

**Subject:** stream of consciousness waking dream of hovering 1 29 2014

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The dream less than an hour ago was a waking dream where I was fully conscious and aware. It started with me and two other men who were experimenting with floating cushions and states of awareness where we could float together. It was elaborate and it was my second or third meeting with them. It seemed at first like we were making a movie but then our collaborations took us to realizations that it was our own lives, and not for anyone else. We talked about the possibilities and the mutual adventure and then I did it! In front of the two men, I actually lifted off and hovered a bit. One of the other men slipped a comfortable cushion under my bum and it was like a boost. I was able to sit VERY comfortably on the cushion and lift off straight up in the large well lit room which seemed to be on the second or third floor of a large building in a crowded city. I hovered to the ceiling and they pointed out that my hair was standing straight up and touching the ceiling like a huge fro. I thought it odd that I felt no sensation of touching the ceiling, in fact no sensation of my body at all, but I could see from the top of the room all around and my yearning was to go outside and float which I did. I somehow walked downstairs and found a beautiful park area where I resumed my ability to lift off on the cushion and float. I began to lean forward which propelled me and soon I was flying slowly and a body of water appeared before me in the park. I was hesitant to go over water as I was not sure if I could sustain being just inches or a foot or two above the water but I got up the nerve and went out over the water. I saw a clump of dense bushes and decided to land in the shallow water which I did gently. I realized that I did not feel the water but I was in it, standing and there were butterflies and insects all around me and the smells of the flowers in the bushes and the sunlight of the water ... it was beautiful. I then lifted off from there and found myself slowly hovering along a walking path with high rise apartment buildings all around the park. I continued on the walking path and two little PICANESE DOGS CAME YELPING ON EITHER SIDE OF ME, JOYOUSLY SHARING MY GLEE. They licked my face and I let them which is something I don't usually do. Their owner called to them and they ran off. I found myself entering a heavily wooded part of the park and went into a shallow cave where I saw a heavy set woman sitting on a rock passed out from drunkenness. I decided to leave her alone and continued along the path. I felt guilt and started to circle back to help her and that's when the consciousness of my body returned. I was no longer able to hover and not feel my body. I got out of the bed and went to the bathroom and came back and sat in the lotus position and went in to sacred breath and extreme yoga positions and re lived the state of being body less and decided to come down to my computer and type the experience before losing the memory of it. What is MOST magnificent is the FEELING during the hovering. It is so free and the state of BEING is so much higher than the state of BEING when in the body. It was surely an out of body experience with all the intoxicating lofty feeling. I was at once one with all there is. I was at once Guided with all the Angelic Beings around me at all times. I was at once swimming with glee and total joy, so exalted is the feeling, so heavenly, so loving and so detached. What a welling sensation it is to KNOW how to lift off, to KNOW the KNOWINGNESS that surrounded me and the other two men as well. They were so happy for me and I'm sure they will be able to lift off too! I yearn to return to them now but not sure who they were or who they are...They were both tall and handsome and youngish, maybe in their early 40's, well built and stylishly dressed, they seemed to be grand guides of some kind, urging a release so to speak of the body experience. They had both done it many times but like myself, could not always achieve the state at will, only by a totality of circumstance and opportunity and chance... a

combination of all the right things at the right time... I remember that they could see me with my fro touching the ceiling and they rejoiced with me at my achievement. When I left and went for my sojourn in the park, I don't think anyone saw me. There were no encounters with others other than the two dogs, the insects, the flowers, and the woman who was in a stupor.