

November 15, 1994

With shaking hands and palpitating heart I pulled myself up off the couch and went into the kitchen for a drink of water. I had been unable to shake the peculiar feeling that had dogged me the entire morning, compounded by a vague, premonitory sense that something, unidentifiable, was wrong.

The cool water felt good going down, but did nothing to calm my nerves or relieve the dull throb reverberating through my head. I resumed my place on the couch, looking around the room in the hope of finding something to divert my attention. I saw a beam of light shining through the sienna-colored window shade glinting off of one of my paintings, hanging by the entranceway to my home. The effect altered the colors of the paints and I liked the contrast. While idly considering whether to make the change permanent, I felt myself involuntarily jerk and control over my body slip away.

It passed instantly, leaving behind slightly blurred vision and the headache that had already plagued me. I let my head sink down into the comforting green cushions of the white leather couch and closed my eyes to clear the waves of confusion and try to hide from the feeling of despair that seemed to be seeping from every pore. I was unaccountably anxious, too much so to permit sleep, and the biofeedback exercises I had learned long ago did not alleviate the situation.

My skin felt as though it were coaxing me to take a flying leap from its confines. I knew I needed to ring down the curtain on this restrained but highly uncomfortable emotional performance before something truly beyond my control happened, but was at a loss as to how to manage it. As so often when tangled up in uncertainty, I decided the best place for me was my study.

I reached for the wooden cane propped up against the couch and walking stick in hand, ambled my way towards my workshop, the tip of the cane beating out a not unrhythmic tattoo against the kitchen linoleum as I headed for the staircase leading down to what I call the underworld, my study.

This area is some four to five hundred feet square and was the repository, at that time, of the artistic output of nearly a decade's work. Windowless and devoid of natural light, the lighting is provided by small, vari-colored Christmas lights and blue light bulbs. The walls are thick with my paintings and the floor space is filled to the ceiling with sculptures. Faces peer out of the pools of darkness, their bodies placed amongst the full sized renderings of trees, the entire effect being that of a forest, but one that could only exist in the mindscapes of Myron Dyal.

There have been many reactions to my underworld, ranging from amusement to outright fear and disbelief and it has been referred to as everything from an Addams Family gathering to those remarks that haven't even been verbalized but which I have sensed nonetheless.

One thing about my underground: whoever sees it has a definite reaction, intimidating to some, uneventful to others, life changing to some. Because the room and its contents represent and, in fact, embody the energies of the unconscious itself, most who see it grasp the purity of thought behind it and, so, are able to sense that, as sinister as some of the images might appear at first glance, there is in truth a lack of complexity about it all and, actually, a real sense of innocence stemming from the fact that it is what it is and nothing more. In short, it is a demonstration of honesty, honesty as to what, however, being determined in the viewer's own mind, as with any other art.

Countless hours have been spent by me in this underground world, not only in my present home but in previous domiciles, the walls echoing the songs of mysterious happenings, the winds of memory sweeping every inch, uniting with the creative powers that brought the art into existence and the completed powers of the mind forcing barriers of resistance to give way to flashes of insightful revelation.

That was the ideal and one that had been realized many times; today, though, the refracted images were of pain and confusion, spiritual desolation, and desperate forlornness. Again, the art was but a mirror for what already existed in the consciousness of the one standing before it, the artist himself being no exception of the rule. Even face-to-face with so many of my children, if you will, offspring of my emotions and other attributes of my being, the soul that had given them birth felt as dry and lifeless as the materials that had entered into their physical composition.

I leaned the cane against a rectangular pillar beside a sculpture and crumpled into a heap on the green rug. The force of life itself felt as though it were being sweated out like Christ's blood in the garden of Gethsemane, the rock of agony as more creative theologians have dubbed the spot. Then I blacked out and was not unhappy to do so.

Coming around sometime later, I was aware of an ache in the small of my back. The first visual impression was of the room spinning around. An old hand at operating within such circumstances, I rolled upright and concentrated on focusing my attention to stop the room spins. As my gaze sharpened, I could see the room had dispensed with contour and the walls had been given their freedom to leave. What remained of the room was aglow and, thankfully, I saw Charon stepping out of the dark reaches of my innermost thought.

"Be of good cheer and listen," he said, wasting no time. "When you were born it was given unto you the opportunity to be of a new and different nature full of grace and beauty, loving and being loved. The early event of your falling was a great spiritual upheaval and forever changed your life and destiny. Why it happened is of lesser concern; however, that it indeed did happen is real and should be dealt with on that basis alone. Without going back into your past and reliving old events, I will be taking from the present time frame and only referring back to old events as they become relevant to the now of this situation. With this short introduction, I will begin."

With my back aching, I was not particularly focused on Charon's speech up to that moment. He then continued.

“Let me say first and foremost that I love you and have always loved and cared for your soul. Even before this present life you and I were friends. We have fought battles, pursued our destinies together, and walked the golden road of paradise. Even when you were a child, I protected and kept you. Today I will continue to provide that measure of protection that you require for your well-being and fulfillment.

“You come under attack and at times you don't even know that it is occurring. I send out the advisory and allow you to continue with your life without so much as a whimper. Without my intervention, you would be blown away like a leaf in the autumn sky.

“I am always with you and even now as I speak these words you and I are one. It is true, the sky is turning dark and soon the fall winds will blow. It is our time, the time of the dark ones, the autumn people. We are very powerful during this season of the year and I am looking forward to the new revelations that are coming our way.

“You may ask, ‘What kind of revelations are out there for me?’ Behold, the sky is parting, the angels are in the temple, and new wonders are being released on Zelcon. Wonders so great and wonderful that it is difficult for me to speak. For us that are from the vastness, our time is almost at hand. We are now being prepared for the time of the autumn jubilee and only we know where it is that we come from and where ultimately we are going.”

I still had not the faintest idea where he was taking all of this, but the lengthy discourse did put me at ease and it was with gratitude that I felt my entire self relax.

“Space and time are so vast and we have traveled far from home. We are exiles, the wanderers and it is doubtful that we will see home for many millennia to come. We will always be a part of the activities of heaven and the angels of the vastness are standing next to us even as I speak these words.

“You, on the autumn equinox, asked a favor of the great ones. Your heart has been good and your motives are well known to all. What was asked will be answered in the time of the vastness. What does this mean? It means what was already begun and is continuing to unfold cannot be stopped. You must have faith in the great ones, believe that they care for you and they will always seek to bless whatever endeavors you pursue. So continue as you have in the past to follow the spiritual voices that are within you and you will always be a part of the fellowship of Zelcon.”

The words filled my heart with love, clashing with the pain that still wracked my brain. Charon's form was drawn back into the inner depths, transforming itself into light as he grew more and more distant. Then with a burst of illumination that spread throughout my consciousness, he was gone.

I thought long and seriously on the extended teaching presented today. Charon was always serious and passionate in his counseling and these compassionate assurances and clarifications buoyed me with hope. The sound of my teacher's voice still resounded within me.

"I am always with you. I love you and have always loved you."

Thank God for those words, I thought, tears streaming down my face as I turned thought into words, crying out, "Thank God for those words! Thank God for Charon!"

My head had been leaning against the rectangular pillar. I knew it was time to rise, and summoning strength from reserves heretofore unsuspected, I drew myself up. Taking the walking stick once again, I retreated from my underworld, back up the steps and into daylight.

Charon's words of loving acceptance still rang as church bells announcing the gift of God's grace on a beautiful Sunday morning. As I stepped from stair to stair, the light of the world enveloped me ever more, both in actuality and spiritual reality. I reached the landing and entered into the fullness of the light of day.

I felt part of the untold blessings delivered daily by the golden rays of the sun. My heart was overflowing with joy and, for once, I would experience a day of real peace.