

May 11, 1985

Dawn angling its way through the curtains awakened me from a very deep sleep. The night had been peaceful and uneventful, and welcome contrast with the events that had preceded my dropping off in the armchair, where I had slept all night.

It was not yet 5 o'clock, so I had the house pretty much to myself. Careful not to cause undue noise and disturb Paula and Susan, I made my regulation cup of coffee and returned to the study to organize my thoughts anent the previous night in preparation for my journal entry.

Seated at the desk and ready to write and draw, I had the eerie feeling that I had returned to the mountain. The sip of coffee intended to ground me (no pun intended) in the here-and-now was of no help.

The anxiety began but did not prevent me working on the journal entry. But then the topography of Stony Point became visible through the walls of my study and then the scene settled in with full force. Even though there was no doubt I was at home I was, in my mind, back on the mountain. I saw I was dressed exactly as I was last night, seated on Topanga Canyon. For some reason I couldn't tell if the scene was supposed to represent the night before or this morning; whether it was day or night was impossible to determine.

My thoughts were plunged into the fog of confusion and I found myself weeping, afraid, with throbbing head. Then a quiet voice spoke to me, parting the emotional and mental haze as though it were the Red Sea. I experienced a most welcome calm flow over and through me, bringing peace to my soul and clarity to my thoughts. Then I was back home.

I was emerging from a strange sleep, very deep. I glanced at my hands, and saw I was at my desk, drawing in the opened journal.

Outside, the world was groggily awakening but my head was clear and actually filled with hope for a good day.

I picked up my pen, took a sip of coffee, and completed my journal entry for the previous day and night.

Another day had begun for me.