

All is Well | LSD Trip Report: May 11, 2019

LSD was against everything I had ever been taught. Not only were there the physiological dangers, there were the potential for flashbacks, and the risk of losing control of your mind altogether; taking such a substance could leave any of us vulnerable to spiritual deception, trickery—demons. Additionally, any knowledge or wisdom one believes they may have gained while in a state of psychedelia pales in comparison to any of the revelations which God could pass through to them naturally. Countless tales of bad trips full of fear, anguish, and delusion, people jumping out of windows and getting seriously hurt or dying, the possibility of the trip never ending or having it suddenly and uncontrollably occur again in an unexpected flashback episode, these—and more—were ideas and lore spread as a means to deter generations of people from partaking in such a drug. The major crux for a young Mormon though, is that it is against the Word of Wisdom, in that, the *“evil designs which do exist in the hearts of conspiring men”* can be present in such substances; and giving up the control of your mental faculties means giving up control of your spiritual faculties as well. Partaking of such a thing would leave one exposed as self-ensnared prey for, and by the devil himself.

However, at the age of twenty-eight, having spent my entire life living under the alleged wisdom of those words, I found that I was living a life full of fear, anguish, and delusion anyway, wanting to “jump out of windows” regularly just to end it all, unaware that due to personal, naturally occurring circumstances, I had been living with many of the listed and warning-label consequential side-effects of ingesting psychedelics anyway—and I had been since at least age seven. So, many of the warnings I had heard and heeded in that first 1/3 of my life, for me, were for not. In addition to these odd, altered states of conscious circumstances of my earlier childhood, around the age of fourteen I was struck with widespread, inexplicable chronic pain, which catapulted me into clinical patterns of chronic insomnia—both of which persist even to this day.

So at this time I considered: if I’m not in control of many of the faculties which cause me distress; physical, mental, emotional, spiritual, (having at least always staved off that urge to not live anymore), what would I truly be risking losing control over by taking a psychedelic? By that point, over the past fifteen years, I had tried at least two dozen different prescribed medications, a

handful of therapies, and priesthood blessings of comfort and healing. Suicidal ideations were one thing. Honestly, and oddly, lack of sleep helped me deal with that over the years, and so lack of sleep was just another thing as well; byproducts of what was truly overwhelming me—relentlessly troublesome chronic pain, which did in turn exacerbate the ideations and lack of sleep—a vicious cycle. Nothing ever seemed to alleviate that physical suffering, and after so many years, the mental struggle was beginning to catch up to me, but I knew I couldn't give in. Now, I was willing to try anything to find relief.

Not to mention, during this point in my life, I had recently become disaffected with the church—existential crisis mode had certainly reached an apex.

So, in mid-May of 2019 I took it, I had my first tab of LSD, and there I sat, waiting in my armchair for psychedelic apocrypha to take its eternal grip and thrust me into the abyss. It would not take hold nearly in the ways I had been taught to expect, nor in any way I could have therefore anticipated, but it would teach me how to surrender to the experience of being present like I had never before undergone—something which has since become invaluable to someone with chronic pain. This night was an overall peaceful and joyous experience filled with incredible bouts of new, welcome, and wondrous confusion, inexplicable contentment—as well as the enigmatic urge to take a nap before the first “peak” of the experience even arose. Beautiful, peaceful dreams, and some quality sleep for once in my life.

A few hours in—after waking from a nap, I was lead outside and into the darkness of a Latter-day Saint church parking lot. On the way there I was shown a tree. It was breathing so gently yet with such strength. Standing directly at its trunk base, slowly looking directly upward, I saw the acutely detailed structures of the bark in a swirling dance of fractal outgrowth and telescopic motion, with the limbs of the evergreen gyrating, dancing in some sort of mechanically disjointed union—some trees must love Jazz music. I saw that They are fully alive. They are Space for me, and all of us.

The church street and park lamps were not illuminated that night, sometimes this happens, and so more of the starry sky was available to be taken in. I looked up, and I witnessed the stars in the midst of a rapid, diamond-laden cosmic warfare, exploding in and out of existence—with each explosion sounding off the alarm of a heavenly glockenspiel, creating a celestial music box of experience. This hastily transformed as the stars swirled in a long-exposure unison, tracing

their radiant light across the sky, causing the universe to corkscrew away at light speed—yet slowly sucking my awe-stricken essence into the inviting center of its vortex at the same time.

I had to look away, since I had been struck slightly off balance, and overcome with tears and emotion at the beauty, which invited a warm, calm, and relaxing sensation upon my entire Being, causing me to forget that I had ever been stuck in a pain-ridden body at all. As I looked back up, the helicoid of the universe began to decelerate its rapid, racing pace, as each star became singular again. Though just as soon as they had resumed their respective constellated positions, they spontaneously began separating from the scrim of the night sky, cascading towards me like a gentle waterfall of luminescent bubbles, accompanied by the sounds of a divine, crystal wind-chimes.

As they made their approach, stopping to float just above me, they came together as one to form a magnificent, intensely bright, hyper-pointillistic cloud, as if something directly out of a quantum Georges Seurat painting. As they did so, the wind chimes modulated, and that erupting tune of the glockenspiel stars I had heard earlier, arose again as heavens harmony began singing,

*“Tis better far for us to strive
Our useless cares from us to drive
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell,
All is well! All is well!”*

They surrounded me, these individualized, bubbling stars of high luminosity, immersing me in a more grand, and singular, blindingly bright bath sent direct from heaven. This vast and intelligent host of guardian angels worked in harmony to become, support and honor the form of one body; first arriving as bright, individual angels, but culminating, coalescing, cleaving into one unified guardian angel—one which resides closer to me in spiritual resonance and sphere of order and influence than as uncombined, unorganized, smaller bits of intelligence could be. They did this in order that they could both support me, and embrace and carry me through the final moments of my existential crisis, my polar night of the soul, allowing me to transform my afflictions into a midnight sun of the soul.

It was then and there that I truly realized: *these are useless cares*. I knew, and subsequently understood, that all of my worries—in the grand scheme of things, as I had long since forgotten

—they are useless cares serving me no purpose in moving forward through life. I would come to find that this is the same message found in many Eastern philosophies: Suffering is caused by desire. If you mesh with that concept, and want to work on not desiring, spending enough time with it may have you finding that you have put yourself in a paradoxical position where you are desiring not to desire.

Personally, as a then fresh ExMormon, I had such an aching desire to know, as I once believed I knew, the answers to the universe—answers which had, since the beginning of my conscious life, fended off the potential of an existential crisis. Only now, in the middle of a Latter-day parking lot, in the middle of the night, and unbeknownst to me, in the middle of the n-Lyrids meteor shower, I was discovering that it would be far better for me to strive at driving away these existential cares, for they are eternally useless.

Furthermore, I recognized that this very striving to drive them away was in and of itself a useless, and fruitless care as well—*all is already well, always; consider the Lillies*. These cares, thoughts, and desires, they had been serving me no good, they were contributing to my suicidal ideation, and exacerbating every facet of my ontological crisis of being and understanding, and it was time to release their grasp.

This embrace from the stars was a spiritual broad-spectrum liberation from gravitational and atmospheric pressures, releasing me into a revelation of deep, unburdened truth—a flash of clear unprincipled knowing, having my understanding touched, swimming in the very midst of the pure light of the heavens, which forever extinguished my sense of dread, despair, and useless caring at the alleged troublesome aspects of my place in this brief world. I would come to find that I felt and feel as Terence McKenna once expressed,

“I am the most optimistic person you have ever met. I’m absolutely convinced that there is nothing wrong, and that nothing can go wrong, and that nothing will go wrong, and that if something needs to be done you will find yourself doing it.

Now, all purveyors of this kind of goody two-shoes point of view have to, then, come to terms with: well, how come the world is such a terrible place? Well, it’s a terrible place because it is an interference pattern composed of many times and many places. And there is no peace until the end. There is no let-up in pressure until the end.”

I had reached an end of my useless cares, and so, thanks to a host of angels sent from the peaceful end of the heavens to embrace me in a coalescence with one divine essence, there was a let-up in some of my personal pressures, and my soul was touched by God.

This is how I know.