

**You're Not Hooked.  
You've Been Hoodwinked!**  
*You Can Quit Smoking.*

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**Madeira Beach, Florida**

**You're Not Hooked. You've Been Hoodwinked!**

You Can Quit Smoking.

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Quietly tucked here in the notes is a bonus gem:

It's called Q'Baha. It's the mystic heart meditation. It begins with Quiet Awareness (that's the cue). Simply stop what you are doing and just be quietly aware of your body and your immediate environment. Just notice, stop all internal dialogue. To sustain the Q, begin to notice when you are inhaling and when you are exhaling, and keep gently and silently returning to your breathing when thoughts invade your quiet awareness - that's the Ba, for Breath Awareness. Notice the peacefulness and subtle shift in your state of mind.

With practice, even just for a few minutes a day, you will be able to call upon the peaceful relaxation, with these two simple steps. After a month or so of using the first two steps, it is time to go onto the third step. This is much more subtle and should not be attempted until you have experienced the rewards of the first two steps. To reach this next step, you enter the Q'Ba, and then, in the silence, you listen to your heart (your center, in the area of your physical heart). Silently follow your breathing. Imagine that your heart is going to send you a wise, kind and silent message. This is the "ha" of Q'Baha. This is the Heart Awareness. By following your breathing, imagine that a "wisdom whisper" from the heart travels with your breath up to the inside center of your forehead. Begin by silently saying the word, "Q'Baha", say "cue" on the inhale, and "Baha" as you gently and silently exhale...and relax. After a few times, you will not need to say the word. Just enjoy the silent meditation. This exercise alone can replace a cigarette habit and silence the nicotine nag.

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#### *SECTION ONE*

##### *The Addiction Myth*

Try this one on for size: Addiction to cigarettes is a myth! Sure, nicotine sets off physiological changes in your metabolism, and stimulates the central nervous system, and the brain. So do glazed doughnuts and so does Pepsi. Addiction is an insidious word.

#### *SECTION TWO*

##### *Creative Imagination*

Try thinking of The Nicotine Nag as a pasty white, skinny little cigarette-looking character trying to taunt you and wrap you in flimsy chains that you can easily break. Realize that the nicotine nag has been boasting for years about the hold she has on you, and the power she has over you. Laugh at her. (I know that's not nice, but neither is she).

#### *SECTION THREE*

##### *The Magic Wand*

Try to remember, little caterpillar, that the gift of wings will be wonderful. Stay balanced and you will be happy. Do not forget that these wings are gifts, be grateful for this life, and remember who you are. You are meant to enjoy your life. You can fly.



## **You're Not Hooked. You've Been Hoodwinked.**

### *You Can Quit Smoking.*

By Jeff Belyea

Sources from which I've been inspired to write this book include:

- The Bible
  - The Ashtavakra Gita
  - The Bhagavad Gita
  - The Power of Your Subconscious Mind, Dr. Joseph Murphy
  - Cosmic Consciousness, Maurice Bucke
  - 7 Spiritual Laws of Success, Deepak Chopra, MD
  - The 100% Brain Course, Melvin Saunders
  - Smoking, The Artificial Passion, David Krogh
  - The Wisdom of Milton Erickson, Milton Erickson, Ronald Havens
  - Biocentrix Method of Self-Hypnosis, and You Can Do It With Self-Hypnosis, Charles Henderson, PhD
  - The Magic of Believing, Claude Bristol
  - Self-Hypnotism, The Techniques for Daily Living, Leslie Lecron
  - Prescription for Natural Healing, James F. Balch, MD, Phyllis A. Balch, CNC
  - How To Live The Life You Love, Barbara Sher
- Plus a myriad of articles, books, lectures, conversations and other sources, long—since relegated to the subconscious, that undoubtedly contributed in whole, or in part, to insights that I now think I came up with on my own. Prem Rawat, Abraham Maslow, Og Mandino, Fritz Perls, Carl Jung, Tony Robbins, John Gray, Nelson Mandala, Jim Doyle, Wayne Dyer, Marilyn Ferguson, Hans Selye, Aaron Case, and my wife, Susan, are a few that come to mind.

*An idea is a curious thing. It won't work unless you do.*  
*Jaeger's Facts*

## Introduction – Hello.

I love introductions. I love meeting new people with new ideas, people with unique perspectives, and new combinations of features that I've never seen before. And I love reading new authors who begin to weave a story that offers a new way of looking at some aspect of this awesome experience called living.

A book that seems to be talking directly to me especially intrigues me. Once in a great while, I'll come upon a book that affirms something I already seem to know or feel and, as I read it, the author promises to share a perspective that will take me to a new level of awareness about what I've known or felt all along. These I read so eagerly that I can hardly wait to turn the next page. Now if I could just write a book like that. Anyway, on with the introduction.

I've always thought that book introductions were kind of redundant. You pick up a book because you're interested in the subject matter, the title catches your attention, or the book is the work of an author you've read before. And the first thing you read is an introduction, telling you what the book is all about. That's kind of like the media analysts who tell you what someone you just listened to on television was really talking about. So who am I to go against convention? This book is about quitting smoking.

Would I go against convention? Just wait.

OK, I do have a little something to say. The title says you can quit smoking. I even say you can quit smoking in 4 hours! That's because I offer an in-person seminar that is 4 hours long, and if you'll spend as little as 4 hours reading this book and then follow the techniques offered, you can quit smoking – in 4 hours. But for those who absolutely need time to adjust, there's a grace period of up to 7 days. That's however long it takes you to finish this book - up to 7 days, but no longer. Not recommended, but available, with mercy for the seriously hoodwinked.

I know that the idea of quitting, and living life without cigarettes, brings up a mix of emotions, including fear. But if you were expecting a weepy, wishy-washy approach that oozes with empathy for your plight, and doesn't hold you completely responsible for getting hoodwinked by the cigarette lore in the first place, keep looking. Toss this book, return it or burn it. You won't like it. It's too tough for you.

This book will confront most people's belief systems in one area of life or more. It will shock some, shake some up, and wake some up - and quite possibly really anger a few stuffed shirts. But we won't be piling up guilt trips...well, maybe a little. And we won't be hammering home all the health hazards from smoking that you are already very familiar with...well, maybe a little. Because they don't work to help people quit smoking. We're going at it a completely different way - actually, several different ways.

All the grim and tragically sad scenes played out in television campaigns designed to get you to quit smoking don't work, for the most part, because the appeals are to the emotional and rational states of mind. And smoking is neither rational or logical. Emotional appeals create stress and guilt, but they don't stop most smokers from lighting up two minutes after seeing the ad.

Making you feel guilty, ashamed and blaming yourself will not free you from smoking. Blame, shame and guilt will keep you

Summary:

So there you have it. In a nutshell, the basic premise of this book is as easy as 1,2,3 and it can be summarized as follows:

1. Addiction to cigarettes is a myth. The withdrawal from nicotine would not be much greater than the withdrawal from glazed doughnuts if smokers had not been hoodwinked by Hollywood and the so-called "experts".
2. Appeals to the rational, logical mind (no matter how tragic, sad, life-threatening, guilt-producing, name-calling, shame-inducing they are) don't work, for the most part. Smoking is not rational or logical. The appeal must be to the subconscious mind. Once the subconscious mind supports a conscious decision to quit smoking – it's done! Advertising agencies and hypnotists know how to reach the subconscious mind and implant new perceptions that recondition behavior almost immediately! And the developer of this quit smoking approach, and author of this book has years and years of experience in both fields.
3. The creative use of imagination can work magic. By flooding the mind with positive thoughts, we can flush out old negative thoughts. No need to name them and stir them up. By using some simple daily mind games, this quit smoking program engages the imagination. People who have made a decision to quit smoking are shown how to quit smoking with a sense of victory and joy, and they do not substitute food or another habit.

That's it! And it can be done in 4 Hours.

“You’ll never get me up in one of those things.”

Ottie burst out laughing, and Jim was so tickled with his joke that he had to slow the car way down until he stopped laughing enough to drive safely. Ottie keep repeating, “You’ll never get me up in one of those things.” and cracking up every few minutes, until he, too, fell asleep.

Finally Allison spoke. “OK, where is my husband and what did you do with him?” she laughed. She slid over next to Jim and gave him a kiss on the cheek that was so loving and tender that it gave him a chill, and he shuttered.

“What has happened to us, Allison?” Jim asked. “You’ve suddenly got this magic wand. You can heal with a touch. I’ve seen it. I’ve felt it. It’s real. I know. What happened in the kitchen the other morning? Did I die and go to heaven? It feels like it.

“My father’s words keep running through my mind. I can hear him preaching on Sunday mornings, back when I used to stare out the window and wish the time away. But I can remember the words now, and everything I hear him saying is so incredibly beautiful.”

“I don’t know what to say, Jim. All I know is that I started out doing some visualization exercises to help me quit smoking, and the next thing I knew....well, I got a lot more than I bargained for this time. I love you, Jim. I love you more than words can say.”

“That’s OK, words aren’t necessary. I can hear your heart.”

The End

smoking. Your freedom will come from an awakening to a new reality about yourself, your world, and the choices available to you - beginning today. This book can help guide you to that awakening, if you are open to it.

“You’re Not Hooked. You’ve Been Hoodwinked” is divided into three sections. The first section, The Addiction Myth, appeals (at least somewhat) to the rational, logical thinking mind. It asks you to take an up-close and personal look at the act of smoking - and many of the assumptions (or myths) that we make without question. This section should probably have been called The Addiction Myth, And a Few Other Whoppers. This first section offers some new ways of looking at many of the connections with smoking that we make without much conscious thought about these connections before lighting up.

You’ll find practical ways of dealing with stress - because the idea of quitting is stressful, and one of the big reasons people keep on smoking is because it relieves stress. Of course, smoking adds to the stress in the first place. But we’ll talk about that later.

Some of the first section and most of the second section, called The Creative Mind, delves into the subconscious mind - beyond the purely logical and into the use of imagination, intuition and some of the workings of the mind that go on without our conscious awareness. We’ll be looking at the conscious mind, and the real boss (and sometimes culprit), the subconscious mind, and the relationship between the two. Mind/body medicine, relaxation techniques, meditation practices and especially self-hypnosis processes for accessing The Creative Mind will be presented in this section.

And finally, as a reading option, there’s a third section, called The Magic Wand. You don’t have to even read this section to quit smoking. The first two sections will give you everything you need. On the other hand, as a matter of fact, you could just skip right to the third section and find that this option works better for you than

the first two. Check it out. Your heart and your mind will give you the right signal. And you'll know which section, or combination of sections is right for you to help you quit smoking.

I'm throwing in every thing, including the kitchen sink. The rational, the irrational, the spiritual - anything that will help you quit smoking and live a healthier and happier life. You'll know which sections speak to you. Hopefully, they all will on some level.

But if you are intrigued by a journey into the mystic, don't skip the third section. You may just find enough motivation, after you have joyfully quit smoking, to decide that you would like to help other people quit smoking and find joy in their lives.

In this third section, we'll take a trip into a place that most people have never visited. Many people have no idea that this place even exists. Or if they have heard about it, they believe it to be reserved for a special few. But that's not true. It is available to anyone who has an interest in it.

If you occasionally have a vague longing, an unexpected wave of loneliness, or just an empty feeling that something is missing in your life, in spite of all the good things and good people in your life - you might be looking for just this place. I sometimes find myself wondering if some people continue to smoke with the unconscious hope that the billowy smoke will somehow transport them to a magical place. It doesn't. But there is another way. And it's a much healthier and joyful way.

I refer to a "place", but actually what I am offering is an experience. It's an inner experience of the mystical and the magical. It's about a journey few have taken, but many long to take - a journey into what I call, among other things, pure intuitive consciousness.

Some would call it a spiritual experience. As a matter of fact,

So, while it's wonderful to have wings, you must never forget that you are a created being, brought to this existence for a purpose that only you can fulfill. You are connected to something much larger than you are as an individual butterfly. Remembering to keep this connection is wisdom.

As your antennae grow, use them to stay more perfectly attuned to your true nature. They will keep you in touch with it and balanced - in harmony with all of creation. And you will be able to fly freely and beautifully, soaring to great heights in this life, and know just what your purpose is for this life.

Go and taste the nectar of the flowers. Help pollinate the earth, so that more beautiful flowers will grow for the world to see, and for butterflies who will follow you to land on and enjoy. Let your iridescent beauty glow and be a light of love and beauty. Just remember, should you ever get lost, to attune your antennae toward your real home. You will always find your way and you will always be welcome back, no matter how far away you go. Now fly and enjoy. Here are your wings. And that's the end of the story.

"Jim," Allison said softly. He looked over to see tears running down her cheeks. "That was so beautiful. I've never heard that story. Where did you learn it?"

"I don't know. It just came to me when I saw the butterfly on Ally's arm. I made it up." Jim said with a smile and a shrug. Allison couldn't speak. Ally had fallen asleep halfway through the story, but Oattie has listened to it all.

"Dad," he asked, "do all the caterpillars graduate and get wings?"

"Yeah, except one, this wise guy, one time, who sat way in the back of the class. During class he saw a Monarch butterfly go overhead. Then leaned over to one of his classmate, and said,

You could get caught up in attending so closely to the details of life, that you forget to enjoy life. Details are important, but we don't need to fret about them and worry that things will not work out.

An enlightened heart, a heart that remembers its true purpose, is a heart that is filled with joy and appreciation. Attune to it and it will inform the mind that it can provide it with a more comprehensive and detailed awareness - without fretting, without fear, without the "what if" of worry, or the "only if" of regret. When the mind accepts this and realizes that it is true, the mind relaxes and cooperates with the heart. It trusts again, and knows it has, once again, found a better way - the heart way. This is living in the moment, centering, entering the place of balance and harmony.

A kind and loving creator sees all your mistakes, and loves you anyway. But the world does not work this way. Well, most of it doesn't. Maybe one day it will.

When we forget who we are, our rational mind can be in turmoil and get caught up in fear, pride and ego, and often miss important details. When we depend too much on our rational processes, we can forget that there is another way, a better way.

Try to remember, little caterpillar, that the gift of wings will be wonderful. Stay balanced and you will be happy. Do not forget that these wings are gifts, be grateful for this life, and remember who you are. You are meant to enjoy your life. You can fly.

This feeling of emptiness, and your desperate need to fill it, can pave the way for over-indulgence in things that are bad for you. When you're looking for something that already exists, deep inside of you, but you have forgotten about it, you might start looking for other things in the world to satisfy this longing that you feel - things like cigarettes and drugs and other terrible things like that.

just about everyone who experiences it refers to it in spiritual language. For some it comes as a sudden "thunderbolt" of insight and new meaning in their life. For most others it comes subtly and gradually until one day they realize that their life has taken on new meaning and splendor - and they find themselves in a new "place".

But before we get there, we will confront The Addiction Myth, and we'll talk about the unlikely scoundrels who perpetuate the myth. We will offer a perspective that goes beyond the pseudo-intellectual, show-me-concrete-evidence, scientific set that believes it has the only valid answers to life's issues. The superior, syrupy air of some ill-conceived "Support Groups" will be challenged. Politics, medicine and religion, and some of their pompous posturing, will be poked. There's a lot of hoodwinking going on, it seems.

So it will help if you're willing to be brave and fiercely independent for this journey. If you're content to just be another sheep, following the crowd, you won't find this book very comforting. Its purpose is to get you to quit smoking. And that's going to take some real shaking up of beliefs, thoughts and actions. And, in this book, there's a whole lot of shaking going on.

The basic premise of the book is in the title. Did you notice? You're not hooked. You've been hoodwinked. If you're not even willing to entertain that idea, then this book isn't for you. If you object to being pushed into a new realization of why you smoke, and finding an incredibly simple and joyful way to quit for good, and think that you are somehow a victim; get out of the way. Someone who wants to find a way to quit smoking, someone who is not afraid to own up to personal responsibility for their life and health, is looking for this book.

But, I am an ex-smoker and not totally lacking in understanding about the difficulty in giving up the ritual of puffing on tobacco, so I do offer a grace period. You can read and smoke and

spit and cuss, and hack and cough – whatever pleasures you about smoking, for the next few days, while you finish this book. But you could quit after 4 hours of reading. Some people need to finish the entire first two sections, and follow all of the exercises in order to digest the program and realize the benefits of it. Some will even have to brave all of the sections, including the adventure of the third section. These are the seriously hoodwinked.

And while you may get the idea that this book is just going to give you a big raspberry, cajole, scold you, shake you, make fun of you, and leave to fend for yourself in the battle against nicotine and all its nasty friends, well that's not totally true.

The book will also give you specific relaxation techniques, mini-meditations and mind games (along with the cajoling and scolding and shaking to wake you up) that will have you soon tossing those cigarettes in the trash with a smile. There is absolutely a joyful way to quit smoking. It amounts to a simple shift of perspective, a new understanding, and a new awareness. But first I have to get your attention. That's all.

Oh, one more thing. I like the sound and energy of the word "Quit". But some people object to this word, quit. "You're not a quitter!" they'll say, with an overdone, pained, I-care-so-much expression. You'll most often find this mindset in "support" groups. Some support groups are fabulous, and AA has no doubt saved thousands of people from a life of misery, but then there are those "support" groups that have simply plugged in the AA model where it doesn't fit, and these well-meaning, but ill-informed groups, have become more of a inescapable snare than a support.

In this setting, people will lean forward with the most concerned, caring-hand-on-your-shoulder gesture that they can conjure up and say something like, "You're not a quitter. We love you. As long as it takes, you just get those emotions out. We're here for you. We know how tough it is to give up smoking." They'll have

our heart. And we come to think of ourselves as only the intellect and the senses. This becomes our identity, and we forget that there is so much more.

We can forget that we are perfect and pure just as we are. We can forget that we are a spark of the creator's own fire - and that we are put on this earth to be a brightly colored light for all the world to see and delight in. We are ambassadors of joy, and love, and perfect peace.

So, you can see that it is not a very good swap to give up your true, divine identity for a life that only sees itself as one of reasoning power - the intellect, and the senses - even with all their passion.

If you forget your real purpose for being here, you will have no "reasonable" basis for trusting in a loving and benevolent universe, because you will have forgotten that any such thing exists.

You will begin to rely on what other people think. And because it is not possible to please everyone, all the time, you will be criticized, and you will come to not trust the world. And soon you will no longer trust yourself. You could even become mean and judgmental - no only to others, but to yourself.

This will cause you to construct a false identity, a mask, that you put on for the rest of the world to see, to try to please others, because you have become afraid that the world would not like you if they could see you and all your mistakes. So you put on a mask.

This will feel like a hollow and phony existence, and you will know that it is. But because you have forgotten that there is more to you than your senses and intellect, you will feel like this hollow and phony existence is all you have - haunting mistakes and all. And you will be so worried about making mistakes and missing details that you will be robbed of your peace of mind.

are completely taken care of by a loving and benevolent (that means very kind and caring) universe. You have all your senses of sight and sound, and taste, smell and touch, now, in a limited way. Right now you have no responsibilities, and no worries at all. But, soon, your life will change dramatically.

Once you have learned all the lessons of The Butterfly School, you will receive a pair of handsome wings, and you will be able to fly, and soar to new heights. On the left side of your body, you will soon find the wing of the intellect. This wing will give you reasoning power. It is very valuable. It will keep you safe and stop you from doing dangerous things if you pay attention to it. With this reasoning wing you will be able to analyze and do your work responsibly and logically.

The right wing is the wing of emotions and passions, and it will develop your senses and make them very keen and discerning (able to tell what you like and don't like). You'll be attracted to beauty and art. You'll appreciate all the colors of the rainbow and flowers. You'll feel the thrill of riding the wind. And, at times, you will be passionate and illogical.

These are wonderful gifts that you will be given, and you can do so much with them. But you must learn to keep them perfectly balanced and in harmony if you want to learn to fly well, and reach the heights you were intended to reach.

Part of keeping perfectly balanced and in harmony is to not lose touch with who you are in your heart. If you can remember to keep your child-like qualities of delight and awe in the loving and benevolent world to which you first came, your life will be blessed in every way.

But as our intellect and emotional wings mature, it is easy to become so fascinated with reasoning on the one hand (wing) and passion and emotion on the other, that we almost forget to live from

you revisiting your pain, ad nauseam. (Does that mean until we throw up?) They'll even parrot some inane psychological clichés like, "It's OK to be angry at those cigarettes (substitute any words that are self-pitying, self-centered, and irresponsible). Just go ahead, for as long as it takes (that means, go ahead and wallow in your self-pity and your "victim" mentality). You're not a quitter."

Come on. We're talking about taking control of your life, taking action, quitting smoking, not self-indulgent talk therapy. No one is forcing you to stuff wrapped tobacco leaves into your mouth and lighting the fire. You're doing it. And you think you're hooked. But you're not. You've just been hoodwinked. And as soon as the realization that you've been hoodwinked sets in, you'll quit smoking. And you'll celebrate an enormous victory in your life. It's OK to quit!

Besides, "quit" has nice finality to it. Just saying the word has a snap to it. It's like arriving. I've made it. I quit! It's a great word. You need to quit. Quit kidding yourself. Quit killing yourself. Quit smoking! Wake up and restore your sense of smell, let alone your sense of dignity. Let's get on with it. When you've had enough, what do you do? You quit!

Ouch, somebody just threw this book in the trash and went outside for a cigarette. But you are really ready to quit, whatever it takes, right? Get ready to turn the page. Put your seat belt on. Enjoy the ride. Quitting is a joy and a major victory in your life and the life of those who love you, once you realize that...you're not hooked. You've been hoodwinked.

a word. She knew Ottie wouldn't believe her either, so she didn't even bother to tell him about it.

Jim let it go, too. He just smiled - the same smile he had pasted on his face for the last two days, since the incident in the kitchen. He got in behind the wheel and put his seat belt on, started the car, and waited patiently until Allison joined the family with an, "OK, let's go."

Now, waiting patiently was not something Jim usually did well. And he never used his seat belt. Allison noticed the new behavior, but didn't say a word about it. She was still in a bit of a daze from the kitchen event herself. She still wasn't sure what happened when she touched Jim's face. Did her touch awaken him? Or was he about to regain consciousness, and the touch was just co-incidental. She thought she knew the answer, but wasn't absolutely, without-a-doubt sure.

Jim started to back out of the driveway, and as he looked back at Ally he started to tell her a little story.

"Let me tell you about The Butterfly School, Ally." Ottie started to ask what his father was talking about, but Ally shushed him. Ally had never heard the story of The Butterfly school. She leaned up over the front seat close to her father so she wouldn't miss a word. This is the story he told:

It was determined long ago, that caterpillars could amazingly become butterflies once they graduated from The Butterfly School. If they paid real close attention and passed all the tests, they would get their wings and advance to flight school.

So if you ever want to learn how to fly, listen carefully to what they teach at The Butterfly School. It goes like this:

Well, little caterpillars, you are very young now and so you

trip into The Twilight Zone, or so it seemed.

Can you imagine what they talked about over the next few days, months and years? Jim and Allison had experienced phenomenal, magical, even miraculous events. Have you ever thought you would like to be a fly on the wall, able to listen in to some really intriguing conversation? Well, welcome to the wall. Let's watch what happened and listen to what Jim and Allison had to say as we join them on their trip back home from Nana's.

Everything was packed in the car, and all the hugs and kisses had made their rounds. Nana even gave Jim a big warm hug. Ally was skipping carefully over the ice, making her way toward the car when she came to an abrupt stop and froze, motionless, on the spot.

"Daddy, look, a butterfly." she squealed in a whisper.

Sure enough, in January, in Maine, impossible, but true. There it was, perched on the sleeve of Ally's thick winter coat was a tiny, beautiful, blue butterfly.

"Oh, Ally. Don't move." Jim said softly as he crept toward Ally. But the butterfly flew off and disappear as quickly and silently as it had appeared.

"Did you see that, hon." Jim asked as he turned toward Allison. She was still saying her good-byes to her mother and had missed the whole event.

"What?" she asked as she turned to Jim.

"A butterfly. He landed on my arm." Ally piped up.

Allison and Nana laughed a little knowing laugh, and gently explained to Allison that butterfly only come to Maine in the summer. Ally just rolled her eyes and popped into the back seat without

## Section One – The Addiction Myth

*"Always bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any one thing."*

*Abraham Lincoln*

Oh, yeah. OK. Here we go again. You're hopelessly hooked. And you're desperately searching for a magic wand to end the horrible cravings you have for nicotine. Now you have this book. And there is a section called "The Magic Wand". So there's hope. But in the meantime, you know that you're hooked. Everyone, including the "experts", say that nicotine addiction is more powerful than any other addiction; including heroin, crack cocaine, alcohol, and even...glazed doughnuts. Right? Just read the reports from the experts who have studied this nightmare called addiction. It's not your fault. You've contacted this mysterious disease, somehow...

What hogwash! You're not hooked. You've been hoodwinked. Disease? What, you accidentally inhaled the smoking virus? It's not a disease. It's a phony stage prop, a rotten stinking habit that is in every respect a slow-death ritual. And when it comes to cigarette smoking, you've become a slave to the habit and the ritual – because you've been hoodwinked into believing that quitting is too tough. And that creates a lot of fear.

And it's not only the fear of change, or of giving up something that has become precious to you and your self-identity, it's a fear of life losing some of its meaning. You're so used to smoking as part of your socialization, that you fear (unreasonably) that you won't fit in anymore. It can feel like a part of you is facing death. But that's just part of the myth. Actually, a much better part of you

will come back to life. Later on, we'll get you to visualize yourself in the future - a non-smoker. And you'll see that your fear is unfounded. You'll learn to quiet the nicotine noise, and get rid of that Nicotine Nag for good.

The fear that comes up even thinking about trashing the cigarette habit is unfounded. The withdrawal part is not that tough! It's not. The body begins to repair and remove the toxins within hours! Within days your body has made tremendous strides toward better health and efficiency. You've just been hoodwinked into believing that the withdrawal is this big ugly monster, so terrible that you don't dare face it head on and beat it. But you can! Have trouble with that premise? Wait until you get to part about the myth of addiction.

If you really wanted to, and you hadn't been hoodwinked, you could stop smoking this minute and never light up again. Sure you'd miss the ritual. And yes, you would really, really think about taking a deep, satisfying drag. And what would you do with your hands? Oh, you might get a mild headache while your brain clears out the smoke. You might even hack and cough and feel a tightness in your chest for a few days, until you began to realize that you could now breathe more easily, and didn't have to pull for air, and fight through the lung congestion anymore. Your blood pressure could return to normal in as little as 24 hours, in 7 days your risk of heart attack would decrease, and in a year the risk would be cut in half!

You would begin to feel less edgy and naturally feel more relaxed and more comfortable day by day. I know, you think you're supposed to get irritable; so many people do what's expected of them when they "try" to quit. So, they get irritable and use the excuse that they are trying to quit smoking to justify their mean streak - which, by the way, could easily disappear once they've quit for good. Only, they've been hoodwinked, again!

again. Why must you do that so often?"

The young man did not answer her. He just rubbed a small swatch on the inside of her arm and drew a blood sample. "There, that's all. I'm done." he said softly and gently to the woman in bed.

Allison was so distressed at this woman's discomfort that she began to cry. She stood up and touched the woman lovingly on her shoulder.

"I wish I could just touch you and make you better." she said ever so softly.

The woman opened her eyes and looked with surprise at Allison. "You can," she said, and stood up. With that Allison came out of her visualization. It had seemed like a very real experience. She smiled to herself at the power of her imagination. But it almost seemed to go beyond her own imagination. The imagery took on a life of its own.

This particular image and dialogue stuck with Allison. It came to her mind often, and she often fantasized about being able to heal people with a touch. Soon she added an invisible magic wand to her imagery, and she began to secretly wave it at people she saw on the street or in the stores where she shopped, who looked like they needed help. She kind of wondered about her sanity, in a joking way, but felt the whole fantasy was harmless.

Jim had always called her an angel, and often kidded her about her secret identity. "I know you're not supposed to tell us, but I know you're an angel." he would say to her. He more than half believed it.

So, the whole incident with the deer, and with Jim the morning after their trip to Allison's mother's house, was unnerving to say the least. And now with Jim's revelation, their life had taken a

the previous year, just about four months before the incidents with the deer and with Jim's incredible experience, Allison quit smoking.

Doesn't sound like that big a deal, but Allison's high energy and busy life had been matched only by her constant puffing on a cigarette. She smoked about two packs a day, and often broke open a third before the day was over. It's stressful being General Manger of The Universe.

In September she went to a Quit Smoking Seminar, and quit that very same day. She and Jim didn't talk about it too much, but she took some quiet time to herself everyday, and would just sit with her eyes closed, sometimes for an hour or more. She told Jim that it was part of her quit smoking program, and he just let it go at that.

When she was sitting quietly, Allison was silently doing a breathing exercise she had been taught at the seminar, and she was silently repeating some positive phrases, and practicing some visualization techniques. One of her favorite affirmations was:

“Life offers a priceless pearl to those who seek it. I will seek this priceless pearl. I was meant to enjoy life to the fullest. I will never give up on my dreams. I have chosen to give up smoking and live a healthier life-style. I am discovering my true identity and reviving my fondest dreams.”

Allison was taught to visualize herself in vibrant, healthy activity. She was asked to see herself, in her imagination, living her fondest dreams, achieving her goals, and enjoying life to the fullest.

One day, while in the midst of her reverie, she imagined that she was visiting someone in a hospital. This person was in obvious pain and discomfort when a young man came in to take a blood sample. The woman laying in the hospital bed was dozing off to sleep every so often, so the young man spoke to her by name until she opened her eyes. As soon as she saw him, she moaned, “Not

What would you do with your hands? How about taking up a hobby? You're going to be healthier and you're going to live longer. Maybe you'll get really good at something you enjoyed doing before you started smoking, but haven't have time for because of all the time you take to smoke. Just a thought.

You could stop smoking this minute and never light up again. Your world wouldn't fall apart. Your world would start to come together. As a matter of fact, unless you lit up just before picking up this book (How could you!) you've stopped smoking. You won't be a smoker again until you pick up and fire up a bunch of dried leaves rolled in paper, and suck the smoke from another cigarette directly into your lungs. But let's not be silly, of course you'll pick up another cigarette and, of course, you haven't really stopped smoking. There's a pack or two, or ten, not more than a few short steps away – otherwise you'd be in a mild panic and couldn't relax long enough to read a page in this book. So relax, calm down, your cigarettes are safe and secure – for now. Read on.

Let's talk about the horrible addiction first. You've tried to quit a dozen times, maybe a hundred times. But that old nicotine hook has you by the throat (that's for sure) and just won't let go. And everybody knows that addiction is a disease and it's not really your fault. You just have an addictive personality. Oh, throw up. That's such baloney. Oops. You were looking for a touchy-feely book with soothing soft words and crippling compassion for your plight? Well, if so, toss this book right now. This book doesn't buy into any of it.

Try this one on for size: Addiction to cigarettes is a myth! Sure, nicotine sets off physiological changes in your metabolism, and stimulates the central nervous system, and the brain. So do glazed doughnuts and so does Pepsi. But unless you're a cop you probably don't have an urge, in the middle of the night, to wolf down a couple of glazed doughnuts before you can go back to sleep or back to the beat. So why will the urge for a cigarette drive you to such

lengths as to scrounge around for an old butt in a nasty ashtray for just a couple of drags? Because you've been hoodwinked into believing that you're hopelessly hooked.

And you've bought into these Hollywood-hyped, type cast withdrawal horrors. You've been fed a fear of quitting the size of Chicago burning. But it's just not true. Yes, people who "try" to quit get irritable. They expect to get irritable. Yes, they have chest pains and shortness of breath. They expect to. But people who just quit - knowing that they are not going to smoke again go through very mild "withdrawal" symptoms, if they go through any at all. Ask a few people who have quit smoking.

Now before you support groups and clinicians absolutely come apart, I'm not speaking as a clinician. I'm not trained to speak clinically. My experience is in advertising and my training is in marketing communications. But if you have the last word on treating "addiction" how come so many people still think they are hooked? So, pardon me, but I'm presenting another perspective on it - the "You're Not Hooked. You've Been Hoodwinked," way. No patch. No gum. No pills. No pathetic support system. OK, I got that over with.

Well, maybe just one more thing. It's about the patch, the gum, the pills. If you're chewing gum like you're riding a race horse, trying to squeeze that nicotine out as fast as you can, slapping that patch to make it work harder, popping pills, "with possible side effects", and still sneaking a cigarette, in spite of the patch, the gum, the pill popping, you're still hoodwinked. They're pacifiers. They keep you focused on your "need" for nicotine. And they keep nicotine going into your system. If they worked for you, you probably wouldn't be reading this book. If you decide to trash this book, try them. They work better than nothing. Unless of course you get hooked on the gum. It happens.

"So, if it's not an addiction, and I'm not really hooked, why

disheveled robe, and all I could think of was Cinderella.

"Allison, by this time, was just sitting on the floor with her mouth open, looking dazed. I jumped up, hugged Nana, gently wrestled her to the floor, and said, 'We were wrestling'. she struggled to get free for a few seconds, but my smile melted her, and she burst out laughing.

"Then Allison piled on, and we all burst out laughing, and laughed and laughed until our stomachs hurt. Allison would say and laugh, 'stop, stop, stop', but that would just set us off more. Finally, out of exhaustion we stopped, sat up, and looked at each other. I started to smile again, but Allison and Nana quickly looked away.

"I popped up and announced that I was cooking breakfast. 'What will it be - Eggs Benedict, home fries, and cinnamon swirl toast? I'll make it from scratch. Coffee Nana?"

So, that's a little excerpt from Jim. He made breakfast, went upstairs and got Ally and Oattie up with tender, loving hugs, and carried them downstairs - one his back and one on his hip.

Breakfast was mostly silent, except for the gestures and "hmmmm" sounds from everyone at the table, with almost every mouthful of food they put in their mouths. And the kitchen has a warm glow to it.

"Made with love." Jim said several times.

Now about Allison's healing touch. Remember how she had been acting differently for the past few months? She hadn't lost her commanding presence, but she seemed to have given up her role as General Manager of The Universe at times.

Jim couldn't understand it, and hadn't made any connection to something that had changed in Allison's life. In late September of

“First of all, I swallowed a soft lump in my throat. And then tears filled my eyes. But I could see Allison looking intently at me. I smiled and sat up. I couldn’t say anything right away. I was too overwhelmed. I looked at my hands. I spread my fingers and turned my hands over and over. I could feel this incredible gratitude, not just for being alive, but for being me - a human being, with these two fantastic hands.

“It was like I was a little kid. I felt giddy and giggly. I glanced around the kitchen and was awestruck at how beautiful the cabinets were. The wood grain flowed so gracefully, and the rich, warm wood tones were simply exquisite. The light fixture on the ceiling struck me with the breath-taking beauty. It was like I was looking at the Taj Mahal.

“I touched the floor I was sitting on, and the colors and patterns made me laugh with delight. The texture of the tiles caressed my finger tips and sent a sensation through me could only be compared to what the masters of art must feel when they create a masterpiece. And we’re talking about the floor tile here!

“Then I looked into Allison’s eyes. Now there are absolutely no words to describe what I felt. Absolutely none that can even come close. Could you explain to someone what a rose smells like, if they had never inhaled that intoxicatingly sweet aroma? Well, love comes close. Deep, abiding, love that wells up with a sweet, incredibly deep, deep longing. I wanted to hold her, to speak these unspeakable words to her, to fly with her, to become one with her.

“The love I felt for her...well, I can’t describe it. If an angel appeared in front of you this instant, you might feel a tinge of what I felt for her so thoroughly and completely.

“And what’s really funny is that Nana came into the kitchen with a hoarse demand to know what in blazes we were doing on the floor. When I looked at her, I saw this lovely woman, in this old and

can’t I quit?” you ask. Because you’ve been hoodwinked! You’ve been sold a bill of goods, a false premise, and a false promise – a lot of false promises. You’ve accepted some information as facts, filed them away in your subconscious mind, and haven’t even bothered to question them for years and years. You’ve accepted the fact that you’re addicted, and you’ve bought into it hook, line and stinker. One of the biggest of the fear factors is the fear that the cravings will get worse and worse. The truth is the cravings get milder and milder after only a few days. It’s not the cravings. It’s the fear of having to face horrible cravings that’s one of the fears that keeps you smoking.

When you “try” to quit (that means you haven’t really made the conscious decision to quit), you interpret the slightest discomfort or irritability with “horrible addiction” and you run for your pacifier. And you slip back into a pacified, hoodwinked state of mind. You’re almost unconscious. Hypnotized! A robot. Mindlessly clunking along, lighting up and puffing your life away. Ever find yourself with two cigarettes going at the same time? Hello?

And I’m not even talking about the health risk awareness. You’ve blinded yourself to that, as well, even though you say you know all about it. There’s a tremendous paradox here. You know that there are deadly serious health risks, and at the same time, you are afraid to quit – because it feels like if you do, it will be almost like dying.

Later in this book you’ll read about the workings of the conscious mind and at least some of what goes on inside of you, subconsciously. When you learn how to tune into your subconscious mind, you’ll learn how to override the unconscious, habitual and ritualized thinking that keeps you smoking. You’ll learn how to “convince” your subconscious mind to joyfully accept your conscious decision to quit smoking. When that happens, we’re done. And it will happen.

We’ll come back to that. Right now, I’m talking about

conscious awareness of the world around you. What is real and what is not real? You're in a haze. That's what smoking does to you. It keeps you from coming out of the fog – literally, figuratively, mentally and emotionally. We're going to come back to that one, about coming out of the fog, too. But for now, let's talk about being aware, awake, and alive.

You're asleep at the wheel, captain, and your world is going up in smoke! And it's not only your health and your life at stake. Your smoking seriously affects the people around you, at home, in public, and at work. There is a way to come out of the fog, and to step into a heightened awareness that will free you from cigarettes – and add an incredible sense of well-being and joy to your everyday life.

Oh, really, you say. This conscious – subconscious, I'm-not-really-aware, asleep-at-the-wheel stuff sounds like mumbo jumbo to me. Well, let's try a little experiment. Are you game? Let's see how totally aware you are. Read the following sentence: "First of all, I am the captain of my fate, and I, of all people, will not fail." How many F's are there in this sentence? Go back and count them before you read on. How many? Did you find 3? 4? 5? How about 6? There are 6 in this sentence!

We hear the word, "of" as "ov" and we often miss it – because we heard it that way before we learned to read, and stored it in our subconscious that way, a long time ago. Most people will find 3 or 4. Hello? If you're a smarty and you immediately found 6, well, you're too smart to be smoking. Just quit. And give this book to someone who needs it. You're exceptional. (No, don't really give the book away. A lot of very smart people smoke. Some people think it makes them look thoughtful and intelligent. Really?)

The rest of us just have to trudge along, accepting as fact a lot of misinformation about what we see, hear, feel or decided very early on in our lives. And we rarely bother to go back and question

about it forever and not fully express all that happened and all that was communicated to me in these few seconds.

"I could feel that I was in the presence of God; that this light was God. I could feel an incredible, indescribable, almost overwhelming love directed toward me - for me. There was this sure 'knowing' that God loves me. Me! Personally! I felt totally cleansed of all guilt and shame. I felt totally forgiven for everything I had ever done in the past. The only thing that mattered was that instant. I got to start over. And it was pure bliss.

"I felt certain that God has a divine plan for me in my life, and that God will always be with me; protecting me, teaching me, guiding me, loving me with this beautiful, beyond words, love. And nothing else has any importance at all, in comparison to this connection to God.

"I could feel that everything that is and that happens in the world, even those things that we would describe as tragic or horrible, is 'perfect' in some way, and part of something much bigger than we as mortals can comprehend. But we can comprehend and experience the perfection of it all. Accepting all that happens as part of God's plan. And when we come to something we don't understand, we can just turn it over to God, trusting in a kind and benevolent creator, or nature, or essence or whatever you would call it. 'God' works for me.

"All self-consciousness and potential embarrassment was gone. All fear - gone. No more, 'What will other people think?' I knew that only my connection to this God, this God that filled me with love, and joy, and peace of mind, would really matter after this experience.

"I could go on and on about the experience, but let me tell you about the after-effects of this experience, and what happened when I opened my eyes and saw Allison leaning over me.

even talk about it for a few minutes. He just kept staring at Allison, and smiling - this sweet, knowing, benevolent smile. We'll get back to Allison's healing touch after Jim tells us about his near-death experience.

"The last thing I remember was stuffing that whole piece of pumpkin pie in my mouth, like some kid who had just robbed the cookie jar. And the next thing I knew I was in what seemed like a dream; a very real dream, almost real, but with a dreamy quality to it.

"I was standing on a little path that wound along the side of a mountain. I could see plants and shrubs, and trees. Then I saw this figure, a man in a white robe, standing just beside the path, and very close to me. There was a glow around him, and the robe was incredibly bright white. I thought, or it felt like, it was Jesus. But he didn't say anything to me, he just nodded and somehow I knew he wanted me to look ahead, further down the path.

"As soon as I turned and looked down the path I saw what looked like a large oval-shaped, bluish-white light, about twenty-five feet high. The light moved toward me and then enveloped me. What happened after that is impossible to put into words, but I'll try. I'm sure I'll use symbols and language that is familiar to me and my culture, but realize that I am trying to articulate something that really goes beyond words.

"When the light enveloped me I felt like I was no longer standing on the ground. It felt like I was floating in the midst of this light. The image of a baby still in the womb comes to mind.

"Whew! Now it gets really tough to put into words. Anyway, let me just go ahead. It felt like this light was God. And God spoke to me. Well, God didn't really speak to me in words, but all this new information and a totally new sense of reality came flooding in. It seemed to happen in only a few seconds, but I feel like I could talk

our decisions. It doesn't occur to us that we're not even conscious of many of our earlier decisions. As a result, we get hooked into believing stuff that ain't necessarily so. So, quite possibly...my basic premise affects other areas of your life. But let's stick with how to joyfully quit smoking.

Imagine for a minute that you were a captain of industry - the tobacco industry. The government, in its role as protector of the people, called you on the carpet of the senate floor. You testified before the senate committee, and you stated unequivocally that tobacco smoking is not addictive. No skyrocketing emotional high. No maniacal drive to lie, cheat and steal to obtain your cigarette fix. No crash. Of course, no one agreed and you were soundly dismissed as a lying capitalist pig only interested in huge profits at the expense of people's health and their very lives.

Partly truth, but the part about tobacco not being addictive just kind of faded into the background noise. Stop and think about this for a minute. Even though the tobacco moguls said that cigarettes were not addictive, do you think they like or dislike the fact that article after article, and expert after expert, declares tobacco addictive? They love it! Are you kidding? It keeps people like you smoking and believing that they are hooked for life. But you're not hooked. You've been hoodwinked.

Think about addiction. Check out the dictionary definition. If addiction is the result of, "well-defined physiological changes... compulsive urges...and a build up of tolerance for the addictive substance", how come everyone who ever took a few drinks, bites, drags or tokes isn't hopelessly hooked on everything from smokes to glazed doughnuts? They all set off well-defined physiological changes. When it comes to smoking, the part about a compulsive urge is just more hogwash. Compulsion is a clinical term. It's a mental illness. Of course, you could argue that you have to be somewhat mentally ill to smoke, but the urge to smoke is not compulsive.

A physiological change is a physiological change – the same for everyone who is physiological. That means all of us who have a body. Do you have a body? Then your body will go through physiological changes whenever you ingest something. But that doesn't mean you'll become addicted to everything you ingest. Hello?

Oh, then maybe it's about compulsive disorders, those are unique and not the same for everyone. Some people are compulsive and some people are not. So, if you're smoking because of a compulsive habit, what other compulsive habits do you have? None, you say? Odd? People with compulsive behavior usually have a host of routines they go through, not just one, don't they? And, come on, are you clinically compulsive when it comes to reaching for a cigarette, or do you just want one? Compulsive behavior? It's not.

And how about the tolerance? We may build up a tolerance to nicotine. But that old smoke stings every time, every time it gets in your eyes. Yes, the nicotine level begins to go down and that's partly why you "crave" another cigarette. But craving another cigarette, even craving another cigarette (or glazed donut) badly, does not mean that you are addicted. It means you're not willing to give them up. You just want one. And you feel denied if you can't have your cigarette.

You may rationalize that if you want one, you're going to have one. Maybe that's what addiction is partly about. You just don't want to stop. You're not willing to give up smoking. But the reason you're not willing to give up smoking is because you're smoking! And you're smoking, and think you can't quit, because you've been hoodwinked. What a merry-go-round. Hello!

Maybe you say to yourself that nobody is going to tell you what to do and what not to do. You're a grown up, dammit! Maybe you're still mad at your parents, the people who raised you. Smoking as rebellion. Wow, what a plan. I'll show them. That's real grown up.

open.

Allison thought he was joking around to pay her back for sneaking up on him and scaring him. So she started tickling him. Which, of course, didn't help his situation at all.

Allison poked him and tickled him until Jim's eye bulged with fear, and he passed out. Allison didn't believe it. She refused to take it seriously. She snickered, thinking that he was putting on a good act, and casually poured herself a cup of coffee and strolled into the living room. She waited for a couple of minutes, expecting Jim to come in and join her any second.

"Come on, Jim. Come have a coffee with me." she whispered and hollered at the same time. No response from Jim. "Jim, Jim," she tried a couple more times.

She could see part of his leg and foot with a slipper hanging from his big toe, from where she sat, and she kept expecting him to end the game and get up. Finally, she got up and headed into the kitchen. She stopped and tickled the bottom of his foot for a second. When he didn't even flinch, reality set in.

Jim was dead. He had choked to death. And there he lay, with his eyes still wide-opened.

Rather than hysteria, a rush of calm billowed over Allison. Her thoughts seemed suspended, as she slowly and gently reached toward Jim's face. The instant she touched his face, he blinked, then coughed twice and sat up. Tears were streaming down his cheeks, but he didn't make another sound besides the quick coughs. His eyes looked like he had seen a ghost. That was almost true.

Jim had seen God! Or had at least been in the presence of God. In the few minutes that he had been dead, he had encountered what is now known as a classic near-death experience. He couldn't

came running down the hallway in a panic. She kept muttering, “Jesus. Jesus. Jesus.”

Jim plopped back down on the bed as soon as everyone came running into the bedroom. Allison quickly composed herself and told everyone that it was all right, she had just had a bad dream. She said everyone should back go to bed.

Nana spun around and headed back to her room. This time she only had one “Jesus” to say. And the tone was much different than her panicky, prayerful tone of a moment ago.

“Can I sleep with you?” Ally pleaded, “I’m scared.” Allison just nodded and patted a space on the bed beside her. Ally hopped up and went right back to sleep.

Ottie just shook his head and said “Weird” as he strolled back to his bed.

Neither Jim nor Allison slept well the rest of the night. At one time during the night, Jim reached over and patted her back for a while, and Allison gave one of his hands a quick squeeze. That familiar reassurance let them each relax a bit knowing they would talk in the morning.

Jim got up first and put coffee on. While it was brewing he found an orphaned piece of pumpkin pie in the refrigerator and wolfed it down like a kid sneaking a cookie out of the cookie jar.

Allison shuffled up behind him and gave him a quick hug around his soft belly. The surprise and the sudden jolt expelled most of the pumpkin pie that Jim still had stuffed in his mouth.

As he burst out laughing and then forcefully inhaled, a piece of pie crust shot halfway down his windpipe and lodged there. He grabbed his throat and fell to the floor in a few seconds - eyes wide

You aren’t stuck there, are you? You’re not going to try the dysfunctional family history as the reason for smoking, are you? Are you kidding! Not the co-dependent thing, please. How many mind games have you bought into? Doesn’t apply to you? Fine. Just move on, read on, and let those who had their bell rung here, resonate and relate. I need to talk to them for a minute.

Do you really want to spend your life at a self-pity party? Forgive those who offended you, no matter how many times they offended you. And take back emotional control of your life. That bit of advice came from a great teacher, but you don’t have to be religious or spiritual to benefit from it. As a practical matter, forgiving and getting on with your life makes life a whole lot more enjoyable – for you and for those around you. Try it. You’ll like it. That’s an old advertising slogan. Do you remember the product? OK, I’m not finished with this addiction thing.

When you’re really, really thirsty, you desperately crave a drink of water. You need water to live. Your body lets you know that you need the water. Does that mean you’re addicted to water? Of course not. So, when you desperately crave another smoke, does it mean your life is in danger if you don’t have one? Quite the opposite, right? If it feels like you’ll just die without a cigarette... guess what? You’ve got your wires crossed. You’re not hooked. You’ve been hoodwinked.

Barbara Sher, a motivational speaker and author of “How To Live The Life You Love”, points out in one her programs that there’s a big difference between wanting to quit smoking and wishing you wanted to quit smoking. Ring a bell? Are you salivating?

Think about when you want to smoke. You think about smoking when you haven’t had a cigarette for a while, the same way you think about eating when you haven’t eaten, or a drink when you’re thirsty. And then there are those times that you think about smoking in association with some other activity; after a meal, when

you just want to relax, when you want to concentrate, when you want to get energized (notice any contradictions here?), having a drink, at a party, after great sex. These are pretty powerful associations to link up to smoking. Breaking those links feels like it will be like breaking out of chains. And there's the first clue.

Associations, and a lot of misinformation that you have accepted as indisputable fact, not addiction, are the driving forces that keep you smoking. So what do you do - give up eating, drinking, partying and sex? No! Wait a minute. Just begin to see the association. Don't take it any further until you've read further.

Just let this awareness in. You often smoke a cigarette as a "natural" companion to other activities. Like Pavlov's dogs, you salivate at the sound of the match being struck. You've been conditioned to have a reflex action or response to a lot of daily activities, and to the very thought of smoking. But conditioned response is not addiction. It's conditioning. And if you want to stop smoking, you need reconditioning. You need to open your eyes and your mind to the possibility of this truth: You're not hooked. You've been hoodwinked. But reconditioning is easy, easy, easy. Read on. It's happening with every page you read.

What if the next time you suddenly wanted to smoke a cigarette, you just passed on the idea, and let the thought go by? The urge to smoke only lasts 3 to 5 minutes. What if you make a pact with yourself to wait 5 minutes before lighting up every time you have the urge to smoke? What if, after the 3 to 5 minutes, you changed your mind? Instead of being not willing to give up smoking cigarettes, you told yourself that you were not willing to light up another cigarette. Even as you begin to put the cigarette in your mouth, you could say to yourself (or out loud for emphasis), "I'm not willing to light this cigarette." Amazingly, many people actually stop and put the cigarette away with just this little phrase in their mind. Not to be pushy. Just offering a thought to consider.

apples frozen into the ground around the trees. He kicked an apple loose, picked it up and threw it back into the woods.

He could hear the branches snap and the ground brush rustle as the apple flew into the woods. Then he heard the unmistakable sound of a startled animal running through the woods. He thought it was probably a deer.

"Hey, you ain't one of the guys we saw earlier are you?" Jim joked to himself. The noise stopped abruptly. Almost eerily. Then the sound changed to a swish, swish sound of someone or something slowly walking through the woods - towards him. Jim froze, literally and figuratively. A small deer walked right up to him.

"Yeah, that was me. So, what, now you're throwing apples at me? Whacking me with a few tons of steel wasn't enough? Good thing your wife's got the healing touch."

Jim sat bolt upright in bed. He had come in and tucked in beside Allison hours ago. It had been too cold to stay outside the second time out and he had come back in after just a minute or two.

Now he was totally confused. Did he dream the whole thing about hitting the deer and Allison just touching the deer, and watching the wound close? Was the deer outside now, at Allison's mother's house?

Just as he was trying to clear the sleepy cobwebs and make some sense of what was going on, Allison sat bolt upright and screamed his name.

"Jim!" She reached over and touched his arm, and mumbled, "Oh, you're all right."

Down the hallway, Ally starting screaming. Oattie keep hollering, "What's the matter, Mom? What's the matter, Mom?" Nana

Allison's brother Matt from the family Christmas gathering.

Jim sat alone in the kitchen and was about half way through the second beer when Allison poked her head in and said she was, "tucking in."

"Don't you want to talk?" Jim asked.

"About what?"

"About what! Are you kidding? Did I just dream the thing about the deer and what you did? Come on, Allison."

"Oh, yeah," Allison acknowledged, "can we talk about it in the morning? I'm exhausted."

Jim stood up and walked toward the door to go outside. He stopped and went back for his beer. He gave Allison a quick glance, with his best pouty, almost expressionless look, and opened the door to go outside.

"You mad?" Allison mumbled. Jim was already outside when she said it. She shook her head with a quick short motion, did an eye-roll and headed for bed.

Jim realized, when he got outside, that the temperature had dropped quite a bit in the last few hours. The fog was lifting. He was pretty cold, no jacket and all. But he didn't want to ruin the effect of his exit, so he had to stay out for a least a few minutes.

He started strolling around the back of the house, near the apple trees. There hadn't been any snow to speak of this year, so the ground was pretty bare and frozen. With the fog clearing, he could easily see the outline of the two apple trees at the back of Nana's lawn. The trees were on the edge of a patch of woods that went back for acres and acres. He could even see a few old dried up brown

Maybe even one simple word could lead you to a simple, yet startling, awakening. You guessed it? You guessed the word? You're paying attention. The next time you reach for a cigarette try saying this word to yourself. It's a simple acknowledge, a friendly greeting. It's an invitation, a gentle reminder to really stop and think what you are about to do. Could one word turn your world around? Could one word be the password into a world of clarity and a healthier new life-style? Could you actually quit smoking by simply saying just one word to yourself when the thought of smoking creeps in. Could you really be reconditioned that easily. Maybe. Hello?

So, let's talk more about reconditioning. Now we're in my ballpark. When I haven't been studying about (or indulging in) bad habits, over the past 25-plus years, I have been working in the field of marketing communications and advertising. I speak from experience about conditioning the mind to accept something without question.

Advertisers know about conditioning. Their method of conditioning us to use their products is constant repetition of ads with specific emotional content that elicits an associative, conditioned response. That doesn't make advertising a bad thing. Actually, advertising is a very good thing. It informs. It creates broader markets, help businesses and the people who own them and work in them more successful, and by reaching more buyers of products and services reduces prices through the healthy promotion of competition. OK, enough defense of my beloved advertising profession.

Depending on your age, you'll immediately remember slogans that haven't been aired or printed for 20 years or more. You'll pick up products at the grocery store that you recently saw advertised. You're familiar with them. They are your friends. But you're not addicted. You're just susceptible to conditioned response, like the rest of us. You don't even have to recognize the subconscious process to still be controlled by it.

Remember, “Winston tastes good like a cigarette should”? Are you serious? Tastes good? Remember your first cigarette? Remember your last cigarette? Taste good? Of course they don’t taste good. They taste and smell terrible. How about that for the power of advertising! Remember Joe Camel? He was such a powerful influencer, he and his kind got ridden out of town! The tobacco industry agreed never to use cartoon characters in their ads again. It’s a start. Or an ending.

And as for associated behavior or expectations - will driving a sports car or drinking a particular brand of soft drink really put you in touch with gorgeous, nearly naked, successful people? Are you in the Pepsi generation? How do you reach out and touch someone? What kills bugs dead? OK, you got the point. Installed memory plays a big part in our bad habits. It’s part of our conscious and our subconscious conditioning. Maybe we are more like computers than we like to believe. Installed memory! Yeow!

Did you get the point about the associated feelings? Sorry to be so redundant so early in the book, but you’ve been repeating that lighting, puffing, blowing smoke ritual over and over and over. Reconditioning your thinking about smoking will require a bit of advertising strategy and tactics as well. This book will keep pounding home the point. So bear with it.

Advertisers want you to feel the joy of adventure, friendship, anticipated sex, and financial success when you think of their product or service, and associate it with their product or service. If you made the association while watching those successful, sexy men or women cavorting around, well “they” didn’t promise you “that”...did they? Are you still a Marlboro man, or maybe a Virginia Slim woman? You’ve come a long way, baby? Who is kidding whom? You’re not hooked. You’ve been hoodwinked, Slim.

Clank! Did you dredge up that old fear about weight when you read the word, “Slim”? You’ve heard the stories, “My Uncle

With this, Nana had acknowledged that the kids just didn’t somehow show up on their own. And she had set the usual no non-sense, aloof tone. Jim and Allison glanced at each other with a here-we-go-again shrug. Nana reached over and gave Allison a hug, of sorts. Nana leaned way over, careful not to get wet from Allison’s coat. She didn’t hug Jim.

“And a Happy New Year to you.” Jim slurred quietly. No one paid any attention. Nana looked at him, and looked like she was going to say something. Then she turned her attention back to the kids.

“Well, kids, finish up your egg nog and cookies.” Nana said, without responding to Jim. “We’ll go take a nice warm bath and tuck you in nice and snug. You’ll be all safe and warm now.”

Jim went back out to the car and got their suitcases. The outside light was on, so he took time to inspect his car for any damage from his collision with the deer. Just as it occurred to him to do that, the earlier events of the trip, the one involving the deer, flashed through his mind, and he shuttered. There was no visible damage to his car.

When he came back inside, he could hear Nana and the kids laughing and splashing around in the bathroom, and Allison had flopped down in her favorite chair in the living room.

“I’ll put our suitcases in our rooms.” Jim dutifully announced. No one responded. “And then I’ll just go up on the roof and jump off, and kill myself!” he boomed. No one responded.

After Jim had put the kids’ bags on their beds and his and Allison’s suitcase in their room he went to the kitchen, hoping to find a cold beer in the refrigerator. Sure enough, tucked in back of the milk, the Christmas egg nog and the orange juice, he found two Coors lights. He thought, correctly, that they had been left by

out, but the door handle saved him, and he rocked back into his seat as his car door slammed shut.

“You’re going too fast in this fog. Please slow down. Please, Allison, The kids are in the car.”

“You are such a little baby.” Allison spurted the words out, then after a moment’s thought, reluctantly slowed down and came to a stop. “You drive,” she ordered.

The rest of the twenty-mile an hour, four and a half hour trip in the fog was completed without a word or a whimper. Otis did try a feeble “Jeez” once, when Jim hit a pothole. His mother flashed an unmistakable look that demanded utter silence - from everyone in the car. Jim shook his head ever so slightly. Allison noticed. But she let it go, this time.

Nana met them at the door and, as usual, her greeting, when they came to visit, was to ignore Jim and Allison like they weren’t even there, and direct all of her attention to Otis and Ally. She leaned over and gave them each a hug, and then ushered the two kids inside.

Nana carried on about how worried she was about them driving in the fog, and thank God that they had made it safe and sound, and what was Mom and Dad thinking driving when it was so dangerous. Didn’t they care about their children at all, and did little Otie and Ally want some warm cookies just out of the oven?

“We hit a deer.” Ally announced.

“Oh, my!” was Nana’s reply, as she set the platter of cookies on the table and poured each of the kids a glass of egg nog. “The poor deer. Jim, you have to be more careful driving. And, just look at you Allison, you’re soaked. Get those wet clothes off. I don’t how you put up with him.”

Paul quit smoking, gained 130 pounds, and fell through the upstairs bathroom and landed on Maude in the kitchen. Killed her. My God, I can’t quit smoking. I’ll puff up like a balloon.” More myth. It ain’t necessarily so.

See, Paul didn’t stop smoking and joyfully announce to the world that he had won a huge victory. He bragged about how much he wanted a cigarette, and yet he was able to steal his will against the horrible cravings. He went cold turkey, and picked that turkey, stuffing, mashed potato, gravy and all, to the bone. He felt that he had to substitute something for giving up those “wonderful” cigarettes. He went for food. He was hoodwinked, again.

If Paul had celebrated his conscious good choice and recognized the gain, rather than play the martyred tough guy, he would have moved into a holistic frame of mind. He would have found that his victory over this one very bad habit would lead him to make improved choices in all other areas of his life – his career, his weight, his relationships, his finances. He would have celebrated life, free from the toxic fumes, taken a deep breath, pounded his chest, and danced a little dance from the sheer elation that comes with victory. He would have experienced the joy of freedom from cigarettes. He would have gone on to greater achievement of his hopes and dreams. But he got stuffed. Hoodwinked. I hope you’re reading this, Paul.

You can stop smoking without gaining weight. Blue Cross and Blue Shield Insurance studies a few years ago found that 1/3 of the people who stop smoking gain, 1/3 lose, and 1/3 stay the same. With a little reconditioning you can gain, lose or stay the same – your choice. But if you feel like Paul, that you are being forced to give up something as wonderful as cigarettes, you’ll substitute...and suffer.

But you don’t need to suffer. You need to celebrate. If you’ll read all the way through this book, and at least consider the suggestions, and try the simple mental exercises, you will quit smoking

easily. And I'm not basing this on just convincing you of the evils of smoking. I'll take you beyond the logical process. I'll just mention this, "taking you beyond the logical process," here. We'll come back to it. There is a perspective, and experience, if you will, that not only changes the way you think about smoking, it improves the quality of your life in every area.

Well, don't just consider the suggestions. Read them and then follow the suggestions completely. Don't follow them halfheartedly or incompletely and they decide that this method did not work for you. It works. But, as I quoted in the front of this book, "An idea is a curious thing. It won't work unless you do."

If you were cooking, you wouldn't leave out an ingredient and blame the recipe if your dish didn't come out right. If you asked for directions to a particular place, and didn't take a left at the second light, the way you were given directions, you wouldn't (or shouldn't) expect to find the place you're looking for, would you?

So, let's move on. There are ways to put the power of repetition and conditioned response to good use. You're not hooked. You've been hoodwinked. Check out the dictionary definition for hoodwinked. Break the word down. Imagine that you have to take off a "hood" that covers your entire head before you can put a cigarette in your mouth. Imagine doing this every time you go to put a cigarette in your mouth. A light may go on inside of your head, rather than at the end of your cigarette one of these times. And when it does, you'll be free from smoking. Easy as that.

As for the "winking" part, watch anyone who ever lights a cigarette. They'll often instinctively start winking as soon as they put the light to the cigarette – as a conditioned response to the smoke that invariably goes right for their eyes. Do you start winking and blinking and twisting your head to avoid the smoke that may get in your eyes? Are your eyes trying to tell you something?

fine, dear," She and Ally giggled together as soon as the second word "dear" came out.

"Where's Dad?" Otis wanted to know.

Allison drew back out of the car and looked around for her husband. She couldn't see him. She called his name. No answer. She called his name again, and again. Still no answer. Ally started whimpering again. Otis started screaming "Dad!" louder and louder.

Finally, a barely audible response came. "Allison, help me." Jim half cried. Then he aimed his flashlight at the car and Allison caught sight of the dim light through the fog. Jim was only about thirty feet away. He was still on the ground. Allison ran to him and dropped to her knees.

"Oh, God. Oh, God. Jim what's the matter?"

"What happened? Allison, what the heck just happened?"

"Are you hurt? Are you all right, Jim?"

"Yes, I guess. What happened? What happened? I saw that."

"Come on, Jim. Are you coming or not? Get up and get back in the car. Are you all right to drive, or do you want me to drive? And just be quiet. We'll talk about it later. I don't want to scare the kids..."

"Scare the kids, what about me?" Jim pleaded.

"I'm going without you if you don't get up and get the car right now."

Allison got up and spun around and ran for the driver's side of the car. Jim just made it before she gunned the gas. He almost fell

it looked like several of her ribs were broken as well.

The hurt deer put her head down near Allison's left hand and nudged to tuck her head under Allison's mitten. Allison hesitated for a moment and then gently began to rub the fawn's head. As she rubbed, the fawn began to give off a faint glow, and amazingly, the bones of the fractured leg began to move back into place. The deer fur wrapped itself around the open wound and closed it up. The ribs seemed to gently pop backed into place.

Just a few seconds after this incredible transformation took place, the deer nuzzled her cold nose against Allison's cheek, as if to kiss her, and then bounded off into the fog and dark. It was like the deer had never been struck by the car. It was whole and strong.

As Jim and Allison lay there frozen motionless, more from fear and amazement than from the cold, the other ten deer jumped and spun off into the darkness as well. All that could be heard in the dark fog was the sound of a little girl whimpering softly.

"Oh, my God, Ally!" Allison shrieked. She jumped up, ran to the car and opened the door anxiously. After what had just happened she wasn't sure about anything, and she wanted to be sure that her children were all right. Actually, she needed reassurance that they were still in the car and hadn't disappeared or turned into deer or been abducted by a space ship. Her head was spinning with all kinds of crazy thoughts.

Otis and Ally jumped with fright when their mother opened the car door so suddenly and forcefully. When she reached in to hug them, she was crying. They hugged backed and asked her what was the matter.

"Was it a deer, Mommy? Ally asked. "Is she all right?"

"Yes, yes," Allison said with an odd smile, "the deer is just

Some people have stopped smoking almost immediately by following this simple mind game of "hoodwinked" awareness. The second or third time they went through the taking-off-the-hood imagery, a light went on. And the cigarettes went in the trash. Others couldn't believe the facial contortions they saw when they tuned into the winking response they went through.

Watching other smokers light up made them even more self-conscious of their own smoking mannerisms. A little shake of the head in disbelief, and they quit. Just like that. They quit for good, crumpled their pack and threw it in the trash. Little things like this, little flashes of real awareness, a glimpse of a new perspective, and many people come to tell me that they've quit smoking for good. It can be that easy.

"So what happened to your horrible addiction?" I sometimes ask. "You don't mean to tell me that you overcame an 'addiction' by just repeating a little mental imagery or by simply tuning into how foolish you look lighting a cigarette, do you?" Maybe this whole addiction thing is just more...trash.

So, you just picked up this book and you're giving it the once over. You've read this far, but haven't decided to quit. You're just considering it. Fine, don't even try until you've finished the book. In the meantime, if you like, try a few of the exercises. Just don't be surprised if you quit smoking before you finish the book. You can quit smoking in 4 hours!

So, OK, this is for those of you who haven't trashed this book already by now. I've tried to convince you that smoking is not a disease. I've scoffed at the idea of smoking as addiction and shifted the focus to conditioning and communications theory. You may never watch commercials the same way again.

Now let's get into the heart of the program. Over the next few pages, I'll give you some information and offer suggestions,

some mental exercises, which will prove to you that there is a joyful and simple way to quit smoking. Don't believe me yet? Well, stay tuned.

When you're setting out to break a harmful habit, it is important to stay tuned to your indulgence in the habit. Stay in touch with your breathing, your feelings, your posture, your environment, and every facet of what you hear, smell, touch and taste when you indulge.

That's right. Instead of tuning out, and smoking unconsciously (Ever have 2 cigarettes going at the same time by mistake – that is to say, unconsciously?) I want you to tune in. Because once you do, smoking will begin to turn you off. You'll begin to see it for what it really is. Smelly. Disgusting. Foolishness. OK, enough of that. I know that doesn't work. Does it?

Involve your sensory experience when you smoke. Don't exclude any of it from your awareness. Tune into the taste in your mouth. Really tune in. Fully experience what the smoke feels like and tastes like on your tongue and in your throat. Feel it dry out the natural saliva out of your mouth. Feel it rob the moisture from your throat. Inhale the smoke. Feel it fill up your lungs. Imagine the tar and nicotine residue sticking to the delicate walls of you lungs – once healthy and soft, now black and tough.

The good news is that your lungs will, in great part, begin to return to their naturally healthy state very quickly when you stop inhaling those burning tobacco leaves and burning paper directly into them.

Can you smell the aroma of burning tobacco and paper in the air. That's about the only smell that you experience as a smoker, because that smell follows you wherever you go, and permeates anything and everything that is in your environment if you blow smoke into the area for more than a few seconds. That's what is now in

Allison's energy and spitfire keeps her in great physical shape, even though she was a cigarette smoker for years. Jim's lack of energy, his habits, lack of discipline, and guilt-plagued conscience has molded a soft-bellied, mild mannered bit of a slob. In spite of it, over the period of eleven years, the two of them have worked out a comfortable, genuinely caring and loving relationship.

Recently, over the past two or three months, it had seemed to Jim that Allison had softened. Something about her had changed. It was almost as if she was giving up her role as General Manager of The Universe. She let things go, without a word of advice, every so often. And Jim noticed. But the stress of the last few minutes brought back the old Allison in force, at least for the moment. Now where was she?

Jim felt the tug on his heavy overcoat and turned expecting to see Allison. He wasn't prepared for what followed. Not only did he not see Allison, he didn't see anyone until he looked down at a small deer biting and tugging on his coat sleeve. The deer was pulling at him, much in the way a dog pulls when he takes hold. Jim felt his knees go a little weak, and then his balance left him. When he crashed to the pavement, he found himself looking right into Allison's eyes. He thought for an agonizing instant that she was somehow dead, but she wasn't. She blinked, looked even more wide-eyed than ever, and grabbed him by the arm.

“Don't say a word,” she whispered.

“Wha...”

Allison clasped her mittened hand over Jim's mouth and shook her head, “no”. She looked up and gasped. Jim followed her eyes and then her reaction. Then he saw them, too. About ten small deer stood around them in a circle. An eleventh came hobbling into the circle. This one was badly hurt and bloodied. She held one front leg off the ground. The leg was broken in a compound fracture, and

“Allison? Allison? Allison!” he began to say almost angrily. “Now what in blazes is she up to?” he thought to himself. Jim almost never swore. It was like he tried to offset Allison’s quick four-letter word flurries by not swearing himself. Whenever he would obviously try to offset her swearing, like most attempts to manipulate or even suggest any control over Allison, that would backfire, too.

Jim grew up an only child, a preacher’s son. The demands were tight. The rules were rigid. The discipline was quick and harsh. Jim never went through the teen-age rebellious years, at least not openly. But he went through a rebellious period all right. He started sneaking smokes when he was 12 years old.

One night, when he was a sophomore in high school, after about two beers, he went over to his father’s church and fired rocks through every stain-glassed window in the building. No one ever knew did it. He never owned up to it. To this day, it’s between him and God, and the devil that reminds him of his sin over and over and over.

At thirty-four, Jim walks with his head slightly down, drinks too much; never, never disciplines the kids, and hides a little marijuana in his workshop. He finds little projects to do in the workshop whenever he wants to indulge. Allison would raise the roof if she knew. But Allison never goes into the workshop because she can’t stand the clutter and the smells. Between the odors of paint and oil and gasoline and sawdust, Jim is able to hide the acrid smell of his intoxicating dance with Mary Jane, and even account for his irritated, red eyes.

Jim wins this silent war. Allison doesn’t even know he wages it anymore. Or maybe she knows and just lets it go. She laid down the law when Otis was born. No more smoking pot. Period. They argued over it every time she caught him until Jim learned to be sneakier about it.

your bloodstream, choking out the oxygen that goes to your brain, and the rest of your vital organs.

Remember a time when you could smell the sweet aroma of food cooking in the kitchen when you came home from school or work. Remember when you could smell clean clothes just out of the dryer. Remember Mom’s perfume, and Dad’s after-shave, and how those smells made you feel. Do you remember the scent of a woman or a man? Do you, Smokey?

That was before the smell of tobacco smoke took over your life, your clothes, your closet, your car and your sense of smell. The good news is that within 24 hours of your last cigarette, your blood pressure begins to return to normal, your lungs begin to clear, and your sense of smell begins to emerge once more.

Now before you give in to the urge to throw this book at the nearest wall, and ignore the emotions that this little exercise just brought up, and run and light up, stop and think clearly. Do you really, really think cigarettes taste good? Does that smoke really feel good going into your lungs? Do you think your breath smells good? Do you think your clothes really smell good to people around you? Really? Really? Are you thinking clearly? Or have you been hoodwinked?

Check your posture. Do you have a little gesture of hunching over as you light up? Why? It’s not windy inside is it? Hello. How confident and self-assured do you think that subtle little posture shift makes you look, Marlboro man, Virginia Slim baby? Look around you. How do you really feel lighting up? A strange thing begins to happen as you tune in more and more. Paradoxically, the more you stay tuned, the more you are able to detach from the emotions and cravings that are attached to the habit.

The next time you think of smoking, tune in. Every time you are involved with smoking in any way – going to the store to

buy cigarettes, reaching for a cigarette, watching someone else smoke, or when you decide to smoke – stay tuned in. Did I hear someone say, “I’m not willing to light up this cigarette.”?

Focus your awareness on the present moment. Begin to notice everything going on. Be aware of your breathing, your posture, the environment you are in, the people around you. Notice the temperature of the air around you. Notice the smells in the air. Be aware of what you are wearing. Tune in. Feel the weight and the texture of the clothes you are wearing. Watch people. Watch people watching you.

When you get ready to smoke, be aware of where you have to reach for your cigarettes. Be aware of where you reach for the matches or lighter. Hear the sound of the matches or lighter being lit. Listen to the sound of the tobacco leaves and paper burning, the sound you make when you suck on the cigarette. Look at the flame. Look at the colors. See the red and orange and yellow and blue. Feel the heat from the flame. Notice the herky–jerky movements you make to avoid the flame and the fire. Very cool. Very smooth. You’re Humphrey Bogart, all right. You got Bette Davis eyes. Attractive, huh? Really?

Are you ready to light that bunch of leaves on fire and inhale the smoke into your lungs directly? It’s your choice. Whatever you’re willing, or not willing, to do is up to you. Unless of course you THINK you’re horribly addicted. OK, OK, I know. I’m being redundant, again. Did you say, “I’m not willing to light this cigarette?”

As you stay tuned, ask yourself if smoking really enhances a good meal. I know the part about sitting back to relax and enjoy a cigarette at the end of a nice meal. What you’re saying is that, instead of enjoying the after-taste of strawberry shortcake, you go for the burning leaves taste, right? Right? Maybe you really like is the feeling of relaxation that you’ve come to associate with the smoke

about it, but Jim was more serious than kidding about it. And Allison kind of liked the title, anyway.

Give her an opening; friend, foe or stranger, and she’ll take over your life. Her brothers and sisters love reminiscing about how she forced them to get in line, finish their oatmeal, and march to her orders. They laugh about it. But it’s an uneasy laugh. They still don’t want to challenge her authority, even today. Even if she is the tiniest of the lot.

At the same time, Allison has a heart of gold. She makes friends with the bag boy at the supermarket. Three months later she remembers that his dog was at the vets, and his Aunt Millie was going to Florida. And she’ll pick up the conversation like it happened yesterday.

Jim reappeared in less than a minute. “Nope, didn’t see anything. Probably just a pothole. Buckle up, everybody.” Jim said a little impatiently as he plopped back down in the car. It didn’t work.

Allison sighed deeply, flung her door opened, and jumped out. Jim just rolled his eyes and obsequiously followed suit. A couple of seconds after they were out of the car, Otis whispered in the dark, “I hope the little green men don’t...” He was cut off by Ally’s scream. Their mother appeared, leaning way over the front seat and into the back, seemingly out of nowhere, in an instant. She glared at Otis and then at Ally.

“Silence! Both of you.”

With that, Allison shut the car door slowly, silently. Otis giggled. Ally whimpered. Jim got a flashlight out of the trunk and began scanning the highway. He walked back about 50 yards, and still didn’t see anything. He made the trek back to the car and back up the highway twice before he realized that he hadn’t heard from or seen Allison in several minutes.

“Maybe it was a space ship. Oh, no. The little green men are coming to get us.” Otis piped up from the back seat. Otis is Jim and Allison’s son, age nine, a bona fide geek in the making, with taped glasses and all. He loves science fiction, video games, and delights in freaking out his seven-year-old sister, Ally. Ally, on cue, went right into blood-curdling hysteria.

“Ottie, You just stop it right now. Ally, Honey, it wasn’t a space ship. I think it was a raccoon or a small deer, or something. Daddy’s just going to check and see if he’s OK. Otis! You stop it, right now. Do you hear me, young man?” Allison commanded.

“Yes ma’am.” was the soft reply.

“Well, go check.” Allison ordered. Jim didn’t even try to protest. He didn’t say a word. He just opened his car door and stepped out.

Allison is the captain of the Seagram household. There is no doubt about that. She runs the show at home with an iron will - all 5 foot, 1 inch, 104 pounds of her. Something about her commands respect. Maybe it’s those big dark eyes and striking high forehead. Maybe it’s that voice that can be so soft and soothing one moment, and so Blackbeard-The-Pirate profane the next. Whatever it is, she’s got it. She demands acknowledgment when she speaks. And she expects unquestioned, unhesitating obedience. Otis knows it. And he knows better than to challenge it. Ally knows it. Jim knows it. Everyone in the family snaps to attention and responds to Allison. Everyone who knows Allison knows it.

Allison grew up in a family of six kids. She was the oldest, and with both parents working, she became the surrogate Mom at a very young age. And anyone who has known her for a while will agree that, some time shortly after that, she was promoted to General Manager of the Universe. That was a title Jim bestowed upon a few years ago. She laughed

after a meal.

You inhale deeply, and watch the smoke lazily drift into the air. How serene. How relaxing. Except of course for the second-hand smoke being inhaled by the rest of the people at the meal – like kids. OK, I’m tossing in a little guilt trip. Just trying to get you to tune into what is really happening. Did you ever notice that the relaxation lasts only a few minutes – and find yourself wanting another cigarette? You associate the relaxation with the cigarette, but the truth is, the cigarette initiates the stress.

See the vicious circle? Fight through the mild carvings (and they are mild, regardless of how much you have been hoodwinked, or how much you use your “attempt” to quit smoking as an excuse to be irritable and obnoxious), and you’ll begin to relax naturally once again in just a few days.

Let’s talk about the relaxation part. Are you still with me? Ready for the next phase? Are you willing to learn to relax without cigarettes?

One of most common explanations (excuses) for smoking, or picking up smoking after an attempt to quit, or even after a long time without smoking, is that it is so effective for stress relief. You light up and inhale deeply. You watch the smoke drift casually into the air as you exhale, and you feel better, more relaxed. Can’t deny that. Most bad habits are indulged in because of their ability to relieve stress. Of course, in the long term they kill you. That’s the ultimate stress relief, I guess. But not typically recommended. Especially not if death follows an agonizingly long-term bout with lung cancer, asthma, bronchitis, or emphysema.

Again, experience is the best teacher. I grew up with my maternal grandparents, both smokers. I can still see Nana hanging over the simmering spaghetti sauce she was cooking – an unbelievably long ash hanging from the Camel cigarette she always had stuck

in the middle of her mouth. Next glance and the ash would be gone. It wouldn't be on the floor. She would still be stirring the spaghetti sauce. Where do you think that ash fell? We all knew, and it was a household joke. Imagine cigarette ash in the spaghetti sauce. Yuk. And they wondered why I was "picky" eater.

Anyway, by the time I was in my early teens, my grandfather had asthma and emphysema, and my grandmother had bronchitis. She would break into a suffocating spasm of endless coughs if you made her laugh. Occasionally it would be so bad that she would collapse against the wall or into a chair from her inability to stop coughing and choking long enough to catch her breath. My grandfather couldn't leave his chair and walk more than a few steps without pulling for breath like he had run up three flights of stairs. And they were only in their fifties. I'll spare you the details of how they spent their sixties.

How do you think your family will really feel about taking care of you your last few months or years? My grandfather used to wake me up in the middle of the night often, and ask me to sit with him or brush his white hair, because he knew he was going to die soon, and didn't want to die alone. Can you hear yourself sputtering out the words, "Where is that damn bedpan? Nurse!" But never mind, that's for another time. Right now you're young and healthy. Let's look at stress a little more closely.

First, a bit of information that you may have to wrestle with before you grasp it. It's a real clunker. Here it is: If you were not a smoker, in the first place, you would naturally be more relaxed. You smoke to relieve stress that smoking plays a big part in creating. Look at smokers as a whole. Do you find them more or less relaxed than nonsmokers. No contest. Nonsmokers are more relaxed.

I know you may be saying that smokers came from people who were high strung to begin with, and they were looking for something to relieve the stress. But that's like getting on a

## The Healing Touch

You could cut the fog with a knife. The car headlights could barely cut it. So, you couldn't see more than 20 feet ahead. It was crazy to be out driving. But Jim and Allison had promised the kids that they would spend New Year's Eve at Nana's house. And because they had promised, Allison insisted that they make the trip up the coast of Maine. No little thing like a bit of bad weather was going to stop them - not if Allison had her way. And Allison always had her way. It was only 115-mile drive, anyway.

So, there they were, creeping along Route 1 at about 20 miles per hour. Jim's attention was intently focused on the road, about ten feet ahead of the car, and he could just make out the broken white road stripes as they flashed by, so he didn't even see the deer in the road.

"What was that?" Allison blurted immediately after their van thumped over the small fawn." I saw two small lights, like two little eyes, right in the road? Didn't you see them? Didn't you feel that bump, Jim? Jim?"

Jim was so hypnotized by the repetitive zip, zip, zip of the road markers that he not only didn't see the deer, he was even aware that he had hit it. The thump and bump didn't even register.

"What?"

"You hit something in the road. I saw two lights, like two eyes. You didn't feel that? Stop! Stop the car!"

"Oh, for crying out loud, now what?" Jim sputtered under his breath.

"Jim you hit something in the road. Stop. Stop!"

the same token, you have to open your mind to receive new experiences. You may disagree with my politics and my social consciousness, or my railings against the spiritual, medical and psychological officialese, but if you are courageous enough or desperate enough to take a journey into a new way of looking at life, bereft of Freudian complexes and vain genuflects, you're invited to come along on a subtle, yet simple venture. You'll find surprising company from many divergent walks and ways; some who are looking for much more than a way to quit smoking, and fellow travelers in large enough number to have put this book in your hands.

Still reading? OK, Let's go into the mystic - beyond the mystery and into the magic. Let the magic begin.

Here's a fictional story about using a magic wand. Fiction can work very well in the process of reaching the subconscious. It's really kind of sneaky that way. With fiction, we can sneak by those diligent guardians of our consciousness that critically analyze everything we see and hear, and measure it against logic, and the reality we have built for ourselves.

And, when those guardians least expect it, we can frame a story in a way that runs analogous to an issue, a goal or a problem in our lives. When we see something in the personality of one of the fictional characters that reminds us of ourselves, of something we experienced, or someone we know well, we kind of suspend the reality test, and enter into the story. We live the story for a while. Emotional bells go off. And advice meant for, or spoken to, one of the characters in the fiction, speaks to us - even though we may not even be conscious of that level of communication. Hello?

Anyway, here's the story:

It's called...

Merry-Go-Round to relieve dizziness. Smoking doesn't really relieve stress in the long run; it keeps it alive, and makes it worse. Smoking at best is a temporary solution to stress that very soon pays disgustingly diminishing returns. Find a better way.

Stress response is a habit, a choice. It may feel like a response that just comes upon you. It comes up fast, but it is nevertheless, a choice. You chose to react passionately, because for you that is the normal, expected response. The habit may have developed from a passionate family culture in which emotional and animated responses to stressful events were the norm, or from any number of reactions that you witnessed or experienced personally. Stress, in many ways, is a learned behavior. And learned behavior is conditioned behavior. That means it can be reconditioned. Let's do a little relaxation reconditioning.

Relaxation is a good habit. Establish the relaxation habit and one of its many benefits will be better stress management. Learn to relax and you'll react less stressfully to people and events that may have been very upsetting in the past. It happens automatically. It shifts your focus. When you focus on relaxing as a normal waking consciousness, you react to situations and events with an inner calm that is both stress-free and efficient. And it can be that simple. If you tell yourself that you are going to relax, and you consciously choose to feel relaxed, you relax. Try it. Consciously choose to allow a wave of relaxation to flow over you right now. See!

A concrete example of how you can easily handle stress would be to look at how you handle physical discomfort. Let's say it's cold in the house. Do you focus on the cold and keep mentally processing your negative reaction to the discomfort, or do you simply turn up the heat? When you turn up the heat, you don't continue to focus on the cold, you enjoy the comfort and the warmth.

So, back to smoking to relieve stress. What if, in a stressful situation, you just inhaled deeply and exhaled silently and gently,

without the smoke? Believe it or not, that is the basis for just about every known relaxation technique, meditation program, or hypnotherapy session – conscious breathing.

Try this relaxation exercise:

Find a comfortable place where you can sit quietly for a few minutes. Try to find a time when you won't be disturbed for about ten minutes. Sit comfortably, the way you normally would sit to just relax (without a cigarette!). Take a deep breath; inhale forcefully enough to make a sound as you draw the air into your lungs. Hold it briefly, and then exhale gently and silently. Return to your normal breathing; only now focus your awareness on your breathing rhythm. Be aware of when you are inhaling. Feel the air come into your lungs as your chest and stomach rise. Feel the air go out of your mouth or nose, and your stomach and chest relax.

If it comfortable for you, breathe through your nose and keep your attention around your eyes, right at the top of your nose. It doesn't matter whether your eyes are open or closed, but some people are able to relax more easily with them closed. You'll be able to "watch" your breathing, the rising and settling of your chest and stomach, and keep your attention at the top of your nose – all at the same time. Allow a wave of relaxation to flow over your body as you exhale.

Distracting thoughts will come in. Just let them go by like wispy clouds and return your awareness to your breathing. Keep coming back to your breathing. You may find that this attention on your breathing interrupts your normal breathing pattern, but stay with it for a minute. You'll return to your normal rhythm easily and naturally.

As you do this, choose to relax deeply. Just allow yourself to relax. Choose to feel relaxed. You're in charge here. You can choose to relax. This is a very simple exercise. It is deceptively simple, yet

I'm sure you'll do some good in the world.

This section of "You're Not Hooked. You've Been Hoodwinked", is written for those who still recognize that they have a deep inner longing and, rich or poor, in a wonderful relationship or alone, who, in spite of everything that is good in their lives, still feel empty and discouraged. This book is for anyone in search of hope for a better life, a more fulfilling spiritual awareness, and a genuine sense of well-being.

Don't confuse spiritual awareness with religion, or well-being with just not being sick. This section of the book is about discovering, or rediscovering, something you've known all along. Life is to be enjoyed. Be happy. Don't worry. Remember? It can become a way of life! This section is for people who, while not tragically unhappy, feel that there must be more to life. This section is for those who intuitively sense that they are missing something in life. You're still reading? Maybe this section is for you.

I hope the tone of this introduction causes a rash. For those who are red-faced and offended, you can always get topical treatment. Just put it on the surface of your problem. This preface is meant to stir emotions, to shake some people out of their complacency, to storm the gates of smug effete intellectualism and callous, even belligerent, demands for conformity, to open them up to the possibility that there just might be more to life than they've ever dreamed or imagined - regardless of any of the circumstance in their life? A new way of experiencing life is within your grasp just as surely as this book is now in your grasp.

"So if we can't find this magic in medicine or an impotent pulpit, where can we go to find it?" You may ask. Well, sometimes what we are looking for in some exotic place or prescription, is right under our nose! Hello?

You have to open a book to read it. And you've done it. By

the patient) effect makes them wonder even more. Makes me wonder a lot. Have you noticed how many pills, prescription medications, are advertised on television these days? Have you listened carefully to the possible side-effects reeled off in such pleasant tones as you watching the beautiful imagery in the commercial?

Now, if symptomatic relief of idiopathic problems, or painful and embarrassingly intrusive health care is your cup of tea, by all means stay with the mainstream. Take your medication. Trade an upset stomach for kidney failure down the road. There's always dialysis. Toss this book.

If you say that your church or temple brings you profound peace of mind, then you have found the font of wisdom. You don't need this section of the book, either. But you might enjoy it.

If you're not trying to escape the psychological stranglehold of some air-brained support group that swallowed a 12-step tablet whole without changing a word except "alcoholic", and you're comfortable with the notion that you will always be an abused, wounded, damaged, inner adult-child victim from a dysfunctional family, and that's why you're depressed, and that's why you cheat on and emotionally beat up your spouse, and your only hope is to come to weekly meetings, sob uncontrollably while other well-meaning abused, wounded, damaged, inner adult-child victims from dysfunctional families pat you on the back and tell you they understand, and you like stirring up all the old junk, real and/or imagined over and over, then you're fine. Ramble on. Close the book.

Or maybe you took a motivational seminar, brought home the tapes, and went to work with a vengeance. You're happy now and successful beyond your highest expectations. You're not like the thousands of other people whose seminar induced spark and growl faded the following Tuesday, whose motivational tapes are now in the back of their closet gathering dust under a pile of old clothes. Good for you. Forget this book. Get to work. Count your millions.

very powerful. Keep it up. Try it several times a day if you can, but at least once a day, every day for at least 30 days, or until you finish this book. Many people adopt this as a daily routine because they find it so effective in handling stress in their lives.

Reports of the benefits of this simple exercise range from a new sense of calm and well being, to a new tolerance and patience with people who previously had driven people nuts, to profound insights into their emotional, psychological and spiritual life. Out of these insights comes a real awareness of the foolishness and health risks of smoking. And they just trash the cigarettes...with a deeply satisfying sigh of relief. They breathe deeply...without the smoke.

Later we'll combine this exercise with some visual imagery to help you relax, manage stress more easily, and help you quit smoking.

But before we leave this critically important area of stress, let's look at some common causes of stress that may not be as obvious as the big three; financial stress (a great big pervasive monster in many peoples lives), relationship stress (this one keeps psychologists in business) and health concerns (often wrapped up in financial fear of being wiped out by medical expenses). These are often tied up in job stress, working at a job you hate, or for a boss you hate, because you "have to" to meet your financial obligations. You bring this anger and resentment and frustration home and it spills over into family life and contributes to relationship stress.

You may not recognize any of these in your life. You may recognize one or more of them and stop and think. Or you may recognize them and deny them. If they apply, apply the quit smoking techniques you're learning to these situations in your life to relieve the stress. If they don't apply to you, well maybe they will give you some insight into how other people deal. In any event, I feel the need to include them.

Ever hear of Soap opera thinking? Maybe not, I just kind of made up the phrase. Let me tell you what it means and how I view it. This is the kind of thinking and dealing with the world at large, and the people in it, that television Soap Opera plot lines feed us. Soap Operas keep their storylines clear and easy to follow by having the characters in the show explain their every move to someone else. That way the viewer knows what is going on, what's coming up, and what the stars of the show are thinking about as they play their roles.

Sadly, this kind of relationship and way of communicating has pervaded some of our television viewing culture. This thinking is a kind of control-freak thinking, perpetuated by Soap Opera "addicts". (Sorry, couldn't resist that.) Do you know people who think nothing of asking you to explain your every move and every motive? They have accepted this way of relating as the norm. That's how they see people communicate in the Soap Operas, and Soap Operas portray real life, right? How many people do you know who not only watch Soap Operas, they emotionally "live" them and talk about them as though they were talking about people in the neighborhood. Real life?

Well, Soap Operas portray real life if you accept real life as full of lying, cheating, stealing, gossiping people who go around with a pained statement most of the time – just waiting for the opportunity to burst into tears. You don't see life this way, do you? Sure it's there, in a small segment of society. But if you see life, on the whole, in this way, you have been blinded. Stop lighting up, and lighten up. There's a joy to life, a caring community of real people with real feelings, like love and compassion. There are many people who are independent thinkers and who allow you to be who you are, without explaining and justifying your every move. And they make up the bigger community, not the smaller, small-minded Soap Opera community.

Don't let the Soap Opera zombies get a hold on you. They'll get you down and never let you up. This Soap Opera thinking even

that is a shame. People want and deserve more.

Most people, yes, most people - its universal - long for mystical insight, a real experiential connection to their personal definition of God or higher self. But they have interred their longing in a shallow grave, because they have been led to believe that mystical insight, a self-realization, is a myth and not available to the average mortal. Hoodwinked, again. I'd even like to add another word here. On second thought, I've leave it at that.

The starched-shirt, flowing robe, pompous positioning of the established medical community and the vainglorious established church as the unique repositories of enlightened care, wisdom and guidance, in great part, do not deliver. It's not a conspiracy. It's just that we have been lulled into placidly accepting doctor's orders and platitudes from an impotent pulpit passed down from generation to generation.

Sure medicine has a critically important role to play. But for every snuffle? Set a broken bone, sure. Perform bypass surgery to save a life, wonderful. Research for finding ways to battle a multitude of horrible illnesses, amen. But the treatment of much disease; physical, spiritual and psychological, despite all the sophisticated posturing and impressive machinations, can be handled by our inherent healing mechanisms, without medication. Not to mention the risks of side-effects and treatment that is tragically ineffective, and often damaging to the point of being life-threatening - if not immediately, then in the long-term. The treatment! Not the disease. "Well, all medications have some side effects, dear. Just adjust to it. There have been studies!" Guess what is the eighth leading cause of death?

The placebo (a pill that is nothing more than sugar and water that brings improvement to the medical condition of someone who took it without knowing that it was not really, "medicine") effect makes medical student wonder. The nocebo (that's just the opposite - a pill that contains the medication, but has no effect on

Promises to address and solve this turmoil have been fashioned in every imaginable package, from mind-numbing medications to ceremonious exorcisms. Somewhere in between extremes lies a field called talk therapy, psychotherapy of varying sorts, practiced in many different ways by many different therapists and media-popular motivational gurus.

Alternative health care and new techniques of all dimension, shape, smell, feel, sound and color are gaining in popular choice each day and with each “failure” on the part of traditional or conventional treatment of these ills. More and more of the once-mainstream patients now feel the need to supplement, compliment, replace, or integrate alternatives to the allopathic or osteopathic dictates. To someone who has spent months trying to look dignified on a bedpan, being repeatedly punctured, radiated and chemically rendered bald, a soothing therapeutic massage or a misty afternoon of soft music and aromatherapy may not sound like a bad idea at all.

Then there’s the church. Once a place of refuge and peace, a place of transformation and enlightenment, that today still offers active and caring community support, soup kitchens, and comfort from the cold. But much of the church “leadership” ignores the deep spiritual needs of its congregation. Not all, but much of the church never really goes beyond, “Be good and when you die you’ll go to heaven.” That’s not enough. It doesn’t fit the needs and aspirations of today’s human being and I doubt that it ever fit. There’s always been a need for something more – in this life. Now. People have always searched for meaning and content, freedom and release in their everyday life, in this mortal frame. Swing low, sweet chariot.

It is sad that the best some churches have to offer is a social club, an unenlightened theme of Pauline doctrine, a blind creed to which members must subscribe, and a parrot in the pulpit. While they do offer ethical and moral guidance, and I applaud that of course, they never go, or offer to take their flock, into the mystic. They leave it as a mystery. Because that is all they know of it. And

spills over into how people react to any change; typical everyday events and tough situations that most of take in stride, as they arise in everyday life. If they have been conditioned to react with Soap Opera emotions, their reactions and emotions are not genuine. They have accepted melodrama as life. They go into near hysteria at the news of one of the kids getting a splinter in their finger.

They feel actually obligated to react passionately and emotionally to the slightest provocation. They break a shoelace and they go into a tailspin. Their cry of agony sounds like they were just skewered by a spear. They rush to the doctors at the first sniffle. They fill the hospitals, and the prisons, as a result of their overreactions and violent outbursts – all because they have been conditioned to take everything, everything so seriously, melodramatically - life as a Soap Opera.

They are totally caught up. Their very identity has been usurped by a television play that plays on people’s emotions to keep them hooked (oops!) on the show. And so life is stressful for them. Not genuine, or real, but stressful nevertheless. And, insidiously, they are so hoodwinked that they feel justified in their overreactions and put on an air of self-importance. “They” understand the seriousness of the situation, and if you don’t, you obviously don’t “care” as much as they do. See how it spills over into support groups that keep people trapped? They have been hoodwinked. And if their favorite actor smokes...guess what? And how do people in television and movies often react to stress? They smoke, of course.

I speak from experience about the pervasive Soap Opera thinking. I worked evenings as a bartender while I was working on a writing project. I wanted a job that I didn’t have to bring home and worry about. Bartending was perfect, except for the smoke-filled air. I enjoyed the exchange with people and the friendliness of the bar patrons. And I knew that after each evening of cleaning up, and putting everything in its proper place for the next bartender’s shift, that if I never showed up again, nothing much would change. Pretty

low job stress.

Well, that left me with afternoons awake and at home alone. After a time of reading and writing, I would occasionally pop on the TV and relax for a while. You know what's on in the afternoons? Soap Operas. This went on for about a year and a half. I came to know a couple of Soap Operas, and their cast of characters pretty well. I wasn't seriously into them, they were just kind of a background noise, or so I thought.

A few years later, after I had rejoined the workaday world, and couldn't watch Soap Operas anymore, I was enjoying dinner one evening in The Old Port Tavern in Portland, Maine. I saw a very attractive woman approach a nearby table and sit down. I recognized her, but couldn't place her. I looked over several times. I sensed that I knew her quite well. I had vague memories of her in real distress, crying. I thought I must know her pretty well to have seen her cry and carry on. But I couldn't put it together. I thought about her for days, trying to remember how I knew her.

Suddenly, about a week later, it hit me. It was Elizabeth...from the Soap I hadn't seen in years! I had incorporated the Soap Opera into my world of reality. How powerful is that? So watch out for that Soap Opera thinking. It can infect your thinking without you even questioning it. Let's go back to the "real" world to make a point for moment.

At work, if you find one or more of your co-workers annoying, that's stressful. You not only smoke to relieve the stress that these people create for you every waking moment, you have a hard time putting your finger on what it is that bothers you so much about them. And that creates more stress.

So how do you deal with this type of behavior? You don't. One day, you wake up and take charge of your own life. You read a book on how to quit smoking, and you follow some of the

psychoanalysis and religious dogma, an intellectualism will set in, and this section will be lost on you. Did I mention simplicity?

The conscious mind is "aware" of physical surroundings, it is tied to our sensory apparatus, our thoughts and attendant emotions, and our body. The subconscious is below, or maybe above, our consciousness. It may not be sub-conscious at all; it may be far superior to our waking consciousness. Generally, it is agreed that this subconscious mind stores events in our lives and our reactions to these events. And it can, without our conscious awareness, affect our emotions. It is also generally agreed that the subconscious does not judge right or wrong, but simply responds to what we, from our conscious awareness, send in. Hello!

So we have this waking consciousness, we have dreaming (both day and night dreaming) and sleeping - which is not really consciousness at all, unless we're dreaming. But for the sake of keeping this simple, let's consider one level of awareness as waking consciousness, the 2nd level, sleeping, the 3rd level, night dreaming and the 4th, daydreaming. The subconscious is not an awareness level, unless we become aware of it. The 5th level of awareness, the mystical level, is the key that opens us to at least a section of the subconscious, and it can open us to a full blast from the superconscious. Awareness of the 5th level will change every aspect of daily life for those who experience it. Staying attuned to it is another matter.

This section of the book responds, at least in part, to much more than a decision to quit smoking. The hope is that it will somehow respond in some small way to today's quietly desperate search for real meaning in life, depression and its many, many, many attendant issues, health problems, marriage and relationship difficulties, financial floundering, criminal negligence or evil intent, career collapse and a myriad of personal and social issues that continue to eat away at the peace of mind and joy that should be at the core of our contemporary lives.

we find that life takes on a magical quality. And you realize that you are much more than just your senses and your intellect.

When we only experience life on a concrete, rational, logical, sensory and intellectual level, we are missing something. This “something” is critical to our optimal health and full enjoyment of life. The purpose of this section is to introduce this mystical level, or maybe more accurately to remind you of the mystical level, and to offer information and instruction on how to realize or reclaim it as part of your everyday waking consciousness. Just remember to keep it simple.

The format will be simple as well. We will begin with an allegorical story called *The Healing Touch*, that will include a few thoughts about various approaches to this state of mind – state of magic, including a series of simple exercises tucked inside.

There are also several blank pages at the end of this section. These blank pages are for your journal entries and thoughts. It is important that you write down thoughts that strike you as powerful and unusual as you read them. They struck some cord, at the time. Don't skip over them. They're trying to tell you something that is important to you on some level.

When you read something that resonates in your heart and you would like to highlight it, that's fine. When you reach the blank pages at the end of the book, go back and look at what you highlighted in the story and copy down what you have highlighted on your journal pages. As you read, think and write you will be introducing the thoughts and exercises to your conscious and your subconscious mind in a multi-sensory fashion.

These terms, conscious and subconscious were mentioned in Section 1 and 2, and are used again for familiarity's sake. Freud made his way into our universal consciousness in a big way. So we live with it. But if you bring in all sorts of mind stuff, like

stress-relieving exercises until you break through to a new, independent, responsible-for-your-own-life point of view. And when you do, you not only quit smoking, you learn how to stop these people from emotionally manipulating you. It's called freedom. And it has to be experienced to truly be appreciated.

Closely related to Soap Opera Thinking is the type of life view that is centered around what other people will think. This perspective has robbed many people of peace of mind for their entire lives. Like many attitudes and views we have, it is tough to pin down the origin of this one. But I'm not convinced that pinning down the origin does any good at all, for most people. So I put aside any exploration for root cause, trigger events, or attempt to blame it on a dysfunctional family in the waste-of-time basket. I am convinced that it is learned behavior, a learned response, a conditioned response. And that means it can be reconditioned, whether we find the root cause or not. More on this later.

Learning to relax is one of nature's great reconditioners. As we learn to relax deeply, we tap into an intuitive consciousness. We, in many ways, return to a time in our lives when we were free and easy – like a child. A time before this type of thinking had any effect on us.

We'll come back to this later on in the book. I just want to say that talking it out with someone else, even a “professional” therapist can be wonderful and freeing. But it can be, and often is, like a fly stopping to rest on a spider's web. You can quickly get so entangled that you become their lunch. I'm not too worried about offending any therapists. The good ones are open to a wide variety of opinion and techniques. The fanatic, phony ones, the parrots of someone else's view, who stand behind their “infallible” truths, won't read this far unless they're looking for someone else to lunch on. Zealots have no sense of humor. Make sure you don't end up worrying about what your therapist or counselor will think, that's all.

For those who strongly believe that talk therapy is the only way, all I can say is that you may have missed one of the best rides in this circus of life. Every one of us, individually, has within us what is often called “intuitive wisdom”. And this is the place of awareness available to us all, where the best answers to life’s questions are found. The answer lies within. If you see a counselor or therapist, find one who will guide you to this place. Some can. Some can’t. It depends upon their personal experience and knowledge.

Anyone who imposes their view on other people, based on a premise that they have not personally experienced in their life, and have no direct knowledge of, is just guessing as best, parroting what they have heard or read, without any heart or experience in the matter, or manipulating at worse. You’ll know these people by their terribly serious and self-important air. They try to sound like Moses coming down from Mt. Sinai with the tablets. They have a mask on. Move on.

Tap into your inner wisdom. It will free you from the strange god of what will other people think. It will free you to make our own decisions, and will give you the clarity to make good, holistic, healthy decisions. You will not be subject to manipulation by anyone, no matter what they think. Speaking of what will other people think:

Do you recognize, “What Will Other People Think?” as the primary consideration for action and/or inaction in someone you know? Their God is this phrase! They have sublimated their own wishes, dreams and desires to The God of What Will Other People Think. Not only for themselves, for everyone around them. They insist that this is the most important question in the world to ask before making any decision about virtually anything.

Any attempt at a goal, how they dress, what they eat, where they work, where they live, what they drive for a car, and on and on and on - all decisions are based on this primary consideration. Their

## Section Three – The Magic Wand.

*As soon as you trust yourself you will know how to live.*  
Goethe

This third section of the book is an invitation to experience magic in your life. It’s about acquiring and learning how to use The Magic Wand in your life. It’s also about learning to trust yourself and your judgment, and finding an easy spontaneity and a sense of well-being. It’s about the magic inside that is just waiting for you to come to the magic show, once again.

While it may be surprising to some and beyond comprehension or at least beyond belief to others, it will not be a complex or complicated section. No trick questions. As a matter of fact, if you try to make it complex or complicated, or worry about missing an important point, you’ll miss the whole point of this section. On the other hand, if you dismiss anything in this section as too easy or too simple to be of any value, you also risk missing the point. The real “difficulty” will be keeping it simple while still honoring your commitment to explore this section of the book.

This Part 3, The Magic Wand won’t be for everyone. It will freak some people out, and seriously confront their belief system. (As if this book hasn’t been confrontational enough). If it is for you, something in this section will soon resonate in your heart and you’ll know. You’ll feel the invitation to read on.

The Magic Wand is built on a simple premise; that there is a unique and mystical level of waking awareness available to us, and when we experience it; whether suddenly or powerfully, or as it subtly and quietly weaves its way into our consciousness over time,

life is one of constant stress. They are like a bird bobbing up and down as it takes a drink of water, always on the alert for predators. What a sad way to live. They're stressed to the max most of the time.

And so you'll often find them participating in some of life's best stress relievers – bad habits. Of course, if their bad habit is not socially acceptable, they go into hiding, and sneak around. And their head keeps bobbing and bobbing, hoping they won't be found out. They don't dare to just be themselves. My God, what would other people think? And you can imagine what this does to their sense of self; and their self-esteem. Stress upon stress, day after day. What a way to live.

But you are learning to relax. And now we are going to look at some fun ways to put your creative imagination to good use. We are going to look at the power of The Creative Mind.

something resonated in your heart and mind as you read this brief summary of the power of the creative mind, I urge you to go on to the third section of the book. And...dream a little dream with me.

the subconscious mind, could actually alter our perception of reality in a waking state, and affect physical changes in the body. This is what we would like to believe. Imagine if it were true.

We all enter a light trance state several times during any given day. Children do it much more often than adults. When we are just daydreaming, or sometimes when we have driven some distance and realize that we don't remember a large section, and time frame, of the trip, we are in a form of trance. Ever remember a name that you have been trying to think of that suddenly comes to mind out of the blue? Ever happen to you. Well, you're probably hypnotizable.

Jesus said that if you had the faith of a grain of mustard seed, you could move a mountain into the sea. And Einstein said, "Imagination is more important than knowledge." An old Chinese proverb says, "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." Your imagination can be that candle, and when it lights up your consciousness, you can see clearly and make choices clearly. Imagination and faith are powerful companions.

By engaging the use of imagination, hypnotherapy leads us to a place of vivid imagery and new possibilities beyond anything that we normally think or imagine. When we deeply enter the body/mind/spirit reality that hypnosis and other relaxation techniques can reveal to us, it is possible to find ourselves in a place beyond words.

We can find ourselves in a place of profound faith in the natural healing power of the body, a place often described in beautiful, loving, spiritual terms. A place of miracles. A place of healing. The first two sections of this book have been about accessing this healing place, and finding that smoking cigarettes has no business in this place.

I once read, "When the heart speaks, take good notes. If

## Section Two – The Creative Mind

*"You can't trust your judgment when  
your imagination is out of focus."*

*Mark Twain*

Let's start this section with a few exercises in the creative use of imagination. The first one is a "passive" game. By that I mean you will need to participate in this game at a time when you can take a few quiet minutes to just relax. You can read this and follow the instructions, or you can tape record this with your own voice and listen to the tape. You choose. Here we go into the creative use of the imagination, the power of mind games:

We begin by taking a deep breath. Go ahead, take a deep breath, deep enough so you can hear the inrush of air. Hold it as long as you comfortable can, and then let your breath out gently and slowly. Don't worry if you can't comfortably hold your breath for very long. That will improve in a few short days. You'll see. You'll breathe more easily next time you try this exercise, and each time thereafter.

Now continue to breath normally, only now focus your awareness on your breathing. Be aware of when you are inhaling and when you are exhaling. You'll easily be able to read or listen to the tape and focus on your breathing rhythm at the same time. For the next few minutes, just passively relax and read or listen. You don't have to do anything for the next few minutes but relax. Just follow your breathing.

You may find that you will be interrupting your normal breathing pattern because you are focused on something that you do not normally even have to think about, it just happens automatically

without your attention. But just continue and allow your breathing rhythm to return to normal. It will, in just a few breaths.

This simple exercise will begin to bring more oxygen to your blood and will begin to remove pollutants and toxins, naturally. Every so often, take a little deeper breath than you normally would. Hold it as long as you comfortably can, and exhale gently and slowly. You can do this conscious breathing exercise for a breath or two whenever it occurs to you during the day. No one will notice or know that you are doing it, but you will notice that this simple exercise makes you more alert and focused. It seems paradoxical, but this exercise helps clear your mind and makes it sharper. Pay attention and you'll notice this effect in just a few days. You'll be aware, alert and focused, and you'll be doing your body a world of good. A world of good. Isn't that a nice thought?

After a few minutes of conscious breathing, allow a wave of relaxation to flow from the top of your head to the bottom of your feet. Just think it, and you'll feel it. If you notice any tension in any part of your body, just choose to let that area relax as well.

Keep focused on your breathing, and now let's tap into a bit of your imagination. Imagine that you are in a smoke-filled room. Imagine that this room has two large windows. Go and open the windows and watch the smoke rush out of the windows until the room is clear and sharp to your vision, like coming out a fog while you're driving.

Now imagine that you are in a really large building, like a basketball court or an enclosed football stadium. It, too, is filled with smoke. Only this time, you don't have to open any windows; you can just mentally clear the smoke out. Do that. Watch the stadium clear, and listen to all the people cheering as the smoke clears.

Now return to your breathing and look around the room you are in. Notice everything around you. Look at the furniture, the

not without, but within, the thoughts of man.”

In the 100% Brain Course, Melvin D. Saunders sites a June 1971 Psychology Today article that discussed two major groups of people in the world - those who believe that their life is controlled by external influences and those who believe that what happens to them is primarily self-generated and internally controlled.

He goes on to site: Internals tend to be more self-confident, wealthier, better-educated and more readily able to avoid or give up addictions. Externals feel their fates are in the hands of others, their environment or simply a matter of chance. They tend to be suspicious, less aggressive and less leadership-oriented than internals. Externals also greatly outnumber internals in the general population.

Imagine that.

This section has touched upon the subject of hypnosis, and creative imagination more than a few times. But let me conclude this section with a few summary notes about hypnosis and the power of imagination - just in case you still have questions or misconceptions. Redundancy is good.

Hypnosis doesn't put you to sleep, but it does put you in dreamland. You are aware of what is going on in a hypnotherapy session, yet it feels dream-like. And, as in a dream, you can fly, swim and breathe underwater, run as fast as a deer, and be in perfect health - cigarette free. Logic is not needed in this dreamland. Hypnosis takes you to a subconscious level of awareness.

Hypnotherapists believe that it is possible for many people; as a matter of fact, most people, to enter a sort of daydream, a hypnotic state in which they can be guided by suggestion to vividly imagine a whole new and separate reality in which they may live. An extension of this belief in the state of mind hypnosis induces would be that the vivid imagery evoked in hypnosis, and accepted as real by

Inductive logic: reasoning from the particular to the general. Arriving at conclusions about an entire class from examination of limited numbers of the class. The logic of the scientific method. Example: I saw a white crow, therefore not all crows are black.”

While I’m here, again, quoting Dr. Henderson, I’d like to include something else from his earlier referenced work:

Inoculation: to favorably introduce something into the mind in such a way that its later, unfavorable introduction will be less effective. The anticipatory development of resistance prior to an expected attack. “The smell of tobacco will not be particularly pleasant nor will it tempt me to smoke again,” is an example of an inoculation suggestion.

Back to logic and reasoning. Given the fact that the subconscious mind is only capable of deductive logic, and therefore functions exclusively within the reality of deductive logic, may explain a couple of my earlier conundrums.

The subconscious mind, for all of its seemingly higher functioning, is not able to deduce from a particular activity whether it is “silly” or not silly. Stage hypnotists pounce on this. And while the audience may find it silly or even, as the hypnotists hopes, hilarious, the subconscious, in its absolute lack of self-consciousness and any kind of judgment as to the logical basis of information, doesn’t give a hoot. It accommodates the conscious decision to go along with the hypnotists routine as long as it doesn’t threaten its safety.

Turn this around, and the subconscious mind, again in its lack of inductive reasoning power, doesn’t even consider the reality that an ice cube cannot be hot, or that a cancer cannot spontaneously go into remission, or that a crippled man cannot get up and walk.

Claude Bristol calls it The Magic of Believing. He says, in his book by the title The Magic of Believing, “The secret of success lies

walls, the floors, picture and tables, whatever is in the room. Now continue looking around the room, but this time, as you look at the furniture and other objects, don’t think of what they are named or called – just look at them without thinking any name for them. This is a little trickier than it sounds. But try it for a while. Don’t be concerned if you find yourself thinking the names, just make the effort. What we’re doing here is quieting the internal dialogue that we carry on most of the time. When we are successful at quieting this active mind, for even a few moments, a very calm and peaceful feeling takes it place.

Now, as you do this, pick one object in the room to fix your gaze on for a minute or so. I know this sounds silly, but do it anyway. Think of this object as your friend, a friend that will help you quit smoking! Don’t try to figure it out. There’s nothing to figure out. This is a way to tap into your subconscious for a later time. Relax, continue with your conscious breathing, just relax and breathe, and listen to a little story:

A man who owned a beer tavern was a heavy smoker. He had a real tough guy persona and voice, and had been smoking for about 30 years. One day, he decided it was time to quit smoking, so he went to a therapist for a quit–smoking session.

He was given some information about the myth of addiction and he was taught a couple of relaxation techniques. In one of the relaxation trainings he was asked to focus his attention on a small vase with a single pink flower in it. He was not exactly the small–pink–flower type, but he went along with it, begrudgingly.

He was told to ask the flower to be his friend and to help him quit smoking. This took some convincing, but he finally did it because he was serious about his decision to quit smoking. He was invited to come back for a second session in 7 days and report what his week was like. He left with a shrug and a thought that he had wasted his time.

“Be my friend, little pink flower,” he laughed to himself.

When he came back, he immediately announced, as soon as walked through the door, that he was all through smoking. He had quit! Here’s what he had to report:

It seems that about three days after he had been to the quit–smoking session, he was at work in the tavern when, at about midnight, some guy came bursting into the tavern looking for his girlfriend. He found her; only she was with another guy.

The boyfriend pulled out a gun, a .357 Magnum, and before anyone could stop him, he blasted three holes in the ceiling of the tavern. The owner, the guy who was in the quit–smoking program, flew across a table and tackled the shooter.

After the police came and took the shooter away in handcuffs, and the dust had settled, the tavern owner stormed into the kitchen of the tavern and asked someone for a cigarette.

He snickered as he continued with the story. He said that as soon as he lit the match to light his cigarette, an image of a little pink flower appeared from the flame. He stopped in his tracks. He threw the unlit cigarette in the trash. And he said to himself, “If I don’t smoke right now, I’ll never have to smoke again.” He ended the story with a reference to, “...that little...pink flower.” Expletive deleted.

That was over ten years ago. He has never smoked another cigarette, and he loves to tell the story. He sends his friends to quit smoking programs with his testimony.

Another short story, and then we’ll go on to more creative uses of the imagination. We’re trying to flood all that negative smoking stuff with positive images, and put the power of repetition and imagination to good use. Here’s the second story:

might otherwise distort your life pattern, making the development of good habits difficult.”

This approach, this flooding, he calls reconditioning therapy. That reminds me of reconditioning a wrecked car. Following Dr. Murphy’s premise; you don’t need to know how it was damaged in order to fix it. You don’t need to know what the baked on goo in the kettle comes from, you just have to apply the elbow grease to clean it. And you don’t need to know how electricity works to turn a dark room into an enlightened one. OK, enough of that. You get the point.

What strikes me powerfully from Dr. Murphy’s book is his reminder that we have the capacity to choose. “Choose life! Choose love! Choose health!”, he suggests. And he adds, “Don’t let others do your thinking for you. Make your own decisions.”

He ventures into the field of formal logic, briefly, to explain the mental links of a syllogism. A syllogism has to do with logic and reasoning. His conclusion is that we need to establish a major premise in our thinking that life operates according to a Law of Harmony, and we need to feed our subconscious thoughts of beauty, love, peace and abundance.

Dr. Charles Henderson, quoted earlier, in an article, *You Can Do it With Self-Hypnosis*, capsules the relationship between the conscious and subconscious mind in this field of premise and logic with the following definitions:

Deductive logic: reasoning from the general to the specific. Example: (A) All fat people are jolly. (B) I want to be jolly. (C) Therefore, I want to be fat.” The conclusion (C) of this syllogism is logically correct but factually incorrect because it is based on an incorrect major premise (A). (Not all fat people are jolly.) Inductive logic is required to logically discover the falseness of (A).

He spends no time at all in his book, searching for root causes, past events or “trigger” events to deal with problems and issues in life. As a matter of fact, he spends no time at all concerned with the past, except to say, “If you have conveyed erroneous concepts to your subconscious mind, the sure method of overcoming them is by repetition of constructive, harmonious thoughts frequently repeated which your subconscious mind accepts, thus forming new and healthy habits of thought and life, for subconscious mind is the seat of habit.”

He goes on to say, “If you have indulged in fear, worry, and other destructive forms of thinking, the remedy is to recognize the omnipotence of your subconscious mind and decree freedom, happiness, and perfect health. Your subconscious mind, being creative and one with your divine source, will proceed to create freedom and happiness which you have earnestly decreed.”

Dr. Murphy has no trepidation about strolling along hallowed ground. He speaks of the divine, the mystical, the miraculous, without apology. He quotes and paraphrases scripture for many of the world’s religions. Refreshingly, he focuses on the parallels rather than the doctrinal differences.

For him, the spiritual masters, especially Jesus, are psychologists without peer. But Freud, and the majority of his followers (maybe except Carl Jung) are nowhere to be found in Dr. Murphy’s Garden of Eden. Murphy doesn’t store the sheaves of intellectual harvest from the allopathic or academic high ground in his barn of knowledge. He prefers to look within for the real answers.

I believe he would smile wryly at my irreverent reference to co-dependent theories that long ago ran out of control. Murphy seeks no audience with the wounded inner child. Rather he suggests that the present-day adult flood the hard-baked soil of the infamous dysfunctional family with, “Constructive autosuggestion...a means releasing you from the mass of negative verbal conditioning that

One of the people that the tavern owner sent in was a high school basketball coach. He hated the idea that he smoked, but just couldn’t quit.

As he sat down in his first session, he rubbed his hands together, and rubbed the sleeve of his shirt often, with a sort of nervous restlessness. When he was asked about it, he agreed that it was partly from nervous restlessness, and he added that he was also very “tactile” - he liked the feeling of texture and fabric. The nubs on a basketball had always been fascinating to him.

He would lay on his bed, when he was a kid, and later when he was a basketball star in high school, and just roll the basketball over and over in his hands, and go into kind of a trance.

What he was told to do was to tune into his sense of touch during the grace period between his first quit smoking session and his second session. It was suggested to him that his reward for claiming a win over cigarettes would be an even greater sense of touch. He was trading the experience of smoking for a even greater sense of touch. He jumped at the chance.

His report was a little different than the tavern owner’s report, except for the similar fact that he said he had quit smoking for good. When he was at home on Saturday, two days after his session, he was sitting at his desk, going through the process of paying his personal bills. He heard the front door open and close, and heard his fiance say, “Hi, hon.” He responded, but didn’t look up from his desk as she approached. He was writing out a check, and reached up with his other hand to acknowledge her presence with a touch on the back. What happened startled him.

He said that when he touched the back of his fiance’s blouse he “felt” the stripes on her blouse before he looked to see the red and white striped blouse she was wearing. That did it for him. He had accepted the idea that he had traded his cigarettes for an even better

sense of touch. Apparently, so did his subconscious mind.

OK, that's it for this exercise. Take a deep breath. Feel refreshed and alert. Take a few minutes to just relax and absorb the exercise. Next we'll move to your personal story.

Earlier we said that if we could get you to vividly imagine yourself as a nonsmoker, you would be well on your way to the realization of that reality. Imagine that.

You might think that the goal would be to picture yourself sometime in the future without a cigarette in your hand, or without puffing away. But it goes beyond that. To vividly imagine yourself as a nonsmoker, you would need to imagine what it feels like to be able to smell the flowers once again. Can you imagine that? Try.

Can you imagine what it feels like to breathe freely and easily, to feel the fresh air filling your lungs, and the well-oxygenated blood flooding your whole body with energy and refreshment? Imagine being able to run upstairs without running out of breath. Try to remember how wonderful it feels.

Try starting each day with a little reminder that goes like this:

“Any action that I set out to take, any resolution that I make, will be the result of what I have first imagined. I will review my goals and affirmations every day. I will write them down and read them out loud. I will imagine that I have already achieved my number one goal. I have quit smoking. I've done it. I enjoy the feeling, right now.” Imagine that.

You might even submit this previous affirmation to memory and repeat it several times during the day. If you can clearly and realistically see yourself as a nonsmoker, you can and will live the reality of it.

tion, with a real blister, as well. Wow! I think I just bent my spoon.

That leads me to ask why would a mind that is considered wise, intuitive and even universal, a mind that can use the power of imagination in phenomenal ways, submit to the silly exploits of stage hypnotherapy? The relationship of the conscious mind and the subconscious cannot be fully explained by the paradigm of a simple, two-part mind. As they say in advertising, there is this, “and much, much more.”

Let's not go too far away from the purpose of this book, and go back to the smoking thing. David Krogh, in his book, *Smoking, The Artificial Passion*, points out some intriguing paradoxes:

“How can the same cigarette be relaxing now, a quick pick-me-up later? Why do smokers call on the same substance to help them concentrate one moment and tune out the next? And the most sobering paradox of all: in the face of overwhelming medical evidence, what compels millions of people (including one out of every four Americans) to ignore the harmful consequences and continue smoking?”

While these questions are interesting to ponder, Krogh never summarily answers them. I don't know if anyone can. But the answers are not necessary. Quitting is necessary.

In a book by Dr. Joseph Murphy, *The Power of Your Subconscious Mind*, he poses these questions, “Why is one person successful and another a failure, one cured, the other not, one happily married, another miserable...?” He says he wrote the book to answer and clarify these questions.

Dr. Murphy details the working of the conscious mind and the subconscious much like we've covered earlier in this book, only he often prefers terms like; rational/irrational, thinking/creating, and objective/subjective.

of a bicameral mind with an upper (conscious) part and a lower (subconscious) part. For Dr. Henderson, the subconscious, "...is really running the show most of the time." From this thought, he goes on the says:

"When we want to change things we must do so by changing the subconscious mind. We have to bring it into conformity with what we consciously want. Weight control, habit control, behaviors of all sorts, mental functioning involved in learning and remembering -- we can exert an influence on all these things by informing or influencing the subconscious mind. Self-hypnosis is an admirably efficient tool for doing that."

Most hypnotherapists agree on a few foundational premises like: REM, or Rapid Eye Movement, that can be observed in a client with their eyes closed, as an indicator of trance, deep relaxation as a typical by-product of hypnotic induction, the heightened suggestibility, access to a subconscious mind that functions only with deductive logic, and the ability of the subconscious to resist conscious desire for change in order to keep us "safe" (by subconscious definition).

The desire, or duty, of the subconscious mind to keep us locked into habits and routines that it has decided are "safe" deserves more attention. The generally acceded to belief is that the subconscious mind asserts its role as protector by keeping us in a familiar pattern - even if that pattern involves stuffing leaves in our mouths and lighting them on fire (Bob Newhart's stand-up on smoking).

On the surface, none of this explains the phenomenon of things like the "hot" ice cube. This is a suggestion by the hypnotist that an entranced subject will feel an ice cube as a hot object when touched to their skin. The blister that rises is, of course, a physiological response. So, not only does the subconscious mind accept, without question, a blatantly false piece of information as fact, the body, the cells, the autonomic system responds to this signal without ques-

Now, as you begin to do more and more of these exercise, you might find a strange little character coming up in your imagination. Let's call him (or her) "The Nicotine Nag". She'll tempt you. She'll taunt you. She'll remind you of the good old days of smoking. Ignore her. Resist her and she will go away. Just don't let her in anymore.

Try thinking of The Nicotine Nag as a pasty white, skinny little cigarette-looking character trying to taunt you and wrap you in flimsy chains that you can easily break. Realize that the nicotine nag has been boasting for years about the hold she has on you, and the power she has over you. Laugh at her. (I know that's not nice, but neither is she). She will soon be out of your consciousness. Oh, she might try a few return visits down the road, but after a while you won't hear from her again.

I once read a quote by Hugh Rahner that said: "To play is to yield oneself to a kind of magic." Section 3 of this book will talk a lot more about "a kind of magic". Right now I want to talk about the "play" part.

Here are several more imagination affirmation for you to try. If one really appeals to you more than the others, keep repeating it over and over until you see the reality of the affirmation in your life:

"Every time I even think about smoking, I will resist the urge, and I'll take a minute to be a child again. I'll run, and jump, and spin. If I can't do it physically, I'll do it mentally. I'll be sending a message to my brain that I am alive and healthy and vibrant. It will be like drinking a magic healthy elixir. This simple, playful exercise will go down into my subconscious and create a new and wonderful reality, free from the flimsy chains of cigarette smoking."

You've already practiced a few relaxation techniques. Remember, we're flooding positive thoughts in, so we can wash away any old negative ones - especially those that may be linked to your

smoking. Here's another:

“Stress response is a bad habit. Relaxation is a good habit. I will establish the relaxation habit and allow it to teach me to handle stress better automatically. I'll take a minute to relax, right now. I can feel a wave of relaxation flow through me right now. For the next few minutes, I will focus my attention on my breathing. I'll be aware of when I am inhaling and when I am exhaling. As I exhale, I will feel a pleasant and relaxing sensation. I will tune into it, and I will allow it to happen. And I will smile from the joy of it.”

I want to call something to your attention about the exercise and imagination affirmation that you just read. Notice, as you follow your breathing, you become surprisingly more aware of your surroundings, the people and events going on. You can follow your breathing in your consciousness and carry on a conversation and other activities at the same time. Try it. It feels wonderful.

You may be very pleasantly surprised to find that after only a few times trying this particular exercise that a sense of calm and well-being stays with you even after you finish the imagination affirmation.

Are you having fun yet? Ready for another imagination affirmation? Keep doing them. They work. Soon you'll be enjoying the success:

“Success is the same for everyone! I may think that because my list of goals and aspirations is my own personal list, that success is different for everyone, according to their particular tastes and lifestyle choices. But on each of our lists of what success means to us are those things and events that we believe will make us happy and content with life. Happiness and contentment are the only true measures of success. I am happier and more content, knowing that I have quit smoking!”

“Finally, the unconscious is a universal attribute. No matter how different people are in their conscious realms of existence, they remain linked by the qualities and capacities of their unconscious minds. Diverse cultural backgrounds do not seem to prevent clear communication and understanding at the unconscious level of awareness.”

Whew! Does it seem to you that, for the most part, most of us got on the wrong bus? We opted for a personal, limited, culturally based consciousness instead of the wiser, universal, intuitive consciousness? Why? Eve? Did we get hoodwinked?

Of course, the better question might be, can we change buses if we got on the wrong bus? I believe the answer is yes. And we can take the best of both worlds with us - at least for a time. One of life's little mysteries is how we keep finding ourselves on the wrong bus; in the wrong place at the wrong time. Hopefully, you'll at least have a road map back once you've finished this book.

So, it looks like we began with one mindset, were socialized (or hoodwinked) into another, and now live with the socialized mindset as our primary waking consciousness. We are restrained by the rules of reality we have adopted. We are conscious. But we are often self-conscious, not wanting to veer far from the “norm”.

In this self-conscious ego state, our eternal question becomes, “What will other people think?” That mindset is the god that many people serve. Fortunately, we have a wiser, universal, intuitive resident mindset, waiting for rediscovery.

Charles E. Henderson, Ph.D., author of the Biocentrix Method of Self Hypnosis, offers a psychodynamic theory with phenomenological overtones. To me, this means you can do phenomenal things with self-hypnosis.

The primary feature of his theoretical bias is the presumption

respond by extending their awareness and understanding of the nature of the rules of their reality. Their slowly accumulated, experientially, and culturally based conscious frame of reference eventually provides the understanding of what can or should be done, and these understandings guide their responses. As long as their awareness is directed toward the world through that frame of reference, perspective, set or state of mind, all thoughts, perceptions, and responses are influenced, limited, or directed by it.”

If that paragraph just bounced off your head as confusing, let me sum it up: You do what you think you should do. What you see is what you think you’ll see. And what you get is what think you’ll get, according to what you believe.

Erickson said it this way, when speaking of an experiment he conducted in 1964: A central consideration in the proposed experimental project was suggested by the well-known Biblical saying, “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” (1964)

Erickson went on to conclude that, “... people actually have an unconscious mind that is separate from conscious awareness. This unconscious mind perceives, thinks and responds to the world in a literal or objective fashion unimpaired by the rigidities and biases of the conscious mind. It sees things the conscious mind ignores, it knows things the conscious mind overlooks, and it remembers things the conscious mind has forgotten.

“It often influences the thoughts, perceptions, and behavior of the conscious mind by providing intuitive hunches, educated guesses, dream experiences, and emotional responses. Although childlike in many respects, it actually is wiser and more perceptive than the conscious mind. It contains a vast range of unrecognized capabilities and potentials, some of which are used in an unnoticed fashion on a daily basis. Many of these capabilities, however, lie dormant and unused because of the restraints and concerns of the conscious mind.

One more, called “Clearing the Cobwebs of Acquired Concepts,” and then we’ll talk about what these exercises are meant to do, beyond the obvious:

“All of my life, from childhood on, I have heard many positive and many negative messages. Today I affirm that I will not be caught in the cobweb of acquired concepts, living out someone else’s ideas about life. I will not accept someone else’s biases as my own. (Sometimes smoking is exactly this. We acquired someone else’s mannerisms because, at the time, we thought they looked adult and sophisticated). I am free and independent to make my own decisions about my life.

I will think clearly and live my own life - my way - smoke free! I have cleared away any cobwebs, and have found a wonderful spontaneity in life, and a clear realization that I can trust in my own judgment.”

What’s this, clearing the cobwebs, all about? While we obviously learn from observation and instruction in many dimensions and operations of daily life, there is an aspect of life that is uniquely, specifically, pin-point accurately yours and yours alone. Only you can say, “I am”. You are the one looking back from the mirror. It is this particular piece of reality, your individual reality, that we seek to clearly identify by looking within and checking to make sure that there are no cobwebs in your thinking.

As a first and critically important step, we look to clear away the cobwebs of acquired concepts. These are ideas that other people in your life have left on your doorstep. The especially damaging ones are the ones that attack who you are as a person.

They’re easy to recognize, but not so easy to defend against. Words you may have heard, ideas like, “You’re not smart enough, tall enough, tough enough. You missed a spot. You have the wrong perspective about this or that issue in life...” These flaw finders who

feed others this poison, point out weaknesses and deficiencies, and offer their biased point of view as the only valid reality. They can defeat, emotionally paralyze and box in anyone, especially a young and impressionable anyone.

When we have built some of our reality out of the cobwebs of acquired concepts, we have succumbed to the insidious notion that we have to be taught how to live by someone else's standard. Of course, moral and ethical standards are important, but we instinctively or intuitively know right from wrong. The more important life lessons are the positive, encouraging, motivating ones.

We don't have to trade our sense of self, our true identity, our own reality, our very existence, for someone else's idea of how life should be lived. We can trust who we are. If we explore deeply and find that what we thought were our own deepest desires, our own hopes and dreams, are acquired and not our own at all, then we can change. We may find that there is a whole new landscape that we wish to paint.

These exercises can help you on that exploration. They can help you not only quit smoking, but possibly gain a "quantum" insight into who you really are. You may discover a completely new set of ideas, your own, that show you what your life journey is all about, and where you want to go from here. In quantum physics, it's called a magnetic moment.

You don't have to unload all of your prior experiences, but you don't have to live from that inventory alone. You can gain new insights about life, right here, right now.

This quit smoking program offers imagination affirmations to move you toward success in this quit-smoking goal and other goals. But before you make another list of what success means to you, we suggest that you may need to begin with an inner journey.

experience or spiritual connection, seem to suggest that a "power" greater than we generally believe to be the norm, can be experienced. The sheer volume of work expressing the wonder of this experience is nearly beyond measure. And it is to be found in some context in every major religious and spiritual discipline in the world.

Jesus spoke of an experience that would bring us wisdom and a fullness of joy as it "makes its abode in our hearts." Could this be a reference to the experience that accesses what we call, in the context of this book, the subconscious mind? In the old testament, God speaks to one of his prophets and declares that there will come a time when he will, "Seal my laws in your hearts and minds, and you will have no need that any other man teach you. You will know me."

Did you ever hear, "Only as child can you enter the kingdom of heaven."? Even Dr. Erickson says that the subconscious is, "...extremely aware of and responsive to everything that occurs". And he devotes considerable thought and published space to the "child-like" quality of the subconscious. Never mind his reference to the brilliance, detachment and universal nature of the subconscious.

What are we offering when we offer a therapeutic approach that uses guided imagery, visualization and self-hypnosis as a way to improve the quality of life; this approach called mind/body medicine? Is this what Saint Peter referred to as, "a lively hope for the future"? Is the mind of Christ, or Christ consciousness as it is called in some circles (use your own spiritual, philosophical or empirical reference of choice here), clinically clothed as mind/body medicine?

OK, back to earth. I hope I haven't lost too many of you. What follows is Dr. Erickson's comparative summaries of the conscious mind and the unconscious mind (use subconscious for continuity - the reference is the same):

"All unique individuals attempt to maintain their freedom to

imagined as real. Now this is not a permanent state of mind by any means, and the suggestion can be over-ridden. But for some people who are particularly susceptible to hypnosis and go into very deep states of relaxation, this can be enough to have them quit smoking for good.

Bad habits like smoking, overeating, and such are thought to persist once they have become part of our daily routine, partly because the subconscious mind accepts any persistent ritual or routine as “safe”, and according to some theorists, the subconscious actually sees the breaking of a habit, or a change in any behavior as life-threatening.

This powerful resistance is thought to stem from the time when our ancestors lived in fear of being eaten by wild animals and needed to stay safely in their routines. Interesting to consider. As with everything in this book; if that resonates as possible to you, go with it. If not, just move on and dismiss it. They are many wells to drink from along the way.

As mentioned earlier, the subconscious is not the domain of logic. In hypnosis, the subconscious is accessed and the suggestion is made that you will no longer smoke. If the subconscious can be made to feel safe with this shift, it will support the conscious decision to quit smoking. A skilled hypnotist, or naturally good self-hypnotist, will cause the subconscious to make a shift in perception and assumptions about smoking. Ta-da!

Dr. Milton Erickson, mentioned earlier, took great pains to point out that what can be accomplished under hypnosis, “is not miraculous...It only seems it in comparison to what we generally believe to be the normal capacities and abilities of people.” It’s noteworthy that the book from which this quotation is taken is entitled, *The Wisdom of Milton Erickson*.

Those who speak of the miraculous, of profound religious

All of these meditations, relaxation techniques, visualizations, guided imagery, and imagination affirmations are here to help you explore the inner caverns of the mind. We’re looking for that place where your true identity is stored. We don’t have to re-live yesterday to find it. We can uncover it with some quiet time and a flood of positive thoughts. We can stop the world and get a better grip, today. We do not have to leave the known for the unknown. You already know. You just have to leave the unaware state and come back to an aware state of mind. When you do, smoking will be the farthest thing from your mind, because you will have so much that is more interesting to explore.

We seem to occupy one of three positions or perspectives at different times in life. In the first, we are fulfilled, happy and content with our lives. From this perspective, we are encouragers, motivators, and generally just great people to be around. We enroll in new programs, explore new adventures, and read new books, more for the adventure and the positive expectations of the experience. You usually won’t find smokers here. Life is too precious to them.

The second position, or perspective, remembers a time spent at the first position, but now has a feeling that we somehow lost touch with it and are now looking for a way to get back, once again. Smoking shows up here, because of the stress, and haunting feeling that we may never recover the first position.

In the third position or perspective we live with a misty sense that there might be something more to life, but we’re not sure. We’ve never experienced a sustained period of peace and harmony. Some people settle in here - and settle for a lot less than they were meant to enjoy in this life. Others are eager to find the key to success on their terms and will respond to a book, a program or a personal conversation that seems to promise a glimpse into a more joyful and peaceful way to see life.

This book is meant to respond to all of these perspectives,

and offer insight, methods, and techniques to move you into the best perspective for you. You choose. You decide. It's your life. This is not a dress rehearsal.

There are more imagination affirmations to come, but let's take another look at the power of the imagination and the subconscious mind. (I mentioned, early on, that redundancy is a good thing, didn't I?)

I once read or heard a mindbender that stays with me. It goes like this, "We don't know enough to know that we know the only way to know." I like it. It promises to take me places I've never been before and to learn things I've never learned before...at least, none that I know I know.

What this says to me is that there's a lot going on subconsciously that we are not even aware of consciously. Now, we'll take a look at ways of tapping into the subconscious mind, and learn how to apply this knowledge and wisdom to our issue at hand. Check the title of this book if you've forgotten what the issue at hand is all about.

We've touched upon this subject of tapping into an inner awareness earlier, and now, as promised, we've come back to it. Bear with it. It may seem a little cumbersome and academic for a while, but at the end of this section you will be standing in line, eagerly waiting for your magic wand. And I promise you, it will be worth the wait.

We'll be talking about the imagination, visualization, the mind/body connection, and the incredible power of your subconscious mind and how to tap into the subconscious mind through the conscious mind. So keep an open mind.

To tackle the subject of the subconscious mind, let alone its relationship to the conscious mind, seems to me to be akin to setting

And stage hypnosis creates a whole other image. But underneath all of this is a powerful tool for change, and used by a trained therapist can do wonders.

Before I go into a definition, let me say that all hypnosis is self-hypnosis. A hypnotherapist, or hypnotist if you prefer the term, guides a client in the process of hypnosis, and teaches them self-hypnosis.

Defining hypnosis is no easy task. It means different things to different people. Some find it amusing. Some find it frightening. It depends on what they have seen or been told, and their experiences with hypnosis or other "altered states of consciousness".

Hypnosis is an altered state of consciousness that creates, among other things, a deep level of relaxation. This deep level of relaxation can be induced through "talk" and subtle movements and cues used by a hypnotist, or it can occur naturally and spontaneously. An example of a naturally occurring "waking hypnosis" would be when we go into a state of focused awareness watching television, and don't respond to someone calling our name unless they persist loudly. Another would be those instances of driving home from work or an errand and not recalling any of the past few minutes of driving through traffic.

In the hypnotic state, the need for critical analysis of the logical "truth" of what is happening is suspended, much like in a dream, when you can fly or breathe underwater. This is the state of mind in which suggestions such as, "You are not willing to ever light another cigarette," are accepted without much question.

By way of explanation, hypnosis taps into the subconscious mind, where all events and emotional content of our lives are thought to be stored. In hypnosis, the subconscious mind accepts this "truth" without question, because the subconscious mind does not question information based on logic. It accepts what is

living without fear or anxiety, trusting that things will work out. This frees us to take decisive action. It is the mind that entertains the possibility of a “rush of angels” in the storm. It is a way of looking at life that leaves room for the possibility of miracles!

Now this view may not be your cup of tea. But I am not going to exclude a mention of the human spirit, and the emergence of a new, or renewed consciousness available to us. I read too many books, attend too many conferences, and listen to too many brilliant instructors who talk about making lists, making plans, economic, technological and political considerations...and never make reference to the human spirit behind it all.

If you’ve just flipped out of your chair, reading this, at the very thought of a book on how to quit smoking including scripture and invoking spiritual perspectives, well...take a deep breath and relax. Put your religiosity in neutral for a few minutes and then read on. If you can’t, well go in peace.

We’re going back to explore The Creative Mind and what is today called Mind/Body Medicine. And we’ll probably run into a few more references to the spiritual. Wait until you get to The Magic Wand!

This whole field of Mind/Body Medicine glibly speaks of amazing changes that we can affect in our bodies and minds with mere thought, with the creative use of our imagination. It suggests that all manner of disease and distress can be dealt with; even including so-called “miracle cures” that go beyond rational and logical explanation are potentially available to us all. Imagine that!

If you can clearly and realistically imagine yourself as a non-smoker, you can live it. This is how hypnotherapy approaches the goal of smoking cessation. Hypnosis is a unique phenomenon, misunderstood by many people. Hollywood’s portrayal of Svengali-type evil men putting women under their spell hasn’t helped a whole lot.

out to dig another Panama Canal – with a spoon. The best I can do is a little digging. Hopefully, it will expose enough to whet your appetite for more information and exploration. If you have an interest, you can go way beyond anything you have ever thought or imagined, beyond smoking cessation. But, I digress...

To think that I could complete the task, make a significant contribution, or even do such a subject any justice in a short book on how to quit smoking, or a book of any length for that matter, is to my mind, unlikely, to put it mildly.

There is so much written and discussed about this subject that there seems to be an endless supply of resource material directly related to the dichotomy of the conscious and subconscious. So, resource background material and studies on the subject are not the problem.

The problem is that the subject cannot be thoroughly plumbed on paper. It must be experienced first hand to be comprehended fully. The relationship and the experiences of conscious/subconscious mind cannot be articulated in specific terms. The conscious mind can point to it. But this subject can only be addressed by analogy. Even a luminary in the field of the conscious and subconscious mind such as the late Dr. Milton Erickson, famed psychiatrist and hypnotherapist, was apologetic for offering a simplistic view, a “shorthand summary”, of the dichotomy of the conscious and subconscious mind.

So, is the subject the province of philosophers, psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists, spiritual masters, writers and leaders of human potential, self improvement gurus, authors of quit smoking books and seminars, or prophets from the ancient of days? The answer is yes. It is a subject of extreme interest in all of these fields.

The best and brightest of scholars and saints have looked profoundly and deeply into the workings of the mind and the spirit.

They've listened, experimented, experienced, meditated on, talked endlessly about, and written about it for centuries. Certainly we now have some insight, and can speak with relative certainty about the predictable results of studied experiments and life experiences on many levels. But, for the most part, the workings of the mind are still a mystery. The good news is that, so are the workings of a television set for most people, but we can still turn it on and enjoy the results. (I used that analogy because I needed a little break from all this headiness).

Many of the parallel experiences and conclusions drawn from varied studies in philosophy, psychology and spirituality are obvious. Some are more obvious than others. And more obvious to some than to others. What follows on the next few pages is what is "obvious" to me. More accurately, I might say, what resonates as real to me and or what has been experienced by me.

Let's start at the genesis, the beginning:

Now there's a problem right away. To explain our very existence, the writers of Judeo-Christian and Islamic scripture had to wrestle with the fact that the human mind cannot think solidly in terms of infinity. So the Genesis story is told in finite terms, with a beginning and a dire warning about an end.

To complicate the matter even more in this beginning and end story, the writers of the story go on to make a certain fact emphatically clear; what we do in the interim, as an individual and as a people (universally), absolutely affects the nature of that "end". It's a great control mechanism. Watch out. Live in fear or pay horrible consequences for eternity.

Even Santa Claus perpetuates it. As the song goes, "You better watch out..." Boom, there it is. As little children we were admonished to rely on our watchful conscious mind. And as soon as we left our childhood innocence and trust in a benevolent universe,

where we had no worries, and became concerned about being good or bad, we were socialized into an ego-centered identity. We bit into the apple. And it bit back.

Well, let's go back to the Garden of Eden for a minute. God's first instruction to Adam and Eve was to eat freely from the Tree of Life, but not to eat from the Tree of The Knowledge of Good and Evil. The first man and woman were in Paradise, no worries, no fears, no mortgage payments. But you know how the story goes. They were hoodwinked!

Adam and Eve went from trusting in a kind creator and benevolent universe to relying on their rational, judgmental, self-conscious mind. Does this parallel what happens in our lives today. Do we go from a trusting, innocent child without a care - from life as a child who brightens a room with joy and loving embrace, to a self-conscious state where we are socialized into fear, when, "Watch out! Sit still! Bad boy, or bad girl," is what we begin to hear?

And does this speak to how we shift from one consciousness to another? I think so. Allow me a little further exploration into some scripture. Here's a piece from what Saint Paul had to say:

"Oh, wretched man that I am. The good I would no, I do not. The evil that I would not do, I do. What am I to do?"

He answers his own question at the end of this seventh chapter from The Book of Romans, with, "Put on the mind of Christ." He goes on to speak of the "flesh warring with the spirit." The flesh he speaks of as the rational, "natural" or thinking mind. The spirit he speaks of as the mind that is like the mind of Christ, the spiritual mind that relies completely on a kind and loving creator.

This isn't about a particular religion (even though I draw on my Christian background) or living mindlessly, or in a meditative stupor, and not taking care of the practical matters of life. It's about