

HOW I DISCOVERED MY COURSE IN MIRACLES FAMILY

by John A. Adams

DISCOVERY

It was the winter of 1990 and I was going through the hell called *My Divorce from Magdalena Wroblewska Adams*. Magda was fondly referred to as *The Polish Princess* and she looked and acted the part. Beautiful, charming, exotic, young (15 years my junior) and highly educated. She also had a tongue as sharp as a fresh razor blade and the fortitude of a mother protecting her young. As a college senior studying chemical engineering in Warsaw, she had been expelled from Poland during the 1981 Solidarity Purge for putting up anti-government posters. Given the choice between prison or exile she became a refugee in Paris where she studied French art and literature and learned to master French, her fourth language.

The judge assigned to our file called it one of the most protracted divorce cases in the history of the Hartford Court. The case was finally litigated during a nine-day trial with Hartford's two best (defined as the most egotistical, ruthless, unscrupulous and expensive) divorce attorneys pitted against one another. At least they were supposed to be the *best*. In the end I was convinced that Magdalena's attorney was superior. After the judgment was rendered, he flew off to his Paris apartment to spend some of my hard earned money

I can really be a *do-a-holic* (I do and do and do and end up in a world of dodo), but not on this cold winter day. I was curled up in the child pose on my old comfortable gold valor living-room couch. This was my sanctuary; my house along the Mystic River in Connecticut. I had arrived early in the afternoon on Friday and became dreadfully sick. The last few hours were spent cleansing my system completely of all stomach and intestinal contents. I eventually found myself wrapped around the toilet bowl surrendering completely to my Higher Power. The taste of stomach acid now mixed with toothpaste still lingered as I literally crawled from the bathroom onto the living room couch. Once there I started to read Jerry Jampolsky's book, Teach Only Love. Three years before, I had read another one of his books, entitled Goodbye to Guilt, which made frequent reference to something called A Course in Miracles®. I said to myself at that time, "I must take this course someday." Later I found out that it was not the kind of course that you ever finished. During my separation from Magdalena, I bought Jerry and Diane Cirincione's audio tape program from the Nightingale Conant Corporation. That led me to purchase his marvelous little book and looking back, it was as if the Holy Spirit had forced me to surrender my will to spend the day reading it. As the course introduction states,

"[This] is a required course. Only the time you take is voluntary. Free will does not mean that you will establish the curriculum. It means only that you can elect what you want to take at a given time." ACIM Introduction

All my being seemed to be ready to soak up the guidance the Course brought via a messenger named Jerry Jampolsky. I was about one-third of the way through the book, when I received a telephone call from Magdalena. She had a habit of calling me on the phone when she was upset

and pushing all those buttons that she knew so well. *I never loved you, nobody loves you. Your mother hates you, your daughter hates you. You will die a lonely man just like your father. I'll destroy you and your business. I want Mystic House and my attorney says I am entitled to it. You abused me, I've been a battered woman.* This was another one of those threatening calls. Magda had her back up in the air like a calico cat as she spit out her attacks at me. I just listened to her without attacking back, and when she finished I did not slam the phone down: I've even destroyed several phones, threw one off the balcony once. Instead of rage an unfamiliar peace surrounded me as I crawled back onto the couch and started reading Teach Only Love again. I read three or four pages when suddenly it struck me. I was serene! Magdalena's attack did not faze me! Normally, after a phone call like that, my ego would be going wild. The chatter, fear and attack-thoughts would be in high gear, but this time I was at peace. WOW! "This is a miracle!" I thought in amazement. And it was. Something wonderful had happened. I had discovered A Course In Miracles. It was a revelation!

I immediately called Jerry's office in Tiburon, California to find out his speaking schedule. I wanted to experience this Messenger of God, my new guru, in person. When I talked with his secretary she said, "Oh, Jerry and Diane are not here. They are on the East Coast and will be in New York City this weekend at the First Annual Albert Schweitzer Peace Colloquium being held at the United Nations., "New York City, the U.N. And only a 2½ hour drive away," I said to myself, "That's great! Another miracle. Boy, once these miracles start happening, they happen quick."

MIRACLES AT THE UN

This is a series of articles derived from my personal discovery of A Course in Miracles® through an in-formal almost spontaneous gathering of student/teachers called Miracles Community Network. Last issue I had discovered A Course in Miracles through Jerry Jampolsky's wonderful little book Teach Only Love. Now I am on the way to the United Nations to hear Jerry speak.

I'm a spontaneous sort of a guy, so I immediately called my friend, Mary Carmody, in Gales Ferry, New York. I told her about the miracles that were happening and asked her if she would join me at the U.N the next day. She was delighted to go, so I drove to her house the next day and we took the train into the city.

Mary was a petite private grade school teacher with long blond hair and a photographic memory. We kept one another's company for over a year after I was separated and although she was very attractive we only kissed once. I was still healing from my relationship with Magdalena and I was not ready to get involved with another woman.

The United Nations, where the whole world seeks peace. What an appropriate place for me to go in search of peace of mind. We drove in on a sunny cold winter day and parked in an indoor lot right off the FDR Drive exit to the United Nations. We walked the few blocks to the main entrance, and looking up at the statue of Zeus in the lobby, I remembered the last time I was there. It was during my senior high school year on a class trip. The boys made wise cracks about Zeus' penis and the girls tittered and blushed at their remarks. I bought a pack of Turkish cigarettes at the gift stand and later lit one up during the performance at Radio City Music Hall. On the way home I slid into a seat next to Janet Enzman and coached her into making out. I can

still taste those virgin kisses and feel her mild resistance against my moves for more. Compact, sweet Janet will always occupy a space in my heart

We went through strict security and were directed to the General Assembly Conference Room where we were absorbed into this marvelous gathering of international peace seekers. Rather than being in an audience, we were directed to take a seat at one of the delegate tables, each one with a microphone and comfortable thickly padded conference chair on wheels. I felt like a privileged delegate of this world body. As we sat down, I took on the whole scope of this marvelous gathering and then cast an eye over to our left where I saw to my surprise, Jerry Jampolsky and Diane Cirincione sitting several rows over from us and right behind them were two empty seats. I brought this to Mary's attention and she grabbed me by the arm and encouraged me to follow her over to sit behind Jerry and Diane. There I sat behind my new hero. Jerry had long gray hair slicked back, parted on the side and styled with a pompadour like I wore in the early 60's in high school. He wore a light camel colored sports jacket, with a white shirt and brown bold striped tie. I remember that his light brown loafers looked very expensive

The next two days were filled with more miracles. I listened to one marvelous speaker after another explain their vision of how we could realize a healthy global environment, world peace and economic and spiritual well-being. There were people there that I would have never expected to spend the week-end with such as Norman Cousins, Albert Schweitzer's daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Miller, Jane Godell, the Crown Prince of Lichtenstein, Dennis Weaver of Gunsmoke and McCloud, a wonderful lady who was President Herbert Hoover's personal secretary in retirement, the President of Costa Rica, and many Nobel Prize winners. During the next two days, I listened as the speakers explained the pain our world endured and the vision of a New World filled with peace, prosperity, and love. I came to hear Jerry speak and ended up spending two days with these wonderful people in conference, sharing our hopes, ideas and dreams. After, the daily conference there were receptions, a wonderful play about the life of Albert Schweitzer, and an organ recital of Bach's music at Saint Bartholomew's Cathedral.

I spoke to Diane the first day we were there and told her the effect Jerry's book had on me. I wanted to talk to him but felt intimidated. She assured me he was just a "big teddy bear," but when Jerry and I did talk we never really connected because I did feel too self-conscious in the shadow of this modern-day Savior whose power was in the books he wrote. You see, I had never met a famous author before and I did not quite know what to say that could be anywhere near as insightful or intelligent as would interest Jerry. A lot of things have happened since that weekend over eight years ago when I departed on this miraculous journey. Since that time my whole world has changed and I have begun to see things differently, very differently. I joined Course groups, read the text and lessons several times over, traveled the country, and joined a wonderful international, spiritual network that I call my Course In Miracles family. Many of my closest friends are now authors, spiritual leaders, entertainers, and messengers of God. And I am writing stories like this to put together my own book sharing how I discovered Miracles in my life.

The stories are endless, but one that I will share with everyone happened years ago at the United Nations. I embraced the hope of my brothers and sisters who wanted to bring more peace and harmony to our world yet, I saw one very important ingredient was missing then, as it is

now. That vision needs the support of the business community. The corporation was one of the main participants missing at the Albert Schweitzer Colloquium. That was as clear to me then as it is now. I sold my business on May 31, of 1996 to my partner so that I could rest, recharge my batteries and devote more time to becoming that Corporate Messenger of God through a corporation I created called Life Without Limits and a book I wrote entitled Miracles at Work: Building Your Business from the Soul Up. This book explains a revolutionary program to help new businesses transform their dreams of success into reality through combining the “nuts and bolts” of running their enterprise together with a holistic, spiritually-based foundation of corporate development. And oh yes, I was sailing my 36' Bayfield sloop Miracles, slowly around the world.

It truly is amazing how a little red book called, Teach Only Love written about a big blue book called, A Course In Miracles can

change so many people's lives. Thank you, Jerry Jampolsky, Diane Cirincione, Paul Ferrini, Diane Burke, John Mundy, Tom

Carpenter, Donna Marie Cary, oh I could go on and on acknowledging hundreds of teachers and friends I have met since

discovering the Course. Now, as a continual student of a Course in Miracles and a true Messenger of God, I claim my function of

spreading miracles wherever I go.

FIRST CONFERENCE

This is the third in a series of articles derived from my personal discovery of A Course in Miracles through an in-formal almost spontaneous gathering of student/teachers called Miracles Community Network. MCN no longer exists but the greatness of the message and unity it shared continues on through the minds, hearts and memories of its participants. Some of you were a part of the mystery and magic of these conferences and the transformation that occurred. We were pioneers of A Course in Miracles® experiencing a revelation of new found freedom from fear and judgment as we danced, sang and transcended to a place of true love. I hope that I can rekindle some of those experiences and toward the end of the series see our network come together again one for one more gathering.

In the spring of 1991, I heard of A Course in Miracles conference to be held in Brattleboro, Vermont. Later I found out that Paul Ferrini and Fran Kirschner put the idea for this first Miracles Conference together in a few short weeks. I traveled to that first gathering with some of my newfound friends in "The Course" from Hartford, including Naomi Blank and Priscilla Bourgeois. The morning of the first day, approximately 150 Miracles students gathered at the Brattleboro Unitarian church to listen to Paul and Fran's opening remarks.

Fran Kirschner bubbled over with excitement and enthusiasm as she welcomed us all to the first Miracles Conference. Then Paul Ferrini, who looked much like a bearded Buddha, asked us to become silent, to close our eyes in meditation as we welcomed the Holy Spirit into our presence. I thought to myself, "This is pretty heavy stuff," as we all sat silently entranced with

Paul's deep, calming voice. I can still remember Paul's words... "Holy Spirit, join with us now. Holy Spirit, give us a sign. Are you here Holy Spirit? Are you here among us?" Suddenly from the balcony behind us, the response rang out. "Yes, I'm here, I'm up here." The solemn spell was broken; we turned around and there in the balcony was the Holy Spirit who looked very much like a clown outfitted with white gloves, painted face, bright costume and a little parasol. "Somebody get me a ladder," Holy Spirit demanded. "Get me down from here." A ladder appeared and Holy Spirit descended into the congregation and bounced up onto the stage. By the time he arrived in front of the audience, the church was filled with laughter. That one experience set the mood for our first conference and all the conferences to come. The mood was light, it was fun, it was happy. Nothing was taken seriously, particularly ourselves. There were jokes, there was singing, there was dancing, there was meditation and learning seminars, but whenever we got too serious, there was the Holy Spirit in the form of our humor, our laughter and our love reminding us to "lighten up."

I didn't realize then but these conferences were to become the most transformational experience in my life. I had been introduced not only the A Course in Miracles but a whole tribe of spiritual seekers who would change my mind about the world I imagined.

ALIEN INVASION AT OMEGA

This is the forth in a series of articles derived from my personal discovery of A Course in Miracles through an in-formal almost spontaneous gathering of student/teachers called Miracles Community Network.

The fall of 1991 brought us to the Omega Conference Center in Rhinebeck, NY, where Paul Ferrini and Fran Kirschner again worked together to put on a miraculous gathering. The conference started on Thursday, but I did not arrive until Friday at dinnertime. By the time I got there, everybody was "buzzing" about a busload of participants from a communal center in Wisconsin called God's Country Place. As I sat down to eat dinner with some of my friends, I heard conflicting comments such as: "They're lovable, so peaceful and enlightened." "They are disrupting every seminar they attend with their spastic movements and self-righteous approach to The Course." "I have learned so much from them." "They really are living The Course in Miracles but I just don't know!!!" "I hear they have a master teacher; sounds like, well, a cult to me." My curiosity was running wild; when would I get to meet them? What did they have to teach me? I was told they were going to put on a play, a musical, that night based on the principles of A Course in Miracles. The play was wonderful and I ordered the video of it to share with others. During my stay at Omega, I fell in love with all of these wonderful God's Country Place people, yet their odd movements, their trances and their strict interpretation of The Course, resulted in many judgments. Our Saturday morning Infinity Group Session was postponed so that we could have an open forum to discuss the feelings we were having about our new friends. One after another, we came to the auditorium microphone and expressed thoughts of judgment, as well as expressions of love and joining. The representatives of God's Country Place took a position of defenselessness. It was one of the greatest lessons I have had in my conference experience. Some of our participants left on the bus with God's Country Place when they returned to Wisconsin, others went to visit them later on and never returned. I have lingering

questions about all of that too, yet they must be onto something, for they seem genuinely happy and loving.

I was in the unheated "barracks" at Omega and the temperature got close to freezing at night. It was warm and comfy in my sleeping bag, but oh was it tough getting out of there in the morning to shower in a bathroom as cold as a refrigerator. At Omega, I learned to do something I had never been able to do before. This might sound ridiculous to some, but many men can understand where I am coming from. At Omega, I learned to hug a man. We never did that in my family, and I was beginning to enjoy the male intimacy. I also had the most wonderful experience of real love as I joined with a new friend by the lake in the moonlight, the mist rising from the water, a coyote howling in the distance -yes, a coyote- and a Loch Nest dragon keeping us company. I am in that moment right now and I am sharing it with my beautiful friend, a love we can all share, anytime we choose.

Omega is where I met Jon Mundy, Diane Burke and Donna Marie Cary, who have come to be three of my dearest friends and constant teachers. At the closing Monday morning, a small group joined in a circle around a roaring bonfire to share our weekend experience. Donna was next to me; she was sobbing. I gave her my bandanna to wipe her tears. She filled it with her pain. Much later in Richmond, VA, we became brother and sister

As I approached the parking lot to leave, it was just before lunch on Monday morning, a young lady approached me. I had not really been able to connect with her during the conference. She always seemed very distant and untouchable. She said to me... "I want to thank you so much for your love and kindness. This has been the most wonderful experience for me." I was shocked; I thought she was having a miserable time. She went on to say that she was a recovering alcoholic and that this conference had given her new hope of overcoming her addictions and finding peace and happiness. She gave me a big hug, something she said she learned to do at Omega. YES!!!

It was raining as I was driving out of Omega. I stopped the car in front of the dining hall because I saw the angel with whom I had shared my heart in the moonlight. I stopped to watch her for one more precious moment as she walked with her umbrella in the rain. And then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the girl from the parking lot, the one in recovery, walking up the lawn toward the dining hall. In an instant, as if a magician had passed a magical cape over the entire scene, the one with whom I had felt so close and the one who had been so distant, seemed to merge into one. Then I understood, "We are one in the spirit, we are one in the Lord."