

Vision on the Mountain – 1990

I was tired that morning. Tired and I had one of my classic headaches. I felt it was not the choicest of times for Charon to awaken me and insist I take a trip with him. But that's what he did.

“You must get up,” he insisted. “Come with me to the valley of the trees.”

He refused to respond to my inquiry as to what he meant.

“Just get up, get dressed, let's go,” he demanded, vaguely reminding me of my army days. So, I arose, dressed, and got in the car. The morning was cold and windy and, for some reason, this gave me a sense of reassurance. Perhaps this was tied in with the mountain, which always held a double-barreled load of fear and expectation. When I was on my mountain, I was a model of confidence, yet I never knew what might happen, hence the other side of the coin, a marked feeling of vulnerability.

I hiked up the mountainside to the four stars. Apparently, this was to be another instance of the conjunction of astral forces. It seemed to take quite a bit of doing to make it up there today, probably owing to my fatigue and aching head, and the fact I was, for once, obeying a direct order rather than following an intuitive impression.

Arriving at the top, I was not only physically exhausted but my head was already in a whirl. My only desire at that moment was to find a comfortable position, preferably prone, and rest. Charon was a little lenient, but would not permit me to linger unduly, telling me that focusing my energy and elevating my thoughts to a higher level were paramount.

I made a clean slate of my mind, focusing on the four stars, drawing forth their individual vibrations and merging them to form a portal. The wind spiraled around me, hurling bits of foliage and small clumps of dust in my face, hindering my concentration. Indeed, I could barely keep my balance, seated as I was atop the rock. It was impossible to focus on the portal as my main concern was to keep from falling to a certain doom.

Charon was adamant that I ignore the elemental forces and direct my thoughts to attuning with energies of a higher octave. Summoning all my concentration into a single point of focus, the wind immediately stopped and Stony Point vanished. I had been transported to another space in my consciousness.

I could see a large mountain far removed from my location, from which mountain triangular lines escaped, projected in every direction. I laid my hand upon Charon and we were airborne. Even with my spirit guide's skills and the fact that the flat plain contained no aerial obstacles, it still took an appreciable amount of time to reach our destination.

We actually flew over the mountain, landing on the other side, a hilly, rocky, open area of vast dimensions. At the centerpoint, four to five miles from the small hills where we landed, was an isolated stand of trees.

“Those are the trees you must go to,” Charon said, pointing to the wooded grove. “You must go there by yourself,” he added.

I asked why.

“Because there is something there you must witness,” he replied without explaining. “There are things in visions that give you hints of their meaning, there are also qualities and disciplines. In this vision, the disciple is to face the unknown alone then accept its outcome. You must go on these journeys yourself, as frightening and terrifying as that might be. You know intuitively that this is something you have to undertake yourself.”

I looked at him, our strong and intimate spiritual rapport assuring me all would be well. With a feeling of peace, I was willing to meet and deal with anything that might be awaiting me.

To be honest, I never embarked on one of these journeys without considering the very real possibility that I might not return, either encountering something in an inner world that might react upon my physical body so as to cause death, or perhaps going so far out (or in) in terms of consciousness that I would not return mentally or spiritually. Definite risks, but definitely worth taking. What path without danger holds any value?

I was set to travel to the mysterious little free standing forest, striking out for it as the wind picked back up, an ethereal wind, life-providing, not merely a feature of the weather. It was the breath of life, the *pneuma*, the Holy Ghost. I breathed deeply, filling my lungs with its life-giving *prana*, felt myself imbued with dynamic strength and elation, prepared for whatever lay ahead.

Nearing the trees, I saw they were denuded of leaves. There were hundreds of trunks with unclothed boughs, fitting enough as the entire area was without vegetation. No greens or reds, no birds, insects, no signs of life at all. Just rocky desert and lifeless trees. This world was desolate, a landscape stripped down to the bare minimum.

I moved closer to one of the trees for a closer examination and as I neared it, it split in two, something human-like emerging from its center. With barky body and arms that terminated in branches, the face was comprised solely of two eyes. Though there was no mouth, it still seemed to be issuing forth a wailing cry of painful torment.

Glancing around, I noticed the stump of a tree that had been cut in half, several of these creatures somehow connected to the stump, waving their branch-like arms, howling with bitter suffering, looking beseechingly to the sky. They were half-human, half-vegetable, rooted in place literally

as well as figuratively, unable to move from their allotted spaces. I knew that there was nothing in their own power that would cause their torment to cease.

Not knowing what I might do to help them, I studied them more closely. Their faces were duotoned, yellow on one side, the other half green. Again, each had a pair of dark eyes, but no other facial features. Their faces looked more like masks than anything else. They swayed to and fro in the wind, able to do nothing but mournfully testify of their pain and give witness to the huge, unforgiving landscape.

One of the trees I had not noticed before, one that had a normal appearance, drew me toward it. It split in half widthwise, the upper portion levitating skyward. Out of the bottom portion came another living being, multi-colored, of striking appearance, with face similar to the others. He unfolded his arms, seemingly trying to communicate with me.

Eyes filled with painful anguish, he lifted his arms to the heavens in a pose of worshipful adoration. From the midst of the bark-covered body emerged a phallus-like shape, elongating, stretching, penetrating the rocky surface of the ground. Lengthy limbs emerged from its back, also contacting the ground.

Lifting himself out of the tree stump, he made contact with an angelic being that arrived on the scene. I went over to this woody creature, pulled off the remainder of the branches, and freed it from its prison, allowing him to complete the transformation into a complete being.

He now looked normal, but was surrounded with heavenly images, star above the head, sun to one side of him, moon on the other. In a way I couldn't understand, the completion of the conjunction of the images healed the pain. The creature's feet set down on the ground, with which he became one. This union was a *hieros gamos*, a sacred marriage of heaven and earth, and this knowledge brought with it a great flush of joy.

I looked more closely at his face, coming into stronger attunement with his pleasure at being released from bondage. Although he still did not speak, the telepathic bond was strengthened and he mentally communicated a message of hope, redemption, and freedom from places of torment.

I made my way back in the direction I had come, pausing only once to look back; the entire grove of trees was gone. My friend was the only one remaining, now attired in a white robe. He was surrounded by an aura of stunningly vivid colors.

Gradually he disappeared into the immensity of the deserted plain until he was out of sight entirely.