Life Begins at 40
Awakening From the Matrix
(Introduction)

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And Now We Begin

“Impossible. Impossible. Impossible. Im-pos-si-b-le! It’s impossible, that’s for sure. So let’s get to work”. This was the response of a relatively unknown French wire-walker upon coming to the realization that his dream to walk on a high wire between the tops of the twin towers in Manhattan, New York was indeed an impossible dream.

On August 7th, 1974, after years of dreaming and planning, a young Philippe Petit walked this tight wire he and his “accomplices” had erected between the tops of the two twin towers in New York City. Eight crossings. One thousand three-hundred sixty-eight feet above the streets of Manhattan. An impossible dream for sure, but once accomplished, Impossible redefined.

And what a magnificent dream it was. It was not about wealth. It was not about power. It was not about fame. No, for Philippe Petit there were no hidden agendas, no visions of “what’s in it for me”, no desires to rule the world. Rather, it was no more and no less than the pursuit of an extremely powerful, ‘impossible dream’, as simple as it was magnificent. Indeed, isn’t that what life should be all about?

But how quickly we have all forgotten about this awe-inspiring event that took place some 40 years ago, one so incredible, and indeed on so many levels that I personally still to this day find it difficult to put into words. For those of us who have indeed heard of but long forgotten about Petit’s impossible dream we also may want to pause for a moment to wonder . . . and to ask ourselves if we at the same time have also forgotten what it means in our very own lives to truly dream impossible dreams. Think about it – do any of us in our own lives even have an impossible dream and if so, how many of us have ever contemplated pursuing it? No, you see today unfortunately most of us resign ourselves to much less, and we go on instead to replace our unimaginably magnificent “impossible” dreams like the dream of Philippe Petit with the dreams we are told by society or friends or family that we “should” or “can” pursue - ‘acceptable’ dreams – dreams that often afford us no more than rote, cookie-cutter conformance to the norms of the world. And if that isn’t troubling enough, way too often these modern dreams (if you can even call them dreams) we hold today are all about this peculiar pursuit of money - varying amounts of wealth in one form of a career or profession, where the pursuit of money drives us, and the chosen career or profession follows suit. Indeed, in our world today doesn’t the driving force almost always comes down to money in some respect? And then once we have money, well then we want more and more of it . . . and then more. I think some of us call it success, and isn’t it true that we are often measuring our “success” by how much of this thing called money that we have? Well why wouldn’t we, after all that’s in fact the very mantra that our modern society champions over and over.

Although slowly we are beginning to realize that while many call this pursuit and accumulation of money success, quite a few others who are barely getting by call it by another name - survival. And more of us are beginning to slip off the elusive pinnacle of success, down the slippery slope and into the quickened sands of survival. Perhaps we are all beginning to awaken and realize a common theme here, namely that our pursuit of money has replaced the pursuit of our dreams. It seems as though we can no longer “afford” to dream, ironically enough.

And so there it is – we have just come to accept that as “life as it is” and have been doing so for quite a long time now. So it begs the question - what exactly happened to our impossible dreams? What
happened to our truly magnificent, awe-inspiring dreams? And oh, by the way while we’re at it, what happened to the magnificence of life itself – the very same magical life that as children we somehow imagined would become the very fabric of our dreams as we grew older? Did words like money and success (and what often follows suit after acquisition of money – things like power and fame) ever enter into our lexicons, into our wild imaginations as children? Well, no they didn’t. So why as adults have they now become the end all and be all to life as we know it?

These are the simple questions I have reflected upon for years, and then along the way as I was reflecting, something quite unexpected happened - slowly but surely I came to ‘understand’ the answer. And what I came to understand was anything but simple, and in fact was something beyond my wildest imagination. It came to be what would become my own personal awakening from the Matrix we call life, an awakening to a reality which I found to be the opposite of that which most of us, including myself, believed it always was, is and always would be. In fact, it was a reality I never even knew existed, and one which I came to realize was seemingly the very antithesis of the magical dreams I believe most of us envisioned for our lives as children so very long ago. I can attest that it certainly was for me. And it was this reality indeed that I came to discover was the reason my personal life’s dream, the same one I would argue was no less than humanity’s true dream was still – well - a dream, and not yet a reality.

So before beginning this tale and speaking to this dream, allow me to first digress a bit into the story that led me to this point in my life . . .

**A Bit of Background**

I was born in Bensonhurst in Brooklyn, New York, in 1968. Very soon after I was born, my family – mom, dad, my brother, my sister and I moved to an unknown and completely undeveloped town in central New Jersey called Manalapan. The year was 1969. You see, it was the five of us living in a one-bedroom apartment in Brooklyn. Need I say more, it was time to move the family . . .

So off we went, moving into a four-bedroom, two-story house in Manalapan. My parents were dizzy with the change in space. Four bedrooms, a huge front yard, back yard, patio, full attic and two-car garage. It was unreal. And behind the backyard – miles upon miles of open space – forests and farms as far as the eyes could see. It went on and on and on. Even as a child, I remember how magical it all was.

Then one day in the early 1970’s everything changed. You see I used to play on the farms behind our home. An imagination was all I needed and I was set for the entire day, day after day. Then one day I crossed through the slightly broken and leaning wooden red snow fence that separated our backyard from the farms and I saw something that changed everything. Sitting atop the crest of the farm were a dozen or so of enormous heavy earth moving machines. Why were they there, I remember wondering? They were there to plow under the farms to make room for “progress” – defined as something we today call development. I didn’t know what these machines were at the time, as a child,
but what I did know was that it didn’t “feel right” – it didn’t feel like they belonged there; all I could remember as a small child growing up was this magical, seemingly endless paradise of nature - trees, farms, streams, brooks, ponds and wildlife as far as the eye could see and then one day, literally overnight, this army of enormous, man-made, unnatural mechanized yellow machines had invaded this sacred space, seemingly from out of nowhere.

It was around the year 1973, and since then and for the next almost forty years development has not ceased in Manalapan nor has it in central New Jersey, nor has it in most areas of the United States, nor has it in most areas of the world. It’s called “progress”. It’s called “economic growth”. It’s called “business”. It’s called “sanity”. It’s in fact a soulless monster called suburban sprawl, or just plain sprawl (as it now happens everywhere – in the country and cities alike), and it has no limits in terms of growth and destruction of the all that is natural, all that is beautiful, and all that is what should be. It came to be my very first hard lesson in life, a life that for the next forty years would march on for me in a seemingly never ending conflict between what my intuition and heart would tell me was right, juxtaposed with the opposite in what I would continue to see happening around me in the world in every way.

So let me at this point interrupt my tale with an example which serves to highlight this contradiction. Many years later, in the late 1990’s I had phoned into a live talk-show featuring the then Governor of New Jersey, Christine Todd Whitman (the only time in my life I had and since have ever called into a radio or talk show to ask a question or make a comment).

The reason I called in was because I was so concerned with the overdevelopment of the Garden State – one of once amazing beauty which I had grown up in, but the very same one that years later was now, in my eyes and the eyes of so many other Jerseyites, buried in a plague of blight called suburban sprawl, the direct result of decades of never ending construction which had over the years turned this paradise of unending natural land into a suburban nightmare of endless development.

My question for the Governor was rather simple – why are we still building? In regards to my question of the rationale for this never ending growth, dare I say, as a politician, her answer was of no surprise. She said this growth was needed. I asked her for what. She said for growth. I asked her what type of growth. She said for economic growth. I then proceeded to ask her when every square inch of land was eventually developed (in the very near future . . .), what would we do then for economic growth? I
went on to ask that wouldn’t it be better to put a moratorium on the construction now and study the issue, while the state still had some natural, undeveloped land left – before it was all gone, before it was fully paved over and concreted in? Before the traffic, which already had become an extremely serious problem at that point, became even worse? Wouldn’t we either now (while there was still some land left) or later (when all the land was gone) have to come up with an alternate solution for “economic growth”, i.e. “progress”? So wouldn’t the better choice be to act now to preserve what little was left?

She stumbled in trying to respond, and then after some more time trying to formulate a response, the moderator, I assume sensing a bit of discomfort, interrupted and asked to go on to another caller. Then I heard the phone disconnect . . . And there it was - my intuition had asked the heart-felt, seemingly logical question. But the “the way of the world” had answered back in a parallel reality that had nothing to do with the heart, logic or what was right. It was something else, something at the time I could not yet put into words, but something that was at the same time incredibly disturbing to me.

I would continue to see this dance of the old and yet awfully familiar “economic growth” argument playing on for years to come, not only in my home state, but also across the country and the world, while millions of acres of nature’s paradise would be forever destroyed in the name of profit and economic progress. Of course, it didn’t have to be this way. And the never-ending blur of magnificent lies, remarkably confusing doublespeak and complete unaccountability and lies of all of our politicians – what was this all about? (As a very interesting aside, it was this same Christine Todd Whitman who the day after 9/11 had declared Ground Zero to be safe for everyone, and well, we know the story of what happened with that – more people ending up dying years later from the toxic soup that was Ground Zero than that died on 9/11 itself…..). Later I would come to understand the why and the what of it all, and years later I would also begin to connect the dots between all of it, and much more in this at first seemingly “unconnected” mystery of life. One thing was for sure – I was thoroughly unprepared for the truth.

What is reality?

Aaaaahhhhh, Manalapan! My parents were fortunate to have bought a house which was in a cul-de-sac, which in turn led to a footbridge crossing over a babbling brook which led to another farm, and more farms. Seriously, it was the stuff of Norman Rockwell paintings and imaginary fairy tales. And it got better. My parents (and the kids) were all best friends with almost all of our neighbors. They did everything together - dinners, lunches, recreation, the community pool. Everyone’s kids were watched, well, by everyone - all the neighbors. We didn’t call up each other on the phone before we came over; we just came over and knocked on the door. It was just the way it was. It was normalcy and we didn’t know any different. After all, who could have imagined any other way? Again, looking back, it was all so very magical – the community, the natural, unspoiled environment we lived in, the slow pace of life - all of it. And so it went for years. Perhaps another story in itself, deserving of its own book, for a future date . . .

Segway through my magical childhood and after schooling, grades 1 to 12, I decided to go to college. That was just what you did as a 17-year old graduating from high school in the late 1980’s. Regarding a future career, I chose the field of civil engineering. Interestingly enough, to this day, I still have no recollection of why I did choose this career, but obviously I did as off to school I went. And for the next 25 years of my life I bounced back and forth between academia and employment in my field, accumulating academic degrees, experience and money. Of course, why would I have done it any other way (wink, wink)?
I in fact went on to spend my entire professional career working in the field of civil engineering in both the US public and private engineering sectors, in the construction industry as well as in the halls of academia, nationally as well as abroad. For 25 years I never questioned any of it — the schooling, the profession, nothing at all. Although in retrospect, deep down inside, none of it ever felt “right” to me.

Then came the year 2008 – I was 40 years old and was at the peak of my career as an internationally recognized expert in my field, just after having successfully completed my doctoral studies. I thought I had finally “made it”, this was it . . . but then, after only a few short months of employment after having completed my doctorate, which I had been pursuing for 7 years, something hit me like a ton of bricks. I experienced what one might call a radical “awakening.” This awakening was in fact so profound that in the summer of 2008 I walked away from my job, a lucrative income and my well-established career to follow what I could only describe at the time was my intuitive inner guidance — I suspect the same intuition, albeit at a much different level, that I might have been feeling my entire life, but one that I had never let surface until then.

The first part of this profound awakening was coming to the incredible realization that after almost 25 years of education and employment in my field of expertise, my “chosen” career no longer resonated with me. Upon return from a remarkably challenging research program conducted overseas at one of the most prestigious and oldest engineering schools in the world, École des Ponts ParisTech (the culmination of a 7-year long doctorate program undertaken at Polytechnic University in Brooklyn, New York), I came back to the States a changed man in ways I could not quite understand at the time. I had returned and gone on to successfully defend my thesis and the ground-breaking research I had developed. I graduated with full honors, ranked number one at the top of my class. I then reentered the working world with a fantastic job, working for a terrific company, alongside outstanding people. After all these years of incredible sacrifice, I had achieved everything I had so arduously worked for. It was all so perfect. But then I realized that something was very wrong — I was utterly miserable.

Then came the real dramatic wake up call for me – I realized that, outside of my doctoral studies, the career and the work never did resonate with me. I was left wondering, “How could this be”? How could I have spent my entire career, my entire adult life in a truly outstanding profession like this, but one which I did not at all enjoy? It was as though I had been on auto-pilot during this entire 25-year period in my life, never following my intuition, my inner guidance which in retrospect had always been screaming at me that this was not what I was meant to do with my life.

The next three years of my life were spent in an often painful and deeply personal introspection, a sort of spiritual journey. Wary of seeking employment in what appeared to be just a myriad of “random careers” that did not resonate with me (I had read almost every “career” book I could get my hand on), and frankly afraid to again make the same life-altering “mistake” in career choice, I remained unemployed. All the while, however, I knew intuitively that there had to be something I was meant to do, and I was simply unwilling to compromise on it – the pursuit of my purpose in life, my dream. Most remarkable of all though was that I had not yet even understood what the dream itself was or what I
was meant to do. And yet at the same time there was something extremely powerful that was pulling me into it. But what was it? For years I would be painfully frustrated by not “knowing” . . .

At the same time as I was beginning to come to terms with this profound realization regarding my career, something else was happening “behind the scenes”. Following my 7 years of intensive studies inside the bubble I had created for myself, it was as though all of a sudden as I entered back into the “real world” I was becoming immediately and keenly aware of and extraordinarily sensitive to what was going on in our world – one which had seemingly changed significantly from even the time when I had first begun my academic program in 2000.

At the time it seemed difficult to put into words, but one thing for sure was that I observed an absence of something very tangible in today’s modern world – simply put an ever decreasing emphasis on personal connections – seemingly between anyone and everyone – family, friends, neighbors, colleagues, you name it. Along with the increase in turn-of-the-century “techno-gology” (defined by yours truly as the ceaseless development of technology which serves no inherent purpose relating to the improvement of one’s quality of life), it seemed that life as we once knew it had begun to accelerate at increasingly blazing speeds, and with apparently no end in sight. Although people throughout the world were now able to connect in ways once thought impossible in the past, these connections to me were for the most part becoming less and less personal. And there also seemed to be so much more to it all, but what was it?

Concurrently, as I looked out across the globe first off it appeared that the pendulum of people’s desires was swinging more and more out of balance, morphing into a ridiculously insatiable appetite for ever increasing amounts of individual wealth, power and fame. If you didn’t have it, and someone else did, you wanted it. If you had it, you wanted more of it – much more of it. You saw it on T.V., on the web, in daily life everywhere you went – it seemed to be embedded in the ether of life. I was left wondering, “What happened to the fantastically simple life and times of yesteryear?” And that’s when I began to first recall hearing the remarkably hollow mantra from people who would say, “That’s just the way things are today” or “That’s just the way the world is”. And often times it would be followed up with another completely hollow remark: “There’s nothing you can do about it”.

None of it made any sense to me, none of it seemed “normal”, and at the same time I couldn’t seem to shake this sense of uneasiness about the world, yet I also couldn’t exactly put it into words either. I remember thinking over and over that “this couldn’t be what life was all about” – a job or a career, a laptop, cellphone, and pager for work, bills, money, waiting for the weekend, a promotion, more money, climbing the ladder, moving to suburbia, investing my money to grow it into more money, projecting my retirement date. . . This couldn’t be “reality”, and to put it another way, this simply could not be why I was put here on this planet. No, no, no, no . . .

The family in Tannersville, NY circa 1969. Another truly magical place and time. So is it true what they say - “that's just the way things were back then”? 
But what was “it” that I kept trying to discover and understand, and what then exactly was “reality”? As I began to further awaken, I soon began to question everything, and I mean everything. And I found that the more I questioned things, the less that seemed to make sense to me, at least in the context of “normalcy” as defined by the reality that appeared to surround my daily life and seemingly that of the world, the same reality we were told was (the only) reality – by society, by the media, by our educators, by our politicians and “leaders”. Allow me explain a bit more . . .

It seemed as though my awakening only intensified a longing for the strong and deeply fundamental, intimate connections between family, friends and community that I remembered from my childhood, a time, which by now had truly seemed to be not only magical but seemingly lost forever, particularly in comparison to the world I was now living in. And here’s the tricky part – it wasn’t about a longing for being a kid or child again – one without responsibilities. No, it was about both the enormous sense of loss of the simplicity of life we had years ago, combined with the complete swap-out of the truly important things of years ago with the completely trivial things of today – things that had now become the new priorities for most of us. Yesterday seemed to be about one job (and a spouse at home) with a 40-hour work week, and a clear distinction between the weekdays and the weekend. Today it is about, multiple jobs (both spouses working) with 60 plus-hour work weeks, which really never end at all as with technology, weekends and weekdays simply now fuse into one never-ending blur. Neighborhoods, true community and intimate connections with one another are gone seemingly forever, replaced by infinite amounts of social media and our desires for accumulating lots of virtual friends online. Our love for nature has been usurped by our love for technology. And of course I can continue, but deep down inside are we not aware of it all already? We have sold off everything we truly are for everything we have been told we should be. We have replaced the simplicity and beauty of life as it is and has always been with the complexity and coldness of the life that has been promoted to us by society and the powers that were (formerly known as the powers that be – don’t you worry, I will explain this later . . .). We have somehow ended up trading in the very essence of oneness that we have always had with each other, nature and the universe for a life of solitude and separation from everything - but why, and how?

OK, let’s dig a little deeper. But first a warning here to the reader who is advised to, well . . . take a deep breathe. Our reality as of the world in 2008 when I first “awoke”, and as is the exact same of the current reality of the world today in 2012 is comprised of the following (and please note this is just a very, very, very PARTIAL list of the issues), in no particular order, and is what we call our modern life (drum roll, please):

We have organized religion. We have politics, comprised of (in the US) a democratic and a republican party with similar structures in countries throughout the world. We have a formal education system,
built upon twelve years or so of institutionalized learning. What else do we have? Well after this formal education, we have continued formal education in the form of colleges and universities. Now let’s get real random here. In our current reality we have the military, insurance policies, state, local and federal taxes, credit cards, mortgages, banks, loans, bills, bankruptcies, products that stop working right after the guarantee runs out (a.k.a. planned obsolescence). Competition, profit, buying, selling, trading, the stock market, shopping, fashion, TV, advertising & marketing. Pollution, tar sands, oil spills, mountain top removal (for coal) & fracking (for gas). Wars, nuclear disasters, species extinction, cancer and thousands of other diseases that are never cured. Grades, neurosis, pharmaceuticals, corruption, technological unemployment, murder, politicians, drug and alcohol abuse, bankers, drug trade, financial crises, rape, unemployment, patents and ingenious inventions that never see the light of day because they are bought up and shut down or outcompeted by the big corporations so they never reach the market (phew, that was a long one). Deadlines, paperwork, spreadsheets, scheduling software, hundreds of thousands of other types of software, promotions, awards, retirement. Trillions of pieces of “important” paperwork (the same ones we somehow didn’t need a hundred years ago…).

More? Tolls, more oil spills, fast food restaurants, billion-dollar banker bailouts, trillion-dollar national debts, scarcity, inequality, injustice, austerity measures, greed, prostitution, meaningless jobs, police (and a rapidly emerging police state), terrorism, sell, sell, sell, sell, the mainstream media, homelessness, public security cameras, never-ending problems and crises making the rich richer and the middle class into poor and the poorer even poorer. Hundreds of thousands of laws that limit our freedoms.

Overfishing, waste, poaching, deforestation, overconsumption, bureaucracy, red tape, accounting, fraud, depression, suicide, crime.

Big Pharma, Big Oil, Big Biotech, Peak Everything and the impending collapse of every system on Earth.

Get the picture? And of course as I said this is all just BARELY scratching the surface of our current reality today, agreed? What did you say? Oh, that’s right, I remember now. “That’s just the way life is”, no? And let me add a bit of poetic flair – “And there’s nothing we can do about it”, right? No, in fact actually all of this is simply the five-sense reality we as humanity have collectively “chosen” to be our reality, and no it doesn’t have to be this way. We can simply choose another reality if we want. On another level though, there is indeed something going on behind the curtain, underlying it all; we are in “the Matrix” – an illusion of reality that we have been heavily and forcefully sold by the true powers that control the world (the powers that were, formerly known as the powers that be), the same powers that seek to control us, and indeed have so for centuries. Stay with me here . . . So on the one hand we have a choice in the matter of choosing our own reality through at a minimum free will, both individually and collectively, and on the other hand we have been entombed in the laundry list of
illusionary, manufactured five-sense reality illustrated above for a very long time, which has therefore made it extremely difficult for us to even conceive of any other possibility for life other than that which we have known for our entire lifetimes, that which we have been hypnotized and indoctrinated into. “They” tell us that this is life and that it’s normal, but oh my dear readers – it is anything but normal, as we shall see . . .

**The Matrix**

Just look at the mind-boggling list above. Take a moment, but first, please – turn off the T.V. Shut down the smartphone. Log off Facebook and Twitter. Disconnect from the computer. Get in a very quiet place and space all alone and just sit for a moment. Resist the urge to multitask. Resist the urge to do anything at all, the urge to get distracted. Fight it if you must. Now look again at this list. Don’t turn away! Does ANY of this make sense to you in terms of the way our world should be or must be? Seriously, think about this. Is it not absolute insanity on every level?

![Image](image.png)

Unfortunately, no one can be told what The Matrix is. You have to see it for yourself. But first you must awake . . .

OK, I think you might agree. But, and here’s the $100,000,000 question – why? Why is it this way? Why is this our collective reality? And oh, by the way, why does anyone who dares to question this reality get ridiculed and persecuted by seemingly everyone for doing so – by our politicians, by the mainstream media, by our educators, hell even by our own friends and families? These are the same questions I began to ask myself in 2008, the same questions that frustrated me with seemingly no answers. And with no answers, and as I began to see that virtually none of this made any sense, it became enormously overwhelming, for I began to first think that all of these issues and problems were “disconnected” from one another. And so to believe that thousands of these issues were all disconnected from one another, well, that thought just might lead one to despair, wouldn’t you agree (it certainly did for me)? For where exactly do you begin in trying to make any sense of or headway in creating a better world when there are thousands upon thousands of enormously pressing and critical issues in the world, with all of them seemingly having no common thread between. It would seem impossible to do so.

But after weeks, and then months, and then years of continual research, something began to emerge from the haze, the seemingly unsolvable mystery began to unravel – and in the midst a commonality began to emerge between all of these issues. But what I was coming up with, the conclusion I was drawing was frightening. How could it be? It simply couldn’t be, could it . . .? But indeed there it was staring me in the face. After years of painstaking research, left-brained logic and obedience to the rational mind I was being led again and again directly to it until there was no denying it. There

> “I know exactly what you mean. Let me tell you why you’re here. You’re here because you know something. What you know you can’t explain, but you feel it. You’ve felt it your entire life, that there’s something wrong with the world. You don’t know what it is, but it’s there, like a splinter in your mind, driving you mad.”
> - The Matrix
was no other possibility. And intuition – this same incredibly strong right-brained source of intuition and knowing that I had suppressed for my entire lifetime was now screaming at me – drawing me to the exact same conclusion. What conclusion, you ask? OK, deep breath here. Very deep breath . . .

Money. WHAT? What did he say? What do you mean money? What are you talking about? OK, here’s where the rabbit hole begins my dear reader. But first sit back and get comfortable, for it will be a dizzying, dizzying journey ahead. Aaaahhh, where exactly to begin . . .

You see, billions of us in the world have no idea what money is, how it’s created, who creates it, it’s history, nothing - this thing that controls every aspect of our life and our existence on our planet, and yet virtually no one knows anything about it. And there’s a reason for that. Money is a lie that has been perpetuated throughout the world for centuries- a lie about everything that we have been told it is and equally a lie to what we have not been told, and just about everything in between and the world connected to it all. It is a lie embedded within and providing the foundation for hundreds of other lies that we call our present day reality – yes that infinitely long laundry list called reality I detailed above. And it is a lie of such epic and enormously monumental proportions, that it is almost impossible to put into words. It really is that unbelievable and that inconceivable. Sit tight for just a moment though before I come back to this mind-bending reality . . .

When I first came to realize this, this epic lie about money, I knew that other people across the world were waking up to the same reality, and coming to the same conclusions, as I had come across many, but yet at the same time I couldn’t understand why everyone else wasn’t screaming this aloud and why nothing was being done about it. And so I then came, slowly but surely to understand why; perhaps the most chilling part of my realization was that billions of others across the planet had absolutely no clue about it because it was being kept from them, from all of us, on purpose by the super wealthy and elite banking families of the world, our ‘handlers’ – the ones that truly do run the world (and, well the rabbit hole goes even deeper than that, but let’s stay here for a moment). And it is this same world today where the bankers and the power elite now fully and absolutely control the politicians and the corporations through enormous lobbying and funding of the same, and so it goes on down to the next level of institutions - our formal education systems, our organized religions, the main stream media, the medical and pharmaceutical industries and all others that are all tightly wrapped up in the system that controls our society and hence the very fabric of our reality. It has been and continues to be a combination of immense, monumental deception by a relative few over the course of history up to the present day, and thus this enormous lie continues to be perpetuated by the few who control every aspect of our society, and hence our reality. For those readers new to this information, allow me to read

“The Matrix is everywhere. It is all around us. Even now, in this very room. You can see it when you look out your window or when you turn on your television. You can feel it when you go to work... when you go to church... when you pay your taxes. It is the world that has been pulled over your eyes to blind you from the truth. That you are a slave, Neo. Like everyone else you were born into bondage. Born into a prison that you cannot smell or taste or touch. A prison for your mind.”
your mind – “That’s impossible!” or perhaps you wish to strike out with something along the lines of “What are you one of those conspiracy nuts!” Believe me, my dear readers, some days I wake up and wish it was all a very bad dream, because indeed my life has been personally turned upside down. My entire life, everything I thought was real, I learned was not. Everything I believed was true, I learned was a lie. After forty years of believing that life, and everything that underpinned it, was as I had been told it was, I finally had to confront the incredible reality that it was in fact just the opposite.

And it was upon this realization that my life truly changed for me. It was the year 2011 where it truly began to sink in, and I knew at this point there was no going back to sleep, no going back to “the old life”. It was at this point, to put it into the context of the film The Matrix (perhaps the most powerful film I have ever seen in terms of a true “fictional” (or, hmmmm, maybe non-fictional….!) projection of our current reality), simply a choice between the blue pill and the red pill . . . So what about it? When I encounter people who are new to all of this, and quite expectantly outright dismiss, or even partially dismiss what I say above, I ask them a very simple question – why decade after decade after decade in our lives has NOTHING changed for the better, only the worse? NOTHING! Why is it that after electing a republican, then a democrat and then a republican and then a democrat and then a republican has NOTHING changed for the better, only the worse? NOTHING! Why after having more money in existence and circulation in the world than in any other time in human history (and you know, as they tell us, more money equals more growth which equals more prosperity, right?) has NOTHING changed for the better, only the worse? NOTHING! Why, why, why? Is it due to some mystical coincidences? Perhaps it is due to amazingly bad luck in the world? No, I know, after hundreds and hundreds of years, “change” is just around the corner (hmmmm, where have I heard that before, Mr. Obama?).

Or perhaps, well, just perhaps it’s something else. Maybe, just maybe it’s the very lifeblood of our existence – the same lifeblood that runs through everything (and I mean EVERYTHING) that defines our current reality and is responsible for what it and the world looks like today – money. Is it just possible? Eh?

So, do you want to know more about it, its history and why it is an absolute lie, a complete and absolutely criminal fabrication – one that has cost hundreds of millions of people their lives throughout history? If you do, read on. Again, phew where to begin? OK, how about though we begin in a rather unconventional fashion here?

I think it’s safe to say, that along with billions of us on this planet who don’t have a clue what money is, where it comes from, its history or anything else about it, there is amazingly today tons of information out there in the public domain which has been written and published about the same very subject. The trick, like everything else is to do the research, assimilate it,
and this then requires the researcher to weed out heaps of fact from heaps of fiction. As you might
surmise, it’s not an easy task. Not knowing anything about the topic of money myself four years ago, I
proceeded to dive headfirst into it all and, as I have alluded to earlier, I had no idea what was in store
for me in terms of coming to grips with the truth versus the my perceived reality – the same false reality
I had spent the first forty years of my life immersed in.

That being said, if I were to write here about everything I have learned during these four years it would
likely add at least another 500 or even 1000 or so pages to this book, seriously. Doesn’t quite make
sense to do so, perhaps the reader would agree. And here I come to a common theme I will speak to in
this rather unconventional book I write – we all today have so much less time to read, do research and
investigate “the world” than we did years ago (based on how we have been conditioned to lead our
lives), if I were to write about all I know on the topic of money at this point, let’s be honest – who
would read it? Along with this, I came to realize something else pressing equally
hard on me to not include hundreds of
more pages of information – don’t we all
have the duty to do our own critical
thinking and research, and isn’t it only
through doing it our own unique and
personal manner that we can arrive at our
own individual “truths”, independent of
what others tell us is the truth? What I
allude to here is that I can write and write
and write, and the reader can read and
read and read, but there will always be
something very important “lost” if we do
not do our own personal research and our own critical thinking and travel along our own unique path
in doing so or, in other words, piecing the puzzle of reality together in our own unique way. Yes, this
book may be one piece of that puzzle, but I would surely
prefer to have the reader include this book as only one piece
of the overall puzzle, rather than “thee” source of it all. Get
my drift?

That being said, and speaking of unique, in what I would
admit to is my own personal style, what resonates most for me
in getting the “facts” across here to the reader about money,
and other important topics I will speak to in this book is what
I will term the ‘Mélange’ – I will include important facts and
explanations in rather abbreviated form, and then I will include what I would declare after years of
research are some of the most important reference materials (blog posts, books, texts, films, etc.) which
I would encourage the reader to investigate independently on their own and at their own pace as they
see fit. Again, it is so important I believe for each of us to construct our own independent conclusions in
our own unique manner and style and to do so along our own individual chosen path. So let me be
clear here: Don’t take my word on any of this. It’s information only that I can provide. I, nor anyone
else has the right to tell anyone else what to think or believe. Rather, I encourage each of you as you
read through this to do your own critical thinking on it all and then come to your own conclusions
after having done so, and while having done your own research. Capiche? OK, so without further ado,
as we begin the journey down the rabbit hole, let us begin here with a little food for thought . . .
Money (a.k.a. The Big Lie)

Joseph Goebbels, the Propaganda Minster in Nazi Germany, has been credited with saying, “The bigger the lie, the more people will believe it.” The “Big Lie” in fact was a propaganda technique, the phrase of which was coined by Adolph Hitler as cited in his 1925 book Mein Kampf to describe the use of a lie so “colossal” that no one would believe that someone “could have the impudence to distort the truth so infamously.”

I bring it up here because I cannot think of a better description to describe what I have personally called “The Great Separator” (as well as The Grand Illusion and The Mighty Deception) – money. Often times in opening a dialogue with people about the topic of money (our current debt-based form which has been around for centuries – more on this to come), I begin with such a short, but yet powerful description. It is a topic unlike any other I have come across in our history. It is literally the Pandora’s Box as far as I am concerned, for so few people know what it truly is, this lifeblood of their existence, yet there is SO much to know. And almost all of that to know is the opposite of what we have been told – the truth of which it is in reality.

As I mentioned, most of us in fact know nothing about money, including its history, what it is, and how it works. Hell, I didn’t know a thing about it for the first 40 years of my life. Interestingly, for those who for whatever reason do begin to wedge the box open and peer inside, broaching study of the subject, immediately most “slam the box shut” as soon as they open it – for they quickly begin to sense as they move through the material in the box that, for lack of a better way belief system – the same belief system billions of us have been indoctrinated into across this planet since childhood. Talk about cognitive dissonance . . .

The private banking cartels that rule and run the world, the same ones that have indentured the majority of the population on this planet into wage slavery, have done so for centuries, and they have been so successful and have become so powerful and wealthy, almost beyond imagination, because of The Big Lie – after all, who could honestly believe a lie this big? What lie you ask? What’s that you say? OK,
after having touched upon it briefly earlier, down the rabbit hole we go. . .

You mean the Federal government doesn’t create our money, rather it’s created by a foreign, privately-owned banking cartel called the Federal Reserve (in the US, with similar institutions, i.e. central banks, in other countries)? You mean the Federal Reserve is not a federal institution (and it was actually given that name by the same group of bankers that created it, in order to give it the illusion of being a ‘federal’ agency in order to dupe the citizens of the country)? You mean our money is created out of thin air by the Fed, and is backed by nothing (well, except the full faith and credit of the government – ya know the same government that currently is in debt to the very same private banking cartel who issues the money, and, aaahhh . . . in debt to the tune of over $15 trillion dollars as of this writing)? You mean that this private banking cartel cannot be audited by the US Government or Congress and actually tells the government what to do, and not the other way around? You mean the Fed, which “owns” our government was actually created in secrecy in the early part of the 20th century on an island off the coast of Georgia, without knowledge from even our own government, save a couple of very wealthy, powerful and influential senators?

What, there’s more? You mean that per the Constitution, our government can issue our money debt-and interest free, thereby eliminating our national debt (and federal income taxes, a.k.a. interest payments on the national debt paid by the citizens) but that the private banking cartel won’t “let them” (and has not throughout history, save rare exceptions which were quickly squashed by the banks)? Regarding this, you mean that federal income tax was created (illegally) in order to force the tax payers to pay the interest due to the banks on the federal debt? You mean that this private banking cartel that won’t let the government issue its own money (huh?), then goes ahead and issues the money itself to the government as debt WITH interest – interest it then forces the government (a.k.a. the tax payers) to pay back to the cartel (again, whaaaaat)?

Still more? You mean that this is the same story for us as individual citizens across the globe – the requirement for us to pay interest back on a loan to a bank on money that that the very same bank created out of thin air? You mean that for every deposit we make in a bank, that very same bank can then, through a process called Fractional Reserve Banking, create another 9-10 times that amount of money that we deposited out of thin air, and then loan it out at even more interest to others? You mean that about a third of the money that these banks create out of thin air is actually then invested back into their own accounts? You mean that it’s physically impossible under this system to NOT have people in debt and

“We have, in this country, one of the most corrupt institutions the world has ever known. I refer to the Federal Reserve Board. This evil institution has impoverished the people of the United States and has practically bankrupted our government. It has done this through the corrupt practices of the moneyed vultures who control it.”

- Congressman Louis T. McFadden
competing for ‘never enough money’? You mean that the money that comes from our federal taxes is used ONLY to pay down the INTEREST on the federal debt (and that the principal is never touched or attempted to be paid off)?

Wait, I can hear it now, a collective – “That’s not possible!!” (at this point, please see above reference to The Big Lie and Adolph Hitler above).

OK, we’re back. . . You mean that if all the debt in the system was paid off (a good thing, no?) that there would be no money in circulation and this very same economic system would then collapse upon itself as a result? You mean that the system also requires infinite growth forever in order to function – but errrr, we live on a finite planet with finite resources. Isn’t there a contradiction there? Oh my my my, ladies and gentleman, please understand that this is just the veeerrrrrry tip of the iceberg and it goes on and on and on . . . and yes, relatively very few know, and even fewer question anything, and so the Big Lie endures - it’s just TOO BIG for anyone to believe.

Another reason for the endurance of The Big Lie is that people, in general, have a propensity not to connect dots (more about this later). So any of the hundreds of thousands of individual facts that underlie The Big Lie, each one if taken upon itself might seem extremely odd and troubling, but it’s just “one” data point in the set to us. Nothing to worry about here! But when you begin to connect the massive series of dots that comprise the history of money through the ages, the truth cannot be ignored. Interestingly, for the first time in the history of civilization, the truth about money is finally coming out, not directly to everyone in terms of its story, although many more people are beginning to educate themselves about the topic, but rather because the greatest Ponzi scheme in the history of the world – that of money itself and our entire global economic system that is founded on it – is collapsing in an epic fashion across the globe at this very time.

I wish the story of money were not true, as it has caused simply unreal amounts of misery and death across the world for centuries now, all as the majority of the world’s population has remained utterly in the dark about it all. But it is true, and we all have a simple choice in the matter. We can cling to our existing belief system, no matter what it is and refuse to consider anything else or we can continue to learn and educate ourselves on the reality of the story, and others like it. Knowledge is power, and all that we can do for each other is continue to freely provide information, and then leave it up to one another to draw our own conclusions from the information we each have. In this spirit, probably two of the most powerful books I can recommend to anyone to begin to learn more about the truth of this subject are, “The Web of Debt”, by Ellen Hodgson Brown, J.D., and “The Creature from Jekyll Island”, by G. Edward Griffin.

“Permit me to issue and control the money of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws.”
- Mayer Amschel Rothschild
The story of money indeed runs deeper in terms of the historical contexts and origins of debt and separation, as written about elsewhere extensively and respectively for example in the works of David Graeber ("Debt: The First 5,000 Years") and Charles Eisenstein ("The Ascent of Humanity" & "Sacred Economics"), books which I also enthusiastically recommend. However, it terms of coming to grips with our existing reality (something perhaps all of us are hungering for now more than ever as the system and our way of being are beginning to collapse all around us) – namely the illusory curtain of money that has been pulled over the collective eyes of humanity for so long now, a good place to start is with the works of Brown and Griffin above. I would also recommend to the reader four particularly powerful films/videos on the subject, including "The Money Masters" with Bill Still, "Money as Debt (I, II & III)" (which also references the film "The Money Masters"), "A Corrosive Money System" (from the movie "Zeitgeist Addendum") and "The American Dream". I personally have also written extensively about the topic of money (and hundreds of other pertinent and critical issues linked to it) on my blog at Living The Impossible Dream, as well as having cited extensively extremely significant references there to the works of many others who have researched the same – if the reader so desires to learn more. Oh, and do you want to know what many, many others have had to say about money and our monetary system throughout the ages? Here a smorgasbord of powerful quotes, of which in their entirety begin to piece the puzzle together, and to connect the seemingly “random” dots.

Remember, just as I have, one can spend years and years researching the topic of money. I therefore encourage the reader to do as much research as he/she feels is necessary to get their own perspective on it all. The above works, including what I have written, provide a great heads start in getting a grip on it all – so go off and get started there (or anywhere!) – begin the process, educate yourself and never, ever stop learning!

But first . . . hang on a second, beware - the rabbit hole goes even deeper - very, very deep. And also be cognizant of timing (as of this writing, June 2012), as one thing the reader must understand before I finish here needs to be emphasized – the paper paradigm of debt-based currency, a.k.a. global fiat money is coming to an end after hundreds of years of enslaving humanity, and I suspect the Ponzi scheme will come crashing down in epic fashion across the globe within the next year or two at the very latest. Did you get that? It will end, it will collapse - it’s a mathematical certainty, and our “leaders”, the politicians, the mainstream media, and all of the other “truth” tellers we have trusted our entire lives will sadly never tell us this truth.

So let me end here for now. Please understand that you, or anyone else choosing to try to understand this reality we call “life” must first be able to connect the very important dots, the complex issues that comprise our reality and those that tie it all together. Once this is done (and it may take weeks, months, years or longer depending . . .), I suspect that the reader will, like I had, eventually come to realize that money is the underlying theme between and the foundation of ALL of them - that mind-bogglingly long laundry list I detailed above, the collective whole which defines our very reality.

And as I see it, as long as the monetary system exists, and to be more specific, as long as the bankers control the world through fractional reserve banking, central banks and debt-based/interest bearing fiat currencies the massively long list of problems that define our current reality as I noted earlier will never go away. NEVER. Yes, NEVER! In other words, nothing will ever change. We can tweak things all we want but it won’t do a damn thing, period. If we as humanity cannot wrap our minds around that, we are in for more than a wee bit of trouble. Of course, well, we may never have to worry about this as, in my own personal opinion, I expect the trouble to get sorted out on its own, and rather soon, as the global monetary system (i.e. Ponzi scheme) will soon collapse in epic fashion as I mention above, and well, then the problems will “be fixed” for all of us, in a manner of speaking . . .
But . . .

But lest I leave the reader on a devastatingly sour (perhaps some might say incredulous as well) note . . . There is indeed a next chapter in the story of humanity that will come after the fall of money, and after the end of everything we today call ‘normalcy’ in our life, and the many things that comprise our current reality. Getting “there” I suspect will represent perhaps humanity’s greatest and most difficult rite of passage ever, but oh what amazing things await us all when we get through the haze of it . . .

I speak to this extensively as well on my blog. I believe the next evolution of humanity will follow along the lines of what I call The Great Transition. What is this? Well, I could write and speak for days and days about it (and have already many times before!), but suffice it to say I believe what is to come for all of us, for the seven billion plus of humanity on this planet is a world more beautiful than we can or could ever possibly imagine. It will be a world where every human being will live side by side with one another in absolute equality and oneness, and it will be a world where separation and fear, in all its illusory forms is replaced once and for all with the only real truth that exists in our universe – the truth called love. Oh, and did I tell you – well this just happens to be that “impossible” dream I have . . .

It’s impossible, that’s for sure, so let’s get to work!

To Be Continued . . .