



*Waking Dreams are*  
*Signs from*  
*the*  
*Universe*

Life speaks to us in signs and symbols.  
Waking dreams are its words and phrases.

Michael Avery

*Riley Carson*

# Waking Dreams are Signs from the Universe

by Michael Avery

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction: A Symbolic Language .....	4
1) Waking Dreams at the Crossroads of Life .....	6
2) Famous Waking Dreams .....	8
3) Golden-tongued Wisdom .....	10
4) A Highlighted Waking Dream .....	12
5) Dreams and Waking Dreams in Tandem.....	14
6) A Waking Dream in Retrospect: “Buster” .....	17
7) Messages from Memories: “The Smile” .....	20
8) Synchronicities .....	23
9) A Prophetic Waking Dream .....	26
Conclusion .....	29
Acknowledgments .....	31
Additional Resources .....	32



## INTRODUCTION: A SYMBOLIC LANGUAGE

Life speaks to us in a language it thinks we should understand, but few listen. Most are unaware of this symbolic language and dismiss the uncommon events they encounter as merely coincidence.

These uncommon events can be transformed into valuable *waking dreams* when we discover their hidden messages. Interpreting these “meaningful coincidences,” as Carl Jung called them, is as simple as turning our attention to our current thoughts at the moment or the present focus of our lives.

Once we understand that something greater than ourselves is attempting to communicate with us for our benefit, we can begin developing our own unique vocabulary. While dreams can sometimes be difficult to interpret, once we decide on the meaning of a waking dream symbol, it can then be used to clearly communicate messages of confirmation, guidance, warning, prophecy, and insight.

“Is it time to search for a better job?” we ask. “Would a move to the country make sense right now?” “Is the person I’m dating the right one to marry?” Our answer could come to us through a pre-agreed upon symbol such as “seeing a circular rainbow.” We might also set a “Bookmark” to inform us when the perfect time to make these changes has arrived.

Once we become aware of the ever-present reality of waking dreams and establish a bond of trust between ourselves and the Universe, we can rely on waking dreams for guidance during times of change and at turning points in our lives.



- 1 -

WAKING DREAMS  
AT THE CROSSROADS OF LIFE

In a wooded area not far from Colliding Rivers in Glide, Oregon, a small fir tree was growing from the surface of an old stump. Intuitively, I knew that life was communicating with me through this uncommon event in its symbolic

language, the language of waking dreams. I also knew that important details about my upcoming move to Hawaii could be known by deciphering this symbolic message.

I'd spotted the seedling during an autumn outing and decided to return with a camera one Saturday in mid-December. To my disappointment, someone had chopped down the tiny tree since my previous visit.

The odds of someone hiking into that secluded meadow and chopping down the very tree I'd singled out for my photo were extremely remote. That qualified it as a message from Divine Spirit. It is important to note that we may establish communication with an Inner Teacher, a Master, our Higher Self, or the Divine in whatever form brings us comfort. Some may prefer to use the term, "the Universe."

To decipher messages inherent in uncommon events only requires a little awareness on our part. Generally, one or two questions will quickly find the link: "What was I thinking at the moment?" or, "What is the present focus of my life?" Uncommon events become waking dreams when we understand what message is being communicated symbolically.

After leaving a job at a plywood mill in my late twenties, I stood at a crossroads. I was looking forward to a fresh start in Hawaii. Taking up art was at the center of my tropical dream while I revamped my life. I wondered, *Would art become more than a hobby, perhaps even a livelihood?*

I had planned on using the photo of the tree as a model for painting. I was being guided through this waking dream: a painter I would not be. Instead, I wrote a poem about the tiny tree and weathered stump. While the poem was no masterpiece of literature, it pointed me in the direction I was destined to pursue—writing.<sup>1</sup>

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1. This example of an "Uncommon Event" type of waking dream was first posted under "3 Common Types of Waking Dreams" on our blog.



- 2 -

## FAMOUS WAKING DREAMS

While Carl Jung is credited for bringing these meaningful coincidences to the attention of the modern world, soothsayers were interpreting uncommon events well before his time. I find it fascinating that both Napoleon and Alexander the Great were firm believers in the accuracy of waking dreams and relied heavily upon them when planning their battles.



## ***L' Italie***<sup>1</sup>

Napoleon was a firm believer in his “presentiments,” as he called them. He was referring to his prophetic waking dreams. One day, for example, word reached him from Egypt that one of his Nile boats, *L'Italie*, had run ashore and its French crew had been executed. Napoleon was very concerned. He saw this as a sign that his plans to annex Italy to France would fail.

“My presentiments never deceive me,” he said, “and all is ruined. I am satisfied that my conquest is lost.” And he was right.

## **Alexander the Great's Siege of Gaza**<sup>2</sup>

There is a famous story about Alexander the Great and the waking dream symbol he experienced prior to his siege of Gaza. One day, as Alexander was inspecting a ramp, a raven passing overhead dropped a clump of dirt. The object struck Alexander on top of his helmet. When the raven dove low enough to reclaim its lost cargo, it became entangled in a coil of rope.

Alexander called on his soothsayer, Aristander, in whom he had great faith, and asked for an interpretation. His advisor recognized the incident as a prophetic waking dream. It was a warning, he said, concerning Alexander's part in the upcoming battle. The entanglement of the raven meant that the city would be conquered but, should Alexander go into battle, he would be wounded by a flying object. The soothsayer advised the leader to orchestrate the attack from a distance. But Alexander believed that, if an injury did occur, it would only be superficial. He led his troops into battle as planned.

Historians have documented the attack in detail, but few have mentioned the flight of the wayward raven. It is well known, however, that during the siege of Gaza, Alexander the Great received a shoulder wound from a Persian arrow.

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1. Willard A. Heaps, *Superstition!* (Thomas Nelson, 1972) 27

2. Hans Bauman, *Alexander's Great March* (London: Oxford University Press, 1968)



Riley Carson

- 3 -

## GOLDEN-TONGUED WISDOM

*Golden-tongued Wisdom* includes messages that come to us through spoken words, songs playing on the radio, television broadcasts, etc. Once we understand that the outer world reflects back to us just what we need at the time, we learn to listen with a slightly different ear. The key to interpreting Golden-tongued Wisdom is the same as with other types of waking dreams. We turn our attention to our immediate thoughts or the present focus of our lives.

What I love most about waking dreams is their practical nature. Often, when I'm faced with an important decision, a waking dream will appear and confirm that I've made the correct decision.

For example, once I had made the decision to move to Hawaii, I flipped on the radio in my car and heard a charming voice urge, "Isn't it time you discovered Hawaii?" I traded my Oregon rivers for a sunny beach soon after that.

Waking dreams provide practical guidance, even in the smallest of instances. Recently, I was shopping at Whole Foods and needed to pick up a bottle of mouthwash. The brand I had regularly purchased was nowhere to be found. As I surveyed the bottles of mouthwash on the shelf, my eyes fell on one called "Desert Essence: Tea Tree Oil mouthwash." A clerk came by, and I asked her if they had discontinued the one I used to buy. At that moment, a man passed behind me and questioned the clerk. "Can you tell me if you have any Tea Tree oil?" he asked.

The clerk then escorted the customer to another aisle where Tea Tree oil was located. In the past, I might have dismissed the reference to Tea Tree oil as an interesting coincidence. Now, however, I recognized the man's words as Golden-tongued Wisdom, informing me that Tea Tree Oil mouthwash was the best option to replace my old brand.



- 4 -

## HIGHLIGHTED WAKING DREAMS

*Highlighted waking dream* messages are written or printed words on license plates, fortune cookies, Internet posts, billboards, newspapers, flyers, etc. A popular way to access Highlighted waking dreams is simply to open a book at random. Written waking dreams can appear anywhere at any time, even at the beach, as our friend, Dennis, discovered.

## **“I Love You, Too!”** by Dennis Ernst

Have you ever wondered if God really loves you? I mean really loves you as a unique and important creation, not in some general or impersonal way. I had read and been told that God loved me all of my life. I had even experienced this love in different ways, but on a day trip with my wife to the beach, I was given yet another opportunity to deepen my understanding and appreciation.

It was one of those unusually nice spring days along the Southern Oregon coast, but few people other than my wife, my mother-in-law, and I were out walking on the beach. My wife and her mother were searching for unusual shells and rocks as they meandered along, enjoying each other's company. I walked ahead on my own at a much faster pace. Just beyond a point, I found myself on another beach with many rocks and tidal pools.

I walked way out on the rocks, examining the pools along the way. Small, diversified worlds existed there, seemingly isolated from the rest of our world. “This is really the microcosm within the macrocosm,” I observed, “worlds within worlds, all balanced and perfect in their own way.”

I stopped in my exploration and looked around. It was a perfect day, so perfect that it seemed surreal. I felt an incredible love for all life in that moment and a deep gratitude for the privilege of being here to be a part of it. Without thinking, I said out loud, “I love you, God.” Then, I turned and began making my way back.

This beach was unique because of the many large rocks protruding through the sand. Rocks also dotted the surface. Something caught my eye, something different and unusual—a small dry patch of sand. Higher up on the beach, I could see wet sand where the last wave had ended. *How could there be dry sand between that high-water mark and the ocean?* I wondered. That was impossible. I stepped closer for a better look. Perhaps my eyes were playing tricks on me. When I did, I got a real surprise. There, written on that small patch of sand, were the words “I Love You, Too!”



- 5 -

## DREAMS AND WAKING DREAMS IN TANDEM

Both dreams and waking dreams reveal the connection between our inner worlds and our other life. At times, they work together in tandem to provide a clear picture of a current issue or challenge. My wife, Pichaya, once

experienced this phenomenon upon asking for insights and guidance from her Spiritual Teacher.

### **“Write It Down”** by Pichaya Avery

In 2010, I began focusing on a spiritual exercise called “Write It Down” in order to understand my present life and heal from my past.<sup>1</sup> A series of powerful dreams offered insights about the root cause of my troubled relationship with my father.

As a way of healing, I wrote down all of my challenges. Unfortunately, I had carried many of them since childhood when I had been told that I was ugly and stupid. Those hurtful words pierced my heart and left me feeling inadequate, shameful, and unworthy of love.

It is one thing to be judged by others outside the family and quite another when it is coming from your own father. I felt unloved by him. He looked down on me and predicted that I would never succeed at anything in life. In contrast, I was fortunate to have had an angelic grandmother and a loving mother who believed in me completely and supported me in every way possible.

My heart was filled with bitterness, resentment, and anger toward my father. I was determined to prove to him that his perception of me was inaccurate. Diligently, I studied Linguistics and Mass Communications at Ramkhamhaeng University and, to his surprise, finished within three years with a bachelor’s degree in English. Still, in his eyes, I was not good enough.

During the process of writing down my challenges, my Spiritual Guide gave me insights through dreams about my relationship with my father. I was shown that we had been together in many previous lifetimes. I was the one who had been abusive then.

The scenes were brutal, terrible, and cruel. I realized that I had come into this life with a karmic debt. For the first time in forty years, I was able to finally forgive my father. Most importantly, I was able to forgive myself for holding on to the anger I had directed toward him. Even then, the negative stories from my past continued to haunt me.

One morning, I wrote a note to my Spiritual Teacher asking him to please show me how to love myself the way he loves me. Shortly thereafter, I had a strong nudge to go to a grocery store at a certain time. As I was about to check out, a song came on the radio by Joe Cocker. The song was called “You Are So Beautiful to Me.” I immediately recognized it as Golden-tongued Wisdom, an audible form of waking dream. It was a meaningful gift from my Teacher confirming that I was beautiful and worthy of love.

Dreams helped me discover the root cause of my karmic relationship with my father. Through understanding the Law of Cause and Effect, I was able to take full responsibility for the harm I had caused him in previous lifetimes. Then, I was able to let go of my anger, forgive him, and heal. Most importantly, I learned to love my father the way the my Spiritual Teacher loves me.

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1. Harold Klemp, “Write It Down,” *The Spiritual Exercises of ECK*, 163-4





- 6 -

## A WAKING DREAM IN RETROSPECT: “BUSTER”

As I was explaining to someone how we often discover waking dreams while reflecting back on our past, I happened to remember a scene from several years before that held a real gem for me. I had only seen it as a heartwarming story at the time, but reflecting back on it now, I see that the Universe was teaching me a valuable lesson about self-love. My chance encounter outside a grocery store several years before turned out to be a “Waking Dream in Retrospect.”

## Friends at Sunset

“This dog has the sweetest temperament of any animal I’ve ever been around,” gushed the lady with the huge, furry, Newfoundland dog. “He’s brought us such joy.” I could see that the woman on the other end of the brown dog’s leash was happy stopping outside the market to let kids pet Buster. He was roughly the size of a St. Bernard, with a jovial “eager to love and be loved” look about him.

Evidently, life had been kind to Buster’s owner, whose name turned out to be Barbara. I heard her say that Buster enjoyed the large, fenced back yard behind the new home she and her husband had built, not far from the store. Barbara’s dog was likely an extension of her willingness to spread joy to those around her. Looking back, I would guess that Barbara had come a long way toward loving herself.

A boy and his sister, who looked to be about ten or eleven, were draped over Buster’s broad shoulders and running their hands through his thick, shaggy fur. I would have loved to do the same, but I was content standing behind them a few feet, listening to Barbara tell the kids about Buster’s new friend.

Buster liked to go outside and play in the yard by himself after an early dinner, which I assumed was substantial. One evening, with dusk approaching, Barbara looked out the window of her back door to see if Buster was ready to come in. She could see her dog sitting quietly near the middle of the yard, contentedly watching the sun set over the distant hill. Surprisingly, there was a small animal sitting next to him, also enjoying the sunset. Barbara couldn’t quite make out what it was but decided not to disturb what appeared to be a budding friendship.

After a while, Buster came to the back door wanting in. He had said goodnight to his new friend. The next evening, Buster took his place in the same spot in the yard and waited. This time, Barbara looked closer as a strange looking creature wiggled through some loose boards in the fence and sauntered over, taking his place next to Buster.

“Buster’s new friend was a possum,” Barbara said with a smile. “They made an unlikely pair, but they both seemed content. They would sit side by side for a good half hour each evening enjoying the sunset. I was happy that Buster had found a friend,” Barbara replied, “even though possums aren’t known for their beauty or social graces.”

As Buster and his owner said goodbye to the kids and sashayed up the walkway, I thought to myself, *What a wonderful children’s book that would make.* I also decided right then and there, *If I ever get a dog, I wanted one just like Buster.*

Not until later would I understand why my Inner Teacher had arranged my meeting with Barbara at the store. The bond shared between Buster and his possum friend was showing me that I needed to accept and integrate those aspects of myself that I had found too ugly and socially unacceptable to be worthy of love.

It was time to welcome back those parts of myself I had been holding outside of love. To put it metaphorically, it was time to hug my possum. This would take me yet another step closer to fully loving myself.



- 7 -

## A MESSAGE FROM A MEMORY: “THE SMILE”<sup>1</sup>

While I have long been aware that events in our daily lives have significance as waking dreams, I found myself wondering: *Are the events from our past—recorded as memories—any less significant?* If not, then perhaps we should view them as waking dreams and interpret them as such.

Pichaya often reminds me to be here now in this present moment. She is right of course. But sometimes a memory will arrive at my doorstep

unexpectedly and shuttle me off to the past. At least that's the way I used to view it.

But what if those memories have really come *from* my past and *into* my present for a purpose? *Why would they do this?* I asked myself. Could it be they have messages they are trying to communicate?

When we consciously revisit a scene from our past and uncover a waking dream, it is called a "Waking Dream in Retrospect;" however, "Messages from Memories," another type of Exotic waking dream, are when memories visit us in the present moment with a specific message. Here is an example of a Message from a Memory:

When I was in my early thirties, my brother and I rented a small space in a strip mall for our real estate office. Every day, we would write down a list of things to accomplish for a shopping center we were developing. One morning, I was in a particularly sour mood over a minor setback to our plans. I left the office and began walking briskly toward my Porsche, a dark cloud hanging over my head. What happened next left a lasting impression upon me.

Out of the corner of my eye, I observed a young girl in her late twenties emerging from of a dented Toyota Corolla. She was struggling to get out.

I noticed something unusual: she had metal braces fastened to both legs. The girl attached long metal poles to each forearm, resembling canes. Ever so gingerly, she gained her balance. Then, slowly and deliberately, she started walking in my direction with contorted, jerky strides.

When we were within ten feet of each other, our eyes met. To my astonishment, as we passed, she smiled the biggest smile I had ever seen.

"Isn't it a beautiful day!" She exclaimed.

Truthfully, I hadn't noticed.

Once in my car, I glanced back to see where the girl had gone. Next door to our office was a prosthetics business. That was the door I saw closing behind her as I sat in my car with tears welling in my eyes.

This young girl, struggling with such a heavy burden, was able to smile and enjoy life whereas I, with good health, many friends, a descent career, and a shiny red sports car, could not.

Suddenly, I knew why this memory had returned. I needed a refresher on gratitude. The “message of the memory” was this:

“It is possible to enjoy life under any circumstance.”

Every so often, the memory of that day comes around to remind me to smile, count my blessings, and find beauty in every moment. Generally, this requires a conscious shift in attitude.

“The Smile” reminds me to be grateful for what I have, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant. This also includes the minor irritations and major challenges. After replaying this memory, I always find the sky a little brighter and my task at hand a little more enjoyable. I take a moment to appreciate my old Subaru, then I look out the window at the birds and squirrels eating from the feeders and thank them for being part of my life. They make me smile.

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1. This story was first posted on our blog.



- 8 -

## Synchronicities

“Synchronicity” is the term commonly used to describe multiple uncommon events that are connected to the experiencer by a common theme. Pichaya and I have an affinity for eagles. They appear in our life synchronistically from time to time when the Universe is attempting to convey important messages.

## **An Abundance of Eagles**

My wife and I have found waking dreams helpful when trying to decide what material to include in our blog as well as in our other writings. One morning, we were examining the front cover layout of a book we were writing. A single eagle was featured on the outer edge of the right side of Claude Gruffy's front cover graphic along with a winding, illuminated path leading to the end of a rainbow.<sup>1</sup>

We wondered what could be added to the area on the left side of the rainbow to give it better balance. That afternoon, Pichaya went for a walk at a local park to get some air and exercise. While there, she received an insight about our book cover.

A woman was walking just ahead of Pichaya on a path that meandered its way through fir and pine trees flanked by a rushing river. The woman stopped, then pointed at something near the top of a giant fir. The man accompanying her looked up in that direction. Pichaya stepped closer to the couple, stopping within earshot. At first, she thought the woman was pointing at a squirrel performing aerial acrobatics on one of the highest limbs.

"Do you see that?" The woman asked the man excitedly. "Usually eagles fly alone, but those two are flying together as a pair."

Pichaya could see two bald eagles soaring beyond the tops of the trees. Her intuition told her this sighting was meaningful in some way, but she didn't know how. When she came home, I listened to her story with interest. That morning, we'd been talking about the front cover graphic of our book. This was the present focus of our lives.

Pichaya brought up the woman's words again: "Usually eagles fly alone, but those two are flying together as a pair." We came to the conclusion that her words were the Golden-tongued Wisdom, an answer to our question about the best way to balance the image on our cover. A second eagle was the perfect addition.



This incident reminded me of a recent trip we had taken to a popular viewpoint high above the Columbia Gorge called Crown Point. While looking through a postcard display in the gift shop, a photo of two bald eagles sitting side by side in a tree caught our eye. Upon driving away, I berated myself for not buying it for Pichaya since she loved eagles. In the days that followed, I considered driving back to Crown Point to purchase it. *But it was a long way to travel for just one postcard*, I reasoned.

Then, one day, I was looking through my desk and came across a stash of assorted cards I'd purchased long ago for future use. I wanted to give Pichaya a special card to show her how much I appreciated her contributions to our various writings. I smiled when I came across one card in particular.

I didn't remember when or where I had purchased it. This card had been sitting in my desk drawer mixed in with a dozen others. Two bald eagles were sitting side by side on a limb, facing each other. It was the same exact card we had seen at Crown Point. It was clear that the Universe was using synchronous waking dreams of eagles to give us insights into our relationship, our book cover, and our future.

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1. Claude Gruffy is a well-known Canadian artist who specializes in digital art: <http://www.claudegruffy.sitew.ca>



- 9 -

## A PROPHEPIC WAKING DREAM

When Pichaya and I met an old friend and his wife for lunch about a year ago, we were treated to a prophetic waking dream outside the restaurant. Only in retrospect were we able to interpret its meaning.

Following an inner nudge one day, we called our friend, Riley Carson, and set up a lunch date to catch up on what he and his wife had been doing since the last time we'd seen them about two years prior.

The restaurant we selected was in a downtown area where the parking meters had recently been updated. While coins could still be used, the meters now had the ability to accept credit cards. When Riley approached the restaurant, he found us struggling to feed the meter.

Each time I inserted a quarter, no time was registered. Thankfully, the coin return was operating effectively. Riley suggested trying a credit card and removed one from his wallet. It worked perfectly.

As we celebrated our success, Riley posited an interesting observation. He said, "This may be a prophetic waking dream indicating that one day we'll be working together." I laughed.

We had both recently retired from working life and were looking forward to some well-deserved rest and relaxation. What did he mean, "working together?" However, I filed his unusual comment away in my memory bank since it had the markings of a waking dream, a primary area of interest for us.

## **Working Together**

Another year and a half passed. During that time, Pichaya and I met Riley and his wife for lunch a couple of times and talked about life in general, but nothing came up remotely relating to work.

Then, one day, many months later, Riley sent us some digital images he had created. They were stunning. Pichaya and I asked our friend if he would consider allowing us to post one of his images on a new blog Pichaya had created with the help of her children, Jamie and Nate.

One thing led to another. Soon Riley's images were enhancing both our blog and our facebook page. Both are called "Signs, Synchronicity, and Waking Dreams." We added his name and bio to the "About" page on our blog.

Recently, Riley was sorting through some old files and found this checklist of what he hoped to find in the way of a hobby during his retirement:

- A creative outlet
- Flexible hours to work as much or little as I wanted each day
- Doing something I really enjoy
- Be able to do it from home
- While doing it from home, also to be able to work with others

Just as the prophetic waking dream had symbolically stated, the three of us were destined to work together. The day we stood in front of the parking meter, none of us had a clue what the Universe had in store. Thankfully, it involved work that really isn't work. It is a creative labor of love.



## CONCLUSION

### **The Music of the Spheres**

All life is connected at the innermost level by thin golden strands of light, weaving a tapestry of Universal Love. It is a shimmering, musical wave of energy—“the Music of the Spheres”—that we can hear with our inner senses in contemplation.

The Music of the Spheres is known by other names: “Divine Love,” “Divine Spirit,” “the Holy Spirit,” “the Voice of God,” “the Song of HU,” and, as we have called it here, “the Universe.”

As the examples and stories in this e-book demonstrate, this Universal Consciousness provides guidance, warnings, glimpses into our future, clarity on our past, and confirmations on important matters including relationships. When we develop the awareness necessary to recognize its symbolic messages through both dreams and waking dreams, we find our path through life more interesting and fulfilling.

## **A Spiritual Exercise**

Waking dreams are a fun and practical way of expanding our consciousness and communicating with the Universe. For those looking for a way to connect with Divine Love on a deeper level, please consider singing the ancient mantra called *HU*.

As a spiritual exercise each morning, Pichaya and I play a 20-minute YouTube clip called “HU: Experience the Sound of Soul,” featuring several thousand people singing *HU*. We close our eyes, sing *HU* in a long, drawn-out manner and, at the end of the song, spend a few minutes in silent contemplation. If time is an issue, you can simply sing *HU* for 5 or 10 minutes.

A longer YouTube clip, also featuring several thousand people singing *HU*, is available called “HU Chant 1 Hour Meditation Contemplation.”

You may find singing *HU* to be an effective way of opening your heart to a greater flow of peace, inspiration, and love. After all, as the heading on our blog illustrates, “It’s all about love on the journey of Soul!”

NOTE: For additional resources about HU, please see page 32. You can also download our free e-book, “HU: An Ancient Mantra,” from our blog.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Special thanks to my wife, Pichaya, for sharing her story, “Write It Down,” in Chapter Five and for showing how understanding our past can help us heal in the present. I’d also like to thank Dennis Ernst for contributing his excellent Highlighted Waking Dream story, “I Love You, Too.” My heartfelt appreciation goes out to Riley Carson for his exquisite graphics on our Signs, Synchronicity, and Waking Dreams facebook page, on our blog, and in our e-books.



Michael Avery is the author of four books on spirituality including *The Secret Language of Waking Dreams*, published by Eckankar in 1992. He is a retired water quality specialist turned blogger and artist. Michael lives in the Pacific Northwest with his wife, Pichaya, and their two Ragdoll cats, JJ and Peaches. Their blog features 25 categories with an emphasis on waking dreams, relationships, and spirituality. The cats have yet to contribute.

## ADDITIONAL RESOURCES

Free, Downloadable HU Song App

HU Song MP3 or HU Song CD

YouTube Clip: What is HU? by Harold Klemp

YouTube Clip: How to Do the HU, by Harold Klemp

YouTube Clip: Singing HU Can Protect, Give Love, Heal, by Harold Klemp

*HU, the Most Beautiful Prayer*, by Harold Klemp (book comes with a CD of thousands of people singing HU)

*The Spiritual Exercises of ECK*, by Harold Klemp