

to take this activist back to his Indian Reservation in Canada, which I did. Upon arriving at his home in Canada, tired from the long drive I was given a place to sleep and rest. Just as I was about to lay down there came a knock on the door. It was a messenger for a Blind Medicine Man living at the other end of the reservation who asked me to come to his home and eat and break bread with him. Under tribal courtesy, I dared not to refuse.

His home was my home, his food filled with love, his company endearing, and his wisdom beautiful and complex. We next burned and smoked sacred Indian tobacco and it was then he held my hand and looked serious.

HE SPOKE!
 "You have been teaching people other than Indians how to Time Travel. You would not teach those that did not deserve it and were not ready, but you have been teaching how to Time Travel without the Ritual which you are not to do and are not to do it again, because THE RITUAL BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE."

Here was a Blind Indian Medicine Man, who had never been off his Indian Reservation. Never knew of me, never heard of me, yet every word he said was the truth. In California, I had been teaching how to Time and Astro-travel without the ritual. Much to my regret, we parted as beautiful loving friends, but I would never see him again. He taught me one great lesson. The Blind are not always Blind, and visions are not always seen by those with eyes.

THE RITUAL BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE. It can start with the songs or the Dances. The Ritual may appear foolish, child-life or even embarrassing at times, but it is the Ritual.

The suggestion to do the Ritual, if done spiritually and with a quiet spirit, the wisdom that you have read, is in the song and dances and all that is needed, your eyes of understanding be opened.

The world does and can be stated, that it comes to together, nation with nation, peoples and more peoples, even with the Ritual changed

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