

Born Again to Rave Again

by

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Dedication

This essay is dedicated to uncertainty.

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caveat lector

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[Born to Rave](#).

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Introduction

I first began to think about this essay sometime prior to Sunday, April 4, 2004. That's the date on the earliest available notes that are associated with the essay. I did other things, and neglected the essay for a long time. I resumed work on it on Saturday, November 10, 2018. I still didn't finish it. Today is Monday, May 13, 2024. I'm trying again.

Connections

After I graduated (escaped) from college in 1971, but before I was forced against my will, with the threat of punishment, to voluntarily join the Naval Air Reserve, my first wife (Elaine) and I lived for a while with her parents, in Los Altos, California. One evening, during that period of time, Elaine, her brother Clay, his girlfriend Madelyn, and I drove up El Camino Real to Menlo Park, California, for pizza. I don't remember why we went so far. We probably passed at least a dozen pizza places along the way. Maybe there was an unfelt force at work. I don't know. Anyway, we went all the way to Menlo Park.

I don't remember the name of the pizza place where we stopped. I remember that it was on the west side of the street. The entry was at the right front corner, as we faced it from the sidewalk. The right wall, inside, extended straight, all the way to the back of the restaurant. Inside, to the left of the door, was a bar, with circular bar stools. Out of sight to our left, on the other side of the back wall of the bar, was the kitchen. The bar and kitchen occupied most of the front half of the building, except for the space between the bar stools and the wall. That space formed a hallway to the dining area. The space behind the bar and the kitchen was the dining area.

When we walked in the door, there was only one person sitting at the bar, a man with a black hat. I don't remember anything else about how he was dressed, except for the hat. It had a flat brim, sort of like a Smokey the Bear hat. It was fancy, decorated with a bright hat band or a feather or something. I can't remember that any more. It was a long time ago.

We walked along the hallway, between the bar stools and the wall, toward the dining area. As we passed the man at the bar, I started to get uneasy. We all sat at the first table. I had my back to the dining area. From my seat, I had a view of the hallway, along the bar, to the front door. The man at the bar was making me so nervous that I was starting to actually feel panicky. I was just drawing breath to suggest that we should go somewhere else when the man suddenly stood up and hurried out the door. As soon as he was out the door, I instantly felt completely at ease again.

I don't know who he was. I didn't consciously recognize him. I didn't recall ever having seen him before. I don't know why he was causing me such uneasiness, bordering on panic. I don't know why he left so suddenly. I do know one thing for sure. There was definitely some kind of a connection between us.

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Out of Body But Not Out of Time

After I was forced, against my will, to voluntarily join the Naval Air Reserve, and finished my initial few months of active “duty”, I got a job at the General Electric Company. As I recall, the following incident happened before Elaine and I bought a house on White Road, in east San Jose, California, the house that eventually became Mere Keep. We were living in Willow Glen at the time.

My job at GE was in the south part of San Jose, on 10th street. I made the daily commute on the infamous Highway 101. By the way, that’s a zero, not an oh. It isn’t Highway One-Oh-One. It’s Highway One-Zero-One. I normally made the commute in my old Plymouth station wagon or in my equally old Volkswagen sedan. Sometimes, I made the commute on my motorcycle. One afternoon, I was headed home in the northbound fast lane of Highway 101, on my motorcycle, at about 65 mph. There was, probably still is, a location on that stretch of the highway where Interstate 280/680 goes over Highway 101. The Interstate, at that location, was maybe about five lanes wide, in each direction. I don’t remember exactly but going under it was more like going through a tunnel than going under a bridge. At that time, there was some construction being done, so access to the central strip of the median, under the bridge, was blocked by large, concrete barriers. The only space remaining for a left shoulder, adjacent to the northbound fast lane, was a strip of asphalt. It seems to me, looking back, that it was about 5 feet wide.

As I was approaching the bridge, I heard a little popping noise. Poppa taught us to always pay attention to the noises that our vehicles make, and it’s a lesson that I learned well. So, when I heard the noise, I immediately decided to shift lanes to the right, get off of the highway, and figure out what was making the noise. However, before I even had time to check my mirrors for the lane change, it was too late.

What I heard was pop-pop-pop-wham, in just about the time that it takes to read it. I heard the noise, the pop-pop-pop and my decision to change lanes happened between the third pop and the wham. At wham, the rear wheel of my motorcycle locked tight. It absolutely stopped turning, instantly. Before the wham, I was whizzing along at about 65 mph. After the wham, I was fishtailing.

At that moment in my life, there's a complete discontinuity in my memory. Before pop-pop-pop-wham, I was driving in the northbound fast lane. At wham, my memory absolutely stops and starts again, different. After the discontinuity, I have two completely different and distinct memories of events. Both memories are mine, both memories are of the same event, simultaneously, but each memory is from a different perspective. There isn't any connection between my memory before the discontinuity and my memories after the discontinuity. There isn't any connection between the two simultaneous memories except that they're both mine.

After the discontinuity, I remember trying to keep my motorcycle upright, while trying to see what was happening behind me. Remember, I was in the northbound fast lane of the notorious Highway 101, during the afternoon commute, on a motorcycle. I needed to know what was happening behind me. All that I could see in my mirrors was pavement sky pavement sky pavement sky. My other memory is of

watching from about ten feet back and about 15 feet above, while a man on a fish-tailing motorcycle tried to control his machine. In that other memory, I didn't know who the man was. I just watched him dispassionately as he struggled with his motorcycle. Nowadays, when I hear somebody talk about watching himself from above, during surgery, or seeing a light at the end of a tunnel, after a serious accident, I believe him. Out-of-body experiences are real. The duration of those two memories is indeterminate. Time didn't seem to be involved. At the end of that unmeasured moment, there's another complete discontinuity. Both parallel memories simply end, without any connection to what happened either before them or after them.

My memory subsequent to the second discontinuity begins with me sitting on my motorcycle, stalled, in the northbound fast lane. I looked over my right shoulder. There was a pickup truck stopped right behind me. The driver was looking at me as if I was the most stupid person in the entire world. I leaped off of the motorcycle and yanked it over to the shoulder. I didn't pull it or drag it out of the fast lane. I yanked it. There was just the one quick yank, and me and the motorcycle were on the asphalt shoulder. In the fast lane, traffic resumed. Some people might call what happened a miracle. I don't know if it was a miracle or not, but all of the traffic behind me had stopped, from about 65 mph to zero, in the time that it took for me to skid to a stop with the rear wheel locked. Was it a miracle? Maybe. I know of at least one other miracle. See the video clip at [Miracle](#), in the videos section of *The Sovereign's Library*.

I was stopped just barely under the edge of the bridge. In front of me was a long stretch of asphalt, about five or six feet wide. To my left was a concrete barrier. To my right was the fast lane. I don't recall even thinking about what to do. I just did it. Going a few feet to the rear, and onto the median behind me didn't even enter my mind. What I did was to push the motorcycle all the way to the other end of the tunnel. It isn't easy to push a motorcycle on asphalt, with its rear wheel locked. It might be possible, but not easy. I did it without any noticeable effort. I didn't even breathe hard. Today, when I hear a report of somebody lifting a fallen car off of a child, I believe it. A more complete telling of the tale is available in [Soul Survivor](#), in the March 2021 issue of the *Frontiersman*.

The Divine Image

Genesis 1:27 reports that God created humans in his image. Specifically, he created humans in the divine image. More specifically, the divine image is male and female. Reportedly, when God was preparing to create humans, there was a discussion. In the discussion, God used the first person plural pronoun *us*. That isn't surprising since a discussion usually takes place between two or more individuals. When the discussion was finished, God created people in the divine image, male and female. The implications are obvious. God is two individuals and they're a breeding pair. Here's something else that's obvious. There can't be any such thing as only one breeding pair. If there's a pair, then there's a population. So, there are a lot of gods.

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It all seems to suggest that there actually are souls. They seem able to exist, in some way, apart from our bodies. Something was looking down at me on that motorcycle, and it was me doing it. There were two of me for a few seconds, one spiritual and one physical.

Since there are a lot of gods, and since they reproduce, it seems reasonable to suppose that souls are actually young gods. This planet could be the kindergarten for them or, maybe, one of many such kindergartens. Freshly created souls come here first. They're new, rough-hewn, right out of the spiritual maternity ward. They're brawling, immature brats of souls, and have a lot to learn. That would explain our brutal nature. The souls that inhabit our bodies are mostly infants, or youngsters. They're the spiritual equivalent of kids in their terrible twos.

The Christian Bible declares, in John 3:3, in the New International Version, "Very truly I tell you, no one can see the kingdom of God unless they are born again." My view of Karma is that the things that a new soul must necessarily learn cannot be taught, but only learned. Souls can improve only by exposure to the various traumatic reasons why some things are bad. Spare the rod and spoil the child. After we (our spiritual selves) have been through many lifetimes of such learning, and made some progress in the ways of enlightenment, we'll undergo the necessary fundamental changes in outlook.

One thing that we'll do, eventually, is to try to improve the place. The scarcity of people who try to do that sort of thing might be an indicator of how many lifetimes it takes to acquire some enlightenment. Nevertheless, the fruitless attempt to teach enlightenment to others is probably just another step in the learning process for a soul. After a while, spiritually speaking, we'll acquire sufficient enlightenment to understand that this planet must remain brutal, that the souls which do achieve the necessary progress have other work to do, elsewhere. Brutality is inherent in the nature of new souls and there must be a place for them. This is that place. When we're ready, then we won't reincarnate into bodies in this physical realm any more. We'll be ready to "see the kingdom of God"

Dreams

Dreams are strange. Some people claim that they don't dream at all. The doctors claim otherwise. I don't know about that. Doctors have been wrong before.

Sleep is strange. How is it possible for a person to exist for a time, and to not have any memory of it whatsoever? There's a discontinuity of memory both before and after a dream. It brings to mind the discontinuities in my memories of my experience on Highway 101.

Is our awareness a perception of the physical realm, the spiritual realm, or both? I had two simultaneous memories on Highway 101. That suggests that maybe we have two parts, each of which has memories, and that my two memory parts were briefly separated. If we have two parts, with memories, and they can function separately like that, then maybe the memory part of our physical self turns off during sleep. Maybe our spiritual self stays awake. Maybe it gets bored. Here's a thought. Maybe dreams are actually out-of-body experiences. Maybe the spiritual part of us

goes places while the other part of us is asleep. Think of it as going home after the end of a day at kindergarten. The next morning, we go back to kindergarten. Maybe after the spiritual part merges back with the physical part, that physical part gets a distorted access to the memories of the places that the spiritual part went. Maybe we remember it as a dream. Maybe the places that we see in dreams are real. Maybe they're "the kingdom of God".

Beyond Dreams

I believe that we all have a spiritual part. I believe that it's the destiny of that spiritual part, through many lifetimes of physical experience, to eventually graduate from kindergarten. I have that vision of our future but I don't know how many cycles it takes. Maybe, after kindergarten, there's more to learn. Maybe there are other realms in which further spiritual enlightenment occurs. Eventually, we'll pass through all of them. All paths lead to enlightenment which is, ultimately, inevitable.

The universe is infinite. When a newly graduated god is ready, he (or she) will find a mate. They'll head out into the limitless universe, build a home, and start a family.

Conclusion

Of course, I could be wrong.

This is probably my last Ravings Essay.

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