

## Early Childhood Experiences, circa 1950

(My recollection of these early events is not as clear nor as straightforward as I would prefer, and certainly not nearly as much as I would like to present them to you, but I am recounting them as honestly and in as detailed a way as possible).

It was late at night, I was tired, my mother had put me to bed after an exhausting day. I had a peculiar feeling.

This isn't an attempt to reintroduce to the world of culture the undoubtedly best forgotten Jack Webb monotone or the equally best forgotten *Dragnet*. It is my way of introducing you to the curt, clipped, no frills or furbelows thought pattern I had developed following my release from the hospital. You will more than likely think it far different from the way you approached the art and science of human thinking at the age of four or five years (and you would be right), but I still respectfully challenge you even to *remember* how you thought at that age. For most people, it is well nigh impossible, probably for the simple reason that children who have normal upbringings don't really engrave those thought patterns into the objective memory for their personal posterity. This, of course, is as it should be, for children of that age are intended to go more on emotion and instinct than logical reason, which is part of the instinct for survival. My life had become a thing by rote even at that post-infantile age. But that was to change, and dramatically so, in the very near future.

I was frightened of the night; it was the covering for the "dark ones" as I had named them. In the night they sought me out, their red eyes coming at me from the shadows, drawing nearer before seeming to swallow me up in a vivid crimson haze.

They became my obsession and I found myself both terrified of them and, in a strange way, somehow becoming dependent upon them, looking forward to their visits in the same way as a small child both thrills and fears with anticipation as the roller coaster begins to move up the trestle. I would pull the covers over my head to hide from their gaze but when curiosity got the better of me, or I got tired of waiting for them to make their theatrically delayed entrance, I would cautiously peek to see if they had taken their usual stage around my bed. Psychic theatre in the round, with myself as player and audience, as in a dream.

These were the heady early days of what was to become my longstanding relationship with these red-eyed creatures. They were not merely of nocturnal ways, though; they appeared with equal routine during the daylight hours. As a child I would see them in various forms, ranging from dark, hooded beings to angelic looking forms. In my older years they would show themselves to me in – or my consciousness would alternately register them as – creatures both constructive and destructive. I admit that my emotional and/or mental state at the time may have significantly affected their appearance at any particular time, all the more so if they were creations of my own mind.

On this particular night, their appearance out of the darkness was rather ubiquitous; everywhere I looked, there they were. The room filled with them as the old time séance rooms filled with supposed spirits, physical objects, and ectoplasm. I noticed one of them approaching the bottom of my bed and reaching out towards the blanket. I was surprised and pleased at the gentleness of its touch and the aura of respect that seemed to emanate from him to me. Certainly, not something I had been used to dealing with in my short life. I then heard a soft voice inquire as to how I felt and ask if I needed anything. All of this temporarily curbed the edge of my fear.

Although I did not verbally reply, there must have existed a telepathic rapport between us, because he already seemed to know the answer to the questions. The ache in my head and muscles remained from the seizure the day before, that's how I was feeling. His companions were also seemingly in the know as they surrounded me and gently laid their hands upon me, healing hands, from which came forth a soft glow that spread a wonderful warmth all over me. This warmth seeped into my very soul, bringing healing to every level of my being and sending my into a deep sleep.

The next thing I knew the morning sun was intruding into my dreams and dragging me sleepily into the new day. Instantly remembering the events of the night before, I was keenly aware of the fact that the healing session had not been a hallucination as I was still pain free with all limbs functioning correctly and responding well. God was in His heaven and all was well in the world of little Myron Dyal, who could feel the presence of his now-invisible friends

Later that morning while I was happily at play, I noticed I was having trouble seeing my teddy bear, a solid brown fellow with soft fur and green plastic eyes. I shook my head to clear my vision, but it remained cloudy. As I reached for my stuffed animal toy I fell over and felt the side of my head hit the side of the bed. My bedroom melted away and was replaced by a scene of beautiful clouds and angelic beings seemingly comprised of light. I would later give these surroundings the appellation of "my high place." But for that moment, I was too enraptured with the gentle strains of music wafting over me as breeze whose source lay somewhere in the indefinable distance.

My inner world friends were coming towards me, appearing through the clouds, which also seemed to serve as their vehicles. They wore robes that were spun from light itself, hence the brilliant effulgence that overwhelmed me and made me cover my eyes.

"Be at peace," one of them spoke to me reassuringly. I tried to respond by standing and greeting them and as I did, the one who had spoken reached out and embraced me. Once more I found myself within that delicious field of healing warmth, surrounding and penetrating me down to the very spiritual vitals, healing me through and through. I felt my hand being placed in his as we made our way toward the others. They greeted me with joyful countenances and I was literally bathed in a torrent of unconditional love and acceptance.

Their joy intensified and as it did, I noted that the otherworldly music became louder. The two were linked in some way, two different but intertwined manifestations of the vibratory current of

their healing love. The blissful communion came to an end by the sight of a body being washed in a tub of water and the sound of my mother's voice rapid firing a string of questions.

The weight of the day lay upon me heavily as late afternoon gave way to evening. My hopes that my precious friends would come again and take me into their magical world were dashed. They would not reappear for some weeks, even though I frequently felt them and their enveloping love.

My next episode came a few months later as I was amusing myself swinging in the old rubber tire affixed by rope to the maple tree. I suddenly began to shake, my head being forced backwards and the power of the unseen energy sending me tumbling onto the hard rocks that formed a border around the base of the tree. I was immediately running across the clouds in my high place, actually dancing in the joy of the moment.

In the distance I could see other children playing with what, until then, I had thought of being exclusively my special friends. The happiness of their play was an irresistible magnet and I sped towards them anticipating a pleasant encounter with my contemporaries who were as lucky as I to be permitted entrance to this amazing place. I also noticed that, for the first time, I was able to discern clearly the faces of my friends, devoid as they were of both their dark cloaks and robes of light, which were probably two sides of the same garment.

Their beautiful faces were filled with love. Artist-to-be that I was, I noted their faces were rounded but so designed and sculpted that the overall impression of their countenance was of confident strength. Their expressions were perfectly reflective of the happiness that they, too, derived from their play with the children. Laughter seemed to come from everywhere in this wondrous landscape.

Even as they played with the others, they clearly divined my presence and approach. Suddenly I found myself surrounded by these extraordinary creatures, covering me with their love. I had myself an unforgettable time as we played and danced amidst the clouds.

I was brought back to earth by a far-off voice calling to me.

"Are you alright?" the voice floated across a physical space of only a few inches, but a chasm of consciousness of countless light years separating those who experience and understand from those who doubt and gape and wonder and deny.

I could begin to see my parents, but I was as yet unable to speak. By the time I found my voice the image of my mother and father and the room had completely and unwantedly blocked out my awareness of the other scene.

The look of love on my friends' faces was infinitely preferable to that of concern displayed by my parents, and their inquiry as to how I was feeling couldn't begin to match the love and genuine concern of those in the better world.

What was I to say to them? All I could think of was, "Where are my friends?"