



UNSTOPPABLE JOY!

The Missing Chapter: The real secret revealed by your dreams.



Most folks look at the content of the dreams rather than the feeling of a dream.

They try to interpret the goings on - and ignore their feelings. Just like in real life.

Dreams are partially your feelings bubbling up and clearing themselves out of your mind every night.

They detach you from your daily grind and put you in another place and time.

To me dreams reveal an amazing secret about our existence.

Allow me to explain.

I have had dreams that are so real to me that I couldn't prove they were not dreams. Even when I knew they were. I would taste water, feel my muscles, smell the surroundings for clues it was a dream, but not find any.

You can read about one very detailed dream I had below

[It](#) was the morning of January 4th, 2007. Burned into my mind - I will never forget it.

From my journal...

Last night I had the most incredible "dream" experience ever in my life.

I had a long detailed dream of having a day at Bill Gates house in Washington.

I recently read an article detailing the construction of his home and I am sure that was what triggered the dream. Last night after watching "An Inconvenient Truth" with my good friend Jenifer Hood we talked a bit about Bill Gates house as well.

So the stage was set for a dream I will never forget.



Aside. Much of my philosophy and spiritual growth has involved an intellectual understanding of the fact that all life is really an illusion our souls create for our own growth. As discussed in some of my earlier writing - this creating our own "reality" is a recurring theme.

I have also done much study and practice of "lucid dreaming" which is a method for recognizing when you are dreaming by using set reference points. If you are interested, Google "lucid dreaming" you should find much info on it.

Back to the "dream". It started with my being greeted at the door by a cordial servant. He welcomed me and told me that Bill would be down in a minute to give me a tour. I was quite excited as there are no pictures of the inside of Bill Gates house, that I can find. He is understandably very protective of his privacy.

The butler took me to the part of the house that is adjacent to the boat dock. The views were spectacular I was enjoying the wonderful timber filled interior and looking with awe at the grand staircase when it hit me like a brick. There is no logical reason I should be here. I don't know Bill Gates personally.

I went to my training in "lucid dreaming". I saw the flaw in logic and proclaimed to myself "THIS MUST BE A DREAM".

But it was so real. I could smell the smells of the food cooking in the kitchen. I could feel the warmth of the sunlight shining through the huge windows and hitting my arms. I could feel every part of my body actually being there - down to the texture of the wood floor beneath my feet as I walked.

But I knew this had to be a dream. There was absolutely no reason for Bill Gates to be giving me a tour of his home.

So I set out to prove to myself that it was indeed a dream.

You know the expression "pinch yourself to make sure you aren't dreaming"? Well I thought of that and pinched myself hard. Know what, it hurt like Hell. Ouch - that was no fun.

So I asked the servant to bring me a cold glass of water. I figured that drinking water just wouldn't feel the same or "normal" if I was dreaming. The glass felt smooth and luxurious - real crystal. The water tasted wonderful., my throat felt just like it always does when I swallow and the ice cubes hurt my teeth a bit - like they always do.

Now I was seriously wondering if I WAS dreaming. Usually when I come to any sort of realization I am dreaming I wake up immediately. But I wasn't waking up - as a matter of fact the "dream" was just starting!

I thanked the servant for the glass of water and strolled out the huge doors to the dock out by the

lake. I felt the cold wind off the lake, smelled a bit of the ocean and rubbed my hands along the wood guard rails. Yep, everything was exactly like it was in my everyday reality.

I still had this nagging feeling that I must be dreaming. Unfortunately everything I did to prove to myself it was a dream backfired and simply proved I was not dreaming.

A security guard came up to me and said Bill was ready to see me. He asked if would I please go inside.

I stepped back into the house, and Bill came up and gave me a friendly greeting and thanked me for accepting his invitation.

Still I looked to prove to myself this was a dream. I became hyper aware of my body, the way my throat vibrated when I spoke, the way my calves felt when I walked up the stairs, the smell of Bills cologne, the smell of foods in the distance, the small temperature changes as we walked through the various rooms.

Absolutely nothing was different than normal. I was now losing the thought it was a dream. Everything I experienced on every level told me I was actually there.

Bill showed me his bedroom, which was behind a large electric security wall. It was way more modest than I would have expected. I commented that when folks asked me I would be able to tell them that Bill Gates lived a lot like most folks. Not pretentious or extravagant, a simple bedroom aside from the electric security wall.

We talked about wealth and laughed quite a bit. Back down the stairs we went.

He asked if I was hungry and I declined and we went back out to the dock. I was still monitoring my "physical" experience for clues I was dreaming. But nothing in the house, the small details of the environment or in my body was any different than what I experience every day. Even the sequence of events, the speed of walking, everything was logical and real.

Still, I still could not get rid of this tiny voice challenging me to prove I was dreaming. Problem was, I tried everything and it all simply solidified the perception of absolute reality.

So I came to the conclusion that I was not dreaming. I was actually at the mansion.

All of the sudden I felt my cat, Frankie, rubbing my leg. He does this to wake me up. I slipped from the "dream" I was having to the "dream" I call my everyday reality.

Yep I was now in bed in my Westfir house! So I WAS dreaming...or am I dreaming now?

Most dreams I have fade away in minutes, but not this one. The fact I was constantly trying to prove it was a dream while experiencing it, really cemented all my memories. Just as if I was actually there!

This dream was an incredible gift. It has shown me the true nature of what we call reality versus what we think we are dreaming.

How can I prove that what I am doing right now, typing this story, is not a dream? It feels completely real. I can feel my fingers hitting the keys, I can taste and feel the hummus and rice crackers I am munching for lunch, I can see light snow falling outside.

But then again, I could feel the glass, taste the water, see the lake and crunch the ice cubes at Bill Gates mansion just 6 hours ago

In any case, think about some of your dreams. Think about the last dream you can remember where you were in a different place, with different people, doing very bizarre things.

You might even have been in a different body.

Yet you always knew who "you" were, didn't you? There was never any uncertainty about that.

You were the energy and mind behind the dream. You were the "observer".

That's exactly what you are in normal day to day reality as well. The observer.

Now ponder this, you knew in your dream who you are.

The settings and characters and maybe even time period had nothing to do with your present reality..... yet you knew in your dream "who you are".

It follows quite logically that if you knew "who you are" in a different body, different setting, different everything of the dream world. Then "who you are" is not dependent upon the body, time frame, and situation you are in right now.

Because you knew "who you are" when you were in a totally different body and setting in a "dream".

So the body and situation you are in does not define "who you are" to the observer.

The observer casually observes from its solid frame of reference no matter what is going on or "who" you might be at that particular point in time.

Let's take this a step further. Who is the observer? The rock solid confident frame of reference no matter whether you are dreaming or in reality?

That, my friend is the "power within". The energy that is powering you every day.

Religions have called it many things, usually the soul, the Holy Spirit, even Jesus. New age practitioners may call it "Your Higher Self", "Spirit Guides" or the "Buddha".

No more religion, just giving you a frame of reference. Folks have recognized this fact for tens of thousands of years. Many different names, same thing. We are more than a body. There is something very powerful inside us.

Which only makes sense, as we are part of a very complicated and perfectly balanced universe that has incredible power behind everything it does. This power creates galaxies. By being part of it - we have part of that power in us. Not really such a "far out" concept when you think about it.

The "power within" is simply the real you.

The part of you that is powering this incredible body through this interesting and dramatic life and observing all the incredible goings on in this life.

Think of it this way, and it will make a lot more sense.

You are not "the body", you are the "life within the body".

Because of that you are very powerful. Way more so than a body alone. You have part of the power of the Universe in you, because you are part of the Universe.

Those who have accomplished great things and accumulated great wealth realized this simple fact and used it to their advantage.

Ed Osworth
The Joy Professor

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