

InPresence 0038: Dream Possibilities

with Jeffrey Mishlove

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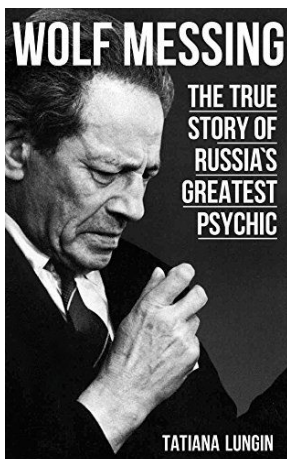
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(00:39) Hello, I'm Jeffrey Mishlove and today I'd like to talk to you about the kind of possibilities that might exist for you in your dreams, if you're open, if you're ready. Now, in my lifetime, I've had two occasions in which dreams have literally changed my life. I have reported on both of them in previous instances of this program. The dream concerning my Uncle Harry and the dream I reported in the very first segment of the "In Presence" series.

(01:14) Well, I've had two other dreams of a different sort. These are dreams that were very vivid and powerful. When I woke up from the dream, I knew there was a poem there. I had dreamt a poem. So, I sat down and I wrote these poems out. They're better than any poems I might have tried to consciously write. In fact, I think they're pretty good and I'm going to read them for you, with my glasses on and looking down at the paper. You'll see a few illustrations to illustrate the poems while I'm reading.

(01:47) But, the point is simply this: I cannot force my dreams to produce poetry. But, at least on these two occasions I was open to it when it happened. The lesson is that your subconscious mind - I like to call it your superconscious mind - is far more powerful than you can imagine and there is great wisdom in there for each of you if you are open to it when it comes.

(02:18) The first poem I'm going to read is called "The Jewels of Wolf Messing."



I had a dream and I know that it's true
About the ancient jewelry of the great Polish Jew
Wolf Messing, the mentalist, an entertainer by trade
Changed the fate of the world on the day of his raid
Alone he entered the Dacha of Stalin
His guards couldn't stop him, they had to allow him
Wolf Messing, the mentalist, hypnotized them with ease
They thought he was Lavrentiy Beria, chief of secret police
He used no costumes nor any disguises
He had only his jewelry, his psychic surprises

The rumor now has it that the Communists were wary
They wanted such talents for the Soviet military
Messing became Russia's greatest entertainer
He travelled the continent, he served as a trainer
For small groups of scientists trained in physiology
Bent on discovering the secrets of parapsychology
So that the Soviet Union would one day become
Master of the World through its psychic A-bomb
It has been 40 years since Wolf Messing's project
So, have the Russians achieved their object?
Are they the masters of space, time and beyond?
Can they call forth hidden powers with the wave of a wand?
Oh, they've taken Kirlian photos and psychotronics devised
They've measured the aura and wood magnetized
They hypnotized over distances through mental control
You couldn't fit all their psychics in the Hollywood Bowl
They measured the language of plants talking to plants
They've studied the voodoo and juju magic in African dance
They've used psychic powers against the chess master Korchnoi
Could anything stop them against our American boys?
In the past 40 years they've done many a wonder
Made a dog with two heads, they control rain and thunder
They can manipulate brain waves over thousands of miles
So that millions people will nod when they smile
But they've missed the greatest secret and it's been just one thing
They've lost the magic jewelry of the great Wolf Messing
These jewels are very ancient, garish and tipsy
They're the kind you might find on a wandering gypsy
In fact, it was from wandering gypsies that Wolf Messing acquired them
They've been charged with gypsy magic for over a millennium
These jewels were the source of Messing's magic powers
And when he died they returned to their owners
But gypsies can travel all over the place
From the heart of Romania to the Bay to Breakers race
There are gypsies in box cars, there are gypsies on horses
There are gypsies doing sit ups in the local par courses
The jewelry of Wolf Messing might be anywhere
On a ship in the ocean or up in the air
The jewels of Wolf Messing include pendants and rings
Whoever can find them can live like ten kings

They have all of the powers of Aladdin's magic lamp
Are they resting in the knapsack of some grizzled old tramp?
I dreamt of this jewelry and what it can do
I dreamt of the people who are seeking them too
There are fashion designers and quaint demonologists
Growth group leaders, movie producers and Scientologists
There are Mafia dons and KGB spies
There are South American dictators with greed in their eyes
There are seekers of power and seekers of truth
There are seekers of sex and seekers of youth
The rings of Wolf Messing are like the Holy Grail
Many will seek them and many will fail
Like the Maltese falcon, like the ancient Hebrew Ark
These jewels can ignite a most passionate spark
From the steppes of Siberia to the Argentine pampas
From the Mogolian desert to the cornfields of Kansas
I dreamt that I had them, I dreamt they were mine
I could share with my friends all the pleasures divine
My heart started pounding, my eyes rolled in their sockets
All power could be mine if I put them in my pockets
But, such magic is an illusion from Cape Town to Nome
So I left the jewels in my dream and brought you this poem
How can I tell you that magic is not real?
What of psi research and the power to heal?
Why would I leave all those jewels in my dream?
Am I a sceptic after all? Am I what I seem?
No, the jewels in my dream are where they belong
Like the power of poetry and the power of song
Magic is an illusion and magic is real
This is the paradox that the jewels reveal
Wolf Messing the mentalist lived an unusual life
Full of great glory that overcame horrible strife
Wolf Messing was a master and more than he seems
He had the power to live from the jewels in his dreams

(08:28) The second poem is called "Old Egypt," and I had a dream the night after visiting the Temple of Osiris in Egypt in the town of Abydos.

The ways of old Egypt are quiet and deep
Its dead are awake when the world is asleep
The gods of old Egypt are subtle and bright
They awaken the dead to a life in the light
Osiris, the god King, the brother of Set
Was married to Isis and his love was well met
Set killed Osiris, the husband of Isis
Creating upheaval and darkness and crisis
Set wanted to sit on his brother's royal seat
So he cut Osiris into pieces of meat
He scattered those pieces all over the Nile
For Isis to find them took quite a while
She put each piece of meat into Osiris' mummy
And when she found the penis she knew she had her honey
She flew like a hawk to the organ of life
For she was a goddess and she was a wife
Isis grabbed that penis with all of her might
She gave birth to Horus the Hawk god of light
Horus the Sun god was Osiris the king
Reborn as a hawk with a beak and a wing
He chased Uncle Set and drove him to flight
As the sun drives away the darkness of night
Yet, the night and the day are like brothers that fight
The light needs the darkness, the darkness needs the light
So, Seti, the pharaoh who was named after Set
Built the temple at Abydos so we would never forget
Osiris the god king, white mummy with skin of green
Lord of the afterlife, with Isis his queen
Osiris reminds us that death is not real
For even a mummy has powers that heal

(10:44) I hope you enjoyed those poems. Let me leave you with this thought. What awaits you in your dreams? Will you be ready when it comes? Thank you for being with me. (11:00)

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