

One Toke To God

My Discovery of Cannabis Spirituality

The time has now come for me to answer Timothy Leary's nagging question, "When will you accept that you are a messenger of God?"

First, we are all messengers of God. What greater calling could there be? Second, I answered this calling some forty years ago with the [Brotherhood of Eternal Love](#). But like most Children of the 60s there were planes to catch, businesses to run, family, children and now finally retirement to that blissful life of my youth.

Now after 25 years as the Mintmaster at the [Royal Hawaiian Mint](#), where I excelled with over 700 numismatic issues, plus 20 years as Monetary Architect for the [Liberty Dollar](#), it is time to devote my life to that age old quest of Higher Consciousness.

Some time during my 25 years in Hawaii at the Mint I realized something was wrong with my life. Oh sure it had changed from living without electricity or a car on the Big Island for three years in the early 70s to living on Diamond Head with Telle and our two sons. And while I still kept a roach in my desk drawer, I rarely smoked. In fact, over 20 years ago, I discovered that one toke was more rewarding than a lot of tokes and I became a 'one toker'. But I still couldn't find time for even one toke!

Then one day, in mid-April 1996... I opened my desk drawer and noticed a cannabis roach... and like so many times before... I told myself that I would take a toke asap. But this time I realized that it had been over three weeks since I had a toke! Three weeks I thought! How in the hell could I be a 'druggie' if I didn't have any time for drugs?! Where were my values? Where was my dedication to the idealism of the 60s:)?

So I quickly put the matchbox with the roach in my attaché case and promised myself that I would get stoned asap. And quickly went back to work. As usual, I was late getting home for dinner. Then there were the boys to play with and before I knew it... the day was over. Never even opened the attaché case.

The next morning, when I got up at 4:00 AM as usual... I had a full schedule... I was on the job. Oh, I might have seen the matchbox with the roach but I paid it no attention. I had my list for the day and there was nothing else to do. Day after day it was the same mind-numbing schedule. Maybe you know the feeling. Even Saturday was full with early morning minting, then soccer and the family. All wonderful but never a toke!

Finally, Sunday, April 21, 1996 came. Again as usual I was up about 4:00 AM and opened my attaché case to check my daily list... and finally discovered the matchbox with the cannabis roach. Very quickly, I reasoned that Telle and our two sons usually slept late on Sundays... and there was no pressing business calls... in fact there was as little business as possible on Sunday. Church was not a requirement or even an option.

So I decided to keep my promise and finally have a toke. I retreated to a spare bedroom, adjusted the bedside light to a nice warm glow, took one good toke of Hawaii's finest and laid down in peaceful solitude. As I closed my eyes, I felt at peace. I was even a bit smug in the fact that after weeks, I had finally found time to get stoned!

I laid there with no preconceived thoughts or agenda. After all I just wanted to get stoned. I just wanted to live up the ideals of the 60s! I was not prepared for what happened. My mind was a kaleidoscope of ideas. I was bemused by the experience. But suddenly, even with my eyes closed, I sensed that someone had turned on the lights. I wondered who could be up this early, as I opened my eyes.

Voila! The room was aglow in a wonderful golden color. I was amazed but quickly realized that the heavy gold colored blanket that I had hung over the east facing window was now lit up by the morning sun.

I closed my eyes and continued to experience the most amazing introspective, creative, rewarding experience. I was amazed that one toke had given me such personal rewards.

Of course, I knew the rewards of only one toke, but I was unprepared by this remarkable cannabis experience. And while it was nothing like the WOW of LSD, the cannabis experience was still in the words of Alan Watts, a "Joyous Cosmology."

Soon Telle and the boys were up and the family day was in full swing. Monday started at 4:00 AM and I was off to the Mint. It took a lot to keep the Mint on track and the bills paid. It was more than a full time job. It was a king size job. And while I may have seen the matchbox in my attaché case during the week, the time to take a toke never happened.

The week went by in a blur. Appoints, calls, problems, sales and a million things to do. Life in the fast lane, living on Diamond Head and raising a family a la Hawaiian style. It was not until the following Sunday, that I opened my attaché case and found the matchbox with the cannabis. I immediately thought back to the previous Sunday - back to the wonderful experience - to the cascade of thoughts, creativity, and wondered if it was a fluke. Could it happen again? Maybe it was just my mindset. Maybe it was just a particularly good joint. Or maybe there were some other factors of which I was not aware.

These naïve thoughts bemused me. But after all it was "Sunday" again and the boys were still in bed... it was 4:00 so why not take another toke? I had paid my dues with many "mind blowing" drug experiences in the 60s and reasoned that it would be interesting to see what would happen... after all I was in the privacy of my own home. So why not give it another test?

Again I returned to the spare bedroom, had a good toke and laid down to see what would happen. I immediately reasoned that I should not have any expectations and that I should not expect anything great like last Sunday as that was so wonderful and

fulfilling. With that understood, I closed my eyes - only to be surprised a short time later that someone had turned on the lights! No that was not the case. Again the sun had come up, just like it has been doing for a few billion years, and was now shining into my room and my mind.

I laid there amazed. But this time not just at the thoughts, insights and creativity that I experienced, but that it was happening again - just like last Sunday! I had never considered cannabis a serious drug. And certainly not a real "psychedelic" drug and its inherent spirituality. After all I grew up taking LSD with the Brothers, and while we all smoked cannabis, LSD was the sacrament that tuned us on to God.

Now I was experiencing a whole new level of higher consciousness with cannabis - an experience that was easily available and really useful. It was even very inexpensive. And while it did not deliver the "Clear Light" or the mind-blowing flood of ideas of LSD, the cannabis experience lasted over two hours and was immensely rewarding.

It was so rewarding that I looked forward to the next Sunday. As it turned out, Sunday was the perfect day. Not that it has any special religiousness attached to it. It is just that there is less business, less calls and more free time. Sunday became the right day for me and the Free Cannabis Church.

For that reason, I have smoked one toke of cannabis every Sunday since 1996. For twenty years I have observe my Special Sunday Service (SSS) 'religiously' every Sunday. Even with the demands of my schedule, speaking engagements and public life, almost without fail, I have taken one toke and communed with God every Sunday.

Since April 21, 1996, during approximately 600 Sundays, I have learned to listen to the God within my own mind and have been compelled to write and draw during every SSS experience. Sometimes more pages than others. Sometimes about God, business, family and sometimes nothing or everything. Some times I have a focus or agenda. Usually, I just tune in and listen to the voice within.

Along the way of the Tao, the idea of starting a Free Cannabis Church came to me. I did not quest after it. But periodically the Church would present itself to me as a means for other people to experience their higher consciousness. But starting a "Church" seemed so foreign to me. I had friends who had started "churches" and I thought they were slightly crazy... so I kept trying to forget about it. I didn't want anybody to think I was crazy.

Then my oldest son, Random, now 28 years old, gave a copy of Timothy Leary's autobiography, *Flashbacks*, to me for Christmas last year. Random had grown up hearing my wild stories of the 60s, the smuggling and the high times. He knew I had met Leary and thought I would enjoy his book.

Enjoy was an understatement! I was enthralled from the very beginning! Not only was it very well written with lots of history, names and people I knew, but the enthusiasm of my youth came alive once again. It was a very real confirmation, that all the higher

consciousness experiences I had had in the 60's were real. It was a tremendous confirmation that cannabis had provided me with unique spiritual experiences.

Again, I was deeply moved by Leary's writing so I contacted an old friend. He gave me a copy of "High Priest" that detailed Leary's sixteen most notable LSD trips. It was terrific! It was extremely well written with great details and even greater insights. Then I remembered my box of "Drug Books" and dug them out of storage. Reading all the great works from the 60's brought more confirmation that my SSS cannabis experience was a genuine way to open the 'doors of perception' to a higher consciousness.

Meanwhile, my ten-year commitment to the Liberty Dollar was quickly concluding. With the FBI raid and the very real prospect of being indicted for trying to return our nation's money to a value based monetary system and as a means to protecting people from a god-awful monetary collapse... retirement did not seem to be very viable.

But the voice within me would not hear of it. Every Sunday, the voice urged me to find a way to keep to my commitment to retire on the tenth anniversary of the Liberty Dollar and start the Free Cannabis Church of Honolulu, which seemed even more unlikely.

Then in 2008, the person who leased the Royal Hawaiian Mint in Hawaii invited me to be on hand for the Grand Opening of the Mint's new \$4 million building and with my ten-year commitment to the Liberty Dollar concluding, I decided to answer Leary's nagging question, "When will you accept that you are a messenger of God?"

Please note: There never was a physical "church." The new spirituality is decentralized and exists in your mind. I invite you enjoy the joyous cosmology with just one toke of high-grade cannabis and listen to the God within you. Very simple. Very rewarding.

Please share your SSS experiences with me.

Bernard von NotHaus
Cannabis Spiritual Center
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PS: It is now April 21, 2016. I have enjoyed the spirituality, insights and high times of cannabis every Sunday for twenty years. My experiment is the world's longest documented case study of using cannabis spiritually. I encourage you to take one toke and listen to the God that dwells within you... within all of us... as an easy and even inexpensive way to higher consciousness. Seek it out by whatever means works for you. Every American has the guaranteed right of religious expression. Use it!