

Inglewood Park Cemetery – 1996

I have found my personal places of power have been carefully selected by my unconscious in order to maximize the extremely important part they play in my visionary experiences. I do not arbitrarily select them because they look nice or have intoxicating aromas or attract beautiful women. They are an integral part of my inner life and of me. Nor do I restrict them to my immediate environment; when I travel I incorporate visits to such places into my itinerary, allowing my energy to lead me to whatever location it feels is best for me in those circumstances.

It is possible to be sensitive to the vibrations of these special areas upon first arrival, but care is necessary in ascertaining if the place is for you, suitable for your needs and desires and, once that is determined, patience can be required to remain still and allow the subtle forces to speak to the inner self.

One of these centers of power, for me at any rate, is situated in a cemetery in Inglewood, California. A little research into the area's history revealed that the entire surroundings comprised a water hole in the Mesozoic era, a natural spring through which have coursed water and psychic energy since prehistoric times. I was unaware of these facts when growing up in Inglewood, but was most pleased with my later discovery.

One of the important qualities of a natural place of power is the aspect of uncertainty as to where one might turn up. Such a vortex might manifest where there has been erected a church, an office building, or in a more natural setting, such as along the ocean shore, a desert location, in short, anywhere. It is perhaps impossible to predict where one of these spots may arise, but that they exist is a self-evident fact. They are provided for all who travel a spiritual path and should be sought out by all such pioneers.

This day, I was on my way to a business appointment when I felt the silent but unmistakable call of my energy. As always when the summons comes when I am on the road, adequate time was allotted for me to rearrange my schedule with great rapidity and heed the beckoning interior voice.

I pulled off of the 405 freeway and took Slauson Avenue to the Inglewood Park Cemetery. To be honest, I frequently plan my route to take me near or through Inglewood, as I believe there is still a goodly amount of unfinished business for me in my old stomping grounds. I guided the car through the familiar neighborhoods, down Brett Street to Centinela and on to the cemetery.

The cemetery's iron gates and immense fountain greeted my arrival as they had many times before, welcoming me into this world of solemn but not tragic peace and quiet and tranquil, tasteful beauty. My grandparents are buried in this cemetery. I visit them often, clean their

headstones, and make sure the groundskeepers maintain the immediate area in excellent condition.

Today, I was free of family responsibilities, so I made my way towards a marble mausoleum that is one of my favorite places at the cemetery. I left behind the warm day for the inviting coolness of the crypt's smooth stone innards.

The foyer is dominated by a grand statue of Mary, unusual for its equipment with a cloak, giving the Christian mother of life the appearance of a goddess meant to represent death, although bearing in mind what she witnessed inflicted upon her eldest child at the hill called Golgotha, she was more than well acquainted with both aspects of existence. The cloak actually hides most of her face in this sculpture, reminding the viewer that she had much to ponder in the quietude of her heart.

As I passed the statue, I gently brushed my hand against the cloak, then passed behind it and turned down a corridor. At the rear of the statue are stained glass windows, all red and brown and green shadings. Early afternoon sunlight significantly brings out the beauty of the work, causing it to shimmer in a rather glorious way.

The windows depict Inglewood as it appeared in years gone by. The one that drew my attention this visit showed a small forest glen bisected by a winding pathway, the road splashed with shadows of red and purple.

I settled down on a marble bench to enjoy the interplay of colors in and through the glass. As I watched, the glass itself became dark as though night was falling or the sun had been obscured by heavy clouds. I knew of no forecast of stormy weather for that day, so I shrugged it off and resumed my enjoyment of the artwork. The next anomaly, not long in appearing, was a marked drop in the temperature of the hallway.

Following this, the insistent moan of a strong wind began to be heard on the other side of the windows. Then lightning flashed and something began to stir in the darkness, quickly evolving from vaguely defined shadows to rows of figures lining the sides of the mausoleum. They did not move, their silent at-attention stance resembling the guards at Buckingham Palace.

These speechless sentinels appeared and disappeared with the lightning flashes. Were they angelic guardians, were they ghostly images, or thoughtforms impressed into the ethers of the place and, for some unknown reason, making themselves known to my consciousness?

I had no fear of these things; my only reaction was one of curiosity. Having been through so many visionary experiences, I merely relaxed and quietly watched the events. This quiet was shaken by a clap of thunder that roiled the building and made the dead live.

They came out of the mausoleum itself, slow of movement, not walking skeletons or ectoplasmic phantoms. They behaved as moths drawn by the celestial flame of the lightning bolts.

Even for me the sight was unusual and whether or not to believe the report of my own eyes remained a toss up. I do not believe in ghost, nor am I particularly fond of George A. Romero's seemingly unending string of "dead" movies, so, what was I really looking at here?

I decided the real meaning was buried in the unconscious that was controlling the episode and would be best searched for later. This thought was rudely interrupted by a ferocious peal of thunder and a bolt of lightning with intensity to match.

The mausoleum's roof is covered with sheets of aluminum. There are also stained glass windows actually set into the ceiling. The combination of sounds of the rain striking against the two surfaces fascinated the musician in me. Although I adjudged the sound to be somehow less than real, there was no getting around the fact it was a definite part of the experience. The thunder, the lightning, the rhythm of the rain, were all enveloping the marble necropolis and filling it with the power of their united reality.

Then I noted the entities were performing some sort of rhythmical movement, an entrancing *danse macabre*. The movement was hypnotic, seducing the attention away from all else. I was lost in it. Then I was gone.

"This can't be happening," I insisted to myself. "These things don't exist."

I tried to suggest myself into believing my mind was playing a trick, that all I needed was a minute or two of calm concentration focusing on something constructive. I retreated into mental quietude and sought the comforting balm of meditation.

I initiated my breathing exercises, focusing my energy in a one-pointed way, as in my experiences on the mountain. My point of focus was a piece of red glass in one of the windows, some twenty feet away from me. I concentrated on the red, nothing but the red, not the rain, not the thunder or lightning, or the ethereal companions with whom I shared the mausoleum.

As I focused, the red began to pulsate, then filled the room with its hue. The room was swallowed by the red until only the color itself surrounded me, although the outlines of the interior of the mausoleum did intermittently flash in and out of the scene. The rain continued to pound the roof with not a shred of mercy, though the sound still retained that ersatz quality and, when I concentrated on the thunder, I realized it, too, had a false ring to it.

The entire experience, interesting as it may have been in some respects, was out of kilter, there was something about it that was simply wrong.

"I'm going to get the hell out of here," I said to no one in particular. I rose and walked back towards the stone Mary, drawing alongside her just as another thunderous explosion rolled through the building, nearly sending me to the floor.

How could this be happening? Southern California didn't play host to storms of this magnitude. With few other options, I decided this former Baptist boy should throw himself on the mercy of Mary. I knelt before the statue, kissed the cold mineral feet, the set course for the door.

I pushed hard against the steel doors, normally locked, banging them open and walked back out into the clear, quiet day. There was no wind, no rain, no thunder or lightning, no nothing in terms of inclement weather.

There was only the sun beating down on my car.

I drove away and headed for my business meeting.