



# WAKING DREAMS

THE SUBTLE REALITY  
**CARL DAVID**

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# DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to all of the souls we've known and loved who have passed onward to the next realms. We miss you.....

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# INTRODUCTION

After learning quite a bit about Waking Dreams, I've been driven to further the information on them with my own, very real experiences of a mystifying nature. There aren't too many works available on the subject, and though I don't profess to be an expert, I do feel quite strongly that the material in this book will be of service to those who read it. Perhaps this is Spirit guiding me to continue the effort for the benefit of mankind. I've written before, mostly in the art field, having been an art dealer since 1970. As the product of three generations of dealers in our family, I've amassed a wealth of experiential knowledge with which I've formatted into a book and several articles throughout the years. I knew that I'd be writing again soon, and I knew it would be a "New Age" subject matter, but it wasn't until after studying waking dreams that it hit me. The next one was up to me. I was totally enthralled with the idea of waking dreams. I knew, looking back on my life, I had many "signs" along the way. I'd always believed in them in a kind of superstitious manner, but didn't have a clue as to their origin or their profound meaning.

Growing up, it was quite common to hear older folks state, "It's a sign from God." All well and good, but to a young adult in the working world, superstition falls away quickly under the pressures of day-to-day life and is quickly supplanted with a vivid dose of reality. It takes a while for us to awaken to the fact that there are

many realities. Living in the physical world blinds us to the invisible realms, which are every bit as real as those we've been trained to see. There is so much more out there. At first it might seem overwhelming, but it is really a great relief to know that life never ends. Soul is forever and simply changes form to gain more experience. We never stop the learning process, no matter how far we advance. There is always another step along the way; another path; another life to live.

When I was a kid I used to try to conceptualize death; but I couldn't fathom the idea that it all ends here. It was petrifying and ridiculous to me at the same time. I used to freeze at the thought that there is nothing after this lifetime...what if it's true? But my mind, or more accurately my soul, refused to accept such a limited vision. There must be more. There had to be a much higher force that designed and created it all. It is impossible that we simply evolved by chance and that we just disappear after a brief lifespan. And so it goes with waking dreams as well. They too continue on without end. They are blessings of guidance and prophecy, which are there for our benefit. They are everywhere, but for those who are looking. All we need to do is be aware of them, accept their existence, and listen to them. They come in a variety of packages. Some are obvious messages, spoken through people we know and love, or related to us by strangers in passing. There may be no words at all. It may simply be a look in someone's eye, a presence, a letter, word or phrase on a billboard, a song on the radio, or a vision which may or may not be visible to everyone. Waking dreams are so varied that their presence may be as subtle as a mechanical failure, a change in the weather, or an occurrence which would appear as something out of the ordinary. You never know how they will manifest, and that isn't really important. It is only necessary that you be aware all of the time, of everything that is going on around you. If you can be so attuned, then answers to

perplexing situations and problems will indeed appear. They may come in the dream state as well, for waking dreams exist there too. They are not confined to any one reality; they are multi-dimensional as well as multi-faceted. They are limitless, and they are absolutely wonderful. I am very grateful to have been made aware of them, and to have had their guidance. They are a great source of comfort, though they can offer a glimpse into a situation of impending discomfort. It is not their design or responsibility to chart the future; they are simply, or sometimes not so simply, a vehicle for Spirit to provide insights, suggestions, and even a very strong nudge in a particular direction if it is necessary.

Of course, we always have the option of listening or ignoring, but without fail, we will get another reminder if we turn away. If we stray too far, the waking dreams will fade until we earn their respect again. Spirit has a marvelous way of giving us every opportunity to do it right. With free will, we will frequently misread the information, or choose to put our loyalties elsewhere. That is, until we wake up to the reality of our existence. At that point there is no mistaking the truths we are here to learn and gather, and there is no desire to fool with anything else. Beliefs are one thing, knowledge is another. Once we have had the experience, we are not satisfied with anything else.

And so it goes with waking dreams. I don't know what I would do without them in my life. I look for them so that I don't make a serious wrong turn on life's path. I do know that they will be with me and that they have always been with me. It is a matter of paying attention to the subtle means by which they interact with us. Their medley of communication is nothing short of miraculous, and if nothing else, should give you the certainty of the existence of a higher force.

I need to bring to light one more facet of the waking dream, and that is when we are in the physical but are more in the dream state. Have you ever been somewhere or gone through an experience that

seemed unreal? As if you were floating through a dream. There is that cottony feeling in your head and in your eyes. What you are perceiving at the time just doesn't seem concrete. I have found that to be another aspect of a waking dream, in that you are quite awake but are also in a mild dream state at the same time. My wife and I always travel through those situations at the same time, or at least perceive them simultaneously. We look at each other and comment "This is like a Woody Allen movie." We know precisely what we mean. It's not that we've withdrawn from the scene, it's more that we've been able to see it from a separate viewpoint....by a distinct shift in realm.

After you have read the events I've recounted in the following chapters, take a moment to reflect upon your life and the events that have made a difference. Were there times when you could have or perhaps should have done something differently? Contemplate, and see if you were getting any "signs" which were in actuality waking dreams, which were offering you an alternative to the path you chose. Or maybe you got indications to take the precise way you went, but never noticed them. In any case, I am happy to have been delegated to share the richness of my experiences with you. I have chosen the following selections with care, as they are the most pronounced events I can remember. They are the ones I feel Spirit has designated to be shared with you.

# FAREWELL

A brand new phase of my life was about to begin and I was vaguely conscious of it. It was the dawn of Sunday, July 29th, 1973. An uncomfortable feeling had generated within me and was growing silently. The morning mist was burning off as the day began. The fog had been thick last night. The kind where it lays on the ground and you barely glimpse the end of your body. Your shadow couldn't stray far into the night unless you were right beside it, for the grey density that enveloped everything. Driving had slowed to a crawl and time was gauged by the distance to the next traffic light. Suddenly, in the sky, there was a faint reflection. A great, diffused sphere of red light emanated from an overhead aluminum appendage that jutted out into the intersection. The street signs weren't visible at short distances, so good navigation was essential for calculating your whereabouts. There had only been a few, down to the ground fogs like this one, and only once before was I old enough to have had the good fortune to drive in it. Headlights and high beams were useless so I turned them all off and crept forward by the light of my flashers which, being amber and intermittent, had the power to stave off the giant colony of blinding mist.

In the morning, only a trace of the awesome cloud was to be found. The sun had taken over and dispersed the villainous moisture with the aid of lofty ocean breezes. Arlyn and I received a surprise phone call that morning. The folks were flying down to see a

client. Could we meet them at noon at the airport? My eyes lit up with joy and my response was an eager “Look for us, we’ll be waiting for you.” The game plan was for a brief visit to the client, followed by lunch and then we’d take them to the airport so they could be back by late afternoon. The thought of spending those few random hours with them sounded very inviting, especially now for some odd reason. It was always fun to be with them but this meeting seemed to hold more importance to me. I didn’t know why and didn’t question it.

Arlyn and I had a quick breakfast of coffee, juice and toast and got dressed for what would have ordinarily been a typical Sunday at the shore. We took a quick walk on the boardwalk, with the pungent aroma of the salt laden atmosphere mingling with the soft warm breezes off the beach. We looked at one another and smiled in anticipation of the coming hours.

Without hesitation we ran toward the ocean barefoot, splashing in the surf as we held hands. The water was pleasantly tepid as the foaming lather splashed over our ankles. Though time seemed to have lost direction, the hour was growing late and we headed back to the car, brushed off the layers of sand and left for the airport.

It was only a five-minute ride, if that. The airport was right off the main highway into Atlantic City. Barely across the causeway, over the canal and we were there. It wasn’t a very impressive airport. Only a few hangars, cement landing strip, small snack bar and building that housed the ground control facility and bathrooms, with a few rows of chocked aircraft to the side. The absence of the sea breezes was quite noticeable as we began to sweat from the intense beating of the midday sun. As I peered into the distance toward the west, there appeared a glittering shimmer, which had to be them. In another minute or so that incredibly beautiful red and white twin-engine bird I knew so well would be touching down. I stared into space and watched her grow larger by the second as she closed the distance between us.

Suddenly it was fully recognizable. The wing and belly strobes flashed discordantly, yet rhythmically. They were just over the threshold with a nose up attitude and gear down. They seemed to simply float to the ground. A slight screech filled our ears as the tires kissed the runway, and with that, they were here. The Aztec plane made a sweet, symphonic sound as she approached. It was a harmonious purr, which exuded the metallic smell of power. The strobes turned off and the engines finished with a sputtering halt, ending in silence. The door latch was released and the door opened as we ran to them, exchanging warm embraces. Suddenly life was an encrusted jewel, glittering with every turn of its facets. There was an outpouring of blue and white light, which warmed everyone in its path, creating an almost euphoric energy. I didn't just hold Pop, I clutched him and wished this moment never to finish. There was an immediate bond, which stretched beyond our embrace throughout the afternoon. I hadn't seen Pop for several days since he'd been to Chicago to close some serious negotiations involving some rare and important 19th century paintings. It was a smashing success. He was beaming about the Winslow Homer and the Thomas Eakins..a real coup! It had been a tough deal, but he managed to outwit the competition and throw them off balance by feigning disinterest in the "meat" of the deal. Dealers would discreetly follow him and watch closely as he showed interest in something. If he passed over it without so much as a glance they would assume something was wrong with it. If it were treasure, they surmised, he would be after it like a herd of elephants. He knew how to deal and when to overpay, for when the potential was there, the excess tens of thousands of dollars invested in the front end of the deal were inconsequential. I had watched with admiration all my life as he skillfully performed this with deadly accuracy. It thrilled me to watch him devour his competition who would have stabbed him in the back if given a chance. It was a certainty that when Pop set out on a mission, he would return home the victor. There weren't many figures in my life about whom I could make such a statement, but Pop was the most positive

thinking, super achiever I'd ever known. He was a stunning force of one; a dynamo of individual power. He never set the guns down. Not for a minute! He was a master of situation alteration. If something didn't suit him, or failed to meet his approval, he would tailor it to conform to his design. He was never tolerant of tail wagging the dog, as it were, and reminded me of that more than once.

I was still green around the edges, slightly cocky and more than a touch skeptical of this overpowering style, but as time passed his methods grew on me even if his manner didn't seem quite my size. I marveled at his grace and wealth of knowledge about human behavior, but I didn't feel adequate enough to assume the role just yet. After all, how could anyone match such a perpetual show of strength. The one thing I would never do would be to hurt him. I would have focused the pain in any other direction, even inward. At the naive age of 24, the thought of practicing his ideology was tantamount to usurping his power. Indeed he would have been delighted to see me employ his ways and play out life's roles in his well-calculated fashion and in accordance with his directions, which, unbeknownst to me, were already perfectly etched in my unconscious. But I was convinced I knew all about life's screenplay. I felt no compunction about refusing his influence. I was also bound by emotional conflict and had distorted the perspective sufficiently away from the limits of what was proper to further confuse myself. Had I been more in touch with my feelings, I might have seen the meaning of the old saw, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Instead, I chose to believe that copying someone's style thwarted one's individuality. I was too blinded by the passions of youth to have seen beyond those infantile interpretations, only time would remedy my misconceptions.

We placed the chocks under the wheels of the airplane and went into the office to fill out the landing forms. We left the airport and went to the appointment at the home of a private client who had

fantastic paintings to sell. Instead of being fantastic, they were dreadful. We stayed the polite amount of time, and left at the first appropriate moment. We grabbed a leisurely lunch, which included the mandatory buckets of steamers followed by lobsters which had been steamed in seaweed. This was a real treat for the tastebuds; a feast for the senses; too short but very sweet. It was time to head back to the airport; something I didn't want to do in the worst way. The conversation turned to business and how the upcoming year would be a challenge, but would stand us well in the long run. Even though the art markets looked deceptively optimistic, Pop warned of impending reversal, and that we needed to be ready for the changing economic tide. No one else shared his thinking, but I knew better than to challenge him. He'd been right too many times and I knew he'd be right this time around. We agreed to brace for the worst and get in position quickly to pick up the pieces of the others, as they fell around us. They would be surprised while we would be prepared.

It was growing a trifle sultry as the strong afternoon sun dissipated any remaining shade. Pop and I walked to the plane as Mom and Arlyn trailed behind. He put his arm around me as we walked and told me he'd be leaving for London the next morning. I was taken aback. I would have known this days before, but it all just happened last night and he wanted to tell me in person. "I'll be staying with Julius in London for a couple of days and then we are off to Switzerland to look at a jewel of a Renoir, a first rate Pissarro, and a couple of textbook Monet's. It's in a very private collection that is being sold off quickly and with the utmost discretion. If we get there by Tuesday, we can walk away with the whole deal!" I understood his excitement as he divulged more of the details. "Call the bank in the morning and make certain they arrange the necessary funding. There can be no delays or screw-ups so stay on them and move fast." I knew what had to be done and I would make sure it was arranged first thing in the morning. I knew the limits of our credit and I also knew which way to go if

we needed to reach beyond them, but it wouldn't be necessary for this deal.

We walked around the plane and did the standard checks before startup. We looked for prop nicks, dents or breaks along wing and aileron surfaces, oil leaks, tire tread wear, and any other abnormal things we could find. Pop had filed a 3:30 flight plan so there was no time to waste. We hugged and kissed as they got on board. "See you in the city Mom," I said in a rather somber tone as I kissed her goodbye. Arlyn watched with pride as Pop and I hugged tightly and kissed one another goodbye.

Time was short as they disappeared behind the tinted windshield. All that was visible was the eerie silhouette of Pop's face, which was highlighted by the dark glasses and aura like band of light around his head. I thought I saw him mouth the words, "I love you" just as the left engine began to crank. A delicate puff of smoke and she kicked over, revving smoothly and waiting impatiently for the second one to follow suit. A few twists, the belch of another white wisp and both engines were humming the tune of synchronization. The visual testing protocol would follow and the Aztec would be on her way to distant skies. A quick but affectionate wave of the hand, a thrown kiss, and they taxied toward the runway. I watched as the wings nodded left and right on the plane's stroll down the concrete taxiway. They stalled briefly at the end, just short of the runway, to run up the engines. After all signs indicated the go ahead, they lined up on the asphalt path and the twin Lycomings engines roared at full throttle, pulling them quickly to a graceful lift off the ground. The gear was retracted and the plane climbed steeply into the brilliant but hazy blue sky.

I was overcome by an uneasy feeling that instantly enveloped me. It was inexplicable. I felt a terrible sadness, a total loneliness. I was filled with a queer sense of being alone for the first time in my life. It was more than uncomfortable...I couldn't shake it. I knew that the beads of sweat on my skin and the slight lightheadedness I was

experiencing were not at all attributable to the oppressive heat, but to a much more powerful force... the situation at hand. I was intuitive enough to know that something was terribly wrong, but I couldn't have predicted what the next days would bring. I only felt a dreaded vacancy, which hadn't been there before today.

I never expected to realize my worst fear...that I had seen my father for the very last time.....