

October 6, 1990 – Vision on the Mountain

Immediately upon my arrival at Stony Point I went to the place I call the four stars. I was seated quietly, concentrating upon that one of the stars I had selected for this meditation period, focusing on establishing a connection between the stars and attune with the forces at their center. I was again employing the crossed eyes technique to manipulate the energy that would lead to me to a focal point between worlds. It was not successful today.

I turned away from this and looked up into the sky, holding both sun and moon. The moon was full, just on the horizon and conjunct the sun. Waxing poetical, I mused that the two orbs were as lovers, one coming alive as the other died. As I watched them, I was caught in the grip of an inexpressible feeling of ennui.

Then the out of the center of the stars appeared a road.

I use the word “road” as a linguistic conventionality that is belied by what I actually saw. Everything about this pathway was unreal. Its color can only be described as the color of strangeness, what appeared to be dust or dirt didn’t seem to have the typical consistency of soil.

There were, however, some signposts of normalcy to guide my grasping of the lay of the land. To the left of the road was a grove of trees. The path itself appeared to be endless, an effect highlighted by the moon (in the vision) seemingly suspended just above the road, the moonbeams lighting up the trees in a wonderful way.

Reflected in the moonlight were figures with a human shape, prancing in and out of the perimeter of my awareness. I watched their hither-and-yon movement until I unexpectedly found myself on the road with one of their number.

She was radiantly beautiful, a goddess in fact. Despite the darkness, the close proximity of the moon splashed a wave of illumination over her features. I could see blonde hair framing a truly royal countenance. Although her facial appearance was of the sort usually called “chiseled” she was most definitely feminine. Slender of body, nude but in a way that did not arouse sensual feelings in me, my intuition told me she was Diana, Goddess of the Moon, the anthropomorphic representation of all things lunar.

Together we walked the pathway, her vibration resting on my heart. A soft breeze blew us along the road as we approached what I knew to be called the Tree of Transformation. As in the classic A.E. van Vogt science fiction novel, *The World of A̅* (pronounced “null A”), the tree was equipped with a doorway leading into its interior, then into an underground world. We proceeded through the door, down a flight of stairs, then straight into the lower depths, our way illuminated by an artificial light source without the leaping shadows of firelight.

I felt it was my companion's own spiritual illumination that was lighting our way. There were shadows along the way, but they were of a stationary kind, coming from what objects I was unable to tell from their shapes. I saw no other beings directly, but there were body-shaped reflections along the walls.

We continued into the depths then reached bottom, standing before a locked door.

"You must find the key, open the door, and go through," she informed me. When I turned to ask where I might find the key, she was gone, alone in the depths of this alien underground.

I noted the floor was damp with moisture of some kind, not water, but the residue of something sticky. To my left a shadow stood against the wall, its source concealed. I saw no trace of anyone else. The door dominated the entire scene. I felt like Alice in Wonderland, looking at the door trying to find a way through it. There was no White Rabbit in the vision this time and the goddess had departed, leaving me to my own devices.

I looked around for some kind of key, turning up nothing but a bottle. It was situated by the door and bore the painted image of a dragon that was snorting forth fire, which was consuming it. I thought this strange, as dragons are traditionally immune to fire. The painting looked alive. Intrigued, I picked it up, finding the mouth sealed with a cork. A disembodied voice told me to remove the cork, which I did, setting free the dragon trapped within, who seemed to fill the entire chamber with his majestic presence.

He was red of body, gold of eye, powerfully scaled, smoke poured from his nostrils. He looked just like a dragon is supposed to.

"You have released me from my prison," he said, "for I was going to be annihilated. Now that you have released me, I shall grant you whatever you desire."

I related my journey with the goddess and her telling me I needed to find the key with which to open the door.

The draconian eyes gleamed, their owner spread his wings and fire shot forth from his mouth. The fire flowed down onto the floor, united with the sticky substance coating it, and the two merged into a key. When he was finished, the dragon told me the key was cool enough to handle. We were now even; I had freed him and he had provided my need. Before I could thank him, he vanished.

The door was surrounded by an iron grate, the shape a half moon, and with a small window in the center, held in place by metal brads. It looked as strong and inviolable as the entrance to a medieval castle, and just as inviting.

I inserted the key and turned it; it was ineffective. The door remained locked. Could the lock be broken? My attempt to force it yielded nothing. Frustrated, I rapped with the circular knocker, which turned into a snake in my hand.

The serpent was red in color, covered with scales of red, orange, blue, and green. It slithered up my arm then back down to the palm of my hand. Its scaly flexible tube of a body glistened in the artificial light. Then, as had the dragon, the snake asked what I wanted.

I told him I was trying to open the door and enter whatever space lay beyond. “The dragon fashioned a key, but it didn’t work,” I explained.

“The power of the dragon is not sufficient to open the door,” the snake said. “I can open the door for you. Place the key in my mouth. I will swallow it and combine my power with the dragon’s and then the great door will open.”

I held out the key and the snake took it in its mouth, swallowing it. Then he lifted himself up to the keyhole, and using himself as the key, opened the door. On the other side was an enormous cave, which I somehow knew was the cave of the goddess.

I entered. Another tantalizing beauty stood before me, introducing herself as Lilith. Following her to a place she referred to as the Hall of Illusion, I saw she was one and the same as my original guide, the Moon Goddess.

The hall was filled with reflections of things past, shadowy moments, lustful desires, seas of tears, delights of love, unforgiving memories, the knowledge of power. She cautioned me to beware of the Hall and its delusions then took my arm and steered me to the cave of the Mother Moon Goddess, who came towards me, arrayed in a dark blue gown decorated with stars.

Her eyes shone red in her garden of the night. She let me see a city, the great city of the Goddess, an epic panorama of gold and silver and indescribable beauty.

She also called it the city of healing and bade me walk with her through the streets. I joyously accepted, sharing with her a glorious constitutional through the sparkling metropolis. It seemed very familiar, as though I were in my own neighborhood strolling through the balmy air of a lazy Sunday morning.

I found myself laughing and conversing with her as only persons of long and close acquaintance can do. She held my hand and kissed me, the kiss of healing. Then she reached her hand into my chest, touching my heart and restoring my soul with her divine love. I felt free, as though there had been restored unto me the years devoured by the palmerworm and cankerworm and locust, in the words of the prophet Joel.

When I returned to normal awareness on the mountain, I saw morning had turned to evening; my visionary journey had taken an entire day.

I arose in a state of peace and hope such as I had never before experienced. I walked back to the car and leaned against it for a smoke, the cherry scented tobacco filling the night air.

I was surrounded by the energy of love and basked in its light as I did the light of the full moon above me.