

MY DREAMS

DREAMS, VISIONS, POETRY AND HOLY WRITINGS

You are my dream,
My hurtful cry in darkness.
The crushing pain of severance.
My walk in the sweet linen garden of White remembering.
You are thought to my thought, strength to my strength heat to my heart,
voice to my voice, beginning to my end, The first and last trembling of all
desire.

The Wooden Hut

Somewhere in England the March hare slips sideways and burrows into the soft powder- puff-kindness that nestles underfoot. The milk-maid looks east and sees kites fluttering skyward on mad chiffon wings. The Morris men Morris. Turning to the west she sees lamps waving as men worry and search the dead bracken.

Tic-tac soldiers took mummy. Their wooden horses go clippety-clop, clippety-clop round around, sing Bodmin Moor. A wooden hut sits horrid and awful!

From Tea at Francesca's

In my twenties I encountered a sequence of vivid dreams that would always involve me breaking into a terrible hut or a room within which would lurk a horror, horrible beyond words. At the very instant I broke through the door or entered in upon the room I would wake up in a dreadful sweat and shouting some incoherent garble.

The Holy Word

I would very often find myself in a frightening situation, confronted by something malevolent, I knew I had to utter something, some word, some sentence was needed to defuse the evil situation. I would wake up sweating and mouthing some incoherent garble. [At a later date I experienced a dream in which an evil fire was spreading through an upstairs room of an inn. I shouted "Ya-Baha-ul-Abha" and woke up elated that I had discovered the word that could disarm all evil]

Two Worlds

I think this vision should be first chronologically. I have it written down somewhere in a book. It took place around about 1978/9 at 118 Blakemore Brookside. Me and Kerry were living in a wooden hut somewhere. I was

asleep and having a bad dream. She said it would be alright. I saw a fiery globe with a woman's head writhing in emotional agony. It was Sharon, then it was Kerry, then it was someone else, then it was a fiery globe again with the words "Two Worlds" written on it. Someone touched my shoulder and I jumped out of bed. I really felt the touch!

"Verily, I say, this phenomenon is the most mysterious of the signs of God amongst men, were they to ponder it in their hearts. Behold how the thing which thou hast seen in thy dream is, after a considerable lapse of time, fully realized. Had the world in which thou didst find thyself in thy dream been identical with the world in which thou livest, it would have been necessary for the event occurring in that dream to have transpired in this world at the very moment of its occurrence. Were it so, you yourself would have borne witness unto it. This being not the case, how-ever, it must necessarily follow that the world in which thou livest is different and apart from that which thou hast experienced in thy dream. This latter world hath nei-ther beginning nor end. It would be true if thou wert to contend that this same world is, as decreed by the All-Glorious and Almighty God, within thy proper self and is wrapped up within thee. It would equally be true to main-tain that thy spirit, having transcended the limitations of sleep and having stripped itself of all earthly attachment, hath, by the act of God, been made to traverse a realm which lieth hidden in the innermost reality of this world. Verily I say, the creation of God embraceth worlds besides this world, and creatures apart from these creatures. In each of these worlds He hath ordained things which none can search except Himself, the All-Searching, the All-Wise. Do thou meditate on that which We have revealed unto thee, that thou mayest discover the purpose of God, thy Lord, and the Lord of all worlds. In these words the mysteries of Divine Wisdom have been treasured."

Baha'u'llah

Number Nine

Some time in 1983, I experienced a dream in which the number nine imposed itself on my consciousness in a big way. I didn't know the relevance of the number then, but its power and mystery intrigued me. I would see it everywhere and in everything. All I recall of the dream was deep visions of the number nine.

The Blessed Beauty

The vision of them all! Indescribable beauty, power, wisdom and love. Baha'u'llah has stated that it is not permitted for man to even glimpse the beauty of the next world, for he could not then stand to live in this one. I

wanted myself dead. In the asylum I remember waking and my only thought was to destroy myself. Such was the beauty of this encounter and the wretchedness of my physical state. As I lay in bed with Kerry next to me, I became aware of a warm dense feeling in the centre of my forehead, it began to spread across my temples. I became aware of my body lying there like a shadow, but I was no longer within it I was somewhere else viewing it, detached from it, as if looking at someone else's body from a place above. In an instant I was aware of a sphere of absolute attraction. All love and all wisdom beckoned and I moved toward it. All else was a dream this was absolute reality, the most real experience of my life. My body and the bedroom no longer existed, nothing existed, nothing physical had any existence whatsoever, just this Orb of pure light.

It is hopeless to try and describe the beauty of the Being that glowed and flamed before me as I surrendered myself most willingly to its attraction. An Ancient Wisdom poured over me, utter compassion and warmth, total acceptance, like a moth to the flame I had no desire or thought other than total surrender to the source of all knowledge and love. I was in a state beyond bliss unimaginable and total.

I became aware of several beings and I recognised them intimately. They were closer to me than my physical mother and father...I knew these Beings were my real ancestors

reaching back through all time. They turned toward me in total acceptance and I to them.

Again in an instant I was propelled back down and into my lifeless body. I leapt out of bed in utter despair. This world now appeared in all directions to be utterly dead and hopeless.

A fuller documentation of this dream is given in My Story in the Bahai Histories Project.

<https://bahaihistoryuk.wordpress.com/>

"As for that mighty solar orb which thou didst behold in

thy dream, that was the Promised One, and its spreading rays were His bounties, and the translucent surface of the mass of water signifieth hearts that are undefiled and pure, while the surging waves denote the great excitement of those

hearts and the fact that they were shaken and deeply moved, that is, the waves are the stirrings of the spirit and holy intimations of the soul. Praise thou God that in the world of the dream thou hast witnessed such disclosures."

SWAB P180

Ya-Baha-ul-Abha

Can't remember too much about this one, I was in the upstairs room of a hotel inn, an evil fire broke out and every one left, I stood in the midst of the flames and shouted the Greatest Name, the fire disappeared immediately. I woke up thrilled.

The Suffluence of Light

Detailed in one of my pads. The most beautiful music, the most beautiful voice. Nine words: "Steve, the suffluence of light is in its particles" This occurred during a period when I was writing a book on the Nature of Reality, and in particular the study of Light as a particle/wave phenomenon.

`Abdu'l-Baha

Wonderful. It was Him without doubt. The mission hut, the muslims attacking us, "Verily God knows what is in My heart and Verily He knows what is in your heart" I followed Him to the wall, He showed me my tile with my name on it. He read the question in my heart "Don't worry, you will be a"

I was with a group of Bahais, we had made a clearing in a large forest and had built a Bahai Centre out of the wood from the cleared trees. We had just

finished it and Abdul Baha was in the midst of us. He had been overseeing the work and it was time to dedicate the Center. I recall distinctly looking up at Abdul Baha from my vantage point directly in

front of Him. His whole being radiated all that Abdul Baha was and is. His face was loving yet strong, stern and undaunted. We became aware of an army of soldiers coming through the trees intent on destroying us and the Centre....they seemed to be mainly Muslims. However when this vast army broke through the trees and they were being led by a commander they halted and the commander walked up to our small group of a dozen or so Bahai's and stood in front of Abdul Baha. Abdul Baha was totally undaunted by the Commander and his troops and looked down at the commander with great authority and dignity and at the same time absolute love. It was then that He

said, "Verily God knows what is in My heart and Verily He knows what is in your heart"

The commander's face lit up as he smiled a huge smile at Abdul Baha, they embraced and then the commander turned to his men and waved them back into the trees, saying we have no business with these people we must leave them in peace. With that they disappeared.

Then Abdul Baha walked away from us and followed a dusty track which led around the side of a mountain. I sneakily tried to follow Abdul Baha thinking that He would not know I was behind him about ten paces. As He passed by the mountain on His right hand side He came to a low wall that surrounded a vast paved area. There was a small gap in the wall through which He passed. I knew I could not go beyond that wall. I am not sure what that vast area was or what the wall was, it could have been the Veil betwixt that world and this. However, I was made aware that the Abdul Baha was gliding upon the pavement stones of this area and each stone had a name written on it. I was shown a stone with my name on it. As I looked again towards Abdul Baha Who was now some way in the distance, I became aware that He knew all the time I had been following Him and he serenely turned to face me. He knew I had a question in my heart and He answered it by saying Don't Worry you will be a I don't speak about this part of the dream it is very personal. Then Abdul Baha, looking very tired at this stage turned to continue His journey across the paved area and toward what seemed an endless horizon.

O God, guide me, protect me, illumine the lamp of my heart, make me a brilliant star, Thou art the Mighty and the Powerful.

Baha'u'llah

Majestic and mysterious. I was in a class room and Baha'u'llah was the Teacher. I sat at the back and Baha'u'llah looked at me and said "Are you one of us" I said "I am a Baha'i and a follower of the covenant" He spoke about the power of this word. I wondered if I had said the word "Allah'u'Abha" but after some thought in the world of awake I realized that I had indeed mentioned the Greatest Name when I said I was a "Baha'i". Equally Baha'u'llah may have been referring to the word Covenant.

[I remember, whilst on a teaching project in London I was outside a door talking to a man and woman they were both Bahai's, they remarked that I was wearing the ringtone symbol on a chain around my neck, I also had it on a small lapel badge, the lady remarked that I was wearing three Greatest

Names as I was also sporting a large badge with the word "BAHA'I" emblazoned upon it.]

We all went out of the class room.

He rode upon my shoulders, we approached His white horse, it attacked Him. I took Him to a place of safety whereupon He was Jesus.

"Then I saw heaven open, and there was a white horse. Its rider is called Faithful and True..."

More Detail

I was in a room waiting for an Audience with either the NSA or the UHJ. I was going to speak with them concerning using Music in Teaching. Then a woman came to me and said, "Baha'u'llah wishes to see you"!

I was siezed with fear and trembling.

I was shown to a kind of reception hall at the end of which was an extremely ornate and beautiful curtain. I was aware of a light shining behind and beyond he curtain. The woman parted the curtain and we entered what seemed like a class room and Baha'u'llah was the Teacher. There was a small group of followers seated on chairs in this room as Baha'u'llah paced up and down. The group of followers were singing a beautiful song, I didn't know the song but at the same time it was familiar to me. I began to pick up the words and started to sing along with the group. Baha'u'llah's face seemed very young and thin and at the same time ancient and strong. His hair was short, black in places but quite white on the top. He wore a flowing gown. Then He looked at me with eyes that pierced into my very soul, my head just automatically bowed in adoration.

He spoke: "Are you one of us?"

My mouth was dry and I was unable to speak. But then somehow some power within me rose up and I was able to speak and said: "I am a Bahai, a follower of the Covenant"

Baha'u'llah seemed please with this response and started pacing up and down again and was saying to the whole group, "This is a very powerful word!"

I wasn't sure what word He was referring to at first I thought He must mean the word Bahai as it contains the Greatest Name of God, Baha. But now I think He may have been referring to the word Covenant. Particularly as I have no idea why I was inspired to say I was a follower of the Covenant, its not a phrase I have ever used.

Then Baha'u'llah addressed me again and said "Take Me to My horse!"

We all walked outside and there stood the Horse it was enormous and white. I am actually carrying Baha'u'llah upon my shoulders to His Horse.

When Baha'u'llah spoke the words were not words as we know them. They sounded, but not in the air, these words vibrated within the heart of the listener and conveyed the essence of inner meaning.

As I carried Baha'u'llah to His horse, for some unknown reason He was dangling His hand before my eyes. He seemed to be saying to me look I have a physical hand and it seemed to hold some mystery that I was unaware of. This mystery seemed to be concerning His identity.

The white Horse was immense maybe 20- 35 feet tall. Huge muscles and a tossing head. It was like one of those giant Shire horses, or a plough horse. Its head had the expression of the Horse in the Picasso painting called Guernica.

As we approached I was intimidated by the horse. I intimated to Baha'u'llah that I wasn't very good with horses. Baha'u'llah spoke to the small group of followers who had followed us outside, He said, "Be careful, he isn't very good with horses" he said in an amused way as if it contained a hidden humor.

As we came close to the horse it began to swing its head violently and made to attack Baha'u'llah. It struck Him a few times until I realized I had to carry Baha'u'llah away from this delirious horse. I couldn't understand why Baha'u'llah's own horse would ever attack Him, it was a crazed and senseless attack.

I urged my legs into action and made my way with Baha'u'llah to a wall, like a wall that surrounds a castle or a Temple. There was a small archway entrance in the wall, just large enough for me and Baha'u'llah to pass under. The horse however was far too large to enter and so we were saved from the furious attack.

Once in the safety of the Temple or castle I lowered Baha'u'llah to the ground and to my surprise He had assumed a different appearance. It was the same sweet expression but He now had a neatly trimmed and curly beard and flowing locks of hair. He was naked apart from a loin cloth. He assumed the aspect of Jesus crucified on the cross and just lay on the ground, arms outstretched with His head hanging seemingly lifeless to one side.

I was distraught. Did this mean I hadn't managed to save Him from the attack of the Horse!

And yet there was something about His demeanour that suggested all along that He was not dead.

Then He began to move and smiled and assumed full life as He rose again to His feet. It was as if the whole episode of the attack by the horse was an ordained thing and His seeming death was part of it and He was always going to survive, and all was well.

I woke up feeling so groggy with a pounding head. I had experienced such extreme emotions during this dream/vision. Fear, courage, horror, deep sadness, confusion and ultimately joy.

Upon the white night bright light horse,
All wooden with cuddles and crooked with grin,
They burrowed and burrowed and dug themselves in. They would not come out or peer from the wood,
As I lowered my Lord to His river of blood.
I'd carry You far from the idiot lips,
Far from the heathens crucifix,

My Jesus, Muhammad, my Gate, my Beloved.

I think I should include Julie's visions of Grandad Walter and Heathers visit to England.

The Children of Dunbane

16/3/96 Vivid Dream of The Children of Dunblane

I am still confused about the lead up to the conclusion of this dream. I was in a very confused state, I seemed to be surrounded by a madness, I was in a large building with many corridors and rooms, I seemed to be going from room to room in a state of confusion, I knew not where I was or the purpose of my visit there. In each room was located a particular madness, I dashed from scene to scene. The penultimate room contained two people, obviously crazed and leering with the effects of a drug induced madness, they seemed callous, emotionless, and empty. The nearest to me, grinning, thrust what appeared to be a small rolled cigarette into my mouth and said: "It's speed" I pushed the hand away and ran from the room. They both laughed a horrible jeering callous laugh.

I ran down a long corridor with a single door at the end. I burst through the door and was in the presence of a vivid emotion. I saw an image of the letter "B", I was in a fairly large hall with wooden floorboards, there were a group of

children, some sitting, some playing. I felt the very strong emotion of sadness, grief, and separation, however this was immediately

replaced with one of joy, and happiness. The beaming face of a little girl looked up at me. Hosro was lying on the floor playing with a child (Payam?) he said: "It's alright steve, welcome"

Throughout the dream, and particularly in the hall amongst the happy children, I felt the unmistakable presence of `Abdu'l-Baha, it was as if his beautiful smile and the welcome embrace of His arms surrounded everything, particularly the children.

[Note: When I woke up I was in a state of confusion, I soon realized, however, that the dream was concerning the tragic events of Dunblane on Wednesday the 13/3/96, in which 16 children and their teacher were gunned to death by a crazed gun-man. The "B" I saw on entering the hall must have been associated with the class number, which was class B1 or B3?]

DONT LET HER OVER THE DOOR

I was in a house and part of a community a certain woman was pretending to be nice but secretly she was killing members of the community with her knife. It was a horrid and bloody scene, bodies lying dead every where. I discovered who it was, she was very beautiful yet deadly! I openly accused her or someone like her, it seemed there were two women in the same body. I told her to give me the knife. I knew I was safe if I kept her in my eyes, I had an instrument like a Gun but it also wasn't a gun but it had the power to keep her from running . I had to keep it trained on her, and I knew I had to take her to the Police, or the authorities, where-upon she would be incarcerated and the killing would stop. I awoke hearing these nine words spoken to me:

HERES THE DEAL DONT LET HER OVER THE DOOR

"Heres the deal...don't let her over the door!" (9 words! Like before) "Steve the suffluence of light is in its particles"

Give Shohreh your credit.

14/11/17 had vivid dream I was in the next world. In buildings very modern and streets with people Bahais of all levels some felt above me distinguish people. I saw a man carrying a large black oblong portfolio folder with a golden semi circle on the one longer edge, it looked very ornate and special. I knew telepathically that the large portfolio contained all my BAHAI songs.

Shohreh was for a moment in this dream. As I lay in a half awake state I felt a very light spiritual arm embrace me and heard them so lightly spoken words

“Give Shohreh your credit.”

The Flood

Dream of being in a house with Shohreh and Tamika. Suddenly water started to pour through the ceiling. Just like at Castle-croft. When I tried to examine it it got worse. Then I looked into an outside yard and saw floods of water coming and a terrible storm. I told Shohreh and Tamika we needed to get out of the house and climb a steep hill to get out of the flood. We left but Shohreh and Tamika with another younger child (don't know who this child was, but was part of the family) began to go up the wrong hill, I shouted to Shohreh you are going up the wrong hill, it is this one we need to go up. She turned and followed me...then she said don't worry your children are OK. Meaning Sophie and Joe. Tamika was looking at me but as I looked at her she turned away with a bit of spite and hurt. I wondered if I had caused the spite and hurt by not looking lovingly at her.

Tall thin detective in a beautiful city of mazes

Dream in a beautiful eastern city. The city was like a maze. Each area was identical, but depending on which route you took there would be different people and events going on. Like parallel universes. I watched a very suave under cover agent apprehend some dangerous characters and befriended him. We went together into a kind of bar/restaurant are very luxurious. Shohreh was there. I spoke to the tall thin detective man and congratulated him on apprehending the thugs...he smiled and said they didn't stand a chance. I wanted to introduce him to Shohreh but when I looked she was sitting on some cushions very eastern and ornate. Kerry was sitting with her they had just met for the first time and were laughing and happily getting to know each other. Some mafia looking guys approached the Tall thin detective and persuaded him to go for a walk with them. He looked resigned to his fate and went with them. I left to follow him thinking he will need help against these ruthless men, but I lost them and found myself in a far off part of the city wondering how I was going to get back to where Shohreh was. I remember wondering why did they have to build this city in the form of a maze. As I trundled along a dusty track trying to get back to where Shohreh was I woke up.

The Range Rover

I bought a new car it was a large four wheel drive camper van but in the style of a Range Rover. It was a light blue colour. I drove to see Sophie and Joe

and Kerry was there but she wasn't really speaking with me, she just looked at me disapprovingly, but I was OK with that...

Then I went for a walk with Joe, we got so far into our walk and Kerry asked Joe to go and pick something up...and he started to walk away from me, I said is it far Joe shall I drive you...he said yes that would be good. We got in my new car and started to drive down this road through an estate but it was a very bumpy road with lots of pot holes, but it wasn't a problem to my big Range Rover, I was enjoying it and laughing, Joe was a bit critical that I was purposely driving through all the rough patches and enjoying the ride, he said can't you go the easy way Dad?

Then we came to a huge crater, in the road it was massive. There had been an earthquake and the road had just collapsed into a crater so deep you could see people walking on the bottom, it must have been 200 foot deep. There was a quite steep side that you could just climb across if you were careful. I started to lead the way then Joe went ahead of me but he lost his footing and slid down to the bottom...I was scared for him temporarily, however, he wasn't hurt and managed to climb up and try again. In the mean time I had found a safe way across and showed him the way and he made it too. Then we were walking through a beautiful field together and in the distance I could see Sophie and Kerry about half a mile away. I waved to Sophie and she started to run towards us happily like a child. I was happy that she was excitedly running towards me and Joe, and she was running away from Kerry who was still disgruntled with me but it was all alright!

I like this dream it felt positive. The bumpy road with potholes seemed to represent the road I have taken through life. But my carriage, my Range Rover was a really good one and able to deal with the bumps. I used to love taking the kids for bumpy rides across country in my real Blue Land Rover Discovery, and it represented the good times of prosperity. The big crater we came upon in the road seems to me to represent perhaps the divorce and/or the break up of the family...or Joe and Sophies joint journey, (and perhaps mine as I went into a big crater when the marriage broke up). back to the Faith. I think it was meaningful that Joe stumbled but wasn't hurt in his journey and I was able to show him the way to safety and into some beautiful fields where Sophie was eager to join us.

I think the road also represents the path I chose to take in our family. It was me who wanted to leave the safety and prosperity of Siemens and work for the Faith in Swindon. And then it was me who chose to form a Rock Band and go that rocky road. So I understand Joes remark in my dream...why are you going the rough way Dad and enjoying it. So I may have made some difficult and dubious decisions, but I was able to eventually guide us to the

heavenly fields. And really it was me who put Teaching the Faith before anything else....including Family. I felt instinctively that that was the right thing to do...but I am seeing now that that was probably wrong. However it is still the prime driving force in my life I just want to Teach. How can I not want to...is it wrong to want to so much??

The Bent Branch

Rob Weinberg began to appear in my dreams. The last of these dreams was the most momentous. I was at a rather large Bahai or Spiritual Convention just walking along aimlessly in the main meeting area, when Rob appeared by my side and threw his arm over my shoulders. I was rather surprised by this show of companionship as on previous occasions when I had encountered Rob there seemed to be an un-spoken stand offish atmosphere between us. However he seemed pleased to see me and intimated that he wanted to show me an artistic presentation he was working on. When we got to the presentation I could see it was in the form of a large sculptured tree. As I peered to the top of the structure I could see that one of the branches was sticking out and bent and not in conformity with all the other branches. I intimated to Rob that this was spoiling the smithy of the artistic piece and that I could climb up the tree and attempt to straighten the branch. Rob was delighted at this and said "Would you really have a go at doing that?" I said yes of course. I then woke up so I have no idea weather I was able to straighten the branch or not!

Dyeing in bed

More of an intense feeling that a dream as such. I was laying next to Shohreh, we were both asleep. I became aware of the most beautiful enveloping feeling edging its way from my feet towards my head intending to cover my whole body. It was like being slowly immersed in the most loving and living spiritual water that was alive and beckoning with such a feeling of release, surrender and peace and I felt myself slipping willingly under its beautiful influence.

I began to realise I may be leaving this world if I continued to surrender, and I was aware of Shohreh beside me. I began to fight and pull myself from the warm beckoning beauty that was enveloping me. I awoke writhing and shouting and woke Shohreh up as well she comforted me but I was unable to go back to sleep. I told her about the experience the next day.