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RICH LOVE, INC.

AN AMAZING DREAM

THE RICH LOVE STORY

By
R.J. Hess

1st Draft – Book Demo Sample (69 Pages Only)

This story is dedicated to my mother and everyone's journey in search of their own rich love experience in this dream world on Earth. Please note that my mother's character in the fictional part of our story represents many of the women I spent time with throughout my life. Jan Cooley (Maggie Love) was never a full-blown drug addict, but when she met my biological father during the *Love Generation* she had some strange experiences including a visit from three unknown angels warning her not to use drugs. I stopped writing my story in 2010 for two years because I felt a new tale being told through me of a modern day *Tommy Walker (Rock Opera)* living in the Twin Cities. This book should be ready sometime in 2014 and ready for the silver screen no later than 2021. Many great artist of our time will join together with the band.

-Rich Love (R.J. Hess)

***Please note after three long years of deciding not to speak to my mother we are more in love than ever before with each other and I'm slowly reconnecting to other family members after the fraud of psychiatry nearly killed this wonderful dream.

Songwriter Rich Love becomes a victim of his own imagination leaving the so-called rational world behind as he struggles to transcend his life through music. Fact/Fiction music story book involving sex, drugs and a rock & roll band with a twelve original song CD attached based on a true story from a beautiful manic mind.

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"Imagination is more important than knowledge."

-Albert Einstein

"How wonderful it is that nobody need wait a single moment to improve the world."

-Anne Frank

"Providers of psychiatry care are good sincere people doing their best and someday I truly believe we will all find a better way to help those in need."

-Rich Love

"Don't worry, be happy."

-Meher Baba

Introduction

I'd like to welcome you to the program called "Transcendence." It's about a man who went manic, but had a story to tell. All the doctors in the world couldn't make him feel at peace, but as time went on he healed. Now his heart is full of love, peace and serenity.

Mr. Rich Love put together a group of men and women who have nothing but love in their hearts. He pieced us all together one by one in hopes to give back because God sought to make gift for us all just to service one another. Rich is going out of his way to make something a little better for everyone. So open your heart, open your mind, and sit back to enjoy this special treat we have for you tonight.

As you hear the words in these tunes, I want you to think carefully where you stand in your own life. Could you make a difference for humanity? Do you want to make a difference for humanity? Will you try to make a difference?!

We all have one loving God, we just see Him in different colors. I'd like to thank you all and God bless each and everyone one of you.

-Joe Bear

CONTENTS of novel are the song list of original music on attached CD. Each song is a section in the book with lyrics printed and chapters.

- Somewhere, Someway, Somehow
- Another Day
- Dig It
- Wander
- Empty Road
- We'll Be Fine
- Begin
- He Gave You His Love
- Break Point
- Love Revolution
- At The Winds Mercy
- Richer Than Love

Track One:

SOMEWHERE, SOMEWAY, SOMEHOW

Everything tracks
On this road of running flats
All the big dogs have gone to sleep
Beautiful bodies off their feet

And we all shine somewhere beyond the stars
And we all rise far, far within our own hearts

Nothing records
On this road of psych wards
This little tiger has gone sane
Beautiful magic has lost its game

And we all shine someday beyond the moon
So we will rise far, far within and pass the sun

We can do anything
We can find music within a note
We can begin and begin again
We can find something so remote

And we all shine somehow beyond ourselves
Yes, we can rise far, far within ourselves

Sometime ago, we lived in this world united together as separate nations, races, classes and even religions. Here in the Western world, we would choose our political leaders then blame them for deciding our destinies. It was the age of cynicism driven by desperation. There seemed to be a mysterious ingredient missing from our formula for reaching a better world. Living in peace and unity didn't mean we had to agree with everyone around us all the time. It meant we looked for common ground. It meant we reached out to others; we prayed for them and helped meet their needs. When we began to live for others more than we were in the old life, it opened the door to love creating a new

paradigm that lead to healing, physically, spiritually, and emotionally. Everyone had been hurt, betrayed and mistreated at some level and point in their lives. The important choice to forgive others helped design our experience in the new humanity giving us blessing in ways we never thought possible, and moved us forward to an abundant life.

It starts like this: with a man. Precisely, a God-Man named Avatar Meher Baba who dropped His body back in 1969. He observed silence for 44 years of His life as a discipline to complete His universal work for humanity. Meher Baba drew together His first disciples in 1921 when His spiritual mission began and established a colony in His homeland of India. The Master's work embraced a free school that stressed spiritual training, a free hospital and shelters for the poor. There was a common fellowship with no distinction of the different castes and creeds inspired by this silent guru. Many of His discourses and messages of love were dictated by the means of an alphabet board. Years later, He discontinued using the board reducing all communication to hand gestures giving moral training and spiritual understanding to love God with selfless service. According to Him, we have been given enough spoken words throughout history and it was time to live by them. He gave His darshan, or blessing to as many as one hundred thousand people in one day who journeyed from all over the world. His presence

reached to the West contacting many more seekers through personal visits and public gatherings.

The Master's popular saying *Don't Worry, Be Happy* printed on a pamphlet reached the hands of a pregnant woman in labor during the event that reshaped music and our society. A very young and naive Maggie Love left her hometown in Minnesota to take a trip to the 1969 Woodstock Festival & Concert. She was escaping a dysfunctional family and the date rape nightmare she experienced nine months earlier. Maggie was an extremely beautiful twenty-one year old with long flowing blonde hair and sky-blue eyes. Her face and body resembled the well-known actress, singer and dancer of the time, Ann-Margret. Little did Maggie know how ironic that pamphlet with the smiling face of an older gentleman supporting a thick black mustache and hair, almost looking like an Italian pizza driver, would be after giving birth to her son on the muddy farmland.

Thirty-seven years later, Rich Love was casually lying on his back on the psychiatry waiting room floor with his feet up on a chair whistling a cheerful tune and combing his short black hair with a mini brush. He's wearing a pair of thick black framed fake glasses in a black cashmere coat, black pants and a yellow short-sleeved shirt when a staff member enters the lobby.

"Please get off the floor Mr. Love," the front desk woman demanded.

"Wow, how much longer until I see someone it's been seven hours," said Rich, surprised at how stern she was as he stands up placing the comb in his coat pocket.

"I'm getting hungry."

"I can see if there's a bag lunch in back," answered staff calmly.

He jumps up onto his feet. "It's dinner time, I don't want lunch. You people can wait for me." He walks out the door and into the streets outside the hospital. The previous events he experienced with his family and the police still swirls around in his head on a merry-go-round. He notices two homeless women standing in the smoking area trying to light cigarette butts from the ashtray. Rich pulled out his pack and lit cigarettes for both of them using one hand striking a single match.

"Smokes, my ladies?"

"Yes, Sir."

"My name is Rich Love and who may you lovely ladies be?"

"You look more like Clark Kent, Mr. Love," said one of the women. "I'm Alice and this is Jane."

"I feel more like Superman." He put the funny glasses in his coat pocket and lit his cigarette. "Three weeks ago, I woke

up at four in the morning with an amazing dream. It was more than a dream, it was a vision at the deepest level of intuition that the world is changing."

"We all know that," said Alice.

"It's been slow and gradual over the last few decades, but something is happening now and humans are becoming more spiritual," he announced jubilantly. "The whole universe is only a dream!"

"Well, thanks for the cigarettes mister," said Jane.

"Don't mention it; keep the pack and these matches. Would you ladies like to join me for dinner inside the hospital?"

"No, Sir," Jane answered promptly.

"We never go inside unless we really have to," said Alice. Rich was startled by their reply of passing up a free meal, but he smiled and nodded. He made his way back inside wandering through the hospital hallways until he found the cafeteria. He ordered the meatloaf special and sat down. During the meal he scribbled down notes and statements he expected to give to the people he was promised to speak with. Back inside the psychiatric unit Dr. David Wagner is on the telephone speaking with Rich's mother Maggie and learning about his past from her point of view. She lied to the doctor that her son was suicidal and that he hit his stepfather when they confronted him. Now

the doctor believes Rich is a danger to himself and others. They begin searching for him throughout the hospital grounds and dispatched security.

"Excuse me Sir, you fit the description of someone we're looking for," said one of three country security officers standing at Rich's table. "Are you Rich?"

"Not yet, I need to finish my screenplay," said Rich jokingly. "Hey, aren't you Supervisor Tom? Five years ago I use to dispatch you when I worked at the Government Center."

"I remember you. You worked under Jay," said the one of the other officers putting on latex gloves.

"I remember you as well, but what's up with the rubber gloves," Rich chuckled.

"Well, Sir, we have orders to place you under a 72 hour hold," the lead officer announced. "It's been reported to us that you are a danger to yourself and to others so you need to come with us."

"I don't know where you get your information, but I'm fine. They kept me waiting half the day and I'm planning on going back as soon as I'm finished eating," Rich growled. The tone of Rich's voice has been a source of trouble from many in the past to them and without warning the officers slammed Rich down to the cafeteria floor handcuffing him. They dragged him down the

hallways and through psychiatric lobby into the holding area. He tried to remain calm except for being vocal which brought out more aggression in the security staff.

"They did this to Jesus!" Rich yelled. It wasn't long before they had ten to twelve security and staff cramped inside a small room removing his shoes and belt. The lead officer pressed Rich's head down on the small hard surfaced cot causing blood to seep out his mouth. The other officer with gloves on removed Rich's pants halfway.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Rich said in a panic. "Get off me you fucking assholes! Are you getting off on this, you sick fucks, is this what you do to everyone who disagrees with your logic!?"

"Calm down, this won't hurt." They strapped him down tight so he couldn't move and pulled out a long needle piercing his buttocks.

"You're raping my soul you sick sons of bitches!" Within minutes his eyes sunk back into his head. The sound of people's voices drafted in and out coming to a slow movement of vibration. The screams of other patients rang inside his head until the orange light on the wall faded into black and he fell unconscious.

Chapter 2

The New Humanity
"What no eye has seen, nor ear heard,
nor the heart of man imagined,
what God has prepared for those who love Him"-
(1 Corinthians 2:9-10)

The year is early spring 2012. Those who have spent their lives in extreme fear, worry, hatred toward others have been dying from an unknown never-before-seen virus scientists and doctors are unable to diagnose. Worldwide panic spreads as the great religions take claim to the doomsday hysteria. Those who didn't buy into the apocalypse and Armageddon obsession seem to be striving with excellent health which contradicts the last days prophecies and predictions. Many of the entrenched believers of the scriptures appear to be vanishing at record levels as well as the opposite side of the issue. The madness and craziness has no effect on those who lived in harmony with others enjoying a carefree lifestyle including atheist and the gay community unless their life experiences were driven negatively.

Everyone whoever carried on with their daily duties without judging others and making people's life in living hell seem to be prospering.

Ultimately, those who realized that God, love or higher-

self was, is, and always will be the only reality survived what many believed to be the end times. Love alone exists like an ocean and we are drops from that ocean. Fear of God and the Devil were fictional half-truths told in an amazing story called the Bible written by people having a spiritual crisis. In modern times they would have been considered mentally ill. Before Avatar Meher Baba dropped his body during the *Love Generation*, he revealed many of God's deep secrets to those who would listen. Deception was necessary to see knowledge as knowledge and the only way to experience ignorance was to experience ignorance. Adam and Eve came from infinite unconsciousness and were happy sleeping and living in the paradise of the beyond-beyond. According to Meher Baba, God had provided by caring for them in every way even though they had never seen Him. Adam was the all-pervading king in their harmonious, beautiful and blissful life. All they had to do was obey one command not to eat the forbidden fruit. Genesis claimed that God threw Adam and Eve out of this paradise, but the fact is they came into creation from unconsciousness. It had to be for them to become consciousness and for us to realize God alone exists. The snake represented the illusion we've been living in. Heaven and Hell were never actually places, but only states of mind. For eons, we have really been creating Heaven on Earth and slowly realizing that we are God. This is God's

deepest secret that the Baba-lovers always knew during His time among us.

Like the snake, this reality of illusion we have created has been convincing without substance of its own. Everything we have done throughout history has been moving us closer to the absolute reality and what God has been preparing for us. Starting with the tree of knowledge, its fruit represented the object that created desire in Eve to have a child and before that it was Adam's desire to taste the fruit to know Himself. To know good and evil as well as the difference between consciousness and unconsciousness; when Adam desired to be conscious our world began. Without the snake, the expansion of creation would have never happened moving us to this moment in the illusory consciousness of time. To know ourselves it took a long process of evolution, reincarnation, and involution. Manifestation occurred creating a new paradise torn between the opposites until this moment of rising above hope and knowing ourselves as God.

Chapter 3

Although the Rich Love Band had success as a singles band in 2010, Rich Love had more ambitious goals. He wanted to treat his band as unified works, rather than collections of unconnected songs. He began dedicating his work to Avatar Meher Baba in the form of a high concept album called *Transcendence*. During the writing period of the project he began to experience visions and vivid dreams. It had been long after the time that Baba walked the Earth and when Rich began to observe the guru's messages at the age of fourteen. Now at middle age with graying hair and a well-dressed fit body the rising pop star began to have conversations with the God-Man in his dream state. It started subtly as whispers awakening him in the middle of the night. At first, he didn't think much of this inner voice revealing secrets to him until strange and peculiar events began to current in his life. He would see and know things before they happened which caused questions in his family and his friends.

"How did you know when to raise your bet?" asked Violet standing behind Rich at the Mystic Creek Casino roulette table.

"I do what the voice in my head says and it's always right."

"Jesus Christ, you've turn five dollars into five thousand dollars." Rich cashes out and they walk towards the casino exit. "Aren't you going to play for more?"

"I will lose if I do. We're making enough money with the royalties from our music not to mention our first world tour, Violet."

"Rich, so why do we come here every week?"

"I told you when this mental thing of mine started at the beginning of this year that something is happening inside me and I can't answer you. You just need to trust me for now until I know more," said Rich. "Let's get back to the studio because I need to show you our next project for recording." Rich had been dating his backup vocalist for over a year before their debut album *Rags 2 Rich Love Band* hit the airwaves. Violet Starr the 27 year old with long blonde hair, the look of an angel, was in her own band and doing well playing in the Twin Cities when he approached her to join him. She took a chance with him since he was the unknown guy from Bethel, New York, but her life was coming apart at the time as methamphetamine took hold over her and the Violet Starr band.

They arrive midday to their large private studio on a hill and walk out to the deck overlooking the Twin Cities. Rich had Violet take a sit to listen to the demos of his latest work. He grabs his black acoustic guitar and sits beside her at the

roundtable where his computer sat.

"What's the new project, Rich?" Violet asked with excitement. "Is it our comeback album?"

"Don't be ridiculous, darling. We're still on top. This high concept album I'm working on will be bigger than *Sgt. Peppers* album and more meaningful than *Tommy* the rock opera. It started a few months back when I woke up at four in the morning talking to Meher Baba in a dream-state. He told me how we all came to be in the world through a song we wrote together. Our album will be called *Transcendence* and it will inspire the world beyond belief."

"It sounds insane, but you have been right about a lot of things," said Violet. It was certainly a concept she couldn't understand, but she was willing to listen. Rich began to strum in the key of E on his guitar and sang the following lyrics:

THEY

They came from beyond across the universe
They gave us a hand and helped build this great land
They made the family with Adam and Eve
But as time grew old they had to leave
It had to BE!

They've always been around watching over the playground
They'll be here in the end and the beginning again
We got to open our hearts and let go of our minds
Then they will come here and help us once again
It has to BE!

She controlled herself from laughing. "Rich, this cannot be," she said.

"You are not on my side," he said. "Well, forget that song because it was only the first piece written that triggered and inspired me to demo our next big album. I know people will have to see it to believe it so I'm leaving that song out," he said, "because of this recording we will fly higher," he clicks a button on the computer screen. Violet sat quietly for 55 minutes and listened to the rough mix from beginning to end.

She looked at him when the demo ended and saw that his face was glowing. Violet swore she could see a yellow halo radiating from his head. "What do you think?" Rich asked.

"It's extraordinary, but what makes you think it will inspire the world beyond belief?"

"I've been having visions and not just in my sleep. I'm receiving messages from Baba."

"You mean God? Come on, how is anyone going to believe that it's completely insane," said Violet. She places her hands on his face and smiles. "I know how much you love Meher Baba baby, but sweetheart he was just a man."

"I can prove it and if I do that will you help me with the mission I've been asked to perform?"

"Does your mission have something to do with our next big project?" She shakes her head in sadness. "I wish you could

see yourself."

"We've allowed the pressures of life, stress, our responsibilities to steal our joy. God wants to prosper us and the time is now."

"I understand your message, but what does your dream have to do with changing the world?"

"It's just a matter of time before His promises come to pass. He's coming back in our lifetime and I have the proof of the world's biggest phenomenon." Rich grabs his backpack and signals Violet to follow him to his 2005 gray mustang. "We're having a Chinese lunch."

Violet loved Rich deeply, but he seemed a little too good to be true at times. Although, there was something in the air of unusual news events on television. Something was happening in the world as if a change was coming. Her thoughts whirled around inside her head during the drive and he remained silent. Rich had always come through when he said he would. She trusted in him to put her solo career on hold and it worked to the level of having the number one rock album of 2010. Everyone was expecting so much from Rich she thought that maybe he's gone over the edge this time. All she could do was to cheer him on. Violet knew that he wanted more from her in time and she could never promise such a choice even if everything he claimed came

to pass. Her heart was always the treasure for another man from her past, but Rich just kept at it hoping he would never have to hope again.

"Would you like your bill, Sir?" asked the waitress.

"Indeed, thank you." Rich handed her his credit card and grabbed the two fortune cookies off the tray. He had been quiet not saying much to Violet during their lunch together. "I know you feel concerned about me, but the moment of truth between us has come."

"You're making me nervous and I'm not going to marry you," said Violet half joking.

"It's nothing like that, but you are my best friend and inside these cookies bestows our good fortune beyond belief," Rich hands her the cookies so she can pick one. "Read it!"

"A new pair of shoes will do you a world of good!" Violet read out loud from the fortune cookie paper. Rich pulls a woman's shoebox out of his backpack.

"Now this could be a coincidence or I made a deal with the waitress to mess with your head. You know that I've never hurt you and I have been doing odd things like buying these tennis shoes for you yesterday then finding out why later today." Violet was a little freaked out and was waiting for the punch line. "There's a golden opportunity for us with no consequences."

"I don't get it?"

"Violet, take the numbers from the back of your fortune and buy one lottery ticket for tonight's game," said Rich with confidence.

"It's up to \$370 million and I'm going to win all of that by tonight? I don't believe it, what does yours say?"

"An unexpected visitor will bring you good blessings." Rich looks into Violet's eyes deeply. "Guess who is winning the 7.7 billion on mega lottery? It will be the most won by a single winner in history and it will make world news. 05, 07, 13, 15, 19, 13!"

"You've lost your mind, but who's the unexpected visitor?" Rich just smiled at her as the waitress returns with his card. He never answers Violet, but he makes her promise to buy a ticket.

Chapter 4

Winning the mega lottery was a long news story going on for years before the mysterious virus started making the headlines. It was the most bizarre story until people began dropping dead and worldwide hysteria effected everyone in some way. Only the people that didn't seem to worry about any of the hype went on business as usual including the Rich Love Band.

It wasn't until early the next morning that Violet checked her lottery numbers and became frozen with shock not because she had just become a multi-millionaire, but that Rich appeared to have a direct connection with God. The amazing dream began to take flight and when Rich became an instant billionaire, people listened to every word that passed through his lips. Violet asked him if he was a new messiah. Rich made it clear to her that they were only the paradigm shifters of the age. It was up to her how she would use her money. All she had to do was to listen to her heart. The first order of business for Rich was to put on the world's biggest rock concert with Violet's help and his lottery winnings. Rich met Violet for coffee at her home after the news broke worldwide and the endless phone calls began to intrude into their lives.

"Violet, I don't expect you believe what I'm about to tell you, but please bear with me until you see it and experience it

for yourself," said Rich.

"What more is there?"

"Who do you share your deepest secrets with?" Violet just stares at Rich waiting to hear where he was going with the question. "Who can know a person's thoughts except their own spirit? It's said in the Bible that God's Spirit lives inside of us, revealing to us the heart and thoughts of God Himself. What the Bible doesn't reveal is that the goal and ultimate destiny of all souls in His creation is to attain God-Realization which is the highest state of consciousness."

"What are you saying, I'm God? Do you know how stupid that sounds?"

"Through many lifetimes or reincarnations our soul experiences the ego as it weakens and finally disappears completely in full Self or God-Realization. Violet, God alone exists."

"This is something you have attained? Do you know how insane people are when they say they are God? Are you going the start a new religion then kill your followers!?"

"No, we are going to start a new movement were people will believe in themselves as God. He alone exists and there never was the Devil. The Bible was half fiction. Now, this is the part where you are going to have trouble believing so bear with

me. Meher Baba wants to reveal to you who we were and are now."

"Who we were?" Rich gently places both his hands on her face and kisses her between the eyes. Instantly the feeling of bliss fell over her as if it felt like she was floating on air.

"Violet, we were born before the wind. Our first incarnation in this world eons ago was as Adam and Eve."

"You're trying to brainwash me and I don't like it!" Rich calms her down and convinced her to go back to the Mystic Creek Casino with him. They arrive by noon and he instructs her to touch or shake hands with every player she comes in contact with. She didn't know what to think, but he explained there would be a chain reaction of God's power over money.

"Violet, everyone's transcendental destiny is to God-Realization. Knowing that creation is not an accident, knowing it has a deeper meaning beyond life of the senses. Knowing that the goal of all creation is worth all physical and mental sufferings."

"It's too much for me so please explain to me exactly why I'm standing in a casino with you?"

"We are here to give blessings or as they say in India, darshan. With a single touch, we will spread a wildfire of jackpots to the shutting down of the casino for a day."

"So we're here to make the news," said Violet. Within an

hour over a thousand large payouts totaling five million dollars were made closing the casino for malfunctions. The two of them slipped out the exist to head back to the studio. Later that night the strange story hit local news showing pictures of Rich and Violet greeting casino guests. The story made international news about the billionaire and the millionaire. Demands to interview the two became a high priority for every station in the world.

"It's time to call a band meeting to inform them of our mission," said Rich.

"I don't think they will be able to make it into the studio with the media outside," said Violet with concern.

"It won't be a problem because we're setting up a phone conference to break up the band."

"I don't understand, Rich."

"It's only for a while. I've scheduled our first international television appearance tomorrow morning with someone bigger than Oprah and Larry King combined."

"The Jessie Scott Roberts Show?" asked Violet.

Rich smiled and handed Violet an airline ticket to Los Angeles. Everything was operating smoothly and the world awaited an explanation from these two fortunate souls and Rich was ready to brave the weather ahead. Lights, camera, action!

Chapter 5

"Well Mr. Love, welcome to your first live television appearance," said Jessie.

"Thank you Mr. Roberts, Violet and I are happy to be here.

"It's a pleasure," said Violet.

"Before I ask you guys what's on everyone's mind regarding the big lottery winnings, let me ask you Mr. Love another question," said Jessie.

"Please just call me Rich."

"Okay Rich, let me ask you what your view is on these modern day occurrences with many people dying. It seems to me you may have some information according to the Rolling Stone magazine article I read when your debut album *Rags 2 Rich Love Band* won best album of the year in 2010. Do you believe we are entering what the religious movement refers to the end days?"

"Yes and no." Rich scratches his brow and looks into the camera lenses. "Something big is happening, but it's not end times like the Bible has been programmed into our brains. It's our breaking point of perception. Time and space are based on perception and everything is an illusion.

"That sounds pretty far out, Rich. Are we going back to the 60s?" Jessie commented.

"No, we are moving forward and coming full circle. Can you

imagine the world without death? This global pandemic we appear to be experiencing is just the end of the big dream." Violet and Jessie's facial expression turns to a look of confusion.

"The Rolling Stone article said you had a past experience of drug use?" Jessie tries to change the subject.

"A man's past is his own business, but I'm here live on your program to share to the world a love revolution. Jesus Christ said there are one birth and one death. According to the ancient guru of India, Meher Baba, in-between that we take on millions of forms of life until we reach full consciousness as the human form. That's the very purpose of creation, attaining God-Realization."

"Darwin's theory of evolution is that consciousness follows form," said Jessie.

"It's the other way around. Form follows consciousness. When a soul has gone through successive lives during reincarnation and traversed all the inner planes of consciousness during involution, the soul achieves consciousness of its true original identity as God."

"So are you claiming to be God?"

"No Jessie, we are all drops of love in the ocean of love. The experience of Oneness with God can't be read or contemplated, it must be fully experienced with a Perfect

Master. I'm not the Avatar, but He's coming back and that's why Violet and I are sitting here this morning."

"Violet, what is your outlook on what Rich is saying?"

Jessie asked.

"All I know is that something in the world is changing and everything from long ago seems to be moving all of us closer to an understanding. To be honest, I still don't ready know if Rich has just completely lost his mind or he may be on to something," said Violet.

"So according to Meher Baba, this ultimate experience or goal of life, is to achieve "I am God" state?" Jessie asked.

"Yes. And the only way this is achieved is in the presence of a Master. Jesus, Meher, Buddha...any of the great past avatars are really the same Ancient One," added Rich.

"And He's coming back like they say that Jesus will?"

"Yes. We all will see the many faces of God soon plus much more. The Rich Love Band is having the world's biggest free concert, you could say the next Woodstock in modern times," Rich suggested.

"Is that what you're using the lottery winnings for?"

Jessie asked.

"Well, Violet's winnings will be used for whatever is close to her heart and my winnings will be used for the show. In fact, I'm here today not only to advertise, but to offer a

billion each to half the Beatles, one member from Cream and one of the Who members to perform our songs for one special evening. "The rest of the money I won will be used for the event."

"You seem pretty confident they will come. So you're asking Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr to join together with the band and who are the others?"

"There will be Pete Townshend with Eric Clapton. It's up to these top dogs to do what they will with the money because soon money won't matter much anymore."

"Money won't matter?"

"Yes, Jessie. When Violet and I were in the casino that day it made the news, we were spreading a money virus with our touch. Soon that outbreak will reach all casinos and it will even shut down Vegas for a day. The message with pandemic potential from God is to all people who profit from others. It has come to the point that casinos have made enough money to build their kingdoms and now it's time to give back. Soon the odds in the gambling entertainment field for all who come will be 50/50 chances. Everything in life will be balanced out." Rich said with confidence.

"With all of that said, I guess we'll see. So Violet, when should we expect this new Woodstock to arrive? Jessie asked.

"December 21, 2012. Many believe this day will be the last day to exist, but we all will see about that as well. I do

believe one thing to everything Meher Baba is saying through Rich, if it's true, God wants you to know what He thinks about you. He wants to show us all things we could never imagine. I guess He will reveal His deepest secrets on that day and time will only tell."

(Meher Baba Photo Here - Don't Worry, Be Happy)

Chapter 6

December 21, 2012, the Department of Health announces they are at a loss to the cause of a strain of deaths for the last few years. The widespread outbreak of a mysterious disease reaches record numbers with no cure. The Rich Love Band campaign advertises that eternal life could be lived on Earth just by changing our perceptions which inspires new companies to market defeating death programs by growing replacement body parts in labs. According to Rich Love, reversing the aging process is much simpler and tonight he makes the point to prove it during the free benefit concert where he was born called *Silhouettes of Truth* with many of the great ones in music.

The crowd waiting for tonight's event is twice the size as the Woodstock concert over forty years earlier with nearly a million people. At sunset the Rich Love Band hits the stage with Rich and Violet introducing the billion dollar performers for the evening.

"I would like to welcome everyone here tonight to the program called Transcendence. It will be an unforgettable experience on this International Day of Peace. This show is being broadcast live around the world so put your hands together for four of the most inspiring musicians that ever came out of

the 60s!" Shouted Rich as he hands over the microphone to Violet.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, let me introduce Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, Pete Townshend and Eric Clapton," Violet announced. The old rockers jump on stage with their instruments and began playing the first song on the Rich Love Band's high concept album. The audience goes crazy as Pete does a few windmills to begin the song *Somewhere, Someway, Somehow*. Rich begins to sing with Violet on backup vocals, Paul on bass and Ringo drumming. Eric and Pete play guitars side by side.

In the evening sky, a light in the far distance from the stage appears bright. People in the crowd begin to notice its changing colors and more lights begin dropping from the heavens. The song ends on the final notes when an enormous UFO mother-ship hovers a hundred feet from the stage with thousands of smaller disc shape aircrafts nearby.

"Don't be afraid people, this is a part of our show," Rich said over the sound of the audience. A beam of light hits center stage and a human form begins to appear. "Tonight marks the beginning of the end and Heaven on Earth." The face of John Lennon appears on the large screen monitors as the song *Imagine* is played. The audience goes silent and listens to John sing his song. Beams of light are scattered throughout the land returning many of everyone's past loved ones. Johnny Cash

dressed in a white suit materializes on the stage and plays along with the band. Everyone who passed away is brought back from the dead delivered by tens of thousands of spacecrafts. Many are reincarnated as small children. Everywhere in the world many people begin to experience the absolute reality and no death on Earth. Rich stands proud as he welcomes many more past great ones of music on the stage. The God-Man materializes last on stage as Rich waits for the guru to break His silence with a single word that will change life as he knew it.

Suddenly, an unexpected mist surrounds Rich on the stage and the sky above his head turns to a bright orange color hurting his eyes. Everyone and everything around him disappears into the orange light on the wall as he begins to realize that he is strapped down on a hospital bed.

Track Two:

ANOTHER DAY

Another, another, another day in California
Another, another day in California

Highway chase
On the afternoon news
South on 101
There's a man with nothing to lose

Another, another, another day in California
Another, another day in Minnesota

Every day unfolds
Pieces of this story
And I can't help to wonder
If I should really worry

Rich Love had always believed that maybe he was wired wrong from the very beginning of his life. His memories of childhood had long faded away around the time of extensive LSD and Marijuana use during high school. He was left with his mother's memories and reminiscence of giving birth to him on August 18, 1969, during the Star Spangled Banner performed by Jimi Hendrix on the last day of the Woodstock music event. Maggie Love's three day vacation with her sister from Minneapolis to the 600-acre farm in Bethel, New York, turned out to be an extended trip to Culver City where they had decided to settled for nearly ten years. Rich grew up in the 70s living in California until his mother had enough of the flower generation and moved back to Minnesota.

Throughout Rich's life he felt that the past, present, and future were happening simultaneously as if there's no beginning

or end to his personal duality. As a teenager, he found refuge in an old red Gibson six-string electric guitar that one of Maggie's boyfriends bought him on his tenth birthday. At that time in Maggie's life, she was struggling with drug addiction and trying to replace whatever missing pieces she had lost years back when Rich's biological father took her virginity at a party. Life as a single parent was tough on her and every time she applied for child support, Rich's father would move to another state. The laws back then weren't as strict on deadbeat dads so Maggie had to rely on her mother. Rich's aging little gray haired grandmother, Dorothy Love, took her grandson in as if he was one of her own. Everyone called her Dottie and it would be years later that Rich would discover that her name was the Greek meaning for gift of God. Dottie cared for little Ricky for most of his life even up to his high school years when Maggie had to move back home in her mid-thirties while she was getting sober.

By that time, Rich moved out on his own picking up a family learned behavior of resentment, overeating and drug abuse. His days of smoking pot and dropping acid turned into a fifteen year journey of shooting cocaine with his tall, thin, blonde haired buddy Digg Dugg. Rich's sedentary jobs working as a security guard put on an extra 60 lbs of weight over the years. With all

of his ups and downs, he found his way back to Dottie in his mid-thirties. His grandmother suffered her first stroke after sixty years of smoking cigarettes so he decided to provide health care by moving into her home with her blessing. This decision caused a problem with his mother and the other family members who wanted Dottie put in a nursing home even though she could still care a little for herself. The fact that Rich at this point was using methamphetamine and his recent love interest for a single mother living a hardcore lifestyle didn't help his true intentions of caring for granny. His sudden weight loss from using meth created some concern in the family that maybe he was only moving in with Dottie to take advantage of her while getting high. They made a good point, but Rich loved his grandmother more than anyone was willing to accept.

Chapter 8

During the third month of living with his grandmother and after bringing her back home from her 80th birthday party that Rich's Aunt Sybil hosted, the family was certain that something was wrong. He had been up for five days and appeared to be jittery. Instead of a family intervention with a professional, his mother made the choice to come after him that night. Maggie's new husband, Max Richards, drove her over to her mother's house in Edina and she burst into Rich's living space in Dottie's basement.

"There's something wrong with you," Maggie cried.

"There's something wrong in the world today, what do you want to do about that," Rich argued.

"You have a hard time hanging onto a job, hanging onto money, you're irrational," she pleaded.

"My job situation is all because of a misdemeanor. Working a security job you are expected to be perfect."

"And the next thing that will happen is you're going to get busted for drugs."

"I'm not on drugs!" Rich yelled.

"You admitted to me that you're smoking pot."

"I'm not on pot! Once in a blue moon if I'm at a party, I'll take a few hits. I really don't like the shit; it made me

fat and lazy. It made me watch TV all fucking day like everyone else in this family, and that's not a problem?"

"Stop blaming everyone else."

"I'm not blaming anyone for my fucking problems! Do you blame me for your problems?"

"What is your problem?"

"My problem is you're on my case all the time and I'm trying to give your mother support so she can live out her final days at home."

"Max and I have done so much for you."

"This isn't about me and what you expect from me. Someday you and Max will want someone like me caring for you so you won't have to waste away in a nursing home."

"Look at your eyes!"

"What do my eyes have to do with anything? I've been fucking dead for twenty years and now I've found love in caring for Dottie!" Max enters through the basement door. He's an older bawled gentleman, twice the age of Maggie who rescued her years ago with his money. He passively stands by Maggie's side with the look of concern for his stepson."

"Whose fault is it that you wasted your life away?"

"It's mine for being a fat, lazy son of a bitch. I've finally have come to life and found love inside myself by caring

for your mother. It's something I would've done for you if you weren't so resentful toward your mother because she wasn't fucking perfect raising you!"

"But you're acting so peculiar," Maggie pointed out.

"Well, that's a fucking rock star isn't it? It's my lifestyle, it's the way I am, and I'm a fucking gypsy. Some people think I'm gay or a preppy!"

"Who said that?"

"It doesn't matter, it's just labels. I don't care what people think of me and I don't care what you think of me."

"You can't even talk rational."

"I can't talk rational? And you've never gotten out of hand or overwhelmed?"

"No. Sybil noticed something wrong with you tonight at the party. Max and I have done everything we could to help you. We've bailed you out many times," Maggie said with tearful eyes. Max embraces his wife with a hug to calm her down. His facial expression toward Rich turns to anger.

"You haven't bailed me out over the years, Mom and Dad. You've only enabled me. I'm sorry to have put you guys through that, but what did you expect from a drug addict son?"

"You've got circles under your eyes. I've always known when you've been on drugs," said Maggie.

"I'm 37. What are you going to do now? Maybe instead of

you and your sister smoking pot with me when I was 17 at a family event, you should've put me in treatment," Rich responded factually.

"You're blaming me again!" Maggie screamed.

"Now, you're getting overwhelmed. Listen, I'm not blaming you or anyone for how my life turned out. I don't blame my biological father for not being in my life. In fact, I thank him because if I ever have my own kids, I would never leave them."

"Well, do you know what my dad did to me?"

"Are you even listening to me? I'm not blaming you, Jesus Christ! I could blame you for telling me when I was a teenager that I was the product of rape, but I'm not. In order for me to deprogram a learned behavior that runs in our family, I need to stop getting caught up in other people's expectations of me including yours," Rich said calmly.

"Look at your eyes!"

"Will you shut up about my fucking eyes and listen to what I'm saying! I'm doing my best to stay true to myself," said Rich with exhaustion in his voice.

"You put your mother through hell over the years," said Max.

"Again, I'm fucking sorry. My twenties were my terrible

twos."

"And whose fault was that, asked Maggie.

"Why do you have to keep saying whose fault it is? You sit there and point everyone else's faults out without seeing your own. I'm not playing this game with you or anyone anymore. If you can't accept me the way I am, then go away or get a fucking lawyer so a judge can overrule my love for my grandmother," said Rich.

"What if we paid for you to go talk to someone? Because something is wrong with you," said Maggie.

"You're my mother and I love you, but get the fuck out. If you don't stop coming around here stressing me out, I wouldn't be too surprised if I ended up in a hospital. Also, my grandmother doesn't need another stroke because I know she can hear us upstairs right now."

"There you go again, blaming."

"Will you stop with the blame? I don't blame you or anyone for the way I am because I look at you and everyone around me, and you all got fucking problems..."

"Tell me what your problem is..."

"You all got fucking problems! Tell me why you're so fat and worry too much? Tell me why you never paid your taxes all those years cutting hair in our home before you married Max. Mom, why don't you face the fact that you're a felon in the eyes

of the law! Stop pointing out my faults! Everyone has fucking problems, if it's food, power, sex, drugs, whatever it may be, everyone has their own problems!

"Keep your voice down," said Maggie.

"Both of you get out of here right now." Rich picks up the phone and threatens to call the police. "I need to get to sleep and this will be the last time we ever fight because I'm fucking done with this bullshit forever. I'm following my dreams. I'm not following your expectations or anyone else's. That's why there was a problem to begin with," said Rich half laughingly.

"Let's just go," said Max.

"I'm just supposed to walk out," asked an upset Maggie.

"No, you're not just supposed to walk out. I think both of you need to calm down," said Max. Rich goes to his bedroom and closes the door behind him. Max and Maggie leaves without visiting Dottie that is sitting alone upstairs in the den. After Rich's parents are gone and there's peace in the air, he makes his way upstairs to make a late night snack for him and his grandmother.

Chapter 9

Rich's love for his granny goes back to the days when he was ten years old spending his summers on the lake with his grandparents. Buddy and Dottie Love had a big lake house in Lakeville and his mother would dump him off until school started. Eventually his time there was permanent as his mother's partying days extended into years. He would play in the woods and run with a pack of neighborhood dogs exploring his imagination while wandering the spaces in his mind. Little Ricky had already tried smoking pot back in California at the age of five when he found a joint in his mother's bedroom. He lit the doobie up like he had seen others do in the house so many times before, but he didn't understand the concept of inhaling it. Instead, he blew into it until his mother could smell the weed seeping in the living room. By then, it was too late and Ricky's eyes were as red as blood. This experience left him spacey and with a learning disability throughout his boyhood years.

Dottie did her best by hiring tutors to come to the lake house and she even taught him how to play the organ that kept him focused on something he liked. He spent many hours alone playing with action figure dolls like Batman, Superman and his favorite Captain James T. Kirk. During these early years

pretending on his grandparent's sandy beach he came in contact with the perception of God. Ricky lost the captain somewhere on the beach shore and cried for days searching for him. Finally, he stood at the edge of the lake dock screaming and yelling to God to return the action figure he loved so dearly. Suddenly high up in the sky or maybe it was just his imagination, an enormous hand came down beyond the size of the lake and was pointing towards the woods he often played in. Without any hesitation to the direct command, he ran into the woods near his tree house and found a pile of disturbed dirt. He dug out a torn and chewed up James Kirk realizing it was one of neighbor's dogs that committed this heinous crime. It was his earliest conscious memory of asking for God's help.

At age fourteen, Rich's grandparents sold the lake house to Scott Studwell from the Minnesota Vikings and moved to the city into a 1950's white house in Edina. It was many miles from the lake and woods. He had to adjust to city life being the new kid on the block. Right from the start, Rich met some so-called cool kids smoking cigarettes inside the locate bowling alley. To fit in, he began smoking and hanging out. His grandmother smoked for years so getting cigarettes wasn't very hard for him. It wasn't long until she noticed missing packs from her cartons and even Buddy noticed his whiskey bottles slowly disappearing.

Rich began filling the bottles with water until everything was locked inside a liquor cabinet. His grandparents did their best dealing with the changes a teenager goes through including the petty theft of their money.

Rich struggled in high school and was often placed in classes for slow learners. Dottie encouraged him to read books that interested him. At this time, he was using pot and getting into a little trouble with the Edina Police. She bought him an electronic talking dictionary that helped him focus on reading with the ability to look up words and hear the pronunciation faster. This clever move on her part got him to read books about drugs including the novels of Hunter S. Thompson. Of course, these books inspired him to experiment using harder drugs in later years like shooting cocaine into his arms. It was a different time back then with drug use becoming less acceptable in society. There were many mixed messages in that part of time. Many hit movies came out like Cheech & Chong making drug abuse a lighthearted comedy.

Chapter 10

Rich had discovered rock & roll like the Beatles, the Doors, the Rolling Stones and his favorite band the Who. Being seventeen was a strange time for Rich. He started using LSD while listening to *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Band* album and he began playing guitar in his own garage band. It was his earliest attempt of writing rock songs for his Paper Clowns high school band. The most important event in his life during this time frame was stumbling upon the writing of and about Avatar Meher Baba. He discovered the Indian guru's discourses while hanging out in the library. The book had fallen off the shelf to the floor as he was searching the mysticism section for new literature. The front cover of *God to Man and Man to God* had a familiar face looking up at him. He recalled during the move to Edina a pamphlet he had found in his mother's boxes being stored by his grandparents. There was the same Indian face he saw three years earlier on a card that read *Don't Worry, Be Happy*.

He noticed a librarian walking by and stops her to ask a question. "Excuse me, could I ask you something?"

"How can I help you?"

"I was wondering what you know about this book I found."

"Oh yes, Meher Baba. He made some outrageous claims about who he was, but his sayings are very inspiring from the 60s."

"So he started a cult or religion?" asked Rich.

"Well, I met some of the Twin Cities Baba-lovers and they seem very nice. This Baba guy didn't claim to be either, but he said he was the One all seek."

"He claimed to be God?"

"He said we are all drops of the ocean of love and he believes that we are all God, just not God-Realized."

"What does that mean?" asked Rich.

"Well, I guess you'll have to read his discourses." Rich checked out the book and went home to his grandparents. On his way back he stopped at his dealer's house to buy a few tabs of LSD for this new reading experience. He decided to start with two hits of green pyramid which was more than his normal single dose. He thought maybe this book might bring him closer to understanding the meaning of life or maybe in contact with God. He made sure not to be disturbed so he kept his private phone to his room off the hook and told his grandmother he would be out all night with a friend, but he forgot to lock his bedroom door as he swallowed the drugs. Rich took the jacket cover off standing it up on his dresser with Meher Baba's image facing him as he read.

After the first two hours of reading and not feeling much effects he ate the last tab. He spent more time highlighting in yellow the things that made sense to him than marking in red the

things that didn't. Rich was intrigued by learning that Baba spent forty-four years of his life in silence and communicating to his disciples using an alphabet board and hand gestures. He made the decision to keep quiet until he finished reading the entire book. Five straight hours of reading made him forget that he took the LSD until he stumbled on something that spoke directly to him about drug use.

According to Baba, one cannot find God in a pill. Rich knew in his heart and soul this was true, but his mind had always kept him setting the truth aside in these moments of tripping. He thought maybe this wasn't a good time to read any book about spirituality.

Stupidity and shame fell over him realizing his overwhelming addiction to explore limited desires. His yearning to get lost on an empty road to nowhere always dominated over the gentle whispers of his inner voice of wisdom. He recognized these feelings and he knew it was just a matter of time before his mind started playing tricks on him. Like the time his mother called and he thought it was God on the other line.

To make things worse, he heard his mother upstairs calling out to him. Of course, it could be his imagination. Maggie only stopped by when she needed something from her mother and she had already recently been by for money. He was halfway through the book and continued to keep his promise to himself to

remain focused on reading without responding to anything around him. It wasn't long before his mother came downstairs to check on him. Maggie walked into his room since he didn't answer to her knocking. He thought this is going to be bad and that he should've locked the door. He could just say hello and maybe she'd go away, but he knew his mother would want to talk. If he opened up this wouldn't be very good because he was beginning to really feel the acid kicking in so he held on firmly to the book reading on.

"Why didn't you answer me?" Maggie asked. Remaining silent, Rich points to Meher Baba's picture on the dresser then places his finger to his lips silently requesting for his mother to be quiet.

"I don't understand this nonsense." Maggie didn't recall Baba's face and she didn't care. She just wanted a response from Rich and decided to have his entire family come over to see if they could get him to speak. After an hour of family members sitting at Rich's bedside trying their best as he read on, they all gave up and went home. His mother made one last effort by throwing his computer chair at his head. Rich still didn't respond and she went home as well.

Twenty-four hours later Rich finished reading Baba's discourses and called his mother to explain his peculiar behavior, but she wasn't willing to accept his quest. It was

the first time Maggie began to think he was joining a cult and that he had a drug problem. It would've been the right time for a professional intervention, but being the late 80s this wasn't really considered by many families dealing with the same troubles. This was the spring point of an out of control teenager and years of self-destruction.

Rich's reading material also included every Hunter S. Thompson book he could get his hands on. They say pot leads to harder drugs, but for him, books like *Fear & Loathing* lead to shooting up cocaine for the next fifteen years on and off. The only thing keeping him somewhat balanced and alive was his love for Avatar Meher Baba. His grandmother bought him many of the Baba books that began to fill his collection of reading material on his shelf. He was stoned and on the road to nowhere.

Track Three:

DIG IT

I can't help, but shed a tear
Every time I read the paper
Every time I watch the TV news
I just want to pick up my six-string and sing the blues

Every single day somebody cries
Each and everyday somebody dies

Murder on channel nine, suicide on five
Seems to me I'm in a cesspool, I'm just fighting
Fighting to stay alive
I've just been sued, again

Every single day someone rolls the dice
Each and everyday someone pays the price
Every single day danger in the street
Each and every day seems so bittersweet

We can't help, but shed our blood
For the cause of modern love
For the divine heaven above
We should serve somebody beyond ourselves

Twenty years passed by without much success for Rich Love. It was the beginning of the summer of 2005 and he met the love of his life so he thought. Violet Starr was a young beautiful blonde bombshell with many guy friends that were all dope heads. Rich was hanging out at Digg Duggs one night trying to score some coke for his veins and there she appeared out of nowhere. Digg introduced the two and a friendship grew over that summer. Rich was also introduced that night to shooting meth instead of cocaine. It was Violet's drug of choice and her influence over him began the moment their eyes met. Rich never believed in

love at first sight and he never imagined he would find himself strapped down in a hospital bed eight months later.

Over the years he had some close relationships, but the women he dated usually didn't take too long to discover his drug addiction. He seemed to be able to fool them long enough to get a taste of what it's like being intimate and caring for another. Rich's work history in security services had been getting shorter from staying with one company for years to lasting only months and sometimes just a few days. At the time, he was looking for a job and felt he didn't have to worry about Violet's opinion. He was happy to have his own apartment and it didn't matter to her that he lived at home until he was thirty with his grandmother. Violet didn't judge him at all even after hours of his nonstop talking that first night.

Violet was a methamphetamine runner so she could support her habit. She was very good at it and could make dope almost magically appear by making a few phone calls. Rich had a few hundred to start up the party. After a few hours of shooting up and hanging out in Digg Dugg's basement, Rich gave Digg a cut of the score then asked Violet if she wanted to check out his grandmother's vacant house in Edina. Granny was in the hospital after having her first stroke and he had a house key. Violet agreed and they headed off to the quiet neighborhood in Rich's new green Cavalier grandmother helped pay for earlier that year.

"So why do you have the key?" Violet asked as they entered the front door.

"Well, Granny asked me to move back in so I can take care of her when she gets out of the hospital. Of course, no one in my family knows of this decision and I'm sure it will cause problems," Rich replied back.

"Why is that?"

"A lot of resentment runs through my family. It's a long story so let's get high again then I'll show you around." Rich gave her the grand tour after smoking a few bowls. They ended up in his old bedroom in the basement. He had grabbed two spoons from the kitchen and some of his grandmother's syringes from her diabetes kit. Rich asked Violet to load him up a rig. He studied the procedures since it was a little different from shooting coke. It was very sexual to him how she was careful not to waste any of the substance that came from household cleaning goods and other crazy chemicals a meth head doesn't even want to think about. He produced a vein and nodded for her to stick the needle in. Violet hesitated for a moment then went for it. Rich felt as if she was fucking him in the arm which made his penis suddenly erect. She pulled out and he fell back onto the queen size bed. Rich felt vapor fumes rise up in his throat unlike the two other times in Digg's basement earlier.

"Oh god, are you okay?" She asked with fear in her voice.

"I'm fine," replied a panic stricken voice.

"Please don't die!"

"Just let me enjoy this," said Rich. In his head he dreamt of Violet sucking his dick. He wanted to ask her, but they had just met and he didn't want her to think he thought she was a whore. Rich knew she was getting nervous so he made himself sit up on the bed to watch her inject one as well. It was almost like watching her masturbate. Violet looked up into his eyes as the blood rushed through her. She had the look of fear and insecurity. Rich felt that maybe she had been in this situation before with a complete stranger.

"So what do you want from me now?" Violet asked.

"I'm not sure what you mean." Once Violet realized that Rich was a pretty nice guy compared to the other men in her life, she regained her poise. Rich had never felt the way he did toward any other women in his life and he believed it was love at first sight. He eventually asked Violet if she wanted to take a shower with him and she just laugh a little knowing she didn't have to worry about him at all.

Chapter 12

Rich and Violet were always together for the months to follow. He would drive 50 miles to Grey Cloud Island from Edina every day just to spend every moment with her and little Anne. Anne was just a baby and the lovechild of Violet's first true love named Josh in his mid-twenties. It was months prior to Violet meeting Rich that Josh while smoking cocaine had beaten her bloody and left her for dead in a ditch which seemed to be the last straw for her. She needed someone to come along and rescue her from this monster. In truth, Rich was just a tool to make her original man jealous and it didn't bother Rich just as long as she would continue to give him a chance. He believed in his heart that she would eventually love him in time. Anne was also a new inspiration in Rich's life especially when she called him daddy at ten months old.

On the weekends, Rich would drive Violet to her gigs and rehearses with her semi-famous local rock band. He got to know everyone that surrounded her pretty well to the point of helping the Violet Starr Band write a few singles that got airtime on the Twin Cities Current Rock Radio Show. At times, Rich would sing backup to her edgy lead vocals during some live nightclub performances. Eventually she would allow him stage time playing guitar and singing his solo music that expressed his love for an

ancient silent guru. They were best friends and no one could deny the happiest and warmth that radiated from them. It was almost like they were living breathing angels sent from God and their spirit of joy was contagious to friends and family.

This honest and sincere friendship would cause jealousy in her on and off relationship with bad boy Josh. Rich would see him from a distance when Josh had visits with Anne, but they never spoke. There was no judgment on Rich's behalf when it came to Violet's dysfunctional choices to run back to Josh when insecurity took hold over her from methamphetamine use. It was clear to Violet and her parents that Rich wanted to give more of his time and love to the single mother. Rich never wanted Violet to feel any expectations coming from him, but as time went on it became harder for him to hold back his emotions.

One summer night while Violet was making a quick dope run for her and Rich down the street from her parent's home in Cottage Grove where she lived, Josh broke into the house. Rich was watching videos with little baby Anne downstairs alone when he came face to face with an angry shirtless muscular clean shaven head ruffian. Josh stood before Rich supporting a hunting knife attached to his brown leather belt and tan shorts.

"It's punks like you that come in-between Violet and me!" Josh shouted as spit flung from his mouth. "What the fuck do

you think you're doing here?!" Rich remained calm and replied with complete honesty.

"I love Violet and your daughter with all my heart, but Violet will have nothing to do with me in that sense. She loves you more than you realize and all I want for her is to be happy," Rich proclaimed. Josh's demeanor of acting like Skeletor the cartoon fictional character suddenly disappeared and a more revealing sweetest came over him. Rich swore he could feel the presence of Meher Baba in the room with them as if Rich had said the magic words that everyone yearns to hear. Josh even thanked Rich and shook his hand which was something no one believed when Rich would repeat the story later. Violet arrived home upstairs and Josh ran up the stairs as he began yelling and screaming at her that he would kill Rich if she ever left Anne alone with him. After a while, Josh left and Violet came downstairs scolding Rich.

"What the fuck did you tell him?!" Violet yelled out. Rich was shocked by her behavior he had never witnessed. It didn't matter to her at all that Rich almost got cut to pieces. This would've been the right time for Rich to have walked out of her life forevermore as he realized Josh and Violet's sickness. Something in Rich's heart told him to hang in a while longer and eventually Violet apologized.

Chapter 13

Although Rich and Violet never argued again from that point in their friendship, there were more troubles on the horizon to follow. Violet began to experience legal issues from her past and the present. She had another falling out with Josh were he broke into her parents' house again, but this time he planned on killing her. Cottage Grove Police were dispatched to another domestic call of many to that address and this time drug charges were brought up on Violet when they searched her pockets. It was the straw that broke the camel's back and social services took sweet little Anne away. Rich and Violet were forced to part from each other and she was sent to a Teen Challenge program for several months. It didn't look like Rich would ever see Violet again, but he supported whatever was needed to get her life back on track.

By then Rich was exhausted with all the events that took place over the last few months with his love interest. He had loss much weight and appeared to be wired all the time from smoking meth. Now his focus was kept on providing health care for his grandmother and working a part time job in security. His desire to get high began to fade away since he didn't have his playmate and the dreams of becoming a family man didn't matter much to him anymore. He was very happy with himself that

he had tried to give true love to someone who wanted it, but unfortunately he wasn't the man she wanted it from. These were all learning experiences and he was very aware of that. In fact, he felt like he passed through some test of faith of the One he truly sought. Meher Baba was always on the back burner in Rich's spirit and soul.

It was late fall and the summer of 2005 was becoming a distant memory. Rich had the biggest fight ever with his mother and he knew the other family members didn't agree with the choices made of him living with Dottie. Rich used his past drug abuse experience as a learning tool. He knew how to detach from the world around him, but this time he wasn't withdrawn. Rich carried on with his daily duties and expressed joy most the time. He understood that he was living in this world and that he wasn't of this world.

Rich decided to get involved with the Twin Cities Meher Baba Center. He had spent some time back in the past meeting and greeting in the homes of true Baba-lovers. There was a scheduled meeting he attended where the guest speaker was a well-known doctor lecturing about the dangers of drug use according to the Indian guru. Dr. Allan Y. Cohen had a Harvard doctorate in Clinical Psychology and was a Baba-lover who met the God-Man back in the 60s.

The good doctor was a tall and fit handsome brown haired older gentleman that spoke many of the messages Rich had become familiar with earlier on in his youth. Not finding God in a pill was something clearly understood, but Allan quoted from the book *God Speaks* that seemed to be speaking to Rich's heart directly in the moment. Rich sat in the center of the Baba group during the lecture and he could swear that the God-Man was sitting inside of him. He started feeling a little funny as if everyone in that room could hear his inner thoughts. It got stranger when a Baba-lover performed on his guitar and sang songs of Meher Baba. Rich hung onto every word that flowed out into the room while trying to hold back his tears.

After the event, Rich felt as if the Holy Spirit moved him and lead him to thank and shake hands with the inspirational mystical speaker. Rich felt he knew the doctor on a deeper level much like the first time he met Violet. He thought maybe he knew Allan from a past life for a moment. The doctor offered his email address to Rich if he had any further questions down the road about Avatar Meher Baba after a group photo was taken.

(2005 Sahavas Twin Cities Photo)

Chapter 14

Christmas passed by quickly and Rich couldn't stop thinking about Violet and Anne. He would dream about them every night and sometimes awake in a pool of tears wondering how they were doing. He had to accept any outcome since his heart now belonged to the great God-Man and sometimes that wasn't easy. Rich was experiencing stress from his family especially his mother whenever Dottie would call her regarding his odd behavior. There was something strange going on inside Rich's head and grieving within his heart. Writing poetry seemed to bring a little relief during his hardships of caring for his grandmother. Dottie suffered depression and sometimes her pain would pour out into his soul.

Fortunately, Rich freed himself from his drug addiction and cutoff all ties to his using friends. He would speak openly about Meher Baba to anyone who would listen and began to live more honestly. He decided to trust in all things to prove to himself that the truth would set him free in all areas of his life. The realization of his decision not to lie slowly began to cause discomfort in his new life making people around him feel uneasy. It appeared to him that maybe God was trying to make contact with him indirectly.

On New Year's Eve, Rich's prayers were answered when he received a telephone call from Violet. She completed the Teen Challenge program and got Anne back. Violet had a brand new outlook on life and sounded peaceful. She was clean and sober living in a Minneapolis apartment provided by the social services for abused women. That night Violet picked up Rich in an old beat-up white Ford Escort leaking gas and they took Anne to Camp Snoopy amusement park at the Mall of America. Rich discovered a happier Violet and enjoyed her new taste in Christian Rock music. This was the angel he had always dreamt of to be a part of his life. Rich felt like a family man spending the evening with his two favorite ladies and when the night ended, Violet gave him their first kiss on the lips before she went home with Anne. It was short and sweet giving him some hope that there was a chance for romance.

Early the next morning before sunrise, Rich woke up suddenly after experiencing the most vivid amazing dream. Tears of happiest rolled down his face as he had total recall of a future vision and his place in the world. Rich believed God was firmly planted within his essence by revealing to him secrets of the universe. Rich was shown that he would have the world's biggest rock band since the Beatles. In the dream, he asked Baba how anyone could even come close to that without being Michael Jackson and Baba showed Rich playing music with the

surviving members of the Beatles. Meher Baba revealed that John Lennon was Jesus Christ and Paul McCartney was Saint Paul from the Bible. Rich asked why him? Baba said that Violet was Adam and he was Eve eons ago before the world began. God's first children would be expected to set up the stage to the new paradigm before the Almighty's return. Baba informed Rich to hold on tight to His garment for it will not come easy and many will ridicule him including Violet. Rich's faith would be severely tested for the years to come and he would need a good mentor. Years later, Rich would realize that his true mission in life would be to help Meher Baba awaken the world by sacrificing everything Rich held dear to him. He would have to be willing to endure great loss and emotional pain.

Rich did his best to care for his grandmother while receiving messages of love from the spirit of God. He held back from telling Violet about his vision, but as the days rolled along Rich's behavior was becoming more peculiar. It started with him posting his poetry and songs on his grandmother's basement walls. Violet would come over and watch him cut out pictures and positive power words from magazines then tape them up. Rich explained that he was working on a screenplay that would use songs he wrote and that he was storyboarding for a new high concept album titled *Transcendence*. To Violet and Rich's family, it looked more like a colossal mess in his living space

then some great important project. Rich seemed to be very excited and all anyone could do was watch him carry on. Pictures of Meher Baba filled his walls and Violet began to wonder if Rich had joined a cult while she was away in treatment. Rich and Violet were back together again spending every day enjoying their new friendship with Anne who was nearly two years old, this time without the dope and chaos that usually followed. They went to church on Sundays sometimes holding hands during the sermons. Violet's new drug-free friends really liked Rich and would give her hints that he would make a good man in her life. Rich even videotaped a puppet show for Anne illustrating his love for them including good hygiene habits like brushing your teeth every day and eating your vegetables. Violet received Rich's selfless love, but deep down in her soul she still felt attached to Josh and unable to give her heart away to anyone else.

(2005 New Year's Eve Photo)

Chapter 15

On January 21, three weeks into Rich's eccentric journey of listening to his inner voice, he had an argument with his grandmother that would change his life forever. Rich had been emailing Dr. Allan Cohen expressing his strange and unfamiliar feelings regarding Avatar Meher Baba. Sometimes these writings were long and manic in nature. In Rich's mind, he thought this was something he had to do and Allan would reply back most of the time with a short response always cheering Rich on in his new discoveries of how to love the God-Man. No matter how outlandish he would get telling the doctor that Violet was Adam and he was Eve eons ago, Allan never told him to stop writing him even when Rich believed to recognize the good doctor to be Satan. Rich felt that he was piecing all his past lives together and accepted Allan to be his mentor allowed by Baba.

While typing out another of many emails to the doctor in his grandfather's old computer room, Rich felt the presence of Buddy Love which was extremely odd since Buddy passed away three years earlier from old age. Buddy was the closest father figure throughout Rich's life and did his best giving life lessons when Rich didn't have any real male role models growing up. Buddy was a WWII Navy vet and a member of the Seabees. He was also a structural engineer for most of his life. In the early 70s,

Buddy's company he owned updated and replaced every other steel cable on the Golden Gate Bridge. Rich knew instantly that his grandfather had been helping him build an inner Golden Gate for all to cross in this world. At that moment, everything added up to Rich that Eve had to eat the apple in the Garden of Eden so the world could have substance and one day we all could have Heaven on Earth without the opposites of good and evil. The Devil was just doing his job ordered by God. The knowledge inside Rich's head exploded into a wave of manic energy and more intense writing. Dottie was sitting in the den down the hallway and began calling out to him.

"Richard, what are you doing?"

"I'm busy writing," Rich replied back.

"What are you writing?" Dottie inquired.

"I'm writing a letter to the doctor. I'll be in to watch TV with you in a few minutes." Dottie wouldn't stop asking Rich questions and it began to bother him.

"Shut up, shut up, shut up!" Rich shouted. He had lost his cool and the effable energy Rich was experiencing took over his behavior when granny began to fight back. Rich could remember all the years when his grandparents would fight as if they were programmed to battle and he found himself playing that same game with his grandmother. After hearing Buddy yell Jesus Christ, Dottie, one too many times during Rich's childhood at the lake,

little Ricky asked who Jesus was and the answer he received back was it had something to do with Christmas. This past memory triggered humor inside of Rich in the moment and he knew he had started something with his grandmother she probably had missed subconsciously with Buddy.

Dottie called Maggie and Max complaining about Rich and this caused alarm in her daughter. Maggie could hear her son in the background acting nuts and yelling call the police. Rich was using his Hunter S. Thompson voice overacting to his grandmother's overreacting wining. This wasn't a serious breaking point for the pressure he had been experiencing with everyone in the Love Family, but this was an opportunity for Rich's mother to stop something her and Sybil didn't want to begin with. Maggie's younger sister hadn't spoken to Rich since Dottie's 80th birthday party and when this day would pass, it would be several years before Sybil could let go of her resentment over her mother's decision to let Rich move in.

Max and Maggie arrived shortly after the air cleared between the two and Max went downstairs to check in on Rich. He found Rich posting more articles from magazines on the basement wall and he approached his stepson, Rich reached out to hug Max to assure his stepfather that there was no problem. Max left Rich alone and went back upstairs to Maggie who was waiting for the Edina Police she had called on the way over. Somehow

information was given to the police on their arrival that Rich had hit his stepfather and grabbed Max's jacket. The two officers went downstairs to talk to him and Rich was surprised his mother actually called them. Rich thought his mother knew when he was joking and believed Maggie understood that her mother was blowing things out of proportion again as usual. Rich's manic approach to speaking to the cops caused concern in them and they convinced Rich to take a ride to Hennepin County Hospital. Rich thought this would be fun and he could bring awareness and enlightenment to the doctors about Avatar Meher Baba. The police officers and eventually the psych ward doctors would only see Rich the same way they saw anyone going through the system. Rich's world was about to turn inside out and he couldn't even begin to imagine the trials he was expected to go through. If God had a divine plan and Rich really was Eve eons ago his story was about to begin.

Dear Rich,

I am concerned about your state of mind! Remember that an expanded capacity for imagination is not the same as an expanded capacity for love. It sounds to me like you may be experiencing a drug induced psychosis; either the result of current drug use or damage from past drug use.

In either event, I believe you need immediate medical attention. If I can help you get medical attention, please let me know. I'll do what I can. Let remembrance of Baba be your lifeline!

Love and Jai Baba,

Dr. Allan Y. Cohen

Track Four:

WANDER

Did you find a new bridge
Did you make it across
Did you give it a chance
Or was it another loss

Did you feel it give way
Did you see a blue sky
Did you dream it was real
Or were you flying too high

Lost on a ship out at sea
Secrets are kept from you and me
Lost on a trip behind a veil
Tears are wept as we set sail

But I still can't help to wonder
Why I must go on a wander

Did you climb a mountain
Did you go the distance
Did you reach a lighthouse
Or was there some resistance

Did you hold someone close
Did you watch a sunset
Did you rise above hope
Or were you filled with regret

The orange light on the psych ward wall burned Rich Love's red and tired eyes as two staff members unstrapped him from the small cot during the middle of the night. It was obvious to Rich this was just another day in the life for the hospital workers and he promised to stay calm. In return, he would get to speak to a doctor in the morning to see if he could get released from the 72 hour hold. Rich turned down the 3rd shift nurse's offer to using a sleeping aid after being transferred to Orange 8 upstairs of the hospital and he went back to bed in a shared assigned room with his name on the outside hallway.

After breakfast and mingling with other patients, Rich met with Dr. David Wagner. He was a thinning white haired older doctor in his 70s and looked like he had been working in the hospital too long. Rich noticed this man's stressful eyes and nervous expressions within the short lightweight doctor that probably started his profession back in the beginning of time. The doctor had his notepad out as Rich began to ramble on about the God-Man named Avatar Meher Baba. Rich mentioned things about the mastery of consciousness; *Imagine* is the greatest song in the world, Pete Townshend was Saint Peter the Gatekeeper, Rich and Violet had been Adam & Eve and would be the New Access Hero Twins of the New Golden Age. Rich told Dr. Wagner that he had been King David and has to fight the system like the past story in the Bible and at one time Rich was the brother and husband to Isis in the Old Golden Age.

The doctor could hardly keep up with Rich and wrote in his notes that Rich describes a number of quasi-delusional beliefs, though does not clearly describe auditory hallucination. He is quite markedly grandiose, and mood is expansive. Patient has rapid, pressured speech, with fantasy and grandiosity. The patient is acutely manic, with loose associations and disorganized thought process. Little did Rich realize, this was the beginning stages of discovering his past lives and his place today in the modern world.

*** Please pray for me so I can find the strength to rewrite our history with YOU as my co-writers. At the present moment we all live in reality, but this is not the absolute reality Avatar Meher Baba has in store for US all. I transcend a little more each day into my Higher-Self. The modern day Gandhi/Tommy is a rock star actor that will not give out autographs unless you donate to all things good. Children will always receive my love for free. Follow your hearts to know what I know and please respect my privacy by not calling, visiting or mailing me. The time is now to make a change in all of our hearts so we can prepare for more surprises and treasures.

Exciting! Exhilarating! Stunning!



A Manic Mind Is A Beautiful Mind!!!

Jai Baba (God Bless) to ALL!!!

Rich & Anna Love

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