

November 13, 1988

Morning intruded into Leslie's and my life, its steady insistence that we get up and start the day finally becoming too strong to be denied. It was my task that morning to make the coffee, gather up some day old muffins, and bring the continental breakfast back to the bedroom. We were joined for the morning repast by our white cat, who watched us with detached disinterest from her royal perch at the foot of the bed, kindly permitting the people she owned to share her precious space.

It was a good way to kick off the day, especially after the events of the day before. Not that the time on the mountain was disquieting or physically disturbing, but those episodes that seemed to begin and end nowhere, without prelude or conclusion, were somewhat disconcerting and disorienting.

The Fall morning was cool and brisk, making the hot coffee taste all the better, and its soothing warmth was conducive to pondering yesterday's occurrence. After all those years of dealing with visions I should have been much further advanced when it came to decoding their imagery and specifying their meaning. Perhaps it would have helped if I'd had someone to talk to at that time, but it had always been hard to encapsulate these vivid interior journeys in the confining shell of words to convey to another.

Still, all that aside, I was enjoying the intimate normalcy of the morning, convincing myself that this was how it was in the "real" world on a Sunday morning, coffee and muffins and cats, the latter finally deigning to recognize our existence by sashaying over and allowing us to lavish upon her the affection that was only her rightful due. After all, she allowed us to share her bed; what more did we expect?

By 11 o'clock it was time to get up and throw on some clothes. I watched Leslie comb her hair, idly recalling that someone or other had stated that when a woman combs her hair she imitates the motion of the stars, whatever that was supposed to mean. She then put on her make-up, completing the daily ritual so important for facing the day.

She and I then embarked on a drive into the mountains towering over the San Fernando Valley, not my mountain this time, but Mount Wilson, site of the famous observatory. As coming events always cast their shadows before, I could feel a strange apprehension reaching out towards me and settling around me. The radio filled the car with quiet music as we threaded our way through the mountainous roads.

In the wooded shadows of the two-lane road a family of deer ran out in front of the car, startled by the screech of brakes that permitted me to avoid hitting the last fawn as it bounded across the highway. Dangerous as it could have been, the grace and beauty of the creatures actually made it a tender moment.

We reached our destination, the observatory atop the peak, and as I eased the car into a parking space, a sliver of headache broke out, announcing something to come. We left the car behind, starting our walk up one of the long canyons north of the observatory. The cold, fresh air smelled and felt good and gave a refreshing quality to the walk up the path leading to the observation platform overlooking the canyon.

It was a nice, rustic scene, loose pine needles strewn everywhere and gray-stoed ground squirrels digging for nuts and seeds to store for the oncoming winter.

Finally we arrived at the observation decking, seating ourselves to take in the view. There was a beautiful blanket of clouds through which peeked patches of blue. I made it a Zen moment, drifting into the totality of the present moment and felt a majestic quality about the whole scene, as an eagle soaring through the air, free from all pain and depression, without care or anxiety to blot the wonder of the minutes frozen in time.

I glanced over at Leslie only to find I was freefalling into the rainbow bridge I had seen yesterday.

At first I was certain I was dropping to my death even as the bridge materialized between two lofty canyons. From one side, those two beings from the day before were coming towards me, once again trying to establish a telepathic rapport between us. Although I couldn't discern any actual wording, I did catch the gist of what they wanted to communicate, the fact that they were messengers of the vast expanses of consciousness and had come to speak to me of wonderful things, things meant for me alone, things of love and acceptance and magic and the inconceivable. Joy beamed from their countenances as they told me of places beyond this world, filled with light, the light that dwells within all things.

I felt a strong tug on my arm as I was pulled out of my deep reverie. The vision faded into a memory but would forever dwell on the edge of love.

Leslie and I finished our day on the mountain and returned home to coffee and cats and blueberry muffins, all the things that make life in this three-dimensional world so worth living.