

December 10, 2001

I was leaving the office to go directly home after an uneventful Monday. I threw a glance towards the peaks of the nearby mountains, then became aware of a sound, something I had never heard before. It was soft, its origin unclear, starting out quiet and non-threatening, but quickly drowning out everything else.

The sound forced its way into my head, surrounded the car, penetrated the glass of the closed windows, affected the vibration of every cell of my body, every part of my being. I gunned the engine and took off for home, the sound staying right with me. When I reached home my head felt as though it were splitting, the world as it was had been receding from the grasp of my awareness and that pace now accelerated. Just as I pulled into my garage I felt myself being pulled out of reality.

The prudent thing to do was to sit and wait, for what I knew not, but I didn't feel like moving. I decided to allow whatever was happening to take its course and pass on by. I had no idea how long I had sat there in the car but I later found myself in my study, comfortably seated in my rocking chair surrounded by a field of leaves floating through the air in a rhythmic dance that would not have been out of place in a *Cirque du Soliel* production.

From the center of this leafy ballet emerged Charon, assuming the form of a woman for this encounter. Elaborately attired and very much out of character, I asked my spirit guide the reason for this feminine appearance, but was not favored with an explanation. Instead, Charon inquired as to how I was feeling and if there was any assistance I required with anything. My answer seemed to tumble from my lips without any preliminary thought as to what I was saying or even stopping to gauge if my words were germane to the moment.

“I know we are approaching a new year. Things are not going particularly well. As a matter of fact, I seem to be in the same down cycle as before, with no improvement in sight. I'm very troubled, my head isn't clear, and even though enough should be enough, I guess that is not the case. I know the problems are mine alone, I know I must blame myself entirely for my failures. The question is, what to do next. What direction to take in the future and what, if anything, can be done to improve my life presently?”

As I spoke, Charon approached me, the womanly countenance exuding tenderness, the body demonstrating grace. It was an intimidating presence, but the look in Charon's eyes impregnated me with joy and I suddenly was flushed with shame over my constant complaining at my lot in life.

“You must be getting tired of the many questions I pour out to you on a regular basis,” I said, “but I don't know where else to turn.”

“Not at all,” Charon assured me.

“After my development was completed in the past,” I continued, “I was certain I was on the mend, that all things would be going forward. I’m not certain of anything anymore. Maybe that’s as it should be. I just don’t know.”

My spirit guide walked to the center of the room and faced me, the eyes exerting a noticeable influence over me, making me feel as though I were losing control of the moment. Although I felt the ability to speak slipping away, I continued spewing forth my dissatisfaction with it all.

“I feel I’m just getting older and that nothing will ever change. Do I really want to evolve? Is there some change in the wind or will this confusion continue forever? I hope that is not true but I seem further and further away from any kind of solution. Time never stands still but I seem to be doing just that with no end in sight.”

As Charon’s influence over me intensified, my concentration waned and my speech was slurring. I was drowsy, but continued complaining.

“My painting is going well, work is fine, but spiritually I feel dead.”

Then I was unable to concentrate sufficiently to speak. Charon was altering my energy as well as the vibration of the atmosphere in the room. I tried to keep talking but it was futile, it seemed absolutely unimportant. I couldn’t take my eyes of this female manifestation of Charon, whose power simply transfixed me.

Then I suddenly realized what had been bothering me, the deaths of two epileptic friends who had died as a result of their illness. Their deaths occurred in the same week and the double blow had a devastating impact on me. Snapping out of my daze, I spoke once more.

“I have received news that both Tom and Molly are dead. I can see this is going to a very difficult Christmas for us all. It seems that death is closing in all around us. We should be living in the moment all the time,” I opined.

“This had hit me hard and I know it has as much to do with my feelings about myself as it does Tom or Molly.”

Lady Charon’s white hand moved gracefully through the air, changing the appearance and vibration of my study. The transformation worked a healing within me. Charon came towards me, smiling strangely, the energy emanating from the spirit expanding, filling the entire room.

“It is just another thing to deal with during the winter solstice,” I said. “I had hoped things would be getting better during this time of year but I guess they’re not. Maybe this will end what has been a very difficult year and the New Year will bring peace.”

I would not speak another word in this encounter. My awareness of my surroundings began to fade and I heard Charon say, "Sleep now." I felt an outrush of tension and anxiety, a purging of the unpleasant. Sleep pursued and overtook me as Charon continued to say soothingly, "Sleep, sleep now."

In an instant I was gone from the world. My sleeping consciousness was now a field for angels of light, flooding me with their efflorescence and joy. I was now in a world without illness, death, and the hopelessness that so drastically cripples and inhibits the enjoyment of material life.

I was resting with the angels, truly a special holiday gift and one so appropriate for the Christmas season.