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OMENS OF POWER

by

Damien Windsor

In Presidential elections, as in life, it's often the little things that make the difference.

This is the record of a sequence of uncanny "little" things that revealed a web of well-kept secrets about the origins of this nation, pointed to Ronald Reagan, and made all the difference in my life.

When you have read it you will be as certain as I am that Ronald Reagan is natural hier to America, and that he can't lose.

* * *

It all began in England.

I landed at London Airport in the Fall of 1974 and took the bus to the home of a friend a little outside the city. Jetlagged and exhausted, she soon made me a bed on the couch in the music room. My head had hardly hit the pillow when I heard her say that she was going to leave an opening in the drapes so that I could awaken naturally by the morning light.

My hostess could only have been gone minutes when an inexplicable chill overtook me. In a single movement I shot up in the dark and turned my head towards the window. There, framed perfectly by the folds of the drapes, were three stars

in a diagonal line.



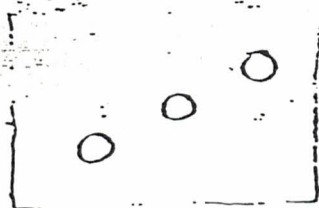
Instantly I recognized these stars as the only natural constellation in the heavens -- the "belt" of the Great Hunter, Orion, who walks the night sky with his Dog, Canus Major.

I was already aware of an uncanny symmetry about these constellations, both geometrically and mythologically. The three stars which make up Orion's belt form a line which points to Sirius, physically the brightest star in the sky. And Sirius, as the "nose" of the hunting dog Canus Major, points-- back to the three stars. By itself, Sirius is known as the Dog Star.

All my life I had felt there was something uncanny about the alignment of these stars. They seemed somehow too perfect to be natural. I had always been drawn to Orion's belt and to Sirius without knowing why. I was soon to find out.

Stunned by the coincidence of the constellation framed by the drapes as if flanked by flags, I again felt the chill. Without knowing why, my heart started to beat quickly and I turned on the light at the head of the couch. There above the bed was an abstract painting -- of three circles in a

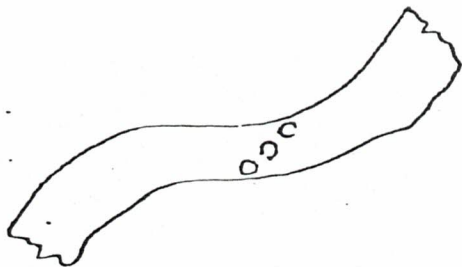
diagonal line.



Within the week I rented a car, 'coincidentally called a Hunter, and drove on the "wrong" side of the road to Stratford-on-Avon, where I discovered that the remainder of my travel money had been miswired to London. Stranded until it was rerouted, I took an inexpensive hotel and decided to relax and enjoy the historic variety of the town.

The first morning in Stratford I awoke too late for breakfast but raced down to the dining room anyway. The waitress was still there cleaning up, and I managed to prevail upon her to ask the cook to prepare me something. Alone in a dining room with a hundred chairs, I was soon brought the traditional English breakfast -- two eggs, a cooked tomato, biscuits and a lone strip of bacon.

There was something unusual about the meal besides the seating arrangement. As she set the plate in front of me, the waitress gasped and began to apologize profusely for the quality of the bacon. I stopped her from taking the plate. In the middle of the bacon strip, which rippled like a flag in the wind, were three very large, nubby, white pieces of gristle, in a perfect diagonal line.



Much to the waitress' surprise, I insisted on keeping the bacon -- I told her we liked it that way in America -- and enjoyed an excellent and leisurely breakfast.

After the meal, I decided it fitting as the first order of business in Shakespeare's birthplace to visit his grave. To do this, I was told, I needed to walk up the River Avon a ways before turning up an old cobblestone street to the stone church where he is buried.

As I strolled along the river I again felt the chill, which was getting to be something of a habit. Ahead a single piece of paper fluttered in the wind. Surely, almost intently, it blew towards me until it stopped suddenly against my shoe.

I picked it up with a powerful sense of expectation. In the upper lefthand corner of the flier (forgive us our puns) was a family crest -- a field of stripes crowned by three stars in a row. It was, the flier told me, the crest of George Washington and his ancestors. I was holding an ad for Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the founder of our country.

I think it was at that moment that it finally dawned on me that I was on an unusual journey, one which would take me to incredible places, and one whose signposts, like markers along a freshly blazed trail, were uncannily appearing triple stars.

Finally my money arrived in Stratford-on-Avon and I spent the next two weeks communing with ancient megaliths and looking forward with awe to my final stop, Sulgrave Manor.

It was late afternoon when I arrived at the Manor, some three miles from famous Banbury Cross. I pulled into

the gravelled driveway and stopped. As I approached the gate in the tall hedge, the chill returned. I could see it. There, over the ancient door of the Manor house, were the three stars -- in a line across the top of Washington's crest. For hundreds of years the stars and stripes had survived the weather on the cream-colored stucco of Washington's home.

The kind woman who opened the door laughed when I asked if I could see the house. I had arrived, she explained, on the last hour of the last day of tourist season. Another few minutes and the Manor would have been closed until Spring.

I spent an hour walking through the home and touring the garden. I insisted upon being alone and, for whatever reason, my hostess understood. Then, within hours of absorbing the secret and ancient tradition which resonated there, I was on a plane for the nation Washington founded with the stars and stripes burning in my mind.

* * *

For the next three years I played the role of cosmic Sherlock Holmes, trying everything I could think of to unearth the meaning of the three stars.

The obvious place to start was Washington's ancestral crest. Surely there was a link between the crest and the design of the American flag. But check as I could, nowhere was there an explicit reference to such a link. I found out what I already knew -- that Betsy Ross made the first flag and that it had thirteen stars in a circle.

The certainty of this connection, however, led me to
believe that there was some reason for the link to have been
intentionally obscured. Was there a secret society? Some
reason for the truth to be hidden?

My next thought was that there might be a link between the Washington crest and some ancient, secret tradition which it was in the interests of the founders of the nation to conceal. What could that tradition be, and what could have been its purpose?

It wasn't long before I found out, through a series of coincidences and meetings with remarkable men.

* * *

The clues began coming together in 1976, the 200th anniversary of our nation. Late in the year I received an unexpected call from the Personnel Office at Stanford University in California where I had been working in the Department of Pediatrics at the medical school. Could I be at the Hoover Institution at three o'clock that very afternoon for an appointment with a Dr. Martin Anderson? He wanted to see me with regard to a research assistantship which had opened up at the Institute. I was surprised at the call, as I had just the day before accepted a full-time job at the medical center, but said yes. As I did, the old chill returned.

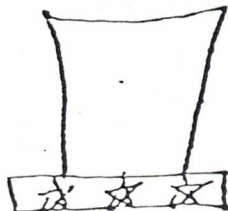
At 3:00 o'clock I mounted the steps of the Lou Henry Hoover Memorial building at Stanford University next to the University's impressive landmark, Hoover Tower. All I knew about the Institution could have filled a thimble. It was a "think tank," obviously well funded, and very conservative.

Shortly I found the office number I was looking for and walked in. The outer office was empty. With some apprehension I approached the inner door. It was open.

There, behind an imposing desk, sat a boyish-looking man with silver-gray hair and remarkable presence. There was something strangely familiar both about him and the place.

I walked in, we shook hands, and Martin Anderson asked me to have a seat. Did I have a resumé? As I handed it to him, he handed me back information about himself. This was the first time that a prospective employer had bothered to inform me who I might be working with, and it pleased me. The information was in the form of a book he had written which had just come off the Hoover Institution press.

The chill: On the cover of the book was Uncle Sam, pointing at me. And across the broad band of his hat were... the three stars.



I was home. Though nothing was said, I knew I had the job.

I began the next Monday and it wasn't long before I found out that Martin Anderson had just returned to the Hoover from having been Ronald Reagan's domestic issues adviser in the 1976 campaign.

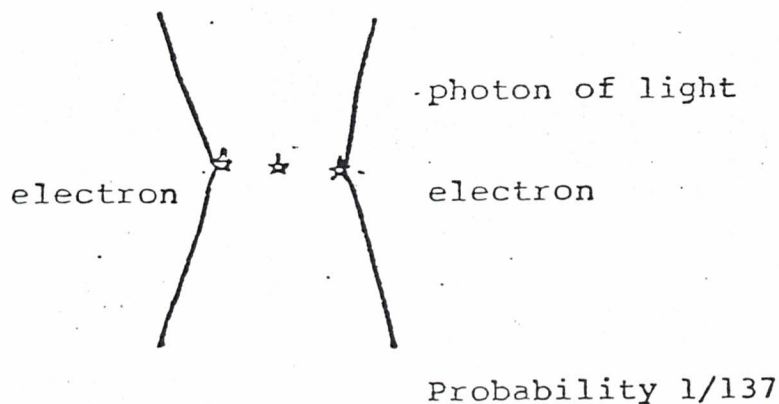
For a year we worked on a book on welfare, which became pivotal in defeating Carter's welfare proposal shortly after he took office. Anderson, I quickly learned, had a knack, and a reputation, for being effective.

While working at the Hoover Institution I continued a seventeen-year tradition of recording and analyzing the coincidences that follow me, and always have, wherever I go. As I had for years, I continued to read everything I could find on strange experiences that happen to people. The study of these events is called parapsychology, and I dreamed of the day I might be able to make a true profession of this study.

In February 1977 I began commuting from the Hoover to Berkeley, some 35 miles away, where an independent thinker and theoretical physicist, Saul-Paul Sirag, was holding an evening seminar on the philosophical foundations of quantum mechanics, the theory about the basis of the physical world. The first thing that I learned, and the one fact Sirag said we should burn into our minds about the universe, was the absolute significance of the number 137.

1/137, it turns out, is the basis of the physical, or secular, order of the world because it is the probability with which the most frequent event in nature occurs.

There is a probability of 1/137 that, whenever two electrons come together in space, they will emit a photon of light. When Sirag drew the diagram for this most fundamental event of the physical universe I could hardly believe my eyes. I was looking at a drawing of the constellation Orion, whose "belt", the three stars, represented this fundamental physical event:



The number 137 appears again and again in physics, and is absolutely central to a complete and consistent cosmology just published by Saul-Paul Sirag. Sirag refers to our world as "Universe 137."

The moment I saw this diagram, which won Richard Feynman the Nobel Prize along with the theoretical structure which goes with it, I laughed. In my purse, attached to the many keys I had to carry at the Hoover Institution, was

and still is, a small golden medallion with a number on it from a company which protects keys and credit cards. The number, which I excitedly showed Sirag and which linked us instantly, is 7-137.

The phone rang during one of Sirag's evening seminars. It was for me, and I had to answer it in the nearby office. I couldn't find the light, so I felt on the desk for a blank piece of paper on which to write directions to the home of a friend who was calling. Finally I found one sheet of paper which appeared blank in the dim light from the street.

The next morning, back in Palo Alto, I tossed the paper into the waste basket. It fell out and turned over as it landed on the floor. To my surprise, there was printing on the other side.

It was an announcement for the first informational meeting of the first accredited graduate program in the country in parapsychology--the study of the strange events I had always experienced and loved so. I had just enough time to drive back across the Bay and make the beginning of the meeting.

* * *

I was accepted into the program and in December 1977 left the Hoover to attend classes full time and live in San Francisco. The day before Martin Anderson called me into his office to tell me that he thought I should leave the Hoover to concentrate on my studies, a mutual friend of Sirag's and mine met us in Berkeley and happened to mention

that a Mr. Henry Dakin had that day put a letter in the mail to me asking me if I wanted a research assistantship in parapsychology at his Washington Research Center in San Francisco. I couldn't believe it. I needed to be closer to the university, which San Francisco was; needed part-time work to support my rent, which the assistantship would provide; and needed immediately to find a place to live which would take two dogs. Except for the latter, everything seemed to be right, so I decided then and there to say yes.

Jeffrey Mishlove, our mutual friend, told us that Dakin had asked me due to an unusual circumstance. He had just decided he had to have someone to help at the laboratory and was in the middle of writing the ad for the job when Russell Targ, parapsychologist at Stanford Research International, called. Dakin asked him who he thought might be able to fill the position, and Targ mentioned me.

I called Dakin immediately upon receiving the letter and drove to the City. After our interview he casually took me across the street and walked me through an incredibly beautiful home. He had just bought it two days before, with cash, and wanted to know, I finally realized, if I wanted to live in it. And...he would take the dogs.

Dakin was about to have the inside of the house painted, but I stopped him. Each room was the perfect color to

match the furniture and art I had accumulated over ten years; and even the rare teal blue and gold in the hearth in the living room matched the teal blue and gold in the Persian rug which would go in that room. Clearly, this was the right move.

So, the next Monday morning, when Martin Anderson suggested I try to find a job closer to my studies, I told him it had already been done.

In December 1977 when I left Martin Anderson and the Hoover Institution neither of us could have guessed the events which would bring us together again.

* * *

It happened that the very night Mishlove told me Dakin had mailed me the announcement of the research opening at the Washington Research Center, Saul-Paul Sirag had been asked to leave his five-year position at the Institute for the Study of Consciousness in Berkeley across the Bay.

We moved into the incredible house on Washington Street, a few blocks from San Francisco's historic Presidio, which is shaped like the head of a Scotty dog and was founded in 1776. And for two years I became steeped in parapsychology, coincidences, the esoteric foundations of physics, and the amazing researches of Sirag's close friend and colleague, Robert Anton Wilson.

It was through Wilson and his book, Cosmic Trigger, which Sirag had written the Afterword to, that I finally found the link between the three stars, Sirius, the secret society I suspected, and the foundation of our nation.

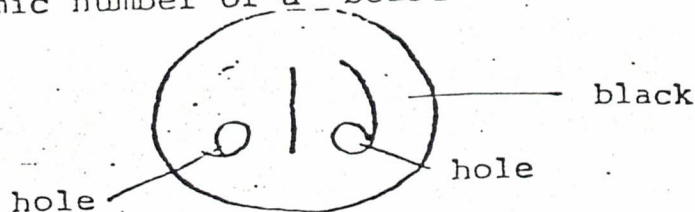
George Washington, it turned out, was a Mason -- an all-male secret society devoted to the establishment of a new secular order and intimately connected with both the American and French Revolutions. He was Master of the original and most important Masonic lodge in the United States--the Alexandria-Washington lodge--the site of which was even suggested for the nation's Capitol.

In Cosmic Trigger one finds out that the Masonic tradition is intimately linked to the priesthood in ancient Egypt, and that that priesthood was centrally concerned with the rising of the Dog Star, Sirius. This was because of a cosmic coincidence--that on the day Sirius rose above the horizon the Nile began to flood, bringing life back to Egypt. And, according to Wilson and another scholar, Robert Temple, the Egyptians had a curious belief which is shared by a strange modern African tribe called, coincidentally, the Dogon -- that life on earth came from a small planet which circles the Dog Star, Sirius. There are also curious references to Sirius having once been observed to be red. If this were true, it might make sense of the ancient belief. For if one of the Sirius stars (it is at least a double, and perhaps even a triple star system) became a red giant within the historical past, and if the inhabitants

of one of its planets knew this was going to happen and were technologically advanced, they might well have left their home to journey to the closest planet capable of supporting life -- Earth.

Whether you believe this incredible story, the ancient Egyptians did and the Dogons do. To them the Dog Star Sirius is both a god and the most important object in the sky. (It's purely coincidental DOG is palindromic to GOD).

These are not the only occult references to the Dog. The famous mystic, Gurdjieff, has been recorded by close disciples as having repeated the cryptic injunction, "Bury the dog deeper." And there is a curious link between Sirius and the most famous symbolic reference in the Bible's Book of Revelations--the "mark of the beast." Though current renditions of the Book refer to this mark as 666, scholars have suggested, for complex reasons, that the original reference was to 616. Sirius is the "nose" of the constellation Canus Major, the Dog. A cursory look at any dog's nose will reveal that the nostrils and center crease can be represented as a palindromic number of a "beast":



A dog's nose is black, and one of the most fascinating recent astronomical revelations about the Sirius star system is that it is almost certain that one of the stars in the system is a black hole. According to theoretical physicists, it may

be possible through a black hole to travel to a different place and time in the Universe, as the Egyptians claimed the Sirians did.

I wouldn't blame the reader if he threw down this record at this point convinced that it is utter nonsense.
Do that if you will; but you will miss the events which link the United States unquestionably to the ancient and secret Masonic tradition, and the coincidences which link Ronald Reagan to its source.

* * *

In fact, it is no secret that the Masons were intimately involved with the founding of this nation. There are signs everywhere; some of them so obvious they are easy to miss.

On every dollar bill, opposite the bust of George Washington, founder of the original Masonic lodge in this country, are the two sides of the Great Seal of the United States. Everyone knows about one of them -- the familiar American eagle holding an olive branch with 13 leaves in one talon and 13 arrows in the other, with 13 stars above its head. It is the other side of the Great Seal which betrays the "secret."

The Other Side of the Great Seal of the United States, which you can see on any dollar bill, bears the image of a 13-tiered pyramid, capped by the famous eye-in-the-triangle, the traditional Masonic symbol. Beneath this pyramid are the words, "Novus Ordo Seclorum," which refer to the

"new secular order" the Masons were, and are, so committed to establishing on earth. This new order is based on economics.

Obviously, there is a link between the pyramid and Egypt. That is certain. In fact, there is a link between the image of the Masonic symbol and one pyramid in Egypt -- the Great Pyramid at Giza. Scholars have determined that this pyramid, which was the greatest masonic feat in the history of mankind, was originally covered with white marble, and that it was capped by a top pyramid of gold. The gold, of course, reflected the sun, whose rays streamed out from its surface as if from a giant mirror. On our dollar bill, as in the Masonic symbol, light streams out from the great Eye in the center of the capstone pyramid.

Did this great enlightened Eye symbolize the Eye of God, as so many people believe? Unlikely. It was the very purpose of the Masons to establish a new world secular order, completely separate from the older sacred or religious order linked to God or gods. It is far more likely that the Great Eye for the Masons symbolized the very material which capped the Great Pyramid in Egypt -- gold.

We will return to Gold. For the present, however, we will only note that the Masons are still a major secret society in this country, composed almost exclusively of white males, and that there is concrete evidence that attempts

have been made to obscure the link between this organization and the United States government. The "occult" side of

our Great Seal, for instance, was ordered by an act of Congress to be cast in die form and used officially along with the known side. The order, however, was never carried out.

* * *

The Dog returned me to the Stars.

In December of 1979 I had completed the coursework for my graduate degree in parapsychology and was financially destitute. The morning a creditor called at 7:00 a.m. asking for a payment was the last straw. That night, when I went to sleep, I vowed that the next morning, for the first time since leaving Martin Anderson and the Hoover Institution, I would look for a full-time job. I had no choice.

In spite of my anxiety about money, I slept well that night.

The next morning I was rudely awakened by my dogs barking at the mailman at the front door of my house on Washington Street. When I went to the door, I found that, as usual, they had attacked the mail as it came through the mail slot. But this time there was something out of the ordinary. One of the dogs had gone so far as to tear a piece from one of the pieces of mail, a newspaper called the Campus Report, the weekly newspaper from Stanford University where the Hoover Institution is located. I

was about to throw away the torn paper when I noticed that it was a 2 inch by 2 inch section of the employment announcements.

I looked at it carefully and couldn't believe what I read. I was holding an announcement for what could only have been my old job with Martin Anderson at the Hoover Institution.

Five minutes later Saul-Paul Sirag, who now lived in the flat upstairs in the house, called to tell me that he had just read in Time and Newsweek that there had been a major shake-up at Reagan headquarters in Los Angeles and that Martin Anderson was leaving the southern California headquarters to return to the Hoover Institution.

First thing Monday morning I was at the Personnel Office at Stanford University applying for my old job; and by 11:00 had slipped a letter to Anderson under his door on the top floor of the new Herbert Hoover Memorial Building where he had moved his office since I had left.

* * *

January 7, 1980 was a cloudy and bleak day, though my spirits had never been higher. I was returning home. As I drove from San Francisco south along Highway 280, dark storm clouds obscured the sun.

There was a sense of destiny about that day -- because of the way, of course, that I had found out about the job involving the Dog, but also for reasons which I could not articulate.

I arrived at the Hoover at 9:00 and was in the comfortable staff lounge when Martin Anderson came down to meet me at 9:30.

We took the stairs to his corner office on the top floor and I took a seat in the chair next to his imposing desk. As he sat behind it and began to make notes about the projects that needed to be done, I looked out the plate glass window to the gray sky and rolling foothills in the distance.

As I did, I was suddenly moved to speak:

"I want to tell you why I'm here. You're going to return to the Reagan campaign. Reagan is going to win by a landslide, and you're going to follow him to the White House. I am going to be there with you."

As I heard myself speak these words, which surprised me as much as they did him, the sun broke through the clouds and flooded the room in which we sat with brilliant light. As it did, I felt another flood, more uncanny, which I can only describe as a sense of pure empowerment. It has been from that moment that I have known that Reagan can't lose.

As if to verify this conclusion, the number 137 repeated itself immediately. My first task was to organize Anderson's boxes of papers which had been sent up from Reagan headquarters in Los Angeles. On every box, which lined the walls in my office, was the number 137.

Stunned by this coincidence, which I excitedly pointed out to Anderson, who already knew something of the significance of the number from previous conversations, I left the office

to locate the women's restroom. It was on the floor below, inside a small alcove off the hall. As I entered the alcove and stood in front of the door, I was moved to place my finger in the "O" of the word "WOMEN." The moment I touched it, the lights in the hall and alcove suddenly went out, then flickered after ten seconds, and came back on again.

Stunned, I looked at the word in front of me: WOMEN, and for the first time realized that it contained the word OMEN.

There is a major association to the word OMEN -- to a powerful film released in the late 70's called "The Omen" about the rise to power of the Anti-Christ in the United States, named Demian. In the movie, he is identified by the "mark of the beast", there 666, on his scalp. When Sirag and I left the sequel, "Demian," and walked to my car some blocks away, we found that an old vehicle had parked behind us, bumper to bumper, in the interim. Its license plate was 66 666.

The movie had other powerful associations for me.

Years earlier I had been greatly moved by Hesse's novel, Demian, from which the author of the screenplay had clearly taken the name. In the book, Demian, like the character in the movie, had vast supernormal powers. The difference is that in Hesse's novel, Demian is a profoundly positive character, blending the positive attributes of what are traditionally thought of as God and the Devil, Lucifer--the "Light giver."

In the book, Demian is the incarnation of Abraxas, who transcends

good and evil and is the complete man and model for the New Man on earth. Typical of film, the author of the screenplay ignored the positive aspects of Demian, focusing only on the dark side.

Years before seeing the film, "Damien," I had read Hesse's novel and taken the name as my pen name because of an astounding coincidence between my life and the climax event in the book.

While in Greece in the late 60's I had taken a boat to the Greek islands. Looking back towards the mainland as the ship sailed out from Pireas, a sudden wind came up and blew the lone cloud which hung between the boat and the shore into the image of a gigantic flying bird just as the sun set into its "eye." This moment is still the most powerful of my life. Years later, I read Demian. At the end of the book, the wind blows a cloud into the image of a gigantic flying bird. Because of the coincidence, I took the first name of my pen name as Damien, changing the spelling slightly. And, because of the way the coincidence came about and the beginning of the star sequence in England, I took the last

name Windsor (wind-soar).

As I stood in front of the word W-OMEN, the associations to the event raced through my mind: the mark of the beast, 616, the "nose of the dog," Sirius, the three stars, 137, the Masons, Egypt, the first president of the United States, my pen name, and Ronald Reagan. And, as is common in such

moments, I searched for a common denominator for all these

images and events. There was one.

What all the images have in common is light.

The "beast" is Lucifer, the "Light Giver." The "nose of the dog" is a star, Sirius. The three stars are lights. 1/137 is the probability of the emission of light. The central image in the Washington crest are the three stars. Demian is "the beast," and so the "light giver." And, so, Ronald Reagan must also be the light.

* * *

Martin Anderson and I worked to complete the drafts of two books on conscription at the Hoover Institution in the early months of 1980. In February, John Sears was fired from the Reagan campaign, and Anderson went back -- as foreseen. And, in July, I went with him.

On July 5, 1980, Anderson, Ed Meese, Anderson's wife Annelise, Darrell Trent from the Hoover Institution, Reagan policy analyst Kevin Hopkins and I flew from San Francisco to the Republican National Convention in Detroit, Michigan.

On the plane I sat next to Hopkins, whom, I quickly learned, was fascinated by coincidences. We were told that there was a possibility of bad weather upon landing in Detroit, but the air was motionless and full of humidity when the plane touched down.

A Reagan staff car drove us from the airport to the Renaissance Center in downtown Detroit. Its 73-story tower and four lower corner towers cut the skyline as we approached along the river. And in the lobby over the desk where we checked in was the new Republican logo -- an elephant sporting...three stars.

From the moment we landed, events were electric. Offices needed to be set up in hotel suites; security clearances had to be gotten; and the latest campaign strategy was buzzed at every meeting.

Hopkins soon introduced me to fellow policy analyst from the Los Angeles office, Doug Bandow. Almost from the beginning of our threesome, the two managed to pieve me by cryptically insisting that there was something about Reagan's staff operations regarding which I was sure to soon "see the light." Try as I would into the wee hours of that first evening in Detroit, I could not get them to give me a clue. My last vain attempt to Kevin Hopkins as he left me at the door to my room failed. "All I can say is that you'll see the light," he said, grinned, and sauntered off.

Frustrated, I entered my room and, for the first time, met my roommate for the convention, Yvonne Maddox. We talked briefly before setting her digital radio alarm clock and going to sleep. The last thing Yvonne did was

to close the drapes to our window, which looked out from the 40th floor of the central tower to one of its corner towers rising above our level, and to the river below. As she closed the drapes, I was reminded of the night in England years before when I was first shown the significance of the three stars.

As I had been first in the room I had chosen the bed closest to the wall. As we spoke for a few more minutes in the dark, I lay on my back, which is unusual for me; and, because I was so tired, I feel asleep in that position.

It was precisely 2:43 in the morning when I shot awake, my heart pounding. My eyes opened suddenly to a shaft of light, visible because of dust in the air of the room, aimed directly into my eyes from the narrow opening at the top of the drapes. For a split second the light remained in the room, then disappeared; and moments later a tremendous thunder clap shook the building. I looked at the clock. It was 2:43 a.m.

Paralyzed for a moment in my bed, I reasoned out what had just happened. Because of the position of my bed, the position of my head on the pillow, the position of the crack in the drapes, and the place in the sky where the lightning had just flashed, a beam of light had fallen on my eyes. The fact that thunder hit immediately after the lightning meant that the storm, and the lightning, was directly overhead.

Quietly I got out of bed and went to the window, wrapping the drapes behind me. What I then saw is difficult to describe. For five minutes I watched the most incredible display of pure power I have ever seen and I believe it possible to witness. Beyond the dark tower which loomed directly outside the window, bolts of lightning wildly cut the sky. Yet there was no more thunder, which meant that the bolts were at some distance beyond the tower. Only the initial bolt had been overhead--the one that awakened me.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the lightning disappeared and an uncanny calm settled over the landscape. I had just decided that the storm was over and was leaving the window when the wind hit. For five minutes a screaming, banshee wind ripped through the space between the two towers, only to end as suddenly as it had come.

I returned to bed, wondering at the incredible coincidence of how I had come to "see the light," and went to sleep overwhelmed by the sense of power I had experienced and not a little curious about Kevin Hopkins.

In the morning, at my first opportunity, I took Kevin and Doug aside and told them that I had indeed seen the light. Then I told them how. No, they hadn't been referring to a bolt out of the darkness, but merely to a personnel situation which paled by comparison -- one which, indeed, I did soon figure out.

The convention was magical. Reagan was going to win, and the certainty of this, formed the backdrop to a two-week-long Disneyland-like whirl.

One morning we received a call on the 68th floor of the Renaissance Center, Reagan's research, writing, and policy staff office, from a Carol Schadler. She wanted to speak to Martin Anderson, who had told her to call to see if she could set up an appointment for us to meet her dog. Yes, her dog.

Anderson appointed me in charge of this curious mission, and, at 3:00 that afternoon I took the elevator down to the third level exhibition hall outside of which the Schadlers were waiting with a most unusual and lucky golden retriever. I couldn't wait to see the puppy, as I had had to leave my two dear dogs in California.

As I petted the dog in the lobby outside the exhibition hall, Carol related the amazing story of how he and Ronald Reagan's dog, Victory, came to be born again.

Carol Schadler had been away from home when her prize golden retriever had puppies. A friend who was there at the time found three of the seven pups lifeless and cold and threw them into a garbage pail. When Carol returned home, something made her ask if four pups were all there had been. When she heard of the fate of the three pups, she raced to the trash; retrieved them, and spent

the night floating their bodies in a bowl of warm water breathing into their tiny mouths. Finally her prayers were answered, and all three pups came to life.

One of those dogs now belongs to Ronald and Nancy Reagan. His name is Victory, a victory snatched from the jaws of death. Another is "Veep," the dog I met at the convention in Detroit, who was given to Vice-Presidential candidate George Bush in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel the day we left the convention.

The last day of the convention I remembered that I hadn't yet bought gifts for family and friends, and so rushed again down to the third level to the exhibition hall where buttons had been during the the event. The hall was nearly empty. Only a few vendors remained, packing up their wares.

Outside in the lobby, though, where I had met "Veep" there was a bustle of activity. A lone button vendor had a final sale on one of the coffee tables, around which buyers clawed like vultures. I stood back from the scene and looked over the head of one of the convention-goers as he bickered about the price of a button. Then I saw it.

In the middle of the table, and the only button of its kind, was a disc with a small flashing red light. The light, driven by a small integrated circuit and hearing aid batteries on the back, was the "dot" over the "i". The button was white, bore the image of Ronald Reagan, and the words, "See the light. Vote Reagan."

I must have shrieked, bought the button, and ran to show it to Hopkins and Bandow. I had to assure them that I hadn't had it made.

Buses took Reagan's staff from the Renaissance Center to the charter plane waiting at the airport, and from there we flew with the Governor to Houston, and then on to California.

In Los Angeles, I left the tour to return to San Francisco and the Hoover Institution for a few weeks until, I hoped, arrangements could be made for me to fly to Washington to work with the campaign.

* * *

Martin Anderson returned to the Hoover Institution a week after I did. The first thing I said was that I wanted to join the campaign in Washington.

"I was afraid you'd like it," he said, and forewarned me that, if it could be arranged, I would have to be able to drop everything and leave for D.C. at a moment's notice. I understood, but, as there was nothing definite for some time, I could not make advance arrangements. I would have to find someone to sublet or sit my house and dogs; have to pack; have to make arrangements for where to live in D.C. ...

Ten days later, at six o'clock in the evening, Martin Anderson told me that I was "on," and selected the day that I was to be in Washington -- August 18, 1980.

I called United to make reservations for my flight.

I would leave San Francisco on the 16th, stop over in Denver, and fly out again for Washington on the 17th.

Then I noticed the note at the bottom of the calendar.

On the day Anderson had chosen for me to leave for Washington there were 137 days left in the year.

* * *

That evening as I drove from Stanford to San Francisco I panicked. How was I going to find someone to live in my house in the City whom I could trust to take care of my dogs and hopefully pay some rent in the short time I had?

As I walked in the house in San Francisco, the phone was ringing. It was Elizabeth Rauscher, a physicist-parapsychologist friend who wanted to talk about organizing an experiment. In the middle of our conversation, something moved me to ask her if she knew of anyone who wanted to housesit my flat for three months or longer. There was a silence on the end of the phone, and then she said that she had just had a call from her niece's boyfriend who had asked her if she knew of anyone who had a house in San Francisco that they needed housesat.

Twenty-four hours later, Jerry Heukes arrived at my place in San Francisco to check out the dogs and the possibility. He liked it, liked the dogs, and moved in.

immediately. He was from Fresno--30 miles from where I was born.

* * *

On August 17, 1980, I arrived in Washington, D.C. and was met at the airport by Mark, who worked in transportation for Reagan at the headquarters in Arlington, Virginia. He drove me to my temporary residence in a home in Georgetown where my roommate from the convention, Yvonne Maddox, was staying. On the way I told him of some of the coincidences, and, because the house was locked when we first arrived, we went to a pub for desert and coffee.

When we returned Yvonne was still not back, but one of her house mates was. I was welcomed in, and went upstairs to Yvonne's room where she had said to leave my things.

Exhausted from the trip, I collapsed into a chair in the corner of the room after setting a water glass on the shelf of a small what-not on the wall. Shortly after I relaxed into the cushions, the glass overturned and water from the glass fell onto my head. Surprised, I looked up and the glass was still on the narrow shelf, overturned. The whole incident reminded me of a baptism.

Perhaps because of that thought, I noticed a black Bible on the table next to the bed. Spontaneously I got up, picked it up, and opened it decisively. I had opened to page 137, which told of the baptism of Jesus Christ, of Mark, and

contained in bold-face ("The Devil's IF.")

That night I spent reviewing the powerful events which already surrounded Reagan's candidacy. Realizing the pun association between the way I "saw the light" and Ray-gun, I went to sleep a block away from the apartment where the film "The Exorcist" was made. Needless to say, I couldn't wait to find my own place.

The next morning I arrived for the first time at Reagan National Headquarters in Arlington, Virginia. On the walls at every turn were posters of Reagan with a row of three lights in his eyes. And on the door to the women's restroom on the fourth floor where Reagan has his office, someone had taken a sharp instrument and scratched out the W on the word WOMEN.

The following morning I found a local newspaper and began calling numbers to find an apartment. The first dozen or so were all busy; finally a phone rang. A kind woman answered who had an apartment in the basement of her home in Alexandria. The address of the house, 316, was nearly the same as the number of my street address in San Francisco -- 3116 Washington. I'd take it.

Immediately I drove with a friend to the house. I took one look at the apartment and closed the deal in spite of the fact that I had to offer more for rent than she had originally asked for to get her to accept a shorter-term lease.

When my new landlady's husband, who was then in the mountains, returned and we had a moment to talk, he quickly revealed that he was a 32nd degree Mason in the lodge founded by George Washington, and that the lodge was within walking distance of the house.

I brought three objects of personal significance with me to Washington: a golden cup which holds a crystal ball given to me by Martin Anderson the day I left the Hoover Institution just before Christmas in 1977; a bright and colorful cloth with the image of a flower-filled Scottish good-luck horseshoe bought at the Scottish-Irish shop at the Renaissance Center during the Republican convention; and the "See the Light" Reagan campaign button.

Reagan campaign headquarters are on Highland Street in Arlington, Virginia. From my first day in Washington, the radio carried advertisements for a musical just opening at the National Theatre, "Brigadoon." I went with two friends from the office, one of whom had just seen the show in Texas before coming to D.C. It is the story of love between a woman from a seventeenth-century village frozen in time because of a miracle, and a young man from New York who happens upon the village during one of the days it returns to "reality" once every 100 years. Brigadoon is set in the Highlands of Scotland, and the most powerful scene of the play is when a young woman holds a horseshoe to the sky to drive back a dark storm that threatens to end happiness in the village.

The morning after seeing Brigadoon the Republican Party held a Unity Rally on the steps of the Capitol in downtown Washington. Because of the coincidence of the horseshoe, which I had already decided to take with me to the rally, in the play; its setting in the Highlands;

and the importance of the miracle in the play, I predicted to a number of friends that there would be a major coincidence at the event the following day.

The morning of September 15, 1980, was bleak and gray. Fall had come to Washington. We drove in buses to the steps of the Capitol and positioned ourselves for the event which was to begin at eleven o'clock. The crowd grew as the sun moved fitfully behind gathering clouds. A light, crisp wind blew across the steps as the time neared for the many speeches which were to be given that day.

One after the other, Republican senators, congressmen and Party leaders spoke at the microphone, each for about two minutes.

Close to the time Ronald Reagan was to speak, Minority Leader Rhodes took the podium, and for the first time in any of the speeches mentioned a coincidence.

The Inauguration Committee of the Congress, he said, had recently decided that the inauguration of the next President of the United States would take place on the West, instead of the East, steps of the Capitol for the first time in United States history. Independently, the Republicans had chosen the West steps to hold their rally that very day.

"I consider that a good omen," Rhodes remarked, and at that very moment the sun burst through the clouds

and streamed light down on to the crowd below.

Shortly the sun disappeared again and stayed hidden until the very end of the rally when, almost dutifully, it reappeared as Governor Reagan led "God Bless America", on the line, "with a light from above."

Somewhat pleased by the timing of these theatrics, I pointed out the coincidences to friends nearby. They nodded.

A few days following the rally, I happened to be in the elevator at Reagan headquarters one evening when Ed Gray, Reagan's press secretary in California; Robert Garrick, a retired two-star admiral and director of the headquarter's research division; and John McClaughry, senior writer for the campaign, were leaving the office. From their conversation it was clear that John was about to celebrate his birthday, which was that night. I invited myself along.

Over dinner, the four of us talked about politics until, finally, the conversation turned to what I "did." I mentioned parapsychology, and the fact that at midnight that very evening I was being interviewed by NBC radio on the subject, and agreed to give a few examples of major coincidences connected with the campaign. I had in mind to tell the stories of the omen at the capitol and the shaft of light at the convention in Detroit, and was about

to begin when Garrick said sarcastically that this was probably going to be another one of those "shaft of light stories."

We had waited what seemed like an endless time for our meal. I don't think I've ever waited so long for a simple dinner in a restaurant. The waiter finally came with our food and I told the stories as we ate. Because of this timing, I was at the punch line of the story--the moment of the light--when he chose, independently, to bring John his birthday cake with a single lit candle.

"See the light?" I asked, and Garrick begrudgingly acknowledged the coincidence. Since that evening, he has referred to me as "the shaft of light." I don't object.

* * *

As September 21, 1980, approached I wanted more and more to attend the Presidential Debate between Ronald Reagan and John Anderson in Baltimore. But, I had learned, there were only some 125 tickets to the debates floating around Reagan/Bush headquarters and by the end of the week I had not seen one. I had asked Anderson if it was possible for me to go, but he said that it was extremely unlikely and had discouraged me.

Late in the afternoon the day before the debates, a young woman from the debate group at headquarters came into my office and offered me a ticket. She was holding two tickets in her hand as she asked me, and held out one.

I took it and looked at it. I was going. The number was 181137.

At 1:00 in the afternoon the following day I left with Kevin Hopkins on the Reagan tour bus, headed for Baltimore. Just before leaving headquarters he had pointed out a coincidence involving a red, white and blue striped tie he was wearing.

We arrived in Baltimore and checked into the Hilton Hotel. I went to the staff lounge on the 16th floor and soon heard, from a staffer who had a walkie-talkie, that Reagan had arrived in the lobby downstairs and was about to take the elevator to his suite on the 17th floor. I walked up one flight of stairs, and was standing by the elevator as it opened and he stepped out. He seemed surprised to see someone there. I held out my hand, and he took it. "Good luck, Governor," I said, as I shook it. "Good luck."

Shortly Hopkins and Jim Brady, Director of Public Relations-Research for Reagan, and I walked to a nearby wharf-side restaurant for lunch. In the harbor was a permanently docked clipper ship above which flew a flag with three circles on it in a row. I asked the name of the ship, which Brady, who had been in Baltimore before, knew. It was "The Constellation."

I found a young man from Reagan's advance team who wanted a ticket for the debates. Since getting my 137 ticket I had come by another, so we went together. We had dinner

and then waited in line for the doors to open. Inside, we found excellent seats and sat talking, waiting for the event to begin. As we did, I told him of the coincidence of the omen on the Hill and the shaft of light. The moment I told him that since the evening in the restaurant Garrick had referred to me as "the shaft of light," the lights went on on the stage for the debates for the first time. He was startled by the coincidence

"See the light?" I laughed.

* * *

Wednesday, September 24, 1980 was an amazing day,

coincidence-wise.

That evening a friend drove me home from headquarters to my apartment in Alexandria, Virginia. Though I had no reason to go to the drugstore, for the first time in a month I decided to walk down the street to People's Drugs and then, I planned, to the supermarket nearby.

I walked into the store and literally strolled the isles, not knowing what I was looking for. As if putting in time, I picked up a few things I really didn't need. Then, on top of some boxes in the middle of an isle, I found it.

Someone had taken off and left a soiled but good quality red, white and blue striped tie in the store. As it clearly was not for sale, I picked it up as fair game and put it in my pocket. As I did, something cold and sharp brushed against my hand. I took out the tie and looked at it more closely.

On the tie was a pin, a tie tack. It had the initials AFA above a white star with a red center on a blue circular background surrounded by gold wings. The pin struck me as immensely valuable, not so much in a tangible as in a synchronistic or coincidental sense, though I did not as yet know why. The only association I had to the image of the star in the circle with the red dot in the center was to the conventional symbol for "capitol," which certainly Washington was. (It actually stood for Army Air Force).

I bought the things I had gathered, and walked briskly home. There, I set the tie with its tack down on top of my dresser, and as I did noticed an odd coincidence between the precise form, size and color of the star in the pin and the form, size and color of an identical image on one of my Reagan-for-President buttons. The red center of the star in this button, also a "flashing light" button, was a red light. Fascinated by the remarkable similarity of the images, I took the tack off the tie and held the star on the pin to the star on the campaign button, also a "pin." As I did I felt a strange sense of completion, and satisfaction.

~~Somewhat confused by this sensation,~~ I finally set down the two pins and decided to check to see if I had any mail.

I did, and looked through the letters until I came to one with a return address which I recognized. It was from a dear and most synchronistic friend, Peter Osburn O'Halligan of Liverpool England who came all the way from England to meet Bob Wilson and I in San Francisco because he felt the coincidence center of the world had shifted from England to California.

I opened the letter to a wonderful surprise. Peter had finally decided to do something about the incredible coincidences which we experience, and started the World Coincidence Center in Berkeley, California. These words form the striking blue letterhead, with a globe of the world on the right. As I read the one-page letter, my heart stopped. The first substantive paragraph contained an italicized sentence -- the only one in the communication:

"As you can see from the letter-heading, I have decided to open up with my gift of Synchronicity instead of side-stepping it all the time as I have been doing in the past. I don't really know what is down the line regarding coincidences, but I do feel there is a value in pursuing them and making the connections to form the links in the chain. One of my favorite sayings, from T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," could be a philosophy for fellow Synchronists: "IF THE END OF ALL WISDOM IS TO ADD STAR TO STAR, OUR FOOLISHNESS IS PLEASING."

Amen.

Prediction: Oman will be the next focus of world events.