

FOREWORD

PAST MIDNIGHT. SUMMERTIME. Tooling along a moonless Highway 2 somewhere east of Caborca, Mexico. Two college guys on a lark before classes begin at Stanford. Carefree. Until that fateful moment. An accident that changed the lives of these guys, and most particularly, the life of Paco Mitchell. In these pages, fifty-six years later, Paco unfolds the compelling story of his near loss of life and the loss of....I will let him tell you that excruciating story.

What I will tell you, is that I have never seen such a clear narrative of fate and destiny both in terms of the prehistory and post history of the unforeseen event. The event itself can only be considered life-changing in major degree. What it opened and produced in the years that followed has been a remarkable journey of twists and turns, a journey still unfolding and most recently giving birth to this singular book.

In trying to understand a fateful event, it is natural to look back, to see if one can discern the threads that spun this encounter on the highway in the dark of night. Paco has spent years traveling the geography of his experiences, his dreams, and compelling synchronicities in search of the prehistory of that fateful moment. What he found was that these earlier events were steppingstones forming a path, as if anticipating, intimating, hinting at “something.” What is clear, in Paco’s telling, is that fate and destiny may not be singular as we usually think, but plural: destinies and fates. This multiplicity, this complexity, awaits us at every turn, and what we do, what dreams come, what synchronicities befall us, will decide what “is to be.” It is clear we do not have a lot of control over these things, yet at each of these points, consciousness in the sense meant by Jung, that is, conscious connection to the depths and not just to ego, can play a crucial role, particularly in terms of the future. In other words, consciousness too, becomes a thread, joining these other threads in weaving the tapestry that becomes the literal story of our life.

Paco’s narrative recounts an extraordinary number of synchronicities from early childhood to the time of the accident and beyond that are astonishing. They literally take one’s breath away. Synchronistic moments are linked, they have a lineage, a history. They are not singularities happening in a vacuum. One gets the impression from Paco’s account, that synchronicities are “alive,” or at least produced by something that is alive, purposeful, intentional. I am reminded of something Jung said of creativity, of which synchronicity seems at least a cousin: “We would do well, therefore, to think of the creative process as a living thing implanted in the human psyche.” Implanted? By whom? This is the essential mystery.

Paco’s awe-inspiring account has the capacity to move the reader in profound ways. You will catch yourself looking over your shoulder and perchance catch a glimpse of this living thing that is at the heart and soul of synchronistic experiences, the deeper dreams, and whatever it is we mean by fate and destiny.

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