

November 12, 1988

Fall had descended on the northern hemisphere and the atmosphere of the day could best be described as splendid. I was walking up the welcoming paths of my Chatsworth, California holy ground, dwelling on the joy that comes from what the wise men of the ages have tacitly agreed to call *gnosis*, that certain knowledge that only comes from direct personal experience, unencumbered by the thoughts, opinions, and beliefs of others, valid as they might be for them.

Years earlier I had studied the famed treatise of Fourteenth Century English mysticism, *The Cloud of Unknowing*, in which the anonymous author discoursed on the *via negativa*, the so-called negative approach to God, which focuses on denying what He is not rather than attempting to affirm what He is, the latter hopefully becoming self evident by the process of elimination.

When I had first read the *Cloud*, I had understood little of it and felt I probably never would, but I was able to grasp the concept that knowledge must be a personal, thusly, mystical experience, and cannot be based upon the experience of another, no matter how spiritually evolved and illuminated they may have been, or appeared to be.

This morning, none of that seemed of pressing importance as I was enjoying the feeling of direct interior knowing. Enlightenment seemed to be everywhere, centered nowhere, just as a good mystical realization should be. And I was determined that nothing that might occur that day would interfere with that state of mind.

The mountain was displaying an interesting and inviting creamy quality, an autumnal glow that had either descended upon or shone forth from, everything in the area. It had an air of unreality about it and from long experience I wasn't entirely convinced it was part of the "real" world. But that, too, was unimportant; I had come here to meditate and that is what I set myself to doing.

I made myself comfortable and entered into the meditative state, at one point slipping into my old practice of looking at my hands or I should say trying to find my hands, using them as the vantage point for sliding into contact with the vibration of ubiquitous light.

As I studied my hands, they began to shoot forth odd-looking fibers. Movement of my hands up and down and side-to-side produced a beautiful light of a mesmeric nature. As I watched, the glow from my hands reached down into the ground while simultaneously reaching out to engulf and assimilate me into it.

Slowly I was lifted up above the sandy ground, floating in the light that was now emanating from the mountain and transforming itself into what most resembled various artistic depictions of Bifrost, the rainbow bridge of Norse mythology that formed the connecting link between Earth

and Asgard, home of the gods, and guarded by the ever-vigilant Hemdall. Of course, esotericists will recognize the concept of the rainbow bridge as the Hindu *antahkarana*, the rainbow bridge linking the chakras, or psychic centers, in the pituitary and pineal glands and, as such, uniting the objective and psychic consciousnesses.

The intensity of the brightness increased drastically, becoming blinding and as I lost my visual sense I was lifted higher up, right to the bridge of energy. When I arrived, I could see two beings walking towards me from the other side of the rainbow and who initiated telepathic communication.

Try as I might, I could not make out any distinct features on their faces. The sheer radiance of the rainbow bridge just seemed to overpower any and all details of the scene. I could definitely feel myself being magnetically attracted by their energy, however. I was pulled in towards them then suddenly my form split into thousands of particles of light.

I found myself reassembled and comfortingly in one piece on the sandy floor of Stony Point, the air around me hot and dry as I fully came to. As usual, I was drenched in sweat with spinning head and pronounced feeling of unreality about the whole thing.

The light that had suffused the whole area scant moments ago was gone, as were the rainbow bridge and the two mysterious people. All that was left was me and the heat of the day.