

Trampoline OBE+Depersonalization, 1996

It was late October to mid-November 1996 when I recall witnessing and perplexedly experiencing a dissociation—a detachment of my-Self from my body—and seeing and feeling the world in a way I never had before. One night a group of us had been invited over, as we often were, to my cousin Sean’s house. I don’t quite recall if this was one of the times we were jumping off of the top of the Winnebago onto the trampoline, jumping off of the roof of the house onto the trampoline, or just having a good-old fashioned chaotic riot of ten kids haphazardly jumping on it all at once—either way—I recall being flipped off of the trampoline and rolling quite some distance away in the large open lawn of Sean’s backyard. Suddenly, I found myself watching myself tumble into the grass from the far north end of the yard, witnessing the entire scene at play from a distance before being snapped back into myself. When I rolled into and onto my back and looked up I recall finding that the deep blues and darker pockets of the night sky had become enhanced to a higher definition than my eyes had ever previously been capable of perceiving, and there were apparent contrasts throughout the sky where I hadn’t noticed before.

The stars shone brighter and seemed to twinkle faster. Most strikingly was the silhouetted mountain with its intensely sharp ridge cutting ever so delicately and purposefully into and through the night sky; this, a perspective which would strike me intensely following my first LSD trip in May of 2019, and the years of intense daily meditation that followed. The constellation Pleiades on the Eastern horizon mesmerized me and stuck out among the other constellations as one of immense intensity. All of this new visual acuity was interesting, but I *felt* far more strange. I recall dizzily approaching my cousin, while watching the world wobble with the stars slowly rotating away, to tell him very specifically, “I don’t feel like myself.” He told me to rest in the grass for a minute and I’d probably feel fine. Someone got me some water. I recall it taking quite some time for me to feel myself again that night.

In one of John Vervaeke’s lectures on *The Meaning Crisis*, he said,

“Caledonian crows will tumble down roofs in order to make themselves dizzy for no other purpose than to alter their state of consciousness.”¹

If true, and being an avid lover of corvids myself, I think I may have experienced what they’re aiming for in their tumbles, and I wouldn’t put it past them to behave as such. As a child I often wondered why the magpies in my neighborhood were always diving in front of cars very last second. There they would be, waiting on the curbside looking all fancy and formal, when just as you’re about to pass them by they make their suicidal swoop in front of the car, but now I suppose the same rush is applicable to simply

¹ Vervaeke, John, *Awakening from the Meaning Crisis*. YouTube, 22 Jan. 2019, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5418_ewcOly&t=771s.

altering their state of consciousness. That night at Sean's, like a crow tumbling down a rooftop, and a magpie diving in front of a car, I was flipped off of the trampoline into an altered state of consciousness unlike anything seven year old me had ever before experienced.