

How to Get Free

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*“For there to be justice in the world,
Life Must Be Eternal . . .”*

—Thoughts that lead to:

Religious Experience

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I've finally come to realize that all my efforts, my wasted ranting and ravings are because: I'm the only person I know of to have had a complete religious experience. My views are so far removed from traditional beliefs, apparently no one can relate to them.

Owing to that religious experience, I can only thank my lucky stars —or more accurately, almighty God. And after so many years, I'm still around to offer some insight.

I don't know how many times I've told people that as God stood patiently watching, I wrote a book —an exciting story about the filming of an occult movie. How all the little things that could go wrong, did go wrong until somehow it all turned out right.

In a dream that preceded the writing of that book, *Craven Image* —in the last week of 2000— I woke up angry and decided to write my dream down. And what had made me so angry that it jolted me up from my bed was that we had elected a president in as close of an election as we will see, but the results were left tainted by a potentially corrupted balloting process. And *one* state official stood in the way of a recount. My point is: my anger and that dream resulted in my writing a book —entirely stream of consciousness, without any kind of plan or outline— so that even as I wrote I was constantly surprised by events in the story as they developed.

For example, toward the end of the book (where my friends and I are filming the occult movie), how would you

expect a coven of devil-worshippers to get God to show up—in the flesh, so to speak? The high priestess leads the coven in a chant, taunting God: “Rise up demon, Answer the call. You cannot hide the coward that you are.” And God appears as a brash young David to confront the devil, guitar in hand, who claims to be His older brother and who makes it clear that when he was god, the world was a better place.

This is a humorous, entertaining story (and relevant to the times) but I couldn’t get any book publishers to take an interest, and seven years later—after approaching every publisher or literary agency that was listed—I gave up on them. And I was so mortified by rejection that when an Internet publisher offered to get me printed copies for free, I took them up on their offer.

That book didn’t get any publicity and few people have read or commented on it, or even heard of *Craven Image*. (I wasn’t advised I should consider sending pre-published copies to *three hundred* newspaper book reviewers, or I probably would have decided against using their Internet services).

One person did offer encouragement for my next project, an eight-minute cartoon-song that started out as a children’s book. My story-song, *A Goat On The Boat* (listed under Billy McCarty, on YouTube). After a year doing artwork, some of it professionally drawn by an artist friend (it was her brother who encouraged me to finish) I discovered the words could be sung. So this was a project for kids to experiment with adding family photos or video into the cartoon, while at the same time they could sing along or record their own voices for posterity. Making this, a project that promotes family values.

So with a potentially commercial, inspiring story all about ‘luck,’ and I still couldn’t find a publisher, imagine

how that made me feel: As if I were invisible. Is it possible I'm already dead and nobody can see me? Because very few singers realize the energy it takes to sing a lengthy children's song. So it wasn't just book companies, but *MUSIC* companies who turned their backs on this *sound investment opportunity*.

That's where I'm coming from as I try to explain what I feel has happened to our society that resulted in my having received so much crippling rejection, especially when one considers what my motives were in trying to get someone's attention in the first place ... *I was trying to sound a warning*. And warning people about a dangerous threat is a goal I had no choice but to take seriously.

Everyone needs to be reverent about something before they die. If they are lucky, they have Jesus to inspire them. But people at least need to think about God. And if you're listening to me then you'll know that God can be a lot of help.

But God has His problems, too, something I discovered when I was angry watching a TV news report. So I know exactly what day it was, the very same day we sent our troops into Iraq with our president promising this war would be justified when it was proven Iraq had weapons of mass destruction.

I was angry that morning and suddenly God was there with me in the same room where He'd visited me every morning for five weeks as I wrote my book. And I'm not kidding (about His having been there). It's the hours when I did my writing that were so strange. Every night I got up out of bed at one in the morning and went to my desk and took up writing where I'd left off (from 6 A.M. the night before). And these are not my normal hours —no coffee or anything.

I can hardly believe it myself. But I'm telling you, God

visited me in that same room on the College campus of U.T. in Austin, Texas, while I was angry watching the news—and God ... wasn't angry at all.

I can only say that God was content—and He left me to understand: All of His prophesies were set to come true and it had been a lot of work.

God conveyed to me that if the words He spoke by His prophets didn't come to pass, He would have just been blowing smoke all of those centuries ago and He would not really be God. So His prophesies *have* to come true.

And I don't know what the significance was, of that war to God.... We all know Saddam had to go. But the real cost of war is counted in *all* the lives that are lost. My anger that morning had to do with prophecy in the Book of Daniel: my concern that we were escalating the prophesies of Chapter 11.

God is a God to all people in the world and they are all basically innocent for their beliefs. Everywhere people live to “honor thy father and thy mother” by accepting traditions they are raised in.

We are *ALL* free agents witnessing warnings of a biblical proportion—pretending these things just can't be happening. Imagining that God is holding out hope for us, yet, as we toy with an apocalypse. Believing that maybe He has a lesson to set us straight for all time, and hoping He'll intervene before the world as we know it is completely undone.

A popular book, the premise of which was kind of hard to accept and undoubtedly even harder to construct, is Michael Crichton's, *Lost World*, with his vision of an island where dinosaurs managed to escape detection in today's world. One point he makes in his story is that he doesn't agree with the theory that a massive meteorite strike and the resulting pollution brought about the extinction of the

dinosaurs. He believes their extinction resulted from some type of change in their behavior, although I don't think he quite explains that.

What he really wants us to think about is the effect of the Internet at the turn of the millennium and what might happen when the behavior of billions of people is affected, *en masse* —their behavior, or their opinions on any one subject.

And this is what I want to relate concerning the cartoon I created to try to draw attention to myself. Of course it needed animation. But by providing everything else: the story, the rhymes; the soundtrack and artwork —including having brought professional artwork to the table, surely I couldn't be expected to know how to produce eight minutes of animation. When I finally do figure out how to do that and people are totally impressed with my cartoon, what contribution are people in the publishing business, the music business and the film industry supposed to add to all of that?

Nothing; they have nothing to add if I'm forced to do it all, *including having to finance my own promotions*. But without industry support, musicians turn to music synthesizers to augment their song lyrics. Writers resort to writing e-books —books that can only be read by people who have the electronic devices.

In the space of one decade, with the aid of computers many people are attempting to do everything themselves, while divining how to use the technology. And how has it come to this? Because people in those professions have met their material needs to such an extent they don't need to invest in anyone.

Which goes back to Michael Crichton's theory of extinction due to a sudden change of behavior, because there *is* a change taking place in human behavior as a

result of the Internet: People aren't just suspicious of each other to an alarming extent—with so many people out to make a fast buck you have to be careful. But people are also, aside from becoming conniving themselves, becoming almost entirely indifferent. And this is a change in behavior that's doing irreparable harm to anyone forced to use the Internet to communicate legitimate concerns.

Polite, civil behavior is being decimated by the Internet. Although, as if solely to disprove this one assertion, it's also true that many people do use the Internet in support of just causes.

But generally, if people are unsure of you, they just erase you, forget you; or they don't reply (and you don't exist to them). And when you do find someone with common interests, people will drop you even if you're doing business with them, because most times you don't even know who they are; so that we are learning to become completely indifferent to each other and even to the plight of the world.

It's the province of the young to be most concerned about the plight of the world. Every generation of teens experiences this same rite of passage as though they were the first. Then they go to work, make money, lose money, have kids, experience the uncounted hurtles life throws at them and become disillusioned, until concern for the plight of the world gives way to: "Who needs this! Thank God my life's over. Maybe the next generation will figure it out."

And I'm not immune to having these misgivings. Although I try to keep a civil frame of mind—the positive attitude of my youth—when I find that I am slipping over into the glum, which is easy to do.

But we all have to admit that today's young people are saddled with a problem no other generation ever had to

contend with: The Internet.... Permanently recorded communication and other controls, all touted as adding to our “unlimited advantages,” even though the idea of having everything about ourselves permanently recorded would require that people have no concern for what anyone else might think of them (their goals, failures, skill-levels; attitudes or lifestyle —their *looks* on every occasion).

Or to the opposite extreme, like many celebrities: people who have seemingly stopped caring what anyone else might think.

But there are a number of advantages to being pre-Internet (the major advantage being: just knowing that the world was a pretty good place *without* the Internet).

In fact we might start calling the third millennium, P.I. (post-Internet) as opposed to Common Era (A.D.).

But even in the pre-Internet days kids were outspoken, and so I entered a high school contest for a thousand dollars and *WON!* And I was just being clever when I wrote:

American government is utterly corrupt and incompetent. Its citizens are only concerned with making sure their pockets are full. As long they are pacified and content, the government is quietly left to itself. Who remains that can honestly call America a democracy? ... Democracy! I call it a: hypocrisy! America professes to freedom and to the rule of the people, but we know these to be the dreams of a defunct society...

I wrote those words for their shock value, so I could win a “Speak Up For America” essay contest. I didn’t have any great animosity against this country or people I truly admire here —especially back then.

People will spend their whole lives looking to have as much freedom as we had.

And so I went on to say:

...I have made these statements and even had I meant what I said, I would not be hanged, or imprisoned for life, or banned from society, or forced to work in the coal mines. This in itself is evidence these statements are false. One who is corrupt will not accept criticism. Whereas, one who is honest will allow others to express their just opinion; and then will either prove himself unworthy of the reproach, or will admit it to be true and accordingly make an attempt to improve...

One thing I'm always reminded of when I reflect upon that essay: I almost went so far as to add to the final paragraph something about "God and country" (it was my quest to win a thousand dollars after all). But having had the pride and strength of character that make young people so idealistic, I'm glad I didn't perjure myself. Because at that age my mind was made up and I did not believe in God, and so I never even gave "God" a second thought.

But early in my life I became so unhappy and disillusioned, I didn't want to live —and that became an obsession with me (as opposed to my latest faze, an interest in the plausibility of resurrection, of all things). But even now, I don't know why I was so fortunate as to have had a religious experience.

I'm not in any way special. I still make mistakes. So I must have been "Susceptible." I must have been "open" to it.

What allowed the possibility for a religious experience to be present in me was because (not that I wasn't raised with prejudices —we're all subject to uncounted influences growing up) but at least I didn't discriminate where music was concerned.

So in my unhappy young life I was listening to jazz legend, Pharoah Sanders (formerly with John Coltrane) doing his recording of, *The Creator Has a Master Plan*, and I was thinking about how much suffering and rejection he'd experienced learning to make his saxophone SCREAM.

And I thought, *People suffer and suffer and then they die, and everything that ever was them is lost forever as though it never even existed in the first place; all of their thoughts and dreams.* And this just didn't seem fair: *That if a rich man can live well at the expense and suffering of the poor, life itself would be immoral and it would be better if nothing ever existed in the first place, so (for there to be justice in the world) Life Must Be Eternal* (I wasn't becoming excited, just calmly reasoning) but in that instant a flash of light like a meteorite shot through my head while I was listening to the music with my eyes closed.

I've written about this at least a half-dozen times in the past FORTY years, so that at least a few traditional book publishers have read this account. And the reason I'm giving away my age is because I figure maybe people felt threatened by me for some reason, all those times I was writing about my religious experience, so they might feel less threatened by something that happened *forty years ago!*

Eventually I'm going to explain myself and people will see I'm not making this up, not trying to get undo influence or acclaim but: *There Is a God!*

What started me writing was to *TELL* people about my

religious experience, of which there was one element that was missing: When I realized the existence of God, I felt undo relief when I had a fourth realization: 1) Life Must Be Eternal, 2) There Is A God, 3) It's Good To Be Alive, and 4) *That means we don't have to believe in Jesus!*

Upon arriving at this fourth conclusion, however, it turned out that I was wrong, because instantly the entire experience faded away.... And yet I can easily forgive myself for my lack of understanding because: that was how I got the message.

Since then I've had at least two more experiences I've already described. The first was that night of 2000 when I woke up angry because we had elected a president in as close of an election as we will see, yet we failed to count all the votes.

I was so angry I wrote my dream down. And the next night I woke up at one in the morning and completely unexpectedly, started writing a book until 6 A.M. —every morning for five weeks.

I considered that to be a religious experience, not just because I wrote a book entirely stream of consciousness, but because I could feel God's presence the whole time.

Two years later, the morning we sent our troops to Iraq (Mar. 20, 2003) with the President again saying this war would be justified when we discovered weapons of mass destruction, I felt God beside me in my room —the same room where I'd written my book— and to my surprise, God was not angry. What He led me to understand was: 'Now all of His prophecies are set to come true,' and that absolutely was a religious experience.

And God continues to be with me, especially when I start wondering if He's still there: In a recent dream, I was having an argument with two workers who were defending their boss, a former president— saying he was a *great*

boss. And I realized, there's no point being angry at presidents or anyone else: I'll be arguing with everybody to no end (and what better lesson for a message titled: *How to Get Free*).

But the book I wrote all those years ago had a secondary theme: When I read the story in the Book of Joshua of Hebrew spies in Jericho who happened to have with them a length of scarlet thread that was to be hung from a window in those dirty and ancient walls (the window of a prostitute who had hidden them at her and her own family's peril) I had a moment of complete disbelief that a single 'thread' could serve as a marker for an invading army to find at a later date in order to identify that one window and rescue her and her family.

Then I recalled an earlier story of a scarlet thread in the Book of Genesis and while reading that, I fell asleep; and in my daydream I saw the children of Israel carrying the Ark of the Covenant away from Egypt —carrying *God* away from Egypt. And that made me conclude (while still dreaming) that God's original covenant with mankind (the rainbow from the story of Noah's Ark) must have something to do with Egypt.

And this is where I left off reading the Bible my fourth time through. So I like to say that the Bible set me free from reading the Bible.

It was September of 2013 while writing about "religious experience," I looked up "scarlet thread" in my Bible's concordance and realized (having forgotten) that there are *two* scarlet threads: The first is a story of *mistaken* inheritance in which a younger twin might possibly (though not in actuality) usurp his brother's rights as the eldest son because a scarlet thread had been mistakenly placed on his wrist at birth, *just before the Israelites left the land of Canaan to take refuge in Egypt!* ...The second scarlet

thread on the wall of Jericho marked the re-emergence of the Israelites into the land of Canaan *AT THE BEGINNING* of their conquest of that land; which they then divvied up, each tribe regarding a portion as its 'inheritance'.

Two scarlet threads that tie in to each other perfectly: Till then I hadn't really understood the significance of this 'discovery'. Written stream of consciousness from its very first line: *A Scarlet Thread, A secret hid; Holds the Key to a Mystery*, during the five weeks I was writing that book, especially in the daytime as I reviewed my work, I had qualms about those lines and thought about erasing them.

The book's original ending (the dream I wrote down that first night) didn't offer sufficient explanation for these opening lines—that I can remember.

It was after 9/11 when I discovered that my book, *Craven Image* billybonnyband.com (a band name I chose for my 'killer' songs) had an important secondary theme: *Confronting the Terrorist Threat*.

So when the original message of the last few pages (the uncounted votes of 2000) became a moot point, I started working on a new ending: The Scarlet Thread; a message I worked on for three and a half additional years (just those five pages).

This means that even my original copyrighted manuscript in the Library of Congress will show I was unprepared to draw much of a conclusion about how a Scarlet Thread would have much real bearing on my finished book; not if I had considered 'pulling' the lines in the first place just because they didn't add to the occult storyline of my book.

But The Scarlet Thread was very important to my book's theme: *Confronting the Terrorist Threat*. Not only is a scarlet thread incorporated into two stories that set apart

“the history of Israel in the land of Canaan,” the original thread in Genesis gives an example of a symbolic dispute between brothers over a repetitive theme in Genesis of ‘disputed inheritance’. So it’s a major Old Testament theme and also a major point of conflict between Judaism and Islam.

The *fact* of these two ‘bookmarks’, as it were, in the Old Testament suggests, the possibility that the author of the Book of Genesis was inspired to leave an opening to resolve the issue of inheritance so it could one day be mediated by the very Book without which, neither religion would exist in the first place.

This is an argument that vindicates Judaism, *if—as is my theory—* the Israelites had been deliberately manipulated: *If* Israel was created as a first line of defense to protect *Egypt* from the foreign invaders of Assyria and Babylon. It’s my claim that Genesis and the Creation myths were first put into writing—in Egypt.

When put into perspective, I’ll always believe some variant of these details produced the same results: 1) The story of the Creation was not something written on the fly. The Genesis stories came from archives. 2) When Akhenaton introduced monotheism to Egypt, threatening the old gods, his dynasty was in jeopardy. 3) His son’s rule preceded the dynasty of Ramses. If Tutankhamen decreed the bricklayers who built his tomb (together with the priesthood of the One God) banished to the Sinai till the generation who knew of his tomb perished, that would leave their *descendants* to lay claim to Canaan; and while fighting to keep their *inheritance*, they’d automatically be *protecting Egypt*.

This theory may be unsettling but it fits the conclusions of my book, *Craven Image*. And if I had *His* help writing it, that makes GOD the *resolver of disputes*. I didn’t invent

those two threads. I didn't even see their connection till *TEN* years after writing that book!

And except for this theory, religion today poses a real danger, with many fraudulent *Christians* teaching Islamic doctrine in the guise of traditional churches.

There is truth to Semitic religion: If we credit Israel as being the first nation to be led by God, it can be said that the "people of the Book" (*Hebrews*) are in no way analogous to those who would "take His name in vain" —a variation upon: Those who falsely claim to be *Christians* while teaching Islam: "*the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.*" Rev.2:9.

By using "*Jews*" to identify a religion whose name someone would claim to represent falsely, this passage extols, Judaism. I've written this paper to warn you of a group *posing as Christians* who do not even *think* about Jesus, except to tell the parable of a rich man who couldn't sell his belongings to follow Christ. If you submit to a strict interpretation of this story, one might also use it to promote Communist doctrine. Islamic countries ruled by Islamic code, demand *everyone* to adhere. A *church* that teaches Islam, could be the final nail in the coffin in light of our *trillions* of dollars of debt; a twofaced religion that gets many adherents by also professing to be *anti-Communist*.

While people already know who God is: God is the unseen power we all call upon instantly and urgently when we're in real trouble —perhaps when death is an instant away and we don't have time to assimilate religious doctrine— yet God is still there.

I'm writing because people don't know what *hell* is or they'd never allow themselves to become its victims —*except those who already believe hell will succeed so they can get validation for their own mistakes:* Those

who'd knowingly lead others into a trap. And isn't that a penalty in line with God's warnings?

IF YOU SHOULD NEED IT, I hope I've helped you find that there is a way to get free of religion *yet stay connected to God*. I've had God helping me for years to set me on the right path: *How to Get Free*.

There's a sentiment expressed in rock-n-roll that comes across like prophecy, and music has always expounded a type of *secular* prophecy. From a recording by Martha Reeves, who wrote the song: *Dancing in the Street*: a prophetic sounding message we'd much prefer to see come true than those prophecies of let's say, Ezekiel or *Daniel, Chapter 11*.

What I've had to do in my short life was to find out the hard way that without a publisher or an agent, my book wasn't going to get any publicity. But I did make some sort of effort in that regard when I put my band logo on the cover of *Craven Image* hoping one of my songs would help commercialize it, which it still might. And now that my book is complete with its theme: *Confronting the Terrorist Threat*, *wouldn't you think that would be enough to get people's attention?*

It's true the events I've outlined may be proven not to have happened at all. But we know Akhenaton was a bold reformer who introduced a religion of One God. We know of his son, Tutankhamen, the boy king, whose tomb was left hidden. So it's the timetable that might be called into question. Otherwise, my theory is consistent with a book I wrote, which I claim God helped me to write, following my own religious experience forty years ago. So it's a plausible belief in light of the unsubstantiated *beliefs* of others. So I'm fulfilled. To quote my song *Permanent Change*:

... I'm try-in' to make a *LIVIN'*;
I ain't try-in' — to make a *MILLION*...

Writing a paper titled *How to Get Free* implies that *I* am free —free from religion? ...Maybe. The only way to get free of the constraints of society is to ignore the petty problems that are making you sick and “Just *get over it.*” Make the other problems of the 21st Century your mission: to fight for our freedoms. You can beat this rap in the resurrection. Consider this: delivering this warning to you was done to *get my own self free.*