

May 10, 1985

The second half of April had asserted itself with a rather warmer climate than usual and it was not until May that Spring felt as though it were finally in the air. The frequency of my visits to Stony Point had increased but my search had not born any additional fruit. Thank God it was Friday, the end of the workweek auguring more personal time, which I desperately needed, as I had been dealing with continual physical fatigue and emotional depression. I still did not know what my real problem was and, so, was unable to progress to the point of seeking a solution.

I had decided to begin the weekend at the mountain. Arriving just as old Sol was waving goodbye to the San Fernando Valley before falling beneath the tops of the Santa Susanna Mountains, I spent a few minutes just drinking in the beautiful twilight. With all its many faults, Southern California does play host to some of the most exceptional sunrises and sunsets this planet has to offer and it is a shame that we're usually too busy with petty cares to notice, much less appreciate these matchless canvasses God paints across the heavens for our enjoyment.

I hit the trails I had come to know far better than the back of my hand. Although usually alone on these junkets, I was quickly joined by a black turkey buzzard surfing the air currents, leisurely gliding towards me to greet a fellow traveler in the dusky night. Feeling better than I had in weeks, I sat down to enter into meditation when I felt something impact my arm and almost knock me off my rocky throne.

At first I thought it might have been the bird, but that creature was far too old a hand at flying through these hills to collide with anything as large, clumsy, and easily identifiable as a person. I looked all around, but saw nothing and no one. With a shrug, I released the incident and turned back to my meditation.

My attempt to contact my inner self was not succeeding, probably more for physical reasons than anything else. The rock on which I was sitting was digging into me and I was unable to find a comfortable position. I rose and made my way toward the upper edge of the canyon. The going was rough as well as more than a little dangerous, especially in that half-light, but I managed to reach the western cliff about 6:30 PM.

The day was over and night was descending, with me alone in the mountains. From the darkness came a suspicious cracking sound. It had a natural tone to it, of the kind associated with snapping twigs, rustling leaves, and so on, and I could definitely sense something moving in the shadows, coming towards me. My stomach muscles began to knot with fear.

My nerves, not the best under normal conditions, decided to munch my psyche for dinner. The fear level was increasing with every step I heard coming closer to me. I turned around frantically, trying to see what was approaching. Not far from me, beside one of the sandstone formations, I saw something of considerable size standing in the foliage.

There seemed to me a magnetic field emanating from it; I could literally feel it pulling me towards it. By sheer reflex I tried to resist but I quickly saw this wasn't going to work, as I was pulled up and drawn towards it, absolutely against my will. I was locked into the straitjacket of fear that can only be caused by a feeling of complete helplessness. Realizing I had to give up my resistance, I did so, and was pulled towards this thing at incredible speed.

As was so often the case, the creature was dark but its consistency was unusual, somewhat gelatinous. Contact with it made movement difficult. But if I was securely pinioned physically, the mental effect was something else entirely, for I felt my mind expanding, opening up to amazing distances with equally amazing rapidity. In the blackness I could see particles of light, photons, well beyond numbering, coming from all directions.

They hit me without the sensation of an impact, penetrating my body, mind, and spirit. Then Myron Dyal was gone, absorbed into the totality of the photonic particles. All trepidation was gone, displaced by joy. This continued for some time, how long I was unable to calculate, nor did I much care.

My next sensory awareness was of resting up against one of the rocks, covered with perspiration. My head and legs ached and, as per usual, I was suffering visual impairment. Trying to dissociate myself from the episode and its aftereffects was taking a protracted amount of time, which was not good news as night had now fallen completely.

I stood up, intending a careful and gradual descent down the mountain, when I was toppled by a blast of wind that sent me crashing back onto the rocky surface. A shard of glass wedged into one of the rocks sliced through my hand, drawing blood, which I wiped away.

I made a mad dash for my car, unable to outrun the second windy gust that hurled me against the car door. I wound up on the asphalt beside the left front tire.

Eyes appeared out of the darkness, positioned right next to me. Before any reaction was possible, I was at home in my study. How I had gotten home from Stony Point I was unable to determine; there was nothing registering in my memory concerning getting in the car, driving home, interacting with Paula and Susan, or entering the study. The fear I was feeling revolved around my lack of memory rather than the experience itself.

Once again, I found solace in the leathery lap of my armchair and closed my eyes, grateful that another one was over.