

A sunset over a dark landscape. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm orange glow. Several rays of light break through the clouds, creating a dramatic effect. The sky transitions from a deep blue at the top to a lighter blue near the horizon.

WILLIAM CHRISTOPHER JORDAN
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Chapter Two
72 Days of God

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- *William Christopher Jordan*

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The image on the left is the first of 72 meditations from Kabbalah's *72 Names of God* meditation cards. To perform the meditation simply scan the Hebrew letters from right-to-left, and then read the meditation.

In his book, *The 72 Names of God: Technology for the Soul*, The modern kabbalist Yehuda Berg says that those names, "like the words of the Bible... are the property of no ethnic group or religious identity. They can and should be used by everyone to confront the accelerating chaos and negativity that confronts our world."

In *The 72 Names of God*, Berg says, "God never answers prayers. It is people who answer their own prayers by knowing how to connect and utilize the divine energy of the Creator and the God-like force in their own souls."

To use these angels' names as a means of divination, become quiet for a few minutes and enter into a receptive, meditative attitude. Take three slow, deep breaths from the belly. Meditate upon the letter's associations of the angel name and also the emotional tone it evokes within you (say the name again and again like a mantra). Be receptive to any glimmers of intuition that may arise.

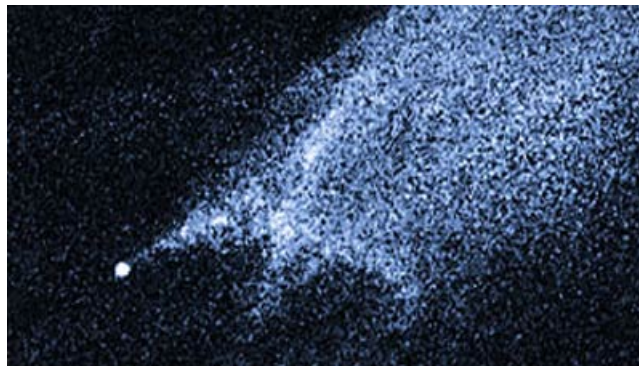
Note: It's important to note that I knew very little about Kabbalah before setting out on this journey. My interests were solely in the *72 Names of God* meditations.

IT'S IMPORTANT TO PERFORM EACH MEDITATION WHILE READING THIS JOURNAL.

INTRODUCTION

My name, William Christopher Jordan, which means, "*A Wish, Bearing Christ, Flowing Down*". Since I had lived out the first 35 years of my life in the Bible Belt of the United States, I had always felt a very strong connection to, Jesus Christ. At the same time, I always found myself questioning that connection.

In December of 2009, I was practically forced to leave my job of 3.5 years. It was around the same time that a strange image resembling the Star of David appeared in the heavens. It was labeled, Asteroid P2010 A2.



P/2010 A2 had been discovered on January 6, 2010 by Lincoln Near-Earth Asteroid Research. It appeared to have reached it's closest approach to the Sun around the start of December 2009, about a month before it was discovered. This was around the same time that I had left my job.

After spending December 2009 and January 2010 contemplating my next move, I decided to step out in faith and take a year off to embark on a spiritual journey.

My journey was inspired by Kabbalah's 72 Names of God meditation/divination tools. Meditating on one card each day, starting with the first meditation, "Time Travel", I spent 72 consecutive days traveling across the United States, documenting various experiences inspired by each meditation.

My main goal while on this journey was to post a survey and ask other people the following questions:

- 1) Do you believe in God? If so, based on which religion or spiritual practice? If not, why?
- 2) Was this belief something that you discovered yourself, or were you taught to believe this as a young child?
- 3) What do you feel is the purpose of life on earth?
- 4) What are you most passionate about and what do you wish to accomplish with your life?
- 5) What are your biggest challenges in life?

While on this journey I prayed to my God, and to Jesus Christ, and asked that he please reveal himself to me in a photograph at some point during my journey. I informed no one of my secret request while on this journey.

I had never been the type of person to subscribe to any one religion or spiritual practice, I had always believed that there was something positive and useful in all things spiritual; I was a huge believer in Universal Consciousness and the concept of Unconditional Love.

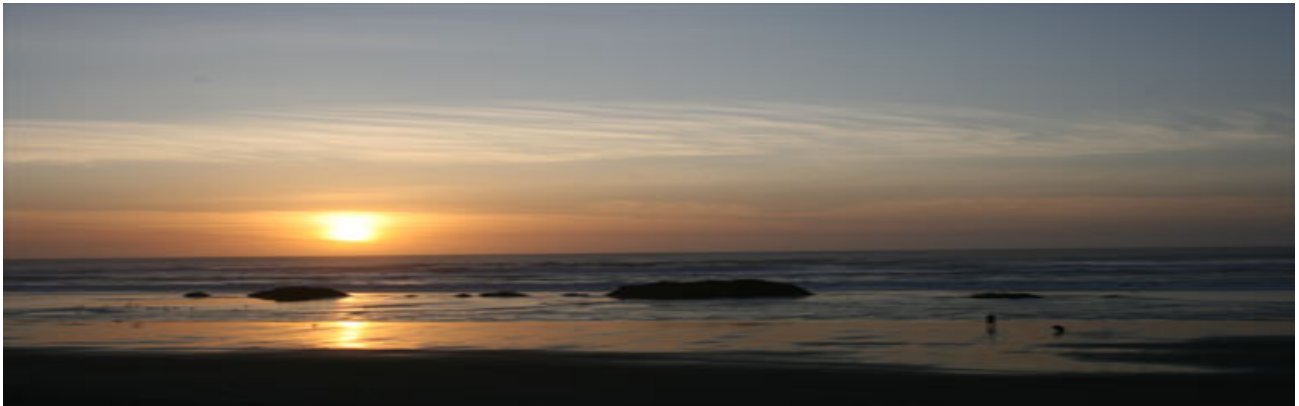
During my journey I kept a journal of the places that I visited and the people that I met, and allowed people to freely express their belief, or non-belief, in God. I kept an open mind and allowed circumstances to lead me in whatever direction that unfolded. My only agenda was to reach my hometown of Burlington, North Carolina, on Day 72 of my journey.

For those that responded to my survey I created a personal analysis, or what I like to call a [Spiritual Blueprint](#).

I published each participants responses, and was completely fascinated to discover that each individuals answer closely resembled their individual blueprint.

February 16, 2010

On this morning I drove from Portland, Oregon to Lincoln City, and spent my first night in the Chinook Winds Casino Resort parking lot. I arrived in Lincoln City just as the sun was beginning to set over the Pacific Ocean.



It was a chilly night, but very safe and mostly quiet. My journey began the following morning.

February 17, 2010 | Day One | Time Travel



I woke up at 8:00 AM. After checking my email I discovered that my friend, Barb, who had just returned from her honeymoon in Puerto Rico, made a donation for my trip! Thanks, Barb!

I spent the rest of the day driving down the Oregon Coast and handing out "72 Days of God" cards to people that I met in restaurants and stores.

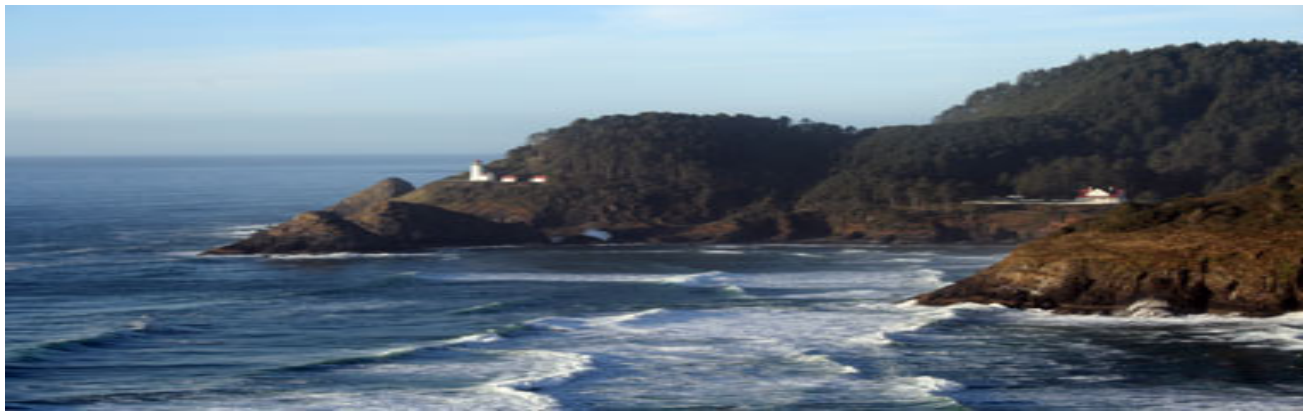
I stopped in Newport, Oregon to have lunch and visit various places around old town.



I then made my way over to Nye Beach and strolled around the historic arts district.



After I left Newport I continued my drive south down Highway 101, and stopped at an overlook to take a photograph of the Heceta Lighthouse.



When I turned around I noticed a seagull sitting on the stone wall not more than 10 feet from me. He just sat there and stared at me as if he had a message for me.



Native Americans believed that everything on the planet, including the mountains, the sky and all of the animals, had very significant meanings and offered certain types of wisdom.

The Shaman meaning for Sea Gull offered the following wisdom and messages:

- Spiritual messengers
- Communication with deities
- Behaving responsibly
- Ability to see from above situations
- Friendship - Copyright www.animalspirits.com

These initial messages; Spiritual Messengers, Communication with Deities, Behaving Responsibly and the Ability to see situations from Above, would serve as the main theme for my entire journey.

After visiting with the seagull I happened to look over the stone wall, down the cliff and towards the ocean and noticed a grave site directly below where I was standing. I couldn't help but wonder who had died here.



I left there and continued my drive south. By the end of the first day of my journey I had ended up in Florence, Oregon. Upon checking my email that evening I discovered that another good friend had also made a donation. Thanks, Natz!


And, my good friend, Casey, who was about to turn 84 years young in two weeks had sent me an email with a poem that she had written:

"Chris, is well on his way in Portland, he just could not stay. He is heading for home and ready to roam with fun and time to play.." Thanks, Casey!

Overall, it was a good first day on the road.

February 18, 2010 | Day Two | Recapturing The Sparks

YUD LAMED YUD



PLEASE SCAN THE HEBREW LETTERS ABOVE FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

MEDITATION

Shards of Light are drawn out of the destructive entities that reside within my being. Their life force is cut off and I am then replenished with Divine energy. Life grows brighter each and every day as billions of sacred sparks return to my soul!

2. RECAPTURING THE SPARKS

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"We're all on an unending voyage of discovery." www.williamchristopherjordan.com

PLEASE TAKE A MOMENT TO PERFORM THE MEDITATION ABOVE

On this Thursday morning I departed Florence, Oregon around 11:00 AM and continued my drive south down Highway 101. I drove through Dunes City and Reedsport and then stopped at a bakery in Manchester Bay for some delicious pastries.



I then continued my drive through Lakeside and North Bend until I finally arrived in Coos Bay, Oregon. I parked my truck on Main Street and then took a stroll around downtown. It was a warm, sunny day. Even though it was mid-February, some of the trees were already blooming.



I then stopped in one of the downtown shops and talked to a young lady named, Kelly. After our brief conversation I continued my walk around town and then happened upon "The Prayer Chapel" on the corner of 2nd and Commercial street.

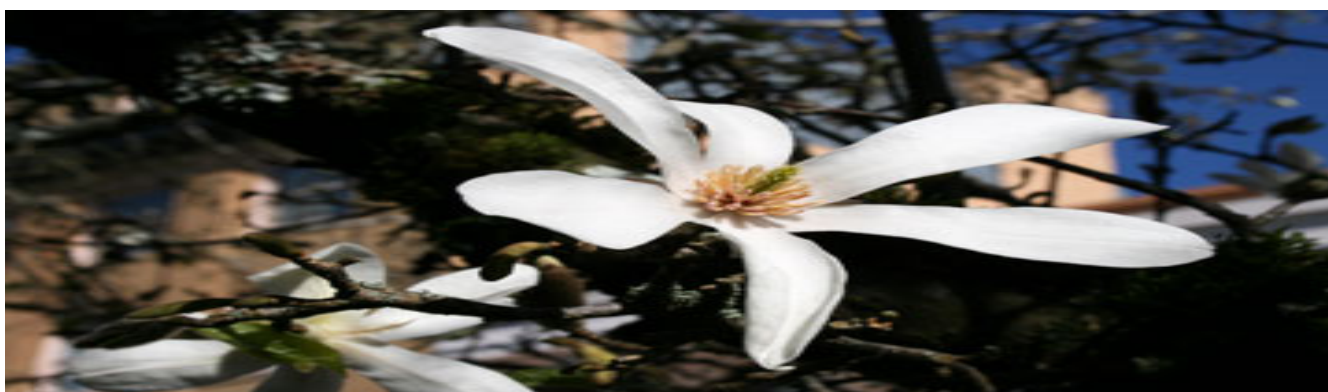
I quietly entered the chapel and discovered that I was the only person inside. I sat on one of the benches and said a prayer for everyone that I knew, including those that I had left behind in Portland, and everyone that I would meet during my journey. I asked that I remain safe throughout my journey and that I be lead in the right direction. I also asked that I be surrounded at all times by Love and Light.



After praying I stood up from my bench and noticed the most beautiful stained glass window on my right.



I left the chapel feeling refreshed and reassured. I then continued my walk around Coos Bay, where I walked past a tree on the side of the road that had a really beautiful bloom. It reminded me of a Dogwood tree.



After walking around town for another hour or so, I left Coos Bay and continued west to Charleston, Oregon, where I made a brief stop at the Shore Acres State Park. Fog started rolling in from the ocean as I watched two fisherman cast out their nets in the bay.



I then continued on until I came to the Shore Acres Gardens. I could hear Sea Lions barking on the shoreline just south of the gardens. I wandered around the gardens for a while and then headed back towards my truck.



I left the Shore Acres State Park and drove to Bandon, Oregon, arriving approximately 45 minutes later. I stopped in Old Town and talked to some of the locals (Hi, April!) and then got back in my truck and headed to Port Orford, Oregon.

Once I arrived in Port Orford I stopped at The Crazy Norwegian's restaurant to get a bite to eat. I spent most of my time looking at photographs and maps of Sweden and Norway, which covered the walls of the restaurant. I felt like I was back in Nortaajle, Sweden visiting my friend, Marie. The food was really, really tasty.



By the time I finished dinner, Port Orford was completely fogged in. I was warned that it would be very dangerous to continue my drive down the coastline, so I decided to stay in a local motel for the night.

February 19, 2010 | Day Three | Miracle Making

SAMECH YUD TET

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PLEASE SCAN THE HEBREW LETTERS ABOVE FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

MEDITATION

I free myself from all selfishness, envy, anger, and self-pity. By rejecting these negative temptations, I am free to invoke this Name—thereby igniting the power of miracles in my life.

3. MIRACLE MAKING

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I got out of bed on this morning around 9:00 AM and discovered that the fog had lifted from the night before, but left behind a cloudy, overcast sky. I started out the day feeling somewhat melancholy.

I turned on my computer to check my email and discovered that my friend Casey had written another nice poem for me:

With Oregon border behind,
Chris wonders what he will find.
With blue Pacific to the west,

A view he likes best

Now, California is next on his mind!

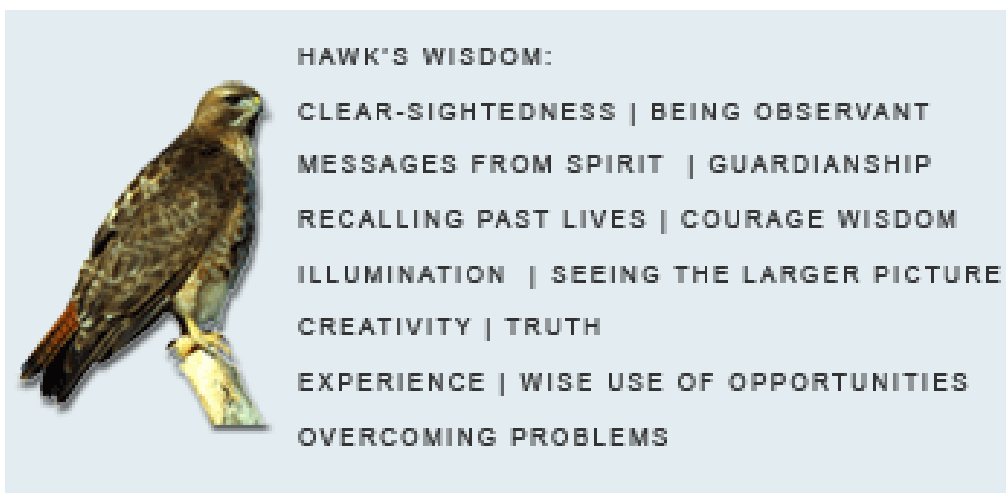
The poem was perfect! I then took a moment to check my daily astrology forecast:

Enlightened Self-interest | February 19 thru March 30, 2010: This time represents the culmination of your efforts to expand the domain of your activities. There is more and more that you want to do, and you resent anything that narrows your freedom and limits your scope of action. The challenge of this influence is to be conscious enough of yourself and of what you are doing so that you can plan intelligently and work effectively with enlightened self-interest as opposed to pure selfishness. As long as you stay within your own limitations - that is, your inherent limitations as a human being and the limitations of your situation or circumstances - you should be extremely successful. The sense of timing of your actions may leave others amazed and sure that you are lucky. But really you have succeeded because you have a complete understanding of the situation. Copyright www.astro.com

I wanted to remember this so I added it to my journal. After my morning bowl of cereal it was time to get my day started.

The moment my truck hit the highway I was surrounded by incredible scenery. I pulled over at the very first viewpoint, got out of my truck, hiked around a bluff and made my way to the edge of a really steep cliff. I took a moment to take in the fresh morning air, and as I started to snap a few photographs, noticed a bird flying directly towards me. It flew about 30 yards in front of me, passing me to the north, then circled back around and flew about 20 feet directly overhead. As it got closer I could tell that it was a hawk. After a close inspection, the hawk circled once again and flew back around the bluff, and then disappeared.

It was the perfect greeting from mother nature because in Native American traditions, Hawk offered the following medicine/wisdom:





I gave thanks to the hawk, hiked back to my truck and continued with my day.

The next 43 miles included one incredible view after another. It was absolutely impossible to stop and experience every trail and overlook between Port Orford and Gold Beach, Oregon. So instead of trying to walk down every path, I put on some soothing music, drove about ten mph under the speed limit and took in everything from the road. It made for a very relaxing, peaceful drive. The time passed really quickly and before I knew it I was crossing the bridge into Gold Beach, Oregon.

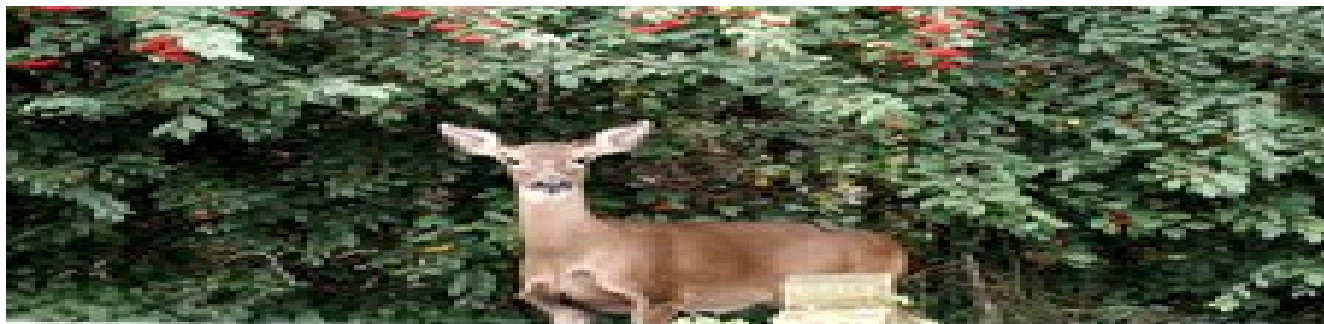


I hung around Gold Beach for a few minutes, before I got back in my truck and continued on to Brookings, Oregon. While visiting Brookings I stopped at a place called, Mattie's Pancake House to have breakfast.



I had my usual veggie omelet with egg whites, light cheese and dry, whole wheat toast.

After breakfast I continued south on US. Highway 101. As I approached an intersection I looked over to my left and noticed a deer peering right into my truck window.



It looked as if it was trying to tell me something. I snapped a picture of it and the flash from my camera scared it back into the woods.

In Native American traditions, Deer offered the following medicine/wisdom:

- Gentleness in word, thought and touch,
- Ability to listen
- Grace and appreciation for the beauty of balance
- Understanding of what's necessary for survival
- Power of gratitude and giving
- Ability to sacrifice for the higher good
- Connection to the woodland goddess
- Alternative paths to a goal - Copyright www.animalspirits.com

In addition to my Kabbalah meditations, I took these messages from Mother Nature very seriously.

A few minutes later, just as Casey had predicted in her poem, I crossed the California state line. My next town was Crescent City, California. I by-passed downtown Crescent City and continued my drive down the coastline.

As I approached the first beach on the south side of town I noticed a car parked on the side of the road with lots of bumper stickers. I pulled over and asked the driver if it was okay for me to take a photograph of the back of his car. He got really excited about me asking.

Apparently, this guy had a lot to say and wanted a lot of people to know how he felt about certain things. After reading the bumper stickers, I got a real sense of what type of person this guy was, and what he stood for.



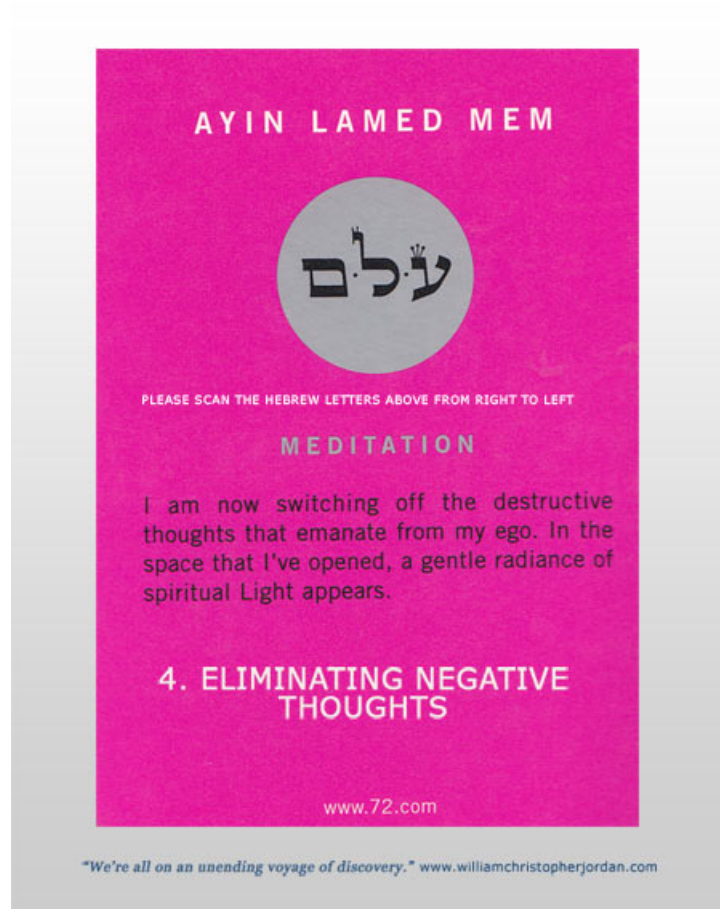
I continued my drive south through the Del Norte Coast State Park, and down the winding Redwood Highway. The Redwood trees were incredibly majestic. At one point I had to pull over just to touch one and to take in the view of the Pacific Ocean.

I eventually came to the Klamath River on the Yurok Indian Reservation. I pulled off the highway and drove down a small winding road that followed the banks of the Klamath to the Pacific Ocean. The road curved around and eventually headed up a very sharp hill. As I drove up the hill I discovered another hawk sitting in the tree directly above my truck. To see such a beautiful bird so close, in such a sacred place was a true blessing for me.



I left the Yurok Indian Reservation and continued my drive until I reached Eureka, California, where I decided to stop for the night. After I settled in and took a moment to reflect on the day.

February 20, 2010 | Day Four | Eliminating Negative Thoughts



I started the morning my performing my daily meditation on the left.

Here comes another gray, gloomy, chilly morning. That was the first thing I thought when I took a look outside and noticed the weather. When I checked the 10-day forecast it showed nothing but rain, rain and more rain for central California.

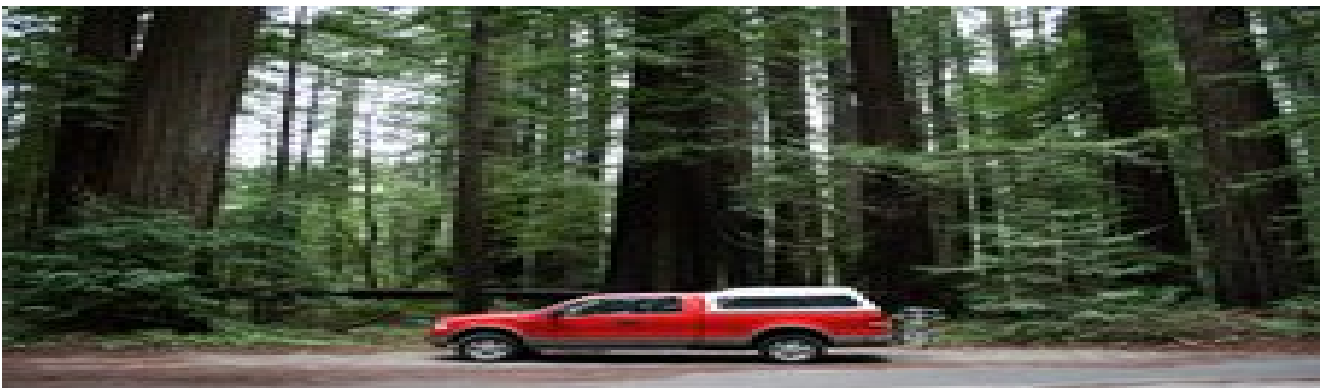
And to top things off I was missing Oregon and starting to second guess my leaving Portland. It was just one of those mornings that I knew I had to get through and shake off. I instantly turned my thoughts around and started focusing on the daily tasks at hand. I knew I didn't want to hang out in Eureka, so I had to figure where to head next. All I knew is that I wanted to go south where it was warmer and sunnier.

Before I left town I did manage to drive around Old Town Eureka to take in a few sites, but nothing really caught my eye, with the exception of the mural painted on the back of the Arkley Center for the Performing Arts. It was beautiful, and very well done.



I left Eureka moments later and resumed my drive down US. Highway 101. About an hour later I arrived at the Humboldt Redwoods State Park. Once I arrived in the park I got off the main highway and took the scenic route, appropriately named, Avenue of the Giants.

I spent the next thirty minutes driving through the park and witnessing some amazing Redwoods. I got out several times and took various hikes through the forest. I attempted to take several photographs, but it was really difficult to capture the beauty and size of the trees with my camera. It was just too dark and the flash on my camera was not strong enough to reach. I did manage, however, to take a nice photograph of my red chariot, which was just sitting there patiently waiting for its charioteer. As I approached the vehicle I was amazed at how my chariot was dwarfed in appearance by the massive Redwoods.



After I left the park I spent the next hour and a half driving to Laytonville, California, where I stopped to fill up with gas and grab a bite to eat at one of the local Mexican restaurants.

I continued my drive south through Willits, Ukiah, Cloverdale and finally stopped for the night in Healdsburg, California. Suddenly, I found myself right smack dab in the middle of California Wine Country. I could not have felt more out of place. I knew nothing about wine and I rarely, if ever, drunk it.

That evening, after checking into my hotel, I decided to drive over to a small town near the coast called, Guerneville. To make a long story short, I ran into a guy that I had met through a friend of mine nearly twenty-five years ago.

The last time I had met Dan was on a hot, summer day in the mid-to-late eighties, in Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina. One of my best friends was friends with one of Dan's best friends, and it was through that connection that Dan and I briefly met. The only thing I clearly remember about that day was riding with Dan on his jet ski in the bay directly behind Wrightsville Beach. I also remember Dan's mother being extremely nice. She was always asking if anyone needed anything to eat or drink, and did her best to make sure everyone was comfortable at all times. The rest of that day was a complete blur, so it was amazing to me that I even remembered Dan, much less recognized him. But for some strange reason I did and we reconnected instantly.

We spent the next hour or so catching up on all of our friends and reminiscing about North Carolina, and remembering our friend John who had died of AIDS back in 1992. We sat and talked for a very long time, but as it was getting late I told Dan that I needed to start my trek back to Healdsburg. We made a point to exchange cell phone numbers, and planned to spend the following day together.

February 21, 2010 | Day Five | Healing



MEM HEY SHIN

מ.ה.ש

PLEASE SCAN THE HEBREW LETTERS ABOVE FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

MEDITATION

The power of this Name brings the energy of healing at the deepest and most profound level of my being, because I can now accept full responsibility for my present condition, and because I used my energy to concentrate on others who also need healing.

5. HEALING

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After checking out of my hotel, I returned to Guerneville and met up with Dan at his house on the Russian River. Dan and his neighbor, Joe, were patiently waiting for my arrival.

Joe, whose wife had recently passed away, was 92 years old and had lived in Guerneville for the last twenty years of his life. Dan lived and worked in San Francisco during the week, and came out to his house on the Russian River on the weekends.

Dan, Joe and myself spent the next several hours driving around the California coast, and stopping at various pastry shops along the way for beverages, pastries and anything else that caught our interest. Our first stop was Duncan's Mills Coffee and Bakery.



Our next stop was a viewpoint that looked out over the Pacific Ocean. Here we happened upon a raft of sea lions sleeping peacefully on the beach. The ocean was calm and the sky was overcast and the temperature was around 55 degrees.



I turned to my left and noticed Joe and Dan having a conversation on the edge of a very steep cliff. I decided to snap their photo, which included the California coastline in the background.



I turned around and looked up the steep cliff behind me and noticed a hawk sitting on a fence post at the very top of the hill. There's my old friend from Oregon, I thought. He's still following me.



After some more touring around the coast and points further inland, we returned to Dan's house and dropped Joe off so he could take a nap. After Joe got out of the car and before he headed across the street to his home, he made a point to shake both of our hands. The interesting thing about his hand shake was that it seemed to linger longer than most hand shakes. I got the impression that perhaps it was the only intimacy that Joe received from another human being at this point in life, and it was somewhat healing to him to experience another person's touch. I let him hold my hand as long as he needed, smiled and thanked him for spending the day with Dan and myself. It was an honor to meet someone who had led such a long, rich life. Dan seemed to do the very same thing and I noticed that Joe didn't want to let go of Dan's hand either.

After a quick restroom break, Dan and I headed to the Armstrong Redwoods State Reserve, and embarked on what ended up being a three mile hike. Since I had been stuck in my truck for the last three days, the hike was exactly what I needed. It was a great hike and Dan made a point to name all of the wildflowers along the way, which really made a big impression on me.



We spent the rest of that evening having a snack at the Korbel Champagne Cellars, and then a late dinner at a restaurant named Boon, in downtown Guerneville.

That night we sat by the fire and I did a reading for him using my Voyager Tarot cards. The conversation during the reading quickly moved from one subject to another, and before we

knew it we were done with the reading and listening to some of Dan's favorite music by, Radiohead.

There was this one song in particular that really grabbed me the moment I heard it. It was one of Dan's favorites. The name of the tune was Pyramid Song:

*I jumped in the river and what did I see?
Black-eyed angels swam with me
A moon full of stars and astral cars
All the things I used to see
All my lovers were there with me
All my past and futures
And we all went to heaven in a little row boat
There was nothing to fear and nothing to doubt*

As Dan introduced the song he told me how the song sometimes made him cry and when the song came around to the lyrics, "There was nothing to fear and nothing to doubt" Dan started wiping tears from his face. I think we both experienced a healing at that moment.

We talked and then talked some more and finally retreated to our bedrooms around one o'clock in the morning. I fell asleep as soon as my head hit my pillow.

**If you wish to read the rest of this chapter click
on the link above.**