

May 10, 1990

Sometimes I experience a phenomenon where I feel the soles of my Adidas or Florsheims or Johnston's and Murphy's aren't quite making solid contact with the ground. This has a number of ways of manifesting, including floating, flying, mid-air suspension, or plain old garden-variety light-headedness. But however it comes, it can be very debilitating.

I wasn't quite feeling that way as I headed towards another adventure in consciousness but I did feel well as I was once again on the trail leading to my special corner of the universe, Stony Point. The aroma of sage was strong as I wound my way along the path, always a potentially dangerous walk as one slip and fall can propel one forcefully against the rough, skin-tearing sandstone of the rock formations.

I recall an incident in 1985 when I had been traversing the slotted openings between the stone pillars and a momentary loss of footing sent me plummeting twenty-feet between the formations, the friction of my arm against the rocks wearing away the fabric of my jacket and the fabric of me, removing the entire epidermal layer of flesh.

This day I was taking special care where I walked, not wanting a mishap among the boulders and brush. One thing I hadn't factored into my trip was a seizure. I was lucky in that the injuries were not severe. I ignored them as I pressed my way onward and upward to the summit.

I reached the top around noon and sat down to meditate and summon my energy. My head had that (for me) mushy feeling that is not uncommon in a post-seizure period, but I ignored it, unwilling to let it intrude upon my spiritual work.

I attempted to change my state of consciousness via crossing my eyes, a technique with which I had enjoyed success in the past but today, for some reason, it was not working. My past experience had taught me that often long periods of patient waiting were necessary in order for my energy to arise. Fortunately, anyone who has been in the army is familiar with the concept of hurry-up-and-wait. Sometimes, what I expected to occur on these sojourns did not or what I thought I had intuited as the eventual result was completely overshadowed by events I could never have imagined in my wildest flights of fancy.

Therefore, I merely leaned back and relaxed. Or that was my intent, but almost as soon as my head touched the rock, one of those otherworldly winds I had come to know so well began to stir the air around me.

As the leaves around me began to sway in rhythm they also changed their shape and shined forth a veritable pallet of colors, a dazzling array of light tones that drew my attention into them and produced an effect that made me think I was home in my study.

I was uncertain as to my actual location, the apartment or the mountain, my fright producing palpitations and the feeling I was slipping into unconsciousness.

I could plainly see light streaming through the study window, but this was superimposed on the sight of the mountaintop. It would have been very effective in a movie but in this situation it was scaring me silly.

“Just take it easy,” I commanded myself as the two images jockeyed for position in my mind, twisting back and forth as the leaves that had triggered this whole thing.

Then I was definitely back on the mountain, covered with perspiration. The wind had subsided and the time was now late afternoon, with the sun edging down towards the crest of the Simi Hills.

I was both enervated and invigorated by the experience. Feeling a touch upon me, I unthinkingly turned and was staring directly into the low angled sunbeams. I jumped with a start and then lost the feeling of the pressure of the rock against my flanks.

Standing on blue-white clouds floating gracefully through the infinite skyway of my mind, I was completely alone in a one-man universe. I rose on the platform of cloud then began to move laterally, towards where I could not begin to guess.

The wind reappeared but I could not feel it, nor did that long engage my attention, which was soon fastened to the figures of light heading toward me, effortlessly passing through the clouds without a break and, I noticed, without shadow, as their light somehow did not permit any.

This universe was aglow and the light emanating from these creatures added its own share of illumination, as well as sweeping over me, somehow making me one with its sources. I melted into the totality of brilliant effulgence.

What transpired next is beyond my recollection as the overflow of divine light overwhelmed the capacities of my memory. Time was naught as was death, the only reality here being the sweet fusion of all things.

The next thing I felt was the firm rock against my back as I returned to Stony Point. My clothing was drenched as though I had taken them with me on a swim across the English Channel. The sun was now almost completely down; time had telescoped in a major way and I had no idea what had happened or how long it had taken to happen. I was also possessed by a feeling that the world was, in some way, different than when I had left it, that life and death were conceptions alien to the greater reality of which this planet is but an insignificant part.

Although exhausted, I had sufficient strength to straighten up and start the long reverse trek down the mountainside. I have no doubt the energy of that universe of light remained with me and permitted my being able to get down the rocky slope.

The trip back to the world of normal consciousness would be even longer than the physical return to my car, but come what may I was ready to face anything. Late afternoon was transforming itself into night but even though another day had passed, the light I had made part of myself would burn forever. Of that I was certain.