

*Time upside down tells it all!*

## **Chapter 14 – And, So It Begins**

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### **Revelations from ancient times in a secret room!**

You can jump-start this whole “learning to read clouds” process RIGHT NOW, if you want to. That will allow you to start learning all you can from clouds. You begin by changing how you look at things.

The first thing you need to do is hang your wall clocks upside down. That will give you a new look at time ... whatever time supposedly is or we think it is because we had the audacity to invent (or so we think) a way to harness time by dividing it all up into the nonsensical fragments of seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years. We keep count of all of that on watches, clocks, and calendars, to the point of it being an “on time” obsession.

Looking at time upside down will eventually help you look more deeply into clouds. Looking at time in this new “turn your head sideways to see it” way will tweak your intellect just enough to adjust your vision and that is the main point here. This will all make sense later on, as you work your way through here among the “words to phrases, paragraphs to pages.”

I can see by your furrowed brow (along with your laser beam like stare that could, at any second now, easily ignite these words, causing them to burst into spontaneous smoldering embers) that there are still questions lingering in your intellect. So, let's get some basic questions out of the way. It is those pesky questions (that you won't let go of) that are getting in the way of these words tweaking and thus realigning your intellect so you will, indeed, be able to read clouds ...

- ***Who figured all of this out about clouds?***
- ***Who is this guy who knows how to read clouds?***
- ***Are clouds really a link to ancient civilizations?***
- ***Why doesn't anyone else know about this?***

Okay, so let me tell you how I learned about all of this. It will answer those questions and more – including all of the questions you didn't know you wanted to ask (or should have asked). This book is my story, believe it or not, that will help you change your life by providing you with a "line of sight" to simply see things more clearly – crystal clearly, actually. All of the information I am going to share with you "comes with a price of admission," but I'll get more into that as I tell you the story.

***"Clouds aren't as random and free form as you would think. Clouds form patterns and intricate mental pathways. All of what you are thinking, along with everyone else's thoughts, becomes etched in those pathways (known as Thought Streams that travel on Velocity Waves). All of that mental energy stays in those pathways forever ... to be used by whomsoever can tap into it all. While clouds can be 'explained away' as science and math, there really is much more to clouds than anyone ever realized. Clouds show us exactly what we need to know (and should know or ever have to know). If a cloud ever touches you with its shadow, make a wish quick."***

That paragraph above is the content of what I found in a handwritten note from my grandfather, Frank. A rubber band held it in place on top of a stack of time worn and tattered journals. They were in a secret room with piles and piles of "old world" papers. No one knew this room was there, hidden just off a musty root cellar. I found the entry door to that secret room by luck (and with a little bit of stabbing pain)!

Frank's house and ranch were far out in the country in Central California, lost in time. Frank built the house and ran the ranch with my grandmother, Elizabeth. It was an "old, run down farm" by the time I bought it just as it was about to be sold for back taxes. Though I paid the back taxes and the listed real estate price, there were still plenty of my relatives who said that I "stole the price right out from under them." Of course, you know how relatives can be. I call it the "Relative Factor!" All of this happened after the house and property had become so run down from neglect (which included many of those same "accusing" relatives pillaging the "spoils" from the place over the years and adding to the situation) that the state and local governments stepped in to "take over things."

Of course, none of my relatives talked about their role in "running the place down" in all of this ... they just "fired accusations" at me about how I had made sure I "cut them out of the picture." That "Relative Factor" is something that just goes on and on forever and it can really get to you, if you let it. I didn't let it get to me. I never had anything in common with any of "those people." In fact, I always wondered if I had somehow been switched at birth in the hospital and ended up with the wrong family. I just never could relate to anyone I was supposedly related to. My relatives seemed focused (or obsessed) with doing all they could to twist your life

180s degrees, up, down, sideways, and backwards – all in the wrong directions.

I loved going to my grandparent's place all of my life, despite having to put up with the "Relative Factor." Others in the family didn't like it "at the ranch," because there was no TV and "not much else to do," according to them. I spent countless summers with my grandfather and there was always plenty to do (if you liked a simple, slow-paced life where you could get LOTS of reading done, in addition to spending a great amount of time outdoors).

Those times with my grandfather were when I first started hearing how much you could learn from clouds. I learned more than I remembered, but all of that, even though I didn't realize it, would be coming back to me sooner than I could have imagined (not that I really ever gave it much thought until the occurrence of finding the secret room). My grandfather, Frank, talked a lot about Mesopotamia, too, but mostly everyone, except me, didn't pay much attention to all of that "history stuff." No one even ever wondered how it was that my grandfather, who was from the Portuguese Azores (the island of Pico), knew so much about ancient civilizations (or clouds, for that matter). Me, I just absorbed all of the information I could (including much that I had forgotten about), because it was so interesting (more so that I could have imagined I would soon be finding out).

Frank always talked about clouds. He said you could learn much from clouds if you "looked into them," and knew what to look for. He said clouds had a lot to say. He spoke often of how clouds "told it all" of how the weather would change. He was always right about the weather, too!

“What you need to know is all in the clouds,” he said over and over again. It is something I remember the most about my times with my grandfather.

People just didn’t get it or even attempt to understand when Frank talked about clouds. I did, but I couldn’t quite get a handle on all of it, especially the references to Mesopotamia. It wasn’t until I found the secret room that I learned what it all meant (that’s when all of the memories came flooding back to me). And, what I was about to learn would answer so many questions in my life. This was all long after my grandfather had died – and my grandmother was gone, too. From the point I found that secret room, my grandfather would be “talking to me” (and YOU, if you “venture forth” in this worded excursion) through his journals, along with everything he had collected from ancient civilizations (the existence of which no one knew anything about, that is, until I stumbled upon it all that one day).

So, I had bought my grandparent’s house and farm years after they died, when no one else wanted to buy the place. Despite the accounts of my no-account relatives that , I “stole the place for a song,” as I had said, the truth was that the house and property were in bad shape. My relatives who lived in close proximity pretty much pillaged the place. Some grazed horses and cattle on the land, which brought in fairly good “property rental fees” that they, of course, took, without so much as investing any of it back into maintaining the property. Not a single dime was put back into the property as my relatives pretty much “took the money and ran.” So it was always interesting to me how they accused me of “stealing the place,” when they made money off of it for so long and never did a single thing to take care of the place.

Of course, my relatives were notorious for thinking of no one but themselves (as it seems most relatives tend to be) even when my grandparents were alive. Many of them were always “running errands” for my grandparents, then capitalizing on such “gracious acts” by making sure my grandparents reimbursed them for a lot more than what they paid for things. No one ever produced a receipt. They just told my grandparents how much they were owed and my grandparents paid them. Probably the worst offender on that front was one of my uncles who was a butcher. He always brought over the “best cuts” of steaks for barbecues. When no one was looking he always made sure he got what he called his “chunk of change” for doing such “good deeds.” Everyone knew he got a discount on the meat and also that he always brought the cheapest cuts of meat. Still he charged them for the highest retail prices he could. So, it is those kinds of folks I’m talking about here who superimposed their personal traits (shortcomings, really) on me when they made accusations about the circumstances of me “buying the old place.” But, enough about my no-account relatives!

My sole reason for buying my grandparent’s place was that I wanted to keep it. There were a lot of great memories there for me and I just didn’t want it all going to some stranger (or, the truth be told, one of my relatives). And, too, I needed a place to live after “doing my time at Microsoft” (which is a whole/hole other story for another time). So, I figured I would “fix up the old ranch.” I didn’t realize how much cleanup work would need to be done (or how much the relatives had run it down over the years). No one helped me with any of that either, from a Relative Factor perspective. Oh, sure, those same relatives came by from time to time either to “nose around” or, believe it or not, ask for money!

I got things pretty well organized in the 700 square foot house so I was able to live in there. The second floor of the three-story tank house (that housed a 3,000 gallon water tank on the top, third floor) became my computer room and office, all 110 square feet of it. I thought about doing a lot of clean up in the yard first, but opted for starting in the root cellar that was under the house (which my grandfather had built in 1918). I figured I could then use that cellar, which was a fairly large area, as a place to store things.

### **A hidden door opens a whole, new "old" world for me.**

The wood pattern on the walls in root cellar was odd. The 12-inch wide planks of wood ran the length of the walls, straight up and down, not parallel with the floor. This had always seemed strange to most of us in the family, but then the oval shape of the root cellar seemed just as weird (though the planks seemed more favorable in the up and down positions, considering the oval shape)! No one ever asked my grandfather why things were the way they were. We just knew that he did things his way and that was that. He didn't care what people said and he always did what he wanted no matter how much anyone protested and questioned any of his actions. I found out the real reason he had used the planks that way when I had an encounter with an old wall clock that had forever hung upside down.

The wall clock in the root cellar had always been upside down. It was like that for as long as any of us could remember. No one ever gave it much thought, though we did wonder about it from time to time. We just figured the top nail had slipped out at some point and the bottom nail held, thus causing the clock to swivel downward "coming to rest" in that odd upside

down position. Over the years, each time any of us wanted to know the time, we turned our heads slightly sideways to read the time.

My grandfather always smiled whenever he saw us doing that. We got good at reading time upside down. I got to where I didn't even need to turn my head the slightest bit. It was sort of a mental shift to just visually "turn things" without any movement of the head. And, I know now the reason my grandfather purposely hung the clock like that ... a discovery that made me smile in a similar way as my grandfather always did whenever he watched us "telling time upside down."

That clock was on my mind the day I walked into the root cellar to start cleaning things up. The clock was the first thing you saw walking down into the cellar. Only this time, upon closer examination, I could clearly see there was no nail hole above the clock where we all had thought the top nail would have been. I could see things much better in the root cellar now because of all the sunlight. Some of my relatives had cut down the old tree that always blocked much of the light coming into the cellar through the dirt-level, screened openings at the top, ceiling level of the cellar.

The black walnut tree that had always blocked the light was old and had been rotting for years, crumbling apart. That walnut tree was where all of us kids had had swings, tree houses, and hours of countless fun. But, it was finally time for the tree to go and, from what I had heard, whoever cut down the tree got several cords of "well dried" and already cured firewood. Now that I thought about it, I could put such firewood to good use heating the tiny house above the root cellar. Of course, there wasn't a stick of firewood to be found, so I had ordered a couple of cords of Oak to use in the 1940s wood-burning, greenish stove that was in the kitchen.

It bothered me that someone cut down that black walnut tree, but there was nothing I could do about it now. The additional sunlight in the root cellar was very nice, though. I guess what bothered me about the tree being gone was more about all the memories and the finality of “erasing” that very noticeable aspect of my grandfather’s place. He loved that tree! It was the right thing to do, cutting it down, but not the sneaky way it was cut down by my relatives. Looking ahead for all that I had planned for the old place, I was now reinventing just what this place and property would be ... all with my special touch. And, I know my grandfather would have liked that!

With the tree gone, sunlight now intensely flooded the cellar, lighting it up like it had never been lit before. Well, at least not for a good number of years. I had no recollection of anything other than that tree blocking the light. The root cellar had always been a dark, musty place. As a child, I once sat quietly in a corner of the cellar watching one of the transient cats (there were many who frequented my grandfather’s place) stalk a field mouse who came into the cellar through the screened opening. I’m not sure just how long I sat there, but it was a long time, though the minutes faded quickly as I watched this big, black cat, with a laser-like stare, follow every movement of the doomed mouse. You couldn’t really see the cat unless you knew where to look (which the mouse didn’t). Then, when the mouse got just close enough, the cat pounced out of the shadows and it was all over for the mouse. With just a few hard snaps “down” of the cat’s jaw, all movement and struggling from the mouse ceased. In a quick moment, the cat just glanced over at me, eyes silvery white in the shadows, and it then disappeared back into the shadows to enjoy the feast!

As I now stood there in the well-lighted cellar, I could clearly see there was definitely no hole where a nail should have been to hold the clock upright. I looked very closely at the upright plank to be sure there was no nail hole. Nope. No nail hole. I then noticed one of the wall planks slightly sticking out from another plank just near the clock. I don't think anyone had ever seen this before, probably because of the lack of any bright light as there now was. If anyone ever did notice it, no one said anything. I think it was my grandfather's plan all along to distract (or maybe, just maybe, alert) us with that clock and time upside down. All of a sudden, I realized my grandfather had purposely hung the clock like that! It was a message (one of many, it turns out) we kept missing. All of those years it was right there in front of us ... time upside down right next to a plank jutting outward. It had to mean something, now that I really thought about it. And, I was going to "further investigate."

With my nose close to touching the plank, I looked closer at the entire area where wall plank was sticking out. It wasn't like my grandfather to leave any board sticking out like that. His work, well, anything he ever did for that matter, was always, always, always perfection ... to the point of driving everyone crazy. He wouldn't stop, no matter what he was doing, until everything was exactly, flawlessly "right on the money." This was true for any project he did, large or small. And, if you were helping my grandfather with anything, you knew "second best" would never fly with him. Whenever you worked with my grandfather, you knew "perfection was expected" and nothing less would do!

Nose almost resting on the plank now, as I eyeballed it closely, I ran my fingers up and down the board. I didn't see it until it was too late, but

the wood jutted out in one spot and I watched myself, seemingly in slow motion, move my finger just right for a sliver of wood to get me! I felt the sting in my index finger as the sliver lodged deep into my skin, under the fingernail. Pulling my hand back and grabbing my finger, I yelled, "Son of a bitch!" At the same time, I kicked the plank as hard as I could.

That's when it happened!

The plank I kicked was part of a door that popped opened to reveal a secret room. Sunlight now streamed into this newfound room. There was a musty smell and a fine dust in the air, causing the room to take on an orangish glow. The first thing I saw was a worktable off to left side and it definitely seemed familiar to me. I was sure I had been in this room when I was little.

I just stood there, somewhat frozen as my finger throbbed. I looked into this room that, obviously, my grandfather had spent countless hours in. We always wondered to where he had disappeared when no one (not even my grandmother) could find him. Finally, I took a deep breath, stooped a bit, and walked into the secret room. I observed the strangest of gadgets that formed the mechanism for the door to open by tapping it just right (which, by luck, I had done by kicking at the wooden plank. Later, I would look closer at this and be amazed at how elegantly the opening and closing mechanism worked flawlessly each time. I would be stunned to later learn this was how most doors opened and closed in ancient civilizations before, during, and after Mesopotamia!

The mechanism for the door to open that was based on what ultimately became known as Whitworth's Quick Return principle. That's where the movement of a metal rod follows a bar rotating at one end and

then carries a sliding, driving sleeve rotating uniformly in a circle to open and then automatically close a door ... or window ... or gate ... or whatever you want. I then thought about all of the clever contraptions my grandfather had made all around the ranch and realized that they were all based on this same, basic model!

I had to bend down to go through the low doorway (my grandfather was about 5 feet six inches tall, so my six-foot frame was a “minor problem.”) I looked around this large room I had just discovered. I could feel my heart racing as I wondered what this was all about. The room was filled with books, papers, and many strange looking metal and wooden devices. There was a large variety of red ceramic balls with rows of strange symbols etched on them. There were also multiple types of crystals. All of those were red, too. There were two smaller, reddish looking crystals with gold lines and wavy symbols on them.

As I looked at the goldish squiggles on the ceramic balls and crystals, they seemed to be moving, forming constantly changing shapes and images. I looked closer and the gold etchings on the red crystals simultaneously transformed from tiny cloud like formations to many strange symbols and images ... and then back to clouds again. They appeared to move as I looked at them. They were, in fact, moving! And, when I touched them, the gold etchings rippled around where my fingers were touching the surfaces. It was almost as if I was putting my fingertips into a liquid surface as the etchings undulated around wherever I touched. Then as quickly as I saw such things, everything returned to normal. Had I imagined what I just saw? Well, over the years, I would come to discover that I hadn't imagined anything and those crystals became a constant companion as I took them everywhere

(mainly because of what I could do with them ... just as my grandfather had done). I still carry them with me today. You'll find out why as I tell you my story.

There were two tables – a big one, which looked to be the main work area, and a small one, nearby. There was a single window in the room between the two tables. There wasn't much room even for writing or making notes anywhere on the main work area of the big table. I wondered how, as children, we never peered into through that window, from outside to see what was in here. Journals, note pads, and a large number of strange mechanisms covered the rest of the table and work area. There were plenty of devices and mechanisms scattered on the floor, too. The small table was in the far corner of the room.

What I saw next still gives me goose bumps whenever I think about it. Drawings I had done as a child were carefully piled on the small table. That made sense, because my grandfather would never have allowed anything other than "neatly stacked" papers. We knew that as kids. But, here were drawings I now remembered doing. I had been in this room with my grandfather!

Then it all came back to me. I used to spend hours in that room with my grandfather. I wasn't very old either. I don't recall anything about actually going into the room or even why no one else knew about it or whether or not anyone else was ever in there. I doubt it. I only remembered being in there a lot while my grandfather studied and "worked on things." He would read, make notes, and then tinker with all of the devices that I was never allowed to touch. I loved watching him work with the old looking tools, contraptions, and devices. One of the wire devices was made to specifically

hold the two, small red crystals that had the gold etchings on them. I would draw pictures – usually of clouds – while my grandfather worked, wrote, and seemed to be doing measurements with different apparatus!

The device with the two small crystals was what my grandfather used most often. It had a center piece slot where my grandfather put votive candles that then seemed to “light up” the crystals as the gold etchings would change shapes, dancing and transforming into and from tiny cloud-like formations to all kinds of holographic images that arched upward from the crystals.

In addition to constantly working with the two small red crystals in that one device with a candle, I remembered the large crystals that my grandfather would place in different devices and strange machines. Then he would hold the crystals and devices by the window to power them in the sunlight. A multitude of colors would burst outward from the crystals, lighting up the room with laser-like effects! As my grandfather moved the crystal in the sunlight, the colors were dazzling. Then there would be illuminated, transparent holograms. I watched and watched, but never really understood what my grandfather was doing. I just liked watching the “show.” My grandfather was forever making notes about all of this. I just kept drawing.

I don’t know why I noticed this last on that day of discovering the secret room, but finally I saw the well-used decks of playing cards. We all had memories of my grandfather playing card games with many of his friends. And, he always won, too! He also seemed to enjoy endless sessions of solitaire. He was good at cards, any game. Everyone was always amazing that he never lost, no matter what he played, even solitaire! He taught most

of us how to play solitaire. None of us had the faintest clue, however, that my grandfather was somewhat of a card shark when it came to poker. In fact, poker plays a major role in his story I'm about to tell you. At that point in time when I discovered this secret room, I was intrigued by an array of very old and tattered decks of cards, along with many clear stones, each about the size of a quarter.

It wouldn't be until much later that I would learn these stones were used to play a game of prognostication in Mesopotamia. The game, called Sliders, had no rules for "playing" the polished stones, other than what rules or "requirements" you made up as you played. The movement of stones in Sliders, along with their positioning, was all influenced by the clouds and, in many cases, illuminated "laser lit" crystals. You could play Sliders on any surface as there was no game board.

So much was flooding back into my mind. All of this had been lost somewhere in the recesses of my intellect that was now being awakened. Bits and pieces of moments in that secret room were flashing through my mind. My grandfather so often said, "Draw the clouds." Then he would point to the window. I would go stand on a chair, look out at the clouds, and then draw whatever clouds I saw. I can't for the life of me imagine why I never talked of any of this outside that secret room. I don't remember my grandfather ever telling me not to talk about any of it. And, I also can't figure out how all of this had been "lost" somewhere in my mind ... other than the fact that as we each grow up and become adults, we leave behind so much "important stuff" from our childhood.

My grandfather talked on and on about clouds and ancient civilizations. He talked most about Mesopotamia, that it was more than the

cradle of civilization. As a child, I didn't pay much attention. None of the other grandkids did either ... no one seemed interested in "grandpa's story telling." Little did we know these weren't just stories. They were things my grandfather was recounting that he had actually done and somehow witnessed!

I didn't have a clue what all of this meant whenever I was in that room with my grandfather. I just drew clouds, lots and lots of clouds. Now I stood in this room once again after so long, looking at my drawings of clouds that were still on the little table. My grandfather wrote notes on each of my drawings. Not all of this would make much sense until many years later ... when I finally got around to writing this book you are now reading. It turns out that, even though I didn't know it, I was "recording" what I saw in the clouds ... messages that were just for me that I would so many years later be able to interpret. But, that's getting a little ahead of myself in this story.

From that first day in the secret room of the root cellar, I just read my grandfather's notes, leafed through the books and journals, and looked over the drawings. I picked up several of the ancient devices. I was most intrigued by the reddish ceramic balls with wedge shaped symbols all over them. Most of them were the size of a soft ball. The larger ones were the size of soccer balls and they were quite heavy. I was amazed at the variety of devices and little machines all covered with dust. My grandfather's journal entries as well as his notes in the margins of the books would take years for me to make sense of and interpret.

I did eventually figure it all out! That was how I started learning about the significance of clouds and how they tie everything together through something called "Sky Vision" and Thought Streams (I'll come back

to all of that!). Over the next several years, I put together all of the pieces of the puzzle ... and then some. And, now I'm going to share it all with you.

I'm going to tell you all that I have learned. It is based on all of what I found (and and taught myself) in my grandfather's secret room. I would learn much more once I mastered "traveling" on Thought Streams, riding Velocity Waves. What I additionally learned I somehow already knew. And, for **YOU**, well, the same is true as you will be "learning" what you didn't know you already knew!

Be forewarned that what you are about to read either challenges much of what is currently believed to be historical fact and/or fills in "undocumented" gaps covering thousands of years in the so-called record history of Mankind.

There are reasons my grandfather never shared any of this information with anyone (inside of or outside of the family). I'll get into all of that, too, because his fears just might come back to curse me for writing this book. That said, I'm doing this anyway. What you do with this information is completely up to you. I just know I must tell this story. It all needs to be told!

Get ready to have what you think you know or thought you knew (or either didn't know or never considered) about history and how things work in life to be turned upside down, much like the clock in my grandfather's root cellar.

Buckle up! It is going to be a bumpy ride, especially when it comes to all of your pre-conceived notions, well-worn beliefs, self-imposed (or thrust upon you) values, and/or considered (or not) philosophy.