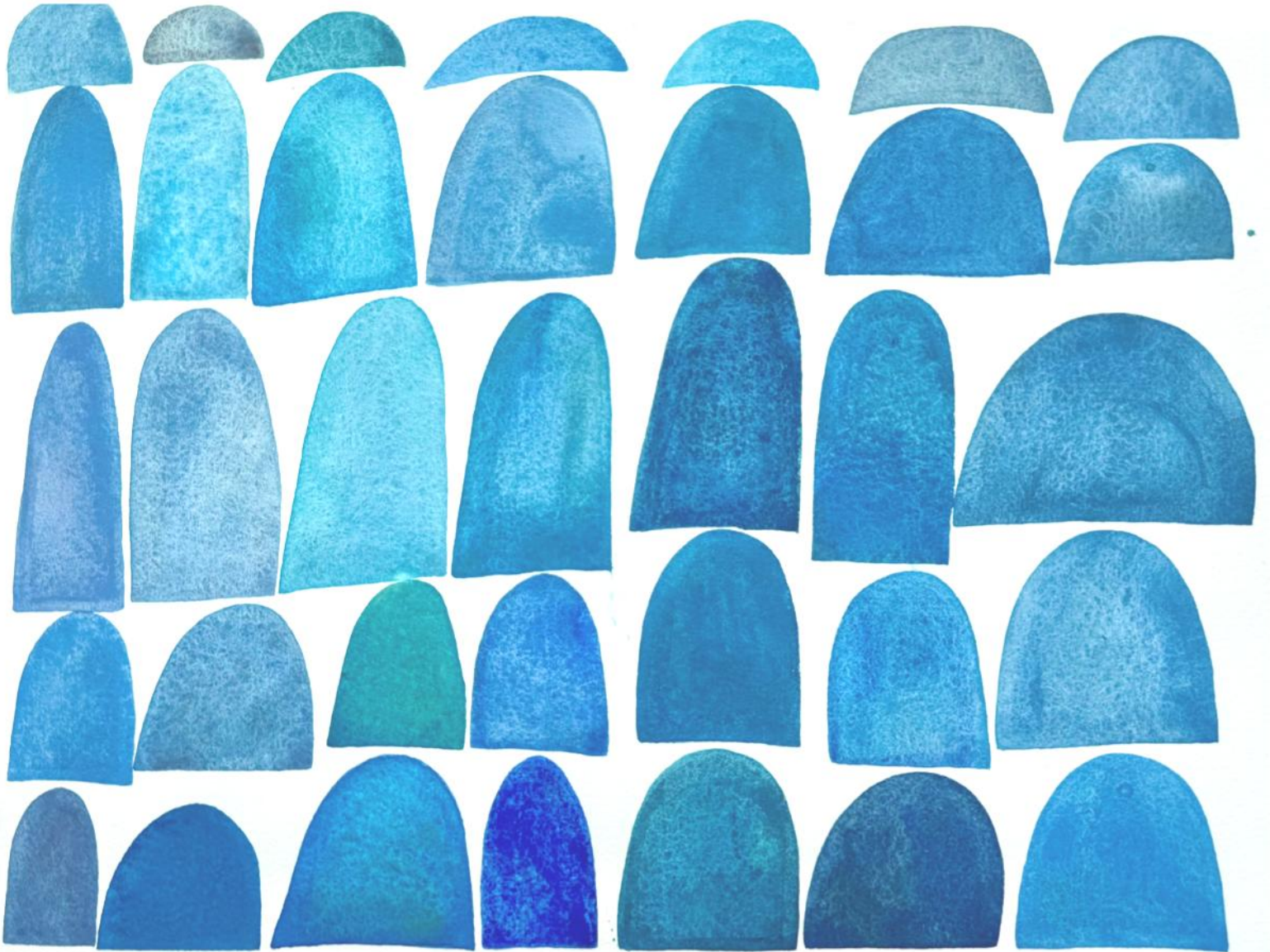




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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



Special Theme Issue:
Lucid Dreams of the Deceased

International Association for the Study of Dreams



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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independently published, reader-supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions

Send your submissions through our website or via e-mail to lucylde@yahoo.com. Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity. *Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*

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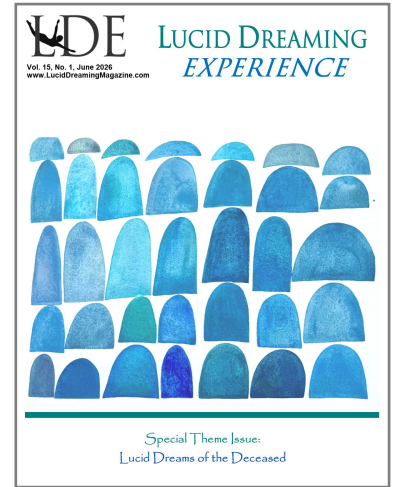
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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2026

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH RUTH LINDROOS

**Professional
trainer
Ruth Lindroos
explores lucid
dreaming's
depth and
power to
transform**

Ruth, welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life? When did you first learn about lucid dreaming?

Throughout childhood I had vivid dreams, a curious mind, and would experience occasional lucid dreams spontaneously. Thus, lucid dreams were one part of my dream life, and as a child I assumed that my experience was a shared one. They were not something I would analyze separately, but rather indulged the experiences I longed for when lucid—such as flying. It was all about having fun.

The lucid experience took a pivotal turn entering my 30s. In May 2022, after returning home from a four-month journey, what came next was a deeply charged surge of lucid and out-of-body (OBE) experiences, hand in hand. The encounters unfolded nightly for several weeks. It was a knock on a door I was not ready to open. Unable to sustain it further, I wished for the surge to end, and so it did.

One year later, I found myself in regret from knowing I had stood before a rare path and lacked the courage to follow it. Quietly, I wished for another chance. I promised myself and the universe that if I received a second chance, I would not run from it again. A few months before my 33rd birthday, the intervals returned. Now I was ready to explore the art of lucid dreaming, which changed my life path. In short, I did not seek to learn or practice lucid dreaming. Lucid dreaming found me first, and the decision to learn the practice followed.

How have you thought about lucid dreaming through different stages of practice?

My thought processes around lucid dreaming have continued to evolve through each stage of practice. In my youth I felt lucid dreaming just 'is', meaning I did not invest separate attention on it. Naturally, that changed drastically through the first truly intense experiences, in which my instinct was that I am losing my mind. I recall a specific concern that I would not be able to differentiate between lucid life and waking life, if I were to spend too much time consciously in the lucid landscape. By age 33, my fear had dissolved and I saw lucid dreaming as a profound opportunity to explore layers of self, awareness, reality, unity, truth and so on. Lucid dreaming attracted my inner adventurer, and so I dove deep, and changed a lot.

I do not experience lucid dreaming as simply a construction of the waking self in a dream, nor something that can be reduced to ‘just a dream’. Rather, I experience the lucid dreamscape as an autonomous architecture of intelligence, awareness, wisdom, and time. Something we can encounter and interact with, but also fundamentally independent of the waking self. If we genuinely choose to pursue the practice, we simultaneously choose readiness to face the possibility that the waking ego holds only a fragmentary understanding of existence.

I understand that many people approach lucid dreaming as an enjoyable ‘virtual reality game,’ and that is one possibility among many. However, I feel that attempting to harness lucid dreaming solely in service of the waking self is a limitation. When we stop trying to direct the dream toward entertaining experiences and instead allow the dream itself to teach us, that sets a stage for a very different storyline. Lucid dreaming has become a guide and teacher, authentically neither good nor bad. I do not perceive lucid dreaming as something to conquer, define, or fully grasp, for it is far beyond my ability to fully comprehend within the current lifetime. Still, lucid dreaming is something I wish to learn from as deeply as possible for as long as I am here.

Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while?

In addition to spontaneous lucid dreaming, I have developed a practice of intentionally building lucid dreams and OBEs, as these two appear to emerge hand in hand for me. Inducing lucid dreaming requires developing an understanding of one’s own cycles of lucidity, alongside the changing states of both body and mind, in addition to more mechanical techniques. Learning to intentionally enter the lucid state took months, and even now I continue to find my rhythm between intense intervals and quieter periods of integration.

This also led me to ponder: what does ‘success’ in lucid dreaming mean? In spontaneous lucid dreams, I often moved rapidly into profound experiences, driven by enthusiasm yet accompanied by limited direction. Perhaps you have heard the Buddhist Bon reference to the ‘blind horse and lame rider.’ In many lucid dreams, that was me. Yet in other dreams, I have experienced becoming the grounded, strong, and aware rider I train my mind to pursue.

In some ways, this is how I have come to understand ‘success’ in lucid dreaming: to hold a clear meaning by intention and remain grounded enough to carry it through in the wildest of dreamscapes.

What happened in your early lucid dreams?

When the lucid intervals began, a certain pattern emerged. I would wake within my apartment and walk around, only to realize that I was still asleep. Occasionally, I would look back at my sleeping body before moving toward the door and leaving the apartment. The house hallway would mold into a lucid hallway, lined with doors on multiple floors.

What fascinated me was the realization that I could choose which door to open, yet beyond each door existed its own dream figure, environment, and narrative. Before opening the door, the upcoming experience remained unknown. Was my unconscious creating the awaiting scene, or was the dream presenting itself to me? The hallway of doors often reminded me of Schrödinger’s cat—the idea of a reality existing in simultaneous potential states until conscious observation brings one into form.

In the early stages of my lucid training, I focused on stabilizing the dream, learning the do’s and don’t’s of interaction, and gathering information. I quickly noticed that dream figures did not resemble anyone I knew in waking life, and varied greatly in awareness and apparent knowledge. Particularly intriguing were figures about whom I knew absolutely nothing, yet who seemed to possess extensive knowledge when questioned—about me, about others, and as I could sense, about the future.

As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised you? Or led to unexpected events? Tell us about those.

Yes, without question. One encounter I will never forget occurred after I asked the dream ‘What is self?’ In response, the ceiling began writing itself with ancient hieroglyphic symbols, like an unknown force weaving a fantastic web of those detailed hieroglyphs one by one throughout the entire surface above me.

Gradually, the hieroglyphs began to glide towards a deep green colour, while simultaneously a whirlpool started to take shape in the center of the ceiling. Pitch black inside, the whirlpool expanded further and further, consuming the ceiling and hieroglyphs, until nothing remained. No ceiling, no hieroglyphs, no sky, just this immense vortex itself, which now resembled something closer to a black hole. Everything was turning pitch dark, and I felt the black hole force pushing something massive directly towards me. Instinctively, I sensed that I may not be ready to face or experience what was coming through to its full extent. So I became very hesitant, and consequently woke up. Clearly, no aspect of myself could have expected this answer.

Thus I accepted the experience for what it was, to the extent I was ready to receive at that time.

Continuing with what could be described as a recurring theme of ‘the universe’, another unforgettable encounter occurred when dream figures approached me with a request that was, by the least, surprising. I was wandering around the stone streets of an ancient town, when an entire group of dream characters recognized me as somebody who could help them. They asked me to retrieve a code that could reset ‘it all’. By ‘it all’ I can only assume they were referring to some form or structure of existence itself. Well, I asked for the code from the dream, which responded by sucking me in to something that resembled a wormhole. The wormhole was warping me through by an indescribable speed. At that same overwhelming speed, a code began rushing toward me—an endless stream of characters and symbols generated from whatever source this wormhole was ultimately connected to. This incident of feeding lucid me to the wormhole, the rushing code, continued on and on, thousands of characters and thousands of symbols, until I was spit back to the lucid dream scene. The waiting group of dream figures immediately asked, “Well, did you get it?” Needless to say, there was no way of repeating even a fraction of that code, and perhaps that was precisely the point.

Further ‘surprises’ emerged through encounters involving the nature of the dream figures themselves, the rewiring of fears, neuroplasticity, altered states, meetings with the deceased, explorations of time, moments resembling death, and encounters with what could be described as the shadow self. Each encounter is inevitably followed by a phase of integration in the waking life. These encounters open vast questions that most likely will never receive definitive answers. Something I view as valuable to preserve the mystery of life, death and consciousness.

This issue focuses on engaging deceased dream figures. Have you had any experience with that?

Yes. One time I visited Helsinki, and rented an AirBnB in one of the neighborhoods. On the night of my arrival, I practiced some deep meditation before sleeping and attempted one of my lucid mantra suggestions. In the threshold of falling asleep, I shifted heavily to an OBE accompanied by lucidity. While my physical body was sound asleep, my awareness moved from the bedroom to the corridor, where I sensed someone else in the apartment with me. Then I saw a tall man, staring right back at me from the living room. He seemed very real, physical, not like a dream figure. My first thought was almost humorous: maybe another lucid dreamer from the neighbourhood? He had such a heavy presence, and gradually I realized: this man is dead.

What followed resembled some fragments of his life being shared with me. Like watching a movie in a cinema, with this man by my side, I watched clips of a lived life: Watched him playing football as an energetic, muscular, happy guy. Watched a blonde woman, presumably his partner, calling for him across the field. Observed at his closeup—a mix of warm brownish hair, beard... and then asked him if he would now leave me alone. Well, he did not. From there began some form of a chase back to my sleeping body, which I won’t describe, as some parts may be disturbing to read. I woke up in the night, and managed to fall asleep again.

This was one of the most powerful mixtures of lucid and OBE experiences I have encountered. The next day I felt an incredible, electrical, powerful, ‘lucid high’, regardless of some negative elements. My impression was that this man existed in a non-peaceful, in-between state, at the moment our awareness came to meet.

On a more peaceful note, I revisit my family dogs in lucid dreams. I loved them dearly, and I think reconnecting to deceased pets is something many lucid dreamers carry with them, as our pets leave a deep mark, and continue to call us. Usually I do not interact with them, just watch them wander around the woods surrounding my family house or something else.

The night our elderly dog passed away, not long ago, she came to tell me in my dream that she was going to the ‘other side of the lake, where the previous one went also’. The dream opened onto a large, clear, calm,

“Practices such as lucid dreaming carry significant potential to help raise awareness and transform destructive psychological patterns.”

light lake, with no shore on the horizon. What made the experience more powerful was learning that, earlier that very evening, she had been continuously pulling towards the lake. Then some hours later, she slipped away. I was on the other side of Finland when it happened; I received the news of her passing from family the the next day.

For sensitive people, lucid dreaming can amplify that sensitivity further, creating experiences that feel to move between the physical and non-physical in a variety of ways. These experiences have deepened my relationship to the questions of life, death, and connection far beyond how I understood them before entering this practice.

Do you think dream figures have a sense of independence within 'you'? Or do you imagine they are sent as symbolic constructs by your inner awareness to make you aware of things?

My initial response is: if dream figures are symbolic constructs sent by our inner awareness, then where does our inner awareness itself originate and where are these symbolic constructs being formed?

In my perspective, it is clear that certain dream figures hold independence. These particular figures seem to carry information beyond the knowledge of the waking self, beyond the time the self has lived, at times delivered in languages the waking self does not speak. Therefore these figures appear to be independent not only in knowledge and meaning, but also in awareness, existing separately from both myself and from one another.

Consideration on whether independent dream figures play a part in the self, brings us back to ponder what is self, and how far does the self extend? We can approach this by reflecting on the many versions of self we move through in life: who we once were, who we are now, who we could have been, and who we wish to become.

Likewise, we move through different states of self: the waking self, sleeping self, lucid self, meditating self, alongside emotional selves such as joyous, sad, happy, fearful, and so on. What appears to connect all of these versions is a continuous inner awareness carried with us from birth to death, and perhaps beyond. If this inner awareness exists within or beyond the ego-based waking self, then where does that inner awareness ultimately lead? Toward a greater field of awareness? Another layer of space, time, or unity? Is there a point where the reflection of our inner awareness ends entirely, or does it continue indefinitely? Could these experiences, figures, symbols, even connect to another, parallel version of self, making us aware of essential

matters? What makes the question fascinating is that we cannot fully answer it. Yet, perhaps its value lies in directing our attention toward the deeper unity of awareness, from which these figures and symbolic constructs emerge and reflect back into our waking life.

What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

Lucid dreaming fulfills my path to understanding the human experience. Throughout my life, I have lived through phases of travel, entrepreneurship, and living close to nature. I dedicated myself to understanding human physiology in sports performance and coaching, which gradually led me into performance psychology, and then eventually toward exploring consciousness, awareness, and the nature of self.

Looking back, I realize I have continuously moved through different 'layers' of the human being: physiology, sociology, psychology, and now what I perceive as networks of consciousness. My dedication to lucid dreaming emerges from a purpose to explore as far as I can, to gain as much understanding as possible, to connect with others holding a similar dedication, to share information, to experiment, to grow, and ultimately to help others grow, also.

Unfortunately, at the time of writing these reflections, large parts of humanity appear to be moving along a path of self-destruction. Basically, attempting to conquer everything while simultaneously belonging nowhere, resulting in a profound loss of connectedness. In many ways, I feel the modern ego structure has reached its limit. Something within the current system appears to be collapsing, and one way or another, change has already arrived.

What we urgently need is not further acceleration, but heightened awareness. Practices such as lucid dreaming carry significant potential to help raise awareness and transform destructive psychological patterns.

Both research and practice strongly suggest that lucid dreaming can be a truly effective pathway to rewire fears and reshape deeply conditioned patterns. If we are courageous enough to take on these types of practices, I feel we can evolve above many of our destructive tendencies. For this reason, I don't see practices such as lucid dreaming as merely 'interesting', but potentially essential for humans to rediscover balance, connectedness, and deeper self understanding. Those willing to explore these practices may simultaneously carry some responsibility to share learned knowledge for a joint benefit with those receptive, hopefully supporting us

to return a sense of unity.

What techniques were you using to become lucid? Which did you find most helpful?

What became important was recognizing my own physiological and awareness states as a doorway—sometimes open, sometimes closed—for lucid interaction. Certain markers signal being more prone to lucid dreaming, including a humming or buzzing sound, sensation of a presence nearby, and spinal vibrations. Often these markers are subtle, so in the beginning I did not recognize them. By now, they are indicators of a potential entry to lucid dreaming, allowing me to set intention and exercises on.

Keeping a lucid dream journal has been vital. Beyond recording dreams, it has shown a rhythm, turning into a pattern, becoming a process, and thus repeatable over time. Through my journal, for instance, I began to notice that I was successful in becoming lucid one or two nights per week by intention between Wednesdays and Saturdays.

For the techniques, I primarily work with hypnagogic practice, taking place between 4am and 6am, combining several exercises. I begin with meditation to clear the mind from internal dialogue. The meditation is followed by the hand suggestion and a mantra—inviting lucid states to emerge. I attempt to relax the body as deeply as possible, while keeping the mind awake, patiently waiting for hypnagogic images or patterns to appear. Observe these hypnagogic patterns long enough, and you may become the witness of a dream being born. I also perform a certain exercise, involving the spinal region. Basically, you lift your physical head without lifting your physical head towards the ceiling, very slow and subtle. Hold and release. In the best case, this practice performed through hypnagogic hours or the threshold of falling asleep has induced spinal vibrations, indicating the threshold of OBE or lucidity for me. Therefore, I combine practices, continue learning through experience, and am genuinely happy to share and teach others as well.

Finally, I believe it is important to respect the natural cycles within every practice, including lucid dreaming itself. Like all things in life, lucid dreaming moves through phases of expansion and contraction. Periods of intense experiences are naturally followed by quieter phases of integration, reflection, and regained balance before the next cycle begins. Without integrating what the practice reveals, we risk losing ourselves within the experience rather than growing through it. This feels important to mention, as I have noticed people may become upset if they have not been able to lucid dream for several months or so. Yet I see these quieter phases as a natural and necessary part of the process. So: grow through the practice, but also learn to embrace, and develop a system of integration for the quiet times.

Did lucid dreaming seem to have rules? Or did it seem random and chaotic?

Lucid dreaming is its own world, a multilayered architecture, that can feel chaotic to our senses, perhaps because we become conscious in a place we would usually enter unconsciously. Over time, I have noticed some core elements and principles we could perhaps refer to as the ‘malleable rules’ of lucid dreaming.

The nature of dream figures and guidance of lucid dreaming has not come across as ‘good’ or ‘bad’. Their nature comes across as very neutral. So the dream and dream figures can simply offer you information as it is, regardless of whether you like it, understand it, and whether that information is timely now, or how our waking mental construct would perceive the future. The appearances, communication styles, and apparent levels of awareness of dream figures vary greatly, yet their core nature feels strangely impartial.

At the same time, deeper explorations have occasionally led to encounters where certain dream figures appeared to attempt to prevent me from proceeding, while others appeared to prevent those figures from interfering. In these moments, the apparent neutrality of the dream becomes more difficult to fully interpret, as can also happen in lucid nightmares. Another repetition seems to exist in that the dream figures do not seem

“Lucid dreaming moves through phases of expansion and contraction. Periods of intense experiences are naturally followed by quieter phases of integration, reflection, and regained balance....”

keen nor agreeable to the notion that interaction would be taking place in a dream. Therefore, this is something I generally avoid mentioning in lucid dream interaction. Strong emotions will generally end or destabilize the lucid dream, and the lucid dream only shows what you are ready to encounter. Thus, even when able to retain space between strong emotional reactions, I have noticed that hesitation at the point of receiving any answers will end the offering of that information.

Perhaps the most important rule is this: the lucid dreamer never controls the dream itself. A common misconception is that the lucid dreamer has control over the dream by becoming conscious in it. Yet the dreamer is not generating the dream imagery, environments or figures, nor possesses the information being presented. Thus, the pursuit of ‘control’ only confines the depth of interaction to momentarily serve the desires of the waking self, and deny the lucid dreamer to fully experience what could be revealed by encounters, knowledge, and perspectives beyond the patterns of our waking awareness.

Have dream figures ever provided you with insights into yourself or your future? What happened?

Yes, and I believe confronting insights of the self is inevitable in the practice of lucid dreaming. The question really comes down to whether we are ready to recognize the guidance for what it is, and self-reflect to a degree that allows us to differentiate between dream figures that may represent projections of the self, from those that appear to operate beyond the self.

In terms of insights to the self, one of the most significant lucid dreaming experiences naturally followed the question ‘what is self’, which I earlier described in question three. That response remains a mental challenge for my future self to analyse further, as it exceeds the level of insight and tools I currently hold. Further insights have emerged directly through communication with dream figures.

In one lucid scene, I encountered two dream figures repairing a tire. During our conversation, I remarked, “The decisions I make here are not equivalent to those of my waking self, because this is a dream.” One of the dream figures disagreed, and responded, “You are conscious there and conscious here, so where is the limit?” A good question to ponder. Where does the boundary to our decisional integrity lie in the practice of lucid dreaming? Other insights lucid dreaming has confronted me with are my hidden beliefs, the rewiring of fears, and encounters with what can be described as the shadow self.

Regarding the future, I have come across precognitive lucid dreams. At one point in my life, I was experiencing some emotional disturbance, confusion and incapability to make certain decisions. Recent years have pushed on tides of change, and I felt uneasy about whether I was on the right path, making right decisions, in the right company—or just dismantling my life for no reason. One night I asked a dream figure to help me with some understanding of this phase. The figure spoke in highly specific terms, instead of symbolic guidance, riddles, or crossroads I had encountered in my previous lucid dreams. Specifics were offered, not only on my life path but in relation to others. Also, reassurance in that the current phase was proceeding exactly as intended, what happens next, and the exact date that the specific phase would end. Without going into further details, events indeed emerged as presented, including the specific date of an end to a phase. The experience left me with a strengthened feeling that certain events, encounters, and roles already exist in another awareness, space, or time.

Precognitive dreams inevitably (re)open questions on the nature of time. Throughout history, dreams and time have repeatedly intersected in philosophy and research from J. W. Dunne’s *Experiment with Time* (1927) and the concept of serial time, Alfred Maury’s (1861) observations on dream-time, and modern discussion surrounding time expansion, the movement between linear time, psychological time, and resurfacing research interest in precognitive dreams, that again appear in lucid dreaming practice.

However, if our understanding of time changes, perhaps precognition is not seeing the future, but navigating time in the present. Would we be ready to fully grasp time and precognition? Personally, I do not believe we are. For this reason, a certain degree of caution, humility, and psychological grounding should accompany the exploration of precognitive lucid dreaming.

As I went deeper into lucid dreaming, I noticed the importance of beliefs and expectations in shaping waking and dreaming experiences. Have your lucid dreams ever brought you face-to-face with hidden beliefs? Or shadow elements? What happened?

Absolutely. Our beliefs, perspectives, experiences, and meanings shape the reality we create, perceive, and live. Cognitive psychology shows us that beliefs direct emotional responses, influencing behavioral responses, turning to patterns which influence both performance and the life we ultimately build. For this reason, any practice capable of lifting hidden beliefs to our awareness can be transformative in nature,

provided that we are willing to accept the discomfort from revealing some deeper roots within ourselves.

In one lucid dream, I encountered a non-human figure which communicated by generating code. The lucid me stood surrounded by walls of descending code. The shining patterns seemed repetitive (the way our beliefs quickly build patterns when left unmet) and created sentences of a peculiar language. Suddenly, a few patterns cracked open, identifying me as 'seen'. *Seen?* The dream continued unfolding, offering insight into my intense fear of public visibility, talking to the camera, to audiences, to be seen by people. I had assumed this was a personality trait. Yet, in reality, many of the traits we identify as 'ourselves' are adaptive responses shaped through childhood and environment. If traits were shaped through adaptation, the possibility also exists for them to change. Lucid dreaming offered me direct understanding on the trait that was not pragmatic for my life's direction. In future lucid dreams, I set the intention to practice public appearance, and within a month dissolved the physiological panic responses to waking life performances I had carried for decades.

Encounters with what can be perceived as the shadow self is a timely element in my lucid dreams. At times, my lucid dreams have presented scenes for me to watch my own shadow aspects interacting with people in earlier phases of life. Watching these 'replays' consciously is both painful and valuable. Now, at 34, I feel significantly more prepared to confront these shadow elements than in my 20s. Facing my shadow helps me change or at least lift awareness to some toxic traits and unconscious dynamics, that could be described as 'shadow relationships'. By this I mean a relationship in which two shadow selves recognize and reinforce one another's destructive patterns until those patterns begin overtaking waking life itself.

In my future lucid dreams, I intend to understand more about this shadow self. On a humorous note, she appears as my literal shadow, whom I will gladly invite to sit by my side. She is a part of me, so I do not wish to eliminate her but to understand more of her core, intention, and reasoning behind certain mistakes, I still cannot quite grasp. But all in its time.

One lucid dream area that seems apart from our beliefs involves experiencing 'the Void' in a lucid dream. Have you encountered this? What's your view on the Void?

Several times. My first encounter with the void took place from a lucid scene in my family house, experiencing a false waking in my old bed, from where the event glided towards an OBE within the lucid dream. After sensing the separation, I instinctively glimpsed back to see my body. Naturally, there was no physical body, as the event was taking place in a lucid dream. Confusion followed and the dream collapsed. My old bedroom had been vacuumed away. The collapsed dream left me floating in a sensation of space, with no stars, no source of anything. My first entrance to the void was sharp and abrupt, followed by an experience of not only losing touch to the dream and body, but also contact to my physical sleeping body and memories, I felt neglected in space and panicked. I attempted to reconnect with my sleeping body, wake up, scream, anything, but no sound was produced, nothing responded. After a while, I woke up.

My first reaction was thinking that I had somehow pushed the practice too far. With research, I learned about the lucid void, and later had several more positive experiences in the void. Sometimes floating, sometimes falling to what seems to be a hidden black chamber deep underground. For a while, I interpreted the void as a layer between dream layers. Something existing between false awakenings, dreams within dreams, and lucid states. I no longer think of it that way. In one study, participants dedicated themselves to the void experience and, after remaining there long enough, some reported a sensation of moving somewhere further. That possibility deeply interests me. Another question I continue to contemplate is this: what actually exists within the void alongside us? Across lucid dreaming literature and practitioner reports, the void is often described as 'nothingness', 'emptiness', and so forth. Yet such descriptions only indicate the absence of visual form. Vision is merely one of many senses. So the absence of imagery does not directly imply the absence of existence.

Perhaps the void can operate as a source or state of pre-form information. Or, as you (Robert) have mentioned, unexpressed mental energy. If we consider the self, the moment we express mental energy into the world through action, language, identity, and behavior, we simultaneously bind information of the self into physical reality. But when this potential remains entirely unexpressed, can it still exist?

I view the void as a magnitude of potential, which can be brought to waking life. Of course, this is limited to human self-perception, over which I perceive the void as a source to understanding much more. Finally, what I definitely think, yet have not explored with depth, is that the void can be a pathway extending beyond lucid dreaming altogether.

As you look back over your lucid dream experience so far, how has it changed you?

Lucid dreaming brought some dormant parts of me to life. For a long time, I carried a sense that something was missing. A feeling that something more was out there, yet I had no clear doorway through which to approach it. Lucid dreaming became that doorway to some hidden parts of myself and life. Exploring experiences such as the ones I have shared here have made me significantly more courageous and aligned.

I remember one working lunch, during which my company commented on how courageous I was in taking certain non-traditional steps in an entrepreneurial venture I was leading. Quietly I smiled to myself and thought: what I do during the day does not even come close to what I encounter during the night. I never expressed the thought out loud. However, this resonated exactly what I felt at that very moment.

In Jungian terms, lucid dreaming has felt like a process of individuation, confronting and integrating hidden unconscious elements of the psyche, including the shadow self, fears, contradictions, and unresolved patterns, resulting in movement towards a more authentic self.

My personal relationships have deepened, while at the same time I understand more clearly that I no longer fit comfortably within many collective systems or environments. My thinking can evoke discomfort in certain people and places, which I have learned to accept fully, as we each build our own path.

My relationship with both life and death has changed. Along with a heightened sense of unity, I experience a somewhat paradoxical deep gratitude towards life accompanied by a calm acceptance of death. As a result, I live more attuned to the present moment, with fewer expectations projected to the future.

Interestingly, people can misinterpret this reduced attachment to expectations as pessimism or even depression, when in reality the effect has been quite the contrary: I feel free. Now I simply choose to direct my energy toward actions available in the present rather than hypothetical futures that may never unfold.

Looking back, a portion of my twenties was shaped by living through expectations rather than direct experience, so the shift has felt significant. With a more balanced relationship toward both life and death, many of my fears and limitations have diminished, allowing me to act and express myself in ways that feel genuinely authentic rather than externally directed.

Lucid dreaming has also changed my dream life in surprising, expansive ways. For instance, now I regularly dream of myself as another person, age, gender, or belonging to a different culture.

Consequently, people that appear in my dreams are, in many cases, people I have not met in my waking life. Dreams of confronting death have changed from disturbing nightmares to calm readiness to dive into death; perhaps that is why my nightmare encounters have become minimal compared to what they used to be. Following hypnagogic practices, at times I can extend the process of waking up, eyes closed, watching the remainders of a regular dream playing out, while being awake.

Finally, lucid dreaming has sparked the explorer in me back to life, driven by the feeling that consciousness may be far more fluid, multilayered, and interconnected than we currently understand.

How can people learn more about you?

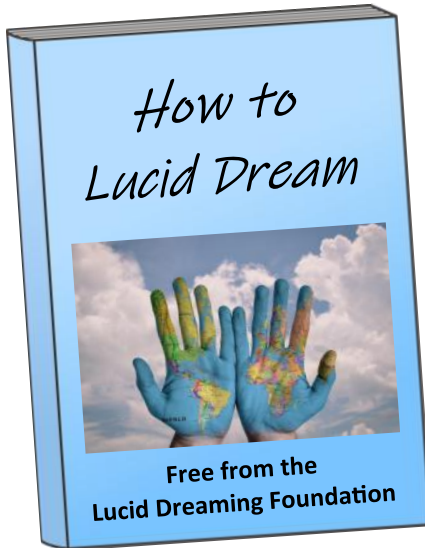
Recently I started a YouTube channel to explore different aspects of the human mind, psychology, lucid dreaming, and conscious awareness. LDE readers can find me there as R. @R_Experience. ▲

The image shows the cover of a book titled "ELSEWHERE DREAM JOURNAL". At the top center is a circular logo containing a stylized, geometric symbol. Below the logo, the title "ELSEWHERE DREAM JOURNAL" is written in a white, serif font. In the bottom left corner, there is a QR code. To the right of the QR code, the text "Available on iOS, Android, and web" is displayed. Below this text are three icons: the Apple logo, the Android robot logo, and a globe icon representing web access.



LUCID DREAMERS UNITE!

By Robert Waggoner © 2026



The non-profit Lucid Dreaming Foundation has translated a version of the *How to Lucid Dream* booklet into more than 30 different languages. It's free to everyone!

The *How to Lucid Dream* booklet provides detailed instructions on eight successful lucid dream induction techniques. Also included are methods to stabilize the lucid dream, so dreamers can experience longer and more amazing lucid dreams.

If you have the ability to improve the translation in your native language, please contact the Lucid Dreaming Foundation via our website's Worldwide Sharing page: <https://www.luciddreamingfoundation.org/worldwide-sharing>

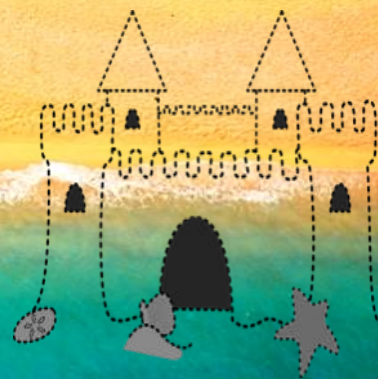
The *How to Lucid Dream* booklet has already been translated into the following languages! And it's free! See the list below and tell your friends around the world.

Bahasa — Indonesia
Dansk — Danish
Deutsch — German
Eesti — Estonian
English — English
Español — Spanish
Français — French
Hrvatski — Croatian
Italiano — Italian
Latviski — Latvian
Lietuviškai — Lithuanian
Magyar — Hungarian
Nederlands — Netherlands
Norsk — Norwegian
Polski — Polish
Português — Portuguese
Português — Brazilian

Romana — Romania
Slovenčina — Slovak
Slovenščina — Slovenia
Suomi — Finnish
Svenska — Swedish
Türkçe — Turkish
Český — Czech
Ελληνικά — Greek
Русский — Russian
Български — Bulgarian
Українською — Ukrainian
فارسی — Arabic
中国人 — Chinese
日本語 — Japanese
한국어 — Korean

Visits From "The Undiscovered Country"

By Steve and Anna Racicot © 2026



It has been my (Steve's) experience that folks who have died do visit us in our dreams. Both my wife, Anna, and I have had many dreams involving deceased friends or relatives which have felt as though we really were relating to them. Also, we've had people in our dream groups who have told us dreams in which they visited with a deceased friend, husband or wife, or other family member, and all these people felt they had really connected with that person's spirit.

Looking through my dreams, I found the following two that were lucid. In this first one, my deceased friend brings me an enigmatic message.

The New Line School

I see a good friend. I'm delighted to see her and remember she had died several years ago. I realize this means that I am dreaming. I greet her warmly. She comes up close to me, her face only a few inches from mine, and says to me, "Remember the name New Line School." She repeats this a couple more times. Then she tells me, "It's important to remember."

"Why?" I ask.

"Because that's where the fire will come to," she replies.

Somehow, I know she is talking about a forest fire which burns that far and then stops. I see a picture map of a forest burning and the fire stopping at a road where the school is. On the map there are roads and geographic markings, but I can also see, like a movie, the trees in flames. The name of the road may also be New Line Road.

I stop looking at the map and instead turn my attention to my friend's face, which is still close to mine. She sees I am distracted by seeing her and knowing that she is dead. She covers my face with her hand so that I can no longer see her. She tells me again, "Remember the name New Line School. It's important." Then she uncovers my face and she is gone. I feel if I stay in the dream, I might forget the name, so I make myself wake up to record the dream.

This friend was extremely clear with her message and I felt it really was a visit from her. Still, the message was mysterious. In this dream my deceased friend seemed to be more consciously aware than I was. She had to keep trying to get me to focus on her message, while I was enamored by the fact that she was dead and I was visiting with her.

In this next dream, I seem to be the one who is more consciously aware of the situation, and I work on trying to get my friend who is deceased to realize she can make changes in her environment. I had this dream about one year after our friend Anita died.

Anita at the Beach

I'm sitting in the living room of a small two-story house. There are several other people in the room. I notice that one of these people is Anita. I'm thinking that this scene must be a dream because Anita is dead. I walk

Visits from “The Undiscovered Country”

over to her and tell her that this is, in fact, a dream and that we can probably fly if we try. She laughs as though I’m joking around. So, to show her it’s a dream, I leap up into the air, Superman-style.

However, I crash down onto the floor, flat on my face. Anita laughs again and gives me that look that says she doesn’t think I know what I am talking about. I get off the floor and go over to Anita and hug her. Then I step back from her and take her hands in mine and look into her eyes. Her face changes. She still looks like Anita but different somehow—younger, but also different in some way I can’t quite mentally grasp. I wonder about this change momentarily, but I don’t pursue this line of thought. Instead, I tell her, “Anita, I know this is a dream because you died and now here you are. Come on. We can fly anywhere we want to.”

Anita is hesitant to try flying with other people in the room watching, so I lead her by the hand to a small room off to one side. Once in this other room by ourselves, we jump into the air and fly straight up through darkness. There are no dream images now, only darkness that we move through. “See,” I tell her, “this is a dream. Where would you like to go?”

Anita says she would like to go somewhere far away, out of this darkness. “Maybe to a beach in the sunshine,” she adds.

“Okay. Let’s go,” I say, and focus on that idea. As we fly along, I am hoping that I will be able to remember this dream when I awaken, especially if we go far away.

After awhile we land on a beach that looks like the ones in Brazil. Anita seems happy and relaxed. In a few minutes she leaves, walking off along the beach. I begin constructing a sandcastle. As I become more involved in building this sandcastle, I lose my awareness that I am dreaming.

Upon awakening I felt as though I had made contact with Anita’s spirit in this dream. I liked that I had helped her get to somewhere that she wanted to go. This felt like a helpful interaction with her spirit.

The deceased not infrequently populate our lucid and non-lucid dreams. Sometimes they may appear in our dreams as a symbol, perhaps as an energy from the past which we need to pay attention to. Yet, it is surprising, particularly with lucid encounters with the deceased, how strongly we feel that the spirit of a loved one truly has visited us in our dreams. Sometimes these visitors guide us, and sometimes we lend them a helping hand. The deceased in our dreams often bring blessings, the blessing of lucidity because their appearance is a dream sign and, most importantly, the powerful dream guidance they may offer. As we explore the varieties of lucid encounters with those who no longer are among the living, as in this issue of LDE, we open the door wider to expanded consciousness. ▲

Steve and Anna Racicot are the former editors of *Night Vision: A Dream Journal* and frequent contributors to the LDE. The dreams shared above are excerpted from their book, *Dreams: A More Spacious View of Reality*, available on Amazon.

Theme for the SEPTEMBER 2026 issue: Any Topic!



**Please send us your LUCID DREAMS & ARTICLES
on any topic related to lucid dreaming.
We also welcome original ARTWORK inspired
by your lucid dreams!**



Submissions due August 15, 2026 via our website: luciddreamingmagazine.com



Working the Late Shift

By Lucy Gillis © 2026



“In sleep and dream states you are involved in the same dimension of existence in which you will have your after-death experiences. You do not remember the most important part of these nightly adventures, and so those you do recall seem bizarre or chaotic as a rule.”

— Seth, *Seth Speaks*, Session 538

Seth, the ‘energy personality essence’ channeled by Jane Roberts, had a lot to say about dreams and the dream state. In the book, *Seth Speaks*, he explained that in some of our dream states we are very active in work that our waking selves are not aware of; that while we sleep, besides ‘ordinary’ dreaming, we participate in many out-of-body activities: learning, training, teaching, healing, to name just a few. He also said that we often work for years with people on this earth that we know well in the dream state though we may never meet in waking reality. We help each other.

He also had a lot to say about death. According to Seth, the environment we will find ourselves in immediately after death is similar to the dream state. He insisted that there is no one specific point of death or particular set way for a person to enter the after-death environment; each person’s experience being dependant on personal development as well as their beliefs, expectations, and assumptions.

However, regardless of a person’s mindset, he maintained that there are always people there, ready to assist those who have just died, to explain the situation, to help them adjust to their new surroundings. He referred to these individuals as a sort of ‘honorary guard.’

Interestingly, this ‘honorary guard’ is made up of individuals both living and dead. Those who are still living perform this service in an out-of-body state. But, of those who participate in this sort of ‘work’ not everyone remembers these nocturnal undertakings, and often live out their entire lives not knowing of the valuable work they do while their bodies sleep.

Recently, I was reminded of these activities, when near the end of a dream I was provoked into lucidity, perhaps to help me remember that some dreams are not ‘just dreams,’ but that some may reflect our nighttime work.

The following dream contains gaps, in that I only recall a series of scenes, as I interact with various people. Whatever I was doing in between these scenes, is unknown to my waking self. However, there is enough content to see a pattern, and get the essence of what is happening. I call the dream, *The Late Shift*:

I, and others, have been away and have just returned to a large building that resembles a warehouse, or storage facility. We have come back with several dead bodies, preserved somehow in suitcases. My backpack is next to me, with a dead female inside, her hand and part of her head sticking out. I can see her closed eyes and dark curly hair. Looking at the backpack, I say to someone that I can’t or shouldn’t take that back with me.

Next, I’m seated at a desk or table. One of the dead bodies has ‘awakened’—a young woman with short blonde hair, dressed in light blue. She stands before me, and I ask her some questions—where is she from,

what is her name, etc. Then I ask her, "What year is this?" in order to determine what era she has just come from (died in). She cheerfully says, "1922." I say nothing about it being 2026 where I am from.

Someone else has awakened—a man of maybe 40 years, with dark bushy hair and beard, wearing dark sunglasses and a cap of some sort, maybe a ball cap. He now stands in front of me, ready to answer my questions. He seems to have more awareness than the young woman and knows he is out-of-body or at least is from a different era. He's not disturbed by this, but seems a bit angry. He also seems a bit cagey, and I don't think he's the sort of person I would trust. He has just died from 1947.

Then I see another young woman, slim, with long black straight hair, perhaps in her 20's, seated in front of a sort of computer. Walking over to her, I can see she's upset, as she momentarily bends over in her chair with her face in her hands.

There is a plain little notebook next to the 'computer.' Briefly I think of how many pretty, larger notebooks I have, and that perhaps I should give her one of mine, but instead I stay to talk with her, to be sure she's okay.

Asking her similar questions as I asked the others before, I determine that she has 'arrived' from 1982. I say nothing about the 'current' year, but soon realize that someone else has told her or she's figured it out for herself that it's not 1982 anymore. She must have asked me what year it is, and so I speak to her from the point of view of my place in linear time—2026.

I say something about her situation and mention her other body—showing her that she is still herself—as I gesture to a place off on my right. It seems that now she is seated here with me but also 'mummified' or 'in stasis' in another part of the room [made perfect sense in the dream].

She's been looking up information on family and friends to see what happened to them in the intervening years since she left (died) and awoke 'here.' I believe she is considering reincarnating into this present (2026), but is anxious and unsure. I know she has lots of time to make any decisions, so I try to keep things light by saying that although technology has grown rapidly, the people are not that much different from those in 1982—"people are just as crazy now as then."

The scene switches, and I'm now in another area of the building. There are others about, but not close by. In the distance, as I look down from a higher level, into what looks like a ground-level parking garage, I see a chubby old man in profile, balding, in dark sweater and black pants, wearing thick-rimmed round glasses. He is possibly in his 80's, standing with the aid of a walker. He seems a little confused, bewildered. He too has recently awakened 'here.'

A plump old woman, presumably his wife, carrying a large handbag, is standing near him, facing in my direction. I can see her face clearly, framed in a cloud of fluffy grey hair. She is more vibrant than he is—in energy and appearance—in colourful top and pants, and wearing bright eye makeup, rouge, and lipstick. She also wears glasses. She is absolutely beaming! It's obvious by the huge smile on her face, that she is delighted beyond words to see the man.

I think that we should not be letting this man go just yet, it's too soon—has anyone talked to him yet? But as the woman gently ushers him toward an exit, no one tries to stop them. I then feel she knows exactly what is going on and is the perfect person to explain things to him. It feels like she has been dead for some time and knows the ropes well.

Later, I go outside into the quiet night carrying small individually-wrapped chocolates in the palm of my hand with the intent to bring them to someone (the newly awakened woman from 1982?) as a small gesture of comfort. There is no one else around and the place is in a peaceful silence. To my right is a very steep grassy hill and to my left, a few metres away, a sheer drop—the bottom, if there is one, very far below.

Barefoot, I step off one of the large paving stones before me and stand on the perfectly manicured deep green lawn, luxuriating in the delicious feeling of my bare feet in the cool lush grass. Looking upward to a large white building on top of the very steep hill (where I know the person I was going to see is now), I decide not to deliver the chocolates after all; it's a long walk up that hill and I realize that I'm rather tired.

All of a sudden, before I can turn around and go back inside, what could only be described as a UFO-like

hover car comes along and buzzes me. I know the driver is just showing off, speeding and swooping towards me, but it still makes me nervous. [In the dream, hover cars were not the norm; it was exceptional to see this one—yet, on the verge of realizing it was a dream, I had a vague sense that they could be possible ‘here.’]

The vehicle is large, square-shaped, all white, with a bit of a curve to the top, like a huge puffy sandwich, or a white raft, with orange lights embedded in each corner. At the front, in a slightly curved area, is a windscreen where I can see the outline of someone at the controls.

I jog back to the building I had just left, to get away from the dipping and diving vehicle. Rather than going up one level which would take me fully inside the structure, I plunge straight ahead into the open space that resembles a ground-level parking area. I meet two or three people there and tell them about the hover car. As I do so—finally—I suddenly realize I’m dreaming. It’s a dream!

I decide to go back out and face the hover car driver. I want to find out what that buzzing me was all about. The two or three other people I’d just been speaking to follow me, but they don’t say or do anything else. Somehow I know the hover car is ‘parked’ (hovering) right next to the cliff edge, the ground—if there is any—very far below.

A young black woman with long black hair appearing to be in her 20’s or 30’s stands near the UFO-like vehicle. She is the driver who had buzzed me. I approach and say to her, “It’s a dream!” over and over, hoping she will tell me what is going on. But I get no response from her. She just watches me, as though waiting for me to say something else. A bit miffed, I say, “Okay, we’re out-of-body, we’re astral travelling,” emphasising the words—and with that particular phrasing, she responds. She still doesn’t speak, but inclines her head, a slight nod, a slight smile, all the while staring me in the eyes in a most meaningful way.

Happy to be lucid, I briefly think I want to find out more, or perhaps go off and do something fun, but my time here is ending; I begin to feel the transition to my physical sleeping body. For a few moments I try to get back into the dream, but it doesn’t work, I’m too awake.

As I wrote this up in my dream journal, I remembered what Seth said about living individuals working alongside ‘dead’ colleagues to aid the newly deceased in their transition from life to the so-called death environment. Were the two silent dream figures alive or dead, in my terms? Or something else? And what about the hover car driver?

I found it interesting that my dream showed me meeting with people coming from different eras, and not from ‘the present’ or from times much closer to my own place in linear time. I had not thought of this before, but it made sense when I recalled that Seth also talked about linear time being an illusion, that time is actually simultaneous. So of course, people could die and immediately arrive ‘now’ from any time.

Laughing to myself, I thought it hilarious that my dreaming mind had symbolized my apparent transporting of the dead by means of suitcases and backpacks. Also amusing was the fact that a dead body poking out of my luggage wasn’t bizarre enough to trigger lucidity... I needed someone to awaken me to my situation by buzzing me with a spaceship-like hover car!

And then it all came full circle. In the dream—or rather, *out-of-body*, as my evocative dream friend preferred—I was part of a team that helped those to awaken to their new situation, and then a dream figure came along and helped me to awaken, to get lucid, to my own situation. To help me remember that some dreams are not ‘just dreams.’ We help each other. ▲



Dream Encounters with Mom and Soltan the Cat

By Karim © 2026



For as long as I can remember, death has made itself known to me in some form through dreams. Since I was little, I have dreamed of friends and family members after they died. Over the years, those dreams were joined by a series of encounters with the angel of death, and Anubis, and other spiritual figures connected to death. These experiences did not feel threatening so much but more spiritual, educational, and at times deeply transformative. They left me with the feeling that dreams can sometimes open into something beyond ordinary language, something real, but difficult to explain.

That lifelong pattern took on a very different weight during my mother's final illness. She was diagnosed with lung cancer that metastasized to her brain, and once it became clear that she was not going to recover, she was moved into palliative care. I helped care for her at home for nearly three months with the support of a live-in nurse. It was a time of intense stress, anticipatory grief, and very little sleep, where my dream recall, usually strong, was deeply affected. Only two dreams from that time remained especially clear to me.

My mother passed away at sunrise on December 31, 2025. Within two weeks, my cat Soltan became severely ill with kidney failure and, heartbreakingly, had to be euthanized. In the days and weeks that followed, I had further dreams of them. Writing this piece comes out of those experiences: the losses themselves, the dreams that surrounded them, and the reflections they opened in me about grief, consciousness, and what may remain when the body is gone.

Dreams During Her Illness

During the last month of mom's illness, she had reached a point where she was totally incapacitated, unable to walk, speak, and eventually unable to eat. I would sit beside her for many hours, praying and chanting mantras, regularly dozing off in the chair. The nurse and I had a number of frightening nights where her heartbeat was either dropping dangerously low, blood pressure spiking, alarming shifts in her breathing, bouts of constant pain. Some of those nights ended in the hospital emergency ward; on others, the palliative care doctor would gently tell us to be brave and let nature take its course.

On one of those evenings, I dozed off after prayers while mom was relatively stable. Immediately my dream eyes opened and I could see the room perfectly. I walked a white dervish, an elderly man in white robes with a white head covering. He looked at mom and offered the standard Arabic greeting: *peace be upon you*. I answered back automatically, finding it entirely normal that a stranger had walked into my home. He looked at me and smiled, then looked at her, still smiling and vanished. The vanishing jolted me awake. In that moment of post-dream lucidity I recognized him as Azrael, the angel of death, whom I have encountered many times in dreams in this form. I knew unequivocally that mom was going to pass away soon.

Around ten days later, I dozed off again and my dream eyes saw an orb floating above mom's head near the ceiling. It was swirling with gold and white light. The room was blazing as if the sun were shining inside it. I woke immediately with a deep knowing that the angel of death was hovering even closer. I knew mom would

pass within two to three days. From the moment I woke up from this dream, her breathing shifted into a deep, heavy wheeze I had never heard before. I was charting entirely new territory.

At sunrise on December 31, three days after the orb dream, mom passed away.

The First Nights After Her Burial

Two days later came the burial. That night I dreamed I was standing in front of her grave. It was dark, but so much light was emanating from it. I could see a column of light rising from the earth straight up into the sky. I was mesmerized. I felt that whatever was happening in her transition was good, and that I was not meant to see further. I respected that, and did not wish to pry.

The following night I dreamed I visited the grave again. This time I found it had been dug up. I climbed down into it in a panic, only to find her body was gone. I climbed back out, furious, thinking *who would dare to desecrate a fresh grave?* As I looked around, I caught from the corner of my eye a bright light shining behind me. I turned to find my mother standing there, smiling broadly, wearing white robes. Her eyes were closed. She seemed genuinely happy. We did not exchange any words. I was simply mesmerized by her aura, a bright white light shining in the dark of the graveyard. I woke with a clear inner knowing: her consciousness was no longer in the grave. She was free, and moving.

After Soltan

As I moved through grief in the weeks that followed, my cat Soltan began to fall ill. What started as a routine vet visit turned into five days on a hydration drip for his kidneys. On the fifth day his kidneys crashed completely, and I made the devastating decision guided by the vet to put him to sleep. Mom's passing had been anticipated through her long illness. Soltan's was not, and that caught me completely off guard.

A week later I dreamed I was lying in bed when I walked a cat identical to Soltan except instead of being entirely white, he was half white and half black. I knew immediately it was him, though I noted that his form had somehow changed. He was delighted to see me. He jumped onto the bed, lay on my chest and purred, played with me for a while, then ran out of the room.

Following him, in came my mother, eyes closed, again. This time she was casual and chatty, reminding me of household chores, telling me not to forget to water the plants as I had neglected them for a couple of weeks. Because I wasn't lucid, I asked her happily: *You are walking and talking again, you seem to have gotten better.* She smiled, still with her eyes closed, and said: *Yes, I have gotten better.*

I woke up feeling like an idiot for another missed opportunity at lucidity. Two more similar dreams followed. Soltan still happy and playful, carrying no trace of blame for the choice I had made. Mom walking through the house, reminding me to do chores, and once noting that I had lost weight and should eat a little more.

The theme of her closed eyes stayed with me. A friend offered a plausible explanation: the last time I had seen her in the physical was after her ritual cleansing, wrapped in white cloth, according to Islamic custom, with only her face revealed for the family to say goodbye. Her eyes were closed then. That image, he said, had likely been burned into my memory and followed me into the dream. I found that very plausible. Though I also wondered if there was more to it.

The Graveside Dream

A month later I visited her grave with flowers, and updated her with greetings from the family. That night she came again. She was lying in bed, chatting, but this time her eyes were open. She asked me to switch on the air conditioning. I told her I'd come do it in a moment. She kept insisting. I found myself mildly annoyed, thinking, *why doesn't she just do it herself?*



Karim's Mother—photo © Karim

And in that moment I had no memory at all that she had been ill, or that she had passed.

Then my phone rang. A friend I had not spoken to in over ten years was calling to offer his condolences. I told him he was being ridiculous, that she was right there in the next room. And then, mid-sentence, the memory of waking life flooded back. Lucidity arrived in a rush and I shot straight awake. Another missed opportunity to speak with her properly. I noted, though, what a clever way for the dream to attempt to signal me into lucidity.

One thing became clear. Every time I visited mom's grave, it guaranteed a dream with her and Soltan. I intend to keep going.

Reflection

After each of these dreams, I wake with a deep comfort that they are both alive and well but are simply as if in another room I cannot access while awake. The grief returns after a day or two, as grief does. But those moments of waking comfort have been one of the most unexpected gifts of this entire season.

I had no real knowledge of the physical process of dying before this. I had no idea how long the dying process can take, how consciousness shifts as the body shuts down, and what caregiving in that passage truly asks of you. The precognitive visits of Azrael. The strange mercy of a process that gives both the dying and those around them time to prepare. I marvelled at all of it. And I came away with a deep gratitude for being alive, and understanding what a real miracle it is.

I am grateful the illness moved slowly enough to let me resolve some old things between my mother and I before time ran out. That has become one of the most important lessons this entire experience has offered: make peace with the people you love while there is still time. Carry no unresolved resentments toward anyone.

Soltan had been my companion through all of this, through the long months of caring for mom, through the sleepless nights, through the slow and exhausting process of watching someone you love leave. He was always there. I loved him deeply and cared for him as you care for family. I have come to believe that mom's illness and my grief affected him more than I understood at the time. Animals absorb what we carry.

The guilt around his passing is something I am still slowly working through. The decision to euthanize him was made with love to spare him from pain, and yet guilt does not always respond to reason. I have sat with a lot of weight around that choice. What has been quietly healing more than anything else, is him showing up in the dreams. Happy. Playful. Carrying absolutely no blame toward me.

What moves me most is that he keeps appearing alongside mom. The two of them together, in the same dreamspace, as if they found each other—or perhaps as if they were always connected in ways I only partially sensed while they were both alive.

I am grateful for the dream world itself, for how compassionate it has been in helping me to navigate all of this. Whatever is actually happening in these post-death encounters—whether they are meetings with something that genuinely continues, or the mind's own tender way of holding onto love—they have been a real source of healing.

I will keep visiting mom's grave, asking for her and Soltan to visit, and continue attempting to catch a lucid encounter. I will keep you posted with my findings. Thank you for reading so far. ▲



Soltan the Cat—photo © Karim



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Visit With Dad in Paradise, Revisited

By RickM © 2026

2016: Visit With Dad in Paradise (reprint from LDE June 2016)

The following dream occurred on July 29, 2007, and 5 years after the death of my father from cancer. I now believe it to be primarily OBE, based on the delineation offered by Ed Kellogg [in the LDE March 2016 issue]. The dream was strikingly vivid and indelible in nature, turning lucid at the very end (Waggoner, Shifting State Hypothesis). I sometimes wonder if this was a spiritual visit with my father in paradise, symbolized by the two-story trolley, the second-floor restaurant, and the euphoric atmosphere. By paradise, I mean the place where many Christians believe they reside after death, but prior to the second coming and final judgment.

The dream went as follows: I was sitting at the kitchen table at my parent's house and looking in the direction of my mother, sister, and oldest brother. I assumed my father was seated next to me in his usual place at the head of the table, but I did not see nor hear him. We all decided to hop on a two-story trolley and go downtown for dinner (there are no trolleys in this town in WR). Here again, I assumed my father was riding with us on the top level, but I did not actually see him.

We spotted a second-floor restaurant rumored to be good, so my brother and I told the others we would check out the wait. When we walked up the stairs and into the restaurant, the view was breathtaking! Through very large windows you could see rolling fields that appeared to stretch forever, and the people all seemed to be having a wonderful time. With my brother standing next to me, I asked the maitre d' about the wait. He said, "The wait is 45 minutes, but well worth it."

At this point, I looked over at the door entrance and saw my well-dressed father for the first time. He appeared to be anxiously awaiting someone's arrival, but this did not strike me as odd, as I assumed him to be still alive. We told the maitre d' we would stay and then went downstairs to retrieve my mother and sister. I had my mother by the arm and she seemed very unsteady, almost as though half asleep, heading up the stairs. She stumbled briefly and we continued on until we got near the top.

At this point, my father met us and wrapped his arms around both my mother and I. He was sobbing deeply and said, "I love you both so much." I had never seen my father cry like this, so I pushed him away slightly and asked, "What's the matter, why are you crying?" It suddenly occurred to me that my father was no longer alive and that I must be having a dream. This realization startled me into waking up and regretting I hadn't given my father a better reception.

2026: Visit With Dad In Paradise, Revisited—75th Anniversary Party

In his book, *Dreams Beyond Time*, Lee Irwin (LDE's March 2026 interviewee) writes: "And there is also the unresolved enigma of certain dreams, ones that elude interpretation, remaining unclear and yet vibrant with potential significance. Some dreams take decades to understand, requiring more life experience and reflexive intellectual growth."

Irwin's insightful observation applies to the dream I had on July 29, 2007, published almost a decade later in the LDE June 2016 issue. I documented the specific date of this dream, in the event it contained numeric symbolism that might later reveal itself. Some may find my ensuing analysis a stretch, but the resulting coincidence is too extraordinary to ignore. In short, I now believe this was a lucid precognitive dream predicting our mother would live beyond our parents' 75th anniversary, which she did by a couple of months at age 96.

The critical piece of symbolic information is the sentence by the maitre d' stating, "The wait is 45 minutes, but well worth it." I've always felt this sentence was the key to something more meaningful. Would my brother or I live another 45 years? Or, would our mother only live another 45 months? This speculation has gone unresolved until recently when I read a concept about Biblical time, where one day can equate to a year based on scriptures in Ezekiel and Numbers. Our mother claimed to have read the Bible a hundred times through, and her library contained several different translations.

With this maxim in mind, I pondered what percentage of a day 45 minutes might be? Then applying this percentage (3.125%) to the span of a year, it resulted in precisely 11.40625 days. Now, doing an Ezekiel conversion back into years, I came up with 11 years and 148 days.

Recalling the date of the dream, July 29, 2007, I then counted off 11 years and 148 days from that date, only to discover that it landed exactly, and astonishingly, on Christmas Eve 2018, which would have been our parents' 75th wedding anniversary. They got married on Christmas Eve 1943, while our father was on leave from the service during WWII.

In the dream, our father was dressed in his favorite suit that my siblings and I bought him for their 50th anniversary. It was also the suit he was buried in. As a tradesman in life, he was not fond of getting dressed up. Additionally, note in the dream that I helped our mother up the steps almost to the top, but not quite all the way to Paradise, symbolizing she would still be alive at the time of their 75th anniversary. She passed two months later in February 2019.

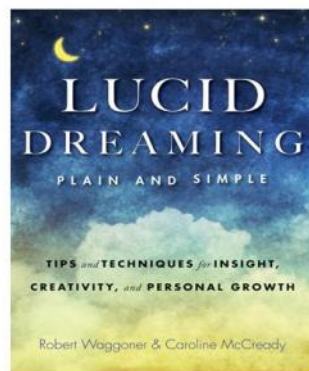
In Carl Jung's publication, *Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle*, he cites a peer study where "correct precognitions of death" would have a probability ranging from 1 in 4 million to 1 in 8 million. He posits, "So in these cases, it would be incongruous to speak of 'chance' happenings. It is rather a question of meaningful coincidences. Usually they are explained by precognition—in other words, foreknowledge."

Precognition, Divine manipulation, or amazing coincidence? You be the judge. ▲

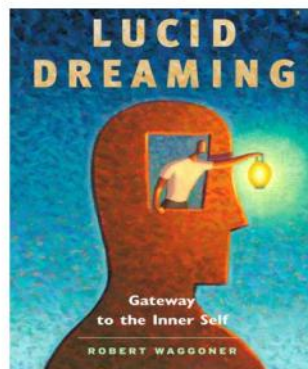


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The Offering from the Deceased

By Ivonne Freige © 2026



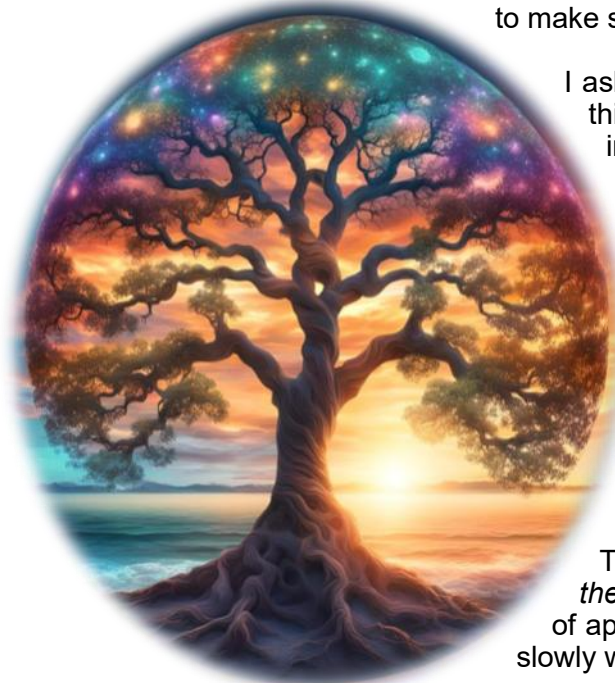
Death does not always interrupt a relationship. Sometimes, in a strange way, it completes it.

We know that dreaming of a deceased loved one offers a unique opportunity to see, hear, or embrace something we believed was lost. But not all dreams of the deceased emerge from closeness or nostalgia. There are also dreams about people who unsettled us, who stirred silent conflicts, judgments. People with whom there may never have been an explicit confrontation, yet whose presence stirred something deep within us.

The night I learned of K.'s death—someone with whom I never had a direct conflict, but whose existence awakened in me a mixture of feelings difficult to explain—I had the following lucid dream:

I am driving through the street where K. used to live. I notice her house is painted yellow. Some people are hanging up a banner. I assume it is related to her death; for a moment I even think it might be a black mourning ribbon, but then I realize it is a printed banner with a photograph I cannot quite make out. I keep driving and have already reached the next block when curiosity suddenly arises in me to see the photograph on the banner. I park and go back, but now, for some reason I am riding my daughter's tricycle, which makes everything a little more difficult. As I approach the house, I get off the tricycle and try to look from a distance to see if I can make out the image. Then I notice K. standing there, gazing toward the horizon, as though she were looking at her own house from afar. She is dressed in white and appears younger.

I am surprised to see her and softly whisper her name. When I do, she hears me and turns to look at me. The moment she turns, I feel a strong wind surrounding us, and that is when I realize I am dreaming. She gives me a faint smile, and I approach to ask how she is. I cannot hear her very well because of the wind, and what little I do hear sounds incoherent. Several times I have to ask, "*What?*" just to make sure I understood.



I ask whether there is anything she wants me to tell someone "on this side," while I still have the chance to remember it upon waking. She says something I cannot fully remember, something like: "*I don't want them to think M transcended with me. He didn't transcend. He stays....*" I have the impression she is referring to someone small—a baby or a child.

Then she begins saying more things, but the sound of the wind grows louder and louder as we approach a kind of gigantic tree that attracts thousands of small spheres of light, which I somehow perceive as souls. The tree is suspended in what seems to be deep space. In the distance, stars and galaxies shimmer around its enormous roots, trunk, and branches.

The last phrases I manage to hear are: "*I am standing before the tree of elements,*" and something about an offering—a basket of apples—that she was giving me. Everything begins to blur, and I slowly wake up.

The Offering from the Deceased

Upon waking and reflecting on the dream, I remembered a conversation I had had days earlier with a friend. During a meditation, she had seen herself offering a basket full of fruit to her father and to other people. Later, she came to understand that the fruit symbolized the judgments, expectations, and projections they had placed upon her over the years. In the vision, returning the offering did not represent reproach or resentment; it was simply a way of giving back to each person what had always belonged to them. It was not *"I return your poison,"* but simply, *"This was never mine."*

I then wondered whether something similar was happening in my dream. The basket of apples K. offered me seemed to carry the same symbolism: it was as though she were returning all the ideas, interpretations, and narratives I had constructed around her. Everything I once believed I saw in her and which, in truth, spoke more about me than about her.

During that period of my life, dreaming that I was using my daughter's tricycle or wearing her kindergarten uniform symbolized, for me, being in the process of learning—especially learning to recognize my mistakes. The fact that, in the dream, I step out of the car and return riding a tricycle gives me the feeling of "looking again," but now from a more childlike place.

Perhaps that is why the dream carried no tone of confrontation. There was no guilt or punishment. Nor was there reconciliation in the conventional sense. There was only a quiet separation between who she was and everything I had projected onto her.

Sometimes certain people disturb us not because of who they are, but because they embody aspects of ourselves we do not know how to integrate. So we turn them into screens upon which we project our judgment, rejection, fear, or superiority.

And perhaps that was the dream's true liberation: not in understanding her, but in recognizing that what unsettled me had never entirely been her. What disturbed or troubled me had always passed through me. And once returned, the power to transform it also returned to its place of origin: myself. ▲

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Healing Across the Threshold

By Chelsea Waves © 2026



Chelsea and her mother, Monique.
Photo © Chelsea Waves

Dreams of the deceased not only can be profoundly healing for our grief journey, they can also be an opportunity to explore what happens to us when we die. This was my experience when my mother, Monique, died at the age of 51 after choosing suicide. She had been living with multiple diagnoses since the age of 16, with the most recent being schizophrenia, bipolar, and borderline personality disorder. Though she loved being a mother to my brother and myself, the wall of barriers for her to be accepted in this world for the reality she inhabited were too high—and only continued to grow as she aged in our Western society.

My mother had a fascination with dreams and mystical experiences. We would share them when she was available to be present in our shared reality. Because of her unique perspective, I grew up experiencing life differently than my peers. The night became a place of reprieve and joy for me—where I could re-enter a dream lucidly and return to self-created inner landscapes, swimming with sea creatures in Lake Tahoe or snowboarding through waterfalls.

I thought everyone had lucid dreams. As I grew older and understood how my mother was perceived, I decided to keep them to myself as a form of protection. At the time, I feared my lucid dreams were connected to her schizophrenia. I cherished my secret world, but I was mindful of who I let in.

Everything shifted during a conversation with my close friend and co-creative partner, Katie Love. When she shared that she had also been lucid dreaming since childhood—and that it was a practice to be cultivated rather than something to be hidden—I felt a wave of relief. This conversation was a seed that inspired me to devote myself to the path of lucid dreaming, Dream Yoga, and Sacred Sleep.

The Bardo Connection

Shortly after my mother died, I began having dreams with her. One of the first was a non-lucid dream in which she returned to me in our old yellow house in Colorado. She looked like she had in the '90s: Levi's jeans, a white cotton T-shirt, red lipstick, and red painted toenails. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, yet her mascara remained perfectly applied as she begged to return to Earth to be with me and my brother.

This dream stayed with me. When I visited a medium for the first time, he spoke with such clarity about how my mother was in the *bardos* (a liminal, intermediate state) and did not know that she had died. When I heard this, I could feel the truth in it and felt compelled to begin using my dreaming practice as a bridge to connect with her. I began setting intentions to be with her in my dreams. It took some time for this intention to come to

fruition, but once it did, it transformed my experience of grief.

The Dream

I enter the dream and am lucid upon experiencing the visual display. The scene is of a grey-lit cityscape with artwork covering the walls of the buildings. There is a feeling tone of heaviness and sinking. I see people moving slowly down the street in front of me with their arms hanging at their sides, almost in a trance. I watch them for a while and notice my mother.

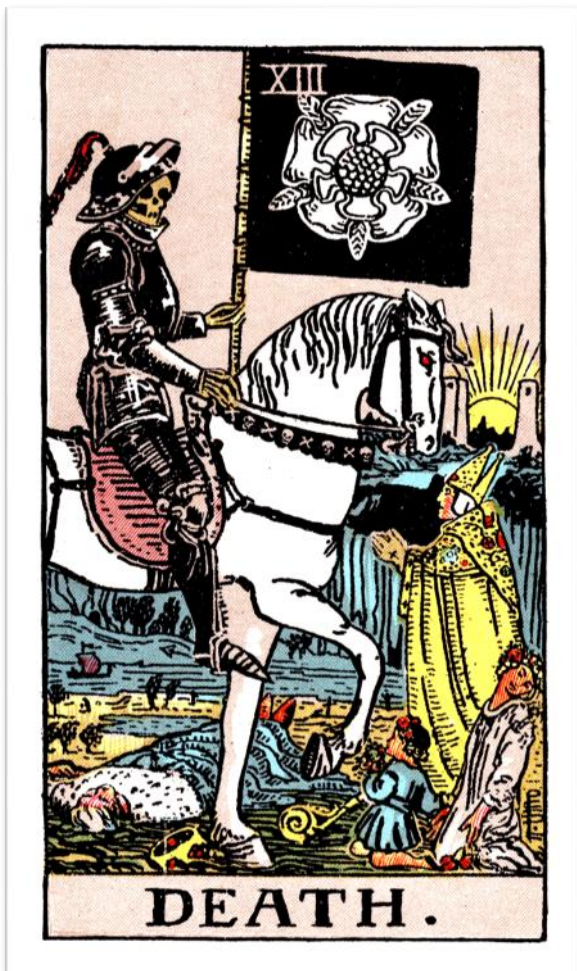
I quickly run out and grab her. We go through a door that has appeared. In this new liminal space, I hold her shoulders, look deeply into her eyes, and tell her that she is dead. I ask if she could meet this truth. She stares back at me and simply says a grounded, "Yes." We embrace and then go through another door where I leave her and wake up in my bed.

Upon waking, I draw a tarot card: *Death*. While daunting to some, the card traditionally represents transformation. I receive it as a message that my mother has accepted her death and continued on her journey, which brings me profound peace.

A Continuing Relationship

Since that night, my relationship with my mother has transformed. She visits often. While I still have non-lucid dreams where we process old emotions and karma, she also appears in lucid spaces where we co-create. We write poetry together, or she guides my earthly work by showing me the nature of reality. Sometimes, we simply embrace in a space of pure love. She continues to show me how to connect with beings on the other side of the veil and guides me in my daily life as a form of symbolic guru. Her guidance has allowed me to serve as a bridge for those seeking to continue their relationship with deceased loved ones through dreams, as well as a companion for beings journeying through the bardos. This service is a true gift.

The following poem, inspired by a dream, was co-written by my mother, Monique, and myself:



The House of Grief

*Within the house of grief,
there sits a temple.*

A temple of love.

Burning bright within its walls,

Candles of the spirit sing with starlight,

Warming the heart of the beloved.

Creating a space on the altar of the present,

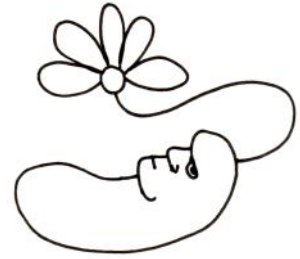
For the living to die into the luminous.

Her choice to end her life was a difficult initiation, yet it invited me into an inspired devotion to spiritual awakening. Over the last eight years, I have served as a death doula and as a Teaching Assistant for Andrew Holecek's [Preparing to Die program](#), supporting others as they navigate the bardos.

Today, my work with Katie Love focuses on envisioning a society where deep rest and lucid dreaming are honored as vital to collective well-being, through our service as lucid dreaming and Dream Yoga guides at [this is a dream](#). By healing my own grief through the dream state, I have found that an essential piece of my lifework is helping others reconnect with their loved ones across the threshold. This serves as a healing portal for their grief journey, allowing them to directly experience how relationships endure after death and how awareness continues once we depart from the body. ▲

drawing right then and there. Then I would wake myself up and immediately create a copy of the drawing in my dream diary.

I soon discovered that drawing in a lucid dream is nothing like drawing in waking life. The drawing behaved very strangely. I would draw one or two lines then the rest of the picture would get filled in by the dream. It was like watching a live interaction between my conscious and my unconscious mind. Although I was conscious of my desire to create a drawing, the actual content was out of my control. I found this incredibly exciting. Every drawing was, and still is, a surprise.



Flower Baby © Dave Green

I remember one of my earliest attempts. I found myself in a dream wandering around outside my house and wanted to do a drawing. I went up to a parked car, wiped the condensation from the window and made a piece of paper and a pencil appear in the back seat. I opened the door, got the paper and started to draw a circle. Pretty much immediately, the circle started sprouting petals and became a flower. I followed the stalk of the flower and watched as the figure of a strange-looking baby appeared underneath it. I woke myself up and created this version in waking life.

When I saw this image, I knew straight away what it related to. I had a twin brother who died in infancy. Looking at that flower with half its petals missing, I couldn't escape the conclusion that this drawing symbolised his passing. This was one of my first hints as to the power of the dreaming mind. ▲

See the LDE September 2024 issue for a feature interview with London-based artist Dave Green. His new book *Doodles in the Dark: An Artist's Guide to Lucid Dreaming* is published by Godsfield Press. To learn more about Dave's work and order the book, visit his website: www.dave-green.co.uk.

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Raising a Lucid Dreamer: The Story Behind Gorilla Dragon Dreams

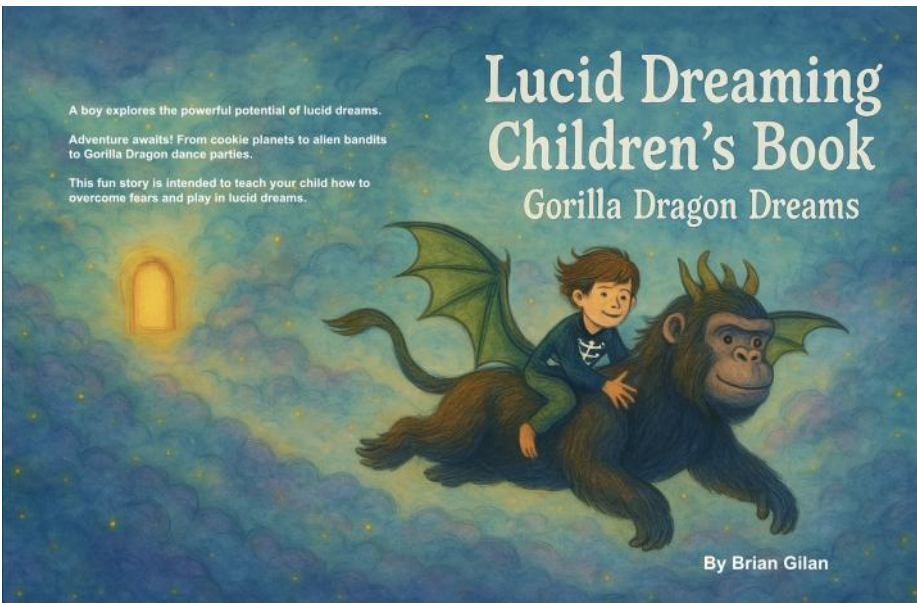


By Brian Gilan © 2026

“Dadda,” my five-year-old whispers across the breakfast table, eyes wide. “Last night I had a dream. I was with you and Momma... and then you turned into a big lizard person and ate me!”

He bursts into laughter. I laugh too, quietly wondering what role I’m playing in his subconscious mythology. I’m grateful for all dream reports from my child, even the unsettling ones, because dreams are important to me and I want my son to connect with his dreamlife.

I’ve been an avid lucid dreamer for over a decade. Lucid dreams have opened my mind to the possibility that consciousness exists beyond mind, and have led to countless profound experiences of creativity, healing, and exploration.



Many LDE readers discovered lucid dreaming later in life. What if the next generation didn’t have to wait?

I want my son to develop lucid dreaming skills earlier than I did. Kids are ripe for these experiences. Their awareness is purer, both while awake and during sleep. They don’t lack imagination or ability. They lack awareness and education about lucid dreaming. It’s not taught in schools and this ability often lies dormant for years or a lifetime.



This gap led to a collaboration with my son. Together, we created *Lucid Dreaming Children’s Book: Gorilla Dragon Dreams*. It’s a story designed to introduce children to lucid dreaming early, so they can realize a full lifetime of benefits.

The story provides children with an explanation of lucid dreams, how to have more lucid dreams, and how to use them as a tool for adventure and agency. We explore both the bright and shadowy sides of a boy’s

dream life, including nightmares. The boy learns to question if he's dreaming during the day and how to do daytime reality checks. This enables him to become lucid in a dream and befriend a once-scary gorilla dragon. Instead of running in fear, he learns to express curiosity and love toward the beast. Nightmares become teachers instead of threats. With greater lucidity, each bedtime becomes an opportunity for adventure and exploration.

Use this book to kickstart new dream rituals with your family. Each night, set intentions to realize you're dreaming in a dream. Each morning, eagerly share dreams to promote dream recall and connection. Each day, question the nature of reality during the day with silly reality checks, leading to greater lucidity both day and night. These rituals strengthen a child's connection to their dreams and the parent-child connection.

As our children develop these skills, we can encourage them to go deeper. To fly like their favorite superhero. To unleash their creativity beyond crayons and paper. To approach nightmarish dream figures with love instead of fear. To instill confidence that they are agentic creators of their reality every moment they're alive.

The free digital version of the book—including a twist ending—can be viewed online at: <https://briangilan.substack.com/p/lucid-dreaming-childrens-book-gorilla>. Physical copies are available on Amazon.

How might the world improve if we help our children develop lifelong lucid dreaming skills at a young age? What kind of adults emerge from children learning to face fear with curiosity? What if bedtime became a doorway instead of an ending? Let's get the next generation of lucid dreamers started early! ▲

Where's Robert?

Upcoming Events with Robert Waggoner

June 13–17, 2026 — Ashland, Oregon
International Assoc. for the Study of Dreams Conference
Robert and others will present at the 43rd Annual IASD Conference
Details at: <https://iasdconferences.org/2026/>

Ongoing — Monthly Webinars
World of Lucid Dreaming presents Monthly Webinars with Robert!
Held on the first week of every month; see WOLD website for dates/Zoom links
(please note a new link is needed for each month).
Details at: <https://learn.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com/robert-waggoner-webinar>

Jung Platform Online Course
"Lucid Dreaming — A Path to Healing and Inner Growth"
A 4-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!
[Lucid Dreaming: A Path to Healing & Inner Growth | Jung Platform](#)

Hemi-Sync Online Course
"Lucid Dreaming for Beginners, by Robert Waggoner"
A 3-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!
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Want
to take a lucid
dreaming class at
your own pace? Check
out Robert's online
offerings!



Jesse Mitchell — *Ferry to the Underworld*

I'm lucid and waiting at a dock with a friend of a friend named Ben. A bus arrives, driving on top of the water, and I realise that Ben has recently died in a car crash in waking life. I understand the symbology of the dream instantly, which is that Ben is taking the journey across the water to the underworld.

I don't tell him, but kind of wish him a good journey and try to comfort him. He gets on the bus and I walk down the dock and look at the passengers. Somehow Ben is already onboard, and our mutual friend is beside him. The bus takes off and I jump in the sea. Our mutual friend's voice is talking in my head about death as I am floating and feeling the waves.

Laura Störtzer — *I Hung Out With Tony Stark After I Met My Deceased Grandmother*

I met my deceased grandmother while sitting on a bus going in an unknown direction. She was wearing a red blazer and black trousers. She came up to me, gave me a tight hug, and said she was glad to see me again. I remember doing reality checks (counting my fingers) over and over again because I couldn't believe that I was dreaming and that she wasn't real. It all felt so real.

Meanwhile, my grandmother started hugging the other people on the bus, as if she were grateful to be 'alive' again. She smiled and thanked them. When we got off the bus at the final stop, she asked me about my life and how I was doing in general. I told her that I had graduated from high school and would be studying landscape architecture in October. The more I told her about my current life, the more she slowly started to disappear, becoming translucent as if carried away by the wind. This left me with a strange, nostalgic feeling.

Looking around, I noticed that the sky was an unusually dark colour, almost as if there were a crack in reality. I imagined my phone was in my pocket, took it out, and called Tony Stark from the Marvel Universe. After asking him to pick me up, I went into a restaurant as it started to snow. Although I could not feel the cold, I watched the snow fall. I sat on the balcony, but a few moments later, Tony appeared behind my chair, grinning. He was wearing a grey suit with a pink tie. I said, 'Finally,' and we left the restaurant and went to his car.

The ride was peaceful. At this point, I think I lost my lucidity. We arrived at his secret bunker, where he gave me a tour. I remember being confused as to why there was no one else around, but then I suddenly got tired, so I went to the nearest bedroom I could find. The bed had dark green sheets, but sadly, I woke up before I could jump into it.

Ken B — *Thunderstorm and Fear*

I was standing in the driveway of my home, right in front of my garage. I realized that I was dreaming and was amazed at the vivid details that I could see. There was a large animal, like a tiger but with a strange face, further down the driveway. It had a bowl in front of it on the ground, like a food bowl, as if it was a house cat. It

was looking at me. There was a cow or something in the front yard, also looking at me.

I looked over my right shoulder at the edge of the roof of the garage and there was a large skinny gray owl looking down at me. I looked back at the large tiger animal and cow and said, "I don't want them here." They both immediately shrank in a swirling motion and were whisked away. That was amazing! I thought.

I looked up at the beautiful blue sky and in the distance, to the left of the driveway, was a large, isolated thunderstorm with flashing yellow-gold colors here and there from internal lightning. It looked beautiful and powerful. I thought about the power of all that lightning and how I could absorb it and use it for healing my body. So, I held up my hands and said, "I want the power of this thunderstorm to heal my inner ears!" Suddenly, I started to fly towards the thunderstorm! It felt great to fly!

But... I started to feel some fear about going into the strong thunderstorm with lightning going on, so I steered myself towards a small round white cloud off to the right of it. As I neared that cloud, heading right for it, I suddenly felt fear of flying through the middle of it, since I didn't know what's inside or on the other side. So, I veered off to the right but held my left arm out to feel it as I flew by. It felt very smooth and soft, like silk sheets. Then I awoke in bed.

Of course, I was disappointed by my fears, since I should know that all is energy and I can't be harmed in a lucid dream.



Mystic Stanky — Boatcar

I am riding with my Dad in my old '70s car (not anywhere close to my 'real life' car, a Honda CR-V). He takes it out onto La Platte river in Denver, Colorado. He is explaining that it is actually a "Boatcar." I'm excited as we get into the water, wondering if it'll hold up and not sink. It holds up well and powers through the water. I am thinking, 'Wow! All this time I never knew I had a Boatcar!'

Later on in the dream, I am talking with my best friend. I am explaining how cool my car is and I'm about to tell him how it is also a boat. But I'm interrupted by a dream character trying to show my best friend a drawing. I am pleading for another 30 seconds to finish my story. My best friend is distracted and I don't get to tell him.

We are at an outdoor skate park and a young man takes my arm and starts dancing, skipping, and rapping. I am supposed to do a bar after his, and my bar is kind of weak. He stops and asks, "What rhymes with _____?" and I answer, "_____" (forgot the actual words used). I then launch into a rhyme about my Boatcar, repeating the word "Boatcar" at the end. This triggers me to realize I am dreaming. Without any reality checks, I spring into gravity play; doing all sorts of fun tricks in the skate park. I do a handstand on two fingers and push myself up into the air. I start telling the dream characters, "We are dreaming!"

I pick up two of them, a man and a woman, and start to fly. I ask the woman, "Is this possible in the waking world?" She says "No," so I say, "See, we are dreaming!" I start telling them that they need to believe, to help them fly. The man dream character turns into a rat and crawls onto a tree branch nearby. The woman keeps flying and says something to the point that she needs to fly in this direction because it is a workout. I explain that keeping the dream together is a workout for my concentration.

At this point I see dark clouds and tornadoes on the horizon. I know I need to head over to them unafraid. The woman says that I am young and healthy. As I go over to the tornadoes, they are picking up potted trees and patio furniture. I start singing/chanting some words that pop into my brain. "Um Bay Ya, Tay Ah Ya." I'm walking slowly towards the tornadoes, chanting. My hands are by my side, palms facing the storm. The furniture and plants don't touch me; I am able to walk straight through them. The woman in the dream tells a friend of mine behind me, that I haven't seen, to start playing his instrument. I wake up soon after.

Paul Sauers — The Queen Bee

During a recent lecture by Robert Waggoner, he asked us to have a lucid visitation dream to submit for the *Lucid Dreaming Experience* magazine, and I've been trying to do this for the past week. Last night I incubated again for a lucid visitation dream and had one which was like a short story.

In the dream there were two pacemaker representatives, Chuck and Mike, who were burying a man. I chided them that they should not be doing this, since there should be a physician conducting the service. They agreed, and we moved the casket across some 'rocky road,' and I collected some flowers along the way. I had a clear image of cutting yellow lilies, which reminded me of the lilies in the Temperance Tarot card (the symbolism of the flowers speaks of the eternal rainbow linking heaven to earth).



The short trip took us down a 'rocky ravine' with grey stones. (To me, this suggests possible 'difficulties' on the journey to the afterlife.) The surrounding people in the roadway moved aside for us and there were some Swiss guards directing the traffic. I called the answering service to tell them what I was doing and had 'trouble with my beeper' (the person at the service telling me there were 'difficulties' with my beeper—one of my lucid dreaming signs). Specifically, I had the 'wrong number' in the display that she insisted was correct. I viewed this as the dream telling me, "Hey dude, it's time to get lucid."

Suddenly, Catherine B appeared in a royal carriage, and I said, "Wait! This must be a dream!" because she died some 13 years ago, and so I became lucid. Catherine was the 'Queen Bee' of our ICU while I was the physician director there, working closely with her. She also attended the same church and also was a patient of mine for many years. I've been waiting some 13 years to talk to her in a dream, since we frequently had spiritual and metaphysical discussions, but it had never happened until now.

I got into her carriage and she insisted that we go to lunch as part of the service. We went to a mound on an open lawn where there was a lavish lunch served with white wine. Both of the pacemaker representatives were there, and it was an outstanding lunch and delightful event. Unfortunately, we never had time to talk about her experiences, even though I had incubated to ask her to tell me something important for me to know.

She was pleasant and entertaining. A little more aloof than she was in waking reality. She had on a large, beautiful crown that seemed very appropriate for her. Toward the end of the dream, I leaned over to her, whispering, and indicated that we needed transportation home. While she was thinking about it, I offered to drive Chuck and Mike back home.

It was a good feeling seeing Catherine again. I know that she is a 'Queen Bee' in some capacity in the environment she's in now. I'm sure when we meet again she'll have many good stories or experiences to relate. Though I've not spoken to her, I think of her often and have sensed her 'presence' frequently. I awoke and told Carol about the dream since she was a close friend to Catherine, also.



Shannon G — Hugging my Dad in a Dream

The following dream occurred on January 27, 2025. The night before, I had written out an intention before going to sleep. Although the intention itself made no mention of remembering my dreams, much less becoming lucid within one, I wholeheartedly believe it played a role in both the vivid recall of the dream and the lucidity I experienced within it. The intention I set before bed was to wake consciously and remain present within myself, instead of immediately reaching for outside noise. Most notably, I wrote:

*I will allow myself to sink deeper into the comfort of this physical body, more than I ever have before.
I will allow myself to be aware of something beyond the physical.*

In Your Dreams!

In the dream, I was sitting outside my late grandparents' home with my dad. I was facing him as he sat in a camping chair, the porch of our family's home behind him, the same house he had grown up in and lived in for most of his life. We were talking about his home videos, the dozens of tapes he had filmed of me as a child. These tapes were some of his most treasured possessions. He loved capturing the little moments of our lives, including time spent with friends and family, and after his passing, they became one of the most meaningful things he left behind. In the dream, he mentioned wanting to watch them with me.

At this point, it occurred to me that these tapes, which he had converted to DVDs in recent years, were no longer in the house. I knew they were now in my storage unit, where they had been since his passing in June 2022. Beneath the conversation was a growing awareness that my dad was no longer physically alive, even as I sat there speaking with him. Knowing the DVDs were no longer in the house, I jokingly asked him, "Oh yeah? How are we going to watch them? You still have them?" He insisted that he did.

I didn't question his insistence, because part of me wondered if maybe he really did still have access to the videos, and could watch them with me whenever he chose. I thought back to the week of his funeral, when I had downloaded several of the DVDs onto my laptop to create a video montage for our friends and family. I set up a projector and speakers, and it was remarkable not only to witness the love, humor, and life he had captured over the years, but to see an entire room light up with his presence again. It felt like magic watching everyone experience the world through his eyes. I wanted to tell him about it. I wanted to ask him, "Is it too soon to talk about your funeral?" However, every time I tried to speak, the words wouldn't come out.

Instead, I threw my arms around his neck and cried. I hugged him with every ounce of feeling that words could not articulate. When I pulled away in an attempt to speak again, my words fell short again, and I quickly found myself back in the comfort and warmth of his arms, sinking deeper than before. After a third failed attempt to speak, I once again found myself back in his arms, now with an avalanche of tears flowing from my eyes. I fully melted into his embrace, feeling the realness of his presence and the intensity of my emotions.

As I started to awaken, these final thoughts flashed through my mind: 'Oh, wait... funeral? Dad? I can't tell him about his own funeral!' As I awakened, still crying, my dad's words rang through my mind: "Of course you can. But you don't need to. I was there." Of course he was there. He's always been here.

Marketa — *The Universe is the Idea of Love!*



I had this lucid dream a few years ago, when I was finishing my book on lucid dreaming. In the lucid dream, I was flying joyfully up into the sky when I realized my alarm was about to go off. So, I quickly asked Space to show me the "essence of the Universe." But I didn't feel myself falling into a wormhole as I usually do when I call upon Space in a lucid dream. I was still outside on the street, under the blue sky.

A little girl appeared next to me, saying silly things and using nasty words. I repeated my wish aloud toward the sky. I was standing right next to a Baroque-style wall, which might have been some kind of entrance or gate, but nothing could be seen behind it. The little girl began explaining to me that the universe is "love." I repeated her words in confusion.

Suddenly, a powerful mechanical voice boomed from the stone wall: "The universe is the idea of love!" I have to admit that this information literally took my breath away. I didn't know what to say and looked at the little girl, who was still standing next to me. Then it occurred to me to ask, "What is time?" The little girl replied that it was a shadow, or something like the darkness of the universe. Maybe she said, "The dark shadow of the universe."

I wanted to talk to her more about this, but she started playing with glass beads and stopped answering me. After a moment, she looked at me and said, "I don't have enough information yet to have philosophical debates with you."

That was the end of the lucid dream, and I realized that the words spoken by that powerful voice were still ringing in my ears: "The universe is the idea of love!"



Turia — Mom's Gift

Dream incubation: What is it that pulls me away from recognizing that I'm dreaming, and how do I reverse it? In a liminal zone, I receive the title for a story: The Memory Thief or the Awareness Thief. Reality check: STOP! THIEF! When important dream characters are trying to tell me something, or I'm in their presence, please don't let the awareness thieves interrupt these interactions. For the sorrow and loss that I've endured for 66 years, I demand recompense; pay me now.

After the above demand, I enter this dream: Looking into the hypnagogia colors/shapes, I'm standing behind a very old wall overlooking a valley. There's a large tree to the left, and in front of me, floating in space, is a hollow structure/abode. It's about three feet tall, tapers somewhat toward the bottom, and appears to be made of light grey feathers. In the middle of the upper third, sticking out of a small hole, is the head of a small bird who is light rose/grey. I start talking to the bird, calling to her, "Come, come here," and I stick out my finger for her to come to. She starts to tweet a little bit, and then the whole image starts to move slowly away. I've been quasi-lucid this whole time.

I look more closely at the view again, and I think, 'Well, I should just fly over to her,' so am more lucid now. I stand up straight, lean slightly back with my arms out and float up and drift closer. Now I see she's just left a window that I can see through to the other side, where there's another open window. On the right side edge there's a small portico/porch where she's sitting. I'm still calling to her, "Come, let's talk," and as I drift closer, I start to wake up.

[Later in the dream:] I'm in an airplane. I ask the stewardess if she can get me a Diet Coke. She gets up and we go to the galley, where she starts pointing to things (also semi-lucid here). After interacting with the stewardess about other options, I think, maybe I should ask for a man, so I say, "Bring me a man who is handsome, smart, funny." She says, "Okay, I'll find someone," and soon a man comes along.

At first he looks nice, and we start chatting. As we're talking, his hair starts to change and he says, "Oh, I'm working on the zebra heads in the back." I ask him, "What do you mean—the zebra heads?" and as he explains, his hair starts to grow and his face starts to change and suddenly there's hair all over his face. I say, "Oh man, you look like a werewolf!" This isn't the man I want.

Next, my deceased brother F. shows up while I'm cleaning up the dog pads from the floor. I'm still somewhat lucid. We start talking about mom; he wants to give her a gift.

I say, "I know the best gift you can give her," and he asks, "What's that?" I reply, "To wake her up."

He asks, "What do you mean?" and I say, "Like you, you're dreaming right now. We can become awake in the dream, and you can teach mom how to do that."

"How?" he asks, and I say, "It's the simplest thing in the world. You are already awake."

I pick up a rock, put it in my pocket, then get a little distracted looking in a mirror and reading something. I'm also starting to feel a little horny and I start squeezing my legs together, when I remember I was teaching F.

I walk over towards the windows. The blinds are down so I start opening them. I notice that there's light behind them, moonlight, and as I do, the tube dress I'm wearing starts to fall from my breasts and I think it would be nice to get them into the moonlight. I'm still trying to open the blinds but then I'm beginning to wake up.

Laura Störtzer — *The Search for Kamar-Taj*

Before going to bed, I set myself the goal of searching for Kamar-Taj [a training grounds, a mythical location in the Marvel Universe] once I became lucid.

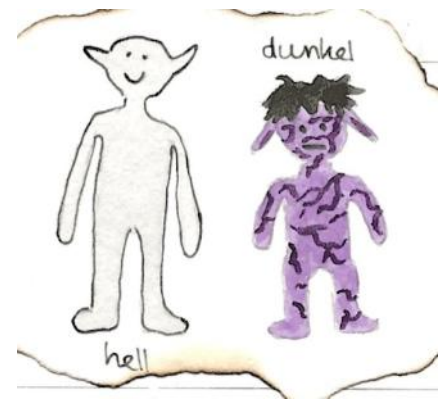
The dream started at the place where I used to work in the summer. I was looking for something in my backpack when I checked my phone and realised that I was dreaming. I continued acting as if I didn't know, to avoid arousing any suspicion.

A few minutes later, I decided to leave the building. I drew stars in the air and did a few backflips. I landed and whistled for 'Spex' (a raptor that I can call when I'm lucid). He came running to me, so I jumped on him. We ran through the nearby forest when I noticed another raptor chasing us. I manifested a bow out of thin air and shot an arrow straight into its forehead. Spex's feathers began to glow purple, but he tripped over a root and sent me flying straight into the ground. It hurt a bit. I lay there for a while before an older lady crouched down beside me. She said, "Breathe, child," while placing her thumb between my eyebrows. She told me to open my eyes. I was confused because I didn't want to open my eyes in case I woke up. I sat up in the dream, and she helped me to stand up. This time, she told me to "find a place to heal" and then she vanished.

Spex was nowhere to be seen, so I started walking until I found some really steep stairs leading up to a temple on a mountain. When I arrived at the temple, I knelt down, and some strange-looking small creatures came up to me. Some were lighter than the others. One of them said that I didn't belong here and that I should lose control. I covered my ears, and then the older woman appeared again. She scared the creatures away and motioned for me to continue my journey. I flew up the rest of the stairs until I reached the mountaintop. I could see a city that looked similar to Kathmandu. Before jumping off the mountain's cliff, I did another reality check to confirm my lucid dream once again.

However, as I walked through the city below the mountain, I became distracted by several mini-games and shops, and I became frustrated when I could not find Kamar-Taj. Then my alarm woke me up.

[See the LDE December 2025 issue for Laura's cover art and article, *Encounters with Lucid Dream Creatures, and Other Lucid Adventures.*]



*Tempel (Temple) © Laura Störtzer.
Creature names "hell & dunkel" =
"light & dark".*

Bruxinho — *Three Steps Control*

I had a dream while I was on the couch (only my second lucid dream of my life, at 40 years old). As soon as I entered the dream, I did the first test (which I had already done in the first lucid dream I had 15 years ago), which was to look at my hands and move them at will. The dream continued for a while, but at a certain point I had a kind of epiphany and said to myself, "Ah, so this is how you enter the dream."

At that moment, I partially saw myself from outside, lying on the couch with my eyes closed, and also in that moment, I began to tell myself that the technique was to actively look through closed eyelids. By doing so, I re-entered the dream.

In the dream, there was a taxi. I was with some of my friends. We got in the car, but the taxi driver seemed strange or drunk, though my friends didn't notice. However, the taxi driver was driving badly and crashed into other cars. The scene shifted to my bar, where I met the girl I love and kissed her. Finally, the scene shifted to a house. There were some people with me, but I didn't recognize them. One of them was holding a cell phone. To prove she was in control, I decided to take her hand and turn it toward me to see what she was watching on her phone. I clearly saw some slightly psychedelic footage.

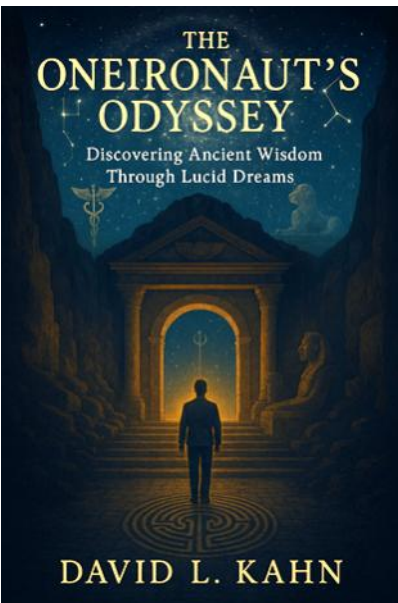
At that point, the people around me started to look at me as if I was crazy, so I decided to give myself further proof that I was present; I picked up a magazine and managed to read the date, "June 3, 2026." At that point, I saw the girl I'm in love with, who looked at me a little disgusted and said, "When you stand up, you disgust me." At that point, I decided to stop.

David L. Kahn — *M's Second Death*

Among my lucid visitation dreams, one led me to view death not as an instant transformation, but rather as a passage through a liminal space. I titled this dream *M's Second Death*.

I am in a movie theater watching a scene on a large screen, and I float in the air with my arms out in front of me. I see my arms on the screen in front of me, as though I see a digital version of my arms that work with my thoughts. As I float towards the screen, I become lucid. As I reach the screen, the scene shifts so that I am now in the scene. The location looks like an old European city. My sense is a residential area of old Paris, though I'm unsure how or why I feel this. I am in a courtyard with tall brick and stone buildings surrounding me, still with my digital arms out in front of me. I think to look at my hands, turn my arms over, and look at my palms. A small amount of glittering is coming out of them, like energy.

Continuing to float, I let the dream take me where it will with curiosity. I now notice a woman lying on the cobblestone ground. Wanting to go where the energy is, I float down to where the woman is. Taking a closer look at her, she looks to be in her forties with short blonde hair, and with her eyes only slightly open. I now see that this is M, except younger. I wonder if she is dying again. My sense is that she is dying in the dream. It doesn't have the same feel to it as her death in the other world. My sense is that she is now moving from the dream world to whatever is next after already having moved from the waking world to the dream world. It is like she has completed what she needed to do here.



M was my administrative assistant for many years before she retired, as well as a family friend. She passed away a few years before I had this dream. On a few occasions, I've been visited in dreams by someone just before they passed, often without any prior knowledge to suggest that possibility. M was one such case. In that dream, I was on a video call with her, and she invited me over for the holidays. I felt overwhelmed with things to do and was unsure if I should go, but ultimately, I decided I would. I titled that dream *M Checking In*. I hadn't spoken to her in a few months, but the dream left me feeling that I should reach out. The next day, I tried calling her a couple of times, but my calls went to voicemail. I didn't leave a message, thinking I would try again later in the week. Two days later, M's husband contacted us to share the news that she had passed away that day. Since then, she has appeared in other dreams. My sense is that M, as I knew her, is gradually fading, but that she remains present in another sense, moving into something different.

[Excerpt from *The Oneironaut's Odyssey* by David L. Kahn © 2025, available on Amazon. For more info, follow David's Instagram: [boundless_dream](#), and see the LDE December 2025 issue for his article with a longer book excerpt.]

Shirley Hadley — *October 2000: Assisting my Deceased Uncle*

Before I went to sleep I asked myself for an out-of-body experience. Here is what happened: I was with my Uncle (deceased) and we were driving in a car. He was the driver and I, the passenger. He took his eyes off the road for just a minute and suddenly I realized we were going to crash into another vehicle. The impact was incredible. We were smashed to bits.

As this was all happening, I wasn't in the least bit afraid. When we came to a stop, I reached over and picked up my Uncle and moved him out of the car and over to a place away from the wreck. He was dying and I told him not to be afraid. I told him I wasn't afraid of dying. Then I assisted him in leaving his body. We flew up and out of his body together. It was incredible. We flew off out of the reality we were in and then I woke up!

There actually was not one point in the dream where I suddenly knew I was dreaming or OOB. I was totally lucid right from the beginning. I think this becomes easy to achieve as you use your awareness more and more, you realize that you are always lucid, waking or sleeping.

[Reprinted from the LDE #25, December 2002.]

Kerry Hugins — *Put Yourself into the Mirage*

I find myself in my in-law's home with the morning light casting in through the kitchen window. It just makes me happy to stand in the light. At 5,000 feet, the light is better; I am always reminded of that. I chuckle and think to myself how, as an artist, I am very sensitive to light quality.

Zoey the dog comes crashing down the stairs and sits right in front of me, staring and happily drooling. She starts barking. My mother-in-law comes into the room but doesn't see me, which is weird. I remember that she is a recent widow. She is moving around like a ghost.

I feel a strange pull to my right side and turn and find my father-in-law standing sort of scrunched behind a director's style chair. He, too, looks wild-eyed to see me.

He says, "Kerry, what are you doing here? I don't know what's going on... I think I am dead but I'm not entirely sure."

I realize instantly I am there to confirm for him that he is, in fact, dead; that it is time to let go. He asks me where to go. I sit and think, and then say, "Perhaps have you seen any places where it looks like a mirage? The next time you find a mirage, put yourself into that."

He wants to tell me about what he has seen, but to my mind none of it really makes sense. He asks how I am there and what I am doing. I show him I can poke my finger through my palms, explaining that I am lucid dreaming, somehow I am asleep and here. I remind him how much he was loved during his lifetime and that he is still loved, and even though is here and there, he is dead. That love doesn't die. I do not know how to explain it but I implore him to understand. I start to feel like I am losing my grip on the lucid dream and tell him, that his son (my husband) loves him very much.

Kerry Hugins — *Seeing Sandy at the Beach House*

I find myself at a beach house, sort of a row house, thinking it's like a familiar beach house that was put on stilts. Fairy lights are strung up everywhere. I hear music and lots of laughter, see people having a great time, drinking beer. I think maybe I am semi-lucid because I cannot control the space around me. I'm aware enough to have that thought, and I have a "wait and see" feeling.

I start walking around and talking to people, my peers; we are young, cracking jokes... I am starting to have a great time. I haven't been to a big party in so many years. I forgot how infectious the energy is when adults kick back and aren't responsible for one another, just sharing space and laughter, so much laughter. I am asked to carve a watermelon so I find myself in the kitchen looking for a cutting board and making jokes about putting vodka in it, like I am 23 years old again. I think I am talking to someone who really knows me.

I hear the door open loudly and Sandy (a version of my friend's mom) waltzes through the party in very high spirits. She locks eyes with me, says something about the beach and then submarines, and walks out the back door. I can hear her laughter booming as she disappears into the dark, perfect, beach night.

After waking, I recall that Sandy died of cancer about five years earlier. She was the wife of a USS naval submarine captain. She grew up in Hawaii and spent her happiest days surfing on the beach there. One of my



Reality Checking © Kerry Hugins
Kerry's work is also featured on this issue's cover.

best waking memories is of hanging out in Waikiki with her daughter on her wedding weekend, with Sandy telling us surfing stories after a great day at the beach.

Janet Mast — *Mom's New Job*

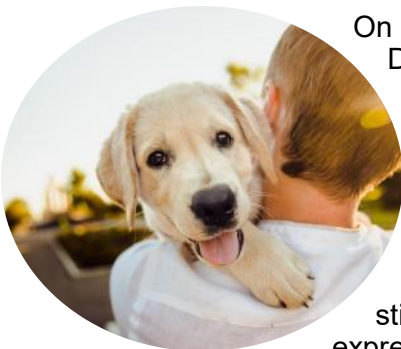
This dream occurred on the six-year anniversary of my mother's memorial service: I'm sitting at a bar counter in a restaurant, talking to someone to my left. Gradually I become aware of the presence of someone beside me to my right—an older woman. When I turn and really look, although she doesn't look *exactly* the same as I remember, I have an inner recognition... *oh, this is Mom!* It's a gradual realization, with a shift into semi-lucidity. Wanting to be sure, I ask her, "Who are you to me?" She says something about stuffed-up sinuses and that she's having trouble remembering her name right now. I get the sense she's become more removed from her previous Earthly life. I say, "Might it be [her first name]?" and she says, "I think that was it."

She tells me, "I have a new job! I'm writing the curricula for a school. It's kind of overwhelming because I don't quite know how to do it yet, but I'm learning." I ask, "What school?" and she says, "It's the School for Advanced Virtual Reality Technology..." and adds something about "achieving amazing results."

I'm surprised and impressed by this news, and eager to know more! Now we're sitting at a table. A tall, gaunt-faced woman with short, dark, tousled hair comes through swinging doors from the kitchen. She's lurking nearby along the wall. This feels tricksterish, threatening. There's an odd cloudiness hovering around her head, like a cloud of dark energy. Suddenly Mom aims a small weapon (like a Star Trek phaser gun) toward the woman and fires. The blast doesn't hit her directly but hits the wall behind her head. She starts walking toward us in a menacing way but then—poof!—she just vaporizes and disappears! *Wow, what was that about?* I wonder... but the surprise of it all wakes me before I can ask anything more.

I woke with sinus congestion, the start of a cold, so I felt Mom was helping me by demonstrating some "advanced virtual reality" tools to lessen the symptoms—like firing the phaser at the gaunt woman with head cloudiness (the energy of congestion?)! I continue to be intrigued and inspired by this unusual dream, very different from my previous post-death dreams of Mom. I especially love the idea that she's learning a new job in another form of reality, and "writing the curricula" to teach others.

Ulrike — *A Costly, Precious Visit*



On December 8, 2025, our beloved dog Maggie passed away. During the night of December 9th to 10th, I had a semi-lucid dream:

I am sleeping on my left side, and Maggie is lying beside me, her body touching mine. Then she stands up, walks to the foot of the bed, and jumps down. The sound makes me feel "more awake," and I think to myself, "Yes, she has come to visit me."

In the next scene, she is lying opposite me at eye level; I open my eyes (while still asleep), look into hers, and feel a surge of joy. We embrace, wordlessly expressing to one another our happiness at sharing this moment. She conveys that it "costs more than 5,000 euros" to visit me—and I understand that she intends this to illustrate the immense effort this contact required of her, and that she will not be able to visit me often.

In the following scene, I am walking with her along a country path; she is on my left, off-leash. I know that our time together is limited, so I ask her a few questions, which she answers cheerfully. Unfortunately, I do not recall the details—only that she is doing well and possesses far more energy than she did during the final weeks of her earthly life. She radiates a pure joy of living; our conversation takes place telepathically.

After a false awakening, I attempt to write the dream down. When I finally wake for real, I record it immediately. This dream brought me great comfort, and I often look back on it. ▲

Lucid Dreaming

Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience
<https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/>

Robert Waggoner's Book Website
<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne, First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
<https://www.keithhearne.com/>

Lucidity Institute
<http://www.lucidity.com/>

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation
<https://www.dreams.ca/>

Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming
<https://www.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com/>

The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale
<https://www.ld4all.com/>

Ed Kellogg
<https://duke.academia.edu/EdKellogg>

Beverly D'Urso, Lucid Dream Papers
<https://durso.org/beverly>

Melinda Powell, née Ziemer
<https://melindapowelldreams.com/>

Dream Research Institute, London
<https://www.driccpe.org.uk/>

Lucid Dreaming Links
<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

Lucidity4All
<https://lucidity4all.com/>

The Lucid Dreaming Foundation
<https://www.luciddreamingfoundation.org/>

International Association for the Study of Dreams
<https://www.asdreams.org/>

Ryan Hurd
<https://dreamstudies.org/>

Maria Isabel Pita
<https://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>

Robert Moss
<https://mossdreams.com/>

Electric Dreams
<http://dreamgate.com/>

The Lucid Art Foundation
<https://www.lucidart.org/>

Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny
<https://kemeny.pixels.com/>

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

The Lucid Hive — A Hub For All Thing Lucid Dreaming
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/thelucidhive>

Lana Sackwild: Get Lucid With Lana, LLC
<https://www.lanasackwild.com/>

DreamViews Forum
<https://www.dreamviews.com/>

Lucid Sage
<https://lucidsage.com/>



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