

January 2000

A new decade had begun as had a new century and a new millennium and yes, I am intelligent enough to know that decades, centuries, and millennia actually begin on 01 year, but like everyone else in those long forgotten Y2K days, I was caught up in the excitement of all those goose eggs on the calendar.

Some felt the Piscean Age was giving way to that of Aquarius, although since no one really knows just what year the avatar of the Piscean Age was born or what year crucified, such attempts at precise calculations can be dicey. No matter, as all was definitely not right with the world in any case.

As the Nineties came to a close, the number of my seizures was on the increase. Although I was taking my prescribed medication, I'd had just about enough of its rather odious after effects and I was seriously considering stopping taking it. I was never won around to the opinion the medication was doing the slightest bit of good, but I had lived with myself long enough to understand the nature of my illness did not leave my processes of evaluation and judgment unimpaired, thus I was not the most objective of observers.

The only certainty was that my seizures were here to stay and it was necessary to find a way to deal with them, with medication or without. My personal spiritual evolution had brought me to a point where daily trips to the mountain were no longer needed, although I continued to seek out places of power and, of course, carefully to record my visions and other experiences in my journals.

Personally, I had been on my own for over five years, and solitude seemed to have become my religion. Unsure whether I should be in a relationship – or even if I could maintain one – I was not actively seeking out feminine company, at least not in terms of a long-term situation. Fortunately, my friendships sustained me through many a difficulty and it was in those relationships that I found a great deal of stability. Artistically, my work continued to mature and evolve. I was also putting in many hours at the piano, often playing into the early hours of the morning. Still, there was a strong sense of incompleteness.

In terms of my professional life, 1999 had seen me join a new telecommunications company, with the title of Executive Vice-President. The processes of turning a twenty-year old company into a viable Twenty-First Century business concern were long, strenuous, and, fortunately, quite time consuming.

Thus, early in the new century I felt I had reason to believe my life might be on the upswing and even dared hope for a future of personal peace and artistic and professional achievement. My

lifestyle permitted me to enjoy the seemingly inconsequential day-to-day things of life but this aura of comfortable ordinariness was not destined to last.

2002 saw me slide into a lengthy and deliberate withdrawal from the world. Though I say “deliberate” at the beginning I was not aware I was doing it but, with my past, once the reality of it dawned, I did not hesitate to put my back into it and encourage it in every way possible.

I ceased teaching music classes, disengaged myself from any direct involvement with the Epilepsy Foundation, and stopped interacting with my friends. All in all, I was becoming a hermit. I was alone, adrift, and heading towards trouble. My participation in building a new company was confessedly fatiguing and a good deal of time was eaten up with business traveling, but even so I knew there was more happening here than simple exhaustion or the vague disorientation of frequent trips out of town.

What I was, was fractured. Something indeterminable had sliced my internal connections as Alexander had the Gordian knot. Despite so many years, yea, decades, of extremely hard work to unify my being, I felt as though I had not only backslidden but backflipped all the way back to square one.

Festering old wounds were being torn open as though caught on nails; my unconscious was spewing forth severe anxiety, fear, and hopelessness with the force of a waterspout. Added to all this was Charon’s unanticipated announcement that everything I had already been through was but Act One; even more difficult scenes lay ahead for me to play.

But there were respites.

My fifty-seventh birthday visit to Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale produced a most welcome and comforting vision of loving peace, the beautiful episode occurring in the garden surrounding the Wee Kirk of the Heather Chapel.

Then, on New Year’s Day of 2004, while atop my mountain, I found myself in the center of a circle of beings of light who move for me out of the ethers a new matrix for healing.

I began to think that, finally, I had reached the point of the reconstruction of life and the penetration of the horizon of the infinite. I also realized at this time that the proverbial pot o’ gold at the end of the rainbow is not the ultimate goal of life.

The process itself and only the process held any importance and my conscious part of the operation was to follow the path anywhere it led me and face my future with the determined courage I had had to display all my life.