

# The Real Deal

A Transformation of Consciousness



*The Enigma*

of

Robert Bruce Reckmeyer

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## **Robert Bruce Reckmeyer**

Written by  
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Web Site [www.robertreckmeyer.com](http://www.robertreckmeyer.com)

*This book is dedicated to my wife  
Deborah Sue Pomeroy Reckmeyer.  
Her love and encouragement  
inspired me to share my story and  
communicate my transformation  
of consciousness.*

“We have not even to risk the adventure alone  
Because the hero’s of all time have gone before us,  
The labyrinth is thoroughly known.  
We have only to follow the thread of the hero path  
And where we had thought to find an abomination  
We shall find a God.  
And where we had thought to slay another  
We shall slay ourselves.  
Where we had thought to travel outward,  
We shall come to the center of our own existence.  
Where we had thought to be alone  
We shall be with all the world.”

Joseph Campbell

# Preface



## Vision Quest

Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth with Bill Moyers's, is one of my favorite pieces of work and speaks to a vision quest motif that resonates deep within my soul. I quote from his work, Martin Luther King had a dream, "I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight and the goal of the Lord will be revealed and all flesh shall see it together". Joseph Campbell, "We have not even to risk the adventure alone because the heroes of all time have gone before us, the labyrinth is thoroughly known. We have only to follow the thread of the hero path and where we had thought to find an abomination we shall find a God. And where we had thought to slay another we shall slay ourselves. Where we had thought to travel outward, we shall come to the center of our own existence. Where we had thought to be alone we shall be with all the world".

Joseph Campbell speaks to the reality of transformation based on the experience of life and our willingness to jump off into the unknown and enter the deep dark forest; in the vision quest, the adventure we call life. When I was a young man entering high school we had a small group of friends who were young and very inquisitive about life. We were

like sponges soaking up information and experience with good intentions and a lot of promise. We grew up in the suburbs of Washington, D.C. living in Mclean, Virginia and living the reality of our times. Popular music helped to define us; music by Neil Young, Bob Marley, John Lennon and Bob Dylan, they were singing about the Viet Nam war and the drug scene and the hope of our generation. We were living in Rome, at the foot of the Acropolis, at the seat of power for our age, Washington D.C.

We were coming of age and our lives were a reflection of the times we were living. We had the best teachers in the world and our educated backgrounds formulated our thinking. We were all encouraged to think about everything, and we did. We as young persons asked why and we were willing to step out into the unknown with the hope of finding answers to our questions. I was not alone in my thinking or in my vision quest reality. We smoked pot during our lunch breaks, at Langley High School, and took LSD on the weekends in the hope that we would unlock something hidden and experience life in a new way. It was not all about drugs but rather about kids growing up in turbulent times and reflecting the reality of our age.

All of us, in that group, had dreams of changing the world and stepping out into the unknown, the deep dark forest, in order that we might slay the Dragon and change the world. The world that presented itself to us as dangerous; mixed up and lost in its direction and a world in need of total and complete transformation. We were idealistic in our thinking but completely well intentioned and motivated to change the reality, world view, in our lifetimes. All of us felt we were on a mission from God chosen for a special purpose and we would share our dream and articulate our plan when we spent time together. I was not alone in my thinking and I have fond memories of the people and the times that we shared during my formative years at Langley High School, in Mclean, Virginia.

Idealism is a wonderful thing but put in practice it can be dangerous and misdirected. One must differentiate from what is doable in the short term or what may take generations to accomplish. The test is to pick your fight, and the timing, in order to achieve your

objective. Well intentioned people make mistakes and pay the price for their actions. I was well intentioned but failed to understand the consequence of my actions due to my youth and idealism.

It has been said, "Timing is not everything but it is much." I am driven at this time to share my story in the hope that the timing is right and my vision quest journey will resonate and entertain, and also spark something from within so we are all brought foreword. It is my belief that all illumination is channeled from a higher plane of consciousness and we can all be senders and receivers if we will open our hearts and empty ourselves so the God within can seek its self expression in and through us. Consciousness is something that expands and always seeks more. We live in an expanding universe and it is natural to seek a greater awareness. My story is one of growing up in a sheltered life and embarking on a vision quest journey, into the unknown, the deep dark forest, not once but time and time again.

It is my purpose to bring the vision quest motif alive through the words in this book not just for entertainment value but for a higher purpose. I think it wise when we can find a greater purpose and give it our energy and focus in the hope that it will expand and find its own way. My life, at times, has been filled with excitement and danger and through it all I have felt a higher direction at work. In the deepest valley's I have felt the hand of God directing my paths, pushing me foreword even when I was going the wrong way. When I have been on the highest mountain I have felt his Super Consciousness at work and even now with the words in this book I feel his hand directing me.

What's it all about Alfe? If we just live and die then what's the point of struggling through this life. If we don't have a vision quest purpose then why all the pain and suffering. I believe it is through the struggle that we bear witness to the Creative Conscious Energy to share and experience Joy and Abundance with us. It is through the expanding of our inner soul that we experience joy and abundance. Struggle means an expanding awareness and an expanding awareness leads to joy and abundance.

Not one to dig up the past and live in the memories of my mind I rather choose to live in the “NOW” and seek the wonderment of the future unknown. To experience the “what if” side of life. I now ask you to join with me on a journey through my past not to look back and relive my past, alone, but to find the meaning through my journey and share in my experience. Senator Edward Kennedy quoted his brother, Robert F. Kennedy, “Some men see things as they are and ask why? I dream things that never were and say why not.”

It is through a purpose driven life that one finds meaning from every experience, good or bad. Finding purpose is the steam that drives the engine. In truth my purpose is threefold. To grow through the creative process and in the process bring the reader along on my journey in the hope that they too will grow. Secondly, since I do have a story to tell, I share mine in the hope that it will enlighten and motivate others to dig deep and experience the joy and abundance that comes from the journey. And three, to shape the future by sharing the what if side of life, stepping out into the deep dark forest on a vision quest, taking a chance and expanding through the adventure of life. Everyone has a story to tell and now it is my turn to tell mine. I am reminded of a great spiritual truth; we are not humans having a spiritual experience but rather spiritual persons having a human experience. What a wonderful truth. Enjoy the trip.....

*Ask and you will receive, seek and you will find,  
knock and the door will be opened to you.*

*For everyone who asks will receive,  
and anyone who seeks will find,  
and the door will be opened to him who knocks.*

*Would any of you who are fathers give  
your son a stone when he asks for bread?*

*Or would you give him a snake  
when he asks for a fish?*

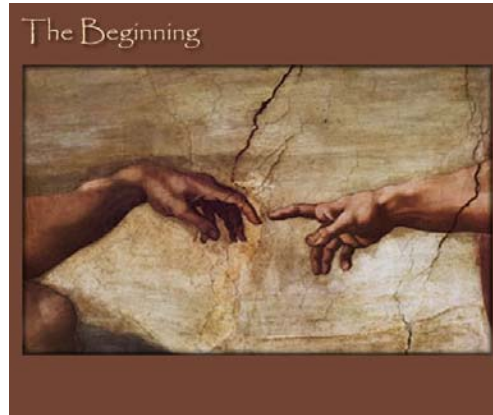
*As bad as you are, you know how  
to give good things to your children.*

*How much more, then, will your  
father in heaven give good things  
to those who ask him!*

*Do for others what you want them to do for you:  
this is the meaning of the Law of Moses  
and the teachings of the prophets.*

Matthew 7:7-12

# Introduction



## The beginning

Coming of age in North America during the 1960's and 70's was at best a challenge especially when in truth much of everything was built on lies. We had the cold war going strong with Vietnam as a side show. President John Kennedy was assassinated as was Dr. Martin Luther King and the President's brother, Robert Kennedy. Students at Kent State were dead and Richard Nixon was wire tapping and breaking into the Democratic headquarters. The Roswell incident was well behind us but the UFO cover up was in full swing. How does one believe in the system when in truth it is running on empty and we the baby boomers are the chosen ones for the propagation of the American dream? I was enamored by the possibilities and yet fully nauseous from the vomit I read about in the New York Times and The Washington Post on a daily basis.

Washington was in flames with city busses surrounding the Capitol and the White House, Detroit, Watts, Birmingham, and Mai Lai. Older brothers were coming home in body bags and Walter Cronkite was speaking out against the War. Jimmy Hendricks and Janis Joplin were dead from drug overdoses and the Beatles were singing about Peace and Love and the supposed Magical Mystery Tour. Timothy Leary was taking a trip through inner space and I was hunkered down in my parent's basement in McLean, Virginia

living the good life of wealth and privilege. Bob Dylan was singing the tune of our collective consciousness, at least as it pertains to my way of thinking and the gulf between my generation and my parent's generation was growing ever wider and wider between what is real and what is false.

We were landing on the moon and it was possible to change the world, if only we would believe. Woodstock was real, at least in our minds, and it seemed that with a little push maybe we would get there, there being somewhere other than here. The military and false reality approach seemed destined for the garbage dump and our generation would take us down a new and perfected path. In the minds of our baby boom generation we were the chosen ones. We were the children of the elite, CIA babies, West Point, the halls of Congress, Doctors, Lawyers, and Psychologists. All part of the generation, the greatest generation, who were called and fought in the greatest war the planet has ever known, World War II. And then they came home to the land of milk and honey, the Promised Land. They were the survivors and their wives, who were really a bunch of kids. They believed in the dream and taught us to believe it. We enjoyed the life of privilege and education. The dream was very real. *The Wonderful World of Disney*, *Mickey Mouse Club*, and *Father knows Best*, *The Beaver* and *The Lone Ranger* with his trusted side kick Tonto. And then one day we woke up and realized that something, many things, did not add up. Could it really be that they lied and tricked us or maybe they were just gullible and were tricked into their false reality out of hope that the world would never break down again and go to total war, Europe, North Africa, China, Japan, Nuclear first strikes on two cities. Why not believe in the dream that they survived and good old America was the Promised Land, the one power, in the world, to change and protect the world forever and ever. We, America would never let the world go under again. We could beat Nazi Germany and her allies, defeat Japan, hold back the Russians and keep the Red Chinese in check and anyone or anything that could upset our world view.

The problem I faced as a sensitive young man was do I join the lie or strike out on my own and find my way through the lies outside the system my parents and their generation had fought so hard to save. My secret mission to save the planet from sure destruction

was very real to me and involved a novel approach that would happen one joint at a time. My first initiation into the drug scene was in response to the culture I found myself and the counter culture I was being drawn to. Marijuana was a response, not a first choice option. If the system was built on lies then how could I, in good conscience, join the system when I knew better? Yes, I wanted the good life, the comfort of wealth and privilege and yet my conscience told me to run and run as fast as I could because it is intoxicating and very easy to fall into the trap.

Little did I know that a little knowledge can be very dangerous if the facts are not well known. Nothing is pure gold and I soon found that out. Leaving the comfort of my blood family and striking out on my own with high hopes and a lot of animal energy, animal energy that served me well and was in a big way the root to my down fall many years later. I grew up in a community that did not understand the power they had passed to us. They taught us to think for ourselves and on our own. To test the limits and to go for the gusto and yet do it within the framework of the system, the system that is the envy and the hope of the world. To be cut loose in the early 1970's in Washington, D.C. with the goal of changing the world one joint at a time was not a good combination since our parents worked in the shadows and we were familiar with the shadow side of things. In effect well motivated but dangerous due to the fact that when one plays with fire there is always a chance one might start a blaze and get burned.

I started my marijuana business in the basement of my parent's house in McLean, Virginia in the summer of 1967 when, after buying hashish for ten (\$10.00) dollars a gram I realized there was money to be made and I was the perfect candidate to do it. I made friends easily and found it a perfect way to promote my God given talents of organizer and promoter of a natural herbal high. I loved the product and I believed in the mission of changing the world one joint at a time. I also enjoyed the for profit motive, big profits if you made it a full time job and the number one focus of your young life. I was self motivated to live the good life outside of my parents control with the power of financial resources at my disposal, it made for a good time and a wonderful experience. For a teenager growing up under power and privilege, it was almost too good to be true.

Something I was good at, something I believed in and if well organized I could build a dynasty like Joe Kennedy did during prohibition. Brother Chris and I felt if Joe Kennedy could do it then so could we, one joint, one pound or one boat load at a time.