

# THE SEVENTH DIRECTION

THE SPIRITUAL JOURNEY OF A MYSTIC

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## EARLY MEMORIES

HOW CAN WE CALL CHILDHOOD MEMORIES “EARLY MEMORIES” when we watched the building of the pyramids, Stonehenge, and Göbekli Tepe?

Again and again, I have been born in the swirling blue mist of time immemorial. In the monasteries of China of centuries past, my master trained me, a rambunctious youth, in martial arts. Although I had the title “count” in several incarnations, I entered this life without prestige or privilege—although honors would flow to me, as the soul is magnetic beyond the constraints of time.

My mentors in centuries past trained me in the esoteric sciences. My mentors in the present opened the doors to my not-so-forgotten past and empowered me in this life to self-realization and enlightenment—journeys that befit all people. The former is beneficial for practical reasons in this life, and the latter, seemingly impractical, is most beneficial in the eternity of life. Enlightenment is a journey usually retraced by mystics and masters each time they incarnate. It is a journey that most people avoid at all costs to the detriment of their own beings.

My journey begins as I spin yet again through the blue mist and enter a family that surged into the American middle class in

the postwar boom of the 1950s and 1960s. My father, who was of Welsh royal stock, was raised in poverty, as were most rural Americans of the 1930s and 1940s.

It must be remembered that America has always been a land where opportunities abound, but it has also been a land of poverty. Until the 1950s, about 45 percent of the population lived in poverty. The postwar boom raised the standard of living, and during the 1950s, lowered the poverty level to about 30 percent.

The grave poverty of the past is subsiding in America, but the disparity is growing between those who have too much and those who have too little. Both live in their own self-imposed hells, imagining their counterparts to be in a nonexistent paradise.

I was born in the 1950s into the new world of prosperity and hope. It was a time when the future appeared bright, and everything seemed possible if you were part of the American dream. My journey in learning about this world began as quickly as I could distill the English language out of the many languages floating in my thoughts from incarnations past so I could understand the conversations of my grandfather and his brothers.

My mother and I were together in a previous incarnation. In our previous life she was my student. In this life she returned the favor by being my guardian and teacher while I was young.

About a year after my mother married my father, I enlarged the family. I was born with some hair and lots of fire in my belly. Strong enough to immediately hold my head up and observe the world about me, I was born ready to explore and immediately crawled about.

Probably because my mother was somewhat sedated, I do not have vivid memories of the first two weeks of my life. It seems odd to be missing these two weeks. To remember the swirling mist of time and centuries past but to have about two weeks

blurred from my memory seems like a practical joke of birth colluding with modern medicine. To remember the brightly painted pyramids of Egypt and the bloody battles of Rome but be missing a few days at the beginning of this incarnation is ludicrous to say the least.

While she was pregnant with me, the gas stove my mother cooked on flashed fire into her face when she was lighting the pilot flame. She did not sustain an injury, but she was startled. For the first twenty years of my life, at the time of day when this had occurred to her, my face would become red where the flames had touched her. This continued to occur on occasion until I was well past thirty years of age. My mother always said she had marked me like Jacob had marked Laban's sheep by casting twigs before them (Genesis 30:37–40). My bottom side was also occasionally marked with a twig, but this only occurred when I tried my mother's patience beyond reason.

The doctor also slightly marked me. Like most children born during that era, I had a small forceps mark on my forehead, which finally disappeared when I was about thirty. Perhaps both markings disappeared at the same time. Some marks don't last a lifetime, and others are carried from incarnation to incarnation. This certainly isn't the first time that I have been bald by nature or choice.

When I was about two weeks old, my mother called the doctor and said, "This child won't stop crying." The doctor asked, "What are you feeding him?" My mother responded, "Milk." The doctor told her to give me some solid food. She began feeding me cereal. I ate. I was happy. The crying ceased.





## SPEECH PRECEDES MEMORY VERSUS MEMORY PRECEDES SPEECH

A dog does not speak, but it remembers.  
Even cells have memory.

VERY EARLY IN LIFE I UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS BEING SAID TO me, and often I heard what people were thinking. The two frequently did not coincide, and this caused me considerable difficulty when trying to decipher what words really meant. This may have caused me to be somewhat reluctant to speak, as words seemed to have fluid meanings. I did not speak until the age of three, and then, to the amazement of my parents and other family members, I started to speak in full, completely structured, complex sentences.

In our seventh-grade science class the teacher, a stout gray-haired lady who had a huge Saint Bernard, told us that memory and speech were related. She said science had proven that speech preceded memory. That was the first time that I realized that most children did not have early memories. I was certain that she was wrong. Of course, in theory you have to be able to remember a word before you can say it; however, my misgivings were less

theoretical and more personal and practical. I had memories before birth, but those thoughts were beyond language. I had vivid memories at two weeks of age but did not begin speaking until I was three years old.

I knew what people were saying, or perhaps I knew what people were thinking, but English seemed foreign and difficult to me, and the tongue fall of the language seemed totally alien. The last time I had spoken English before entering this life, the cadence and tongue fall were different. To this day, I speak and write with a syntax that some people find interesting but strangely ordered.

Despite the lack of speech, my early memories were as vivid as my memories of the science class and the instructor banging on the side of her metal desk, yelling, “Ye gads and little blue-eyed catfish” to quiet the class when it was loud or rowdy.