coming, I would ask them about it, and then get quickly ushered back out of the room by my parents and admonished, "Go to your room".

I was in tow with my mother one day as she attended a funeral. It was my first funeral and I wondered why everyone there was so serious and so sad, except for one man standing up front next to the casket. As we made our way in the viewing line up to the casket, I kept looking at the

man and when he noticed me looking at him he began to laugh. It was one of those laughs that made me start laughing too. My mother went nuts. She turned all shades of red as she dragged me off into a side room by my ear. After she said many words that I was always told never to say, she asked me why I was laughing, and I said, "Well, the man standing next to the box was laughing too, he made me laugh." She asked, "What man?" I said, "The same man who was asleep inside the box." As I remember it, we then quickly and quietly left the place and went home. I was again told, "Go to your room and stay there until your father gets home." In those days I spent a lot of time in my room.

I could go on forever about similar stories of my childhood that my parents told and re-told countless times over the years, but I won't. I'm sure you get the idea. If you're thinking that I was a strange kid or why didn't you have these kinds of experiences in your childhood, all I can say is that you did, so you were just as strange. Everyone has similar experiences as a child. You just don't remember them now or didn't realize then what you were experiencing. The reason for this is explained in Chapter 2: Part B: Intellect and Feelings. Take this opportunity to remember some of the experiences you had but probably dismissed. If you consider yourself a skeptic of these kinds of things, it's only because you haven't remembered your own past experiences. You can accept something on faith, but then it's just a theoretical concept to you. Once you have experienced something for yourself, then it is wisdom and you're confident of it, so no one can convince you otherwise. That's the difference between being asked to accept something on faith and being confident of something because you have experienced it.

My younger years were generally good and filled with wide-eyed wonder. I observed and studied human behavior with the insight of all my spiritual gifts being wide open. Then I started school. As I was exposed to so many more kids, I became horrified to learn that they didn't know anything about their "Spiritual Friends" or any of that stuff. The other kids couldn't see them or hear them, nor did they even believe they existed. They knew nothing about picking up feelings and thoughts from other people. They couldn't see auras; they couldn't hear or see other spirits without bodies. I wondered how they could not know about all of these things going on around them that were so obvious. Are they crazy or blind or deaf? I wanted to tell them and show them all that they were missing. Of course, whenever I did, their reactions weren't very nice. I was ridiculed, taunted, called a kook, and told I was weird, nuts, or crazy, even by the teachers and other adults. Parents forbid their kids from playing with me because I was the "crazy kid". I felt so alone, so isolated. In elementary school it seemed like I spent more time in the principal's office than I did in the classroom. My parents were often called in to attend these sessions with the principal and the school counselor. Soon my life was a living hell because of what I knew to be true. After school when I got back home I was usually told, "Go to your room". I laugh about it all now, but back then I felt miserable.

Every kid wants to be accepted and fit in with the other kids. By the time I was in the eighth grade, I was seriously considering suicide. I remember the day, in total despair, I told my Team, "leave me alone, go away, and never talk to me again." I wished I had never known them or any of this spiritual stuff. Of course, my Team didn't go far. They couldn't, they were "my Team" for this life but I didn't know that then. I began to deny what I knew, to stop it and separate myself

from it. That is when my life really went downhill fast. I was miserable, confused and totally had no self-worth.

The only thing I enjoyed was sports. I was good at sports and playing them gave me back self-worth, and even helped me gain some recognition. On the football field, I was a terrific linebacker. When the other team would come out of their huddle, I would have one of my inner knowing's of where they intended to go with the ball. I was always there to make the tackle or to intercept the pass. Also, it was an acceptable way to vent my frustration and aggression. My life continued in this way until I was sixteen and hitchhiking to Florida. What happened on that trip turned my life around and put me back on my spiritual path.

When I was nineteen years old I was already on a nationwide speaking tour through the entire United States, parts of Canada, and Mexico. I was on tour for four years nonstop. I did this because of what my Team had said to me. They told me, "When you know something that others don't know but would benefit from knowing, you have an obligation to step forward and speak regardless of the consequences". I certainly paid my dues for the first year or so. In the beginning the audiences were small, I would often have to sleep in my car, and my policy was that the car ate first. I could run on empty (no food) for a couple of days or so, but my car could not, and any hope of earning more money came from making it to my next lecture. Times were lean but never more fulfilling. I dearly loved what I was teaching and the people I was meeting. Some were only curious, but some were really hungry for what I was teaching. I witnessed miracles happen as people's lives changed.

I would set myself up on a city's local television and radio talk shows, arrange for a feature article interview in their newspaper, and then rent a hotel meeting room. I would arrive in town a few days before the scheduled lecture and begin attracting an audience by doing the talk shows and the newspaper interview. I never knew in advance how many people might show up. On the day of the program as people began to arrive and pay at the door, I would soon know if I had enough to pay for the meeting room and get myself to the next city. Sounds rough, but like I said, I loved what I was doing and the wonderful people I was meeting, and I had never worked so closely with my Team of Spiritual Helpers. As I got better at the publicity, and as people began to hear about me and the work I was doing, audiences grew, and money began to be more abundant. I even started gaining some weight as I started eating regularly.

This was back in the early 70's when ESP and Psychic Phenomena were just coming of interest. I felt like a real pioneer, since many people had not heard much about these concepts before. What little exposure people had to this subject was from ESP demonstrations and performers. Frequently the talk show hosts confused me and what I did with all of those people. For example, one television talk show host, just after we went on the air, blurted out, "OK, Mr. Grady, I'm thinking of a number between one and one hundred, tell me what it is." I loved it when they did that because it gave me an excuse to go directly into what I was all about and why I didn't perform like that. I would tell them that I'm a teacher, not a performer, and that my message is not about what I can do, but rather what they could do. I would explain how everyone possesses these abilities because everyone is an eternal spiritual being in a temporary physical body.

What I do is teach people how to get re-attuned with their true spiritual nature. As they do, they begin unfolding their own psychic abilities and learn how to use them in practical ways to enhance their lives and achieve balanced, meaningful lives. Sounds pretty good, eh? This particular show was in a large major city and was a very popular syndicated show, but the host was definitely on a glory trip and, at the risk of sounding judgmental, I thought he was kind of a pompous jerk. Maybe that's why after we were off the air and getting up from the set, my Team said to me, "Tell him his number was 73, that'll rattle his cage." I turned to him and said, "by the way your number was 73." He stopped dead in his tracks, speechless (for the first time), his mouth hanging wide open, and I just kept on walking. I heard later that during his very next show he excitedly told his viewers that I had told him what his number was when we were off the air.

I particularly liked the call-in-shows. Once I explained what I was all about and what I was there to teach, and the phone lines were opened, I never knew what direction things might go. Sometimes I would get such a response that their switchboards couldn't handle it. People would call in and for the first time ever, talk about a psychic experience they once had, wanting to know what it meant and why it happened. For the callers to find out that many people have had similar experiences would somehow console them and let them know that they weren't all alone or crazy. Some would call in wanting me to explain what a recurring dream they had been having meant. It was great fun. I was in my element.

I was on tour for four years. I was an invited guest on over three hundred television and radio talk shows, had feature articles in countless newspapers, gave programs in all fifty states except Maine and Hawaii, and did a few cities in Canada. I was even invited by the owner of the newspaper in a large city in Mexico to come and do programs. This was the first time I presented my programs through an interpreter. Life was good, I was doing what I loved, and I was making a difference in people's lives. The crowds were growing, I was eating regularly, and staying in nice hotels. By sharing with others what I knew and by working so very closely with my Team of helpers, I was also growing spiritually very quickly, and I was no longer being told, "Go to your room".

One day as I began the program in a town in the Midwest, I was surprised when several men in the audience jumped to their feet. I guess they thought I needed some of their tomatoes because they began sharing them with me by throwing them at me. I had learned how to handle the occasional heckler but never anything like this. They were shouting and angry. What they were shouting I don't even know, but they seemed very upset at my being in their town. I was so startled and busy dodging tomatoes, I wasn't sure what to do. Finally, I was boldly about to take command of the situation and find a way to settle them down, when several well-healed elderly ladies, you know the kind, the kind that won't take any guff from anyone, jumped up and began verbally blasting the tomato-hurling men. I remember thinking, "Thank you ladies, go ladies go, sic'em". The ladies finally concluded by ordering the men out of the room and telling them that they came to hear what I had to say, not them. The crazed men, realizing they were outmatched by the ladies, quickly departed.

Being the unshakable professional that I was (yeah, right), I calmly cleaned myself off and with my foot shoved the red remains out of my way, so I would have a clean place to stand for the rest of the program. As I was doing this, my bodyguards (I mean the kindly and very wise, elderly ladies) were apologizing to me for the actions of some of their town's folk. They said that the tomato throwers were the minister and several of his congregation from the local conservative religious fundamentalist evangelical church. I was shocked! How can grown men behave as if stupidity and violence were a virtue? As things calmed down, I relaxed, knowing I was never safer in my life than with these ladies, whom I now considered my very best friends in the entire world. I said, "Now, where was I?" and I continued. The program was one of my very best and certainly the most memorable. To this day I don't eat tomatoes.

After the program and after everyone was gone, I gathered up my things and headed for the parking lot and my car. Yes, you guessed it. Who was waiting for me in the parking lot but the same crazed minister and his unruly flock! This time however, they didn't have vegetables for me but baseball bats and tire irons. They looked murderous and my dear old lady bodyguards were gone. I quickly ducked back inside the hotel and summoned some help. The police were called, and the "flock" was nowhere to be found. I eventually went on my way, as I had to get to my next city where my publicity was already set up. I was sure that I would meet others who had come out to hear what I had to say.

A few months later I stopped touring the country and presenting my programs. I think it was a combination of the tomato incident and the fact I had been doing this for four years without a break, or at least that's what I told myself. I took time off and yearned for a "regular" life, what I called the "white picket fence life". I got busy doing "regular" kinds of things. I went back to school and received a bachelor's degree in business. I got married, had two terrific kids, and was becoming just a "regular" guy. Slowly over the years however, I began to realize that I would never be completely happy unless I was working with people at the soul core level and teaching them about spiritual things. That was why I was here this lifetime and many lifetimes before this one.

After years of living a "regular" life and gradually becoming increasingly dissatisfied with my life, I missed the soul-to-soul contact and fellowship I had loved. I made a decision. I decided I had to make changes, but this time I would do it differently. Looking back, I realize that at that point, differently meant safely. I didn't want to go back on tour or make myself a public figure (or target) again. Besides, now I had two children to think of. I wanted to go back to teaching, but safely this time, and not be a vegetable target ever again, or called a kook. I can see now that the incident in the Midwest town and the years in school being ridiculed and called a kook had left me scarred.

After much thought and planning, I gathered the credentials and licenses necessary to set myself up in private practice as a clinical counselor and therapist. I thought, "Hey, this will be great." I can work with people on a soul-to-soul level and teach them all about themselves, all about spiritual things, and do it without being a national figure. I can be a "regular" guy and still do

what I love doing. Or, as I can see now, what I was really seeking was, I can do what I love, what I'm good at, what fulfills me, hide out behind my respected credentials and shingle, and still remain anonymous. I may have fooled myself at the time, but not my mother. Over the years she had become my biggest fan, but only after she understood why I was the way I was as a kid.

Over the next several years I worked hard and built up my private clinical practice. I was trying hard to remain anonymous and just be a regular guy, but I guess I still stood out like a sore thumb, although I didn't mean to. Soon I was perceived as a cutting-edge alternative to the traditional psychological methods. I had developed my own methods simply because the traditional methods took forever and didn't work very well as far as I could tell. Therapists in the traditional stream didn't know what to make of me but my patients loved me. Most of my patients came to me as a last resort after years of traditional methods hadn't helped them much. I knew too much to ignore what I knew, and I knew my methods really helped people. My methods came to be known as the "Gradian Method of Spiritual Psychology". You will read more about this later in the book, but simply put, it's like this.

For years western medicine has thought of us as just a physical body, as if we were just a machine. If a part breaks down, they go to the parts store and then put in the new part, treating mostly symptoms, not causes. Western Psychology and Psychiatry think of us as purely mental beings and concern themselves only with that gray matter between our ears. They talk about chemical imbalances of the brain as the cause of things. Lately they have begun to realize that the two, the physical and the mental, might somehow be connected and they think, gee whiz, what a leap. Now they talk about the "mind-body connection", meaning if something goes haywire in the brain, it can manifest or cause something in the body to also go haywire.

I know from my experiences that we are not merely a physical body and not only a mental being either. If you look at a cadaver, the body is still there and if you open the skull, the gray matter is still there. What is missing is the person, the personality, the soul or spirit. Just like the man standing next to his coffin at the funeral my mother dragged me to as a child. So, if you're a Psychologist or a Psychiatrist dealing with a personality disorder, don't you think it might be wise to look where the personality is? The only reason I can think of as to why they don't get it is that they don't understand we are eternal spiritual beings, not merely temporary physical beings. That is why I talk about the "soul-mind-body connection". Something is haywire at the soul core level, causing something to go haywire at the mental level, and even at the physical level.

Psychologists and Psychiatrists specialize; I never did. I would work with anyone for whatever reasons or symptoms from fingernail biting to schizophrenia and everything in between. If you're symptom based, then, of course, you specialize in that specific symptom. I never cared about the outward symptoms. I was only concerned with the cause, which was always at the soul core or spirit level. The Gradian Method is a method that goes directly to the soul core level, finds out what is haywire, and corrects it. Once the problem has been corrected at the soul core level, all the mental symptoms and even most of the physical symptoms just fall away and dissolve because there is no more spiritual energy feeding and manifesting them.

Here is just one of many stories that illustrate what I am talking about. I'll try and be brief. A woman in her late forties, let's call her Jane, had been an alcoholic since her teens. She had been in every alcoholic's program known to mankind, had been in and out of mental institutions and had tried to commit suicide several times. She had just been released from an institution and was already having thoughts of suicide again. Her daughter had somehow heard of me and called me. We spoke for about fifteen minutes and I made an appointment for her mother. I told her daughter I didn't care if her mother drank; just make sure her mother was sober enough for the appointment.

When Jane arrived with her daughter for the appointment, she looked a wreck. She immediately began telling me how much she drinks, how often she drinks, what she drinks, and how long she usually can stay on the wagon. I stopped her right there. I told her I don't care about all those symptoms and don't even want to know about all that. I began explaining to her, at a level she could understand, all about symptoms and causes; how her drinking was just a symptom, and we would only be concerned with the cause. She was flabbergasted. Always before, in every alcoholic's program she had ever been in, it was all symptom based. Resist the urge, stay on the wagon, own that you are forever going to be an alcoholic, and fight it day by day, but if you ever take one drink again alcohol will control you again. Here I was telling her all those symptoms just don't matter. We would find out why she had the urge to drink and the cause of her drinking.

Drinking to excess is a self-destructive behavior, right? It's just one of many self-destructive behaviors. A person who wants to self-destruct could select any number of behaviors that would accomplish the same thing. She could have been a drug addict, right? Let's use the "Gradian Method of Spiritual Psychology" and journey deep into her soul and find out why she believes that she is so terrible, so bad that she wants others to think the same of her, and why she wants to self-destruct.

During the next session, that is what we did. We learned together, with the help of my Team of Spiritual Helpers and her Team, that when she was four years old her parents divorced. Like most little kids, she somehow thought it had to be because of her, something she did wrong. But, to make matters even worse, we found out that her father, because of the divorce, put a shotgun in his mouth and blew his head off. She was the first one who found the body. Jane had no conscious memory of that event. She only remembered the fact that her parents got divorced when she was four. Her mother had since passed on, so I asked her and her daughter if there was anyone who would know about her father's suicide. They agreed there was a distant relative who would know. I told them to track down the relative and ask them if it was true about her father. The next session, the third one, they confirmed the suicide.

So, when we add all of this up, here is what we get. Jane concluded, at four years old, that the whole divorce and suicide incident she witnessed was because she had done something so bad, so terrible, that she caused all those events. She concluded that she must be a horrible excuse of a human being, not worthy of life itself.

When people have an untrue belief rooted in their soul, whether by coming to the wrong conclusion about something themselves, like in this example, or because it was drummed into them by someone else, it's what I call programming or a block. It's an untrue belief system that they have accepted as true. In my experience, one thing that is true about everyone is that people will manipulate situations, events, memories, other people, and even themselves to prove the untrue belief is true. So, if she believes, at the soul core level, that she is a horrible, useless, no good person, she will strive to prove to the world through her actions and deeds that that is exactly what she is. Jane chose to prove it to herself and everyone else by being an alcoholic. In this way, the feedback she got from others confirmed her belief about herself.

The next two sessions were spent helping her to change the untrue belief that was causing all the negative self-image to the true belief that she had nothing to do with the divorce and subsequent suicide. I helped her to realize at the soul core level that she was very special and deserving of all the best that life has to offer and that she needed to continue to build her relationship with her Team of helpers that she had learned to contact. Once the cause is corrected, the symptoms just fall away. No fighting with urges anymore. She no longer had any urge to drink, or to prove to the world that she was a terrible, no good person. As I did with everyone who overcame something that once had power over them, I would go with them as they took back their power by doing what they feared or facing it in some way. So, the three of us, Jane, her daughter, and I went to a local jazz nightclub, listened to some good live music, drank a cocktail and just grinned at each other for a while. Alcohol no longer had any meaning to her. It was powerless. She kept in touch with me for several years, never had any more problems and she and her daughter are making up for all the lost years.

While in private practice I enjoyed working with kids and teens, as they were still so open and ready to learn new ways to look at and approach life. They were still very feeling and not yet cemented in their intellects. Sometimes adults are like trying to reshape concrete after it's already hardened. I also did a lot of marriage and relationship counseling; I called it coaching. That wasn't always so fun. Sometimes I just wanted to tell them that they were all wrong for each other, but that wasn't my decision to make and after all, life is all about learning lessons. Here is a silly little marriage-counseling story that just popped into my mind, so I guess I'm supposed to share it with you.

This story is a good and simple example of what I call, "the unconscious marriage (or relationship) contract." Everyone has unconscious expectations about everything, but especially marriage and relationships. Most people are totally unaware of what unconscious expectations they or their partner have. If they are unaware of them, how on earth are they ever going to get those needs met? If those needs are not met, then frustration and disappointment will, of course, be the result.

Here is the story. A young couple, married only three years, came to me as a last resort. They had already made up their minds to divorce, but she had promised her mother she would try counseling one last time. I could tell that she was the one who was dissatisfied and wanted the divorce, and he had just resigned himself to it, so I began by focusing mostly on her. As we

sorted through all her feelings at her soul core level, we landed upon the base feeling that she just didn't feel like he really loved her. He swore that he did and that he had done everything he knew to convince her of it. She admitted that he had. He was always telling her he loved her, bringing her flowers, gifts, etc.; the works. He adored her and doted on her. At this point in their first session, I already knew what was wrong. Now I only had to get them to discover it on their own.

Next, we began exploring all the ways each of them knew how to show love and all the ways each of them recognized that they were being shown love. I knew this discovery exercise would reveal the problem to them. You see, when we are young, we learn how to show love and recognize when we were being loved by how our parents or whoever raised us did it. There are common ways such as wanting to hear it. Some want quality time, some want gifts and presents, etc., but he had already tried all the usual ways. So, it had to be some special thing from her childhood. Let's go back and find out what it is. The Gradian Method quickly led her to discover it. This is what she found.

When she was very young, her father worked long hours and would usually not get home until well after she had gone to bed. She knew he loved her because the first thing he did when he got home was go into her bedroom and make sure she was all tucked in and kiss her on the cheek goodnight. Sometimes she was still awake, sometimes not, but either way at a conscious level or an unconscious level, she was aware of him and his actions. She learned to associate these actions with feeling loved, safe, and secure.

After this "Ah-haa moment", this revelation, she burst out laughing nervously and was quite embarrassed. She finally managed to say, "Does this mean what I think it means? My feeling that he doesn't love me is because he doesn't tuck me in at night? I just looked at her and grinned. Her husband jumped to his feet and with tears in his eyes proclaimed, "If that's what it takes, I will gladly tuck you in every night!" Case closed, they lived happily ever after.

An added benefit of the "Gradian Method of Spiritual Psychology" is that they also learned how to get insights and answers from their Teams and how to journey to their soul core levels. In the future they could use this understanding and these tools to explore what's at their soul core level and make their relationship all that they wanted it to be or discover anything else that might be affecting any other area of their lives.

The years I was in private practice were very rewarding spiritually. I could see the impact I was having on people's lives and I was learning a lot as I worked very closely with my Team and the Teams of those I was counseling. It just seemed very slow. Working with people one on one was great, but I couldn't help feeling at that rate, it would take me a thousand years to really make a difference in how society as a whole viewed life and spiritual things. I guess since I was feeling just a little dissatisfied, I should have known that a change in the direction of my life was once again about to happen.

My mother had a bad stroke. For a while she didn't even remember who I was; that's unnerving. After a few years of her making progress and then backsliding, the day came when we all knew

she had only about a month or two to live. I decided to go for a visit while she was still coherent enough to know that I was there with her. While there I wanted to spend some quality alone time with her and wanted to give my father a break from his role as her constant caregiver. It seemed only right that I should assist her by changing her diapers.

One day I rolled her outside in her wheelchair, and we sat together on their deck overlooking the mountains of North Carolina. As we sat there in silence, since for some time she couldn't speak very well, we would watch the mountains and the clouds moving over them, hold hands and occasionally grin at each other. Even though nothing was being said, I knew, and I knew she knew, that a lot of communication was happening. Then to my surprise she began trying to speak. I asked her if there was something she needed. Was she cold, did she want to go back inside, did she need to go to the bathroom? She moved her head from side to side indicating, no. Then, after mustering all her strength she slowly began to form words. She said, "You know you have to do it." I asked her, "Do what?" She slowly and with much effort said, "Promise me that you will do it." Again, I said, "I don't know what you're saying; what is it that you want me to do?" She then in a slow, soft voice said, "Do what you are here to do. Go back to teaching people everything that you know." I then knew that she knew, before I did, what was missing in my life. She was referring to my going back on tour, traveling and teaching groups of people again making a larger difference. Teaching what I knew to be true regardless of the consequences (or the tomatoes).

That night I laid awake thinking about everything and by morning I made a decision. Before I left to drive back home to Florida, I went to her room and as I entered she woke and I whispered to her, "I promise," and she squeezed my hand. During the nine-hour drive back home, I came to grips with all the reasons I had stopped touring and all the reasons I instead went into private practice. I once again had to search my soul, the very core of who I am, and sort it all out. My Team reminded me of one of my favorite sayings. A saying that I told my patients all the time but, in this instance, had not been living up to it myself. It goes, "Ships are safe in the harbor, but that's not what they were made for". My private practice was my safe harbor, but that's not what I was made for. As my mother had said, I needed to do what I was here on this Earth to do. Two weeks later I returned to North Carolina to attend her funeral. She was there, as well as her body, and I again promised her that I would do it. That promise began a whole chain of events that would completely alter the course of my life, "again".

In just a few months I would meet a person who would help me fulfill the promise I made to my mother and would eventually become my teaching partner, my life partner, and my wife. Within a year I was again on tour teaching my new course, "The Ah-haa! Course" and all of its follow-up courses. My wife and I presented "The Ah-haa! Course" throughout the country for the past many years.

While I was creating the course, and the first few times I taught it, I never knew what to call it. The course is so all encompassing, I couldn't figure out what it should be named or even come up with a one liner describing what it was. I thought, this isn't good; a course must have a name. Finally, in one of my Zen flashes, I said to myself, why? Why does something have to have a

name? So, I released it, didn't worry about it, and decided to not name it until the name came to me, all in good time.

Finally, after presenting the course several times, it became obvious to me and to everyone else. The course had named itself. As I watched the overwhelming impact the course had on those who experienced it, one phrase kept being uttered by everyone. "AH-HAA!" And they would say, "Now I get it, now my life makes total sense; now it all makes sense!" Those who had experienced the course soon came to call the course "The Ah-haa! Course". Everyone was having one life enriching Ah-haa moment after another and they left feeling like they had "dipped themselves in magic waters."

Now, after presenting "The Ah-haa! Course" for several years, those who have experienced all that it offers have acclaimed it as, "The most self-empowering, profound spiritual experience one could ever have!" At the beginning of each course, I prepare the audience to be ready for change because "Something wonderful is about to happen to your life!" So far, the course has not let me or anyone else down.

The course is an introduction, an overview to the Spiritual Discovery Movement and all that it offers. The course begins with an explanation of all things spiritual and quickly moves into the experiential course that it truly is. Everyone "experiences" this course by being led through various innovative techniques; the same ones that I learned from. Everyone leaves this course feeling like they have been reborn and are walking on air. They have truly learned how to be one with the flow of the universe, take control of their lives, manifest all that they can be, and now they have the tools to truly do it. No more living life by the trial and error method.

As my wife and I taught this course across the country, she and others urged me to write a book about it, my experiences teaching it, how I developed it, and the true-life stories of the profound life altering experiences people had in the course. I have always been reluctant to write a book because I thought people would read the book and think they knew all about the course, when in fact the course, just like all spiritual growth, must be experienced. There is an old saying by Confucius: "I hear, and I forget. I see, and I may remember. I do, and I understand." And Socrates said, "You can be knowledgeable with others' knowledge, but you can't be wise with others' wisdom; that you have to gain through your experiences." Don't you just love good old sayings?

I'm sure you have met the kind of person I call a "spiritual shopper". They read every new book that comes out, attend every lecture and seminar and think they know a lot about spiritual things. They know all the right buzzwords and concepts and can talk a good story, but it's just intellectual theory to them. This is because they have never really experienced what they are talking about. They have not "become it". They have knowledge about it, but it's not wisdom. One can become knowledgeable with others' knowledge, but one cannot become wise with others' wisdom. They have accepted it on faith, but true confidence and wisdom only comes from what we experience. Knowing about a thing is not the same as experiencing it and living it, and to benefit from it, you have to live it, and every day learn to live it more deeply.

I'm a great believer in another old saying, "Don't just give a hungry person a fish, but teach them how to fish and they will never hunger again." That is why the course is designed as an experiential journey, teaching people how to use all the tools available to them from the universe and how to find their own way, their own answers. That's also why I won't perform. At the beginning of each course I tell everyone, "Don't believe a word I say today, just because I say it." I ask them to experience the techniques (exercises), and then draw their own conclusions.

I took time off from touring and teaching and put everything on hold a few years ago to care for my wife after she became seriously ill and later was diagnosed as having pancreatic cancer. She passed away, with me at her side, after a long struggle. She insisted that I make her the same promise that I made to my mother years before. My wife (Adona) said, "Promise me you will get back to teaching and doing your life's work like we originally set out to do together!" Of course, I made her that promise and have also decided to write The Book of Ah-haas! So, keep in mind that The Book of Ah-haas! is about "The Ah-haa! Course" and the experiences those attending it have had, but it is not the course. I hope you enjoy the book and I'll look forward to sharing all of this with you in person when you attend the course and have your own wonderful, life changing Ah-haa! experiences. See you there.

Now sit back, take a deep breath, release it and just relax. Your journey is now beginning. "Something wonderful is about to happen to your life!" I promise!