

Roy Hunter's Memoirs



by C. Roy Hunter

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Electronic PDF version self-published by Author.

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Preface and Appreciation:

After receiving numerous requests to write my Memoirs, I finally decided to do so. It is my hope that others may benefit from reading about some of the events of my life. I started them on Memorial Day, 2019, and finished my final edits on September 19, 2019 – which is also 9/19/19.

Only as an adult did I realize that my early childhood was rare as well as happier than that of most children. My school years were tarnished by bullies, yet those stresses were counterbalanced with loving parents and a happy home life.

My adult years resemble living three separate lives: one in a religious cult, another in an insurance career, and finally walking my life path as a hypnotherapist.

My Memoirs are divided into five parts so that you, the reader, may read those parts and chapters that you find interesting...and either skim over or skip the rest.

I also wish to express my gratitude for all hypnotherapists who have appreciated my books and teachings over the years. Your encouragement has helped motivate me to write a number of additional books since the first ones...and to travel and teach in many countries around the world.

Last but not least, I also appreciate my wife for putting up with my faults as well as my work-a-holic tendencies. Instead of complaining about what I am unable to do, she appreciates what I am able to do for her.

– Roy Hunter

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Introduction

My life is an amazing journey – filled with joys and sorrows, successes and setbacks, and what I often call peaks and pits. In recent years, several friends as well as a number of peers in my profession have asked me to write my Memoirs so that others may learn from my experiences, both personal and professional.

As I start writing this, it is the Memorial Day Weekend in 2019...a time for Americans to remember the veterans who gave their lives so that we may enjoy and cherish our freedom rather than simply taking it for granted. However, I believe we cannot truly be free without respecting the freedom of others as well.

Life has taught me many lessons over the years. Although many personal successes and failures throughout life can be powerful teachers, I also endeavor to learn from the experiences of others as well in order to reduce the emotional and financial costs of learning. With that in mind, throughout my decades of teaching, I have shared my successes AND failures (or “learning experiences”) with both my students and others as well, so that they do not have to “re-invent the wheel.”

This book will be divided into parts with the hope that you, the readers, may also learn from my experiences...both the good ones and the sad ones. In my personal opinion, sad events and frustrating disappointments can result in either anger and bitterness, or wisdom and compassion; but the latter must be a conscious choice.

The parts are: My Childhood, College and Cult Years, Post-Cult to 1983, Hypnotherapy Career, and the final part will discuss my work with spiritual hypnosis as well as where I am today.

My childhood was mostly happy with loving parents, even though numerous bullies hurt me throughout most of my school-years. Only after becoming an adult did I realize that so many

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countless numbers of children do not experience a happy childhood as I did.

When I was 12, my parents got involved in a religious cult, which dominated my life until age 30. Part Two will cover my college years as well as what it was like working for a religious cult after graduation. As I reflect back on the 18 years given to that religious cult, it seems almost like a different life.

Over the next decade of my life (Post-Cult to 40), I discovered the value of freedom after overcoming feelings of guilt for leaving what I erroneously believed was “God’s true church,” and finally realized that I lived in a religious prison throughout my teens and twenties.

During my hypnotherapy career, I have endeavored to empower my clients by helping them claim their power of choice...and as a hypnosis instructor, my goal is to teach others to do likewise. Now I am semi-retired, caregiving for my disabled wife...but I still travel and teach, and only see clients occasionally. Also, several competent hypnosis instructors teach my certification course.

Almost two decades into my career, I finally brought my work out of the closet regarding spiritual hypnosis...and share that journey with the readers.

In spite of the many obstacles thrown into my path over the years, I feel very privileged and grateful for this life’s journey.

As you read my memoirs, feel free to read only those parts and chapters that interest you. Each part is divided into chapters and chapter sections in order to make it easy for you to read or review the ones that you find most helpful. Also, we all make mistakes...and I also share some of mine with you, the reader, so that you can learn from them without learning the hard way or “re-inventing the wheel.”

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Although my life experiences are mixed with both triumphs and setbacks, I have learned from both. We all have our fair share of faults. However, all my life experiences contribute to who I am today – both the peaks and the pits.

The first publication in electronic format; and I offer these memoirs initially as a gift to hypnosis professionals around the world, as well as to prospective clients considering using hypnotherapy to help improve their lives. A printed version may become available at a later date for a price. If you benefit from my experiences, feel free to give a gift back in return to me by PayPal at royhunter@msn.com or by sending a gift to me at the address shown on my website (www.royhunter.com).

Also note that unlike my other books, I have requested neither testimonials nor prepublication reviews. It is my desire that my Memoirs speak for themselves.

My message to my peers in the hypnosis profession is: May you practice long and prosper!

Roy Hunter

Memorial Day, 2019

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Part One:

My Childhood

Chapter 1

Early Childhood at a Resort

Unlike many people, I enjoyed a very happy early childhood.

My earliest memories are of playing on the shores of the Salton Sea in Southern California, approximately 140 miles southeast of Los Angeles.

My father's father was C. Roy Hunter, who retired from being an executive at Paramount Studios to open up a *resort for the rich and famous* at the Salton Sea in southern California back in the mid-1940's. He formed a corporation with three stockholders: my father (Robert Hunter), my uncle (Kenneth Hunter), and himself.

Our family purchased the Eiler's Date Palm Beach, where the Salton Sea Regatta originated years earlier, and re-named it Desert Beach. The resort sat on the north shore of the Salton Sea, about 23 miles from Indio, right off of California SR 111. Many guests camped on our numerous acres of beach property to swim and go boating in the sea; and some stayed in our motel. A picture of our resort is posted on the internet at the following location:

https://www.saltonseamuseum.com/photos/salton_sea_history/desert_beach2.jpg

Pre-school Years

One of my earliest conscious memories was telling guests at our family resort, "I'm three." My older sister was seven, and we were close from my earliest memories, almost as though we had known each other forever. We both felt loved by our parents and grandparents on both sides of the family. Perhaps that may be why so many of my memories of early childhood are clear to this day.

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My first painful memory happened at age four. I fell off an outside patio, landing head first onto rocks covered with barnacles. To this day I remember my grandmother rushing to pick me up and apply first aid...then my parents rushed me to the nearest doctor, who was 23 miles away in Indio. He put stitches in my forehead, and the scar remained obvious for decades to remind me how fragile our health is; but only a trace of it remains today.

One of my fondest childhood memories was meeting Walt Disney when he was a guest at our resort. I know from first-hand experience that he loved children. He was a personal friend of my grandfather; and I believe they met at the first Oscar Awards Dinner back in the 1920's.

An incident known by very few people happened when Walt Disney was 12 years old. It benefited many of his fans... Young Walt wanted a BB gun. However, shooting tin cans off of a fence post was too easy, so he chose a more difficult target – a bird in flight. When he felt guilty for killing the bird, he made a promise to God that he would make it up to the animals. I believe he kept that promise.

Numerous celebrities visited our resort, and treated my sister and me very kindly even though we were children. Jack Benny spent time with my sister. Mel Blanc mimicked a number of different voices for me when he stayed at our resort. My mother already knew Dorothy Lamour, and a signed picture of her hung in our hall (and remained until I left home for college in 1961).

Even before school, my mother gave me some minor chores in order to learn responsibility...but there were many good times as well. My sister and I were rewarded with love and toys, as well as our own private sailboat to sail on the Salton Sea. The last time we took it out, a wind came up that was blowing us out to sea; and our father came out in a speedboat to rescue us. To this day, I do not remember what happened to the sailboat, as neither of us

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wanted to go out alone on our sailboat again. Note that our family speedboat was called “The Huntress.”

Speaking of speedboats, thousands of people from around the country camped near the shore in order to see the annual speedboat races. Numerous world speed records were set; and our property looked like a tent metropolis. If you Google “Salton Sea Regatta” you can find considerable information, as well as photos.

Our father taught us to reserve our best manners and kindness for the people we love, because he believed that our home should be peaceful. Thus, arguments and fighting were rare in our home.

Our mother often played the piano and sang to us. Before she met my father, she sang with a band in Hollywood. To this day I remember her beautiful rendition of *Danny Boy*, which she sang often.

My Near Death Experience

Shortly before starting school, a scorpion stung me on the foot. My parents called our doctor, and he told them to suck the poison out of my foot. However, they did not get enough out; and I awakened in the middle of the night with severe pain all the way up to my hip.

As I tried to move to a more comfortable position, I saw a bright white globe of light on the ceiling, and wondered why the rest of the room was dark except for moonlight shining through open venetian blinds on the window. When I looked back at the light the second time, I was unable to either move my eyeballs or close my eyes. That scared me, so I started to cry out to my sister in the next room, only to discover my inability to speak or breathe.

I tried to roll over, but nothing in my body would move...and then I started floating up from my body. Somehow my six-year old mind knew that I was dying, and in my mind I called out to God saying mentally, “I’m too young to die. Didn’t you send me here for a reason?”

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Right after that above thought, my spirit snapped back into my body with a jolt, and I woke my sister up to tell her about the experience. She told me that I was only dreaming, but I knew it was more than a dream. However, I went back to sleep and never told anyone else about that experience until the mid-1970's, after reading *Life after Life* by Raymond Moody.

Note that I shared the above story when Bruce Eimer and I co-authored *The Art of Hypnotic Regression therapy: A Clinical Guide* (2012, Crown House Publishing). A hypnotist who did inappropriate leading tried to implant false memories because she believed that my NDE (near-death experience) was a UFO abduction; so I included it in our regression book in the chapter on the risk of false memories.

I remember many more events before starting school, but they would be boring to most readers. However, four months before I started school, my younger sister joined our family.

First and Second Grade

My first exposure to bullying happened just a few weeks into First Grade. During recess, a bully literally broke my arm, and it was in a cast for six weeks. That was the first of hundreds of times being bullied throughout most of my school years, all the way up to and including high school.

I also remember the first time that a teacher punished everyone in the class for the misbehavior of only a couple of classmates. That was my first experience at the majority suffering for the mistakes of a few...and to this day I still do not appreciate it when everyone suffers because of a few who misbehave.

Also, my first encounter with headaches occurred after starting school. It was impossible to pay attention to the teacher, as I felt both pain inside my head and fear that it was serious. After getting off the school bus, I told my mother that my head felt like it was going to explode...and she eased my fear without easing my

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pain by telling me that it was a headache. I went to bed early and slept it off.

Note that I suffered frequent headaches for decades until *one hypnotherapy session* took that burden from me during the 1980's; but how I overcame headaches and migraines belongs in Part Four.

Meanwhile, Back at the Resort

Earlier in this chapter, I mentioned that celebrities treated us well. However, not all of them were respectful and kind.

One well-known actor and singer had a different experience when he landed his private plane on our private landing strip. My grandfather met him when he got out of his airplane, and offered a welcome with a handshake. Instead, the actor said, "Boy, take my bags to the motel and get me checked in..."

My grandfather decided to play along, and did so all the way to personally taking the actor's luggage to his room. He treated my grandfather in a condescending way, and under-tipped him. That evening, the actor came into our "Wheelhouse" restaurant by the beach, and asked for the table reserved for family and special guests.

When he entered and asked for C. Roy Hunter, he was shocked to see my grandfather stand up. Mr. Sinatra apologized; but Grandpa told him that he showed his true colors by acting that way when he did when he did not know who was receiving his rude behavior. He told the embarrassed actor to eat with the *paying* guests. That was probably one of the few times that Frank Sinatra ate *humble pie*. My grandfather was a very spiritual man, and he absolutely detested arrogance

After turning six, I remember that after one very busy weekend at the resort, my grandfather was counting the proceeds at a table away from the Wheelhouse Restaurant. He handed me a

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\$100 bill, which had a LOT more buying power in 1950 than it does today. I said, "Wow, that's a lot of money!"

His reply became etched in my memory for life: "Always remember that money is only a tool. It is neither good nor evil of itself. It can be used to help others, or to manipulate others. HOW you use it determines whether it is good or evil." He believed that *how* we use our money determines whether or not we are worthy of having more...and all too often some wealthy people are very selfish and skilled at manipulating others. My grandfather was a very generous man who was respected by his employees as well as by all who knew him well.

My uncle was neither as kind nor as generous as my grandfather, however; and was angry and envious of my father owning a third of the stock for Desert Beach Resort. Dad gave up his career at 20th Century Fox to serve in the Second World War, and received 1/3 of the stock in exchange for his labor to help remodel and expand the resort. Meanwhile, my uncle invested cash for his stock in the family resort in order to help purchase the land and materials for remodeling and construction of the motel and other buildings. He retained his high paying position at Paramount, avoiding the military for medical reasons. He went on to become the main cameraman for Bonanza and Little House on the Prairie.

Unfortunately, this jealousy between two brothers contributed to my father deciding to move away from the resort in the early 1950's. Unfortunately, we said *goodbye* to Desert Beach before I entered third grade.

My grandfather loved both of his sons; and years later I learned that he was deeply saddened by the unresolved jealousy of his two sons. Dad wanted to just live a good life, while my uncle schemed to get as much of the family fortune as he could get.

After we left the family resort, a dispute between California and Arizona over water rights resulted in millions of gallons of

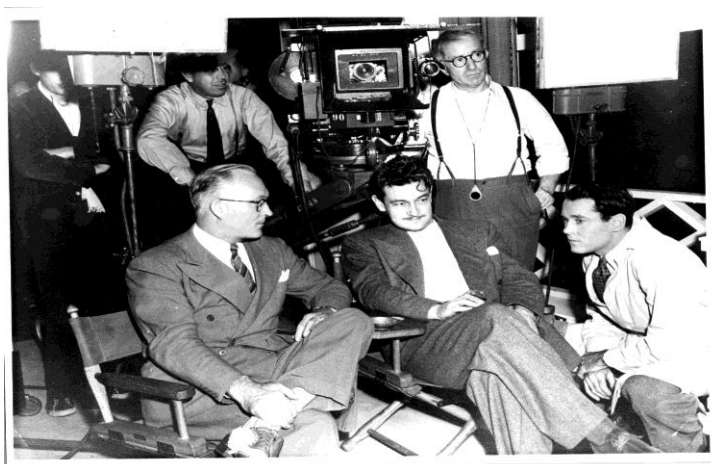
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water flowing into the Salton Sea, flooding out our family resort as well as many resorts around the sea before the mid-1950's.

The flooding was gradual; and a picture of my grandfather at the flooded resort eventually appeared on the front page of a Los Angeles newspaper. That same article stated that the Navy had a secret base at the southern part of the Salton Sea...but stated that the Navy was neither complaining nor talking.

My grandfather sued the state of California for several hundred thousand dollars, and eventually won – but he passed on before the decision came from the court. Consequently he was no longer alive to collect.

A picture of my grandfather appears below that was taken before he retired from Hollywood.



Bottom row: C. Roy Hunter, Howard Hughes, Henry Fonda
Top row: Unknown

Chapter 2

Moving Often During Grade School

When we left Desert Beach in 1951, my parents drove to Bellingham, Washington, which was less than an hour's drive to the Canadian border. Back then it was an open border, with the freedom to drive across either direction without any conversation with a Customs official.

My two sisters and I stayed with our cousins and grandparents (on my mother's side) in South Bellingham while our parents went to Fairbanks, Alaska, to work for the summer. Although I missed my parents, my grandparents did a great job of giving us a summer to remember. Since the details would be boring to most readers, we will fast forward to the fall.

Home in Venice

After returning from Alaska, our parents moved us to an apartment in Venice, California, where we lived for two years. I was still short for my age as well as lousy at sports, which provided ample excuses for several kids to bully me regularly both before and after school. They also harassed me because I wore glasses. "Four eyes" became a term I heard hundreds of times in the years that followed.

Meanwhile, my cousin came to live with us, and he became the brother I never had.

North of Los Angeles

My father decided to work in Fairbank for another summer two years after his first summer there, because construction paid very well in Alaska. We again lived with our grandparents in

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South Bellingham until my father returned from Alaska. At that time, we migrated back to Southern California.

Between Los Angeles and Bakersfield is a small town called Castaic, which lies between Los Angeles and a mountain pass called "The Grapevine." My father bought a small home there, and commuted to the Los Angeles area every day to work for a family friend who owned a business in the San Fernando Valley.

Amazingly I have no memory of ever being bullied in the country school that I attended in Castaic. That was a refreshing change from most of my school years.

Living in the San Fernando Valley

Dad longed to return to his former position at 20th Century Fox as a film editor; and he finally got hired several months after our move to Castaic. Then he bought a new home in Van Nuys, in the San Fernando Valley. We lived there for several years.

His boss was called "AA" or Alex, because his legal name was Alexander Alexander Alexander. Dad had flexible hours, and loved arriving at work at 6am in order to avoid rush hour traffic; so he often came home about the same time that I came home from school.

Since I skipped a grade in school, I was even shorter for my grade than I was for my age...and the bullying increased in frequency and intensity after 5th grade. Sometimes the young thugs would literally beat me up outside the classroom, yet the teachers did nothing to stop it. Those were some of the saddest and scariest times of my childhood.

My sister went to Van Nuys High School. In her art class, she knew a red headed boy who wanted to be an artist when he grew up. His name was Robert Redford. She also was on a women's sports team, along with a classmate who was a young Natalie Wood.

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Meanwhile, my school friends and I watched “The Mickey Mouse Club” regularly, and we fantasized meeting Annette Funicello. On a friend’s dare, I looked up her home phone number, and actually spoke with her mother...who told me, “Annette is on location.”

One new “Mousekateer” was Pam...who years later was married to the policeman who was partner to my sister’s husband when he served on the Pasadena Police Force. There is more about Pam in Part Three.

My Grandfather’s Death

In the summer of 1955, my grandfather died suddenly of a heart attack while on vacation. It hit my grandmother very hard, and she never stopped grieving for him even though he left her a millionaire.

During the last conversation my sister and I had with him, I asked why he helped make Frankenstein, Dracula, and other horror movies. He gave a lengthy reply that I immediately knew would remain in my conscious memory for life...

He said that lessons could be learned even from horror movies, as they represented the battle between good and evil as long as “the bad guys” got consequences for their dark deeds. He added that motion pictures were a GREAT method of teaching...but that if Hollywood ever started blurring the lines between good and evil by glorifying sex and violence, our society would go downhill. I believe time demonstrated the accuracy of what he told us.

Leaving Grade School

My next big change in life occurred when entering Junior High School (which today is Middle School). For me it was a challenging change to go to different rooms for different classes (and different teachers) instead of staying in one room during the

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school day. This change resulted in more exposure to bullying while walking from one classroom to another.

It was commonplace for a bully to rip my student notebook from my hand and scatter my homework papers, especially outside on a windy day. I often spent ten to fifteen minutes trying to find my homework papers before they blew away with the breeze. On windy days I had to much more careful than usual.

Also, the combination of being lousy at sports and not being accepted by the “in” crowd made it difficult for me to make friends at school. Consequently, to this day I have very low tolerance for the bully consciousness.

The Threat to My Life

One of the most traumatic experiences of my entire childhood occurred on the way to junior high school one morning, when three bullies grabbed me and put a knife to my throat just three blocks from the school. They told me to strip down to my underwear; and I literally feared for my life. I mentally asked God for intervention, and one of the bullies immediately spoke up and said, “He is not worth it.” They left me alone to get dressed behind a tree. My parents were much more concerned about my safety after that, so my mother started driving me to and from school.

To this day I consider that experience the most scary one of my entire life, because I literally thought they would slit my throat. Fortunately for me, that was my last semester at that particular school.

Chapter 3

Back to Venice

In the second half of the 1950's, my mother's parents moved back from Bellingham, Washington, to Venice, California, into an old house on Palms Blvd. (It was a residential street rather than a busy boulevard.) They asked us to move in with them and help remodel their four-car garage into separate living quarters. Our family then moved from the San Fernando Valley to Venice; and my parents sold our other home.

We had some happy times living with my grandparents; although the only thing at school that held my interest was getting all A's on my report card. I was still lousy at sports.

When the Beatniks became popular, Venice was the home of many of them. I attended Venice High School, along with many beatniks.

Venice High School

Frequently I was the target of name-calling because of wearing glasses, being short for my age, and being an honor roll student. The most frequent name was "Four-eyes" because I wore glasses. Also, I was almost a foot shorter than most male 10th grade students, which also resulted in being bullied even during school hours.

After being literally "beat up" in front of the entire Physical Education class, I was both humiliated and angry when the P.E. teacher laughed instead of stopping the bully. My parents were so angry after I told them what happened that my mother drove me to and from school for the rest of the year. That eliminated bullying before and after school; but several bullies still picked on me during lunch as well as P.E. classes.

Today a teacher and school could be sued for what happened to me back then; but back in the 1950's we were taught to respect school authorities even when they were wrong.

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What I learned from the bullying throughout school was that it is **WRONG** for strong people to pick on people weaker than they are. Also, bullies usually have low self-esteem; and they bolster their own sense of false self-esteem by trying to tear down other people...either physically or by words, or both.

During early 1959, I grew almost a foot in height, requiring all new clothes. The spinoff is that the bullying dropped considerably in frequency.

Three Strange Events During the Summer

My parents allowed me to spend a summer with my aunt and uncle, who lived in Ferndale, Washington (between Bellingham and the Canadian border).

The first event seemed very typical, until over three decades later. My uncle's neighbor had visitors from Seattle. Their son, Tony, went skating with my cousin and me one Saturday evening. I was still too young to be interested in girls; and besides, Tony's sister was only seven. Little did I know that I would meet Tony's sister as an adult in 1990 and marry her!

The second strange event has no explanation. My cousin and I took a short cut en route to a swimming hole, and crossed a large field surrounded by a barbed wire fence. We failed to notice a bull in the distance until it started running towards us. My cousin quickly climbed a tree, and I had **ONE GOAL**: to get through the barbed wire fence before the bull gored me to death.

When I knew the bull was just a few feet behind me, I yelled "God, help!" Next, I jumped and dove through the barbed wire fence without even a scratch from the barbed wire. After landing at the other side, my cousin expressed his astonishment. He waited until the bull walked away before climbing down the tree, and then worked his way carefully through the fence in order to avoid getting scratched by the barbed wire. He told me that I was a good 20 feet away from the fence and literally *flew* through the air like Superman before going through the fence without a scratch. Years later when we were in our 30's, he held to that same story.

The third event happened while hiking at Mt. Baker, which is in the North Cascades close to the Canadian border. The trail went partly along a steep and rocky hill with several hundred feet

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between the path and the rocks below. Suddenly the trail started to give way, and a man came out of nowhere grabbing my arm. He said, "Watch your step young man!" Naturally I thanked him for saving my life.

Then my cousin who was behind me said, "Where'd he come from?"

I turned around to look at my cousin; but when I turned back around, the man was gone...and the nearest tree was at least 50 feet away. He came out of nowhere and vanished into thin air. To this day I believe an angel saved my life on that hike.

The Unexpected Change of Religion

My mother heard a voice on the radio that changed our lives permanently. That was the Voice of Herbert W. Armstrong speaking on his radio program called: "The World Tomorrow." My mother swallowed his teachings hook, line and sinker; and my life was forever changed. My parents joined the Radio Church of God, which eventually changed its name to the Worldwide Church of God (called WCG throughout the rest of my memoirs).

The first major change in our lives that saddened me was that Armstrong taught that Christmas was a pagan holiday that should not be celebrated; so I missed enjoying the Christmas season until I turned 31. However, that was only the beginning of dogma that the Armstrong cult taught. Pork was forbidden, as well as any meats defined as "unclean" in the Old Testament; so it was *bye-bye bacon* for the next 18 years of my life!

The good part of the change for me was attending the WCG school in Pasadena, even though it was 26 miles each way from our home. Although it took my parents almost an hour to drive me to school each way (because of rush hour traffic), it was pleasant to be accepted by the small class and be totally free from bullying for my last two years of high school.

Part Two:

College and Cult Years

Chapter 4

Ambassador College

After graduating from high school, I made a decision that forever altered this life.

Applying for College

My grandmother on my father's side did not want me attending a bible college; so she offered to pay my entire tuition if I attended UCLA. She had more money than she could spend for the rest of her life.

I considered my grandmother's generous offer. Also, I considered a major in journalism, as I wanted to be a reporter. However, my mother as well as several ministers in the Church (WCG) pressured me to apply to Ambassador College instead. They convinced me that it was "God's will" that I attend Ambassador College and get a Bachelor's degree in Theology...so that is where I sent my application.

My decision angered my grandmother so greatly that she disinherited me by cutting me off with one dollar at her passing...described later in this chapter.

If you wish to avoid reading Part Two, it can be summarized in one sentence that I did not realize for several years: *Attending and working at Ambassador College and the WCG was like living in a dictatorship in a free country.*

Church doctrines were strictly enforced; and any student or employee openly disagreeing or violating them was subject to reprimand and/or being expelled from the college.

I will not bore all readers with details about the inner workings of that organization; but anyone who wishes to learn

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more about that cult can find an abundance of information and varied opinions on the internet. If you are interested, Google one or more of the following: *Ambassador College*, *Worldwide Church of God*, *Herbert W. Armstrong*, or *Armstrong Cult*.

Spying on Classmates

All single students were required to live on campus. This included me, even though my parents lived within walking distance of the college. Little did I know that the reason was so that those in power could spy on the college students.

Each dormitory had “room monitors” who were required to report any suspicious activity to college authorities.

Women had to sign in and out whenever they went out on a date or left their dormitory in the evening. The college also required them to list the name of each date or escort. That way the college authorities could discover any underclass students who dated the same woman more than twice in the same semester. Underclassmen were not allowed to fall in love or go steady. Kissing was also prohibited except for older students who were engaged.

Freshman Year

Less than 500 total students attended the college, so everyone outside of the freshman class knew every other student by name. Since I have difficulty remembering names and faces, it took me most of the year to do so.

Naturally, we were indoctrinated into the WCG and required to avoid working or watching TV on “The Sabbath” which was Friday sundown to Saturday sundown. Instead, we attended a boring Friday night Bible Study that lasted for two hours, and a Saturday afternoon service that usually lasted well over two hours...and often between three and four hours. Complaints about ministers going overtime were not allowed...although all the years I was in the WCG, I never stopped resenting the overtime sermons. Sometimes the pain from sitting too long on hard seats

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without any breaks made it impossible for me to listen to the sermon any longer; and my mind wandered endlessly wishing that ministers had more consideration for the congregation. The excessively long sermons were also difficult on families with children, especially when small children cried from boredom. Unfortunately, when children cried or complained during “church” service, some ministers told the parent(s) to take the child outside for a spanking. I don’t believe Child Protective Services would approve of such advice from a church pulpit today.

After my freshman year ended, I went to live with and work for my grandmother’s brother at his butcher shop in Dallas. He put on a good Christian face at home with friends and family; but swore like a trucker at work. His hypocrisy was very surprising to me; and he justified being two-faced. I never told my aunt, because he tried to be a good husband around her. She was proud that her husband was a deacon in the Baptist Church. Meanwhile, I was both astonished and disillusioned at his dishonest acts as a businessman.

Death Taxes and Unfair Inheritance

Early in my college career, my grandmother passed away. I learned that in addition to disinheriting me, she favored my uncle over my father.

Months prior to her passing, a famous movie star offered a million dollars for the remains of Desert Beach, and the property that was still above water. My uncle persuaded my grandmother NOT to sell unless he could buy my father’s 1/3 of the shares for less than \$100,000. Dad said, “I will NOT let my own brother steal from me, even if I lose everything.” He refused to sell his shares; so my uncle and grandmother refused to sell our family property for the offer of a million dollars.

One reason for the high offer even though much of the resort was under water was because the settlement of my grandfather’s lawsuit was taken in beachfront property instead of cash,

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increasing the total acreage of beach front property to over 200 acres. We still had several buildings that were above water.

Greed exacted a high price. After my grandmother's passing, our family was stuck with huge estate taxes that were computed on "fair market value" of the real estate rather than the actual monies received after a forced sale in order to pay the IRS. By the time the property was sold in a forced sale and everything was finalized, Dad received around \$18,000. Thus, my uncle's desire to cheat his own brother resulted in what could have been over a third of a million dollars in cash getting slashed down to the same amount my father received. My uncle received his karma before his passing for what he did to my father.

My sister received several thousand dollars after Grandma's passing; but Roberta somehow had enough common sense to avoid joining the Armstrong Church. Also, I never received the single dollar that Alva Hunter left me as a statement of disapproval for my attending a Bible college instead of UCLA.

If my grandfather was watching from the other side, I can't help but wonder how he felt watching his dreams get buried beneath the sea, followed by what was left of his fortune getting destroyed by the combination of greed and death taxes.

Chapter 5

My Sophomore Year

The only significant event during my sophomore year at Ambassador happened when Herbert Armstrong's son, Garner Ted, almost kicked me out of college in the fall of 1962.

He was angry that my mother was a personal friend of Loma Armstrong (Herbert Armstrong's wife). He accused my mother of being a social climber, and said that a common member had no business socializing with "The Apostle's wife."

Next, he put me into a no-win situation by looking at me with angry eyes, as though I was to blame, and told me with a stern voice that even though God wants us to honor our parents, it was important for me to "act like a man" and stand up against her bad behavior. He asked me if I was ready to grow up.

At the time, I felt greatly intimidated; so the only thing I had enough courage to say was: "Yes, Sir." If I could go back in time, I would tell my younger self to say, "That is between my mother and your mother. You have no business deciding who your mother chooses as friends."

That probably would have resulted in him kicking me out of college, as he did with several other sophomores who offended him at the start of the semester. My early life would have been much different; but I believe that somehow I still would have eventually gotten into hypnotherapy.

College Rules

We were strongly encouraged to work 20 hours per week during the school year, whether or not family paid our tuition.

The church leadership encouraged us to date; but as I mentioned before, we were not allowed to date the same woman more than twice in a semester. Note that the common name for a female college student was a "coed" instead of a woman.

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Students were expected to attend “Bible Study” every Friday night. Escorting a “coed” to and from Friday night Bible Study was considered a date since there was time for conversation while walking to and from the location of the Bible study.

Saturday evenings were open, along with the entire Los Angeles area; but there often were college social events as well. We were strongly encouraged to attend any official Saturday night functions, such as dances, etc.

While on a date, we could hold hands, but kissing was forbidden except for engaged couples. Making love resulted in getting fired, kicked out of college in disgrace, and disfellowshipped (ex-communicated) from the church...along with your name and deeds being told to the entire church congregation. It was bad enough to be terminated and expelled from college for such a “sin against God” – but being shamed in front of the congregation as well as friends and fellow students added insult to injury. Being kicked out of the church resulted in being unable to maintain contact with friends; because one of the church rules was that members as well as college students were prohibited from communicating with anyone who was “disfellowshipped” unless he or she was a member of your immediate family.

During my years at Ambassador as well as in the WCG, I did not realize that we lived in a spiritual prison. I will say more about this in Chapter 7.

Chapter 6

My Remaining College Years

Much happened in my final years of college that is *not worth remembering*, except for the lessons that turned into wisdom over the years to follow.

Ministers Decide Who Can Marry

During my junior year, I fell in love with another student and asked her to marry me. We decided to wait until my senior year to make it official. I introduced her to my parents, and my father actually paid her tuition for a semester.

My classmates knew about my new romance. Garner Ted Armstrong also found out about it, and we were geographically separated when she was assigned to the Texas campus of Ambassador College the following year. Shortly after that, she broke our engagement.

Several years later I learned that the ministers on the “Manpower Committee” did not believe I was ministerial material, and therefore was not deserving of this woman. Apparently she was encouraged to break up with me, but I was neither able to confirm nor deny that rumor. Any time two students wanted to marry, they had to get approval from the leaders at the college. Some of the leading ministers who also taught classes at the college acted like they had a God-given responsibility to also be match-makers.

Looking back, I cannot believe that I was too naïve to realize that attending Ambassador College and working at the WCG Headquarters was like living in a dictatorship. However, the abuse of power that was so prevalent in both the college and the church contributed to why I so strongly oppose the abuse of power today.

Moving On

Healing from a broken heart lasted for many months, even through most of my senior year. Moving on through my remaining

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time until graduation became more difficult than my first two years. Also, after being told that I was not cut out for the ministry, I started feeling inner conflicts about WCG. However, I was still so indoctrinated that I would have given my life out of blind loyalty to what my mind believed was “the true church.”

Meanwhile, my father realized the hypocrisy of the WCG and its leadership, and left the church. My mother was deeply saddened, as her loyalty to the Armstrong cult was stronger than mine.

Graduation

Prior to graduation, I worked part time in the Mail Receiving Department (which later became the Mail Processing Center), opening and reading letters from members as well as people who subscribed to the WCG magazine that was called THE PLAIN TRUTH. (Today, I jokingly call it “The FALSE Truth.”)

The graduation ceremony took place outside on the Campus with pleasant weather. At least Ambassador College kept *some* traditions, because we marched to Pomp and Circumstance rather than some WCG hymn. The following week I was hired full-time in the same position held during my senior year.

Chapter 7

After Graduation

Instead of moving back home (within walking distance of the Campus), I moved into an apartment with two college graduates. The three of us shared the rent and often attended social events together. One of my roommates fell in love with a female graduate living in the same apartment complex, and is still happily married to her as of the writing of these memoirs. My other roommate passed on several years ago.

Working Fulltime for a Church

Several months after working fulltime, I received a promotion to supervisor in the Mail Processing Center. Letters often indicated which radio station people listened to, and statistics were tabulated and analyzed.

Being analytical, I was always looking for more efficient ways to accomplish something; so I spent many hours researching a better way of tabulating mail responses and analyzing the results. I came up with a money-saving idea. According to my computations, WCG would save over a quarter of a million dollars within five years or less...and even more as the years passed.

When I submitted a formal proposal to my boss, he said it would never work and failed to pass it up to the division manager. Instead, he buried it. However, I *knew* that it would work; so I personally saw to it that a copy went over his head. The Mail Processing Center adopted my suggestion. However, instead of receiving a bonus for saving that division hundreds of thousands of dollars over the years, my boss got angry at me because I went over his head – so he transferred me to a different section. Apparently his ego was more important than job efficiency.

My First Marriage

A year after graduation from college, I married a former college student who also worked in the Mail Processing Center. Years later I learned that “The Manpower Committee” approved

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our marriage because she was not considered worthy of being a minister's wife. Her name was Connie. Our first home was an apartment within walking distance of the college.

Church Breaks Law

Because our leaders said we were doing "God's work," they expected us to work frequent overtime without pay. I lost count of the many weeks I worked many extra hours of unpaid overtime. However, we had to punch time cards so that they could be certain that we worked at least 40 hours per week. Many of us knew that unpaid overtime was both unethical and illegal; but complaining about it risked condemnation from the ministers in the Church, and possible termination.

The only time I complained about it was when my first wife and I planned a long weekend getaway. My boss insisted that I cancel our long weekend in order to stay and work overtime – *without either overtime pay or compensating time off!*

He claimed that I was paid by salary, which was supposed to be the same whether I worked 45 hours or 35 hours in a given week. When I pointed the hypocrisy out to him, he said, "You are paid to work at least 40 hours per week. If you work less, your pay will be deducted based on the hours missed. However, we do NOT pay overtime." He also threatened me by staying that if I rebelled, that would be rebellion against God...so I found myself in a no-win situation. Several other employees, however, knew that Ambassador College was violating the law, and one of them reported it to the Department of Labor and Industries. That eventually resulted in unexpected paychecks...

Several years after graduation, workers received an unexpected check that represented *only a fraction* of the unpaid overtime we worked for several years. Along with the check was a release form to sign, releasing the college of any additional present and future claims for unpaid overtime. In other words, signing the release form and endorsing the check meant that we signed away our rights to litigate our employer for breaking the law and stealing our personal time.

Because my wife and I needed the extra paycheck, I signed the form. Most workweeks afterwards were only 40 hours per

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week, with the option to take compensating time off when asked to work occasional overtime.

I never learned whether Ambassador College and WCG had to pay any penalties to the state for violating the law...nor did I ever learn which employee(s) complained to the Department of Labor and Industries.

Herbert Armstrong's Wealth

While church members and employees were discouraged from criticizing "God's Apostle", he constantly asked members and co-workers to "sacrifice for God's work..." Meanwhile, he flew all over the world in his private jet, hobnobbing with a number of world leaders and celebrities, claiming he was doing God's work.

One of my positions for a couple of years involved preparing the weekly financial report of Church income at the world headquarters. My boss hand-delivered the weekly report to Mr. Armstrong's home every Friday at the end of the workday. One time when he was sick and asked me to deliver the report, Mr. Armstrong had jetted away someplace overseas; but his personal maid invited me in to tour Herbert Armstrong's home.

She showed me expensive china, with each cup worth over \$600 (a lot of money in the 1970's). Instead of silverware, the utensils were either gold or gold-plated. The plumbing fixtures in the kitchen sink and bathrooms were also gold or gold-plated. Several expensive paintings adorned the walls in several rooms.

She then showed me the master bedroom, with an old elegant medieval bed that was previously owned by a European king. That bed obviously belonged in a museum instead of in a private home.

By this time I had seen enough, and politely thanked her before driving home.

Hypocrisy Motivates Me to Wake Up

Before the events described in the previous chapter section, my father passed away. While my mother grieved for losing her husband, she attended the Sabbath Church Service with Connie and me.

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Herbert Armstrong gave the sermon that day; and Mom asked me to accompany her to ask Mr. Armstrong a question. I agreed.

My mother asked whether she should pay a ten percent tithe on my father's life insurance proceeds. He said "yes" and added, "Is this your third tithe year?" (Note: one of WCG doctrines was that every third year, an additional ten percent of your income should be paid to the church to support widows and orphans.)

When my mother told him that it *was* her third tithe year, Mr. Armstrong told her that she had to give an additional ten percent for the widows and orphans.

Mom said, "But I am a widow! Shouldn't I receive help instead of giving away the money I need?" Armstrong held firm.

Several weeks after that disgusting reply he gave to my mother, I learned from several reliable sources that the expensive paintings in the homes of top ministers in the Church were purchased from the third tithe funds! In other words, it was quite probable that some of my mother's money from my father's life insurance proceeds was used to purchase expensive paintings.

That was my wake-up call!!!

Much research confirmed to my satisfaction that tithing was a form of *agricultural tax in ancient Israel* to support the Levitical Priesthood. Wage earners were never expected to pay tithes...but instead, they were encouraged to give free will offerings. However, Armstrong wanted BOTH tithes *and* free will offerings.

Also, I learned that Mr. Armstrong saw a physician for his own medical issues while he insisted that church members avoid seeking medical help for anything other than injuries from an accident. A colleague at work lost his son from spinal meningitis because he failed to get appropriate medical treatment in time. That bothered both my wife and me greatly.

The combination of the above resulted in my knowing that my days in WCG were numbered, so I volunteered to be laid off during another financial crunch. Connie and I listed our home for sale; and decided to move to Seattle with our two children.

Shortly before leaving, a college friend and minister came to Pasadena for some meetings. He told me that he learned that

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someone was spying on employees and ministers to verify whether they were paying their tithes and freewill offerings. He decided to find out by sending his tithes *anonymously* by money order, so that no records would be made in the computer. When he got called on the carpet for not tithing, that was the end of his ministry in WCG.

Shortly after learning of the above, a reliable source informed me that Mr. Armstrong only gave five percent of his income back to the church. That was HYPOCRISY in CAPITAL LETTERS.

By volunteering for a layoff, I received nine weeks of pay instead of only two weeks. Next, it was time to sell our home and leave both California and the Worldwide Church of God; and we moved to the Seattle area, making a major life change. I did not know how to break the news to my mother, because her blind loyalty lasted almost two decades.

My Mother Leaves WCG

When the time and place was right, I told my mother, "I'm leaving the Church."

Her response blew my socks off. She breathed a sigh of relief, saying, "So am I, and I did not know how to tell you." I asked her why, and I will summarize her response...

One rainy night, she was awakened by a ring at the doorbell. She said that Loma Armstrong was at the door, telling her to leave the Church. Then she woke up, realizing she only dreamed that she woke up. After falling asleep again, that dream repeated itself; and it did not seem like a dream until she woke up a second time.

The third time she did not know for certain whether it was a dream or for real. When she opened the front door, Loma Armstrong said emphatically, "Dolly, God sent me to tell you to get out of my husband's church!"

Since Mom was not an academic, I am uncertain whether anyone alive could have persuaded her to leave the Worldwide Church of God.

Although my mother was sad to see me move to the Pacific Northwest, she was not surprised when I told her that I was moving my family up north to start a new life. In fact, my life was about to change in more ways than I imagined.

Part Three:

Post-Cult to 1983

Chapter 8

An Insurance Career

After arriving in Seattle with our rental truck towing our Ford Escort, my wife and I looked for a place to live. We found a reasonable apartment in a small town called Pacific, which is about 30 miles south by southeast of Seattle.

The next order of business was seeking employment; so I went to the unemployment center to look for work.

One of the first places they sent me was to Aetna Insurance in downtown Seattle; but the manager who interviewed me said that I was not cut out for the insurance profession. However, the next interview was with Metropolitan Life in Tacoma (which is about 35 miles south of Seattle). The district manager at Metropolitan Life hired me after two interviews; so my total unemployment lasted less than three weeks. We will call the district manager George (not his real name).

My Early Years

My starting salary was \$300 per week, which was more money in the 1970's that it is today. I discovered that determining insurance needs required analytical skills, as well as skills with math. For me, that was easier to learn than learning how to sell.

My challenge was that I was unwilling to suggest something that I would not be willing to buy if the roles were reversed. However, in spite of doubts of the sales managers, I worked for almost two years before having any "blank weeks" (vacations excepted). Note that a blank week meant a week without selling or upgrading an insurance policy.

Twins!

Although my wife and I wanted to stop at two children, she got pregnant again after moving to Washington State, and gave birth to twin girls: Sharon and Karen. When someone told me that I was a "P.O.T." it sounded like an insult until he told me that it is

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an acronym for Parent of Twins. Several people also told me that twins run in the family, but generation skip.

Skipping forward in time several decades, one of my twin daughters (Karen) has twins that look very much like she and her sister did when they were little – so much for generation skipping!

National Quality Award

By selling on a “needs” basis instead of simply pressuring people into policies that they do not need, I was awarded the National Quality Award for having a very high policy retention record. What added to my personal satisfaction was getting congratulated afterwards by the same Aetna manager who had previously told me that I was not cut out for the insurance business. He admitted that he underestimated me, and made a mistake. I accepted his apology...and I could tell that he regretted failing to hire me.

Sales Management

In 1978 George promoted me to sales manager. At sales management school in San Francisco, the instructor told us that over 50% of new insurance agents hired will drop out within the first year...and that it is rare to have more than one in ten last for two years.

During my one year in sales management, I recruited and hired seven agents. When I left Metropolitan Life two years later, three of them remained in the insurance profession.

My First Christmas Since Childhood

I learned from experience that we sometimes do not appreciate something until we no longer have it.

For 18 years I did not celebrate Christmas because of the dogma of the Armstrong cult (WCG). When celebrating it for the first time as an adult, simply listening to Christmas carols often made me cry tears of joy.

Celebrating that special holiday once again that I loved as a child was more special than I can put into words. Christmas of 1974 was a special experience for my entire family, even though my twins were infants.

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I realized that we often take for granted some of life's greatest joys; and the best cure for that is an attitude of gratitude.

Some strange events happened to me that are not related to insurance, which started with one of the women I hired. The next chapter discusses them...

Chapter 9

Unexplained Events

Several months after my promotion to management, I accompanied a new trainee on several presentations. One late afternoon she had three appointments, going into the evening. Her appointments resulted in two sales, and she was very pleased. We will call her Kay (not her real name).

She asked me if she could buy me a drink before returning to the district office. My wife was out of town at the time with out children, so I agreed to one drink only.

She What???

After receiving our drinks, Kay said that she knew me in a past life. I immediately told her that I did not believe in past lives, and I told her that my older sister and I had several arguments about it.

Kay persisted in her belief that she knew me, and told me that I was a healer in a past life...then she put her right hand next to mine and said, "Please heal my hand."

Without thinking, I placed her hand in my left hand and went into a spontaneous self-hypnosis trance. I put my right hand several inches above her hand, moving my right hand in a circular motion. Next, I started doing a hypnotic induction even though I had never received training in this life, and mumbled some words about "accepting the white healing light of Christ," and other words I have long since forgotten.

Suddenly she removed her right hand and replaced it with her left hand and said, "Now please heal the other one." I was still in a spontaneous trance state, and repeated the previous process.

Afterwards, she took her left hand away, holding both hands in front of her with her fists doubled up. She said, "I've had arthritis for ten years, and have not been able to make a fist in either hand for years. Thank you for healing my hands!"

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I was literally speechless for almost a half of a minute, not knowing what to say. Finally I said, "Your faith made you whole."

She responded, "I told you that you were a healer in a past life!" I drove home pondering what happened, and seeking an explanation that I could not find.

Debating with My Sister about Past Lives

My older sister (Roberta) and I were close since childhood, although we had debated numerous times during the 1970's about reincarnation. She believe in reincarnation, but I was still a past life skeptic. Nonetheless, on a visit to see her at her home near Mt. Shasta in Northern California, I told her about the event with Kay.

I also told Roberta that after Dad passed on, our mother told me that she would see Bob again just as she saw Robert again. Roberta had a twin brother named Robert, who died in infancy; so after Mom told me that she saw Robert again, I replied, "What do you mean that you saw Robert again?"

Mom said that when I was only two, I came up to her when she was washing clothes and said, "Mommy, the reason you could not get rid of me is that I am Robert. I came back to be with my twin sister."

That conversation with my mother happened when we were both still members of the Worldwide Church of God, so I said, "Mom, that's reincarnation, which is a doctrine of demons." She said that maybe God made an exception, because she never stopped grieving for Robert until that incident. Robert was never discussed, so I had no way of knowing about him when I was that young.

When I told Roberta about the above event, she said, "I've known ever since we were children that you were my twin brother reincarnated. Why do you think we have been close all these years?" There was now a slight crack in my skepticism, and Roberta dared me to pray to God for a past life flashback. Be careful what you ask for, because you might receive it!

Past Life Flashback and Regression

The following summer I took my family camping in the North Cascades National Park at Baker Lake, near Mt. Shuksan.

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While rowing across the lake in a canoe with my oldest child, I suddenly had a memory that was much stronger than a *déjà vu* experience. Somehow I knew the mountains like the back of my hand, and knew where there was a cave hidden behind some huge boulders. I also remembered canoeing across that same lake wearing buckskins, and had a beard (which I did not have any time in my current life before 1980).

It bothered me greatly, because I was still mostly skeptical about past lives...nonetheless, a friend urged me to go to a hypnotherapist and ask for a past life regression.

Even though I am analytical, I went deep enough to access real or imagined memories of being born in Paris in the late 1700's as Jacques...whether me in a past life, or someone else who lived then. At age 12 his parents were executed for a crime they did not commit, so Jacques left Paris and stowed away on a ship to America.

Jacques changed his name to Jacob, and travelled across what today is Southern Canada, making his way to the Pacific Northwest. He befriended an Indian Chief and was an honorary member of the tribe. He earned the trust of the Chief after saving his life. Consequently, the Chief entrusted Jacob to take his adopted daughter up into the mountains to protect her from her natural father who was a drunkard.

The Chief's adopted daughter was Isabel, a young woman in her late teens. Once safely in the mountains, she seduced Jacob and they fell in love. Jacob built a cabin near the shore of what today is Baker Lake, and was a fir trapper. Their life was happy except for two experiences: Isabel had a still born child, and Jacob was killed by a bear in Isabel's garden behind the cabin in his late 20's. The bear smashed his face, crushing his jawbone, and he bled to death.

Although I remembered the details vividly during the hypnotic regression, the crack in my skepticism of past lives was only slightly widened until an event that happened over two years later. However, ever since childhood I often had recurring nightmares of being killed by a bear smashing my face into bits and pieces. The nightmares ceased after that regression, which lessened my skepticism and opened the crack a little wider.

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As a bonus to the hypnosis session, the hypnotherapist taught me self-hypnosis for managing stress. That technique had immediate benefits to help me manage stress. What she taught me has also benefited thousands of clients over my years of facilitating and teaching professional hypnotherapy.

Flash Forward

For this chapter section I will jump forward in time. After my first marriage failed, I met a woman at Unity Church whom I wanted to date. Her name was Pam; but many months would pass before I learned that she was the same Pam who was a Mousekateer and was previously married to my brother-in-law's partner when he was serving in the Pasadena Police Department.

Every time I started talking to Pam, her friend Susie came out of nowhere to join the conversation before I could ask Pam out on a date. This happened several times until Pam finally said *yes* before Susie could intervene. However, Susie was within earshot and said, "Pam, you can't go out with Roy, because we have a sing-along Saturday night with Neil."

I lingered with the two women, hoping to ask Pam out on a different night. However, the topic of bridge (the card game) came up; and Susie asked me whether I was a bridge player. She gave me her phone number and asked me to call her if I ever needed a Fourth.

The following Thursday evening I had a bridge date who cancelled about two hours before the game because of sickness. Susie was available and willing to play. After ending the evening, she wanted to have a drink and ask me about past lives.

When I told her about my spontaneous past life flashback, and the details that came to me during a past life regression, *she* started filling in details that I had not yet disclosed.

She said, "The lake was less than 30 feet from the cabin...and there was a small window to the right of the door."

I asked her if she was psychic, or reading my mind. She then said, "Your stinky firs were in the corner, and we had a stillborn son." That's when I felt like I was living a Rod Serling episode out of the *Twilight Zone*.

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Susie later told me that I had to come to her apartment because there was something she wanted me to see. Several nights later we were in her living room, sitting on her sofa. She opened a page in her journal that she wrote and dated TWO YEARS before we ever met.

Her journal summarized the life of Jacob as it came to me before we ever met, clear down to the details of including her name as Isabel and my name as Jacob. Her journal also included the account of Jacob's death.

The words included the statement that Jacob was currently reincarnated, living in Tacoma, and had a son. She included the correct ages of both me and my oldest child as of the date of the journal. She also said that Jacob's higher self told her that when the time was right, he would come into her life.

I was speechless! After a long silence she said, "I'm a feminist, and this was my excuse to avoid relationships. You come along and blow my fantasy into reality. NOW what do we do?"

The only thing I could say was, "I don't know." Then she immediately kissed me and we spent the next several years of our lives together as man and wife.

Back to the late 1970's

My district manager at MetLife wanted to hire a personal friend named Fred (not his real name), but he was a successful realtor and refused to change to insurance sales. However, he reconsidered after George showed him my paycheck stubs and told him that I would soon be leaving management.

George started manipulating events into setting me up to be railroaded out of management in order to make room for Fred. That was my first taste of corporate corruption.

George demanded that all agents worked EXCLUSIVELY for Metropolitan Life. However, the second highest producer in the district was on my unit; but he was also involved in Amway. His name was Ralph. George instructed me to give him an ultimatum to either sell insurance or sell Amway.

I warned George that Ralph would quit his insurance career if I put him into a no-win situation...and that I had no problem with

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his working part time selling Amway as long as he was doing so well with his insurance career.

George said, "Either you tell him to stop selling Amway, or I will." I refused; so George gave him the ultimatum, and Ralph immediately resigned just as I had predicted.

On paper, George blamed me for Ralph's termination, and used that as the excuse to demote me back into sales. This cleared the way for Fred to replace me. However, Fred did not know that George forced me out of management; and felt very bad when he learned the truth several months later.

After returning to sales, I learned the hard way that the sales manager contract I signed a year earlier contained fine print giving up my rights to many thousands of dollars of renewals on casualty insurance. That hurt me financially, because I had the largest book of casualty business of anyone in the district. I literally lost thousands of dollars of renewal commissions...and lost my trust for MetLife at the same time for allowing that to happen.

The above resulted in me ending my career with Metropolitan Life...so I went independent and worked with a broker. My first wife was very disappointed, and rightly so. Within two years, my first marriage ended. Both Connie and I had our faults, because we were young when we got married and were also influenced by the religious cult that employed us both before and after our marriage. Divorce was hard on both of us (as well as our children); but other than the previous comments, I will spare the reader the details. I wanted to go back in time and undo some of the mistakes I made the first few years of our marriage, wishing that it might have changed the last few years.

However, I will add the comment that we are on good terms today; and Connie gets along well with my current wife, which is a credit to both women. It is also good for our grandchildren.

A Spiritual Experience

Just weeks after separating from Connie, I felt more discouraged and depressed than at any time in my entire life. I felt like a failure as a husband and a father, and knew I would miss seeing my children daily; so I went to spend three weeks with my

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sister and her husband who lived in Weed, near Mt. Shasta, California.

Several days after my arrival, I hiked into the woods and found a meadow with a beautiful view of Mt. Shasta, and sat on a log to meditate. Normally I have a keen sense of the passing of time; but to this day I have no idea whether 30 seconds or 30 minutes passed during my “experience.”

Somehow I became aware of the true spiritual beings that we all are, or will become when we evolve spiritually. Also, I knew *all the answers to all the mysteries of life* that I pondered since age 12 regarding God, Christ, religion, spirituality, and our divine purpose in life. I also knew my life path. However, I was NOT allowed to remember any of those answers after concluding the meditation – but only that there ARE answers. Also, I was not even allowed to remember what my life path was – only that it was chosen for me or by me (which left me somewhat confused).

Years later I had a hypnotic regression back to that spiritual experience, and was allowed to remember God revealing to me that I would suffer many financial setbacks in order to learn the value of compassion; and that lesson would become an important part of my life path. I still was NOT allowed to remember the answers to my questions regarding the mysteries of life...but only that *there are answers*. I also remembered that we should pray for protection, healing, and empowerment in that order, as a “prayer for light workers.” Apparently it was also revealed that I would someday become a hypnotherapist, which was my life path.

Was the experience real? ...or did I fall asleep and dream the spiritual experience? To this day, I do not know the answer to that question. However, the experience was life-changing for me, and gave me the strength to get through some of the most difficult years of my life even though I did not yet know about my future life path.

I still had well over two more years ahead of me in sales before learning hypnotherapy.

Chapter 10

Single Again until Remarriage

To me it seemed very strange to be single with children. I had several credit cards, and transferred the one with a zero balance to my ex-wife so that she would have a credit card. She kept the house, and I lived in a low class apartment near the Tacoma Mall. Also, I left our sons and twin daughters with their mother, as I felt that it was better for our children to live with their mother instead of living with a father who worked over 50+ hours every week.

The emotional stress of the divorce resulted in my inability to sell well on a straight commission basis...and within a couple of years I was forced to file for bankruptcy. Fortunately for me and my family, Washington State paid my child support to the mother of my children and simply let the debt accumulate at a low interest rate. Bankruptcy did not clear my debt with the state; but at least I knew that my children were taken care of. Eventually I was able to pay off my debt to the state; and appreciated that Washington State did not allow my wife to go without the child support during months when I did not have the money to pay it.

Another Sales Job

After filing for bankruptcy, I got burned out as an insurance agent, and realized that I needed a job with a guaranteed income.

Since I knew how to sell well, I accepted a position at Monroe Systems for Business (a subsidiary of Litton Industries). They offered me salary plus commission; which took a lot of stress away from me. Somehow I knew that the base salary would reduce my stress, restoring my ability to sell.

As with my insurance career, I applied the golden rule, and endeavored to recommend business machines that I believed would be appropriate if I were in the buyer's shoes.

The most unusual appointment I ever had was to deliver a photocopy machine to a military silo at a Navy base in the Puget Sound area. The Navy called to order the copier; so all I had to do

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was deliver it. I went through two military gates. It seemed very strange to go inside a military silo and see with my own eyes one of the places where two military people had keys to launch missiles if we ever went to war. I was anxious to set up the copy machine and leave.

Dating

Another thing that was strange to me was dating. My only previous experience with dating was during my years in the religious cult ruled by Herbert Armstrong; so everything seemed new to me. I felt like a square peg in a round hole. However, I found some comfort occasionally going to functions of a singles club called *Parents Without Partners*.

I believe that dating a number of different women helped me to become less naïve; but I was not ready to even consider getting remarried until experiencing the events described in Chapter 9 regarding Susie. How could I run away from such a profound coincidence? The odds are better at winning the lottery than two people knowing about a shared past life two years before they ever met.

My dating ended when Susie and I got engaged...and several months later we got married.

I moved into her apartment, and learned that Pam was both her neighbor and her best friend. After living with her for several months, my oldest son (David) came to live with me instead of his mother, and I had custody of him until he joined the Navy after graduating from high school.

This validated to both Susie and me why her journal contained only the age of one of my sons as of the date of her journal. My other three children visited with Susie and me, but remained with their mother. Both of us fantasized Hollywood making our story into a movie, but we never got that story into the right hands. Meanwhile, a life-changing accident happened to me while on the job.

An Injury at Work

A local business in Tacoma, Washington, purchased several desktop computers. During the 1980's they were larger and

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heavier than today; and two of us loaded them into the Monroe van for delivery.

While unloading them for delivery, the man helping me lift one of them out of the van lost his grip. When the computer started to fall towards the asphalt below, I dove to save the computer – at the expense of my back!

The pain was excruciating; and I ended up in Tacoma General Hospital with no reflex response, and about 50% loss of feeling in one leg and over 70% loss of feeling in the other one. It took extreme effort and great pain to walk even a few steps.

During my stay, the doctors only allowed me out of bed to use the bathroom. After x-rays and an MRI, the prognosis was very negative: *back surgery to remove a fractured disc that was pushing into my spinal cord*. Surgery was scheduled; and the surgeon told me that I would be bedridden for up to three months, and unable to return to work for nine months or longer. Furthermore, I would never be able to lift more than 25 pounds for the rest of my life.

The day before the procedure, they scheduled a final X-ray to determine the precise place to make the incision (this was before laser surgery). While lying in bed before being wheeled in a wheelchair for the X-ray, I did self-hypnosis and meditation, along with prayer. Then, while being wheeled down to X-ray, I felt and heard a snap in my lower back, and instantly full feeling returned to both of my legs.

The next morning, both the surgeon and my doctor came to my room and told me that the surgery was cancelled. My doctor said, “We have no medical explanation for what happened. It is as though you did surgery on yourself; because the disc fragment sticking into your spinal cord is gone!”

Both doctors told me that I would still suffer chronic back pain and have to take pain medication daily for the rest of my life. They also told me that I would never be able to lift more than 25 pounds, and that it would be several months before I was healthy enough to return to work.

In less than a month I was back to work at Monroe Systems for Business. Also, by using the same “peaceful place” meditation

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and self-hypnosis technique taught to me in the late 1970's when experiencing the past life regression, I was able to tame the pain down to a tolerable level without the use of pain medication. I added imagery of turning down the pain level by turning a dial. This has allowed me to live a normal life instead of being a chronic pain patient...and made a believer in me regarding the power of the mind.

As an additional benefit, I also discovered that I could use the same meditation techniques to reduce both the frequency and severity of headaches that harassed me since first grade (except for the ones that were migraine).

Both of the above increased my interest in hypnosis, resulting in my becoming open-minded about my career change into hypnotherapy.

IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE: Pain is a warning that something is wrong with the body; so it is important to deal with the cause of any pain before turning it down or off. I do not turn my back pain off completely, because I need it to warn me if I engage in an activity that puts my back at risk of further injury. Before using any form of hypnosis to reduce or eliminate pain, it would be very wise to consult with your examining physician first.

Part Four:

Hypnotherapy Career

Chapter 11

Changing Careers

In December of 1982, Monroe Business Systems made a change in their payroll system. After my original employment with them, we received our paychecks weekly. They made a change just before Christmas of 1982 to pay once every two weeks.

The end result was cheating us out of a week's pay just before Christmas with no Christmas bonus to compensate; and most employees *totally resented the timing* of the change in their pay structure.

I well remember saying to a friend, "We received a Christmas card from Monroe Systems for Business wishing us a Merry Christmas; but instead of a bonus, the Christmas wishes came with the news that we would not receive a paycheck the week before Christmas..." I was so angry that I decided it was time to change employers ASAP. Their timing could not have been worse; and I believe there were thousands of disgruntled employees and sales reps. To this day I am uncertain as to how many people they lost after such poor timing of that major mistake.

My second wife emphasized with me considerably, and encouraged me to consider changing careers sometime during the months to follow.

Susie's Christmas Gift to Me

Although I have always been skeptical of psychics, for a Christmas gift Susie bought me a 30-minute psychic reading with a very well-known psychic in the Pacific Northwest.

We waited until after New Year's Day for the reading, which was the last reading of the day for that psychic. Both of us went to her home, which was where she gave her readings. We will call her Darla (not her real name).

Darla invited us to sit down and offered us some tea. She started out by talking about herself, and then wandered around

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several different topics. Then she told us that it was a gift to have psychic skills; but it was more important to be spiritual. Given the choice between psychic gifts and spiritual gifts, it was far better to be spiritual than to be psychic. Meanwhile, Susie and I were wondering if and when I would receive my psychic reading.

About 45 minutes after our arrival for a 30-minute session, Darla finally said, "I make a point NEVER to tell people what to do...but my spiritual guides will not give me a moment's rest until I ask you a question."

I told her to ask me the question.

Darla responded, "Your life path is hypnotherapy. Why aren't you following it?"

I was so shocked that you could have knocked me over with a feather. My lifelong interest in hypnosis remained buried in my subconscious until my mid-30's, although it rose to the surface after my past life regression as Jacob several years earlier. Then, several weeks after that reading, my interest in hypnosis skyrocketed because of the combination of her question AND my recent experience of using self-hypnosis to manage chronic pain without the necessity of taking daily pain medication.

Susie and I had many discussions about it. After what Monroe did to its employees that previous December, I lost all of my loyalty to that employer. In the early spring, I learned of a hypnotherapy instructor north of Seattle; and enrolled in the Charles Tebbetts Hypnotism Training Institute that was located in Edmonds, Washington, about 60 miles from our home south of Tacoma.

Every Thursday evening, and sometimes twice weekly, I made the round trip drive: almost two hours during rush hour from Parkland to Edmonds in order to arrive before 7pm, and then about an hour back when traffic was lighter after 10pm. Sometimes Charlie and his wife would have coffee with the students after class, so attending his classes resulted in my investing anywhere from six hours to over seven hours at least once weekly. However, I was eager to learn everything I could from my teacher and mentor. Occasionally he taught for an entire weekend, inviting

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hypnosis professionals to attend in order to enable them to enhance their training.

This was the beginning of walking my life path as a hypnotherapist.

Charles Tebbetts

Charlie (as he wished to be called) taught his course over a period of many months. He taught us to fit the technique to the client rather than vice versa; so he demonstrated numerous techniques in the classroom.

In 1983 he was affiliated with the American Council of Hypnotist Examiners (ACHE). Gil Boyne was the founder of the ACHE, which was already international. Charlie and Gil were close friends; so when Mr. and Mrs. Tebbetts moved from the Los Angeles area to the Seattle area, Gil asked him to found a chapter of the ACHE in the Pacific Northwest. Charlie first learned hypnosis before World War I; and did it part time for decades before he met Gil Boyne.

Shortly after enrolling in Charlie's course, I found out that he was well known in the profession; but over a decade passed before I realized that my mentor was a 20th Century legend in the hypnotherapy profession. He is known for being the pioneer of parts therapy; but he was also one of the pioneers of *client centered hypnotherapy*, which means fitting the technique to the client instead of trying to fit the client to your technique or program.

We need to adapt to each client's specific situation and needs, because there is no technique that is good enough to help all the people all the time. Charlie was very critical of hypnosis professionals who relied totally on scripts, even though they have their place in some situations.

I will not take time in these memoirs to discuss the techniques he taught. If you wish to learn more about them, you may read my hypnosis texts based on his course: *The Art of Hypnosis* (3rd Edition, 2010, Crown House Publishing), and *The Art of Hypnotherapy* (4th Edition, 2010, Crown House Publishing). These two texts represent his entire 9-month course, updated by my experience.

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Flashing ahead...my reason for writing and teaching his course is because Charlie asked me to continue his work prior to his passing.

Certification Requirements

In addition to turning in summaries of designated practice sessions, Charlie required us to pass two exams: a lengthy written certification test, and a practical exam given by his wife, Joyce Tebbetts. The practical exam could be given any time during the third quarter when Joyce informed a student that it was his or her turn to take the practicum. In my opinion, these requirements added considerable credibility to his course.

Over 20 students were in my class...and as we approached the end of the course, those who were still waiting to take the practical became very apprehensive. I often heard a fellow student say, "Joyce is very strict..." and many students had to take the practicum two or three times before passing.

The week before the written exam I told Charlie that Joyce had not yet given me the practicum. I will always remember his reply: "Hunter, several weeks ago you were practicing with a student from Olympia, and did not know that I stood behind you observing. You did a good job, so I told Joyce that you already passed the practical exam."

Years later, whenever a student did a credible job of a critiqued session my classroom, I started the critique by saying, "Congratulations! You just passed the practical exam." It was easy to encourage others in the class to volunteer to be on the metaphorical "hot seat" in front of their classmates for the rest of my course.

Starting My Practice

Rather than jumping out on my own, I did an apprenticeship in downtown Seattle under Jack Blackwell, owner of Alpha Hypnosis. The commute from south of Tacoma to Seattle made the days long; but I was grateful for the start. Jack did the advertising; and my share of rent, phone use, and his marketing was 60% of the session fees. In other words, I kept 40% and paid nothing for rent, phone and advertising...and he even supplied my business cards. That was a great start for me.

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While some people thought that Jack's gross percentage was high, I considered it a win/win because I learned years earlier that there is a huge difference between marketing and selling. Jack Blackwell and his wife did the marketing, and I sold the benefits of hypnotherapy to most people who called or came in for a free consultation.

Jack was a wealth of information, and I appreciated him mentoring me. He encouraged me to give free talks to various organizations to spread the word about the benefits of hypnosis, and to take plenty of business cards. He also encouraged me to join the Chamber of Commerce when I opened up my own office, and to network with business people.

As a "newbie" finally practicing the art of hypnosis for compensation, I told God that I wanted to help as many people as possible. My wish at the time was to exceed 10,000 people during my career. Never in my wildest fantasies would I have believed it possible for me to be an author of books that would indirectly help millions of people.

Several months into my new hypnotherapy career, I located an inexpensive office to rent in Tacoma in order to avoid the long commute; and I joined the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce as Jack suggested. He and I remained friends until his passing years later; and Jack eventually served on my Board of Directors when I served as President of a local chapter of a hypnosis association.

Marketing Tips

Unlike mental health counselors who have clients long term, hypnotherapy clients usually need only a few sessions...so it is beneficial to be good at marketing.

Once on my own, I quickly learned that many advertising agents promise the moon but deliver pebbles. After wasting many thousands of dollars on non-productive ads, I realized that following Jack Blackwell's advice was the best way to obtain new clients with minimal expense.

Within a few months, I also learned that successful clients are willing to share their success with other people (except for golfers, who wish to stay silent about how hypnosis can help their game).

Whether a client saw me to quit smoking, manage weight, reduce stress, or for any other motivational goal or presenting problem, I did my best to help them by fitting the technique to the client. When he or she completed the final session, I congratulated my client and said, "Please share me with your family and friends." Then I handed him or her three business cards. Occasionally a client asked for several more.

By the mid-1980's I averaged 20 to 25 sessions per week, with over half of them being referrals from satisfied clients. Occasionally I enjoyed seeing a former client for a different issue other than the original one.

Meeting Ormond McGill

Ormond McGill was another 20th legend in our profession. Other hypnosis professionals called him "The Dean of American Hypnosis." If you Google the above, you can see some pictures and videos of Ormond McGill. He was keynote speaker at one of our annual Pacific Northwest Hypnotherapy Conferences that Charlie and the ACHE promoted in the Seattle area.

When meeting him personally, I shook his hand and said, "Mr. McGill, I have several of your books. It's an honor to meet you."

He put his left hand on my shoulder and said, "It's good to see you again, my dear friend!" I expressed surprise at his response, and told him that I had never met him before. He told me that he knew me in many past lives. We became instant friends in this life, and remained so until his passing in 2005. He claimed to have conscious memories of several of his past lives.

Less than 24 hours after meeting Ormond, he asked me when I was going to write my first book. I told him that I already wrote a book, but over a dozen publishers turned it down...and I gave up on the idea of becoming a published author. When he inquired about the topic, I told him it was a science fiction book.

Ormond replied, "I'm not talking about science fiction. It is your life path to write books about hypnosis. When are you going to get started?" To this day I do not know how he knew...but the number of my titles published and recommended by hypnosis

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schools around the world demonstrates the veracity of what Ormond McGill told me so many years ago.

My first book was a self-hypnosis book that I self-published later that year as *HypnoCise*. (I mistakenly thought the title would be catchy.) A year later Gil Boyne published it as *Success Through Mind Power* (1986, Westwood Publishing, now out of print). The 3rd version was published by Sterling Publishing in 1998 as *Master the Power of Self-Hypnosis*; and the current version is *Mastering the Power of Self-Hypnosis* (2nd Ed., 2010, Crown House Publishing). Ormond McGill wrote the Preface for *The Art of Hypnosis* that is now in its 3rd edition from Crown House Publishing (2010). I have several other books in print.

Networking Meetings

Frequently Charlie had networking meetings for hypnotherapists, whether or not they were graduates of his course. A meeting usually took place in the evening, with socializing, snacks and beverages, and a guest speaker.

Attendees often debated over which induction was the best: slow inductions vs. fast ones, eye fixation vs. progressive relaxation, etc., etc. I learned from experience that there IS a “best induction for most of the clients most of the time” – the one that the hypnotherapist likes best! If the hypnosis professional has a good rapport with the client, the probability is very high that he or she will respond to whatever induction is used. The hypnotherapist’s confidence with that induction will come across both consciously and subconsciously, increasing the probability of a good response. However, it is wise to know several different inductions for those few clients who fail to respond to the one normally used.

Also, my first presentation as a guest speaker was a small start to my eventually appreciating the privilege of giving presentations and workshops to hypnosis professionals in over 20 countries around the world.

Teaching Charlie’s Course

Sometime after my guest presentation at a networking meeting, Charlie approached me to ask if I would consider

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teaching his course. I said, "Charlie, I haven't even been in the profession four years yet, and don't feel qualified."

He replied to my objection by saying, "Hunter, I know a good teacher when I see one."

After he refused to accept NO for an answer, I told him that I would pray and meditate over it and get back to him later that month.

When I went home that night, I told my wife about it, and she thought it was a great idea. With my Christian background, I was reluctant to ask God for a sign...but somehow this seemed important enough to make an exception.

Since I had given several evening self-hypnosis lectures for the Continuing Education Department at Tacoma Community College, I told God, "If you want me to teach professional hypnosis, then help me sell TCC on the idea." I only asked once...and then "chickened out" and decided not to approach the college.

The following week, the Chair of the Continuing Education Department asked me to meet with her before my evening lecture on self-hypnosis. Imagine my surprise when she asked me whether or not I would consider teaching a hypnosis certification course at the college!

Instead of me selling TCC on the idea of my teaching professional hypnotherapy, the college came to me! I considered that as an obvious answer to my prayer; so the following September of 1987 I started teaching the "Charles Tebbetts Hypnotism Training Course" at Tacoma Community College.

Several people have told me that it was the first time a hypnotherapy course was available at a college in the entire country; but I can neither confirm nor invalidate that as a fact.

Since I was teaching Charlie's course, my Department Chair agreed to give 10% of the tuitions to Charles Tebbetts, 40% to me, and the college kept the other 50%. I created extensive handouts for my students, which eventually turned into student study guides for each quarter of my course. They have gone through many revisions over the years, and are still used by the handful of

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teachers who teach my course that is based on Charlie's work (updated by my experience).

Charlie Leaves the ACHE

Charles Tebbetts and Gil Boyne had a difference of opinion that they could not reconcile, so they parted ways. After Boyne put me into a no-win situation by forcing me to choose sides, I dropped my ACHE membership and remained loyal to Charlie. Eventually I became the Founding President of the Pacific Northwest Chapter of the National Guild of Hypnotists (NGH). Below is one of the few pictures I have of Charles Tebbetts, taken at my office when Dr. John Hughes visited from the NGH to facilitate a workshop on hypnotic inductions.



Left to right: Roy Hunter, Dr. John Hughes, Charles Tebbetts

Single Again

Towards the latter part of the 1980's Susie told me that she was not cut out to be a wife in this life, and wanted us to separate. She told me she believed that we kept our soul agreements; and that her agreement was to help me get into the hypnotherapy profession. She successfully accomplished that goal.

We separated as friends and went our separate ways. I saw her occasionally until sometime after meeting my current wife.

Chapter 12

The Peaks and Pits of the 1990's

For me, the 1990's were the best of times and the worst of times. I also experienced several peaks and pits – personally, professionally, and financially.

A Strange Coincidence

I usually had my children over on weekends twice monthly. On alternative weekends I sometimes worked and often engaged in recreational activities, such as various social events with Parents without Partners (PWP).

On a Saturday night in early May of 1990, I had a date scheduled with a woman whom I met the month before. We will call her Carol (not her real name). About two hours before the scheduled time for me to pick her up, she called to cancel because “Something else came up...”

This was not the weekend to see my children, and there were no good movies out in theatres that I wanted to see. Since I had already planned to go out for the evening, I decided to go the Parents Without Partners dance at the Kent Commons (about half-way between Tacoma and Seattle).

When I arrived at the PWP dance, I found three empty chairs at the end of a table and put my coat over the back of the end one...and then set off to obtain a beverage and some snacks. After returning to my chair, two people occupied the chairs that were previously empty.

“I can't believe it!” said Carol, who sat next to me with her male friend sitting on her right.

I could not believe it either. There are several million people living in the Seattle-Tacoma metropolitan area; and almost a thousand of them attended the PWP dance in Kent that night. Out of all the places Carol could go, she and her date chose the PWP

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dance in Kent. Furthermore, the chance of her sitting next to me was almost a thousand to one. I should have purchased a lottery ticket that day! Immediately after my initial shock, I said, "You owe me a dance."

Normally I endeavor to avoid conflict; but once on the dance floor, I asked her why she went out with someone else after agreeing to go out with me. She replied, "I can go out with whomever I choose."

My reply was, "You made me feel like seconds..."

She cut me off and replied, "Like I said, I can go out with anyone I choose!"

I immediately said, "And I can dance with anyone I choose."

With that, I walked off the dance floor and headed towards the door, knowing that I would never ask Carol out again. I activated my stress management trigger (that I teach to most of my clients), and walked outside past the smokers. When I got far enough away to avoid being heard, I looked up at the night sky and literally said out loud, "OK God, I'm here to meet someone. Who is she?"

After walking back inside, I saw a stranger across a crowded room and asked her to dance. Her name was Jo-Anne, and we got married in May of 1992. She was a widow, and the sister of Tony, whom I met as a teenager. For years I thought that the lyrics in "Some Enchanted Evening" from the *South Pacific* movie were a syrupy fantasy that could never happen...but now I feel differently whenever hearing that song. Somehow I knew I would see her again and again; and in May of 2019 we celebrated our 27th Anniversary. Her younger daughter, Elizabeth, turned 16 right before our wedding; and I love her like one of my own daughters.

Finding Instructors to Teach Charlie's Course

In 1989, Charlie and I had a dream of recruiting other hypnosis instructors to teach his course in their area, and split the 10% royalty paid by other instructors between the two of us. Others felt that the idea was very credible because of the quality of the course. At the suggestion of others, I re-titled it *Diversified Client Centered Hypnosis* and recruited three instructors.

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Next, I recruited several more instructors to teach our course while attending national hypnosis conventions. Also, I submitted a formal proposal to a very large hypnosis association that also included a royalty for Charlie's widow; but instead of helping to promote a nine-month course into community colleges around the USA, they created a much shorter course...and their lead trainer told my instructors that they would not certify their graduates unless they taught the short course instead of teaching mine. Unfortunately, most of my instructors who signed agreements to teach my course broke their agreements instead of seeking another hypnosis association to certify their graduates. I decided to submit my course to several other associations for approval.

My First Two Texts Enhance the Course

After Charles Tebbetts passed, I felt it was necessary to organize his teachings into a logical, learning sequence to supplement his course, updated by my experience. (He asked me to continue his work prior to his passing.) The result was *The Art of Hypnosis* (first quarter) and *The Art of Hypnotherapy* (second and third quarter). Little did I know that these two texts would eventually become recommended or required reading in many hypnosis schools around the world.

After investing almost 2000 hours writing two texts to accompany the course, several professionals said was the best hypnosis training course available. However, I was unable to get any of the hypnosis associations to promote it...with one exception. A chapter officer of the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis (ASCH) approached me with an offer for the ASCH to promote my course and texts into many of the major accredited universities across the USA and Canada; except that the ASCH would control who was qualified to teach my course as well as who was eligible to take my course. Enrollment would be limited to graduate students and current students majoring in psychology.

I told him that I would not pull the ladder up after myself. He replied, "You have a master's degree, and know when to refer. But people with lesser education might not know when to refer; so WE will decide who is eligible to take your course." My response was to tell him that I had only a bachelor's degree when I was originally certified.

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When he said that I would have no financial worries for the rest of my life, I was tempted for about 15 seconds, but decided that I would not sell out the “lay hypnosis” profession to ASCH. Although I could have retired early, I did not like the spiritual price tag that came with that lucrative offer. Meanwhile, one large hypnosis association continued to come along behind me telling my new instructors to dump my course and teach their course instead.

Creating Unity in Washington State

During the 1980's, constant conflict existed between the American Council of Hypnotist Examiners (ACHE) and the Washington Hypnosis Association (WHA). This conflict compounded after Charles Tebbetts and Gil Boyne had differences that could not be reconciled. When Charlie left the ACHE, he formed the Hypnotist Educational Council International (HECI). ACHE conferences in the Seattle area ceased; but Charlie still had annual conferences in the Pacific Northwest. Meanwhile, the Washington Hypnosis Association had their annual conference one week apart from ours. The competition reduced attendance at both of conferences.

In 1990, Charlie got tired of hypnosis politics; so he asked me to take over the HECI. Since I was not good at marketing, I decided to merge with the National Guild of Hypnotists (NGH), which at that time had a written policy of “building bridges” with other associations. I sent the NGH the chapter mailing list of over 400 HECI members; and the Guild immediately made them members of the NGH without dues for the first year. (If I could go back in time, I would tell my younger self to merge with the International Medical & Dental Hypnotherapy Association instead.) We now had three bickering associations in our state.

As chapter founding president of the Pacific Northwest Chapter of the NGH, my first objective was to increase our treasury so that we could have chapter meetings. In order to raise money for our treasury, we promoted two workshops: one with Dr. John Hughes on confidence with inductions (see picture on p61), and another on regression with George Bien. Both workshops were successful, so we now had enough money in our treasury to accomplish something.

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My next goal was to find a way to end the constant bickering and backstabbing of hypnosis professionals in Washington State by members of the three associations. Subsequently, I invited myself to a board meeting of the officers of the Washington Hypnosis Association.

Icy eyes stared at me at that WHA board meeting. When the WHA President allowed me to speak, I said, "We have competitive conferences each year, only one week apart. Why don't we combine our resources and have a JOINT conference?"

One of the WHA officers replied skeptically, "Are you trying to take over our conference?"

I said, "No...the conference only needs one chief, and that should be the WHA President. Tell me how I can best help you, and we can combine our financial resources and create a win/win." I gave them my word that I would do whatever they thought would help create unity and make the combined conference successful.

They asked me to be the emcee and help with the selection and organization of the speakers, and we had the best Pacific Northwest Conference to date in Seattle that year. Even members of the local ACHE chapter attended. Charlie said, "Hunter, I never thought this could happen."

Failure for National Unity

Unfortunately, I erroneously believed that the successful unity created in Washington State could also happen on a national level; so I wrote a lengthy proposal for an umbrella hypnosis organization that would be funded by 10% of dues collected from all member hypnosis associations. The umbrella organization would have a congress with two chambers: representatives based on the size of member associations, and another chamber similar to the US Senate with two representatives for each member association regardless of size. Their main task would be to standardize requirements for certification nationwide, and to promote hypnotherapy credibly to the general public.

After running the idea by my chapter board, their input helped me to polish up the proposal for submission to all the major hypnosis associations in the country.

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Standardizing certification requirements would benefit the entire profession as well as the general public. Also, it was my desire to create more unity in our profession because many hypnotherapists have been losers as a result of the competitive attitude of some of the hypnosis associations. I sent formal proposals to the leaders of all the major hypnosis associations in the USA...but they were not well received. I was surprised that I failed to accomplish a similar unity on a national scale that was already history in Washington State.

Dr. Al Krasner told me, "Roy, the idea is good; but you will never see unity in our profession in this generation, and possibly not for many years to come." I asked him why; and he said that too many association leaders and walking egos would want to be chief. Consequently, it would not happen until all the current leaders in our profession passed on...and he told me that unity might not even happen even in my lifetime.

My feeling remains with me to the present: *How much more could we accomplish as a profession if we worked together instead of fighting each other?*

After my dream of national unity failed, I decided to devote myself to teaching client centered hypnotherapy to as many people as possible. My failed attempts at spreading professional unity on a national basis hurt me financially as well as emotionally; but I picked up the pieces and poured energy into revising the text books for my course based on the teachings of Charles Tebbetts.

Before the end of the 20th Century, Gil Boyne called me to apologize; and we remained on good terms until his passing.

Discovering Spiritual Hypnosis

Although I discovered spiritual hypnosis in the mid-1980's, I kept it in the closet for years. A woman who was active in her church saw me for weight management; and when her parts in conflict refused to let me mediate a resolution, I called out her part most closely connected to her Higher Power. "Holy Spirit" came forward and resolved her inner conflict within minutes.

Over the years, increasing numbers of clients asked me to help them obtain words of Divine wisdom from their perception of God or Higher Power. However, my students at Tacoma

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Community College never heard about it because I felt that keeping my course secular at the college made it more credible.

In the early part of the 1990's, I obtained my Masters Degree from St. John's University in Springfield, LA, which was theologically accredited. By the mid-90's, Dr. Arthur Winkler invited me to be a presenter at his annual ministerial conference in New Orleans. His wife was Pamela Winkler, PhD, who is a psychologist. They invited me to have lunch with them; and I told both the Winklers about my discovering spiritual hypnosis.

Dr. Pam said, "Roy, you need to write a book about this...it is part of your life path!"

Although I immediately flashed back to when Ormond McGill told me that writing books was part of my life path, I remained skeptical of Dr. Pam's comments, and still kept quiet about spiritual hypnosis until teaching a workshop in Ireland in 1999.

Joseph Keaney of the ICHP invited me to teach parts therapy in Dublin, Ireland. For the first time in my career, I took spiritual hypnosis out of the closet, and was overwhelmed with the enthusiastic response. Now that I finally came out of the closet with spiritual hypnosis, more was to come after the turn of the Century. Later in this book I will discuss my attempts to write the book on spiritual hypnosis before it finally became a reality.

Another "Pit"

Earlier in this chapter I mentioned that a major hypnosis associations declined to promote my diversified client centered hypnosis course, and their lead trainer told several of my instructors to teach their course – with the threat of their graduates not being certified if they taught my course instead.

Several people advised me to seek legal counsel, but I did not do so because of concerns that many good people might get hurt...and also was concerned that it might hit the news and hurt our profession. Consequently, I took the losses; and as a result, I literally filed for bankruptcy in 1998. Several people believe that I made the wrong decision; but I did so for the right reasons.

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When I knew that filing Chapter 7 was imminent, I asked a hypnosis professional for help with marketing (for a percentage of results) in order to heal financially. The response was unbelievably negative. He said: “Why don’t you walk your talk and get a prosperity consciousness?” My belief is that we create our *inner* reality of our actions and reactions to other people, places and events; but the external reality is co-created by all who influence it. For example, it takes TWO to create a happy marriage, but only one person to ruin it.

It was very depressing to me personally to receive negative criticism and get kicked farther down after asking someone who was able to help, but unwilling to help. That person should have simply said “NO” politely instead of adding criticism at a low point in my life. After two more requests resulting in more criticism, I gave up asking for help and decided to find another source of income...so I took a second job.

For almost ten years afterwards, I had to work the second job in order to heal financially. Because my books already made me well-known in the hypnotherapy profession, I continued my hypnotherapy career – teaching as well as still seeing clients.

My second job was a spiritual kindergarten: selling cars. The average workweek was 45 to 50 hours in addition to my full-time hypnotherapy career. Although I endeavored to help customers find the vehicle I would have wanted in a role reversal, it was often stressful to witness how many sales people sold from greed instead of integrity. Nonetheless, it was an education that I could not get in a book.

Another Peak

My highest professional peak was being inducted into the International Hypnosis Hall of Fame for my written contributions to the hypnotherapy profession. Former US Congressman Jon D. Fox presented the induction award to me.

Numerous other professional awards are located in my office as well as our home. Rather than name them here, those who wish may see them on a page on my website:

www.royhunter.com/about.htm

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Below is a picture of me holding the Hall of Fame induction award for my contributions to the profession as an Author. Now I felt ready for the start of the 21st Century.



Chapter 13

Dawn of the New Millennium

My wife and I spent New Year's Eve of 1999 at the Magic Kingdom in Disneyworld near Orlando, Florida. We rode the first train around the park in the new century. We well remember the Y2K scare, which turned out to be false; and we were both grateful that our laptop computers worked the next day.

Meanwhile, in the early 21st Century, several failed attempts to start the book on spiritual hypnosis resulted in my feeling almost ready to give up on writing the book. My first attempt resulted in burying myself in it for over two hours and several chapters – without using the “save” command. Then a rare lightning flash in the Seattle-Tacoma area caused a surge that resulted in my computer re-booting.

I erroneously thought that I too smart to do something that dumb...and learned my lesson about saving work frequently and often. Many weeks passed before my second attempt to start the book.

More Failed Attempts

In spite of the frustration over my foolishly forgetting to use the “save” command after starting my book, the number of spiritual sessions seemed to increase considerably after the turn of the century. To me it was deeply encouraging to witness increasing numbers of fellow hypnosis professionals also getting interested in spiritual hypnosis, and this encouraged me to resume interest in a book about it.

After several months I started my second attempt to write the book on spiritual hypnosis, making sure to save my work every few minutes. Several weeks and several chapters later, my computer crashed beyond repair; and I had to replace the hard drive. Unfortunately I learned the HARD way the importance of

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backing up your files! I was mad at myself for learning another lesson at the expense of many hours of work.

Naturally, my third attempt to start the book resulted in backing up the chapter files on a disc. Several months later, after the book was half finished, a friend's hacked email contained a link to a malicious website that infected my computer with a virus that was too new to be detected by Norton...and my computer crashed for the second time in a year. This time I bought a new computer.

After installing my new computer, I inserted my discs with the backup files. However, the disc containing the backup files with chapters for my book on spiritual hypnosis *was damaged!* After numerous attempts, I was totally unable to retrieve any of the files on the damaged disc. Just imagine my frustration!

I felt worse than a baseball player striking out on only three pitches...and put the book on the shelf until I could get some clarification from my Higher Power.

An Amazing Session

In August of 2003, a woman who attended my parts therapy training at the NGH conference facilitated a spiritual hypnosis session for me. I wanted to ask my Higher Power for clarification regarding whether I should write a book on spiritual hypnosis, as Dr. Pam Winkler told me to do in the late 1990's. Her name was Lois Scheffler (today, Lois Hermann, shown with permission).

My Higher Power part said, "Write a book on parts therapy first."

Needless to say, that surprised me; so the analytical part of me interrupted the session asking out loud, "Which publisher do I use?" When my Higher Power said that the publisher would come to me, I opened my eyes and told Lois that publishers do not come to you unless you are rich and famous.

She demonstrated that she was a good listener; because in advance of the trance I told her that I am an analytical resister, and advised her to establish an instant trance trigger. Lois immediately activated my instant trance trigger, and then asked my Higher

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Power what I had to do to attract the publisher. The response was: “Roy has already attracted the publisher.”

She then asked *when* the publisher would approach me; and the response was, “Soon...very soon.”

About that time my analytical part interrupted and asked, “What does Roy have to do to be in the right place at the right time?”

My Higher Power part replied, “All will be revealed in due time...end of trance.”

Lois emerged me from hypnosis; and I was puzzled at that last response. It was Thursday evening. The next day I was selling and autographing books in the Exhibitor's room. Jodi Tracten approached me during the lunch hour and told me that her husband was marketing director for Crown House Publishing. She added, “Would you consider Crown House for your next book?”

I believe less than 24 hours qualifies as “very soon” – so I submitted a proposal to Crown House on the parts therapy text. In 2005 they published *Hypnosis for Inner Conflict Resolution, Introducing Parts Therapy*.

That hard-bound book has been my Visa to teach workshops in over 20 countries around the world since its publication. As of the writing of this book, Crown House now offers five titles that I either authored or co-authored. Jodi's husband, Mark Tracten, has helped me tremendously since I joined the family of authors published by Crown House.

Note: My work with spiritual hypnosis is continued in Part Five of this book, along with more delays before publication of the spiritual hypnosis book.

London College of Clinical Hypnosis

In 2006, the London College of Clinical Hypnosis (LCCH) offered to bring me to London to teach a two-day parts therapy masterclass. Crown House helped to promote it; and the British Medical Hypnosis Association invited me to write a peer reviewed article on parts therapy for the “European Journal of Clinical Hypnosis” as a way of promoting my two-day presentation.

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My article was published several weeks before the masterclass; and over 40 professionals attended. This helped to build a bridge between hypnotherapy and mainstream healthcare in the UK and Europe.

Teaching Parts Therapy in Melbourne

The following year I was invited to teach parts therapy in Melbourne, Australia. To my surprise, Gordon Emmerson, PhD, showed up with several Ego State therapy graduates. We instantly became friends. As a side note, when I researched other variations of parts therapy to include in the parts therapy text, I was particularly impressed by Gordon Emmerson's *Ego State Therapy* (2003, Crown House Publishing). Before finishing the first chapter of his book, I knew that I wanted to meet him someday.

Eventually Dr. Emmerson wrote the preface to the regression text that I co-authored with Bruce Eimer, PhD, ABPP, entitled *The Art of Hypnotic Regression Therapy: A Clinical Guide* (2012, Crown House Publishing).

I also met Joane Goulding, whom I had the honor of inducting into the International Hypnosis Hall of Fame in 2016 for her contributions to the hypnotherapy profession...both with her "SleepTalk®" that is world renown, as well as for her contributions to keep hypnotherapy legal in Australia.

Suffering Burnout

By the middle of the first decade of the new century, overworking got the best of me. To me, hypnosis was not just a career, it was a passion as well as my life path. However, after working another fulltime job for almost a decade while remaining in hypnotherapy, my body finally decided that it *had enough*. In addition to both of those jobs, I also worked part time for the Franciscan Hospice facilitating hypnotherapy and relaxation therapy for terminal patients.

I paid a high price for being a work-a-holic by getting exhausted physically, mentally, and emotionally; and made a few mistakes I felt that I would not ordinarily make. The result was that I was almost worthless to everyone (including myself) for almost three months. It is easier to *prevent* burnout than it is to recover from burnout and deal with the aftermath.

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For the second time I actually considered leaving the hypnotherapy profession. However, I decided that my financial healing was complete, so I dropped the sales job and replaced it with social security income – and remained involved in the hypnosis profession. My liquid assets were higher than ever before in my entire life; so I had no need to work so hard anymore.

Unpleasant Surprises

In July of 2008, my wife fell down at work and injured her back...and required back surgery. Unfortunately, the procedure did not go as well as expected, leaving her with chronic back pain. She became disabled; and several months later she was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis.

The combination of the MS plus chronic back pain resulted in her becoming permanently disabled...and she has been unable to work since. For some reason hypnotic pain reduction is not as effective for her as it is for me.

Before her injury, Jo-Anne was a dedicated career woman who loved her job; and she also had an outstanding work ethic. She spent several years grieving for the loss of her career. Then, as the years passed, I spent increasing amounts of time caregiving for her as her mobility decreased.

By the end of the decade she was no longer able to withstand the cold and damp winters in the Pacific Northwest; so we purchased a small winter home in the Las Vegas area. So every year except the year of writing my memoirs (2019) we have lived in our winter home for over five months each year – and rented it out during the other months.

The combination of purchasing that second home plus medical co-pays and lost income from caregiving for the woman I love resulted in wiping out my savings. The financial losses were compounded by an IRS tax audit by a dishonest tax auditor who disallowed deductions that I still believe were both ethical and legal. I will not go into the details, except to say that he set me back many thousands of dollars that I could not afford to lose. Ten months into the audit, my wife hired a tax attorney, who got the IRS agent off our backs in less than a month.

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Sometimes life throws curve balls at us. We can either wallow around in the self-pity pit and remain angry and bitter, OR we can choose to learn compassion and wisdom from what we suffer. As I wrote in the Introduction, I believe the latter has to be a conscious choice. There are times, however, when I feel as though this world is almost bankrupt in the compassion department. That is one reason I have become so passionate about the benefits of spiritual hypnosis in recent years.

Professional Photograph

During the middle of the first decade, my wife wanted a picture of us taken by a professional photographer. Here is the result:



Chapter 14

Building Bridges

As literally tens of thousands of my books were purchased around the world, I received increasing numbers of speaking opportunities. The two workshops in demand the most were: “Hypnotic Regression Therapy” and “Client Centered Parts Therapy.”

Teaching Around the World

Between 2006 and 2011 I enjoyed the privilege of giving presentations in the following countries: Australia, Canada, Iceland, Ireland, New Zealand, Scotland, Singapore, Tunisia, United Kingdom, and (of course) United States. I visited several of these countries more than once to teach.

From 2012 to 2018, more countries were added to the list: Bahrain, Denmark, Egypt, Hungary, Iceland, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Slovenia, South Africa, Spain, and United Emirates. I also taught in some of these countries more than once. As of the writing of this book, a parts therapy workshop is scheduled in Brazil in November of 2019.

My wife was able to accompany me on many of these trips; but not all of them. I greatly appreciated that many of my sponsors and their attendees treated my wife almost like royalty; and I remain grateful to them to this day. I can only hope that she will be able to accompany me again in the future; because as of the writing of these memoirs she has been mostly bedridden since December of 2018. However, she has fond memories of the many trips we have taken together.

I believe that teaching client centered techniques to so many hypnosis professionals around the world has helped build bridges of credibility within the profession as well as with others. When increasing numbers of hypnotherapists become more competent, all hypnosis professionals benefit to greater or lesser degrees.

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Following are several photos taken around the world. The first one is of Gordon Emmerson, PhD, standing with me at a parts therapy workshop I presented in Melbourne, Australia, in 2007:



The next photo is of my receiving an award in Auckland in 2009 after presenting at the New Zealand Hypnotherapy Federation's 16th Conference. I later received the Best Overall Presenter award for that year.



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My wife took the next photo during my keynote presentation at the Australian Hypnotherapists Association 60th Anniversary conference in Sydney, Australia, in 2009. The presentation was very well received.



The bottom picture was taken in 2012 when I taught a 2-day workshop in Johannesburg, South Africa:



The picture on the next page appears in Facebook in the group called “Roy Hunter’s Parts Therapy.” I have enjoyed the

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privilege of teaching several workshops in Iceland; and my sponsor, Ingibergur Þorkelsson, paid a professional photographer to take this picture...



A Bridge between Hypnotherapy and Psychology

The last time I taught a parts therapy workshop at the annual NGH convention, a psychologist registered for my class: Bruce Eimer, PhD, ABPP. He is a Fellow of the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis (ASCH). For several years he recommended my hypnosis texts to mental health professionals whom he mentored in hypnosis; and he decided to meet the author of those books.

We had an immediate rapport, and shared a meal at the convention. We quickly discovered that we both disliked the constant criticism of hypnotic regression by people who wanted to “throw the baby out with the bathwater” instead of learning how to *competently* facilitate hypnotic regression therapy.

Since the regression critics have several legitimate concerns, we decided to address them in a professional manner. The result was that we co-authored *The Art of Hypnotic Regression Therapy: A Clinical Guide* (2012, Crown House Publishing).

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This book received excellent reviews from doctors, psychologists, and hypnotherapists from around the world. Additionally, the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis (ASCH) included it in their official bibliography of recommended hypnosis books.

To summarize: our regression book built a bridge between the hypnotherapy and psychology professions.

IMDHA

The International Medical & Dental Hypnotherapy Association (IMDHA) was originally founded by Dr. Anne Spencer; but she eventually retired and sold it to Robert Otto, whom I knew since he and I served on the Advisory Board of the International Hypnosis Hall of Fame during the 1990's.

I revived my IMDHA membership, and started attending their conferences. When one of their Board members passed on (Paul Durbin, retired General and author of several books), the board asked me to take Paul's place on their Board. I consented; and still serve on their board as of the writing of this book.

The IMDHA does NOT demand exclusivity; so I am also a member of the Association for Professional Hypnosis and Psychotherapy (APHP), founded by Terence Watts in the United Kingdom. As of 2019, I am a life Diplomate in both the IMDHA and the APHP.

Also, I have been given honorary membership in several other hypnosis associations around the world since the publication of my parts therapy text, *Hypnosis for Inner Conflict Resolution: Introducing Parts Therapy* (Crown House Publishing, 2005).

Regardless of the titles and awards from several hypnosis associations around the world, my goal is to help create more unity and quality training of hypnotherapists around the world. Also, I wish that people in my profession would represent themselves as *complementary health care professionals* rather than alternative healthcare.

Much more can be accomplished if we work *in partnership with our clients' other health care professionals* rather than as competitors to them. We need to build more bridges.

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At the end of the 20th Century, I also was a founding member of The Association for Professional Hypnosis and Psychotherapy, headquartered in the United Kingdom. They have invited me to be one of the keynote speakers at several annual conferences in London in the last couple decades. Below is a photo of their founder, Terence Watts, awarding me the designation of Life Diplomat.



The IMDHA and the International Hypnosis Hall of Fame

As mentioned earlier, I am also a Life Diplomat of the IMDHA. However, Robert Otto re-incorporated the International Hypnosis Hall of Fame (IHFF) several years after the death of its founder. Unfortunately the memorabilia owned by the original hypnosis hall of fame was lost after the death of its founder; and most of it was irreplaceable.

Once annually, at the HypnoExpo in Florida, someone is inducted into the International Hypnosis Hall of Fame for outstanding contributions to the hypnosis profession. Below is a photo of me appreciating the privilege of inducting the late Dave Elman (a 20th Century legend in our profession) and presenting the Induction award to his son, Larry Elman.



It was also my privilege to induct Terence Watts into the International Hypnosis Hall of Fame, as well as Joane Guolding (mentioned earlier in my Memoirs).

It is my hope that the revived International Hypnosis Hall of Fame helps build bridges among the various hypnosis associations around the world...and I am grateful to Robert Otto for choosing to revive it.

Chapter 15

Overcoming More Obstacles

My preference is to keep my memoirs as positive as possible so that you, the reader, might learn from my experiences – both the good ones and the sad ones. However, a friend told me that overcoming obstacles makes my successes even greater; so I include some of them in this chapter.

Years ago I heard several times that people who are famous live in glass houses. That did not quite sink in until I learned from experience what it meant.

The PhD Controversy

In 2004, I received an honorary PhD in hypnotherapy from Saint John's University in Springfield, LA, for my life's work in the hypnotherapy profession. (Their HQ is now in California.)

While the NGH told me that I should not use the PhD, several others advised me to include the PhD on my business cards. However, the conflicting advice received from several sources made me reluctant to do so.

Then, a couple years later, I was upgraded to first class on a business trip to the East Coast; and sat next to an attorney on the first segment from Seattle to Washington D.C. He told me that he specialized in accreditation for major universities.

When I told him about my honorary degree and the controversy from my own profession regarding its legitimacy, he said that it was both legal and ethical to include "PhD" on my business card as well as my resume and CV. He added, "The only people who might have a problem with it are *walking egos from Academia*" (his words, emphasis mine).

For several years after that conversation I included "PhD" on my business card per his advice, until someone created a website about "fake" doctorate degrees and libeled me for the PhD that a

lawyer told me was OK to use. After the libel on several internet hypnosis forums, I mentioned the above story for my defense. The public response from a blogger was that the attorney did not know what he was talking about. My un-posted response that I verbalized to a close friend was, "Really? You think you know more than an attorney who specializes in accreditation?"

Nonetheless, the damage was done...and attendance dropped significantly at several of my 2012 and 2013 workshops. Also, my average monthly product sales dropped by more than 50%, and has never recovered to this day. Worse, I was threatened with arrest for fraud if I ever returned to one of the countries where I presented a workshop months earlier. As a result of the controversy, I removed the "PhD" from my business cards as well as my promotional materials; but I still include it near the bottom of my bio information on my website. Unfortunately, I believe the blogger(s) on that website hurt many good hypnosis professionals.

My Wife's Disability Worsens

I discussed my wife's injury and subsequent disability in Chapter 13. Over the years her condition worsened because of the MS, eventually resulting in her requiring a scooter just to get around inside our home. When she was no longer able to do simple house chores, I devoted more time to her and less time to hypnotherapy, as I know she would be there for me if the roles were reversed.

Although I now do many of the common house chores, we hired someone to come in twice weekly to do the more difficult housework. As the years progressed, I ended up running most of our personal errands as well (such as shopping, cleaners, etc.).

Until 2018, Jo-Anne had enough mobility to travel with me to most of the workshops that I taught. However, she has been virtually bedridden since November of 2018, and no longer able to travel with me to workshops. I still make myself available to travel and teach workshops (for compensation) upon request; but it is necessary to hire someone to be with her at least part of every day that I am away. I see very few clients as a result of being home most of the time for my wife. However, one professional benefit of being home more often is the time and ability to write more books.

Dealing with No-Win Situations

I have never liked no-win situations, and never will; but that dislike has not prevented me from dealing with them. Unfortunately, Gil Boyne was not the only hypnosis leader to put me into a no-win situation and lose. (Note that in 1999 Gil called me personally to apologize; and he asked me to post on my website a copy of his formal apology to the hypnosis profession. Over a year passed before he asked me to remove it. Afterwards he no longer demanded exclusivity of ACHE members.)

Writing articles

For over a decade and a half, I contributed regular articles to the JOURNAL OF HYPNOTISM, which was the official journal of the National Guild of Hypnotists (NGH). Then, in the latter part of the first decade of the 21st Century, I received a letter signed by the NGH President telling me that I could not remain a regular columnist for their Journal if I wrote articles for other hypnosis organizations.

I personally told the NGH President that he was not my employer, and I totally disagreed with that policy; and furthermore, I would not adhere to it. When he told me that I could no longer remain a regular contributor to the JOURNAL OF HYPNOTISM unless I complied, I replied, "Then you have my last contribution to the JOURNAL OF HYPNOTISM." That was NOT the answer he expected; but if I went back in time, I would still give the same answer. He put me into a no-win situation, and HE lost. Worse, thousands of NGH members who appreciated my articles also lost.

Exclusivity

Another no-win situation with the Guild resulted in my discontinuing my membership. After teaching parts therapy workshops for many years at their annual conventions, they told me clearly that they did not want me to teach parts therapy anywhere for a five-month period except at their annual convention. The result was that in 2012 I was not allowed to teach parts therapy at their annual convention, even though I had submitted a proposal. Also, I had submitted a back-up proposal for

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a pre-conference or post-conference workshop on a different technique, which was also rejected.

NONE of my proposals for 2-day workshops were honored. However, they had another person teach parts therapy instead of me; and when I arrived home, my wife said, "Wasn't that the final insult?"

I told my wife that it was indeed the final insult; and it was also the last time that the NGH would put me into a no-win situation. That year I lapsed both my NGH membership as well as my charter membership to OPEIU Local #104. A part of me wishes that I had done that many years earlier.

Meanwhile, I learned that a number of columnists and presenters at their annual Convention were also put into similar no-win situations. However, this policy backfired; and their annual attendance at the Conventions started decreasing.

Several years before my leaving the NGH, they awarded me the Order of Braid for lifetime achievement in the hypnosis profession. That still is one of my prized awards. Also, I recently heard that their president is starting to reconcile with some well-known people in our profession; and I hope the rumor is true.

Losing a Regression Workshop

In 2016, I planned on presenting a workshop on Hypnotic Regression Therapy at HypnoThoughts Live in Las Vegas. By May of 2016, seven people already registered for it. I was optimistic that fifteen to twenty might attend since seven already registered three months in advance. In June, however, several regression critics attacked regression and anyone who taught that "dinosaur technique" because they claimed that more modern techniques could help clients just as effectively.

Since my entire career has involved fitting the technique to the client rather than vice versa, I posted responses that there is no technique that is so effective that it helps all the people all the time. However, a few cyber-bullies then attacked both me and regression, not only on hypnothoughts.com, but also on Facebook. Larry Elman, son of legendary Dave Elman, defended regression, and also got slapped down in the public forum.

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When I taught my regression workshop at HypnoThoughts Live that August, only ONE person showed up. The negative slams against regression not only discouraged more registrations, but also resulted in six of the seven preregistered people to cancel.

That was my only negative experience at a HypnoThoughts Live Convention. Otherwise, it is a friendly and large convention, welcoming hypnosis professionals regardless of their membership in professional associations. I attended their first conference, and every year since.

My wife often accompanied me to HypnoThoughts Live until this year; and pasted the following photo on her cell phone. She is standing between me and Scott Sandland:



Internet Mentoring Obstacle

One of my concerns is that many people in the hypnosis profession have minimal training in techniques to help discover and release the cause(s) of problems. In order to provide an online

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training program with personal mentoring to fill this need, I invested several hundred hours of time to develop an online course, along with Cindy Locher (who teaches my course) and Bruce Eimer, PhD, ABPP. The course included many online training materials and mp4 video files, as well as online mentoring.

We got it approved for training towards certification credit by two different hypnosis associations (IMDHA and APHP), and were within a few weeks of launch. We believed that it was the best quality online training program available. However, several weeks before our launch, someone else came out with an online hypnosis course at a price much lower than ours, and only one person registered for our program. None of the three of us are skilled at marketing. We still hope that our program can be revived sometime in the future; but this will only happen if an effective and honest marketer affiliates with us...so we have not yet overcome this obstacle.

Often people who know marketing promote an inferior product – and make more money than those who have a quality product (or program) but fail to market it properly. However, in the long run, I believe that the person who “manifests abundance” with an inferior product and/or misrepresentation in marketing might pay a karmic price at a later date. There are numerous scriptures in the Bible stating that we reap what we sow.

Other Obstacles

In recent years I've had to deal with a number of other unexpected demands on my time and money (and several other unpleasant surprises). Other obstacles have blocked my path numerous times during my decades of practice; but I will not detail them here. Getting around those obstacles is part of who I am today, and has made me strong in many ways. While some people believe that we create our own obstacles, I will NOT accept responsibility for someone else's actions. Sometimes life throws curve balls: accidents, illness, unexpected setbacks, destruction by bad weather, unexpected actions of friends or relatives, etc., etc.

In spite of the obstacles I've encountered over the years, I am still passionate about the benefits of client centered hypnotherapy.

Part Five:

New Frontiers: The Undiscovered Country

Chapter 16

Spiritual Hypnosis

The title for Part Five came from the final chapter of my parts therapy text: *Hypnosis for Inner Conflict Resolution: Introducing Parts Therapy* (2005, Crown House Publishing). I could accurately change the title of Part Five to: *The Undiscovered Country of the Inner Mind*.

Now we continue with what I touched on in the first two sections of Chapter 13 regarding writing a book about spiritual hypnosis. Although I touched on spiritual hypnosis in the parts therapy text, over a decade passed until it finally got published.

Evolution of My First Spiritual Hypnosis Book

After the parts therapy text was published (in 2005), I avoided any further attempts to devote an entire book to spiritual hypnosis. Yet every time I taught a parts therapy workshop, I endeavored to devote the last two hours to spiritual hypnosis. Several workshops after 2005, one hypnotherapist in attendance said, “Didn’t Dr. Winkler tell you to write an *entire book* about spiritual hypnosis? There’s only one chapter about it in the parts therapy text.”

Although that question and comment lit a fire under me once again, I decided that the book needed at least 50 case summaries in order to be credible. Then I told a colleague about my previous failed attempts to write it, and she said, “That’s because I’m supposed to co-author it with you.” After she gave me dozens of pages of handwritten notes, I asked her to put it into MSWord so that I could edit what she wrote. Even though she was wealthy, she asked me why she should pay her secretary an hourly rate to type her notes when I could do it for free...so I declined her offer.

Then I asked one of my former hypnotherapy students to facilitate a spiritual hypnosis session on me in order to obtain more clarification regarding the book. To my surprise, the

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response from my Higher Power part was: “When the time is right, you will know it.”

I was NOT expecting a vague response! Further clarification resulted in my being told to avoid any further attempts to write the book until it became obvious to me that the time was right.

That session was difficult for me to accept, because years had passed since the Winklers originally urged me to write it. However, I trusted my Higher Power and put it on the shelf for several years.

In early 2014 a hypnotherapist wrote me an email and gave me the idea to ask other authors to contribute case summaries...as an anthology. I immediately KNEW that the time was right to begin the book; and sent word to the subscribers of my email list. Also, I personally emailed several professionals I knew personally, inviting contributions to the new book.

The end result was a collection of over 80 amazing stories submitted by over two dozen highly respected hypnosis professionals from around the world. Most contributing authors are either hypnosis trainers or authors – or both.

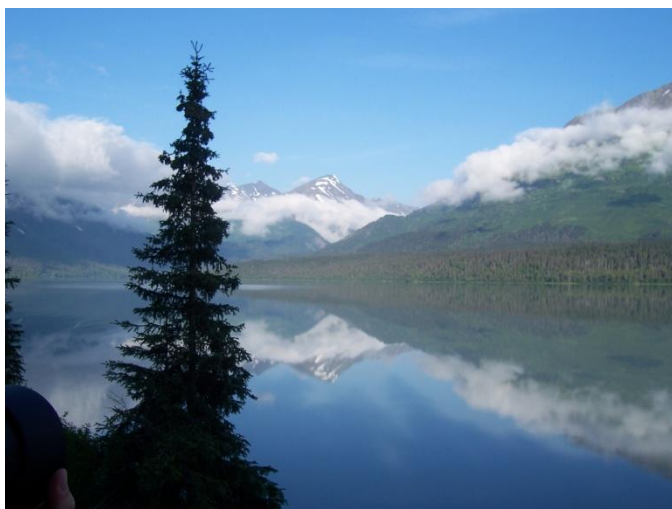
Some of the case summaries were so profound that I literally shed a few tears of joy while editing them for the book.

One of my own case summaries involved an atheist who came to quit smoking. However, when a part of him kept sabotaging his attempts to quit, I asked his inner mind to allow a part to suggest some words of wisdom to “help us get past this impasse.” That part of his inner mind that emerged asked to be called “Higher Self,” and within minutes his inner conflict was resolved. When the session ended, he claimed that “Higher Self” was a spiritual part; therefore it was only logical to conclude that there is a God or a Higher Power. Because it came from *his own mind*, he accepted this new awareness.

When *The Art of Spiritual Hypnosis* was finally published in 2016, almost two decades had passed since Dr. Pamela Winkler told me that it was part of my life path to write a book on spiritual hypnosis.

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By 2016 Blooming Twig Publishing published my book entitled, *The Art of Spiritual Hypnosis: Accessing Divine Wisdom*. What I almost considered “Mission Impossible” for several years was now a completed mission. I took the cover picture from a speeding train south of Anchorage, Alaska...and was astonished at how well it turned out.



The feedback from that book was deeply encouraging. Several of the testimonials appear on my website; and some prepublication testimonials appear in the book itself.

Within months, several professionals asked me when I was going to publish a second book about spiritual hypnosis.

Book Two of the Spiritual Hypnosis Series

In 2017, by popular request, I started collecting case summaries for Book 2 of the Spiritual Hypnosis series. One of my goals was to get this book in print in 2019, which happened in August this year. It took longer than expected because of the time-consuming caregiving for the woman I love...but there isn't a shadow of a doubt in my mind that she would be there for me if the roles were reversed. Nonetheless, she understands that hypnotherapy is not just a career to me; it is my life path.

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Although not as thick as the first book about spiritual hypnosis, the second in the series also is resulting in good feedback. It is entitled, *Experiencing Spiritual Hypnosis: Book Two of the Spiritual Hypnosis Series* (2019, CreateSpace).

In my opinion, much more credible research with spiritual hypnosis (calling out the client's Higher Power and asking for Divine Wisdom) can benefit the entire healthcare profession. However, these sessions **MUST** be done in a client centered manner, working within the framework of the *client's* belief system. We do not have the right to manipulate a change in another person's belief system.

My job is to assist without interfering. Over the years I have often witnessed a hypnotist helping a client contact a "spirit guide" without finding out in advance whether the client *believes* in a spirit guide, etc. As with traditional hypnotherapy, I believe that spiritual hypnosis must be facilitated in a client centered manner. I do not have the right to try to convert others to my spiritual beliefs; what others believe is between them and God (or their perception of Higher Power).

Hypnotherapy for a Scientist

The following story is included here because it is still relevant, even though it happened over 30 years before the writing of this book.

A woman who successfully quit smoking referred her uncle to me, who was the President of a major university. When he came to visit her in Seattle during the summer, he also saw me and became a tolerant non-smoker. He then referred a professional scientist who wanted to quit smoking. The scientist visited Seattle for some sort of science symposium, and saw me while he was here in the Seattle area.

After he successfully quit, I asked him if he was comfortable sharing his personal or philosophical beliefs with me. He gave me what he called his "Scientific Disclosure."

While most of us have "beliefs," he said that a belief for a scientist has to be backed by supporting evidence, but cannot yet be established as fact until there is scientific proof that can be repeatedly demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt. Once it can

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be proven repeatedly by the five senses or scientific instrument, then it is established fact. Where most people say "I believe in yada yada," a scientist has to say, "It is my opinion that..." and everyone is entitled to his or her personal opinion.

He then said, "I believe that any scientist worth his or her salt believes in God or a Higher Power."

He added that scientists had already discovered in the laboratories that mind power alone could alter subatomic particles when shot through with certain light rays. It was his belief that we all had latent ESP abilities, and that credible research could be done to discover whether hypnosis could enhance those abilities.

He then posed the question: "Since mind power alone can alter subatomic particles, can it also affect cellular structure to enhance to body's ability to heal?" He expressed his desire that research should be done to answer that question.

Apparently he also knew Einstein; because he told me, "If the average person knew how spiritual Einstein was, they would be surprised."

Before leaving my office, he expressed his wish that bridges would be built between hypnotherapy and mainstream healthcare, so that credible research could be done to find out how much hypnotherapy could enhance any latent ESP abilities as well as the body's natural healing abilities. He added that we use less than 5% of our mind power...and wondered whether hypnosis could increase the percentage.

WARNING: If you are a hypnotherapist, do NOT cross the invisible line of unlicensed practice of medicine. Such research should be done in collaboration with a licensed physician.

That being said, you may find encouragement from some of the case summaries of *The Art of Spiritual Hypnosis* as well as Book 2 of the spiritual hypnosis series.

Chapter 17

2019 and Beyond

Although I left many events out of my memoirs (because they would be boring to many readers), I will provide an update regarding where I am as of 2019.

My wife suffered a severe setback in her health in late 2018, and has been virtually bedridden since then. My time spent caregiving for her has increased greatly. As a result, I see very few clients now; and most of my work involves whatever I can do by computer at home (writing, mentoring by Skype or email, online podcasts or presentations, etc.) I endeavor to love her as I would want to be loved if the roles were reversed.

I have also endeavored to apply the golden rule in all my years of practice as a hypnotherapist: *treat the client as you would want to be treated if the roles were reversed*. I believe that summarizes good ethics.

Books

When my parts therapy text was published in 2005, I already had several other books in print; and at that time I erroneously believed that my parts therapy text would be my last book. Then several professionals told me that I had more books in me.

Although I did not believe them at the time, history proved otherwise. Following is a list of the books I authored that are still available as of 2019. They are listed in the order originally written by me with earlier versions rather than by publishing date.

Mastering the Power of Self-Hypnosis (2nd Ed., 2010, Crown House Publishing)

The Art of Hypnosis: Mastering Basic Techniques (3rd Ed., 2010, Crown House Publishing)

The Art of Hypnotherapy: Mastering Client-Centered Techniques (4th Ed., 2010, Crown House Publishing)

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Hypnosis for Inner Conflict Resolution: Introducing Parts Therapy (2005, Crown House Publishing)

The Art of Hypnotic Regression Therapy: A Clinical Guide (Hunter & Eimer, 2012, Crown House Publishing)

Through the Looking Glass: American Artists of Professional Hypnosis 1900-2012 (2013, Alliance Publishing)

30 Insights from 3+ Decades of Client Centered Hypnotherapy (2nd Ed., 2015, Create Space)

The Art of Spiritual Hypnosis: Accessing Divine Wisdom (2016, Blooming Twig Publishing)

Quit Smoking for the Last Time (2018, Create Space)

Manage Your Weight by Managing Your Mind (2019, Create Space)

Experiencing Spiritual Hypnosis: Book Two of the Spiritual Hypnosis Series (2019, Create Space)

In addition, I co-authored a book with another author that is almost finished but not yet published.

Note that all my currently available titles were either written or revised *after* 2005 – the year that I erroneously believed my days of writing books were behind me. Also, my self-hypnosis book was originally published as: *HypnoCise* (1986, self), *Success Through Mind Power* (1987, Westwood), and *Master the Power of Self-Hypnosis* (1998, Sterling Publishing).

My Hopes, Life's Lessons, and Final Comments

As long as I am able to travel and teach, it is my desire to do so. For me, hypnotherapy is not just a career – it is a passion as well as my *life path*.

It is both an honor and a privilege to teach client centered hypnotherapy techniques in so many places around the world.

Since my original certification in 1983, I have witnessed the hypnosis profession mature considerably; but we still have much more work to do in order to attain our full potential as a profession. Additionally, it is encouraging to me to see increasing

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numbers of hypnosis professionals discovering the benefits of helping clients access Divine Wisdom during hypnosis sessions.

Also, it is my hope that more professionals in both the mental health community and physical healthcare will also research the potential benefits of helping clients and patients access Divine Wisdom during hypnosis sessions. What is the future potential of using that approach in healthcare?

My original mentor, Charles Tebbetts, wrote a text called *Miracles on Demand*. Charlie's successes could also be called miracles of the mind. His teachings formed the foundation of my hypnotherapy career. Can spiritual hypnosis help increase the frequency of *miracles of the mind*?

I also wish to create a greater passive income in order to relieve financial stresses resulting from my wife's medical needs...especially since I spend considerably more time being home because of her needs.

The reason this PDF version does not have a price is because I wish for you, the reader, to *pay it forward* based on the degree of its help to you personally or professionally. Also, if some of my memoirs have helped you to become a better person and/or a better professional, then feel free to give back to me or my family as you are inspired to do so. My business address as of 2019 is:

Alliance Self-Empowerment Inc.
2748 Milton Way #120-b
Milton, WA 98354

If the above address changes, the new address will appear on my website: www.royhunter.com

My personal PayPal account is royhunter@msn.com.

The printed version of this book, when available, will have a price; but I request that the PDF version be made available to others for free without any changes (other than translation into other languages).

Life's lessons

As I mentioned earlier in my memoirs, all of us experience disappointments. Many of them are caused by our own mistakes,

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whether or not we are aware of making an unwise choice at the time. All too often someone else's choice or action may hurt us physically, emotionally, and/or financially. Forgiving does not mean condoning; so it is appropriate for us to protect ourselves from further hurt as appropriate.

In any event, it is my opinion that we can grow in character and become stronger mentally and/or spiritually based on how we choose to process both the good times and the bad times. Many people consider the sad times and/or bad times as “learning experiences” – as do I. However, I often say, “God, I prefer the *more enjoyable* learning experiences...thank you very much!”

It is my personal and spiritual belief that one of our primary lessons in life is to learn how to love others and self in balance, and to do our best to learn as much as we can along the journey of life. If you believe in God or a Higher Power, I believe it is appropriate to love and respect your perception of God or Higher Power with heart and soul.

I also believe that all the genuine sacred writings since the dawn of recorded history stand on the above concepts.

Treating others as you wish to be treated if the roles were reversed is more than just the “golden rule.” It is the primary *ETHIC* in life – an ethic that applies to friends, family, customers, clients, and others. *Can you imagine how much better this world would be if everyone endeavored to follow that primary ethic?*

Final comments

My wish for all readers, regardless of your profession, is that you be the best you that you can be. My additional wish for all competent hypnotherapists is: *May you practice long and prosper!*

Thank you for taking the time to read my memoirs.