

Introduction

My story is not the “Greatest Story Ever Told.” That title has already been taken and that story told countless times over the last 2,000 years, but my life story often feels like a mythic battle of Good versus Evil, filled with jealousy and betrayal by those I’ve loved and trusted the most. And my life story would be every bit as unbelievable as the Original, even to myself, had I not spent a lifetime of keeping journals, Instant Messenger chat logs, voicemails, and therapy sessions: more than enough evidence to convince even the great skeptic I have always been.

I’m not going to pretend I know *why* all of these events have happened to me in my life, or *why* there was such synchronicity in the events with recurring Calendar dates and cycles which perpetuated, but the evidence has reached a point that I can’t continue to deny what I know to be true and real and keep my head in the sand hoping to live a “normal” life with a “regular” job at a company with co-workers who purposely try to trip me up and so often stab me in the back. But it’s time I begin and accept my lot in life and become who I was born to be: a teacher of teachers, and leader of leaders. A Mystic, perhaps, or maybe a Metaphysician. Whatever title

with which others decide to assign me, one thing is certain: “The path to Heaven runs through miles of clouded hell” as Imagine Dragons reminded us, and my life is full of stories to illustrate exactly that. The closer I have come to Source, God, the All that is, whatever you choose to call it, the greater the force of evil I have had to face and the longer and more complicated the battle with an even stronger enemy who can appear out of nowhere and often shape shifts life a wolf in sheep’s clothing.

I’ve gone my entire life feeling strange and appearing peculiar to others. Rarely have I been understood by anyone, especially my “family.” I put family in quotation marks because I’ve learned there’s a very distinct difference between relatives (the people with whom we share our DNA) and family (who Richard Bach said we are linked to not by blood but out of joy and respect in each other’s life.) Most often, I’ve felt as though I had somehow been left behind by my mothership just like E.T. was 40 years ago on the Big Screen, only I never had an Elliott to rescue me, and no matter how many times I cried “E.T. Phone Home” the call never seemed to go through. But I can definitely ravish a bag of Reese’s Pieces just as fast as E.T. could.

Since the dawn of man, historians and anthropologists have shown that humans have been trying to influence and manipulate the world around us since we came down out of the trees and first learned to create tools out of sticks and rocks. Then when we realized that Earth was not the only planet among the stars, it sparked an insatiable curiosity to search for and find an existence other than our own. With the help of Masters like Einstein, we began to grasp the laws of Physics which govern time and space, and we learned complex Mathematics formulas which allowed us to create incredible feats of engineering. Then we began creating computers, rudimentary at first with punch cards for writing programs to processors with such speed they now supersede the power of the human brain in calculations and completing tasks. The technology continues to grow at such a rapid pace that the top technology today is outdated within six months, often faster depending on physical limitations.

All of these accomplishments have given humans a false sense of power and control, that we somehow achieved these mechanical marvels all on our own. That somehow the reason and logic of our prefrontal cortex allowed us to walk out of the caves to conquer the entire globe of the Earth

to send space satellites into orbit with such accuracy as to be able to see the light that emanated from the Big Bang. What Religion has tried to explain through parables and doctrine and Science has begun to understand through the Scientific Method is that there is a power far greater than that of any man's ego at work underneath the surface that vibrates with a pulse that affects us all, whether we acknowledge it or not. It doesn't matter what we name it, the human characteristics we give it, or the powers with which we assign it in our vain attempt to define it. The Truth, with a capital T, does not care if you believe in it just as gravity doesn't worry one bit if you believe it is the force with which keeps your butt planted in the chair you're likely sitting in to read or listen to this. The Truth does not care what you call it, or if you call it at all. It is still the Truth and it exists regardless of our belief *in* it or our doubts *about* it.

One day in the not too distant future, the relationship between Science and Religion will no longer be an either/or question to be posed but a both/and statement to be exposed. No matter how complex, magnificent, or sensitive the instruments, machines, or computers we humans engineer and create in an attempt to understand our seemingly endless Universe around

us: from the stars, quasars, black holes, and dark energy far off into the night sky – to the subatomic particles of quantum physics that are the building blocks of all matter, the answers to all of life’s most pressing questions and more were handed down to us long ago in the Dictum, “As above, so below. As within, so without,” or as Jesus tried to explain in His Sermon on the Mount in what we now refer to as the Lord’s Prayer, “Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy Kingdom come, *Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.*”

We can spend an eternity sending humans to other planets in space ships looking for “life out there,” while our own planet burns to the ground around us as a result of our collective greed and endless pursuit of profits for the simple sake of wanting more. Or, we can do what the Masters of the Universe and metaphysics before me have tried to teach us, and go within, where the answers to all of our problems lie as well as all of the answers to the mysteries of the Universe. When we go within and tap into what I call the “All that is. All that was. And all that will be,” or what the Bible refers to as the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end, you can know and glean

things that have confused and mystified countless generations of humans who have walked this Earth long before my time here.

The process of writing this book has been an ongoing experience of insights, struggles, and difficulties over the last 20 years which began on Good Friday, March 29, 2002 when I had my Spiritual Awakening driving home to West Virginia from Virginia Beach and in my mind's eye saw my whole life from beginning to end in the form of a puzzle being put together at lightning-fast speed, which I'll go into greater detail later, but an event that was nevertheless life changing. Nothing has been the same since and the psychic premonitions I tried to interpret and relay at what felt like 1,000 mph have unfolded just as predicted. I wish I had written more of them down, but I knew I would write a book, though at the time I called it "The Puzzle of Life," and I didn't know that it would take 20 years for all of the events to happen to make the book complete. I knew I would become a minister, but that didn't happen until January 23, 2009. I knew I was going into politics, but never in my wildest dreams did I think it would be in 2019 and as a gay Democrat running for the nomination for the 3rd District of Congress in a district which was one of the most conservative districts in the

entire Country, but it was, and even though I was scared to death to step out into the arena and expose myself to some of the ugliest traits in humanity, there was no question that when the time came I had to do it, and I did it. The blatant corruption and implicit and explicit evil I encountered and the revelations they revealed in our political system from the County Executive Committee level to the State level and beyond was gut wrenching. The experience could be an entire book in itself, but the point is the premonition of knowing I was going into politics came 17 years before and in an entirely different state. And now, 20 years later, the events of this Easter season have seemed to neatly tie it all together like a perfect little bow on a gift handed to me on what seems so long ago as to be another lifetime.

I don't profess to be an expert on anything in this world, except for the observation of my life and what it has taught me. It is very unlikely that I will unveil some great piece of wisdom that has never been shared by a human being before because, like the Barenaked Ladies reminded us, "It's all been done." Even if there was something within this book that no author had ever penned doesn't mean that it hasn't been shared by some other being who has tuned his inner "radio" to what I call WGOD FM, the all-knowing

Talk Radio and Perfect song for every occasion. And for Heaven's sake, the very last thing I would want is my name to be printed after whatever it was, because in doing so, I would only be glorifying the Ego and its vain need to label and claim. Whatever words I may write and insights shared have been given to me and I am choosing to share them with you, and if you find value in them, I hope you will then share them with others.

But most importantly, I would *never* want you to take any advice I may give you over that of your own instincts and what you feel would be in your best and highest good; just as I would not want to take another's advice if it didn't resonate with me. The way you'll know something is right for you is how it makes you feel. When it is yes, it is resounding, almost as if your whole body wants to scream YES! When it's not right, you'll notice your mind starts to start an argument in your mind's courtroom trying to prove the case for why it *should* be right and how it *could* work in this or that scenario. If there's doubt: DON'T!

Our bodies are Temples of Wisdom, which is why Jesus said that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. Our body's wisdom is far beyond anything that our thinking mind could ever conceive. Try to reimagine your

brain to be more like a transistor radio that receives signals and attempts to descramble them rather than some super computer writing programs for unique and genius ideas. Very few revolutionary ideas that have come into this world and done good have ever come from the brain of another human. Our bodies, however, have the ability to tap into the collective wisdom that has been around since the dawn of time, and where all true Genius resides. This is why you've probably heard people say something to the effect of "Trust your gut" or they just had a "gut feeling." Our guts have approximately 100 million nerve endings, which rivals the brain itself. The difference is that our gut does not have the rational prefrontal cortex region that the brain does which often clouds the information received and so often fails at interpreting the message for what it really was.

Before reading any further in this book, the first thing you should know about me is I am an idealist through and through. The majority of my time is spent in my dream world, both day dreams and in my resting sleep; and my dreams are always big. I figure why bother to dream if you aren't going to really dream big? Most of this book is filled with stories about picking up the millions of little pieces of my life after a crisis and, with no

conscious effort on my part, my life has so often been in a state of crisis and the experience of trying to put this “Humpty Dumpty” puzzle back together again. In picking up these pieces of my life over and over again, I have been able to discover who I am and who I am not, and through it all have been allowed to feel the blessed assurance and know the sweet amazing grace of the Divine which I want to share with you through these stories.

Of all the many blessings I’ve received throughout my life for which I can give thanks, my greatest is to the part of my Self, which can almost always instantly point out the bright side to a situation, even those circumstances with tragic and dire consequences, almost instantly being allowed to find humor in situations that would topple people who have never had to face any adversity in their lives. Or how my therapist Joy Bloom, from the Edgar Cayce ARE center in Virginia Beach put it in a therapy session in 2006, when she said with tears welling up in her eyes, that I’m “always able to find the gold in the shit,” and I do. The only difference now is in the speed with which I’m able to find it, but it is always there.

My wildest dream and my greatest heart’s desire in life is to help change the world for the good by pointing out the good. Of all the

experiences I have had in my years on this Earth as Terry Holliday, I believe it has been the human interactions for which I count as the highest blessings, even those experiences that were tragic or terrifying at the time because, in those experiences with others, I have been given the gift to experience my Whole Self, and that, my dear reader, is what we're all here to learn.

Throughout these stories, I will try to answer why I think I held on so firmly to my previous belief systems which no longer served me. I'll explore why I believe it was so hard for me to reprogram my mind to believe new things that were contrary to the way I was taught. And why there was really only one choice after a tragedy, and that was to keep going because “Weebles wobble, but they don’t fall down.” Or as Shari Lewis taught us with her sock puppet in the Lambchop song, “This is the song that doesn’t end and it goes on and on my friend. Some people started singing it so very long ago....” And when you break down the word Universe into its root words Uni = One, Verse = Song, it becomes One Song, and it’s the “song that doesn’t end.” The Neverending Story. Neither the Universe nor our lives is as random or chaotic as it may appear on the surface and, as Bette Midler sang to remind us, “from a distance, we are instruments marching in

a common band. Playing songs of hope. Playing songs of Peace. They're the songs of every man."

I hope that these stories might inspire you either now or one day in your future to keep going when you suffer tragedies and losses in your life like those that ran rampant in my life. But I also hope that you see clearly the good in everything I went through, which equally and abundantly enveloped me, thereby changing y(our) world from one where we are victims afraid of the evil that exists and has always existed in the world around us into a Better World where we are empowered decision-makers and conscious creators who seek to help others instead of tripping them and hoping they fail.

It is my sincerest hope that in these stories I share with you which are filled with my trials and tribulations that, like me, you will remember that no matter how dark things get when you're facing your greatest fears or the most horrific evil incarnate, that no storm lasts forever, and good can be found in anything and anyone, because God is in *everything* and *everyone*. All you have to do is remember that simple fact, and so often when we remember something, we say to ourselves, "Oh!" Add that O to God and

there will be your good. It won't be easy at first, but soon you will find that the experiences most often disguised as tragedies will transform into blessings which can be shared. I pray that the story of my life may shine brightly like a city on a hill that can't be hidden. To reveal to all who may see that light that we are "No longer slaves to fear," but children of God. We were never meant to become victims who were shackled and oppressed by the Ego's fear, pain, and greed. When enough people don't just believe this but *know* it, we will usher in a New Day as bright as a thousand suns, bringing along all the evidence necessary to transition from a world *Beyond Belief* into one of Knowing that while we appear separate, we are One. I know that "you may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you will join us, and the world will live as one."