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INFINITE MIND



An exploration of psi and the capabilities
of the human mind

KIM FORRESTER

Infinite Mind

*An exploration of psi and the capabilities
of the human mind*

Kim Forrester



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Introduction

History shows that the ability to accept new discoveries is not, generally, something humans do well; it does not sit comfortably with our need to feel powerful and in control. However, as a part of nature, we are inherently programmed to evolve. As much as we resist change or ignore progress, we will always find ourselves propelled forward into glorious unknowns.

I was raised in a fairly regular, flippantly-Christian New Zealand home where spiritual encounters were neither shunned nor encouraged, but I can't claim to have had any particularly mystical experiences in my childhood or youth. I didn't see spirit faces in the window; I didn't have premonitions of impending catastrophe or angelic visitations in my bedroom.

For many years I did enjoy the company of an imaginary herd of horses but, even in my child mind, I knew they weren't real. They fulfilled my desperate desire for a pet horse and a need to belong. For me, life revolved around the experiences of my five physical senses and my rather active and all-consuming imagination.

Now, armed with hindsight and the information in this book, I see how my childhood was also influenced by another, more intangible sense. For many years, I was driven by extreme self-doubt and an obsessive need to make others happy. I was unable to tolerate conflict and anger, and still can't, because it reverberated through my body like a shock wave. I often doubted others' motives; I sensed an underlying falseness behind their smiles. I was desperate to rescue others and make them praise me or laugh because it was the only time I felt truly comfortable.

No doubt there were psychological reasons for my behaviour but I realise now that these characteristics were also the result of my deep connection with the emotions and intentions of others. I'm not speaking of mere empathy, although that was a natural by-product of my experiences. I *felt* people. I absorbed their pain, their anger, their joy and their wickedness. I knew that behind many of those socially acceptable smiles ("I'm fine, thanks.") lingered rage, grief or depression. As a child it made me neurotic. As an informed adult, it serves me incredibly well.

Of course, even if I had been aware that a sixth sense was part of my childhood experience, I would never have claimed any mystical abilities. Even well into my twenties, I believed that psychics *saw* their powerful messages; they saw visions and pictures and apparitions in crystal balls and candle flames. Compared to fabled clairvoyants, feeling others' emotions didn't seem particularly noteworthy.

From a very young age, I was fascinated with topics that lay just beyond the limits of conformity. As a young child, I

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remember poring over my grandmother's book about unexplained phenomena. I loved astrology and cosmology and felt compelled to learn more about our enigmatic universe. I read horoscopes and fantasy novels and revelled in the idea of other 'unseen' worlds. By the time I was a teenager, I was dabbling in lunchtime Ouija boards with my giggling, nervous friends.

All the while, I remained completely oblivious to the notion that maybe, just maybe, I was drawn to the mysteries of our universe because of an unconscious need to discover more about the mysteries of myself. I was 16 when a fairground mystic told me I was psychic. I remember laughing at the absurdity of his statement. It took 10 years before my curiosity got the better of me, and I decided to test his hypothesis.

I was 26 years old, when I decided to educate myself in things spiritual and mystical.

It began in the comfortable home of a local spiritual teacher in Rotorua, New Zealand. For those first few years, I was determined to be psychic, to receive clairvoyant messages in multi-coloured splendour and float away on visually stimulating meditations. I was ready, I was primed and I was very, very eager to succeed.

The only problem was, I was useless. Terrible. Utterly and completely incompetent.

I began with meditation, but I was quickly distracted by everyday thoughts – what I had for dinner, or how to deal with the current crisis at work. My 'psychic messages' consisted of hunches or ridiculous visions. "I see broccoli," I said to a

classmate one evening. “Did you have broccoli for dinner?” I added hopefully.

It was many years before I eventually learned something magical about myself. Despite my desire for psychic visions — to see auras and replicate the deeds of traditional clairvoyants — my sixth sense worked in other ways.

I rarely saw any visions (I still very rarely do) but, oh, how the feelings would flow! How intense and incredible the emotions in my body could be. How clear and loud my inner voice could speak — words, names, instructions. My mind and my heart provided me with all the intuitive guidance I needed. I was not a strong clairvoyant but, as my child-self had demonstrated, I was naturally attuned to people and situations through emotion and thought.

This understanding — that I could do things my own way — was a revelation for me. Until then, I had never been told that was possible or acceptable.

As my intuitive abilities strengthened, so too did my belief that psychic insight is not a ‘gift’ but an aptitude. I was sure that my (by now, quite accurate) ability was not mystical or divinely bestowed. I saw it as an inherent aspect of being human, conscious and part of the universe.

My resolve was cemented when I came across a tiny statistic: 4.6%. Two little numbers; four keystrokes on my keyboard and the key to a wondrous understanding about the universe we call home. This number, 4.6%, is the estimated amount of the universe that humans can measure and understand.¹

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From that moment on, I became passionate about the unknowable — the truths that human minds cannot fathom. Yet I felt these truths resonate with me, intuitively, and I wanted to find a way to convey them to others so they would make better sense.

I immediately began to read, study and absorb all the scientific research I could about psychic ability, consciousness and the universe. (There is plenty!) And I began to write about them, teach them, tell stories and offer examples about them to anyone who was interested.

As I studied, I realised that if we are ever to fully understand who we are and what we are capable of, we need to bring together the latest understandings of spirituality, science and psychology. We need to free ourselves of the need to be right — to know it all and have all the answers — and eagerly explore and accept new discoveries when they present themselves.

It is in this spirit of bold inquisitiveness and fearless evolution that this book has been written. I hope that in the following pages you find something that feeds your intellect, ignites your curiosity and encourages you to take a leap beyond the confines of your conscious mind and into the realms of infinite possibility.

Prologue

Kidapawan, The Philippines

The shadows were growing long in Kidapawan. Gracia reclined lower into the bus seat and rested her head wearily against the window. It was a four-hour bus ride from Cotabato City on Mindanao's southwest coast to Davao City on the eastern shore. Kidapawan was only halfway along that journey.

It had been a tiring week for Gracia. She had started her college course in catering and hospitality only two months earlier and for several days she had been undergoing intensive on-the-job training in Cotabato City. Now, she was heading back to Davao for a day off; tomorrow she would turn around and endure the four-hour trip back to Cotabato.

Even for a resilient and energetic 16-year-old, this hectic pace of life was draining. The Weena Express bus to Davao was not busy that day, and she was able to secure herself an entire double seat near the back of the vehicle. It was a rare, restful way to spend the long journey

At just after 2:30pm there was a quick stop in Kidapawan. Just enough time for passengers to alight with their luggage and for any ongoing passengers to climb aboard. By Gracia's

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estimates they should be back on the road by 3pm and arrive in Davao just as the sun set.

Davao was not a safe place to be after night; unrest and terrorism had been strangling the southern Philippines city for the past few years. So, Gracia was keen to get there by nightfall and ensure she was home, safe, by early evening.

The diesel engines of the bus spluttered into silence as they arrived at the crowded terminal. Around her, passengers began stuffing luggage and shuffling out of seats with the relaxed disorder of the Philippines. *I would really love something to eat.* The thought materialised, uninvited, in Gracia's brain. *Hmm, yeah, I could really do with some food right now.*

The thought was clear, persistent, but Gracia's tired body refused to cooperate. It was so rare to have the use of an entire double seat and she was not keen to risk losing it for a later, probably crowded, bus. Besides, she was used to travelling the full journey without food and a later departure would mean that she would arrive in Davao City after dark. *No, she thought. I'll stay where I am.*

But something piqued her senses. The smell of durian wafted into the bus from the stalls outside. The pungent sweetness of the prickly fruit filled her nostrils and teased her taste buds. *Oh, I really, really want some durian.* The yearning was too great; it made her defy her weary body as it insisted she relinquish her comfortable seat.

In a moment of impulse, Gracia grabbed her belongings — a simple paper shopping bag — and sprung toward the front door of the bus. She would have to catch a later ride; to heck

with the consequences. She stepped from the bus, and ran down the stairs and into the food court under the terminal.

It was a busy Thursday afternoon and the lower level of the Kidapawan bus station was a jostling mass of hungry travellers, eager merchants and cheery musicians. The noise of the crowd filled the air and echoed off the concrete surrounds in jolly cacophony.

Gracia had barely had time to purchase her durian when the muffled noise of a bomb slammed into her young body. The food court around her dissolved into a frenzy of shock and dismay but it was above them, where the Weena buses were parked, that the desperate bloodshed unfolded.

The explosion took the lives of two passengers immediately, left six others fatally wounded, and dozens more injured. Around the bus where Gracia had lazed wearily, just minutes before, there now lay a tangled mess of ragged steel and bloodied victims.

Investigators would later determine that it was a homemade bomb, filled with nails and shredded iron in order to affect the greatest carnage. The device had been hidden in the Weena terminal, near the back of Gracia's parked bus. According to reports, it was an extortion attempt; a vicious demand by a local gang for the payment of 'protection money'.

But for Gracia, none of that mattered. For her, there remained only a peculiar sense of fate; of safeguarding and destiny. If not for the strange yearning that had overcome her as they arrived at the station, Gracia knew that she would have felt the full force of the blast. She would have joined the eight

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others who lost their lives that Thursday afternoon at the Kidapawan bus terminal.



Welcome to *Infinite Mind*. This book is a compilation of what I have learned about the capabilities of the human mind. It is by no means exhaustive, and (unlike the number 42) it does not offer concrete answers to life, the universe and everything.² It is simply a snapshot of our understanding of mystical phenomena in the early 21st century and the science that is beginning to unravel the mysteries of these natural experiences.

The anecdotes in this book are true. The characters in each chapter — whether historical or contemporary, famous or unfamiliar — are real. In most cases, the narratives detailed in this book have been recreated from personal memoirs, autobiographies or interviews, and the facts surrounding each event have been reproduced as accurately as possible.

It is tempting to label these events as ‘remarkable’ or ‘extraordinary’. (In a world obsessed with sensationalism, it would certainly help with the marketing of this book!) However, to do so would compromise the integrity of these anecdotes and do a disservice to the scientists who have braved ridicule (and even poor funding) over the past hundred years to explore these phenomena.

The stories in this book are not as remarkable as they may appear — not as incredible. They are examples of some of the

millions of intuitive insights, messages and inspirations that occur every year, all over the world.³ These experiences, and the abilities associated with them, have come to be known by many names – psychic, metaphysical, paranormal, ESP, super natural – however I believe that many of these words are outdated and misleading. Therefore, throughout this book, I prefer to use the word psi, (pronounced sigh), when referring to these experiences.

Psi (Ψ) is the 23rd letter of the Greek alphabet and refers to anything 'of the soul'. In recent years, it has been adopted by scientists as the most appropriate term to describe the mental abilities that appear to sit outside our five, physical senses. Included in this umbrella term are telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, psychokinesis and a host of other mental aptitudes that I will explain in detail in the coming chapters.

My use of the word psi is deliberate. Many psi researchers have adopted the term to avoid the use of misleading prefixes such as tele-, para- or extra-; prefixes that suggest attributes about these abilities that we now believe to be incorrect. I use the term psi simply to avoid the negative connotation that is associated with other terms that are no longer useful; the unfortunate images of fortune tellers, crystal balls and questionable 1900 hotlines that inevitably spring to mind when confronted with words such as psychic or ESP.

As science helps move us further from the superstitions of the past, my hope is that these worn-out phrases will also fade into oblivion. And it is indisputable that science is moving us into exciting new territory.

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Many scientific principles taught in schools today, in the 21st century, are based on discoveries of the 17th and 18th centuries, particularly the philosophy of Rene Descartes and the science of Isaac Newton. These early discoverers introduced a way of thinking that explored the workings of the universe yet did so without challenging the strict doctrines of the powerful Church. As a result, their findings were officially accepted by religious leaders and, in turn, these 'acceptable' teachings became the standard for future generations of scientists.

It is only in the last hundred years that flaws in these principles have come to light. Modern psychology has, for example, thrown into question Descartes' idea of the mind. Experiments in quantum mechanics have revealed that Newtonian physics does not always apply at a sub-atomic level.

However, 400 years ago, science had taken a decidedly materialistic turn and it was left to the mystics to try to explain the thousands of ethereal and metaphysical events experienced by people around the world. Over the centuries, certain concepts have arisen in an attempt to explain to those who had experienced unusual events — such as spirit guides, angels and demons — what science had chosen to ignore. We now understand that the conscious mind will interpret psi information in a way that is meaningful to the recipient. Although psi is believed to be the result of some form of pure 'data', an individual's prior beliefs and expectations will transform it into familiar imagery; for example, the angels of the Christian faith or the animal totems of indigenous Americans. Therefore, many mystical anecdotes (even those of the modern day) may involve such imagery.

Even early psi researchers misunderstood the nature of psi abilities, often working under the assumption that information collected was transferred by some form of radio wave or signal. Although understandable, based on the science of the time, sadly this misconception only contributed to the divide between science and spirituality as no such radio or thought signal was ever detected.

Thankfully, due largely to the evolution of quantum physics over the past century, new understandings are emerging about psi and how it fits into the human experience. Modern psi researchers maintain that psi phenomenon is a result of the interconnectedness of everything in the universe; a premise that is based on the discovery that the quantum universe is not a jigsaw of separate entities but rather an inescapable mass of intertwined energy and particles. The atoms that make up you and me do not stand apart from the atoms of our environment; they are intertwined, unified and in constant interaction. More on this in a later chapter.

The concepts of entanglement and non-locality (the ability of one particle to influence another distant particle without the transfer of information) have opened the door for modern psi researchers to create robust and testable theories about the nature of psi. Given this new understanding of the world, this quantum world, it seems entirely possible that information could be received across distance (and time) without any apparent transfer or signal.

Finally, after 400 years of deep division, the stage is set for psi to be explored and understood in scientific terms. It is this magical land, previously a no-man's-land, where scientific data

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meets spiritual lore that awaits you, dear reader, in the chapters that follow.

2

A Strange and Intense Dream Seattle WA, USA

Jasmine's eyes flickered open and slowly adjusted to the early morning light. She stretched luxuriously and gently — the familiar surroundings of her bedroom came into focus and her dream fell away. She realised that she was exactly where she should be: in her student apartment in Seattle, Washington.

It had been such a strange and intense dream — the hospital room, her father standing next to her, the presence of her mother. She was sitting up in the hospital bed, cradling an infant baby in her arms. Lovingly, she had turned to look down into the eyes of the newborn child. The confusion of that moment was still palpable.

Jasmine was 23 — old enough to start a family — but university life was a fulltime commitment and she wasn't currently dating. Even in her dream, she questioned this fact. She had no recollection of a pregnancy and no concept of who the father might be. *Who is this baby? Where did it come from? When was I pregnant?* Nothing in the dream made sense. For this reason, it should be dismissed as inconsequential — the random imaginings of a nocturnal mind. But something about the

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dream hung on her like a thick blanket of significance. She could not shake the puzzling visions it had brought her.

Thanks to her American father and Malaysian mother, Jasmine had olive skin, brown wavy hair and eyes the colour of melted chocolate. She had always assumed that her children would share these physical traits, so she had been startled by the baby in her dream. It was a boy with blonde hair, blue eyes and the fairest of skin. It was a Western European baby and Jasmine remembered referring to it, in her dream, as a little Frenchman.

Despite the initial confusion, Jasmine's connection with the tiny baby in her dream had been deep and profound, and this sat with her as she lay in bed in the early Seattle sunlight. Deep inside, she knew this was not just any baby. This was *her* baby; her little Frenchman.

The feeling did not leave her all day. Raised to be logical and pragmatic, Jasmine tried repeatedly throughout the day to shrug the dream off as an irrational illusion, but in vain. Finally, she accepted that somehow, in her sleep, a tiny blue-eyed infant had wrapped himself around her heart. When her phone rang that evening, it was a welcome distraction.

Darain was an old friend from high school. A year older than Jasmine, Darain had watched over her throughout their teenage years in Honolulu — like a protective older brother. He had left Hawaii several years earlier to attend the Coast Guard Academy in Connecticut, and it was only by chance that they had both ended up in Seattle — Jasmine studying nursing at the University of Washington, and Darain with his first duty station with the Coast Guard.

Jasmine was pleased to hear his voice and was even more delighted when he suggested a night out later in the week. Darain explained that his brother, Robin, was in town and it was a perfect opportunity for the three high school buddies to have a fun reunion. Jasmine's eerie dream was forgotten, and she glided through the week in a pleasant and comfortable routine.

From the moment Darain picked her up, they were absorbed in conversation. He explained that he had invited a couple of extra friends, but Jasmine barely registered this as she slipped into the front of the car and continued their lively dialogue. The laughter, banter and gossip continued into the restaurant.

Darain sat opposite Jasmine, and Robin, keen to hear her news, sat beside her. As they took their places, Jasmine glanced further down the table realising that she was yet to acknowledge the other guests. Her gaze flickered past the first companion, a Coast Guard friend of Darain's, and came to rest lightly on the second stranger.

He had not yet uttered a word, in fact he was still settling into his seat, but the message in Jasmine's mind was immediate and emphatic. *This man is going to be in your life, for the rest of your life.* Jasmine looked away swiftly, struggling to find a rational reason for such a bizarre thought. It was a few moments before she turned back to look at the stranger at the opposite end of the table.

In that instant, her body froze. There, looking back at her, were the familiar features and cornflour blue eyes of the baby in her dream.

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His name was Kevin. Originally from the East Coast, he had just received his commission into the Coast Guard and had been stationed to a boat in Seattle. Darain had taken Kevin under his wing, and was keeping him company while he assimilated to his new life on the West Coast.

Kevin was quiet that evening. He watched as the three friends engaged in enthusiastic and nostalgic conversation, interjecting only occasionally to offer a witty or humorous remark. But for Jasmine, the connection was immediate and intimate. Despite the protests of her logical mind, the quiet stranger at the end of the table felt like he was already part of her family. She felt like she already knew Kevin, and she was keen to investigate why.

The next day, she contacted Darain. "Who is Kevin? Where do I know him from?"

Darain's reply was both intriguing and revealing. "There's no way you would know him," he said. "His name is Kevin Beaudoin. He's from Massachusetts, but he's half French."

A week later, thanks to Darain, Kevin and Jasmine met again, this time at Jasmine's apartment. It was only a brief visit, but it served to reinforce the feeling within Jasmine that Kevin was to be part of her life. That evening, after the two men had left, Jasmine's roommate watched her running through the apartment gleefully yelling "I'm going to marry that man!" Her prediction proved to be correct.

After a year abroad with the Coast Guard, Kevin returned to Seattle to enjoy his first official date with Jasmine, and they

were married less than two years later. They currently have two daughters — one is blonde with cornflour blue eyes.



Psi in dreams: Sidestepping the senses

According to researchers, psi-related dreams (dreams that include telepathic, clairvoyant or precognitive information) are the most common form of psi experience. In fact, studies from around the world show that about half of all spontaneous psi experiences happen while the recipient is dreaming, and most include a subject of great emotional impact or importance.⁴

In 1966, in response to a growing volume of anecdotal evidence, psychiatrist Montague Ullman began a series of clinical tests at the Maimonides dream laboratory in Brooklyn, New York. Over the next seven years, Ullman and his colleagues completed a total of 379 dream-psi sessions and produced some of the most compelling evidence for psi ever collected.

The success of dream-psi experiments, and the regularity with which prophetic dreams appear in the wider population, suggests that psi is fundamentally an unconscious process. As a result, it seems to be naturally heightened once the distraction of the five physical senses has been removed or neutralised. On a cultural level, this may explain the use of altered states of awareness by traditional shamans — such as meditation,

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drumming and psychoactive drugs — when attempting to receive intuitive insights and messages.

According to researchers, precognitive dreams (like the one Jasmine had) tend to be exceptionally poignant and clear, and often contain unusual or bizarre information. Although many of these dreams carry a sense of significance, it can initially be difficult to identify them as precognitive or symbolic. However, because psi-related dreams are relatively common, it is possible for anyone to learn to identify them as they occur.

The first step in identifying psi-related dreams is to learn how to identify normal (non-psi) dreams. Non-psi dreams are:

1. generic; a dream influenced by the previous day's activities and thoughts, or
2. wish-fulfilling; a dream of a desire or aspiration, or
3. anxiety-disclosing; a dream which reveals an unconscious (or conscious) fear or concern.

Dreams that feel significant, that are full of unusual content and do not represent any of the above categories, may be psi-based. Often, these dreams involve precognitive or telepathic messages; psi information that is bypassing your conscious mind, while you sleep.

End of Preview

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