



# THE QUICKENING







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Leaping Ahead on  
Your Spiritual Journey

**Gregg Unterberger, M.Ed., LPC**



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To Jane,  
For a man of many words, this time words fail me.  
It's simple really.  
Your love, your unflinching belief in me, makes it all possible.







### **Author's Note**

Like many counselors who write about their work, I have chosen to share some stories from workshop participants and individual clients from across the country. I have also included some personal information from my own life. Specific names and details have been altered to protect certain individual's identities. I am, first and foremost, a licensed professional counselor; confidentiality and honoring the trust of my clients is critical to my work. However, the reader can rest assured that as incredible as these narratives may seem, I have not inflated the content of these events. The central focus and heart of all the stories told herein are true.







## Who Was Edgar Cayce?

Throughout this book, you will occasionally see quotes that are attributed to Edgar Cayce. Each quote is followed by a series of numbers, which indicate the “reading” that the quote was pulled from. I wanted to take a moment to explain who Edgar Cayce is and how the reading numbers work.

Edgar Cayce (1877–1945) has been called “the sleeping prophet,” “the father of holistic medicine,” “the miracle man of Virginia Beach,” and “the most-documented psychic of all time.” For forty-three years of his adult life, he had the ability to put himself into some kind of self-induced sleep state by lying down on a couch, closing his eyes, and folding his hands over his stomach. This state of relaxation and meditation enabled him to place his mind in contact with all time and space and gave him the ability to respond to any question he was asked. His responses came to be called “readings” and contained insights so valuable that even to this day Edgar Cayce’s work is known throughout the world. Hundreds of books have explored his amazing psychic gift, and the entire range of Cayce material is accessed by tens of thousands of people each and every day.

During Cayce’s life, the Edgar Cayce readings were all numbered to provide confidentiality. So in the case of 294-1, for example, the first set of numbers (“294”) refers to the individual or group for whom the reading was given. The second set of numbers (“1”) refers to the number in the series from which the reading is taken. Therefore, 294-1 identifies the reading as the first one given to the individual assigned #294.

Although the vast majority of the Cayce material deals with health and every manner of illness, countless topics were explored by Cayce’s psychic talent: dreams, philosophy, intuition, business advice, the Bible, education, childrearing, ancient civilizations, reincarnation, personal spirituality, improving human relationships, finding your mission in life, and much more.







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## Acknowledgments

Traditionally, this is the part of the book where authors drone on about everyone who has contributed to bringing their book into fruition. Readers may be inclined to skip over this section. This is entirely understandable, given that most authors feel the need to acknowledge not only the seminal figures in their lives but everyone else, including, apparently, green grocers, taxi drivers, the company that manufactures their inkjet printer, their dog sitter, and their Aunt Agatha—*ad nauseam*, boring you, dear reader, to tears.

I will be no exception. After all, can one be too grateful? You have my sympathies.

Julie Andrews reminds us (with enough sugar to rot our molars) to “start at the very beginning, a very good place to start.” My parents, Drs. Robert and Betty Unterberger, were my first spiritual teachers. I was blessed to grow up in a home where meditation was taught and metaphysics were discussed over meatloaf and peas as far back as I can remember. By extension, I want to acknowledge their teachers as well: the Jungian psychologist Dr. Sara Robbins and physicist and mystic Dr. Raynor Johnson. They are my spiritual lineage. Long before he was on the board of the Institute of Noetic Sciences (IONS), the late Walter Starcke took time to answer a teenage Gregg’s pesky spiritual questions and modeled that you could be into metaphysics without surrendering your critical thinking skills or a keen ability to use colorful language at select moments. (See below.)

Dr. Frank Allen literally turned my life upside down one weekend in 1988, and I still have not recovered. I awakened from the blissful slumber of ignorance and have been facing off with my demons ever since. I may yet forgive him. Through literally thousands of hours of therapy, Frank has been a supervisor, mentor, co-leader, giant pain-in-the-ass, and a friend. Although we have grown to differ in our therapeutic approaches in many ways, I am eternally grateful to him, even though (as he has so often pointed out), I am *one sick lizard*.

My friends Kathy Nevils and Angeline Eckholm enthusiastically believed in me from the start and offered important reality checks along the way. John Lee and Marvin Allen were early mentors and demonstrated for me a fierce masculinity that was heart-centered and



not abusive. Dr. John Garcia at Texas State University was instrumental in my training as a therapist and as a human being. I am constantly building on my Integrative and Holotropic Breathwork training with Jacqueline Small, Tav Sparks, and Dr. Stanislav Grof. Long live the Great Bear Shaman!

Dr. Elizabeth Neeld, a dear family friend, helped me to sift through the legal end of this work, and also her audiobook *Yes, You Can Write* has long been an inspiration. She would vouch that this book, for better or worse, is my “authentic voice.” Mike Tomelleson, my legal counsel, offered not only sage advice on intellectual properties but his enthusiasm and understanding of Edgar Cayce and metaphysics was a Godsend. One typically acknowledges their editor, lest they secretly hack out the author’s favorite chapter. But I offer Jennie Taylor Martin my thanks, because she has been such a staunch supporter and really understood the tone of this tome—and that was vital. Jennie, my gratitude for being honest, constructive, and gentle with the red Marks-A-Lot.

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I am heartened by the friendship and support of Andrew Harvey, a global mystic and genuine inspiration. As Churchill observed of FDR, meeting Andrew was “like opening your first bottle of champagne; knowing him was like drinking it.” Dr. Elfie Hinterkopf’s writings have been influential in my work and her presence a gentle support.

Dr. David Grand, the developer of *Brainspotting*, transformed the way I practice psychotherapy and may yet change the way the world does this work. Thank you, David.

Some people look back on a marriage that ended as a failure. I am fortunate in that I was married to a woman whom for many years was not only my friend and lover, but a spiritual partner. Many thanks to you, Vicki, for all I learned with you and from you. I will see you again



next lifetime, and we can complete whatever went unfinished.

Psychics Tammy Potok and Cindy Myska are also to be thanked for their personal and professional support. Keep me posted on what's next, would ja?

I am thankful I found a colleague, friend, and true brother in Jack Morrison, LMSW. It was Jack who dragged me to Brainspotting training in return for my favor of dragging *him* into my Transpersonal Breathwork workshops. Apparently, no good deed goes unpunished. So, to Jack, as well as to Chelsea DeKruyff, LPC, Satu Korby, LPC, and Alecia Masood, CMT, thank you for your sincere efforts in Transpersonal Breathwork Experiences. Your compassion and open hearts always made a difference. The love and understanding of my niece and nephew, Ben and Maureen, has always been an inspiration, and they are to thank *me* for fulfilling a key role in their lives: Every child needs a weird uncle.

Norman and Angela Tucker have been an ongoing support and the love and acceptance of their adult grandchildren, Caitlin, Chris, and Matthew made completing this endeavor much easier.

Both the work of Edgar Cayce and *A Course in Miracles* has shaped my spiritual journey and metaphysical worldview. As such, an enormous debt of gratitude is owed to a number of individuals I have never met, including Dr. Helen Shucman, Dr. William Thetford, Dr. Kenneth Wapnick, and Edgar Cayce himself. I am fortunate to call counselor Tom Baker—a former priest and a student of both Cayce and the *Course*—a friend and supporter. We both continue to find ways to “straddle the teachings,” exploring wisdom where it blossoms in each.

The administration and staff—past and present—of Edgar Cayce's Association for Research and Enlightenment (A.R.E.) in Virginia Beach, Va., can be credited for taking my work to the national level with special kudos to Kevin Todeschi, Charles Thomas Cayce, Jim Dixon, Darrin Owens, Allison Parker Hedrick, Peter Woodbury, John Van Auken, Renee Branch, Kristie Holmes, Cassie McQuagge, Jeanette Welch, Martha Loveland, and Darlene Wilson. Nadean Phillips of the A.R.E.'s Southwest Region was a strong supporter early on in my career. Carl Bohannon and Ed Jamail of the A.R.E. Houston Center continue to put me to work and demonstrate what Cayce really meant by the word “cooperation.” And space does not permit the mention of



dozens of regional A.R.E. volunteers, like Marlene Duet, who have welcomed me to their cities like I was family. Thanks guys, for believing in me.

Finally, there are no words to begin to thank the hundreds of people who have been my individual clients or the thousands who have participated in my workshops across the nation. I sat at your feet and learned from your triumphs and failures. We laughed and wept together. You have informed and transformed my life. That you would risk sharing your hearts with me in the most painful of times and trust me to help you, often overwhelms me. That you have allowed me to stay by your side in my workshops as you stood before the Throne of God Himself astonishes me. What an honor you have bestowed upon me by sharing your journey.

Whether we sat together one-to-one in my office or a hotel suite, in a church or an auditorium with hundreds of participants, or as a handful of people at *The Heart of Forgiveness* in Zion Canyon matters little: Where we have worked together, loved each other, and honored the Divine in ourselves is Holy Ground. I am eternally grateful.

Gregg Unterberger, M.Ed., LPC  
College Station, Texas





Have you ever looked at another person's eyes and suddenly found yourself moving through endless corridors of space and time, merged with another human being? Later, you may have called that either love or madness, but either way, the "outer you" ceased to be the focus of your consciousness.

Time and space became one and you were focused in an eternal now. For many of us this happens in less intense moments—although just as beautiful—in experiences of attunement with nature. Every person between birth and death is caught now and then by the sudden union with nature—a starry sky on a clear cold night, a shaft of sunlight on a bubbling brook, the moon over a restless ocean, the high notes of the mockingbird who seems to be singing just for the listener, a flash of vivid lightning followed by the roll of distant thunder, or the strange sounds of a tree that is suddenly alive beyond one's wildest imagination.

The mystical literature of the world is filled with descriptions of such experiences. These are the movements of consciousness towards God, the creative energy of this Universe. And you and I need to seek these out.

For one such experience can change the whole course of your life and make this utterly confusing melee here meaningful.

Hugh Lynn Cayce  
*Venturing Inward*







# 1

## Over the Edge

"The spirit will quicken, if the soul will but acknowledge His power, His divine right with thee."

Edgar Cayce reading 262-62

*My head violently slammed against the Prius' passenger front seat window as the driver rocketed around the curve. "For God's sake, slow down!" I blurted. But the driver, steely-eyed and deaf to my cries, glared resolutely straight ahead, wraith-like hands clutching the wheel. I was seeing stars and was somewhat in shock. After all, I had known the person behind the wheel for years and had trusted her. I had never seen her drive this way.*

My new Prius had been a dream car for me. I had purchased the hybrid, brand new, just a few months ago. It was better for the planet, saved me money on gas, and admittedly, while not a Lexus, was comfortable. I had bought it with all the bells and whistles I had wanted. I regretted allowing her to take the wheel.

The car swerved again to the left, this time not as dramatically, narrowly avoiding some large metal bowls in the road. My head was still muddled, but out of the corner of my eye, in the side mirror, I caught a vision of some kind of scraps in the bowls. Isn't that bizarre? It's as though someone put out some food for some stray dogs, but not on



the sidewalk. They put them almost halfway out in the road. If the dogs come out to eat, surely they will get hit by traffic, I thought. Silently, I cursed the unknown perpetrators.

But those thoughts spent only microseconds in my mind as we rapidly approached a bridge that I knew was under construction. One of the lanes of the bridge was complete, while the other was only half finished. "Turn right, turn right, turn right!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, reaching towards the wheel, while the driver yanked it to the left, rumbling over discarded construction lumber, taking a dangerous fork. She shifted gears and stomped on the gas, the car rocketing forward, my neck snapping backwards, my skull banging on the upholstered headrest. Why was she doing this?

In the dim light, I could see we were hurtling towards a black-and-white stripped barricade dead ahead, supported precariously by two sawhorses. The bridge was incomplete; the only thing standing between 2,000 pounds of rolling steel and a 200-foot drop were paltry two-by-fours and flashing yellow lights. "Please," I begged, our speed increasing, "please stop! You're going to kill us!"

But she was hell-bent, the car racing towards a destiny that I didn't choose, didn't want, and couldn't stop. The sound of the nose of the car breaking the barricade was sharp and deafening; the wood retching as it splintered, the headlights shattering, tinkling; ghastly chimes in a symphony of destruction. In an instant, time slowed down beyond slow motion, like something out of a Hollywood action film. I was both in the car and out of the car, observing omnisciently. Outside the car, I could see it arching upward, wheels turning slowly, releasing their grip on the pavement, splintered planks and dust suspended in mid-air. The automobile hung briefly in the sky, all but motionless, reaching its apogee. For a moment, I thought it might take flight, soaring off towards the full moon. But a second later, gravity kicked in, and as the black-and-white lumber pirouetted and spiraled below the wheels, plunging downward, the front of the car began following the debris obligingly, nosing towards the water, hundreds of feet below.

Simultaneously, I was inside the doomed vehicle, gripping the dash, preparing myself for the inevitable impact that would take forever and come too soon. I could hear the metal groan and the low roar of the wind as my field of vision through the windshield tilted from a



star-lit night sky, to the cityscape on the horizon before me, and then finally to the waters below as gravity's unrelenting grasp took hold. It was too late: too late to decide not to get in the car, too late to get out of the car, too late to stop the driver. My fate was sealed, certain death was seconds away.

Two very strange thoughts crossed my mind.

First: *Maybe, just maybe, if I keep breathing and relax into the present moment, I could live through this.* Second: *If I live through this, I will have to get a whole new car.*

And then below me, water, crystal clear, illuminated by some unseen subterranean luminescence, glowed and rushed to meet the windshield of the car.

\* \* \*

I awoke from the dream with a start. My eyes did not open. Mother Nature, in her wisdom, protects the body from acting out dreams physically during sleep as the base of the brain shuts down the neurons in the spinal cord. The formal term is sleep paralysis. But my experience was sheer terror. My heart was pounding, I was breathing heavily, but my body was frozen for several minutes. Gradually, my appendages stirred as I realized I had been dreaming and that I was safe in a hotel bed cocooned in Egyptian cotton, surrounded by fluffy pillows. But that momentary relief transformed into panic as I spontaneously began interpreting the dream. I have learned that with my eyes still closed and my mind close to the sleep state, profusely cycling theta and alpha waves, I can often intuitively understand my dreams. The dream symbols were familiar ones and the meaning was clear, horrifyingly clear.

My new car was the reflection of my new affluent life: my private practice as a therapist was increasingly successful, and I was lecturing all over the country. But the woman behind the wheel had taken control of our very lives: she was "in the driver's seat," not me. I could protest all I wanted, but it was too late. There were scraps to be had; enough to live on, but to stay like a starving dog and eat them might kill me. The bridge, a symbol of transition from one arena of life to another was ahead of us, but she did not take the "right" path, which could take us safely across the water, but instead chose to take the left



fork. I would be left. She was literally “driving us over the edge.”

The meaning of the dream was plainly evident. The relationship would end. I would have to start my life all over. The water that I was plunging into was all but transparent, indicating clarity was coming, even in what appeared to be destruction. I grimly chuckled to myself: At least the destination is clarity; all I have to do is *die* to get there. A line from St. Francis’ prayer surfaced into my awareness, “It is in dying that one awakens to Eternal Life.” In the dream, I was all but dead meat. In reality, my physical body wasn’t at risk, but my egoic identity was most certainly on the block. There was another bit of promise in the dream, echoing a client’s real life experience in a car wreck that I had unconsciously absorbed into my personal dream iconography: If I could just keep breathing and stay in the moment, I might just live through it.

But minutes later, I was weeping in agony in the shower, the steaming hot water mixing with the warmth of my tears. There was no escaping it. I could see what the dream meant, that the relationship was destined to end. Edgar Cayce said that nightmares were often warnings; if so, this was a big-time cosmic heads up. I didn’t want this. I begged God to take this all away from me. Ending it would be the antithesis of who I thought I was. I liked being in relationship. I wanted this one to go the distance. I felt like my skin was being ripped from my body. I kept thinking that there must be something I could say or do, only to be haunted by pictures of me begging her to slow down to no avail. I had thoughts of staying, even if it was bad, only to flash back on the starving, stray dogs coming for scraps and being hit by the cars. How many times had I told my clients in therapy that they didn’t have to settle for scraps in their relationships, that they were worthy of so much more?

*Physician, heal thyself.* I couldn’t stop her from driving us over the edge, and I couldn’t even stay for the scraps without being killed. It felt like the ultimate double bind. My interpersonal skills? My psychological awareness? My compassionate heart? All worthless.

I was powerless. I was seeing my future. I was being warned.

Suddenly, as these thoughts collided in my head in the shower, I was given a vision of a railroad track ending directly in front of me. Another track began to the right about twenty feet away. They were



totally disconnected. I immediately understood the vision. I would not be following a gentle curve into a new direction in life. I would not be subtly evolving into a more awakened spiritual being. The transition I was about to make would be the life equivalent of getting a locomotive to jump tracks. I would be literally jumping from one karmic track to another.

I was experiencing a *quickening*.

The next day, I would see my beloved niece get married. Three days later, my father would have a break with reality, not knowing his name, the date, or even the year. Seven days later, one of my best friends would schedule their surgery in an attempt to survive a life-threatening cancer. Ten days later, the woman I had been dating for five years, the woman I thought I was destined to marry, would send me an email telling me the relationship was over.

The barricade was broken; the car was plunging.

