

Chapter 5

How to use your newfound abilities

What can one do with a more pronounced connection to intuition? My answer is quite simple, ANYTHING you want! I would however, like to advocate that you willfully choose not to hurt others, trespass on their thoughts or use private information to ruin their lives.

Here are some examples of what I have used my abilities for over the past twenty-five years.

Motorsports

In 1994, my father invited me to a NASCAR Winston Cup race in Richmond Virginia. I remember telling him that I wasn't interested in watching a bunch of grown men chase each other around in a circle for three hours or more. I didn't understand his passion for it until my first race. I took a friend with me and we spent the weekend meeting Dick Trickle, Jimmy Hensley, Rusty Wallace, Sterling Marlin, Dale Earnhardt and many others. It did not take long, I think we had been there a couple of hours and I got caught up in what the team members were feeling. To say that I was caught up, is putting it mildly. I fell head over heels in love with the dynamic energy. My father's invitation put us smack dab in the middle of the garage area where all the action was. We were up close and personal with the blood, sweat and tears that the team members put into performing each weekend. The car fabricator, engine builders, mechanics, crew chiefs, managers, gas men, tire guys, painters, pit crew and more. Everything they experienced in their own lives was being transferred to their cars without them being consciously aware of it. Essentially, that car becomes a living mass of energy due in part to the input of each person that works on it. So, what happens when one team member is experiencing problems in his or her personal life? You probably guessed; all that negative energy affects the car and the rest of the race team; and in racing, even the slightest issue can create big problems.

1997 Dover Delaware. I was at the track doing research and development on a simulator system that I was gearing up to build. The business concept was in the patent pending stage and many of the teams had gotten to know me because of my research but some knew that I was able to see into the cars and feel potential problems before they happened.

Saturday around 4pm I was wrapping up my day when a crew chief from one of the teams approached me. He said that he had heard through the grapevine that I was able to

see into racecars and determine whether any mechanical issues exist or if there are any problems between the car and driver. They were under time constraints and they wondered if I could go to the garage, put my hands on the car, and tell them if any issues exist that they can get control of before Sunday's big race. I told him that I could help him but that I did not have to go see the car. I closed my eyes briefly and told him that I could see them standing with the car on Sunday morning; there would be a puddle of oil under the front end. The feeling I got from the engine was like that related to the regurgitation of a heart valve in a patient, which led me to conclude that this was in fact an engine problem.

He shook his head in disbelief and took me by the arm, leading me into the garage. He insisted that I touch the car. I faced the car with him by my side. No one else was there with us, which suited me. I did not want to have to explain what I was doing. I closed my eyes and put my hand on the car, took a deep breath, moving my energy over and through the powerful beast. When I opened my eyes, we were no longer alone. The team had huddled around protectively guarding us.

This industry was so competitive.

I shook my head and reiterated that Sunday morning they would find that the car puked up oil, but not before then. The crew chief was ticked off. They had just changed the engine and he did not want to believe what I had just told him.

I shrugged my shoulders and reminded him that he asked me for help, and that what I shared with them is what the car revealed. I was only the messenger. I picked up my briefcase, watched them cover the racecar and headed to my own vehicle to return to the hotel.

Sunday morning came quicker than I wanted. I was so tired that I had forgotten about my chat with the team about their car on Saturday. All the weekend traveling and grueling research was wearing me down. I grabbed a quick bite of fruit and headed back to the track to do it all over again.

It was a beautiful morning but I could feel static in the air. I tend to feel this more so when someone is thinking of me, so I readied myself for a confrontation, still forgetting about the afternoon before. I had gotten ten feet through the garage gate when all of a sudden I felt hands on my arms and back. I was being pulled through the garage by three members of the team that I had spoken with the night before. They were excited and laughing but would say nothing, which put my energy on high alert. They pulled me toward their racecar and pointed to the undercarriage. I bent to look. Low and behold, there it was; the dreaded puddle of oil under the front end. With a befuddled look on my face, I shrugged my shoulders as if to say, what? You want me to say I told you so?

The crew chief took me by the hand and towed me toward the team hauler where the owner sat waiting on me. As we entered the back of the car carrier everyone was looking at me. I felt like a kid being taken to the principal's office in grade school after doing something wrong. We marched past the pit crew that was readying themselves for the big race and went through the door to the back office where the owner and team manager were waiting.

The owner was not laughing. He looked up over his glasses, poker-faced, and said, "Impressive. Can you do that with people too?"

"All day, every day," I replied.

He smiled. "You're hired!"

To learn more, the HEAL program offers in-depth questions, techniques to tap into this innate super intelligence that lives within every living thing on this planet, and beyond. If you haven't watched the videos or read the pdfs already, be sure to take a notebook and pen to note what you're experiencing. Pick and choose what you want to read and watch or work through each section in the order in which I set them up. As you move through the exercises and apply them to your life, you will begin to see your patterns, your true-life path and realize how your sacred presence is in divine order and timing to this lifetime.

I am excited for you! Congratulations for making the decision to take the journey into self-discovery and quantum sensory mastery.