

August 2, 2002

I wished I could have said TGIF, but that Friday found me with spinning head and a generally unwell feeling that is diagnosed in less technically formal medical circles as “feeling like shit.” The previous day was a hard one but my attunement with the inner self was growing and improving apace.

The early morning sun was illuminating every spot and streak of dust on the windshield as I drove to the office. I was aware of angelic beings floating lazily but gracefully by the side of the road, gleaming in the sunlight reflected from the metal of my car.

On arriving at the office, I was greeted by Charon. I had had a premonition of meeting with him today and was very glad to see him, so much so I began talking as soon as I parked the car, without waiting for him to set the stage for this encounter. It was wasted effort as I was instantly pulled from my mundane surroundings and hurled towards a distant source of light that seemed to end in a patch of well-tended greenery not unlike the greens of a golf course. The shape was circular and it was bordered by trees swaying in a gentle wind. In the middle of the dance floor (as golfers call their beloved putting greens) stood Charon. I came in for a landing, Charon inviting me to speak.

I didn't quite know what to say, being a little disturbed by the abruptness of the journey, but I quickly found my voice and, for some reason, a rather loud voice it was. I was not sure if the volume was actually coming from me or if I was speaking in a normal tone of voice that was somehow amplified by the qualities of the place to which I had been drawn.

“There is a longing in me,” I began, “you might say a distance that hangs around and surrounds me. I would like to be able to use this energy to expand my work. I'm hoping the energy that resides in this matrix is, or can be made available, to me so I can use it as a catalyst for change and growth.”

Charon was amused at my enthusiasm. He laughed pleasantly and suggested I calm down and be peaceful.

I followed this by continuing my stream of consciousness unbosoming although I admit I was now feeling rather juvenile about it all. I slowed down, lowered the pitch of my voice and tried to sound more serious, for serious I most certainly was.

“I have always interpreted these feelings as negative. However, I'm beginning to feel that they are anything but. I see these feelings as a creative matrix that can be utilized for growth. Even in my own mind this all begins to sound a little bit intellectual and overblown.”

My voice trailed off, but since I had begun this speech I figured I had better finish it where I wanted to.

“I am letting go of all the past resistance to the new, I am welcoming the time of change and I know that this year I can sustain my level of commitment to the Autumn and accomplish all of my goals.”

Charon’s smile was comforting. He encouraged my pursuit of all the great things available during the Autumnal months, when the energies lead one into balance and artistic creativity, deep regeneration, and the expansion of consciousness along lines religious, philosophical, and metaphysical. He appended to this encouragement a warning that all would not proceed smoothly for me, but noted that there did not seem to be any hindrances to the positive evolution I was anticipating.

“You might just find that the good is always available in any situation,” Charon instructed, “so feel free to be who you really are. Hopefully, you will finally accept the fact that you are a very special individual and then see clearly what you need to do.”

There ended the first part of the lesson.

As soon as Charon finished speaking, the areas of greenery expanded from what had been a severely confined space to a vast expanse, dark green and very attractive to the senses.

As I began the process of internalizing Charon’s advice, my head began to throb.

“What kind of difficulty are you talking about?” I asked through clenched teeth, fighting the ache pounding through my skull. “I hope that this is not going to be another overwhelming year, like last year! I’m not sure I could take another year of negative energy.”

“Stop taking every challenge in your life so seriously,” Charon replied. “You don’t need to concern yourself with things that have not been made manifest. I was not talking of any particular thing or event; I was only reflecting on potentials.”

The kindly expression on his face was reassuring and I was filled with joyousness as he faded away. Wanting to hear more, I called out to him, but he was gone. Reflecting on the theme of our conversation, I became aware of a vivid impression forming in my mind’s eye, the dark but beautiful landscape of a different planet.

High mountains and desert, the floor of which was lightly caressed by a hint of wind. There was also water, large bodies of it, dark as the land. Even the light of the day displayed an indescribable darkness. Rolling tides of dark water gently licked then withdrew from dark sandy shorelines.

Then from everywhere came a procession of lights, living souls coming from all directions. I gazed out over the expansive desert, barely able to discern a form moving through the evening sky.

Throughout the mists hovering over the desert, weaving in and out, I saw thousands of beings crisscrossing the surface. I never found out who or what they were, but I somehow shared enough of their consciousness to know that they and the planet, like King Arthur and Britain, were one.

Eager to learn more, I started to walk out into the endless planetscape before me, wind caressing me, air warm but easily breathed. My intention was to learn more about those with whom I was sharing this experience. I called out to them, but they either did not hear me or chose to ignore my overture. As they were much too far away for me to see them clearly it was not beyond the realm of possibility that I was too far away for them to hear me.

I felt a desperate need to contact and communicate with them. I began to run in their direction, taking but a few rapid steps before finding myself back in my automobile, covered in moisture from every pore and with dizzy head.

I reclined back in the driver's seat and began to pull together my fragmented thoughts, needing to get over my latest encounter with the subconscious before closing out the workweek.