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study of Romanian? To impress the King? No. I did it because I wanted to sound intelligent and comfortable in a room full of strangers. So I did it for me. But the way it came out, I had done it for him too. Once more the rewards for just a few words of warm dialogue came in serendipity spades. I was invited to visit him at his palace.

As we got to know and respect each other, he gave me the privilege as Consul of using his own personal royal landing strip for our Embassy plane called Awionetka (Aviatrix) RWD-13 (by now you shouldn't be surprised about this persistent number 13 popping up in my life all over the place!) which I was using to visit various Polish immigrant communities. To top it off, the King's own flight instructor became my personal pilot. So what happened to this friendship? It's another one which remarkably exists to this day. King Michael of Romania currently resides in Switzerland. For all honours bestowed upon me and our lifelong friendship, serendipity brought me full circle to the point I could bestow something upon him in return. When I became Grand Master of the Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem from 1993 to 1999, I appointed "my" King Michael Royal Protector of the Order.

When faced with seeming walls and barriers, these are illusion. They seem real because they happen so quickly, you are often caught off guard, unprepared. Natural panic sets in. If you look only at the wall and stop there, you are lost. But if you go beyond it to the other side, your Harry Potter-power who lives within you will come up with a thousand ways you can scamper over it and get to the other side. After all, why else do walls exist? To have something to jump over to get to the other side.

When a wall lands in your face out of nowhere, ask yourself these questions. They work every time!

- 1 What is this wall made of? (Define the wall).
- 2 Why is it here? (Purpose and timing of the wall's appearance).
- 3 If there were no wall, what would I prefer be in its place? (In its place put a complete perfect picture of exactly what you would rather have.)

Question 1. and 2. are for your logical-thinking mind to analyze.

Question 3. is for your creative-power thinking mind to produce. After you get your answers to 1. and 2., log them away

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in memory to be aware of your situation, but *do not focus your attention on them*.

Focus all your attention only on 3. It is your entire focus on 3 only that is the magic power that gets you up and over and beyond your wall.

How do I *know*? Because when you put 3 *in place of* your wall, there *is* no wall. Think about it.

The best way to bend a spoon, for example, has nothing to do with the spoon, but everything to do with the space around the spoon. As you concentrate your focus and mind-energy only on the space around the spoon, you effectively eliminate the reality that the spoon even exists. If there is no spoon, you can bend it. Where you concentrate energy is where power builds. As the space around the spoon grows in power, the spoon responds by bending. If you re-read this paragraph and think deeply about it, you will understand how reality is bent and shaped not so much by what you think, but by *the single-mindedness of how* you think. When *what* you think combines with *how* you think it, your experience will shift. You will definitely deserve your first wings in the Flight School of Magic. Now if that isn't your wizard's wishbone come true, what is!

And this is not just for kids. This is for Moms and Dads and Grandmothers and Grandfathers and all kinds of everyone else. We are all creative. We all *can*. The walls in life “happen” to essentially tell us one thing – that we *can*. And the truth is, unless we have walls to jump over or spoons to bend, we'd never know that 1) we *can* and 2) we can do *more* than we “thought” possible. What we *can* and how we *can* is a measure of our *power*. Try. You'll discover it's true.

Then something interesting happens. After we've mastered jumping over enough walls, the walls stop appearing. Just like the spoon. How so? Because we stopped looking at the wall itself and looked at the space around the wall instead. In this way we could see it coming *before* it arrived, moved our focus *away*, so it never arrived because our focus was away from it, not on it. We focussed on *no wall*, so we got *no wall*. Life is the same. Life serves up what we focus on. Whether a spoon or wall or a mountain or a huge continent, size doesn't matter. What we “see” as size is the illusion. What our *thoughts focus on* is the reality.

I believe there is no greater revelation, no greater thrill, no greater reward than to find out, through experience, that we

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can. That we *have* the power. That we *are* the power. It is an emerging of the real part of us that is simply asleep and just needs to be awakened. Sooner or later something in life will come along to allow that to happen, for it is our destiny to become fully alive. And to be fully alive means to actually live our power. *We* have to know *how* that *really feels*. And then we have to have the chance to *use* it *wisely for the good of all* which *includes ourselves*.

When human beings MUST come up with a “perfect” solution, statistics prove they usually *do*! How? Where does the “power” come from? It comes from the wizard within us, connected with the entire universe of unlimited possibilities.

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Don’t be stubborn always. If the number you are calling is busy, be creative. Call another one.

From “Stubborn Thoughts”

Instead
of Christmas tree candles
God has lighted
Stars in the heavens.

“Christmas Eve in Bangkok”

(Talk about creative!)

Daring, Clever and Refreshingly-Creative Movie To See

Dave

With Kevin Kline, Sigourney Weaver, Frank Langella

FLIGHT-PATH 5

BEING JAMES BOND

I'm very serious about this! By the time you have finished reading this chapter, you'll be a believer. And you don't have to be male either, for Bond is not a man. He's an *idea*. This is one idea you *can* copy. No copyright infringement.

Have you noticed that no matter what predicament he gets into, he can always escape? Someone once wrote about him as the only one who could save the world while making a fashion statement. Always emerging unruffled. Cool Hand Luke even when dumped in Death Valley. Trouble with Bond is that we tend to see him as superhuman, while we dream. We marvel at Hollywood's progressively super-sophisticated high-tech escapades, but secretly deny we could even reach his ankle. He's simply "too good to be true". Well, many things that were not true yesterday, are true today. We are all called now to become some aspect of James Bond, one way or the other. Above all, he is a *survivor*.

It won't happen to you, you say? Don't be so sure. There's a better than 90 per cent chance of it happening to you personally because September 11 2001 has given us all a 360-degree fork in the road. We are living at a time of unprecedented change way beyond our history books, and beyond all my life's experiences combined. We are at a culmination of a planet's decision-making ability, its power of choice. You will be called to make very important choices. When that happens, please remember that next to that magical Harry Potter within you stands invincible James Bond.

My brief stint as Deputy Director of Arts and Culture in Poland in 1945 was no career "coincidence". In the Kurt Russell movie "Executive Decision", the first scenes show him taking flying lessons in a two-seater bi-plane. Upon landing he growls, "God, why am I doing this! . ." At the end he ends up foiling a terrorist plot planned aboard a huge Jumbo 747 and when the pilots are killed, single-handedly brings her down under super-stress conditions, saving all passengers. A feat combining sheer determination, raw courage and a will to survive. Was he a martial artist? No. Did he have to kill anyone? No. Was he some sort of high-tech whiz-kid? Not that either. In the moment of greatest terror trying to land that

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plane, his words were “I can do this”. And his black suit and white shirt stayed pretty-well intact through the whole thing. Pretty James-Bondish, don’t you think? Pretty crystal clear, retrospect, why he had been taking those “crummy” flying lessons ...

In 1946 I accepted a diplomatic posting to Poland’s Embassy in Romania. Settling-in time was followed by socializing-time mixed with the usual official functions, consular events and hosting visiting dignitaries. Meanwhile, wives met regularly to play chess. When Irene proved to be a daunting player, I realized I had married a mathematician. You have to be good at math to be a great chess player. That’s why I’d stand aside and watch, perplexed by the whole thing. I could never play the game. I was a humanist, not a mathematician.

You never know what you’ll hear when you listen. One evening Irene was playing chess with the wife of an Armenian dignitary of the Catholic Church of Lwów (“Lvoof”). Don’t ask why he happened to be in Bucharest exactly then, or how his wife found her way to my wife’s chessboard, but life is full of interesting non coincidences. Nothing by chance. Earlier rumours had been flitting about for several years that Poland’s most valuable treasures had been ferreted out of the country for safekeeping by some faithful priest early in the war to prevent the Germans from getting them. Further rumour claimed the priest had died or vanished. The treasures allegedly rested in some secret hiding place in Romania, but that’s where the trail went cold. No one knew anything more. Until that night over a chessgame.

During the game, Irene’s partner removed any doubt as to the treasures’ whereabouts. She stated factually that though no one knew their exact location, Romania was the confirmed country. As the source of this information was none other than a church dignitary, we had no reason to doubt its credibility. Well well. Having always been intrigued by this mystery since first I heard it, this had to be a cue meant for me. And clearly my first hot clue, obviously, for my other covert diplomatic identity: Sherlock Holmes. Holmes could never resist a challenge, so why would I?

I took to the role of super sleuth like a bee to honey, and began blazing the trail I hoped would lead to the lost Polish treasures. In my mind, my office at the Polish Consulate doubled as 221b Baker Street. While Irene played her games of chess, I played the game that was afoot. Over the next several months I moved my network of troops and sleuths around the

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chessboard of Romania with the perfect precision of a Napoleon. My MO was to pull off a “mission impossible”. I had no idea what I’d do once the lost valuables were retrieved, but I was not bothered by logistics. When making strategic plans to succeed in a complex mission, success comes one step at a time. Each completed step always points to the next one. I had no doubt that when the time came, I would know exactly what to do.

I wish I could say the first big breakthrough happened on the 13th day of whatever month it was. But break through it did. Exhaustive enquiries led to a Father Giru, General Provincial of the Jesuit Order of Romania, right under my nose in Bucharest where I was stationed. Not surprising. 90 per cent of things we look for in life are usually in front of us, staring us in the face. Father Giru was the only person who knew the whole story. So too the hidden location. He and I talked extensively about my intentions and the strict conditions – non-negotiable – under which those precious relics could be released into my care for return to their homeland. We reached an agreement and sealed it solely with our word.

The next move was to apprise the Polish Ambassador Profesor (Professor) K. Szymański in Bucharest. In his capacity, he needed to know what his Cultural Attaché and by now Consul was up to. No problem. I got the go-ahead, but still other preparations had to be made with the proper government authorities in Poland which had a role to play. So off to Warsaw I went. Bond would have flown on some Q-devised super-tech craft. I had to settle for the Bucharest to Warsaw Orient Express. Business concluded there, I enjoyed another two-day trip back on the Orient. Now I was really getting excited. Everything was falling into place, so far.

Tension was mounting. I knew it wouldn’t be long now. On the appointed day I was given loan of the Embassy limo and driver. We pulled up to Father Giru’s residence and got out. He was ready with a surprise. Sorry, but from that point on, I had to come alone without my driver. No limo. Just his own little private car. One more thing. I was not allowed to know the route. Only after I was carefully blindfolded did he turn the key in the ignition and off we charged, God knows where. We drove for about 30 minutes. When we stopped, Father Giru got out, came round to open my door, then took my arm and led me still blind as a bat into some dwelling. When the blindfold was removed, I found myself in a small underground dimly-lit chapel. From the musty smell, I guessed I was under

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a very ancient church. Two monks glided silently from the shadows into view. We descended to a second underground chapel.

There sat two large trunks. Waiting. Did they know they'd be rescued eight years later on this miraculous day? I couldn't help thinking how elated I'd feel after eight years in exile if someone came to take *me* back home. Without saying a word, the monks took large keys from their robes and opened the huge chests so I could witness the contents. Electric – unbelievable – breathtaking. I saw the most awesome ancient liturgical relics eyes could ever behold. Gold and silver, encrusted with precious gems, ornately carved with religious symbols. Dazzling beyond description. Just as their lids were being closed, I made out a date on a monstrance: fourteen-hundred and something A.D. My God. I was looking at something about 500 years old, 500 years in the future. Papers of receipt had been prepared for me which I signed. The trunks were re-locked and loaded into Father Giru's car, my blindfold was re-applied, I was aided into his car, then away we sped back to his residence.

Then the blindfold came off for good. But I had to promise the good Father one more thing – never to speak to anyone about what had transpired during my trip with him that day. In addition and most important, he knew he could count on me to keep this entire mission secret for at least 40 years to protect all parties involved. We lifted the trunks into the Embassy limo, I thanked him profusely for the expeditious assistance and was about to depart when I allowed myself to ask him one question from pure curiosity. How much were these treasures worth, anyway? About 10 million US, he told me. That was in 1947. Today's equivalent would be closer to \$100 million US.

Soon the trunks were safely stashed at the embassy. We made a detailed list of the contents for permanent embassy record, then placed the treasures in specially-sealed rooms under 24-hour guard. But the mission wasn't over. The second, more dangerous half lay before us. We had to get everything safely out of Romania into Poland without incident through border-guards just agitating for an incident or two.

We figured the trip from Romania to Poland through Hungary and Czechoslovakia would take at least four days, unexpected booby traps notwithstanding. After a couple of days' careful planning, my driver and I quietly crept out of Bucharest so early that morning, the birds were still dozing.

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My driver's name was Ropucha, (Ro – póo – ha). While he drove, I was busy anticipating problems and solving them before they happened.

We had all the proper papers proving we were embassy personnel – good. We were transporting diplomatic mail – okay. But we couldn't risk being searched. How to explain a whole mountain of “diplomatic pouches” stacked thick to the roof? The trunks were well covered by heavy tarpaulins, but what if the border-guards insisted on inspecting our cargo? We had a sturdy van – great. But we had lousy Romanian tires. No sooner did I think they'd never last, when boom. Three tires blew, three stops, three re-starts. Would we even make it to the border? This was ridiculous! We'd planned so much, come so far, a mission so major to be blown by a bunch of tires? It had taken only one small rock to bring down Goliath. We'd been brought down to our last spare. I had to come up with something fast.

“Okay Ropucha”, I said. “Here's the plan. With luck, we'll make it to the border, tires or no tires. When we get there, say nothing. Let me do the talking. If I sense trouble, I'm going to yell ‘ROPUCHA – GAS’! When you hear that, I want you to floor it. Got it?” “Yessir”, he stammered, more hyper than I was and trying to hide it. But he was a good man. He knew how to follow instructions and thankfully trusted my judgement. The border would be coming up soon. Suddenly the fourth tire burst with a bang, throwing us severely to starboard. Cursing under his breath, Ropucha lurched left just missing a ditch. We ground to a slow crunching halt. Out came our one remaining tire. No more chances now. We drove on the rest of the way mostly in silence. There was nothing to talk about and everything to expect. Any minute now – the next bend, the next. Then there it was. The border signalling escape to Hungary. We could taste the freedom already. But, a wrong word, a wrong look, a wrong move...

Ropucha eased the embassy van to a slow stop. A senior officer approached accompanied by two armed guards. They stared in amazement at the wheels. As my driver rolled down the window, the first question was how in the devil did we ever make it that far with such wheels almost bared to the rim?

“Diplomatic immunity, you know,” Ropucha blurted. “Even our tires. . . ?” He smiled through his teeth, then remembered he wasn't supposed to say anything.

But the officer wasn't smiling. “Papers”, he shot back,

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eyeing us both suspiciously yet with trained restraint. Satisfied we were what our documents claimed, he returned them to us with the question we were dreading.

“And what have you got in back?”

Ropucha was glaring at me.

“Diplomatic mail, of course”, I stated clearly, riveting my eyes to his to convey an honest air of obvious authority.

At this point he motioned to the guards positioned nearby. They stepped up to him smartly, poised and ready.

“Really?” the officer raised his eyebrows, glancing at the heavy tarp clearly hiding something very large and very bulky underneath. His eyes narrowed, betraying his suspicions about the unusual amount of so much mail.

“There are also some very famous books authored by a former secretary of Maréchal Pilsudski, which we’re transporting as part of embassy property”, I added.

“Books are of great interest to me. If you don’t mind, I would like to take a look”. He appeared set to make a move.

“Actually they’re all tightly sealed and it would take time to open everything up”, I followed up quickly and as firmly as possible hoping I didn’t sound too anxious. “We’re on a very tight schedule and would very much appreciate if you would honour our deadline”. But he was persistent.

“I regret Sir, I cannot”, he replied. “Either you allow us to examine what you are carrying, or we will not let you pass and you will have to withdraw”.

I looked at my driver, sitting quite pale and tense clutching the wheel.

“Then in that case, I choose to withdraw. *ROPUCHA – GAS*”!!!

The van roared to life and charged the barrier, gravel and sand spitting from under what remained of our rear wheels. If all the tires were to blow together, I prayed for wings. The wooden barricade splintered into toothpicks as Ropucha ploughed through and hurtled down the short 200-metre stretch of neutral road separating the two borders. As we flew through the air I dared to squirm around in my seat despite the danger of an expectant barrage of bullets. The soldiers were shouting, rifles aimed to fire. To my everlasting gratitude the senior officer abruptly waved his men to stand down and just let us go. Probably because we were lunatic embassy types and he wanted to avoid an international incident.

No one ever ran the 200-metre dash as fast as we did. In fact the Hungarians were howling hilariously at the whole

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show. Our vehicle had been at standstill so long, their curiosity had peaked. Sensing mischief, they'd gathered at their end to watch, wide-eyed. As soon as they saw us take off, they rushed to open their gate to save it. In those days barricades were wooden and fairly low. Ramming meant no damage for windshields, but barricades wound up as wood-chips. We landed in Hungary amid wild cheering and loud hoorahs. Ropucha was in his glory grinning broadly, cheeks flushed. I took my first deep breaths of relief.

We pushed our stiffened bodies and legs out of the van onto the solid safety of Hungarian soil. Unable to contain his exuberance, one of the soldiers bounded up and slapped us on the back almost hugging us, as if we were Lazarus back from the dead. In perfect Polish he exclaimed, "two Hungarians, two Poles; two swords, two glasses!" It was quite something. Having learned that one saying, meaning "Hungarians and Poles are blood-brothers in battle and drinking", for them that meant they had mastered the whole Polish language! They loved to congratulate themselves on it, which called for celebration with another drink! So we were in good company with our Hungarian blood brothers. More important, we were fairly safe now, major danger behind us. The rest of the journey to Warsaw would be a piece of cake. But first we needed sleep, food, and more important, a drink or three! We got all that and more. Best of all, we got a brand new set of far-superior-to-Romanian, Hungarian tires! Mission Impossible was becoming possible.

So what was that whole adventure about? Saving Poland's treasures? Sure, but not really. Don't forget. Just like a game of chess, life introduces many pieces playing many roles on the chessboard. The pieces you choose to move, and how you will manouver them, is up to you. Poland's treasures presented one huge piece combining people, circumstances, possibilities, challenge. I could have said "no, I don't want to play this round". But I chose to say yes, knowing the risks full well.

It was not about the treasures. It was about how I'd handle the challenge or not. It was not about the playing piece; it was about how I used that piece to play the game. It was the best lesson in chess I ever had. Never had the math skills to play. But life threw me a different version tailor-made for me to give me a chance to play with the skills I *did* have. Most important, having "engaged-battle" where the price for winning could have been my life, it proved again that we *are* stronger than our fear, greater than our doubts, and more gifted in "hidden"

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abilities than we allow ourselves to believe. We must think in larger dimensions.

We must never forget that what happens to us are not isolated events but many scenes like in a movie. When we make that connection, we get the thrill of seeing the bigger picture and how important everything together really is – like seeing the entire movie in one big flash. Like Kurt, realizing why he'd been taking those flying lessons. Like me, realizing why I had been Deputy Director of Arts and Culture in Poland in 1945 two years before the James Bond mission “appeared”. It had been but one scene in the movie of my life, but that was my preparation for what was to come. In my case I got the added bonus of getting a stealth lesson in the chess game of real life.

In every single instance of extreme human challenge, we are astounded by the wide range of inner powers we have which cannot surface for us to see until face to face with that challenge. The challenge becomes a gift.

Compared with the dangers of that mission, other risks that followed carried comparably minimal risk, for it's all relative. When you've been through the “worst”, you can do “anything” after that. Risk became easier, more exciting, as “it” had lost its power to make me afraid. The power tables were now reversed. I had the power. What was that power? Knowledge. Knowledge based on experience. Applying that knowledge was the real power. Another way of saying this is, when we make choices, that's good. When we make thoroughly-informed choices, that's best. But when we actively apply those choices, that's power.

Four years later in Baden-Baden, the Communist spiders were still trying to waylay me in their wacky web: get me kidnapped by that Communist bunch of young-bloods posing as “couriers”. I must have really needed a change of risks in life, because I decided that was it. Time to leave Europe. I confided my plans solely to my French occupation authority friends I could trust. I summoned my Vice-Consul and formally resigned, transferring to him all official documents and seals of Office of Consul. Thanks to my French comrades, they helped “erase” me from existence by arranging for news articles and other fabricated announcements saying I had resigned as Consul of Poland and had moved to Switzerland.

Meanwhile my family and I were relocated to a villa they kept in the forest on the outskirts of the city, guards and all, until proper papers could be prepared for definite departure. Having promised my parents not to return to Poland but

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wanting to maintain contact, another player in this game of “double agent” was available to us.

She was someone I’ll call Mrs. R. She acted as liaison lady, letting us use her address for mail-drops. That way, nothing could be traced directly to our clandestine hideout. But the Russian hounds were not about to give up. Suspecting I had pulled a fast one, they cornered the German janitor one afternoon on clean-up detail at the Consulate and offered him 30,000 DM (Deutschmarks) to betray me and my real whereabouts. I like to call this bribe the “30 pieces of silver”. But they had him figured all wrong. Instead of turning me in, he marched straight over to me and spilled the beans! Our own janitor could not be bought! One hears it said, “it’s good to have friends in high places”. But don’t be so sure. The one who ends up saving your hide could well be in the “low place”.

Back then I never thought of myself as James Bond. Truth is, one never does, until maybe later. Perhaps I never made a fashion statement, but I made a passion statement. When we’re determined to survive; to champion a just cause; or help those who’d die without our intervention, we can summon incredible strength to focus solely on the job at hand to do whatever it takes. That’s when we become super-human. That’s when we surface neither shaken *nor* stirred. And it’s extremely important for our self-confidence and personal power to have our own real experience to confirm we really *do* have what it takes.

So stay awake, readers. If you’re doing something a little off the wall in your life right now, it could well signal something rather intriguing coming your way one day soon. Very soon.

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We are at a culmination of a planet's decision-making ability, its power of choice. You will be called to make very important choices. When that happens, please remember that next to the magical Harry Potter within you stands invincible James Bond.

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With steady beat rain splashes against the glass
roofs of buildings soak as sadness permeates
and nothing else is visible, it seems, but the water
that rushes along the roadway like a runaway stream
On days like these I like to gaze through rain-soaked
windows
as I sit in warmth and nothing threatens me
while beyond the glass it is sad somehow – and wet
as only two or three people wade among the puddles then I
suppose I feel the power and might within me
and though my soul still bleeds with melancholy,
I do not outrage at my fortune
for I know I can still have happy eyes

“Rain”

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Timely Movies To See

Executive Decision

With Kurt Russell, Steven Seagal

The World is Not Enough

With Pierce Brosnan

FLIGHT-PATH 6

LOVING AND HELPING OTHERS WITH COMPASSION – INCLUDING YOURSELF

Ever wonder what the “hu” in human means? It means Higher Universal. What qualifies us for such distinction? The ability to care about others the same way we care about ourselves, no matter who they are; where they come from; what their beliefs are. That makes it universal. We don’t even have to meet that person, yet we can sincerely share their experience anyway. Why? What difference does it make? Because when we take away everything a person has including his clothes, we will see our own self standing there: a face, a body in which beats a heart, and a person who laughs and cries and gets angry or sad, just as we do. No difference. Living at the same address we all do: Planet Earth.

We all share a common human condition called *life* which makes us all one big person without difference. That is reason enough to care.

But other reasons exist. “Human” is a special lifeform. We uniquely are born with higher intelligence. Higher implies great potential. For what? We can *choose* what. Choose to hurt, or choose to help. Choice is energy of great potential to hurt or help. Life teaches that when we choose to hurt, hurt returns to us. Likewise with help. This is universal law. The energy you put out is the energy you get back, sooner or later. These days it’s sooner. One weekend I bought a Saturday Star with my “last toonie”. Said to myself, “sure wish this wasn’t my last toonie” – but then decided to give it with goodwill instead of resentment. Got my paper, stepped out onto the sidewalk. There at my feet lay a toonie. I actually yelped with glee, “universe heard me”! – hoping no one else had. Or they’d have scowled, “another nut wandering loose on the streets”.

But there’s a trick to it. When you give, it must be with true desire. Also, if someone you help cannot help back, sooner or later you will be rewarded in another way you did not expect. It *will* return to you. These days, definitely sooner rather than later. Have you noticed how much *faster* everything’s happening?

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As you read these words, millions of human beings are suffering and dying in our house: our home world. We can feel compassion. One part of us cares and wants to reach out to help, but another part does not know what to do. Yet a third part feels that even if the “what to do” were clear, there remains the barrier of “how” it could be done – how many people would it take? Could they get united? Would help reach the right people? Would it be in time? And so on. Suddenly the whole idea becomes so overwhelming, it collapses into confusion and is abandoned. Feeling compassion gives way to feeling powerless. Then something worse happens. Feelings can shut down. It’s called survival. To be shut down is a dangerous place to live. It is dangerous because it is a place where we believe that our power to choose has no power.

So back we go to routine agendas, responsibilities and commitments of “normal” life of school, work, shopping, entertainment, travel. We intensify this “normal” agenda as a “way out”. It is a form of transferring energy from one place to another. If we believe we cannot do “A” with our energy, we will direct it all into “B”. Yet deep down, “A” lurks within the higher universal part of you. This is the TRUE YOU. It yearns to be heard; to make a difference; to help the human condition on Earth.

So what’s the answer for us, seemingly so far distant from mounting global anguish? Dear friends, the key word is “seemingly”. In your mind, heart and soul, you *are* picking up the energy and feeling it. Your feelings eliminate distance. They collapse all barriers of geography, borders, nationalities, time zones, immigration restrictions and everything else. Your feelings are proof that we are all one big person without difference. With further thought, you will understand that what you feel is the real reality, whereas all the “barriers” are but illusion. Why? Because they have no power to stop how you feel.

Allow your feelings. They belong to “A” – your higher universal self, your true self. You can live all the “B” life you want. But if you do not allow “A” to live, you are not allowing your true self to live. Not allowing your true self to live is the same as allowing your true self to be dead. If your true self is dead, true happiness is dead. True happiness lives only when true self lives.

Many people are walking around that way; half alive, half dead. That is why they are only half happy.

How do you change your life to live the full happiness you want? First, by understanding that you *can* have it all, you just

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hadn't *thought* it through. When you truly *think* about it, you will realize your real power is the power to change your choice. You "thought" it boiled down to having *either* "B" or "A" because you concluded you were powerless to do anything about "A". The truth is, you can now make a *new* choice, for *both* "B" and "A".

How? Define "A". What is it, *really*? It is a *feeling* of wanting to do something. It is an *energy* that wants to get out into the world and contribute or participate in something meaningful to make a difference for yourself and others. Your feeling happens to be connected with compassion for suffering humanity. Because all past events are out of your control, leave the past in the past. Concentrate thought only on "from this moment on", because your concentration is needed for what has resulted from the past and now sits before you to be taken care of in the present.

Remember – energy put out is energy that returns. Someone somewhere must have put out some pretty chaotic global energies to cause such a chaotic global return. We cannot change the past, but I *know* we can change the future. How? The same way: energy output. If negative energies cause negative results, positive energies will cause positive results. This is not a new concept. What would be new is for each Human man, woman and young person to change their choice from "I cannot help, I'm powerless to do anything", to "I cannot help the past, but I *can help the future* by starting right *now* and *never changing* my choice". Next is to live our choice.

How? By living our life in ways that match our choice: how we think, feel, act. What we say and do. How we treat ourselves, family, friends, associates, community. If global boundaries have no power to stop the power of the energies we put out each moment in what we think, say and do right where we live and work right now every day, *think* of the huge *critical mass of positive energy accumulating*. It will have to return in a *huge positive way*. That is *universal law*. And that's how you will reach people so far away.

"But that's not enough", you say. "I want to get food, water and medicine to the millions". If your choice comes from your true self, that choice is *the power* which *will* lead you to the right place or people to make it happen. But had you settled only for "B" without giving your "A" its right to live, you would have denied your true self the chance to take action on what you were feeling. It's the amount of energy in positive

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action that causes positive change. Whereas energy that goes nowhere, causes nothing.

No matter what your true self really wants to do, there is always *some* way to make it happen, because no one can take away your power to choose. The ultimate is to choose that your true self always thinks, says and does what's helpful, loving and compassionate. Never change your choice. Even *if* it fails sometimes. Even *if* you make mistakes. Even *if* others are incapable. Even *if* you must stand alone. You'll not be alone for long. The world is changing too quickly. We can't afford to make choices which are not correct.

In January 1951 I was preparing my family for departure from Baden-Baden. While transferring all official Consular papers and documents to my Deputy, I was quite shaken to see tears streaming down his cheeks. My God. He had taken the news of my planned defection very hard, and wanted to come with me. He described how he had suffered immensely under Russian recruitment into the Polish Army. Despite poor health and serious lung problems, he was force-marched without boots for days through rain and every other kind of weather. All the time we worked together I thought he was a faithful Party member. "Yes", he said, "only to get a diplomatic posting". But his Polish heart was his true self, and he could never accept Communism. The real Poland he knew, just like mine, had vanished forever. Overwhelmed at that point with sweet memories, he broke down and wept. Compassion and surprise welled up in me. What could I do with this truth revealed at the "11th hour"? I told him to take over my position and inform the authorities of my "sudden disappearance". Meanwhile, I promised to do whatever possible and work "behind the scenes" on his behalf. No time to make a wrong choice. I had to rely on my gut feeling that his emotional story wasn't just a smokescreen in an endless series of subtle Communist plots to trap me.

When all was ready, my wife and I left with our trusted driver Norman B. Believe-it-or-not, though the son of a renowned German socialist and former driver of German General Marshall Sharnhorst, Norman had developed an unusual devotion to us with only one driving concern: that our family be fiercely protected. Our car packed and ready, we took a last look at the place we had called home. Then into the car we climbed and sped away. I remember the choked sound of crushed gravel under the wheels as another piece of life passed into the past. We were on the main road now,

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heading for whatever lay ahead. What was done was done. Would my Deputy give me away? Would Norman, no matter what I believed about them both? I figured it would be bad luck to nurse negative thoughts. I had to continue to trust my “lucky star”.

From our new little house tucked away at the outskirts of Baden-Baden under French jurisdiction, I hunkered down to handle the next step for our extrication from Europe. All paperwork had to be impeccable. While arranging entry visas to Canada for ourselves, I put in a request for my Deputy. At first there was a problem, because the man had TB which barred him entry. It was important not to break the rules, but it was also important not to let down a friend. I went direct to Lester B. Pearson, at that time Canada’s Minister of External Affairs. I took all my diplomatic and good-ambassadorship wands out of my wizard’s hat and waved them about. Surely these were extenuating circumstances. Surely on compassionate grounds the Minister as a true citizen of the international community sensitive to sufferings of war, could negotiate this entry yet be “politically correct”.

My Deputy was issued a visa with the designation “political refugee”. Thus he was able to enter Canada legally and upon arrival, received much-needed treatment for his tuberculosis. In retrospect, it is clear how all the pieces fit together. If one piece was missing, no other piece could work. Yet all the pieces had to be there for *anything* to work. The connections, the trust, the skills, the choices that did not change, the timing of circumstances and events, plus Lady Luck riding herd with Harry and James. Thinking back, it was confirmation of how our common human desire to be happy makes us one, and how much joy can come from such a small group sharing the same good intentions. Life is not about surviving. Life is about living.

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We all share a common human condition called *life* which makes us all one big person without difference. That is reason enough to care. Your feelings are proof that we are all one big person without difference.

To be shut down is a dangerous place to live. It is dangerous because it is a place where we believe that our power to choose has no power.

“Human” is a special lifeform. We uniquely are born with higher intelligence. Higher implies great potential. For what? We can *choose* what. Choose to hurt, or choose to help. Choice is energy of great potential to hurt or help. Life teaches that when we choose to hurt, hurt returns to us. Likewise with help. This is universal law.

No matter what your true self really wants to do, there is always some way to make it happen, because no one can take away your power to choose. We can't afford to make choices which are not correct.

If your choice comes from your true self, that choice *is the power* which *will* lead you to the right place or people to make it happen. We cannot change the past, but I *know* we can change the future. Life is not about surviving. Life is about living.

When bitterness overwhelms you
sing longing to the stars hung about the lofty sky
press the night pulsating with cold against the warm earth
and seek lost in the emptiness
your true self.

From “A Bad Dream”
(Under German Occupation)

Just as a scientist
will work wonders
out of the laws of nature,
a man who applies the laws of love
with scientific precision
can work greater wonders.

Mahatma Gandhi

Moving Movie To See

Patch Adams (Based on a True Story) With Robin Williams

FLIGHT-PATH 7

STANDING ALONE AGAINST ALL ODDS

I arrived with Irene and our young son Andrew in Canada in a beautiful 1951 August. I remember eating barbequed chicken for the first time; tasting Canadian ice cream. We had docked in Halifax, then entered Montreal by train. Who greeted us at the station but a close friend and colleague of mine from my Bucharest days in Romania, Dr. Donald Gyallay, then Chargé d’Affaires at the Hungarian Legation. With his help we got a little apartment. What a blessing, but what a shock. New country, different rules – an emptiness of nothing, yet a huge open door of endless possibilities for everything. I left my war-torn past in the past and stared at my unknown future squarely between the eyes. The very next day I made my first bold move – what else – I started job-hunting!

Over several years, I took what I could, starting out as a salesman for Eatons at minimum salary. In post-war Canada, that was \$42 a week plus two percent commission. I sold Oriental carpets; floor coverings; linoleum. By Christmas all immigrants were laid off including me. I couldn’t even get a job shovelling snow. Canadair was looking for economists. This time luck was with me. I was hired for \$100 a week. The day I got promoted to Assistant Supervisor, I hired my old friend Donald. I also hired a few more Polish and European friends whose competence was known to me. As a result the company prospered, earning me more promotions, more money. Maybe things weren’t so bad after all, I pondered. Maybe destiny meant me to be here. But I still wasn’t sure.

My true self was restless. Something wanted to surface and do something else, but I was darned if I knew what it was. All I had to go on were my feelings. But my past had been a good teacher. It had taught me to trust what I felt, even if I didn’t know the outcome. Rather than using my past to re-live pain, I used it as my toolkit from which to draw what I needed to propel myself into the future. Trust was the ticket.

I was a student-soldier-diplomat-made salesman – on the outside. But on the inside a newly-emerging me was coalescing into one identity All pieces wanted to be one piece. I was expanding into one bigger piece of everything. Add a shake or

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two of Sherlock and my old pals Harry and James. Like one great cocktail mix.

Perhaps it was the shock of sudden severance from a whole life on one continent and having to instantly restore it on another that got my mind thinking about puzzle pieces and how they all fit. Physically it was impossible to bridge the continental gap. Emotionally impossible too, with no normal time to gradually adapt. It was do or die – something the war had taught me well. Intellectually from pure survival instinct I took action against all odds.

Later when my emotions had time to catch up, I felt I had knitted a whole bunch of loose threads together like a blanket of energy fusing my two continents and two lives into one. Only then did events that seemed separate come together to make sense. Continuity was what I had been seeking. For my thoughts to shape this continuity was for me a small personal victory. It meant the difference between whether I would sink into doldrums, or move forward with potential for success. Was a greater purpose waiting? Something not achievable in Europe? Is that what I was up to in Canada? I didn't know then that I wouldn't see the complete picture until almost 20 years later.

In the meantime, I was grateful for having evolved another survival tool in life: we can never discern full purpose and meaning by looking at only one isolated event in separation from everything else. We must connect all events in the viewscreen of our mind in order to see continuity. An isolated event can leave us lost in hopelessness. A continuity of events supplies direction and guidance for the sense we need to make of life. Thus, not only can we move forward with some hope, we can know *where* we're going and why. Isolation leaves us blind. Continuity helps us see.

I targeted another tool in my kit: connections with good friends. I resurrected as many colleagues as I could dig out of the city. Amazing how many landed right under my nose in Montreal! I acted as professional matchmaker. Everyone needed help. It was the natural thing to do. Companies where I placed people got quality help, the people got jobs and money to live. But now with my new hope just dawned, my furnace was fuelled with new fire: joy and expectation of great things. What great things? Who knew? But when you have a strong hunch about something, that's your proof. All you have to do is stay alert to clues along the way and let the road of time lead you to your destination.

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Just to make sure, I might have sent up a prayer to whoever was watching over me and my precious family. There was something magic about that. It helped every single time, even if I didn't understand how. The Mormons have a saying that goes something like this: "Pray to God as if everything depended on Him. Then go out and work on whatever the task as if everything depended on you". I was headed for a launch of some kind. But nothing could have prepared me for the quantum leaps my career was about to take. Apparently they were part of the "ticket" I had bought for the journey which would ultimately lead me to the crowning pinnacle of my life.

Suddenly my joy melted. A fearful warning popped out of the past. "Who travels fastest travels alone", the voice in my head said. Ancient Chinese proverb? Would empty solitude be my fate? Future hardships giving me movie previews to sober me up? Yes, of course, I reasoned. Ultimately I was being reminded that achievement comes at a price. Inevitably we all come to a fork in the road. One road keeps you with the crowd where you can fade into oblivion. The other leads to higher ground where it's said "it's lonely at the top", for, upon arrival, no one's there but you. One lone warrior. Did I *really* want what I wanted? Life was warning me in advance. It always does, to test your choice; to give you a chance to change your mind. But ultimately, you cannot deny your true self. Even while my joy was tempered with sadness, I knew what my choice was. I remembered someone saying, "when you come to a fork in the road, take it". That's exactly what I intended to do. If there were ten forks in the road, by God I'd take them all. That way, if I missed one or two, I would know it must have happened only because I was too busy with all the others. More important, life had taught me that when you *think and feel very strongly you are capable of something, those very thoughts and feelings are PROOF that you CAN!*

The next years to 1971 felt as if I lived five lives in one. I was a consultant for Leetham – Simpson (Montreal); Managing Director of Werner Management Consultants, went back to Leetham for a while as Vice-President; then President of Lasser, Dunwoody and Associates International. At the same time, I helped manage various Polish Canadian associations. In 1960 I established my own consulting firm Korey International Inc. while wearing two other hats for Werner: one as Canadian Managing Director for their New York firm, the other as Director of International Marketing for Werner Associates proper. By 1967 I had worked in almost every

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country in South and Central America including the Caribbean – and Western Europe. Yes. Life often leads you back to “ground zero” for a reality check ...

Some of my contracts involved the US Agency for International Development; the World Bank; CIDA (Canadian International Development Agency); the Jamaican Industrial Development Corporation; Governments of Malaysia, Colombia, Mexico, Sweden, Pakistan, the Caribbean and Latin American Free Trade Area and, the European Common Market, the present European Union. I even took on a large US pharmaceutical firm operating in 75 countries. In all of these endeavours the work involved strategic business planning to increase profits and market share; developing realistic international business policy; handling budgets, pricing, trademarks, advertising, economic and sales policies, new product research – the whole nine yards and more – but I devoured it all with relish (it’s sweeter than mustard).

All together I travelled to about 50 countries and produced some 200 comprehensive consulting studies, generally gaining an international reputation in the fields of economic and industrial strategic planning, marketing and export development. Later someone told me that I was the most travelled businessman in my day. This was in fact true, but I never noticed. I was on a roll, high on that precious commodity called freedom of choice, opportunity and expression that so lethally threaten Communist regimes. I’m sure I also managed to produce many headaches for my loving wife who if she wasn’t depressed when I went flying around without her, was stressed from the travel of my flying around with her. I concluded that matrimony was the first union to defy management.

When the human mind is allowed to laugh and play freely in its universe, it can more easily enter the doorway of what is the largest nation in existence: the imagi-nation. An infinite place of infinite images. It is a nation to which we naturally aspire in order to inspire. I opened my mind full throttle, surfing the cosmic netscape. This was true navigation of the imagination.

Finally the stardust settled. 1967 brought me back to Montreal to rejoin Leetham as their Vice – President. Irene and I were content and truly grateful for this land of freedom. Our life was a purring energy blanket of comfort and happiness. Financial worries were far behind us. Despite my international fever, Canada really was our home. Our joy was more precious than ever. Many of our best, most treasured memories are of Montreal, our “pioneer” city.

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Our baby boy bounced into manhood seemingly overnight, a phenomenon any parent will confirm. Andrew had completed McGill a year earlier in 1966 at age 18 – too young for admission to any Canadian university. So champagne sparkled everywhere when the University of Manchester in England accepted him into their two-year Bachelor of Pharmacology program. More good news. Not only did we have family in Manchester who opened their home to him – comforting to anxious parents – but he sailed through his studies in *one* year and graduated the following summer of '67. Then *all* the Canadian universities wanted him. By 1971 he had his Master in Pharmacology from Western U in London; got engaged and married.

But permanent snuggling – into sweet easy life was not to be ours. The FLQ crisis hit Montreal in 1970 with constant threat of being bombed. We had had enough bombs. We no longer wanted that old uneasy feeling. Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto was looking for a Dean of Business with extensive business experience. Someone put my name into the running. Though the bomb threat was bound to evaporate at some point, we took this as a signal from universe to move on. I had to give destiny the chance to accept or refuse me. 200 candidates came forward, short-listed to 16, of which I was one.

Just to confuse everything, a second attractive fork in the road appeared at the same time with uncanny synchronicity – a posting with the United Nations. Quite frankly I forgot about Ryerson. However, right in the middle of my meeting in New York at the UN, a call came in for me to please come to Toronto. Candidates were now down to four. “Hey, wait one darn minute”! My thoughts protested. “Destiny’s doing the deciding even before the UN gets a chance to make me an offer I can’t refuse”? Which fork should I take? Toronto won. It seemed universe timed that Toronto call to cancel the UN in advance. That’s a pretty loud trumpet blast. Ryerson’s Search Committee recommended me to their President Dr. Donald Mordell. That’s how, on July 1 1971, I got the job as their Dean of Business and Executive Assistant to the President. Three months later in October, I accepted the additional responsibility of Vice-President Administration.

During all this, Irene was combing Toronto for a new home. Our hearts hung heavy with thoughts of leaving Montreal, yet yearned for permanent, peaceful, secure life in Toronto. It had taken 20 years – 1951 to 1971 – to reach that personal plateau I had been preparing for all my life. When that freak

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but fortuitous fork in my road delivered me to Ryerson, I had a flash of revelation. Was *this* the real reason for my life, with everything prior but a preparation?

My existence was not about escaping the Germans or Russians; or just working hard to make mountains of money; or seeing the world or feasting on pots of pierogies (though that would be so deliciously easy, especially lathered liberally with fried butter and onions – then quick! Smother in sour cream!) It was to combine all that experience, learning, knowledge, skills, wisdom and strength I had gained from those years, and put them somewhere. *Do something more* with it all. The best big one piece of all those pieces combined.

I thought long and hard, and conceived the idea of establishing a school where managers already professionally employed could upgrade, expand, and stretch their intellectual capacity to embrace a rapidly-changing world. Call it a future-oriented approach to management education. Upon graduation, the individual wouldn't have just a head-full of new information. He or she would have knowledge to apply the information, ability to think strategically for long-ranging results, and enhanced capability to spearhead lasting excellence in two critical areas of society: health care management, and business administration.

Call it a University Without Walls. Teachers would not merely convey data, but would act as catalysts and facilitators of learning to stimulate thought. Call it Learning in Action. After all, I concluded, what we learn we must be able to apply. What we apply must be relevant to the real world out there. Out there whether in a town, city, province or state or nation or world, good management is mandatory. Good ideas and ability to implement them is crucial. The quality of life we end up living is invariably the result of how well people manage the programs of life. I believe the way we do that is by helping people develop our finest human resource: ability to think strategically in order to make right choices. Choice decides the direction in which to apply knowledge. The direction of that applied knowledge is the power that shapes our destiny.

I wanted this place of learning called The Canadian School of Management (CSM), affiliated ideally with Ryerson. On June 16 1976 I obtained a Province of Ontario Charter to launch the school, and presented my idea to Ryerson's Board of Governors. I got their support, but their Academic Council opposed it. Another fork in my road, this time a thorny one. Was I going to let it go, or push onward? Well, you know me

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by now. I quit Ryerson. In 1977 I took early retirement and invested all my money and energy into making the Canadian School of Management a success. I was beginning to experience the reality of “travelling alone”.

Could I get enough people to unite with me? Where should the school be located? Could I motivate professional business people to be facilitators? The odds seemed awesome. But if I had succeeded at so many other business challenges, surely just an extra slice of Polish sausage – I mean an extra portion of Polish prowess, would be all I’d need for this one. My wife had seen some exciting times with me, but this was the last straw. Almost all our life’s earnings for an idea! Moments like these prove finally and forever whether you married the right person. I did.

With the help of a grant from W.K. Kellogg Foundation, CSM was able to begin and grow from there. At the same time, I founded and was President of Northland Open University operating under identical caveats of open education of higher learning, based in Whitehorse. We took our teachers from among other employed professionals already excelling in their particular fields. All the combined knowledge from my past including familiarity with every facet of education from my Ryerson years, neatly fell into place.

No matter what resource was needed – money, people, programs, materials, location, and so on – it was there. Mind you, when we needed extra injections of cash, they came from my own pocket from personal savings from those 20 years. Each bank withdrawal could have magnified a deep fear that I was playing a losing game. But my mind never would have rewarded so vile a counterfeit conclusion. Instead – and I had to be brutally honest with myself – I held only one deep conviction: dipping into my own resources was proof that the money was meant for this very endeavour. Had my eyes died at the dollar, CSM would have been down the tubes many times over. But my vision extended beyond the buck to how much closer to the goal we got *because* of each buck.

The money’s purpose was to make the dream of CSM live so that others’ dreams of better life could become reality.

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All I had to go on were my feelings. But my past had been a good teacher. It had taught me to trust what I felt, even if I didn't know the outcome.

An isolated event can leave us lost in hopelessness. A continuity of events supplies direction and guidance for the sense we need to make of life. Thus, not only can we move forward with some hope, we can know *where* we're going and *why*. Isolation leaves us blind. Continuity helps us see.

Just to make sure, I might have sent up a prayer to whoever was watching over me and my precious family. There was something magic about that. It helped every single time, even if I didn't understand how.

Life was warning me in advance. It always does, to test your choice; to give you a chance to change your mind. But ultimately, you cannot deny your true self.

When you think and feel very strongly you are capable of something, those very thoughts and feelings are PROOF that you CAN!

When the human mind is allowed to laugh and play freely in its universe, it can more easily enter the doorway of what is the largest nation in existence: the imagi-nation. An infinite place of infinite images. It is a nation to which we naturally aspire in order to inspire.

The quality of life we end up living is invariably the result of how well people manage the programs of life. I believe the way we do that is by helping people develop our finest human resource: ability to think strategically in order to make right choices.

Choice decides the direction in which to apply knowledge. The direction of that applied knowledge is the power that shapes our destiny.

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With wondrous pearls it shinnied up the trees,
perched on the wires, adorned fences and telegraph poles,
glistened on branches.

The shimmering icicles hung to the ground,
trembled at the slightest breath of wind,
rocking gently, slowly, majestically – in time!

Milky white, the frosted trees leaned down to their mother –
the earth – and kissed her passionately, lovingly,
nuzzling in her womb, hiding from the wind.

But the wind – the scamp! – howled, chuckled, and
with a playful grunt, began to flick the shining pearls.

A couple fell...

The rest, clinging tightly to the branches,
hung there fitfully.

Those which fell smashed onto the grey earth;
then they were trampled by human feet –
the profane crushing the sacred.

Yet the whole host of other, beautiful pearls
waged war against the earth. Like insects, the pearls
crawled over roofs, windows and straw thatched dwellings,
they covered – one next to the other, densely, in a whole herd –
shingles, tiles and cold metal roofs of city structures.

The gale whipped about with a rumble of dissatisfaction,
it wailed and billowed, smashing
the dancing beads of frost in white clusters.

The game began.

The snowy needles frolicked, danced, played!
They frenzied in the gusts of wind, as in a strange, drunken
dance.
From the roofs they swung to the ground, the trees, branches.

On the melancholy boughs of the trees
they played out a lingering melody of LIFE.

“Hoarfrost”

Memorable Movie To See

Dead Poets Society
With Robin Williams

FLIGHT-PATH 8

HOLDING YOUR GROUND

In 1980, those who felt threatened by what the school was doing decided a public smear campaign might take us down a few notches. Make prospective students think twice about enrolling with us. For a while negative articles about the school's credibility appeared in the press. Any reference to me was Mr., whereas my Doctorate and several other degrees were common knowledge by then. That sort of thing. Those months were hurtful. But you know what they say. "Been there. Done it".

From their perspective I was an embarrassment and a nuisance. From my perspective, I was an enhancement and a necessity. It only steeled my purpose on that razor's edge ledge that strengthens one's solitary stand against the odds. It meant another heartache at home for Irene having to "stand by her man". But she too had had much practice. And for an old battle-type like me, it was one more reason never to give in. Those days we did a lot of standing up because we refused to stand down. If the school was being vilified, we must have been doing something right. When on a committed course to which you have given your life, you can conquer anything.

For years I campaigned for CSM to be given degree-granting rights. To cut to the chase, even when names and faces changed with new elections and new minds with new authority, I was still up against the establishment. The right to grant degrees would raise CSM's profile and therefore attract more students. But the establishment was not interested in fostering competition away from mainstream educational institutions by granting us what we wanted, even if we had earned it. Here it was again: life presenting choice. Better to continue to strive, or pack it in and admit defeat? Truly, I did not believe I had come this far just to quit. It's always better to choose some small success over nothing at all. Nothing is the greater terror, the greater failure. Far better to contribute something of value to your fellowman, than leave him a legacy of diddly squat.

Between 1995 and 1996 due to economic factors, CSM's life looked grim. Grim was not in my vocabulary. So again I applied power of mind. No matter what problem faces us, there is always an answer. That year I was that proverbial

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rider who mounted his horse and rode off in all directions at once.

Age had crept up on me, but no way could I assume it included the privilege of relaxing and letting go. Stretching my strategies farther than Spiderman, I reached into my well-worn toolkit of connections and fired off as many letters as I could to long-time associates with whom we'd been academically affiliated over many years in Canada and abroad. My strong feeling that CSM needed to live for Herculean world challenges ahead, was overwhelming. Perhaps intuition grew stronger with age, or maybe the Polish mule in me was being more stubborn than a certain joke I'd heard about why Polish dogs have sore heads: from chasing parked cars.

Letter after letter flew out to colleagues who I knew could offer what CSM now needed: internationally-recognized academic standing, long track record of sound management, and sufficient funds. But I had other reasons for my actions – more personal. Hundreds maybe thousands of bright managers in this and other countries would need this unique Canadian concept of management-learning, now more than ever. How do we not manage a nation all the way to war?

Meanwhile, my desk doubled in size with rejection letters. Further, time was overdue for me to pass the reins of command to my highly-competent and brilliant Vice-President, Christine van Duermen. She was devoted, deserving, more than capable, and possessed what I consider a key navigational skill: ability to commandeer a goal to completion no matter how long it takes or storms encountered. For all intents and purposes, my job was done. I had dreamed the school, built her, nursed her, and expanded her concepts and principles to influence lives in a meaningful way. I believe those lives are a contributing force to the combined energy we call collective human thinking mind. I believe that energy of mind expands like a ripple effect, causing either negative or positive results for all humanity depending on the intention of that energy.

With that thought in mind, I felt the time was right for my next fork in the road. I'd be happy to be Chancellor or something coming by, you know, just to check things out. And if I got very lucky, someone might ask my opinion about something. I felt like "Goodbye Mr. Chipps", except I'd still be around to say hello while placing CSM in other hands to reach its higher destiny. On some dark evenings alone in my office deep in thought, I could have sworn the presence of Peter O'Toole sometimes sat peering at me from behind my bookcase.

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On September 22 2001, The Canadian School of Management happily held its 25th-year anniversary celebration and Graduation Ceremonies. Courses are degree-level. To date CSM has graduated more than 2,800 top business professionals from government, hospital, and business administration now contributing their skill to our country. CSM had also fostered four other schools in Karachi and Lahore, Pakistan; and in Hyderabad and Puna, India. In addition to required courses of studies in business and health in those two countries, English is taught as high-priority to attract more students. Upon graduation, they are more employable in better jobs not only at home but in other countries.

How did this story get its happy ending? What can I say, except that the vision for CSM was flawless. It had a future indeed. One day when I was least expecting it, I got a call from one of my colleagues in England who for many years had been running International Management Centres (IMCB) from Buckingham. He was an independent thinker like myself, so we saw mind to mind. He admired CSM's program but his was structured to suit the British environment. A year earlier he had received my letter, but wasn't interested. My hopes fell. IMCB, in my view, was the perfect match. And I wanted nothing less for CSM. So despite his no, I kept the faith because I couldn't shake the feeling that he was still the right partner.

The day of his unexpected call was the moment I'd been waiting for. He had changed his mind about my joint-venture proposal and wanted to seal an agreement with me after all. I almost couldn't believe it, yet I did. Destiny had put me in a holding tank of quicksand for one entire year. I resorted to the only thing I knew how to do: trust. *And* hold my ground. Whatever had happened across the ocean to reverse his position could only be explained by right timing. CSM had been put on hold until the perfect moment for the perfect outcome. Here it was again: proof of the impeccability of correct timing.

Within days of that call, IMCA dispatched a colleague to Toronto to conduct initial negotiations. One good thing led to another. Within weeks the whole package was completed. Truly it was a coup. CSM got what it needed: management expertise, fresh ideas, quality compatible course materials, integration of staff with no layoffs, appropriate new funding, computerization to state-of-the-art capability plus Internet, with huge relief, joy and boosted morale for all. The crowning win-win miracle of my 76 years on Earth. It was 1997. I

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thought of 1951 and marvelled. I could have sworn it was only yesterday.

By what providence was CSM pulled from peril? Do we choose our circumstances and after birth forget what we chose? Is our intuition the only part of us that remembers and therefore acts as a compass to lead us toward those circumstances? Is that why our feelings are always right? Or was it that beautiful guardian angel of mine or that mischievous lucky star? Did CSM have its own academic angel? I believe the lot of them conspired for final delivery of my vision into reality.

I believe we *do* choose our circumstances, but our free will can say yes or no to intuition. If we keep going against our intuition, life will keep bringing back the same issues disguised in a different set of circumstances until finally we say yes. The reverse is also true, if the yes we keep saying should be a no. Once we've lived through those issues, life pivots from that point, bringing a whole new set of circumstances with their own specific flight-chart of intuitive feelings for another fresh start at paying attention to our heart.

Still we are always tested on what we think we know life has taught us, to see if we really know. That's what makes life itself a school of many classrooms. My one long year of waiting was the acid test. Why? Because one year of nothing is long enough to turn your back on your whole life's dream. One year of perceived failure is long enough to ditch many years of success and doubt they ever meant anything or even happened. But it often gets darkest before the dawn. And we give up just two steps shy of the mountain top because that top is invisible to our physical eyes. We can sense it only with what we feel. I was being tested on how long I would still listen to my heart let alone hear it.

The feeling within kept repeating, "hold on". Imagine that. Would *you* have been able to hold to an invisible feeling in the face of a desk with a visible crack down the middle about to collapse front the weight of rejection letters? I have a personal hero who I believe is a master in that department – Dr. Robert Schuller. One of the greatest examples to humanity of what happens when you hold to your dream, no matter what. I love his "tough times don't last, but tough people *do*"!

I held on for one simple reason. I took a good look *beyond* 1997. What I saw were life challenges of astounding proportions. What I knew was that CSM was uniquely positioned to provide what businessmen and women would need to

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weather those waves. With CSM'S adaptive leadership programs and a high-tech global delivery system, learned skills could continue to support a society that would need them. When the educational stream continually adapts to a flowing lifestream, you have continuity in the progressive growth of a people, of a nation. Life never stops teaching, we never stop learning. CSM had arrived where it was meant to be. It had left the dream-world and become a real place where people can experience what is as real as they are.



*From left to right: Dr George Korey, Baroness Caroline Cox (President of IMCB), Prof. Reginald Revans, Prof. Gordon Wills (Principal of IMCB), in the back: Prof. Claude Sumner, Univ of Addis Ababa, and Dr Rodrigue Bilodeau, Chairman of Honeywell Corp. of Canada.
(Windsor, England - 1986)*

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The schools in India and Pakistan are also completely computerized now, and offer special courses relevant to their own job markets indigenous to their country. When I last attended Graduation ceremonies in Hyderabad and Puna in November/December 2000, there were more than 100 graduating that one day. Their degrees are accepted anywhere in the world. The schools have extended their reach to the people by establishing about 30 branches at different locations, with hundreds of English-speaking professors from United States, Canada and British universities competing to teach at them.

Schools in Karachi, Lahore, Hyderabad and Puna were established as CSM affiliates under the designation of IGS, or Institute of Graduate Studies. However, because of their tremendous high-level educational contribution to the country, the IGS designation has now appropriately earned the right to be called Korey International University.

The energy which built the Canadian School of Management had nothing to do with building a school. It was a concept of learning to develop full human potential. Emerging thereafter to mingle with society, that potential could then positively affect how we manage our relationships, organizations, communities – all our social, economic and political systems. CSM's learning environment is non-threatening and encouraging. It fosters collaboration in place of competition; teamwork, informality, and supportive interactive relationships. People want and need total integration now between learning and real life they face every day as opposed to textbook study of hypothetical realities. Call it hands-on familiarity-learning in the real world.

Courses are broad-based, meaning they are designed to bridge the educational gap that occurs at two distinct points in our lives. First, just as we're entering the workforce. Second, when we're making a career change. These are major life-events. CSM knits those realities together by providing training in mental flexibility to respond to and live with change. Change that comes dramatically, unexpectedly. Like September 11 2001. Like sudden job-loss. The repercussions of 9.11 have affected much more than our workplace, jobs and careers. The entire reality of what life and living are all about has been rearranged dramatically and permanently.

When I developed those original course concepts, they were designed around my own major life-events of 1951. The principles I used to resolve my continuity gap were incorporated into the materials. We need the safety and security of

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continuity through all life-changing events. I needed to know how to adapt quickly. The principles I used worked, so naturally I was eager to promote them via CSM. There are no schools on Earth to teach us how to manage life so that we won't crash and burn. I figured people could use one. The real school on Earth is life itself which teaches us something valuable every day. I simply wanted to merge that truth with sound business practice to make learning how to manage our world more easily, realistically, consequently more effectively.

CSM is the closest thing to life and living in an educational context for adults. Its no-walls design allows study by correspondence. It does not interfere with time needed for family, full-time jobs and recreation. Absence of central control places responsibility on learners themselves to govern and complete studies on time in combination with their own personal agendas. In that way, education and self-development flourish in harmony with life as it's happening. Like the English language, CSM is a living school. While maintaining academic excellence comparable with its peers, its adaptive principles maintain continuity with reality.

Today CSM enjoys strong national and international recognition and respect. Over the years its unique concept has attracted educators from across North America to study its secrets of success. It was only an idea. Yet that's where all things start. And your ideas are no different than mine. In fact, I'm certain they are even greater.

My idea could never have come true had I not held my ground, or not had so many caring, wonderful, gifted and committed individuals both within and outside CSM to help make a dream reality. The first five years are the toughest, they say. "If you survive the first five", they say, "there's a chance you'll stay alive". In those first critical years I didn't have two legs to stand on, I had four. The other two belonged to Dr. Yvonne Bogorya, a rare human being of high energy, intelligence, tireless dedication, and a healthy appetite for achievement far surpassing your average working day. That our destinies crossed was my good fortune, and CSM's. She was my right-hand for many more years beyond five, for which I am and shall remain forever grateful.

Like a willow that bent with the wind but did not break, the CSM willow sprang branches which today thrive well beyond its Toronto home. Time and tenacity have validated us. While the willow was being bent, I and my team remained unbending. In this very high-tech life now at home, school and

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work, no manmade technology will ever replace or perform the human miracles of creativity, intuition, true caring and sharing.

My dream and myself were one energy, inseparable. No one can take your dream from you, for you *are* your dream right in your shoes on that ground you hold.

When on a committed course to which you have given your life, you can conquer anything.

Far better to contribute something of value to your fellowman, than leave him a legacy of nothing.

Hundreds maybe thousands of bright managers in this and other countries would need this unique Canadian concept of management-learning, now more than ever. How do we not manage a nation all the way to war?

I believe that energy of mind expands like a ripple effect, causing either negative or positive results for all humanity depending on the intention of that energy.

I believe we *do* choose our circumstances, but our free will can say yes or no to intuition. If we keep going against our intuition, life will keep bringing back the same issues disguised in a different set of circumstances until finally we say yes. The reverse is also true, if the yes we keep saying should be a no.

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In a magic land of illusion dusk falls from walls
(just as – before graduation – terror fled from me)
I remember: yesterday a “pupil” today a “man”
enters solitary life and shatters darkness.

From “Graduation”

Today my verse can be light, frivolous,
No mournful black, no bitter tears,
Let all laugh at my bungling rhymes,
I too will laugh – happy as a lark.

K. Muszynski (Polish poet)

Even small dogs have big dreams.

“Stubborn Thoughts of My Dog” From “Tree of Life”

Critical Movie To See

Crimson Tide

With Denzel Washington, Gene Hackman

FLIGHT-PATH 9

SURVIVING AND THRIVING IN CHAOS

What does it mean, to “survive”?

What does it mean, to “thrive”?

What is “chaos”?

Survive

Is basic instinct to preserve life. To be sure of having the basic things we need to remain living. It means to “save” our life, rescue our own selves moment to moment so that we do not lose our life; so that we don’t die.

Thrive

Means to live in a way whereby everything we need for survival comes to us in a continuous uninterrupted flow, thereby eliminating the fear of the possibility that we might lose that flow at any moment. Thrive also means to have so soundly secured continuous flow of our basic needs, that we don’t have to worry about it anymore and can move beyond it and get lots of other things not because we need them, but because we want them. Thriving has no limit.

How well you thrive is measured in the world by our society in terms of material gain: how many cars, houses, clothes, toys; how much money, how many investments and how many bank accounts. In some countries wealth is measured by how many oil wells, how many wives. Still in others, worth is measured in numbers of horses, chickens, or sacks of grain. All these measurements have one thing in common: they are a measure of *economic* status. In our society, the amount of money determines one’s economic status. In other societies, possessions used for exchange and barter determine one’s economic status.

Chaos

Things out of place. Confusion, disorder. Many things happening all at once at speeds beyond “normal”, or beyond what we are used to. Chaos becomes a permanent reality if unpredictability and speed of things happening are sustained over a long period of time.

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We are all born with the basic instinct to survive. It is the animal part of us. We are capable of doing anything and everything to stay alive. But look closely. Is this drive to stay alive based on fear of losing your life? Or love of keeping your life? Which one is true for you?

We all want to get beyond surviving, and into permanent thriving. We enjoy and want many varieties of things we can have in life to keep the kaleidoscope of new pleasures uninterrupted. But look closely. Is your drive to thrive based on getting lots of stuff and pleasure just for yourself? Or lots of stuff and pleasure to share with others too while including yourself?

We all want life to flow smoothly without too much chaos. A little bit we're used to. But when it comes in epic proportions – when it's "*in your face*" time", what do you do? Worse, when it doesn't go away, keeps on coming and even has the nerve to get bigger every day, what do you do? Take a close look. If a ten-ton truck is bearing down on you and you can see it getting closer and closer, you have only two choices: get run over and end up in pieces, or get out of the way and end up in one piece. If the truck appears suddenly without warning, catching you off guard, which choice will you make?

In all of the above three situations of surviving, thriving, and handling chaos, fear is the root energy. In the case of surviving, we fear death (instinctual fear of loss). In the case of thriving, we fear not having enough for ourselves (instinctual fear of lack). In the case of the truck, the fear can be so sudden and unexpected, you freeze. If you don't act in time, you're gone. If you *do* act in time, this too is fear-based. But there's a difference.

In this case it's not fear of losing your life that bolts you away; it's an instant, immediate, instinctual choice for self-preservation. Meaning it is a choice to reach out *for* your life that is so powerful, the energy projects you *out of harm's way*. So what? What's the difference whether you "save" your life out of fear of losing it, or love (strong positive desire) of keeping it? A great deal. Please keep this in mind as we continue, for this power you have is your answer to everything happening to you now, and everything that will happen to you in future.

What are we talking about? We're talking about exactly how you can live your life in the best possible way from this day forward no matter what is happening. Why? Why is this so important now? Because everything you have been conditioned to; everything you are accustomed to; everything you

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thought you knew about the world out there is changed. And it will keep changing, faster than you can keep up with it. That's what I'm talking about. These rapid changes are either friend or foe. The choice is yours.

Choose to see them as foe, and life for you will be non-stop scrambling faster and faster trying to keep life going the same way you've been used to. But guess what? The more you scramble, the worse it gets. Why? Because as soon as you get things "in order" again the way you like it, things are going to change again. They're going to go out of order again. I call this "life coming at us faster than we can live it". Result? Non-stop chaos that gets more chaotic. And that is not the best way to live.

If, however, you make change your friend, you become the willow that bends with the wind but does not break. As a willow, each branch and twig is a radio receiver, a satellite dish. Thousands of bits of information from all corners of life stream through non-stop. Let it. What does a receiver do? It *listens*. No more than that. It *listens*. But like a willow, the information streams right *through*, free like the wind to sail right on by. Meanwhile, you as HUMAN (higher universal man) have ability to process all the data streaming by, because you have a conscious thinking mind. Your mind is the main processor of this data. As processor, you make *decisions* to keep *only the information you want*.

How do you decide what information to keep, what to discard? Whom and what can you trust as correct for you? Easy. Recall what you just read about surviving, thriving, and chaos.

What if surviving is not about fear of losing your life, but loving life so much that that power will automatically show you day by day how to keep living? Result: either way, you survive. But if fear-based, your life will be stress, illness, defeat, possibly death. When love-based, your life will be hope, new ideas, personal wellbeing and strength. The fact is, *it is not possible for both fear and love to occupy the same space. When you make a permanent choice for love, fear vanishes*. It is like light (love) and dark (fear). Go into a dark room and turn on the light full blast. Now tell me: *where* is it *dark*?

When you choose fear as your motive, you access instinct only. With only instinct alone, we are capable of anything and everything to stay alive. This justifies hurting and harming, even killing. And that is not the best way to live. When you choose love as your motive, you access higher intelligence to

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think, to make best choices. Then *teamed* with instinct, you will stay alive and life will be better.

How did we change the fear energy of survival into a love energy? By changing our choice. We re-arranged the ruins so that we could see what was hiding underneath. Why did we change our choice? Because we wanted to. Why did we want to? Because the natural desire to stay alive and thrive is stronger than the unnatural desire to suffer and die.

Fear is capable of doing harm. Love can do no harm. And the first person not to harm is yourself. You do that by caring about and respecting yourself. That self-care and self-respect is the *love* we're talking about. When you're feeling that, you can't feel fear.

What if thriving is not about fear of lack, but loving all kinds of things in life so much that after we get everything we want and more, there's still enough to share with or give to others? There is an elite group of very wealthy New-Age businessmen in Japan. They share one goal in life: work hard and honourably to get as much from life as possible in order to give away as much as possible. As a result, they give it away to others but get to keep everything they need and want for themselves along the way. Pretty neat win-win!

What if thriving is about more than just material stuff? What if it also means a happy state of heart and mind, and having good health? What if it means a great attitude and optimistic outlook no matter what's happening? Perhaps it means living in a way that always makes others' lives a little better, no matter how small. Many are handicapped or lie in hospital; yet the things they say and do with full love, kindness and caring for others tells me they are thriving. Thriving is very much a way of how life is lived.

How do we handle chaos? Where everything's coming at you at warp-speed and the world keeps delivering more, faster? Initially instinct shifts you into fear, but intelligence guides you to replace fear with love. That one choice takes power out of the hands of fear and places it directly into your hands. Now *you* hold the reins of command. Never let them go. You have become the willow. Fear made you into a solid wall. Walls have limited vision, cannot think clearly. They stand there and take blow after blow. Love made the wall a willow. Willows stand taller, can see better, and everything blows right through them. So what is your conclusion?

The conclusion is, when you are in fear energy, your world out there *looks to you* like chaos, confusion, disorder. A

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playing field where you can see only one player at a time. They keep coming and you can't see who's next, so your life is constant stress, confusion. Thinking is unclear; you access instinct only which blocks access to intelligence. You are in danger of making choices that will harm you and others. When you are in love energy, your world out there *looks to you* like one playing field, and you can see the entire field and all the players. You can see farther, so your life is more ordered and under your control. Your thinking is clear, you can access your intelligence to make choices that will help you and others. Fear has the potential to take a life to save its own. Someone loses so another can win. Lose-win. Meanwhile, love is superior. Love gives life so others can live, but also guarantees the life of the giver. No one loses. Everyone wins. Win-win. So did the chaos *out there* come into order? Yes, because the chaos *in you* came into order. Earlier you read about a power you have which I said was your answer to everything happening to you now, and everything that will happen to you in future. What do you think that power is? It is your power to choose *how* you will *think*, *what* you will *think*, about *any* situation in your *life* and in your *world*. How you think will decide how your life will be. I promise you this: you *will* be led in the *direction* of how you decide to think about things.

If you decide to be happy and help *no matter what*, this is a loving choice toward yourself, your life and the life of all others. It is your radar to navigate through the minefields of the chaos, because the downloads you get will dissolve the chaos. That's how much power you have all the time, no matter what.

Love breeds caring and sharing. Love attracts others to you who *think the same way*. Soon there will be a team or small group of you *you can rely on*. Rely on for what? For information, emergency help, a shoulder to cry on or an ear that will listen; great plans and ideas you might not have thought of alone, but in a group brain-session, out pop perfect answers – that kind of thing. It's called "people power". Answers to what? Can be anything and everything as life rolls along. Life is like an ocean. Sometimes calm, sometime rippling with many waves.

Right now the ripples are roaring. Permanent storm warnings are part of this ocean we're navigating. With a loving, caring group, you will bob along. You will ride through *any storm* because *with your team* you will have more know-how,

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information, common sense, ideas, angles, knowledge to draw on. Like a toolkit. My toolkit is packed with 80 years of power-filled choices! When you are with a team of people who want the same things you do, your combined toolkit all added together will be 80 times 80! You see?

The bigger your group all deciding to live this same way, the greater your collective power. Think of the Borg, on Star-Trek. The collective was their power. But their methods were lose-win, not win-win. They took other lives, in order to get more and better life just for themselves. They used force and did not care. That's what thieves and destroyers of life do. They only take. You know what happened? The Borg could not escape the one power that was greater even than theirs – the power of the permanent law of universal energy. That law says what you put out, you get back. Take care what you put out!

Shirley MacLaine said it perfectly in her soul-searching book “The Camino”, confirming the same truth: “all energy always returns to itself”. The operative word, dear readers, is “always”.

The Borg put out death to get life. When enough critical mass of death energy had accumulated, it all came back to them through a series of events with a force big enough to destroy them. That was portrayed in the final episode of Star Trek Voyager.

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Want to know one of the biggest secrets about power? You will in the next chapter.

What's the difference whether you "save" your life out of fear of losing it, or love (strong positive desire) of keeping it? A great deal. Please keep this in mind as we continue, for this power you have is your answer to everything happening to you now, and everything that will happen to you in future.

The fact is, *it is not possible for both fear and love to occupy the same space. When you make a permanent choice for love, fear vanishes.* It is like light (love) and dark (fear). Go into a dark room and turn on the light full blast. Now tell me: *where is it dark?*

Fear is capable of doing harm. Love can do no harm. And the first person not to harm is yourself. You do that by caring about and respecting yourself. That self-care and self-respect *is the love* we're talking about. When you're feeling that, you can't feel fear.

Initially instinct shifts you into fear, but intelligence guides you to replace fear with love. That one choice takes power out of the hands of fear and places it directly into your hands. Now *you* hold the reins of command. Never let them go.

So did the chaos *out there* come into order? Yes, because the chaos *in you* came into order.

Nothing in life is to be feared. It is only to be understood.
Marie Curie

The great thing in the world is not so much where we are, but
in what direction we are moving.
Oliver Wendell Holmes

It's never too late to become that other person you always
wanted to be.
Anonymous

If two people have different opinions, it does not mean that
one of them is right.
G. Korey

Conference: a meeting when people talk about things they
should have done a long time ago.
G. Korey

FLIGHT-PATH 10

SHIFTING PERMANENTLY FROM VICTIM TO VICTOR

Captain Janeway travels back from the future into her own past, bringing with her knowledge of how to rid the universe of the Borg once and for all. Here's a test question. What caused the Borg demise? Janeway or the Borg?

Answer: the Borg. Surprised? Janeway was but the circumstance or instrument of delivery. Universal knowledge calls it energy of cause and effect. This energy works both ways of course. Put out huge energies of love and caring and sharing sincerely from your heart and head. Then relax and allow universe to bring it back to you. *Universe shall choose the method and timing of delivery to you through a series of circumstances you'll never be able to figure out in advance*, and your life will be better than best. Remember, allow universe to choose *how* and *when*.

This is but one example of one of the biggest secrets of power. Do lots of people use it? I don't think so. (Unless Harry Potter...) So why don't they? Because they trust only their mathematical, analytical "left" brain which demands that everything be logical. If no logic is determined, the tool is rejected, never gets into the toolkit, so the person cannot use it and cannot benefit. The other scenario is that it gets stuffed somewhere into the toolkit but ignored. Likewise, the person is not using it, therefore cannot benefit. It is not the job of left-brain to trust. Its job is to draw conclusions from logic alone. Trust is the job of right-brain.

You're the willow, right? Any given day, tons of information and bits of data stream through your branches as you roll flexibly with the wind. As main computer, your job is to process everything you're getting. Do a reality check. Which part of your brain are you using? Just one, a little of both, or all of both? How is your thinking affecting your final verdict?

To help you decide, your logical side processes information as true only if its existence can be proven and seen in this physical world. Your creative side processes information as pure energy.

Because energy is not visible to the physical senses, it is, instead, something felt and sensed. The energy of love for example. Logic says "I must see, then believe". Creative says,

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“I believe even if I do not see”. Logic looks up into a cloudy sky and says the sun does not exist because it can’t be seen. Creative looks up and knows the sun is always there even if it can’t be seen.

In 1967 Canada hosted its famous exposition called “Man and His World” to honour 100 years of Canada being a nation. I had been active as President of the Canadian–Polish Congress in Montreal, then President of the National Council of the Canadian Polish Congress in Toronto, 1967–69. Aware of the planned event, I made liberal use of some left *and* right-brain thinking about this centennial event one year earlier in 1966.

It occurred to me that 1966 was also the year Poland was celebrating something: 1,000 years of Polish Christianity. Up popped an idea (right-brain creativity). Why not erect an appropriate monument at Man and His World to unite the two celebrations? Canada was home to many Christian Poles while Poland’s Christianity was the bridge that tied the two together. To present Canada with an exact replica of the statue of Poland’s eminent astronomer Nicholas Copernicus (Mikolaj Kopernik, 1473–1543) as a gift to Man and His World in mutual celebration seemed politically correct and personally perfect. I immediately got started to make it happen.

Cutting the story short, it worked like a charm. I brought all the necessary people together. Specifically visited Thorvaldsen Museum myself in Copenhagen. The original Copernicus was there. We wanted an exact bronze copy. It meant removing the original from public view for eight months’ copying work to fill our tall order. The Polish community provided full financial support including transport all the way to Montreal in time for opening day. At the unveiling, I felt like a new father with a second child. This child, however, was 1,000 years old for Poland and 100 years old for Canada.

The beautiful part (right-brain concept) is that it was not about age. It was about shared energy of a Christian choice for life and living bringing two countries and two continents together in mutual celebration. Something comforting about something in common.

Today you can still read on the commemorative plaque: “On the occasion of 1000 years Anniversary of Christianity in Poland and 100 years Anniversary of Canada, this monument is being offered by Canadian Poles to Canada, Canadian Polish Congress”.

Copernicus will forever remain a testimony to the cultural shaping of Canada by her earliest pioneering Poles whose

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Monument of Copernicus offered to Canada in 1966 by George Korey to celebrate 100 years of Canada and 1000 years of Christianity in Poland

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traditions and customs are a permanent part of the country's essence.

An important story remains. Nicholas, like a lot of Poles, was a stubborn fellow. He upset the scientists of his day with his postulation that the sun does not travel around the earth; rather the reverse: it is earth that revolves around the sun. No one understood it, therefore did not accept it. They reacted with fear, and branded him dangerous because he was disrupting established belief. A disruptor is a threat to society. That truth had to be buried to give the world time enough to evolve to accept it. The point? You cannot use only left-brain to ascertain truth, because it can fool you. Just as seeing clouds doesn't mean the sun isn't there, likewise seeing the sun "moving" from one horizon to another does not mean the sun is moving.

No doubt Nicholas accessed right-brain higher intelligence to get the "real" truth – not just what masquerades as truth. That marked the moment of his true graduation.

Likewise we can look up and see clouds, yet know they are not able to cloud the truth that the sun still exists. Likewise we can see the sun moving, yet our knowledge of the truth is not fooled by the illusion of what we see. It's easier to understand, therefore, how it can be that what we see with our physical eyes (logic) can often be fiction, while what we see with our mind (intelligence) is fact.

Many people on earth function only with their logical left-brain. We need left-brain access for instinctual survival. We also need right-brain access for higher intelligence to further access our powers of universal energy. You need both to survive and thrive in the chaos current and coming.

It is no longer "business as usual". It is business unusual. Life *as we knew it* to guarantee surviving, thriving, and *absence* of chaos, is no more. We have only to check the daily news, check our anxiety-level, and check to see if we still have a pulse to confirm that chaos *in spades* is the *new* definition of life as we know it now.

We have experienced a permanent shift in how we are living life. How to go out and "have fun" when images of death, devastation and despair overshadow our feelings. How to pursue "normal" living when others live no more. How to know the "smartest" thing to do with money now, before an uncertain future could suddenly freeze the flow. Fairly predictable stable life is now a floating path of pebbles on a bed of quicksand.

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September 11 2001 was the greatest shock to hit the world since World War II. When unexpected things happen in a big way, we are shattered. The result is always the same: we are caused to look life and death in the face. We are caused to take stock of our lives and question what it's all about.

The downside: an entire planetary life-system has been wounded. The upside: right-brain, seeker of higher knowledge in order to understand and make sense of it all, is blown open in all human minds worldwide. Everybody really stops, stands still and questions everything. It is the one moment of crisis in human experience when the door of left-brain flies open to let right-brain in to participate in looking for answers together. The merging of the two triggers a "great debate" inside us.

The rational logical left of survival instinct has built-in response mechanisms to immediately retaliate, react, boomerang back. Energy in – energy out. It is punitive in action: eye for an eye. It is the nature of logic. The creative sensing right of higher intelligence has built-in compensating mechanisms that include ethics, conscience, morality, right and wrong. Energy in – re-arranged energy out. It is instructive in action: correction for both eyes. It is the nature of creative genius.

Seated in the right is love in all its forms. The many faces of love encompass sharing, caring, giving, respecting all life. Compassion, patience, tolerance, understanding. Power to heal deepest-possible sorrows in order that living may continue. Tireless desire for and belief in universal methods for common ground for friend and foe alike for collaborative co-existence. Why consider the "enemy"? Because higher mind can see beyond the separate problems into the common human condition that makes us all the same. So what? First, if we are all the same deep down, suddenly there is no enemy ... right? Only by working from that common ground where we are all the same *in our humanity*, can common solutions for all humanity be found. Left brain is required to reach this rational conclusion; then right-brain clicks in to create the solutions. Left and right are a team, both needing to function *in tandem* for balanced answers – like a bicycle. Can't perform properly unless both wheels are moving smoothly together.

Currently the entire world is being drawn into the ages-old question: do we want to have more war and death, or to live? It's right on our doorstep. The actual battleground might not be our backyard or our country, but we will experience all the fallout politically, socially, economically, personally nonetheless. Though bombs might not fall on us, other things will

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befall us: food and gasoline shortages; power-outs from failed transformers, high winds and ice-storms. Shortage of durable clothing, warm, water-proof. Shortage of food and water. Extra food that can be stored for a long time, or needs no refrigeration. Our pets come into this picture. They are in our lives to perfect our ability to give out care and give out love.

Am I speaking out of fear? You couldn't have understood the message of this chapter if you can seriously ask that question. Instead I'll ask *you* a question. Do you have the courage to continue living now? Someone has stolen our joy. There's always someone or something out there to mess up our life, so why live at all? Why bother?

Guess what! What "someone" has done is what they have done. Guess what. Yours is to do what you will do. Just by living your life, your example will help others, even cause some to change their ways. Maybe they hurt you because they did not understand how to be like you. Fearing what they couldn't understand, they pushed fear energy out at you because they were motivated by instinctual survival mechanisms only. Yours is not to strike them down. If you try or if you do, that energy will return to hit you. That could mean a loaded gun in your face. That is not the best way to live.

Your job is to continue to live your life using your intelligent mechanisms because *you have the power to access your toolkit*. That power helps you to make even better choices for better life. If they don't have you as example, how will they ever learn from you so that they *will* understand? With understanding comes acceptance. With acceptance comes change, because by how you live and who you are, you are showing people *another choice*. But if you behave like them, you'll be giving them nothing new to choose. You'll just end up with stalemate, hatred and anger going back and forth forever. And that is not the best way to live.

You can make life and living better with every breath: by what you say, think and do. Sometimes your happiness is private, personal. More and more these days, you'll discover you are even happier when you radiate it to others because everyone needs it more than ever. That way it is shared, yet robs you of nothing. Why live? In order to participate in life with others who might also be wondering what the purpose of living is all about. Together you will re-discover meaning and purpose. Remember the collective. It is a natural, easy selection process ... you know ... birds of a feather. It happens

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automatically. And it's happening much faster now, because everything is happening faster now.

Life has three areas now in which to make a positive difference:

- 1 How you choose to treat yourself.
- 2 How you choose to treat everyone you connect with every day.
- 3 How you choose to connect with people hurting and dying across the ocean in a far-away land.

All three use the same energy: love. With 1) and 2) you can participate directly. With 3), you can check out any idea you will get either from your own thoughts or brain-storming with your group friends and/or family. Ultimately in times of heaven or hell, you can *always* turn to the King of Love who, by the way, is not Elvis.

The King is the Supreme Commander of all Outer and Inner Space who has a thousand names. Like the sun on a cloudy day, just because we can't see Him, does not mean He isn't there. He is the Creator of the Universe. (Supreme Creator is in fact both male/female energy in perfect balance as one energy). Don't worry what you call this Greatest Energy. Just call on this powerful force sincerely from your heart with respect and gratitude, and ask that help be granted. Important: never think something is too small or unimportant to bug Creator – every single thing is *very* important. Also, never limit or restrict what you ask – ever! Accept it will happen. Even if you never know how and where or when. Count on it.

What about this. What if I said to you that the real truth is not that you fear death, but that you'd much rather *choose life!* You like living and you want to keep it, thanks very much. What if I said it's not about surviving or thriving or chaos; it's about choosing *how* you want to live, *how* you want to be alive, no matter what ...

“No matter what”: if you make that choice and stick to it, life will fill in the details. Others may try to make you into a victim. They can only if you choose to buy it. Remember, no one can take your dream away. Why not? Because *you* are your dream. No one can take your choice away, because your choice is who you are. As you choose to be only victor, you will find you're not the only one. You will have lots of good company!

Gather as much good company as you can. Doesn't matter if you are 5 or 15 or 55 or 155 years old. It's not about

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differences. It's about all the things that are unique and special about you that can be shared with others just as unique and special. But the most important feature we all have in common is our human power to love no matter what and the courage and strength to live that love.

That's the best toolkit we can have. And that is a very good way to live.

It's not about "all these things rushing at us making things happen to us". It's about how we process all these things to make things happen *for* us.

We need left-brain access for instinctual survival. We also need right-brain access for higher intelligence to further access our powers of universal energy. You need both to survive and thrive in the chaos current and coming.

With understanding comes acceptance. With acceptance comes change, because by how you live and who you are, you are showing people *another choice*.

Why live? In order to participate in life with others who might also be wondering what the purpose of living is all about. Together you will rediscover meaning and purpose.

Ultimately in times of heaven or hell, you can *always* turn to the King of Love who, by the way, is not Elvis.

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Imagination is more important than knowledge.

Albert Einstein
(Anne of Green Gables would heartily agree!)

FLIGHT-PATH 11

LIVING LIGHT AND RIGHT THROUGH EVERYTHING

This is just a polite way of saying how to stay sane when you're convinced at least half the world at any one time must be totally nuts. Perhaps it's a good thing we have day and night. That way, while one side of the planet is refereeing its rat-race during the day, the other half gets to play dead during the night, hopefully to re-energize for the next conscious round of trying to master sanity while our side slips into sleep. Like ping-pong. Except this game never ends and no one's keeping score. And we just keep revolving around the sun, and the seasons and the years go by. Surveying this scenario from outer space, we would probably be seen either as dancing a tidy two-step, or feverishly falling deeper into the loonie bin.

Sleep. What's that? After the day's barrage, the voyage home, too much to eat too late at night, suddenly it's midnight. The pillow's yawning but we're not. Just one more TV show, and maybe we'll get sleepy enough. Suddenly it's 6:00 AM. How did that happen? Away we charge out the door like Dagwoods, lucky if we remembered to put on our dresses, dungarees or doodle-pants.

Hey. I'm not knocking anything down. I'm saying whoa! Please *slow down!* Scientifically it's true that there is less time. Time is speeding up. If you try to keep up with it, you're headed deeper into the loonie bin ping pong game. You'll be pinging when you should be ponging, or vice-versa. If you resolve to go slower and keep calmer, you'll be dancing a perfect two-step and you will become a ping-pong master. And note this: science has correctly predicted that time will *continue* to speed up. By the time you finish reading this book, you'll be moving faster through the time-space continuum than when you started. As the waves on the ocean of time keep swelling greater and rolling faster, be the buoy bobbing along on top. That way, you'll always move with the flow and you'll catch a better view of all that pinging and ponging thrashing about around you.

Here are a few simple things to keep in mind as the waves toss you around each day. They have helped many, including me. When life keeps rolling up and down, what you want is to keep an even keel. Here's how.

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- 1 Unless you're absolutely certain something is true, never assume anything. Always check it out. In "Whales Weep Not", D.H. Lawrence wrote, "They say the ocean is cold; yet it holds the hottest blood of all".
- 2 Stay ahead of the news. How? Expand your global scope of news gathering beyond what you're doing now. There's always someone or something out there who was where you were, is where you are, or where you want to be. You'll get a global sense of reality, not just local or national. That sense will lead to different and better long-term decisions for yourself and family in all areas of life. Keep updated on all human fields of endeavour just to stay informed. You'll be amazed at how the information can connect with your own little "personal" existence. Living as a global citizen even if your house is in Hog's Bend population two, gives you a greater sense of control, relevance and purpose to life which "seems to going nowhere". The nowhere is the lie that can keep you on a treadmill of meaningless existence or could even kill you because you might turn to cigarettes, booze, or something worse for consolation. Keep your horizons stretched very far and very wide, as much as possible.
- 3 Hang loose. We can't be so rigid that we'll snap with the first typhoon that hits. Experts have proven many more could have been saved from the Titanic had ignored resources been used. We might debate that forever, but let me say ability to adapt at a moment's notice comes easier when we maintain an even keel during red alert. That's because the mind stays clear, and only a clear mind can hear answers to that inner call for help. Anyone can panic and yell help, but it's the answer that saves our skin. We are all capable of roping Titanic's deckchairs into a huge raft. We are all capable of understanding that every problem has a solution. Then it's just a matter of finding it. We must *always* have the confidence that we *can*.
- 4 If nothing is important in your life, find something and make it important. As you start connecting with people outside yourself, one thing leads to another. Suddenly you're focussed outward with yourself involved in something, rather than staying alone focussing inward on your problem. Your world of one lonely pine becomes a beautiful forest of silver-birch, poplar, willow, elm and a whole bunch of others yet includes that one pinetree which is you.

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If you keep looking and can't seem to find, it can mean that cosmic timing is not right. Timing is very important. So hang loose, stay calm. Take good care of yourself. If there are no monster-size events to entertain you, take delight in each small joy moment to moment. You'll find them if you look. While others are beating themselves into a frenzy, relax and enjoy your vacation but don't let your guard down. Stay alert. Your time and moment are on their way.

- 5 When everything collapses and there's a definite emergency, do what a good starship captain would do. He barks, "all STOP!" Everything comes to an abrupt halt. What happens when engines stop? Everything goes quiet. When it's quiet, you can *think*. Not panic, think. Assess. Re-group. Look *beyond*. Look *through* the fear to the *truth* of what is *actually* happening. Assess the *facts* of the emergency which will trigger what you can do and how to do it. What do you need to survive? Overcome? Stay strong? Get back on track? No matter what the question, there are always 3 sources of help:
 - 1 from God or your chosen higher power.
 - 2 from your own knowledge, information, resources.
 - 3 from someone, someplace or something outside yourself.

Including all three in any combination.

- 6 There are many ways to do something. You don't always have to do the same thing in the same way. Eat dessert *before* dinner. If your Titanic is sinking, stop re-arranging the deck chairs and go build a raft. Easy for me you say? Easy for you too, There are three techniques. *All three* use power of *mind*:
 - (a) You are where your mind is. Remove your mind from the predicament by lifting your view high above the one problem tree so that you can look back down on the whole forest. When you're stuck in a tree, that's all you see and it's insurmountable. As soon as you stand back or rise up over look back down or view the forest from a distance, you can see more clearly and that's when you will get an answer.
 - (b) If you have some time before an answer is required, just as you're falling asleep, tell yourself you want to wake up in the morning with the right answer. This works 90% of the time.

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- (c) If you are stuck in a problem-tree and you want the answer to be the forest, place a picture of the forest in your mind and do not remove it. Hold the mind focussed on the forest while you keep working on the tree. Before you know it, the forest will be accomplished. This is time travel.

In this technique, the mind holds only a future picture of something you wish accomplished in the present. If something needs to be done, the mind freezes the frame of seeing it already done while the body takes linear steps to bring it to that point. You are using unchanging power of will.

To master (C) is to harness the greatest power in existence – your power to create your reality. Depending on what you want, the only factor before it happens is time: a “short” time or “long” time. I have discovered that if you believe something will take a short time, it doesn’t matter how “big” the thing desired, the time will be short. If you believe the opposite, that something will take a long time, no matter how small the thing is, it will take a long time because you’ve already decided so. Your creative force is the energy of your unchanging power of will.

If you want to test your (C) power, try something small, then go to bigger things. You will find that you are the only judge of how big or small something is. Universe is neutral. So take all your fear energies and convert them to creation energies!

- 7 Comic relief is critical to good health. Much laughter has saved lives. Next time something or someone makes you laugh, *remember* the wonderful ecstasy in which you’ve floated long after the laughter passed. Remember the *feeling*. Some people call this *attitude* toward life. I can personally attest to the truth that one can encounter the most devastating situations in life yet cushion the blow in a tranquil sea of this feeling. It doesn’t mean you are happy at a time of sorrow, or overjoyed in a moment of terror. It means you remain protected in an armour of awareness, of empathy, of compassion which helps the person or situation mired in disaster. You remain the tower of strength for yourself and for those collapsing around you not because you look *at* things as funny, but because you see *through* things, and that filter allows the trauma to flow *through* you rather than be *trapped in* you.

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Confession: these things take practice, my friends. Do not beat yourselves up about what you cannot do. Begin by saying you *can do* anything you put your mind to. Don't forget to put your heart into it too.

Albert Einstein said, "whoever undertakes to set himself up as judge in the field of truth and knowledge is shipwrecked by the laughter of the gods".

I love that one. Not because I claim to be such a judge, but because I always suspected even the gods laugh. In fact I'm positive I've heard them many times. Now I know it is true because Einstein said it.

Laughter or an easy attitude toward life does not suggest air-head or irresponsibility. May your life be a flight of effortless flow on wings light but strong, broad yet graceful, ever gliding with purpose and direction. Most of all, no matter how alone you feel, the truth is quite the opposite. The vastness of your universe holds countless others in flight alongside you probably feeling just as alone, yet you are with them. Keep on taking frequent flights so that you can meet more and more others. It will turn you're a-loneness into all-oneness.

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As the waves on the ocean of time keep swelling greater and rolling faster, be the buoy bobbing along on top. That way, you'll always move with the flow and you'll catch a better view of all that pinging and ponging thrashing about around you.

Unless you're absolutely certain something is true, never assume anything. Always check it out.

Stay ahead of the news. How? Expand your global scope of news gathering beyond what you're doing now.

Hang loose. We can't be so rigid that we'll snap with the first typhoon that hits.

If nothing is important in your life, find something and make it important.

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There are many ways to do something. You don't always have to do the same thing in the same way.

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FLIGHT-PATH 12

CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH THE AUTHOR

Q Of all the nightmares you experienced, is there one moment of terror from your past that you consider the worst, and will you tell me what that was?

GK You're right of course. You can't be a soldier in the front lines without meeting death face-to-face. Hell comes in various assortments. Mine came in September of '39 walking east from camp with my company near Kraków. I summarized this in Flight-Path 2 "Mastering Fear". Suddenly from nowhere a German fighter-plane burst on the scene firing streams of bullets. We were only about 20 or 25. We scattered like rabbits, burrowing into whatever shallow ravine or deep grass.

But it was useless. We were sitting ducks in an open field with a dirt road. There was just no place to hide. No means of escape. After the first pass, many lay dead. The fighter arched upward, circled, then headed back for a second round. In that moment the worst-ever terror gripped me. I could be next. Without cover, who or what could possibly save me? found myself praying desperately. Over and over I said "Hospody pomiluj"! It means "God have mercy"! I was lying face down in dirt, eyes tightly shut, body flat as a pancake in that open shallow trench or soon-to-be grave, saying the words over and over. Then everything went quiet.

When I opened my eyes, dazed, the attack plane was gone and 15 of my comrades lay dead. It was horrible. Only minutes earlier we'd been talking to each other. I had no real sense I was still alive. We who were spared dug our buddies' graves right there, buried them, and lingered on in solemn reverence for another two hours or so before continuing on. Nightmare, yes – one of the saddest days of my life, but also the most miraculous. Soon after I had a second shock. I realized that I had prayed in the words of my 14th- or 15th-century forefathers. It was a language that had never been spoken from that time. And as far as I knew, not once had I heard my parents or anyone else use those words either.