



**PART SEVEN:
MANIFESTING**

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MANIFESTING

Now I will share with you how I took these spiritual teachings and put them to work. I do it for one reason...so you will clearly see that if I can do it *so can you*.

THE POWER OF A COMMITMENT

One of the best kept secrets that I have discovered and worked with is a statement of Truth first stated very clearly and concisely by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe who lived from 1749 to 1832. It reads as follows:

COMMITMENT

Until one is committed, there is hesitancy, the chance to draw back, always ineffectiveness. Concerning all acts of initiative and creation, there is one elementary truth the ignorance of which kills countless ideas and splendid plans: that the moment one definitely commits oneself, then providence moves too. All sorts of things occur to help one that would never otherwise have occurred. A whole stream of events issues from the decision, raising in one's favor all manner of unforeseen incidents, meetings and material assistance which no man could have dreamed would have come his way. Whatever you can do or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. Begin it now.

I took a copy of that quotation and placed it in a spot where I would see it and read it at least once every day. The stories that follow are not told in order that I may boast as to what *I* did, but only because they testify as to how vitally important, powerful and accurate Goethe's statement of commitment really is. In other words, if I could work this Truth then just think of what *you* can do with it. Here is what happened for me.

Now comes the embarrassing part...as I will leave no holds barred. Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent...and my butt.

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Have you ever heard tell of the difference between *unconscious* manifestation and *conscious* manifestation? It is true that for the first 40 years of my life all I ever did was unconscious manifestation; in other words, I was totally oblivious to that entire reality. If anyone had ever suggested that I *was* responsible for what had been manifesting in my life I would've said that you're out of your cotton picking tree.

We all possess these secret powers but were never told about them and it is quite striking when first revealed, tested and most importantly...proven.

Here are a few examples of how I did it.

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THOUGHTS HELD IN MIND PRODUCE AFTER THEIR KIND.

1. Using your *imagination*, *visualizing* yourself doing something and *feeling* what it is like doing it is a very powerful exercise.
2. I had heard the expression: "Desire is the agent of My will." It was attributed to God and I was quite taken by that statement.

Keeping these two facts in mind I found myself motivated to put all of this knowledge together when I found myself possessed by a strong desire to have a motorcycle.

To help myself with this visualization I went to the toy shop and purchased a small model of a motorcycle similar to what I had in mind. I placed the model on my bedside stand so that it would be the first thing I would see in the morning and the last thing I would see at night. It felt really good imagining that I was on it and cruising down the highway.

I knew that part of the desire had been triggered by the fact that my neighbor Gunn Mason was putting around the neighborhood on a beautiful small motorcycle. I really liked Gunn's bike and made a point of asking him if he would keep me in mind if he ever decided to sell it. He assured me that I would have first chance.

Daily I started to check the newspaper for any 'For Sale' items that might appear for motorcycles. It wasn't long before I spotted an ad that sounded very interesting. I phoned and discovered that a lady who I had grown up with was selling her motorcycle.

Diane explained that the only reason she was parting with it was because she wanted a newer one. It was working just fine and I was able to take it for a very short test run. Satisfied that the price was right and the motorcycle was in excellent condition I quickly sealed the deal. I had my motorcycle. Yahoo!

I never thought to put the little model of the motorcycle away. It still stood on my bedside table. About two weeks later a knock comes to the door and when I answered it Gunn Mason himself stood there.

He said: "You know I promised you that if I ever decided to sell the motorcycle would you have first choice, well I just decided to sell it." I anxiously followed Gunn to his garage. When he opened the door I almost couldn't believe my eyes for

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when I closely looked at his motorcycle it was absolutely identical to the one that I had just purchased. The only differences were: his motorcycle had a full windshield and saddlebags, where mine had only a half-height windshield. On closer examination I also learned that Gunn's bike had half the mileage on it that mine did.

I didn't stop to ask for divine guidance I simply told Gunn I would take it. But that wasn't to be the last surprise.

When I was getting ready for bed the next evening I picked up the little model on my bedside table and looked at it very carefully. Would you believe...it was the precise model, and color of the two motorcycles I had purchased.

Man this visualization stuff works really well. Incidentally, do you know anyone that's interested in a good used motorcycle? I've got a spare one for sale.

That was a sample of how I manifested an object? Does this also work in order to manifest a relationship? You bet your sweet bottom dollar it does.

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MANIFESTING A RELATIONSHIP

Let us keep the following in mind again:

Using your *imagination*, *visualizing* yourself doing something and *feeling* what it is like doing it is a very powerful exercise.

Following the failure of a very important relationship in my life I had entertained thoughts of never having anything to do with a lady again.

On Tuesday, February 6, 1996 I watched a television program that made a tremendous impact upon me. The next day I wrote God a letter, and this is what it said.

First, I need to add that at this point in my life I was single again and lonesome.

Dear God,

I love you. I thank you very much for the television program I saw last evening, for the beautiful woman staring constantly and lovingly at the singer-songwriter. I claim my own now!

Oh Jesus, please put into the proper vibrations and send to our Father all I should be able to express to most appropriately extend my gratitude, love and appreciation for what my eyes, ears and soul beheld on TV last evening. Thank you very much. And particularly Father, I want to acknowledge the Love I felt from You and the promise contained therein.

Then on Wednesday, June 26, 1996, I was given this message:

“You are going to meet a wonderful woman.” Then I heard the words, “No two people have ever been so in love.” Therein was planted in me a very strong desire.

Delighted at such a prospect I realized that I needed to find an image that would tickle my fancy and generate warm fuzzy feelings. Well, as luck would have it, the latest edition of the Sears catalog just arrived and as usual, at the first opportunity, I sat down and devoured it cover to cover. Cover to cover that is until I turned over

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one particular page in the ladies' lingerie department and was captivated by one model in particular.

It wasn't so much about what she was wearing, or was not wearing for that matter, but it was the look on her face. Never before had I seen an expression that so clearly asked a question which was: "Do you like what you see cowboy?"

That did it...I'd found my pinup girl. The picture was promptly placed on my bedside table. Again it was to be the first thing I laid my eyes on in the morning and the last thing I saw at night. Yahoo! A cowboy's dream.

As I tell you the details of the rest of this story I will probably turn beet red and I definitely had to change the name of the lady to protect the innocent. But let me share this with you.

First and foremost, I am a singer-songwriter and finding someone who truly believes in you, your music and your future is not the easiest thing in the world, or at least, so I thought at the time. However, we all know that God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform; and unknown to me he had a miracle laid out before me.

As I am writing this I am much more aware of what I cannot say than what I am going to say. (Big smiles.)

A few months later I found myself mustering the courage to go to a singles dance. I sat at the table beside a couple who were exceptionally good dancers and very obviously were deeply in love with each other. A conversation ensued in which I expressed the desire to have a dance partner so I could learn to dance like them. The lady quickly volunteered that she had a friend who just might be interested in having a dance partner. I gave the lady my name and telephone number and she promised to pass it on to her friend.

Lo and behold the next day Emily called. (Not her real name.) After a brief discussion she agreed to meet me for coffee and conversation at the coffee shop of her choice.

The next day I entered the shop and, by prior arrangement, I was wearing my cowboy hat. She was guaranteed that no one else would be wearing one in eastern Canada so she would have no difficulty in identifying me.

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I entered the shop at the prescribed time and glancing to my right I spotted a lady who gave me a tiny knowing smile and wave. I do not recall much about our conversation but it ended with an agreement for me to pick her up at her place and then drive to the local social club for the next Friday night dance.

A good time was had by all at the dance and we agreed to continue with the plan. For some strange reason I was not feeling all that well the following Friday so I phoned her and invited her to come and see my place and that we could watch some movies on the VCR instead of going to the dance. She thought that was fine and she arrived around 7 PM.

Now I don't know where my mind was when I made that invitation because the only VCR tapes that I had were a few that I had picked up at the local library a week earlier... and some of them were rather suggestive. I had totally forgotten about the subject matter on those tapes.

When Emily arrived I gave her the grand tour of the place and introduced her to the VCR. Only then did I realize: "Oh dear God, I don't have anything decent for her to look at."

Emily was totally undaunted. In went the first tape. I sat at one end of the sofa and she at the other. When the first tape ended Emily jumped up selected another tape, and off we went into the second show. This time I noticed that Emily was sitting a lot closer to me when she returned to her seat.

The second tape seemed to go by rather quickly and again she jumped up, grabbed another tape, and away we go again. This time when she sat down she sat beside me and as that tape continued she got closer and closer until at last she was holding onto my arm tightly.

Now, I'm not the dumbest guy in the world but that night I didn't put two and two together at all. I didn't know what was going on but I sure liked it. When the third tape ended we glanced at the clock and realized how late it was. Emily said it was so late that she was uncomfortable driving home at that hour and asked if she could spend the night. Dummy that I was, I said, "Sure."

Off she went to the bathroom and I quickly entered the bedroom to remove the picture of the lady who had greeted me every morning and at bedtime. I then started to make up a bed on the sofa. I was going to give her the choice of my bed or the sofa ... and I would take the other. When she emerged from the bathroom,

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and I made her the offer as to where she would prefer to sleep, she blew the socks off of me by saying, "Can I sleep with you?" Herewith I have to fast forward this story.

Needless to say, Emily and I became very good friends very quickly but I was in for yet another surprise.

When Emily heard me singing for the first time she was enthralled. We traveled together from one jam session to another and both of us thoroughly enjoyed every opportunity I had to sing and share my music with the public. The collection of songs I had written was growing and I sensed that I was going to have to do something in order to get the music to the masses. But I was essentially penniless...the seemingly typical scenario of a singer-songwriter.

I had the desire to record a CD which would be a demo to include a complete cross-section of my songwriting abilities. I reasoned that if I had such a CD then I would have something to pass on to a professional singer or music publisher with a view to selling the material and getting it out there to the masses...but how I could possibly do that was an absolute mystery to me. And then it happened.

When least expected...Emily walked up to me and placing her face close to mine she said, "Would you be offended if I offered to invest in your music?" I nearly fell off the chair.

"Offended?!" I blurted out in shock. "You have got to be kidding!"

And the miracle continued. Now with hindsight I can see it all. Hindsight is 20/20. I had prayed to God asking for the desire that had been planted in my heart. Emily had made a dream come true in more ways than one. As long as I live I will love that lady...the one God had in mind when he planted the desire in my heart. Never again would I ever have to question whether a desire in my heart is attainable. With God...all things are possible.

THE MIRACLE RECORDING

Emily's generous offer to invest in my music was in itself a true miracle. Our goal now was to move forward with the recording and I had no idea where to begin with that challenge. All I knew was that we had to find an award winning fiddler because one of the pieces of music that I had written required the services of a professional in that field.

And so it was that Emily and I began our search for the fiddler, going from legion to legion, jam session to jam session, until one day we walked into the legion in St. Mary's, Ontario. We were only there for a short period of time when a great big man walked up onto the stage and tucked a tiny fiddle under his chin. He only had to play about three notes when I knew we found our man.

Bill Irving was, at that time, six times North American Fiddling Champion Intermediate Class in the Shelburne, Ontario competition. When he came down from the stage and returned to his seat I approached him and told him what I planned to do. He asked if I had selected a place to do the recording yet and I said, "No". He then indicated that he did all of his own fiddle recording in his own home and that we could do it all right there.

Emily and I talked it over and quickly came to the decision that this was a God-sent opportunity. We negotiated the price and set the date. All that was necessary now was for me to get into rehearsals so that I would be able to sing 14 songs twice through in order to accomplish the recording in a one-day session.

About two weeks before the recording date I received a phone call from Bill. He said, "I hate to tell you this, but you know I'm a mechanic by trade and I have just injured my arm. I will not be able to play the fiddle for you."

I was in shock until Bill added these words: "Don't worry about it. I can still do the recording for you and a friend of mine has agreed to step in and play the fiddle." I was thinking to myself, "Yeah, who am I stuck with on the fiddle?" As if he was reading my mind, he continued, "Don't worry about it, Graham Townsend has agreed to play the fiddle."

I nearly fell off the chair. Graham Townsend was known as the best fiddler in the world. All commercial fiddling work automatically went to Graham. Beyond any shadow of a doubt he was the most in demand fiddler in Canada. Because this was

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my first entry into a recording studio I would never have dared to ask Graham Townsend if he would play the fiddle for me on the recording. What I did not know was that Bill Irving and Graham Townsend were drinking buddies and when Bill could not play Graham volunteered to cover the bases for him.

Yes, I ended up with the best fiddler in the world backing me up on my very first CD. It proved conclusively for me that when one finds the path that God would have you walk, God supplies everything that is required ... and I mean everything.

THE MIRACLES CONTINUED

For years I knew that I could not record using my own name. Why even Harold Jenkins had a very hard job getting his singing career off the ground until, as rumor has it, while sitting in a motel room he hung a map of the southern USA on the wall and threw two darts at it. They landed on the communities of Conway and Twitty and the rest is history.

I had given no small amount of thought to the name that I might choose. I had it narrowed down to two names, Doc Jenkins or John J. I preferred the name Doc Jenkins, because of my exposure to healing modalities, but had not yet made a final decision.

It was then that I received an invitation to attend a New Year's Eve party in Toronto. It was to be an evening of music, singing and guitar picking. That evening I got a grand surprise for among those who arrived was a carload of American entertainers, one of whom performed under the name John J.

Once again... where God guides, God provides.

THE CONFIRMATION

A few years later someone approached me and asked me if I had ever seen the movie SONGWRITER. I confessed that I had not seen the movie, indeed I hadn't even heard tell of it. They highly recommended that I see it.

When I found a copy of it I was pleasantly surprised to see that it was recorded with Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson, two of my favorite entertainers. As the movie started I quickly learned that Willie Nelson was playing the role of the songwriter ... but my jaw must've dropped when suddenly I realized the name given to the songwriter in that movie was ... Doc Jenkins. I got cold chills.

I could not help but wonder which came first the chicken or the egg. Why, of all the names in the face of the earth that could have been selected for the name of the songwriter, that they chose Doc Jenkins. The one thing that I am perhaps the best at is songwriting, and the title track is called SONGWRITER, and that song contains the encouragement that I so often have required. May God bless Willie and Kris for this movie.

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END OF MANIFESTING A RELATIONSHIP

I have intentionally added the miracles that happened as a result of me manifesting the relationship with Emily. I have absolutely no hesitation whatsoever in saying that God obviously knew what blessings that woman would bring into my life...blessings so far beyond simply giving me a gentle loving relationship which catapulted me out of depression and into heaven.

“Desire is the agent of My will.” How could I ever have possibly suspected the wealth of blessings that could be brought to me through the simple act of planting a desire in my heart for a relationship? Emily walked beside me through the entire unfolding and held my hand when the going was tough at times. Angels *are* walking this planet and in very human disguises.