

## **Living with a Genius [Chapter TWO excerpt]**

When not working at Lockheed Aircraft, or on the ongoing construction and modifications of our ever-expanding abode, Dad normally reserved his fanaticism and remaining free time for his various gadgets and inventions. To my mother's consternation, Dad's mind was always scheming and configuring. He sketched and doodled around the border of the kitchen place mats until no white space remained. My father delighted in developing multiple projects in his specially built basement workshop. For a young boy, his laboratory was a Tinker-Toy and Erector-Set paradise.

Dad prided himself on being able to repair any mechanical or electrical device...not always a benefit. I remember a time when Mom became furious over his putting off repairs to our broken television set. While missing all her favorite programs, Dad was down in the basement happily preoccupied with his latest brainstorm.



**Larry & Sister Wendy on Go-Cart Test**

He could not tolerate her paying someone else to do repair work, however. When Mom threatened to call Hollywood's most expensive television shop, Dad had the set on and operating by the following evening.

### **Saucer in the Hills**

Our home became front-page news after the unceremonious unveiling of one of Dad's more spectacular inventions. He had designed a solid, 32-foot-diameter swimming-pool cover from scrap aluminum and magnesium—all discarded leftovers from Lockheed's infamous "Skunk Works." The silver disc—operating like a toilet-seat lid—attached by cable to an electric wench securely imbedded in the steep bank directly behind the cylindrical 30-foot swimming pool (that Dad also designed and built). While in the raised position, two retractable arms rigidly extended from the embankment to hold the main lid braces in place. When the pool was not in use, we simply reversed the wench and returned the elaborate cover to its full-down position. This pool-cover scheme actually took Dad longer to design and build than did the pool, itself. But the droppings from our constantly shedding forest of oak trees

ceased their ferocious contamination. Dad's inventions saved me from some of the more arduous hillside chores.

The first day we raised the completed monument to my father's unyielding inventiveness, it was immediately noticed by hundreds—perhaps thousands—living throughout the San Fernando Valley. Calls came pouring into the Studio City and North Hollywood Police Stations—and, therefore, the media—suggesting a “Flying Saucer” crash-landed in the foothills. From a different angle, the massive disc apparently looked like a hole in the mountain.



A Los Angeles Times' news crew, not knowing the entrance to our private driveway, began hacking their way through the steep, prickly hillside foliage and thick underbrush that lay between our house and the winding roadway, below. My dad, tickled by this motivated display, sat back and patiently awaited their arrival.

Torn, bleeding, and exhausted, the journalistic entourage eventually reached their intended target. My inventor father, resplendent in the afterglow of having his brilliance recognized, held court. Standing proudly for the cameras, Dad answered questions and described the design details of his latest mechanical marvel. “Would you care to see my ultra-glide pontoon boat, super lightweight egg-shell travel trailer, or other innovations?” he asked. The offering of cold beer, lemonade, and



sterile dressings bought some extra time and conversation. But then the resilient reporters had to leave in time to both meet their deadlines *and* tend to their wounds. Some remembered the malevolent “Saucer in the Hills” longer than others, when the poison oak, which the determined surveyors had been so keen to dispatch, found tortuous access

to their every nook, cranny, and orifice.



## Learning to Think Outside the Box

Developing an appreciation for our own preexisting potential better prepares us to take advantage of manifesting opportunities. My father continually demonstrated the adage: “Opportunities are never lost; they simply pass on to someone else.” Might this be the time to prepare yourself for those new treasures coming *your way*?

As force-fed youngsters, we more, or less, accept society's *facts of life*, with original beliefs a constant until we awaken to a higher reality. Unfortunately for both our parents and ourselves, we must first endure the teenage years where we *think* we have awakened to it all. Having survived that challenging time, some of us begin to chart our own course. In so doing, we also help lead others out of the darkness. When we realize just how subjective and arbitrary our interpretation of life's processes, we automatically shift to a more expanded view and become more focused on the *inclusive* nature of life. Unless determined to resist our wakeup call to the bitter end, we learn—in stages—to release those feelings of victimization and the need to fight to be right. As we discover that real, genuine power to change comes solely from within, we relax our need to control others or to blame outside circumstances for our condition in life. This potentially leads to the elimination of war and all forms of conflict. If—during this reading—you come to this same

liberating conclusion, you might perhaps sense the significance inherent in a message of emancipation and all-inclusive synchronicity.

You no longer need to clone the thinking and behavior of others in distorted, futile attempts to reach an elusive comfort zone. Your newfound freedom includes the realization that emotional, mental, and Spiritual salvation is achievable only within your existing domain, not in any separate entity or force. As you'll increasingly discover, this newly actualized level of belief begins with Second Reality consciousness. I continue to review and discuss the various applications of the reality levels—and their relationship to quality of life—throughout this guidebook.

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