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THE
PHILOSOPHICAL PSYCHOLOGY
OF
SPIRITUAL METAMORPHOSIS

A Thesis presented
in partial fulfilment
of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Philosophy
in
Psychology
at
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ABSTRACT

THE PHILOSOPHICAL PSYCHOLOGY OF SPIRITUAL METAMORPHOSIS is a treatise written in the style of narrative fiction but which traces the factual events of the opening of the awareness of one individual through his growth and the transformation of his consciousness.

In content, the style of the treatise is one of case study incorporating dialogue, description, and self examination and analysis. It explores delicate areas of consciousness in a manner which is devoid for the most part of intellectual enquiry and comparison and which relies to a large extent on the direct experience of the individual for its own analysis.

Chronologically, the time covered is approximately five years of the life of the writer and the description thereof is written in the third person to facilitate and afford an objective view and manner of observation. The material covered is explicit and replete with specific description of mystical experiences including conscious separation from physical body, inner conversations with persons occupying planes other than the physical, the effects of meditation and spiritual activity on the physical body and emotions, and conversations with Holy Men, and the trials of the protagonist in dealing with and relating the experiences and growth to activity in the everyday life of the world.

The writer was born and educated in the United States in English Literature and Law and practiced law in private practice for six years before beginning an independent study which is the subject of the treatise. He now lives in New Zealand.

PREFACE

The work in this thesis is a radical approach to and treatment of a subject which has received precious little attention in its true form in the western world: the psychology of spiritual growth and opening awareness. It should be understood at the outset that concern here is with the individual experience and the traumas which can attend that experience.

In an attempt to deal with the subject, many writers of the west have treated the material through interpretation of writings of the mystics and have thereby, in the opinion of the present writer, fallen into the very abyss they were so carefully, supposedly, trying to avoid ... that of explaining that which is virtually inexplicable. Perhaps the present writer too has fallen into that very trap, but the approach employed has been designed, in so far as possible, to avoid such a complication.

The present work for consideration in this Thesis could be considered to be a "case-study" of the writer, by the writer, using the experiences of the writer. The events described in the work truly happened and as they transpired they were recorded as meticulously as possible, inadequately to be sure, in a language which has little or no terminology, feeling, sympathy, or time for the exploration or explanation of the irrational super-conscious experience.

Concern and interest in that subject however are growing at an alarming rate fostered by the sons and daughters of endless generations of rational, materialistic, pseudo-scientifically oriented parentage. It is the young persons in this age of change who are forcing their culture to reconsider its values and restructure its thought and heirarchy of priorities. Some of these people have been born with an expanded awareness which their elders cannot and will not understand, and some

of them have employed and manufactured means to expand their own awareness to approximate that which has come naturally to their comrades.

The language, thought, and philosophy of a culture which has heretofore been materialistic in nature will now surely expand in itself to assimilate into some mode of expression that which is already in the realm of experience of so many, but this will take time and the labor pains of that potential birth, the casting off of the confines of the strictures of that inevitable transformation and metamorphosis are beginning to be felt not only by those who will carry this transformation into reality but also by those who must bear the greatest pain: those inextricably planted in the old who cannot, do not, and will not understand the new.

There is at the present time, in the opinion of the writer, no so-called "field" into which the instant material would neatly fit, but psychology was chosen for the mode of expression for the reason that it professes to be the study of human behaviour. The field of psychology is not the primary area of training of the writer. Following a rearing in the American "middle-class", the writer studied English, philosophy, and French at university and secured a B.A. in English which may account for the style in which this material is presented, one of narration...as in a novel, with the express distinction that the matter treated herein is not fiction. Following undergraduate studies, the writer was trained in the law and engaged in the private practice thereof for over six years which experience may also account for the style of some of the analysis of and enquiry into the experiences related.

It is submitted, however, that the nature of the presentation of the subject matter is such that it may carry meaning for the reader of any area of interest.

The psychologist may find in his perusal of the experiences related certain characteristics and symptoms of patients, clients, conditions or maladies which he has treated or with which he has dealt or studied. Certainly the depression suffered by the protagonist would seem to be typical of that undergone by many today in the western world, and like many of the clients of today's practicing psychologists and psychiatrists, his depression was treated with a prescription for a tranquilizing drug, a covering smile, and a capsule of guarded sympathy, but the treatment was ineffective for the condition is surely terminal and will survive all attempts to contain and eradicate it.

Had a psychiatrist or medical doctor taken clinical physiological tests, he would surely have found certain chemical imbalances in the system of the subject, and therein, it could be said, would lie the problem or problems which precipitated the present condition, but the question and issue is not the imbalance itself, but the primal cause of the imbalance, and for such a question, the modern medical practitioner can offer only the weak reply that we are dealing in an area of which western medicine knows very little.

The psychologist may recognize familiar methods of therapy and treatment which seemed naturally to present themselves at the most propitious time and which, when spent, would fall away giving way to another method or procedure onto which the subject would attach a life-death grasp in hopes of finding some assistance. All too often, however, there is to be found an admixture of something akin to the Rogerian "non-directive" approach, gestalt confrontation, and a scattering of modification of behaviour by reinforcement, punishment plus an attempt at self-analysis and understanding through methods described and developed by Jung and others.

Mention of these methods is limited...in fact eliminated... in the test itself for reasons which will become obvious to the reader as he progresses. To digress too far into the use of such terminology defeats the very purpose for which the present work was undertaken as described in the opening paragraphs of this Preface, for it is the individual experience itself that is important, devoid of labels, categories, and methods which too often are the convenient resting place for the spontaneous, fresh, innovative thoughts of one who cannot muster the wherewithal to keep them floating in their own pure atmosphere. It is hoped that the reader, be he a sociologist looking for the earmarks of social change, a philosopher watching for a new approach to thought, or a student of religion or mysticism searching outwardly for the light of truth which he knows can only be found within, will make an honest attempt to remain open to the nature of the material presented so that he may avoid the pitfalls of preliminary conclusions drawn according to criteria, standards, and ideas which may have concretized within his mind and almost certainly within his chosen field of work as delineated by his scholastic forebears.

There has been only one prime-driving purpose in the composition of the present work and that which may follow: to offer in some humble way some assistance, if possible, to those who are or will be involuntarily subjected to traumas and trials of change that they may cope with the stress inherent in change and especially the change which now seems to be inevitably facing our culture, and those unfortunate ... or fortunate, depending on one's point of view ... enough to be born this time into an era destined to be one of the dynamic periods of alteration of awareness and consciousness of mankind on this planet.

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For the countless patient hours
given freely by all those
who guided Terry through his trials and pain
and listened as he asked
the endless questions on behalf of all
who read this book
and wonder as he did
why opening of consciousness
need carry all such anguish
tears and labour to give birth
to so much bliss and joy,
this work is humbly offered
hoping they may start
where he left off
and then in turn to others give
their help

and special thanks to Dave for his supervision
and Lynne for her typing.

A NOTE ON THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY

The Degree of MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY was established at Massey University in 1977 to enable a student to pursue a Master's Degree in a field other than the one in which he had done his undergraduate degree of training. Qualifications to study for this Degree include minimal if any training in the area of instant interest, and the curriculum continually being reviewed and determined by the student and his supervisor to allow a maximum of flexibility so as to incorporate the benefits and advantages which the student may have acquired from his earlier areas of training.

This unrestricting framework opens to the student a program which is vastly expanded and fluidly adaptable to the development of the particular subject with which the student has chosen to work. Coursework or attendance in various papers can, with the indulgence of the individual instructors, be moulded to fit the needs of study at any given moment in which some item of interest may be explored to the satisfaction of the student for his present endeavor. The result can be an exciting overview and fast-moving comprehensive immersion in an area of study new to the student's search for knowledge.

CHAPTER 1.

Sharon's face broke into a broad smile when she looked up as Terry came in through the back door and closed it behind him.

"Hello love. I didn't hear you drive in."

She never did when the dryer was running, as it was today. Sharon did not need to use the dryer very much, but today was one of those darker days of the desert winter when the clouds hung low and were likely to open up at any minute without notice.

Sharon walked over and put her arms around Terry and kissed him. He smiled, holding her close, looking over her shoulder into a happy space. She held on for an extra few seconds.

"You're a good wife." he meant it.

"So are you." so did she. "Lunch will be there in just a minute".

"No hurry. Time to spare today."

He did not have to return to the office until two, and it was now just past twelve. As Sharon took time from the washing to prepare lunch, Terry walked through the kitchen, and out through the laundry, took off his office boots and donned his work boots. Then he walked out the laundry door, through the back yard and out through the gate toward the shed. Now he was home... out here, in the shed, near the animals and the tractor, with tools close at hand, and at least a hundred projects within short reach, all beckoning for attention at once: the tool box needed cleaning; that old butter churn wanted a new motor; a new milking stool was sorely needed too.

Terry smiled as the goats greeted him from their pen across from the shed, and he called back to them. Walking over to them, he reached over the fence and rubbed Tarsha on the nose that she upturned toward him. Terry reached over toward the milking stand and picked up a handful of grain and put it under Tarsha's nose. A special treat when Terry had time to come out for a few minutes at lunch time. Then the other three came forth from the goat shed

into the yard for their treat. Terry felt a tenderness flow to the four nannys that supplied milk for his family. Each year they also dutifully provided kids that could be sold or slaughtered for the meat.

Just then the back door to the house slammed and little feet were running toward Terry, arms outstretched. It was Patrick. Two years old. Patrick made Terry very happy. Patrick was Terry's son.

"Hi, pardner." They collided and Patrick was swept up onto Dad's shoulder.

"I yuv you."

"I yuv you too pardner."

And together they turned toward the horses, Patrick comfortably riding his own special mount.

"Have you been good to your Mommy today?" Terry could not see Patrick's face, but he could feel the little arms clasped close around his head. He held onto Patrick's right foot with his right hand, and extended his left hand toward the mare who puckered her upper lip and nibbled at the remnants of grain that the goats had missed.

No answer.

"Patrick, have you been good to your Mommy today?"

"Daddy."

"Yes."

"Know what?"

"What."

"Yunch is ready Mommy says."

Things had not always been so happy for Terry and Sharon and Patrick and his three sisters, Candy 12, Beth 10, and Tracy 8. But for the past four years it seemed that they were continuously getting better and better, until now there was every reason for good cheer and love to flow among them, for now they had everything they could want.

Terry's law practice was growing and expanding more and more as time passed...as it had for the past four years since he had opened his own office in the small town which lay just four and three tenths miles down the road to the

east from the seventeen acre farm which they now owned... or at least were buying. He had started his practice in a building with some other lawyers with only a handful of clients and lots of nerve.

But now, he knew what it really meant to be busy and pressed, in demand, and "successful", and he revelled in it. He had been thrilled to finally achieve what he had worked toward since the age of seven when he had had a flash: he would be a lawyer...even though then, he did not know just what a lawyer was, he had met one and he knew that he would be a lawyer.

Just out of law school some five years ago, he had taken a job with a small partnership in the same small town he now called home, and after several months with that firm, he knew one day that it was time for him to go out on his own.

With the books that he had accumulated during law school days and the ones that he had purchased from the local judge who no longer needed them, Terry had a library of some fifteen hundred volumes to start his practice, and now it had grown to twice that number. Terry was pleased with his library, with his office, with his practice... and with his family. In general he was pleased with life ... most of the time.

Business had grown well during the first months and years in private practice: it was a general practice in an agricultural area...divorces, trusts, collection and debt work.

This was what he had always wanted to do and it had been hard getting here.

Law school had been a struggle as it is for most students. It was hard enough as it was, but a bit heavier with three children and the constant shadow of financial concern, and the migraines.

From the pressure and tension of law school and the migraines, Terry had become a near alcoholic, soothing his nerves with gin every evening to steel himself against another night of study. He found the old saying about law school to be so true: "the first year they scare you"

to death; the second year they work you to death; and the third year, they bore you to death."

But as the days, months, and years now wore on, everything was looking up and up. Business was good and the family had everything that they wanted. This was what was really important to Terry, and he worked for them. Worked hard for them, for he loved to watch the three girls ride in the horse-shows and ghymkhanas on the weekend, and he lived for the days when he and the girls, and, sometimes, Mac, his friend, would take the horses to the San Diego mountains only a few hours away and spend the days riding into the hills and across the high desert, spending the nights and lazy evenings at the family "summer cabin" which they had purchased two years before.

Terry wanted desperately to succeed. He wanted success in the way he had learned to define it in his childhood in central Illinois...in the middle class family in the middle class town where he had grown up. He did not want to be rich; but he did want to be comfortable, respected, loving...and loved. He busied himself in the work of the local church and worshipped every Sunday with a "spic-n-span" family...always in the same pew, always staying for coffee after the service. Always in the right place...genuinely concerned, interested, and upstanding. At least that is the way he saw it.

In time, Terry's efforts brought him many clients and much recognition. He was offered and accepted a position on the local county committee of the Republican Party. He disliked Kennedy, campaigned for Goldwater, and went to Washington for Nixon's first inauguration.

The possibility of political aspiration was not entirely foreign to Terry's thought. He considered that he would make an excellent congressman or senator or at least a state assemblyman.

All such things went into the definition of success that Terry had come to believe in as the American Way... not only that which one needed to do to become a prosperous and up-and-coming member of the profession and the community, but these were the ingredients that were truly what

made one morally acceptable to one's family, one's wife, and one's God.

Terry's efforts were outside now: there was little room for thought or philosophy. He measured his day in the number of billable hours logged and dictation belts completed. He was measuring up to the standards he had been taught by his parents and there was little time to question any of the values or criteria by which success was measured. It seemed that all of his life had been truly preparation for what he was doing: he had been president of every organization that he had ever joined, and his ideas were always considered innovative and stimulating. So he was told, and so he thought. Not without modesty, but, not without confidence.

And with each successful case completed, Terry's confidence increased. He served as Public Defender for some months expanding his court experience and his practice to other courts and other towns, now and again occasionally finding travel up and down the California coast a delightful perk accruing to one on the road to success. He was thirty-two years old.

It was in his thirty-first year that his son was born. This he found was typical of his ancestry since 1658 when James his ancestor had landed in Massachusetts. He felt an obligation to see that his wife bore a son and perpetuated the family line. His parents would be proud.

During the early years of their marriage, Terry and Sharon had been supremely happy together, building a life for the future that seemed to suit them both. They came from a similar background, from parents of the midwestern state of Illinois who had known each other from childhood. Both Terry and Sharon attended the University of Illinois, Terry completing a degree in English and Philosophy, Sharon leaving early to marry a man she had known from High School days who had by then become an air force pilot. There were two children produced of Sharon's first marriage, and they were both very young when their father was killed in an air disaster. When Terry and Sharon were

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married over a year later, Terry took the children as his own, and then two younger children followed.

When they were married Terry was an army officer. The early days of the marriage were ones of happy confusion and adjustment. There were very few major differences in their philosophy or view of life with the exception of a conflict that developed between Terry and Sharon's parents. This caused the only major schism of the marriage until they had been married about six or seven years. Then another problem arose: Terry quit smoking cigarettes; Sharon continued to smoke.

Perhaps only ones who have been through such a situation can understand that this one problem was to create more friction that almost any other one factor.

During Terry's army career of two years, he remained in the United States and the family stayed together, leaving the army to move across the country for Terry to attend law school at U.C.L.A. Only three weeks before leaving the army, Tracy was born and the trip from Georgia to California was hectic in the least. Loading everything they had into and onto an old Chevrolet station wagon, they pioneered their way across the United States to start a new life together.

Terry and Sharon loved each other very much...and very often. They shared, during these early days, an intimacy and rapport seldom found. Life was rigorous in its own way: there were long hours on the Los Angeles Freeway to and from U.C.L.A. for Terry and long hours taking care of a young family for Sharon.

But they looked forward to the day when they could reap the fruits of their labours and live a good, solid, comfortable life, and they looked forward to it together. They had few friends apart from each other, nor did they seem to need any. Sharon was a giving wife, asking for nothing except tenderness, love, and understanding, and giving her love and consolation freely to the man with whom she expected to share the rest of her life.

The pressures of the new life with a ready-made family, and the rigorous discipline demanded of Terry by law school, however, created in him a tension that brought him many times close to a point of breaking, and held him there without mercy. They had purchased a home some twenty-five miles from campus almost immediately upon arrival in California. Terry did not know of the hours that would be spent bumper to bumper in the Los Angeles traffic; nor did he anticipate the eighty and ninety hour weeks that would be demanded of him during the course of his law studies.

The tensions created within Terry inevitably spilled over onto Sharon and the young family. Sharon seemed to understand and absorb as much as she could bear herself. Together, they drowned their calamity several times a week in cheap gin and ill-afforded expensive steak, retiring to their bed to abandon the relentless and inexorable hypertense days in favour of the solace and comfort and escape of prolonged and vigorous love-making.

With the boredom of the third year of law school dawning, so too did the end appear to be approaching...the end of the difficult part of their life together. They agreed that it would be a delightful reprise to leave the mammoth city and opt for a smaller town. After an examination of the map and a course of correspondence, Terry secured a job with a two-man firm in a small town in the desert in Southern California.

Another adjustment period loomed before Terry and Sharon and their family of three daughters, but this time there was the hint of a promise of a sigh of relief in sight, at least in the reasonable foreseeable future.

But it was not to be yet. Terry failed the bar examination and was not admitted to practice with his class. This was not an unusual occurrence: only a small percentage of students pass the bar examination in California the first time they take it. But this was one of the most dreaded calamities, for this meant now weekly trips to Los Angeles by airplane, for several months to

attend preparatory courses for the next bar examination ...something that Terry and Sharon could ill afford at this point. Nevertheless, money was borrowed and the course undertaken, while the dark and foreboding cloud of uncertainty continued, like some potentially incurable disease, to hang over their life and shadow every sunny day with the concern of whether Terry would pass the bar examination this time.

Shortly after the results were known in December, Terry and Sharon decided that it would be at least adventurous if not wise to consider Terry opening his own office. The situation in the law firm where he had been employed had created some tension, probably due to the seed of independence which is no doubt planted in each person, but in some of whom it sprouts sooner than in others. It had sprouted in Terry and he longed to provide Sharon and his family with the amenities that had been promised by the affluent American way of life ever since he could first remember his mother and father telling him years ago of the marvellous benefits of a higher education and what it meant to be "really successful". Terry's parents were not rich. But they were not poor. But they were also not successful, at least by their own standards. The only ones who were successful it seemed were those who had more than they, but they were happy.

Another adjustment: the loss of the security of a regular income, and this adjustment to be voluntarily undertaken. But they agreed that they had no choice, and one afternoon after church, the family rode the streets of the town looking for possible office sites, and finally it was decided to accept an offer of rental office space in an existing law building.

Terry and Sharon threw themselves into this new challenge with all their energy, and they found that for the first time in their married life they could comfortably smile at each other, then laugh, and love and embrace not to escape but with tingling anticipation. They worked at it as a team: Terry spending the same long hours at his

new office as he had in law school, weekends, and nights, and Sharon busying herself in the family and in community affairs...building, building, building.

The community was friendly and accepting. It was near the final point of the frontier of the west and, although an elite and exclusive element of the local society was desperately attempting to emerge from its own labour, yet the standards of conduct were still mostly determined by the majority of the populace. It was mainly an agricultural community, and the rural friendship was both welcome and welcoming to Terry and Sharon, after their ordeal of living in the megalopolis.

The busy days quickly spread themselves into weeks and months, and the hard work paid off: the fruit began to ripen. It was sweet and plentiful and rich to the taste of the hungry travellers. They had arrived, and now it was time to enjoy.

Terry's practice grew very rapidly from a handful of faithful and trusting clients to an officeful of work with cases of expanding complexity, with no little thanks to the other members of the local legal profession who seemed to shelter Terry and guide him with their kindness, caring for their young colleague with nerve enough to attempt to go on his own.

With the dream of the practice becoming a reality, Terry and Sharon began to consider the possibility of a home of their own, for their apartment was beginning to grow smaller each day; and they had thoughts of having more family.

The move to the small farm five miles into the country occurred in less than a year after Terry opened his own office. To make the shift it was necessary to borrow more money, on top of the sizeable loan that had been negotiated to start the office, but the prospects for income were very bright, money was available, and the purchase price and terms of the farm were so tempting as to dissolve all doubt.

Terry and Sharon now began to live the life of a budding, successful, lawyer and his wife, taking their place in the

stream of life, loving and enjoying every minute of it. It seemed the only problems or questions that plagued them now were ones such as what colour horse to buy to put in the pasture.

There were to be sure other matters of concern. Terry had still not been able to shake the migraine headaches that had inundated him from time to time since their marriage began. They had first appeared in the days when he was in the army and had increased in intensity and frequency, causing concern and alarm at times. Terry had consulted numerous doctors from private general practitioners to clinics of the army and the university but all merely shook their heads and said that it appeared to be caused by either "nerves", bad eyes, and so on. They would come and go it seemed without any reason or pattern, causing life to be unbearable for a few weeks and then leaving him just as inexplicable as they had started.

But he had learned to live with them, and when they appeared he would excuse himself and retire to his bed to writhe in pain, alternately praying and cursing, holding his head in his hands, until the unrelenting and oppressive pain mercifully swept away his consciousness leaving him to sleep away the remainder of the attack.

For eight long years these attacks were the major part of Terry's burden in life, adding immeasurably to every task and problem which otherwise presented itself to him. Each attack was unpredictable and one could occur at any moment of the day or night with a schedule apparently known only to the attack itself. He would be plagued with the series of painful experiences for a number of weeks and then they were to disappear as mysteriously as they had appeared, only to leave Terry trembling in an almost paranoid fear that the attacks might return any day.

And it seemed that, inevitably, they would reappear, taunting Terry's every move and effort. They would disrupt lectures in law school and jury trials in practice; force themselves into a peaceful sleep and into joyous lovemaking; totally unannounced and with total disregard

for Terry's peace of mind, let alone, it seemed, his sanity. Doctor after doctor was consulted, but none could diagnose the problem of the vice-grip excruciation.

Occasionally Terry would make an attempt to find a source in his own behaviour, but such efforts left him feeling as a rat in a psychologist's experimental cage, being subjected to some incomprehensible and indefinable stimuli to perhaps elicit some behaviour, the nature of which was totally unclear to him. He thought that perhaps they were caused by alcohol, and for a while he would quit drinking only to find that the severity and intensity increased, now seemingly due to the tension which resulted from the lack of what little ease the alcohol provided.

The entire family learned to dread the time when "Dad's headaches" would come back, for they knew that Terry would be almost completely absorbed in them, trying either to avoid the next one or recover from the last one.

But life continued, neither delayed nor daunted by the attacks and there were periods of relief beginning to appear now in which the good life that Terry and Sharon were beginning to know could be enjoyed and savoured.

The family had a growing interest in horses now and Terry began to deal in quarterhorses, buying and selling them. As time for leisure increased and working on the weekends began to diminish, Terry spent more and more time on horseback exploring the desert and the mountains not far from the family home. Although Sharon did not share the interest in horses and seemed content to stay at home with her interests, two of the daughters became very keen on riding, and this pleased Terry very much.

For several years this interest gave Terry and the girls much opportunity to be together: they would load the pickup truck with camping gear, steaks, coolers full of beer, and pulling the horse trailer loaded with two fine quarterhorses, they would leave for the mountains to ride the high desert during the day and camp under the clear, starlit sky at night.

Sometimes during the summer months Terry would take one or two of the girls and drive down to one of the port towns in Mexico for an ocean fishing trip.

Terry enjoyed life, and, he felt, it was about time. Business increased and expanded, and an additional secretary was hired, and then more business again. Terry began to entertain the notion of accepting another lawyer in his practice, and although he enjoyed his independence and the freedom of being a sole practitioner, he also anticipated the freedom of being able to enjoy the benefits of a coming financial success, and it was the latter consideration that prompted Terry to hire Tom to join him in his practice.

Terry was impressed by Tom from the first day they met. There was growing rapport between them during the time that Tom pondered Terry's offer, and finally when the decision was made that Tom and his wife would move to join Terry, a most congenial relationship was formed which was to endure for several years.

Terry and Tom found that one could do the work of one but that two could do the work of three or four or more especially when they worked hard, and they did work hard, bolstering each others efforts in a friendly competitive spirit which seemed to be exceeded only by their cooperation and mutual respect.

Now, together, their income soared and their partnership was formed and expanded into other fields. They began to acquire other assets: cattle, land, real estate. Both men were now only thirty years old or so, and they were comfortable. With another man, Terry had even more time to devote to his farm, horses and family, which by now had grown with the addition of Patrick. The farm had likewise grown with the children's increasing interest in animals, and the area around the shed housed a virtual menagerie of ducks, chickens, goats, horses, sheep, cattle, and turkeys.

Terry's interest in farming now began to take a more than passing turn, and he began to study the soil and work with it, improving the property with the vision in mind of

raising a successful pasture from the dry baked out alkalin patch to the west of the house. There was little rain in the desert and all watering of crops was done by irrigation. Terry would plant a field of seed of one sort or another, he did not really care what it was, and then would do the irrigation himself, rising in the middle of the night to go out and check the flow of the water from the headgate through the ditches and canals.

He had lived in the city until moving to this farm, and now the freedom and therapy which he had first sought in the purchase of a farm became more and more absorbing than a mere casual interest. He began to care for the horses himself and to show an interest in raising their feed rather than buying it.

In time the interest was shared by Candy who was now approaching her teen years. She would work with Terry, irrigating and even driving the tractor to plough or disc the field.

Her energy seemed endless and she would spend long hours with the animals, cleaning their pens, preening them, loving them.

Eventually their interests turned to gardening and the raising of vegetables, something to which Terry had never been exposed. Enjoying life was now becoming a great deal of work for Terry.

But he was happy and a long way from law school. He had friends now; he had money; he had a family with whom he shared a deep love; he had a fine home, a summer cabin; he had everything...everything he could possibly want.

But there was one thing Terry did not have: a book called "Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit", and one day in the mountains, a nice warm, lazy summer day, while Terry and his family were enjoying the leisure of their cabin, the cool of the mountains and relief from the desert heat, someone gave Terry a copy of that book.

"Here; read this." That was all she had said.

"Maybe when I get some time", Terry thought.

Time came sooner than he had expected, and he opened the book that afternoon just after he opened his second can of Miller's. Thinking it might be a cookbook or a guide for calorie counting, he skimmed and scanned the pages, but could find little of interest. But he decided to read a few pages.

When Terry read the first words of the first chapter, something began to bubble within him, of which he, even, was not aware at the time.

"...your nutrition can determine how you look, act, and feel; whether you are grouchy or cheerful, homely or beautiful, physiologically and even psychologically young or old; whether you think clearly or are confused, enjoy your work or make it a drudgery, increase your earning power or stay in an economic rut."

Terry settled into the old couch which sat under the big live-oak tree behind the cabin, laid the book on his lap for a moment, set his beer on the ground, and looked out over the distant hills and reflected for a moment on his own diet: a legal mind looking for the issue and argument.

"Plenty of protein...good lean steak, the best money can buy, and fresh eggs, bacon, fried chicken. Turkey on occasion. Freezer full of plenty of vegetables. A little fruit now and then (not too much though...causes indigestion). Plenty of milk and cheese, and beer...I suppose it's got to be good for something," he thought.

He read on.

"...A further reason why nutrition is not valued is that people are so gullible. We live in a culture where a headache is 'cured' by an aspirin; therefore an ulcer or other abnormality should be 'cured' by a vitamin pill...I'm eating a high protein diet, people frequently tell me, and when I check the diets of such persons, I usually find their protein intake to be perhaps one-third of that recommended by the national research council. ...".

Terry read on. With ambivalence. He was at once somehow thrilled by what he read, but for some reason he did not want to know what the words were saying to him.

He read further and further. His beer was warm. He got up and went to get another one...a good cold one this time. He read on:-

"...we often forget that the study of medicine is a study of medicine...few medical schools teach nutrition even now..."

Terry began to get excited as he read how nutrition works and he became absorbed in the teachings of the book. It was the first time since law school that he had actually sat down to read a book except in the course of his practice. In time the excitement gave way to a feeling of extreme discomfort which then was again replaced by excitement.

He began to see and face head-on some of the matters that he had ignored for years: could this possibly have anything to do with these migraines? He shuddered at the thought, at once hoping that it might have some connection and fearing that it might not...just another dead end, as it were.

Could this subject of nutrition possibly have some connection with the other problems that he had suffered, for the most part in quiet agony as most people seemed to carry their burdens: the indigestion, the piles, the constantly stuffy nose?

He felt terribly naive and simple as he read on. He did not believe. He did not want to believe. But he had no choice but to test and see if he should believe. He put the book down on the couch and took his beer for a walk. But he could not walk far. He went back to the book. He felt uneasy.

Ultimately the uneasiness gave way to the elation of discovery, and Terry decided to make some changes in the family eating habits. He would find that this was easier to say than to do, for his family like all families was set in a routine, most of which had been given to him, and

Sharon, and the family, by their families before them, and, most of the routine involved what was available.

In the weeks and months that followed, Terry did make some substantial changes in his own diet and began to introduce changes to the family. He brought some dark bread because he had read that it had more nutritive value and protein. He began to eat liver for breakfast instead of the "empty-calorie" bacon. He found that coffee, which he had never cared too much for, fell away, and for a while, beer did not taste the same.

But it all seemed short lived. The family would not accept his new ideas. Sharon said she might read the book someday if she had time. But Terry was certain that if she would read it she would agree that they should make some changes. But time slipped by, and Sharon showed no interest in the book, until one day Terry insisted that she read it.

The changes were slow in coming, and Terry made further study in other books, and began to feel an anger within him, feeling that he had been duped, but he was not sure just by whom.

He felt that what he had learned and lived for so many years might just be wrong...the diet that his mother had fed him might not be the one that is best, and to think in this manner, Terry knew, was positively unamerican, and possibly irreverent and sacrilegious as well. He was confused when facing this possibility of a new reality that was presenting itself to him, and he wondered why he had not found this out sooner; why no one had told him; why Sharon did not know; why his mother did not know; why everybody did not know. "Why do we eat the way we do", he pondered.

"Something's wrong," he thought. "Either this book is wrong, or...". He did not want to think further.

CHAPTER 2.

The metamorphosis had been set in motion long before the book was given to Terry that day in the mountains, but it was that event that caused him to take conscious notice that a change had begun. With the head-on view of facts that could not be ignored, he chose for the moment to turn away from the consequences and followed the drift of the current which already had some fair momentum: he turned more and more to farming and the rural life and less and less to law.

His practice began to change as well: his clientele became a different kind of people. Instead of the usual divorce or business item brought in by the local people, he was presented more and more often with young people, mostly teenagers and people in their early twenties who had somehow run afoul of the law which they could not or would not understand or which they had already rejected.

He began to pay more attention to the little ranch that he had come to love and now made definite plans to convert the land into producing soil for vegetables. He was struck by the growing concern with the use of chemicals and sprays and undertook to join the already expanding number of adherents to organic farming.

And all the time the changes in nutrition, becoming more aware each day of the change which was occurring in his body as a result of the changes in the food which he was taking into his digestive system. The migraines disappeared for a short time for reasons that were beyond his still elementary understanding. But Terry knew that there was probably a casual connection between the headaches and his diet. The headaches had gone for short periods before; but this time he felt there was a reason, and he knew he must find out what it was.

By now, happily, Sharon had become interested in what Terry was doing with his nutrition, for she had shared his great concern about the headaches. She was however slow to change her white-bread and cola soft-drink eating habits.

Terry became a bit annoyed not that Sharon would not change her mind but that she did not seem to see the problem presented by their nutrition, which according to what he had read and was now studying, was entirely faulty. But Sharon stood her ground and would not be convinced that anything was amiss; and even when she would acknowledge that it might be better to make some changes, still she said it really did not seem to matter all that much.

This was the first time that Terry and Sharon had hit a real source of conflict in their marriage, at least since the first conflict arose over the relationship with Sharon's mother and father; but even that earlier problem had faded into the background as Terry accepted the family conflict much as he did his migraines, not liking it, but accepting it as a fact of life and adjusting life so as to live with the problem.

But Terry took his own steps to make some changes: he and Candy went into serious goat milk production and the raising of the kids for meat. Candy began to work toward entering some livestock at the county winter fair. Terry arranged agricultural loans to begin renovation of the land to bring it into production, and he began to do more and more of the work himself, sometimes at the expense of his law practice.

By the time Terry's thirty-second birthday arrived in January of 1970, he knew he was in trouble. The little goatee that he had begun to grow on his chin in 1967 had now become a full beard. While it had grown it had carried no special extra-significance for him, but he knew that it was a sign and signal of the radical element of society, at least according to some. Although his right leaning political views were wavering, they had not yet toppled. But when he looked, Terry could see the time was not too far off. But he did not like to look, for when he looked, the matter inevitably inclined to proceed further and further toward a logical conclusion which Terry did not at all want to acknowledge, but which now was becoming more fact than conclusion.

It was evident and inescapable that, given the present course of matters, what Terry, and Sharon, had worked so long to build...the headaches, and the heartaches, and the long hours of study...the law practice, the accumulation of a reasonable amount of wealth and property, the position of seeming respect in the community, the surface solidarity of a good modern marriage, all might take a depreciating and depressing plunge into relative worthlessness.

And this terrified Terry. He could not and would not face or acknowledge this possibility and when its possibility loomed too large to be ignored, Terry fell to the depths of irreconcilable depression, and from this point the only thing he could see was the absolute inevitability of that which he feared most.

The effect on Terry was most telling, although fortunately unrecognizable to most around him. He knew he must maintain a reasonable facade of respect and normality to sustain a law practice in a conservative agricultural community and his own hypocrisy began to eat away at him within. He could no longer go to church for now he was beginning to see his own hypocrisy all around him. But his greatest growing problem was a positive hatred of the law practice that he had worked so hard to build.

At first the hatred stemmed only from the fact that the practice took so much of his time away from the ranch and the work on the soil and with the animals...the work that he had come now to love above all else. This work and this interest was his escape and his future, and he began to dread the daily trip to the office, facing the unreal problems of clients who like himself worked mainly from what he now began to see was greed and selfishness and the fear of insecurity.

Except for the young people...that growing element of the practice that was inexplicably presenting itself for his help, utilizing a talent and a license which he had and they did not have. This young element of his practice also were wearing beards and strange clothes and long hair and they talked a strange jargon that Terry often missed.

These were the "hippies" that were making the papers in the bigger cities by their antics and taunting attitudes. These were members of the counter-culture, the "drug" society, the ones who preached against what Terry had tried and worked so hard to build and be a part of.

What really disturbed him was that they were for the most part decent folk: they were polite to him spoke gently and softly, seldom complained or criticized anything or anyone, and even when caught in the net of the law which they did not understand or wish to follow, were quite uncondemning or judgmental.

Mostly their problems were of a "criminal" nature, that is they were in probability arrested for some minor offense such as a violation of traffic laws and then on subsequent investigation were found to be in possession of some substance which society had classified as harmful and/or illegal. It was at this point that they would come to consult Terry for their defense, recommended to him by their friends who may have found their way to Terry some time before, or from another local lawyer who would not care to deal with such cases, or, in a growingly alarming number of cases, from the families of farming or business clients whom Terry had represented in more circumspect matters of business, family counseling, and so on.

In the course of preparing a defense for these young people, Terry would talk with them at length about their background, their families in some cases, and their schooling, and the events leading to the present alleged offense, and when the facts were down on paper, the discussion would almost always, it seemed, turn to "why"? what had caused them to "go astray", as it was said. Why had they chosen to leave the values of their parents and consort with others who seemed to hold views in direct opposition to what they, and he, had been taught for so many years were the acceptable ways of "our culture". "Why?".

Most of the ones who sat across the desk from Terry and were faced with such questions became tight-lipped and would as often as not drop their head toward the floor and mutter an "I don't know". But Terry would pry now and again, and his motive became personal although clothed in a professional respectability of his office and his license.

They were reluctant to talk about it. They were not rude, just reluctant. Terry began to sense that they did not trust him, and this he could not at first understand, for he knew his motives were clean; he knew that he intended to do what he had been taught to do: present the best case for the client that the client would present for himself if he knew what Terry knew about the law.

But his inquisitive movements were regarded with suspicion when they began to approach the area of philosophy and reason. Terry tried hard to hide his personal interest in this thought that was so radical according to some and which was different than anything that he had encountered before.

Why were these people condemned before he even walked into the courtroom with them? He could sense the indignation of the people present in the court, and so often the press would present their case on the front page when it was not nearly so spectacular or newsworthy as some others he would see brought before the court while he and his clients waited their turn to appear.

Quite often these people were from towns outside the county where Terry practiced and they would have to make long trips to arrive at the court for their hearing, and when they were found guilty of an offense, or if they would plea to an offense which would be negotiated with the District Attorney, their sentence was often harsh by usual standards. At least so it seemed to Terry. Sometimes the terms of probation were lenient but that did not affect the severity of the sentence which would be suspended if the person in question "behaved himself".

From what Terry could see, most of them were behaving themselves except for the unfortunate circumstance in which they might find themselves and which would lead to a search of their clothing and belongings...most often a backpack. At least they were behaving themselves according to what he considered to be a decent manner of living. True, some of them were dirty of clothing, but seldom of speech. They might be leading what he would view as an aimless existence, building nothing for the future, adding nothing to the community. But this did not seem to bother them.

This was the question that he often presented when it was time for the talk to turn to philosophy, and Terry secretly sincerely hoped that one of them might take sympathy on him and answer this question for him, for it was beginning to gnaw at him.

Terry still considered himself committed to the way of life he had worked so hard to build, but he was increasingly becoming less enamoured with the idea. In truth, he began to feel himself in the middle, for he could not understand the views of the court and the people who gathered there to condemn his gentle clients, yet he knew he was still one of those people who were judging before judgment was due. He could not on the other hand bring himself to side with the clients whom he was now beginning to feel rapport with, for they led a different existence, one which he did not understand and which was outside the confines of his framework of reference and experience and reason.

It was all terribly frustrating for no one would shed light on the subject for him. When one of the clients finally began to open up one day, late in the afternoon after a court appearance that had been seemingly hectic and almost, what Terry considered, unfair to his clients, the answers that he gave to Terry's probing questions were at first evasive and then of such a simple nature that Terry would not and could not believe that their conduct was based solely upon what they said it was: love and mutual respect for each other as human beings.

The conservative, professional, upstanding, respectable citizen in Terry virtually exploded in response to their position: why could this not be done within the existing society...what is wrong with what we've got?

It has been said that no question can be asked but that it contains the ingredients and methods for its own answer, and Terry knew the answer as soon as he had asked the question. He felt that gnawing in his stomach grow into an unpleasant growl, proceeding in part from the deprivation of his regular evening cocktail, but also from a nauseating realization that what these people were living had contagiously been passed to Terry when he had been handed that book that day in the mountains.

He embarrassingly experienced the mental connection between what he had felt on discovering that the nutrition of the western world was what was contributing in large part to the ills not only of the individuals but of society as a whole, and what now sat before him...members of an alternative society existing within the geographical confines of his own, but yet turning their backs on everything that he had considered to be sacred and acceptable.

He probed further for more answers. He cross examined in his best style across his massive polished mahogany desk, but even under his most probing and darting enquiries, the answers were the same. Terry ended the conversation by excusing his clients with a smile that was undoubtedly recognized, he thought, to be as forced as it felt. He was left alone, immersed in one world and totally committed to it, but knowing that the gentle and unobtrusive manner of these people who were becoming a larger part of his professional life each day were carrying with them a mysterious attraction that he could not fathom.

He felt that they had lied to him...there had to be more to their motive for their lifestyle than they had told him. Terry was growing sick inside. He knew that something was wrong. Terry knew he was in trouble.

In the final months of 1970 and in 1971 Terry's approach to the trouble that was now plaguing him every minute changed from one of pure fear and avoidance to one of investigation and analysis. When one does not want to look one will not see; Terry did not want to see or to look, but the time was soon coming when he would have no choice, and he could sense that it would be soon. Further it seemed that he had no choice but to look, for what he was to see was each day being thrust before him and he had no alternative but to take notice.

In these days he could find very little to be happy about and with the dawn of each day and the rising to meet what was to come, the depression that he had felt the previous day returned in force, increasing, it seemed, with the passage of time. The more tenaciously Terry would cling to what he had worked for and gained, the more likely that it would be taken from him.

The deprivation was not the physical absence of something he wanted; rather what was occurring was that there seemed to be some unseen force that would effectively undermine the very essence of the value of the particular aspect of life that he held dear. Inescapably, life was becoming literally worthless with nothing presented to replace that which was being wrenched from him.

Terry now had no choice but to seek help from those around him. He turned to Sharon one evening in a calculated and impassive effort to glean some guidance from her. He was very careful to approach the matter in an almost off-hand manner so as to elicit, hopefully, an unemotional and objective response from her. He felt at this time that so much was riding on her answer and what she had to say, for it might be that he was not the only one in this dilemma; that she too was feeling the gnawing in the gut; that she too was fearful of losing all that they had worked for together; that she too felt that something was "wrong".

He framed his questions carefully starting with the simplest fragments. Did she feel perhaps that it might be time for some kind of a change? Was she happy? Is there anything that she wanted to tell Terry?

"What do you mean? I don't understand. Everything is fine."

It was as Terry had secretly feared. As the conversation went on, he could see that Sharon could see no alarm let alone any cause therefore. The most disturbing matter to come from the conversation and something which Terry now saw for the first time, was that he was literally UNABLE to express himself: he could not articulate his feelings, his fears, his concern. This just never happened to Terry the lawyer, Terry the club president, Terry the congenial conversationalist: Terry was without words. He could not make himself understood. He did not know what he was talking about, and a loneliness gripped him with the growing possibility that there might not be any questions let alone any answers.

He turned to Tom, his law partner, and received much the same response. He began to look outside the confines of his present circle of acquaintances, but with the approach of each possibility of a discussion on the matter the increasing probability that his vague and incoherent questions would be met with the same uncomprehending blank stares caused him to become more and more desperate. He decided that now he would be content if he could find someone who at least shared his inability to express what seemed to be a mutual problem. But, alas, that too was denied him. He dare not mention it to Sharon again, for now he was beginning to get questions from her.

"Are you all right?" "What is the matter with you these days?"

Terry did not know what was wrong with him these days. That is what he wanted to find out. Far in the back of his mind now lurked the foreboding possibility of insanity or some mental illness, and he turned away from it with anger and determination.

Law practice had less and less meaning for Terry as the days went by and he could find solace and relief only in the ranch. He began to work long hours in the field, irrigating, fertilizing, tilling the soil, planting, and, in general, doing anything that he could to take his mind off of the problem that continued to gestate in the womb of his consciousness. He could turn to Candy, for she asked few questions and gave willingly of her young strength and innocent compassion. She was now only twelve years old but supporting Terry's morale with a maturity far beyond her years. They could be silent together, and somehow, Terry thought that she understood what his questions were. On occasion he felt that she had that same seed planted deep within her...just waiting for the proper time to sprout. She seemed to understand.

Compassion and sympathy helped, but they offered no answers, and inevitably the relief gleaned from the work on the ranch would be absorbed and give way to the increasingly adamant demand for an answer to Terry's deep discontent and, again, Terry knew he was in trouble. He was getting close to the edge.

He then remembered the name of a man he had met some months before and he could remember this man well. The occasion had been a cocktail party at the home of a young local businessman. But the man in question had been there not to imbibe with the guests but to provide entertainment. He and his small group of friends had played their guitars and other instruments and had sung some songs for the guests.

Terry thought that this might be a reasonable possibility. This man looked something like his young rebellious clients; he had an air of easiness about him, an air of knowledge, of understanding. He was jovial and relaxed. Terry had joined him in brief conversation after the entertainment, or more correctly, Terry had listened while others stood close by with their cocktail glasses in hand and questioned this man.

The man's name was Bill, and Terry remembered that Bill had said that he gave guitar lessons. Terry had an old guitar. With trepidation he rang Bill and tried so hard to be casual about the matter. It was arranged: Bill would come for the evening and they would play guitars.

Bill came. They did not play guitars.

Terry saw this as his last chance, and he breathed easier when Bill met his first probes with an understanding smile. There was instant rapport between them, but they held it at a distance as by mutual unspoken agreement, and allowed it to unfold slowly.

But Terry could not contain his enthusiasm...his elation at finding someone who at least knew the questions and, apparently, some of the answers.

From their initial meeting there emerged not only an acquaintance but a relationship which was destined to play itself out slowly and gradually in its own sweet, oh-so-sweet, time, and the sweeter for its mere being, Terry thought. The mere fragrance of the flower became proof enough of its existence, and Terry settled back into life with renewed confidence and a relief that he leaned back upon supporting his newly found objective approach to the world and its problems.

Their relationship grew and Terry and Bill saw a great deal of each other in the following months, especially when the family shifted to the mountains for the summer.

They talked of many things and shared a mutual concern for many things...ecology, civil unrest, the deterioration of concern for a moral life, and they shared a pleasant ease of life. Bill's smile and gentle nature were contagious and Terry was afflicted. He was the only person to whom Terry could relate, and Terry found himself becoming more and more dependent on Bill not only for answers, but for mere companionship, for companionship seemed to be the panacea for all problems now; it was the answer for everything to which there was not even a question.

It could not last...Bill and his wife left the country.

Terry knew it was coming. They had discussed it many times, but Terry was not ready for it to happen. By his thirty-third birthday in January of 1971, Bill was gone and Terry was again alone.

The migraine headaches returned, depression increased, and Terry began to despair of life. But he was not in fear as he had been before he met Bill. Now he knew that there were indeed others in the world that shared what he was experiencing...whatever it was. He knew the symptoms but not the true nature of the ailment, and it was at least enough at this time to know there were others who shared it.

Bill had imparted to Terry a sense of strength and the seed of confidence, but he had not changed the stark facts of Terry's life: that he was saddled with a jealous mistress of a law practice which was demanding more and more of his time and attention that he was loathe to give her. He wanted out! Yes! He wanted out. He said it. He knew it. He wanted out!

But how. He knew that there must be so many people in the United States who found themselves in such a situation during their lifetime. He thought that it was however as someone had said about cigarette smoking: It's not that you can't give it up...you just don't.

But he would. Somehow. A plan began to formulate itself in Terry's mind. He would move more and more into farming and work on the ranch and devote less and less time to law. Or perhaps he would sell the ranch and buy a smaller place when he was able to get out of the practice.

He could ask nothing more from his law partner, Tom. They had an excellent working relationship and not once since they had formed their partnership had they had one quarrel or disagreement. Nor could he find fault with Sharon. She was a kind and loving wife and as understanding as she could be...undemanding, generous, and a good mother. How could he explain to them how he felt.

Neither of them shared his view nor the gnawing on his insides.

No! He must stay with his responsibilities until they had been completed, and he delayed his plan to get out until that time...perhaps some five years to ten years should be adequate, he thought. He comforted himself with that promise, mustered all the vigour and enthusiasm he could find and threw himself back into law practice.

CHAPTER 3.

It worked! The brightness returned. The promise of a good life now and the promise of a better life to come in the future...five or ten years from now.

Terry felt more comfortable with Sharon and the children and with Tom and the office. He became determined to do as much as he could for the family that he loved and for the profession which he had worked so hard to join. It was an effort at first. He had had a glimpse of the question at least if not the answer, and it was difficult to now turn away from it, back into the mainstream of a lifestyle that he knew that he would someday leave.

He had the memories of the times with Bill and these bolstered him in the moments when the foreboding clouds of depression threatened to blacken his sky. In the beginning of the period of his renewed efforts this did not happen often, but it was always there, and it never left him.

By now Terry was some fifty pounds overweight from indulging in a strange combination of protein rich health foods, vitamins, and goats milk and gallon upon gallon of draught beer... the former he knew he needed; the latter he could not do without at this time. In his renewed efforts at self improvement, he declared his intent to improve his physical condition and began to jog daily around the road to the rear of the ranch. This he found to be boring and unsatisfactory although refreshing and it did become part of his daily routine. He accepted it as necessity and began to integrate a new lifestyle, the best of the combination of future hope, present reality, obligation, and a touch of self-indulgence.

The facade could not last and it fell one day when he came home for lunch. Sharon had been most understanding through most of the ordeal of the previous two years except when Terry tried to explain it to her or discuss it with her. She loved the status quo and her daily home life, caring for her family, loving her husband. Terry loved

her and could no longer maintain the attempted masquerade. One day he told her gently that he was bent on a path of adjustment and tried to take her into his confidence.

The conversation went too far. Terry found himself explaining what had happened to him over the past two years and Sharon met his discourse with a blank uncomprehending stare. Her eyes burned with love torn by distrust and disbelief. She did not want to hear what Terry was telling her, and in the end they openly acknowledged that something was colliding with the happiness that they had once shared.

This conversation was different however, in that they both remained calm. Terry openly displayed his remorse and guilt for having seemingly neglected her and the family and for the first time, Sharon faced what she had not wanted to look at. Together they faced the possibility that they might have to separate for the benefit of each other's sanity and well being. It was a remarkably gentle discussion ending with an agreement to try to agree, but both felt at this time that it was best to separate.

That afternoon Terry encountered a suggestion from his secretary which changed the course of his life.

"Why don't you try some yoga. My Mother does it now and she really loves it. There is a lady here in town who teaches it you know. It would be good for you."

Terry did not know much about yoga, but he rang the teacher on the telephone and asked her about it. Yes, she said, she would be willing to talk with him about it, and she took pains to tell him in general what the classes entailed, that it included close watch of the diet and exercises called "asanas". What sold Terry on the idea of pursuing the matter further however was when the teacher said that she could take Terry and Sharon together in the same class.

That evening, Terry and Sharon excitedly planned a new life together, one that included yoga lessons and a possibility that they might not have to separate after all. Terry was absolutely ecstatic to think that Sharon might

after all harbour that deep seed within her that they might be able to face the turn of the future together.

They would change their lifestyle together they agreed. Sharon was beginning to see the points Terry had been making about the nutrition and she too had become aware of the growing concern of the nation of dissidents about food additives, inorganic farming, civil unrest. It seemed that only now when faced with losing the husband she loved did she willingly acknowledge the consequence of these matters. Before she had just summarily dismissed them.

"They don't affect me," she would say. "Why should I become concerned with their problems.?"

Now Sharon could see that it did affect her right where it would hurt most...in the loss of her secure family situation. In the face of the pressure of loss, she agreed, reluctantly, to try to accept something new, something different.

Zona was an absolutely magnetic person. She had a control and a charm and strange attraction that exuded a soothing calm that seemed to emanate from another dimension. Zona and Terry shared an instant rapport. Terry recognized that there was more here than a teacher of physical exercise, but his professional skepticism held him at a healthy distance while he coaxed Zona to plead her case for yoga.

Without entering the arena, she explained, but on her own terms how yoga had come into her own life and reduced her physical body from a monstrous two hundred pound, cigarette puffing demon-lady, to one, she modestly claimed, who could now face life each day without the migraines that had plagued her for some many years.

That word endeared her to Terry. If that statement were true, if Zona had indeed shared with him the thunderous experience of those vice-grip headaches, and if she had in fact overcome them, Terry must find what she knew.

Sharon too was pleased. She liked Zona but with a more reserved attitude than the enthusiastic ardour that Terry displayed. But it was a start, and together they went to the first lesson, received their first instruction in the very most basic yoga postures as Zona had learned them from her teacher, Indra Devi, a world famous authoress of yoga books, and an interpreter of the eastern system to western people.

Sharon was impressed with Zona's figure and suppleness, far below two hundred pounds and totally under control. Zona's husband Fred was studying to become a naturopathic physician and joined the lessons to give advice on diet and nutrition. Sharon could handle what she saw. It was new, and she had certain reservations proceeding mainly from the possibility that this new interest might threaten some of her own established practices which she was loathe to abandon, but the alternative of losing Terry kept her in front with a tight belt and a determination to try anything once. So she said.

What Bill had offered to Terry in companionship and understanding, Zona now complemented with firm, practical day to day advice. She would instruct in the yoga postures and then in methods of relaxation which, she said, were so important to healthful well being. Terry was open and accepting but desirous of proof.

He soon found it. His weight began to drop as he added Fred's suggestions to his diet. He faithfully practiced his postures, usually accompanied by Sharon, and together they would look forward to the Monday night class which they shared with three other couples.

Terry's life was renewed and he felt he had found a support which could allow him to carry what he "knew" and what he had seen into the life which he had obligated himself to follow for at least the present foreseeable future. He now had a genuine interest returning in law practice, in farming and improving the ranch, in his children, and in his wife. He made arrangements to expand the old farm house on the ranch, adding bedrooms and a

swimming pool for the family. He purchased a new car for Sharon and a new pickup truck for himself. Life was glorious in all ways. He felt that he had been saved, at least for the present.

Terry asked Zona about the headaches. Yes, she said, she had once experienced them and she knew what caused them. Terry could not believe that she could know something that the doctors did not know, but he agreed to the diet that Zona suggested, for she explained that the problem could be corrected through proper diet alone. Skeptically but without choice, Terry watched as the health of his body, emotions, and mind improved day after day. He could only wait and see what happened over a period of time. As it turned out the periods of relief from the migraines grew longer and longer while the periods of suffering grew shorter and shorter. Eventually it seemed, the headaches were gone. Terry breathed a guarded sigh of relief. Cautiously he relaxed slowly day by day into his new life, finding that he could cope more completely with the challenges that faced him.

Depression was a thing of the past for Terry now and as the renovation on the house took shape and the swimming pool was finished, the family began to truly enjoy their life together more and more. Once again the family left the oppressive summer heat of the desert for the leisure cool of the mountains. Terry stayed behind to attend to his business, irrigate the field, and swim into better physical shape...meanwhile keeping a close proximity to Zona and Fred. He joined the family on weekends.

Then one day a letter arrived from Bill. Terry remembered the days with Bill, but just now he did not want very much to remember just exactly what the significance of them was. The letter told of Bill's life in his new home land and what he was doing. It contained a couple of small comments...mere observations...about what was happening in the world. Not momentous comments, but they carried a word here and there that pricked the dormant unrest of Terry's past discontent, that now hidden wonder-

ing that still emanated from the eye of a young-long-haired client. The wondering that was now conveniently covered over with swimming pools, horses and yoga lessons.

It could not last. As Terry turned to see if the unrest deep within him that he had once felt were still under control, it broke all bounds inundating him with doubt, and totally devastating his "good life" with a plunging depression the depths of which he had not seen before. Zona was away on a holiday. There was no one to talk with. Terry fell from his height of glory.

From the look in Sharon's eye, Terry could see that she had accompanied him as far as she could, and beyond the cursory interest they shared in the yoga lessons, she could still not fathom what he was speaking of when he again gingerly broached the subject on a Saturday afternoon in the mountains as they sat whiling away the lazy weekend drinking beer. Now she was becoming something less than patient. She had, she maintained, followed what he wanted her to do. Why, she asked, could he not be happy and content with what they had. Certainly he could see, she argued, that he had everything that he could possibly want, and yet he was always unhappy. Her voice raised as she spoke and the tears of fear reappeared in her eyes.

Terry could not fault Sharon for her concern and her frustration. But worse than that, his illusions within himself once again threatened his own sanity, for he could see the possibility that he had deluded himself in the construction of the swimming pool and the renovation of the house, which had plunged him into debt obligating him financially over a long term. The thought of the possibility that these material attempts might be unsuccessful left him totally empty once again. What would he do, he wondered.

With his head in his hands and gloom in his heart, Terry would sit for hours at a time attempting to wash away the unreal reality before him with endless cans of

beer, but all to no avail. When the family returned from the mountains, and the children readied themselves for return to school, Terry would alternately submit to his depression and try to escape it through work. What he and Sharon could not share during the day they would try to communicate in the night, entering together that momentary bliss of union, and then separating once again, both feeling the widening gap between them becoming more and more palpable and, with each passing day, more and more a matter which was not to be discussed. For neither of them could now enter a conversation on the subject with dispassion.

In desperation, Terry suggested that they take a weekend trip away together. Just to have a look.

CHAPTER 4.

Their weekend sojourn to San Francisco proved to be a major event in their life together for Sharon was forced to come face to face with the problem which she knew lived deep within Terry and which she knew was the major source of the discontent of their married life.

At Sharon's request, they had both dressed in their most fashionable finery for an afternoon of shopping in busy, exciting, San Francisco. Terry had hoped otherwise...that he would be able to seek out someone among the street folk of the city who could at least lend a glance of sympathy to him...a knowing smile, for confirmation that he was not alone; imparting to him something of a spark that he knew was carried in his young clients, and the beginnings of which he and Bill had shared.

They parted briefly for Sharon to explore a shop, and Terry wandered toward the area occupied by some sidewalk artists. So far the trip had been a warm experience for them together. They had talked of the problem and Terry's discontent openly the night before, and Sharon had acknowledged that she had indeed watched Terry slip away from her over the past months. This time she did not run away from the problem; she told Terry of her feeling and love for him and they shared a tender night in each other's arms, and wondered openly and candidly together what it all meant, for Terry seemed as oblivious to the significance of it all as Sharon was. He told her so.

A feeling of relief pervaded them both as they now at least had the matter before them. They could not define what was happening, but they now at least both knew that it could not be defined, and at least now they both knew that it was there. This brought them very close that day.

Terry was attracted by the pictures and paintings which sprawled over the ground rather than by anyone around; but he was mainly attracted by something which he did not see and did not even consciously feel. He studied the paintings without seeing them, ambling slowly this way and that. When he looked up, he saw before him a young

woman, perhaps in her late twenties, long hair, wearing a long dress, her hands folded behind her back.

Her gaze was directed straight into Terry's being and her smile was gentle, warm and knowing. When their eyes met, Terry knew instantly why he had come to San Francisco: here was the smile he sought. A thrill swept through him and he tried to smile back, but every smile that performed itself upon his lips was one of contrived professional seduction, and he bit his lip because he knew she could see through it all. He fought back the tears, pushed back the scream of relief which he felt within.

Who is she? How does she know? What does she know?

She broke the delicate but uncomfortable silence gently, with compassion.

"You like the paintings?" She did not move her gaze.

"Uh, they are...uh...nice". Terry had no idea what the paintings looked like. She would know that too.

"Who are you; how do you live; why are you here; why am I here; tell me what I want to know; why don't you live the way I do; what is happening to me?" the questions poured forth, but Terry did not open his mouth. But she had heard.

"My name is Pam." There, does that make you feel better? He looked back at her, and the warm smile was there... soft, genuine, sincere and concerned.

"Yes." Terry answered the unspoken question. "I'm Terry".

Pam nodded as if she knew and had been expecting Terry.

"There is another way, you know," she began. "There is another way, a more gentle way."

For forty-five golden minutes Pam spoke to Terry, bathing him with those words he so desperately needed to hear. She kept her distance, but shared with Terry the very essence of her deepest self. Terry could feel it lift him into the warm sunshine. She answered everything he could ask even before he asked it. It was time to meet Sharon.

"I must go find my wife," he said. "Don't go away... we'll be right back." As if she would go anywhere.

Terry ran to the store where Sharon had headed and tried as he approached her to hide his elation and enthusiasm. When her shopping was complete, Terry broached the subject tenderly.

"There is someone I want you to meet."

Together they walked back toward the paintings, not nearly fast enough for Terry. He hoped beyond hope that when Sharon spoke to Pam and Pam explained it to Sharon that Sharon could then see what had happened and see that it was all so simple. He knew that she could join him, and that the gulf which lay between them would surely evaporate.

"Pam this is Sharon. Sharon -- Pam."

NOTHING.

"Come on. Tell her." Terry did not speak but the words yearned to be howled. He choked on the frustration as silence grew louder and louder, for neither of them spoke.

"Pam painted some of these." Terry could not look at Pam. He could not look at Sharon. He wanted to be some place else. He wanted to go away.

It just did not work: they had nothing to say to each other. Sharon stood looking down at the paintings, wondering what it was all about. Pam stood quietly, and then, mercifully, spoke to Sharon.

"Are you having a nice day? Terry tells me you are from Southern California."

Sharon looked up and smiled but her eyes wrinkled quizzically. "What is this about?" she wondered.

"Yes, we're just here for the weekend."

Terry's heart sank into the ground beneath his feet, and he took Sharon's hand.

"We'd better be...uh...going."

There were tears in his eyes as he stole one last glance at Pam. She comforted him in return with one last knowing smile, and then turned away, leaving Terry to live with the mysterious encounter.

As they walked, Terry could not lift his eyes from the sidewalk, but unconsciously he hummed to try to hide his chagrin and confusion.

Sharon sensed something more had happened than she had seen, but she did not know quite how to ask what it was.

"She was nice," Sharon said. "How about let's go have a beer. That'd be pretty wicked this time of the morning."

And that was that.

The rest of the weekend, Terry and Sharon shared San Francisco. His heart was still with Sharon, but his mind was still with Pam. He loved Sharon, but Pam had a love in her eyes that transcended anything found in one-to-one, and that was the love that Terry had felt, he knew now, was absent from his life. He knew now that that was the love of which his young clients spoke.

After the flight back to Southern California, Terry and Sharon drove through the mountains back toward the desert. It had been a good weekend and the memory of Pam was now buried deep within Terry in a warm spot of which only he knew. He thought.

He glanced at Sharon. There were tears flowing from her eyes and down her face, and Terry felt all his love for her rise up into his throat.

"What is it love? What's wrong. Didn't you have a good time?"

She answered without looking at him, but reached her hand across the seat of the car. He took it and held it.

"I'm going to lose you."

"What? What do you mean?" Terry tried to sound as if he did not know what she meant. He hoped she did not mean it. He did not want that. He wanted to do it together.

"I'm going to lose you to those people. I know it."

Terry swallowed hard, and he could feel the tears in his own eyes now.

"You are one of those people, and I am going to lose you. Someday you will be gone." She knew. She knew more than she knew, and neither of them completely understood, but they both knew.

"No. You can be one too. I know it. We can do it together." Terry did not know what they were, or what he was to become, or what they would do, but he did now know that Sharon was right: they might not do it together, but he did not know how to tell her that right now, she knew perhaps a great deal more about what was going on than he did.

CHAPTER 5.

For Terry and Sharon the weeks that followed were sad and heavy. The unspoken but constant remembrance that their marriage might be suffering from some terminal and incurable malady seemed at first to bring them closer together in that they shared a knowledge of the existence of something unknown and foreboding; beyond that there was nothing to share for it could not be discussed. Neither of them knew its true nature, and at this point, not even Terry wanted to investigate it much further at this time.

"I've had enough for now," he thought. "Surely it will unfold in time."

Sooner than he anticipated. The following week, he renewed his acquaintance with the wife of a friend who had formerly lived in the same town but who had departed for a more liberal atmosphere of the coastal towns. They had separated, she explained, and Nelson was living with some "friends".

"You should look him up, Terry." The words carried the tone of near command, and when Terry looked at Louise's face, there was a flow from her eyes to his that approximated that which had flowed from Pam. Terry knew that she was correct, and that there might be a possibility that Nelson might have something to offer in the way of an explanation, or more.

"You and Sharon are having troubles, aren't you." Terry was surprised that it was so readable. He nodded to Louise. "It's not unusual when this begins to happen. It happened to us. It can be painless if you both try to understand. It's not the usual case."

Terry knew the "usual case". He had handled hundreds of divorce cases, marital settlements, and child custody matters in his practice. He had also seen that no matter how many such matters a lawyer might handle, he is never quite ready for his own case. He took some consolation in the assurance that this was to be a "different" kind of case.

Some weeks later as Christmas was approaching and the time grew closer for the arrival of Sharon's parents' visit for the holidays, Terry began to feel pressure from the inside as well as the outside to seek out Nelson on the coast and meet his friends.

During this time Terry's feelings vacillated from complete disenchantment with his lifestyle and society on one hand to obligation proceeding from a sense of duty and loyalty coupled with an element of disbelief on the other. He was being torn between two worlds, and could at this time neither stand nor understand one or the other. The only thing that disturbed him more than the situation in which he found himself was his own inability to cope with either of the extremes.

It was on one of the days when he was feel especially torn, contemplating the problem in the quiet of his office that Terry decided to document his feelings. He would begin a journal of the events as they were beginning to unfold. He had no thought at that time whether anyone would ever read it, but he would write it. The first entry was on 16 October 1971. It read as follows:-

"I think I'm beginning to weaken; and concurrently... and ironically...I find myself becoming stronger.

I have this incredible sensation of knowledge...of being able to "see through" things.

I feel that I am part of whatever is coming next... whatever it is that is going to replace the obsolescent life we now regard as "normal". The values we have all regarded as essential for so many years are now going to be replaced with a new inner searching by the individual in a quest for an understanding of the nature of the self.

For the past two and one half years I have been complaining and condemning. I have been discontent and my attitude has been mistaken by many as mere cynicism, but I have truly felt that something is dying. The air of the world, besides being admittedly polluted, has also a certain staleness to it. There

is a need to clear the lungs and with them, hopefully the mind; a need, if you will, to re-evaluate and restructure the heirarchy of value priorities.

We will soon find that those items that have heretofore been classed as "essentials" will become useless and valueless, and their use, although ostensibly pleasurable will increasingly lead to deeper frustration.

A false sense of accomplishment is engendered by the use of these items and soon this pseudo-success will begin to cause decay within the individual just as the social structure in which this individual dwells, has begun to decay.

The person who will reflect on these concepts will find himself and his situation in the almost irreconcilable position of being in absolute need of the values, including unashamed truth and honesty, of his forefathers, on the one hand, and, on the other, the almost inescapable need for the luxuries and condimental trivia forced upon him by the world into which he has been thrust...and trapped!

Sorrowfully enough the number of persons who will reflect at all on such thoughts is very small, and, oddly, such persons really need not reflect to be aware of the problem...they are already aware.

I am unable so far to determine from whence comes this awareness (for lack of a better word), but its presence is unmistakable, and, when present in two persons who meet, it is, by its nature, necessarily reciprocal.

This awareness can be encountered in any age group, race, colour, or occupation. I have seen it in children as well as adults and in persons in all financial levels of our society and in all professions ...and from the learned to the supposedly uneducated. It is characterized at least in part by the feeling that one is an observer rather than a participant. It is for the most part apolitical and asocial as a

phenomenon. In its early stages it may be mistaken for cynicism or bitterness."

The situation between Terry and Sharon had degenerated: there was a growing division between them, and its presence also became something that was not to be discussed. When Terry would search Sharon's eyes for the understanding and rapport that they had shared upon returning from San Francisco, he was met with a cool refusal to acknowledge the question let alone any help in trying to find an answer. Finally one day he rang Nelson. His heart was in his throat, but Nelson was gentle and understanding and inviting.

"Sure, come on over. It'd be great to see you. My friends would love to meet you." It was arranged. "And ride your bike."

Terry had recently purchased a motorcycle, plenty large enough to undertake the trip. It would be cold going through the mountains. He dressed for the trip, loaded on the cycle what he thought he would need...as little as possible.

He kissed Sharon goodbye, held the children, tight, each one in turn, mounted his bike, and rode off to find "those people", knowing that things would probably be different when he returned. He was right.

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The first thing that Terry noticed about Fred was that he had more hair than Terry had ever seen on a human being...huge brown hair and a long bushy beard. In fact it was very difficult to see Fred. He walked with a slight limp.

"You must be Nelson's friend. The lawyer? Come on in and we'll have a cup of tea...or something." Terry rather hoped it would be more something than tea. "Nelson isn't home yet."

The house appeared to be an absolute shambles, Terry thought, having come from the pin-neat, by comparison,

home in the valley, but it had an atmosphere that Terry had never seen or felt before. Everything was everywhere, but in some orderly kind of way...in some kind of relaxed way. Fred fixed a cup of tea. Terry waited for the "something".

It came that evening after Nelson and Terry had ridden out for dinner. Nelson too had a huge bushy head of hair, and he wore a string of beads. Just like the young clients.

Terry silently wondered if he were truly in the right house. By now the others had gathered: Greg, Sharon, Patrick. Younger but not that much younger. Regardless of years, there did not seem to be any age difference.

As each one came in he seemed to glance Terry's way, and then say with his eyes: "oh yes...you're the one. We've been expecting you", and then a smile would follow. A knowing smile. A gentle smile with a welcome and with all defenses down. There was no pretense in the smiles that they had for him. He knew they meant it. The one thing that hit Terry very hard and early was that these people did not want anything from him: they did not care what he had. He could keep it for all they cared. They seemed pleased that he was there. There was an air about them that said: "we don't want anything you've got. We just want you."

They all lived in the same house. Everybody together. But who went with whom, Terry was not quite sure. There were others coming in and out, and before long Terry wasn't at all sure who lived there and who did not. Surely there wasn't enough room for all these people, but he was to learn that there was plenty of room for everyone...and more. All the time.

The other thing that Terry noticed early in the time he spent with them was that there did not seem to be any time or any notice taken of time.

"I wonder what they do all evening." Terry looked around. "There must be ten or twelve here now." But he did not want to count. They just sat and laughed and

talked, and each time someone came in they were all glad to see the new entrant, and they said so. "Hum. No T.V. wonder what they do."

Over by the door, Patrick was standing quietly collecting money from everyone who passed by. A quick thrill shuddered through Terry's body. He knew what the money was for. He got up and walked over as Nelson moved toward Patrick.

"Gonna get a lid," Nelson said. "Terry's hand was in his pocket before he knew it was there.

"He's O.K." Nelson nodded to Patrick.

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It was the first time that Terry had actually seen anyone roll a joint. There were few things that distinguished one from the other in that household, and one of them was who could roll a good joint. Fred had a hit and handed it to Terry.

Terry decided to make no pretense. He did not know what to do with it. In another time and place he would have faked it. That would not work here.

"What do I do?" his face flushed. He wanted to leave. No-one laughed. He thought they would. Nelson patted him on the back, understanding.

"Pull it all the way in, and hold, and hold on."

Terry did as he was told, closed his eyes, waited.

"Wonder what's supposed to happen." Nothing. "Oh well."

"Hey, you know Ron is all set up with goats, just the way he wanted it. Got a little farm, waterfall, some chickens."

Terry opened his eyes. Fred was talking to Nelson. As Terry looked at Fred a waterfall appeared above Fred's head, with green bush, and goats upon the rocks, looking into the pool below, and drinking gently from the softly rolling water.

Consciousness snapped.

"Hey. I was there. I saw it. I was there at the waterfall."

Fred and Nelson turned to look at him, smiling as if to say "so were we". Neither of them appeared to be surprised.

"Let's go put some music on." Fred walked toward the living room from where they had been in the kitchen, the room was full of people.

At first when he walked into the room, Terry felt threatened by all the people. Then he saw the familiar faces...the ones he had met only an hour or so before. Now they were old friends. They were really old friends, and he knew that if these other people were friends of these old friends, everything must be all right.

No-one was saying much. Each looked as if he or she were deep in thought. When they came in, someone got up and offered Terry his chair, for there were no other empty chairs in the room. Terry was so touched by the gesture that he felt a slight choke in his throat. He did not know what to do. Why had the person gotten up. Terry did not know him, but he had gotten up and offered his chair. The legal mind snapped into operation, but this time Terry could watch as it instantaneously analysed the entire situation in a flash: would the person be offended if Terry refused to take the chair? Did the person want something? Where would the person sit if Terry took the chair?

He took the chair and sat down.

"Thanks."

Terry looked around the room; he thought that everyone would be watching. No-one looked at him.

"They all ignored it," he thought. "They acted as if they didn't see it."

Someone in the corner caught his eye...a girl. In her early twenties perhaps. A pretty girl with soft brown hair and sparkling eyes. She smiled. Terry flushed. He smiled and nodded; but it was all happening so slowly, and he could observe every nod, every smile. Every wrinkle, and the music came on. At first he did not

notice it, for he felt that there were waves of motion in the room, and inside his head, much as he had seen the waterfall. He closed his eyes.

Immediately he was immersed in a flood of light...all imaginable colours swaying and blending before his eyes... well, before his consciousness. There was no thought, just beautiful colour flowing this way and that, as the music rolled and rose. He floated into the music and the colour, unable to resist the beauty of the movement in what he supposed to be the air, until a thought flitted by:...his eyes were closed.

He smiled and settled into the chair. Someone tapped him on the shoulder, and he opened his eyes.

"Some more?" Fred handed him the clip. This time Terry handled it like a pro. It didn't seem to take long.

Everyone was very quiet, Terry thought as he glanced around the room, handing the clip back to Fred. As he closed his eyes again he heard someone to his right murmur softly. "He was ready," he said.

Terry closed his eyes again and drifted back into the world of brilliant colour. Now the music was beginning to take form inside his head. The sound was actually moving into form...manifestations that he had never seen before. "I wonder what this music is" Terry thought to himself.

"It's the Stones." He accepted the answer as someone spoke on his left. He did not answer. It felt perfectly normal to hear it.

Terry was completely oblivious to anything else in the room now...totally inside his head. He knew his body was for all intents and purposes asleep, but he was totally awake, watching listening.

In amongst the music and the colours now there began to appear other forms and they would rise and fall with the music. They were not music; they were not people. They were not the colours, but they took colour as they took form: gently, evenly, and they then would change their colour and form just as easily as they had taken it... they would take another.

Somehow, Terry seemed to recognize the forms, or at least the essence of the forms as they moved in and out of the conscious screen. They were not people, but they were just as palpable as if they had personalities, and in fact they seemed too. Not thoughts. Terry could see what they were not, but he had no thought of what they were for he had not seen or felt or experienced them before. They were real enough.

In themselves they carried neither pleasantness nor unpleasantness, but he knew that they had the intrinsic ability to elicit those responses. They would seem to rise up to the top of what now appeared to be a musical staff and then be swept away by the music into a bright array of colours.

"What are they". Terry spoke to an unseen something within.

Instantly he knew. They were particles of being... the essence of his experiences and happenings, and he began to watch them more intently. They became more and more intense, and some carrying heavy brown and grey colours as they rose in the music.

"They're troubles." That was all he could say, but it was an exclamation that was almost said out loud.

"It's another world in here." He was in awe. "What if I don't want to go back?" He felt protected and safe. It was warm and gentle in this world, and he felt that he was not alone here, but he could see no one else. He sank further and further into the new world he had found, and just as the tears of joy welled upon his eyes, someone tapped him again on the shoulder.

"No thanks, no more." he said.

"No, would you like something to eat?"

Oh yes...wouldn't that be delightful. Terry got up out of the chair, but immediately fell back into it. He could not get up. His legs were still inside.

"It's O.K. here." It was Jim, Fred's brother. Jim handed him a sandwich and a soft drink.

"Strange," Terry thought. "They don't drink."

He munched the sandwich and watched. Now he could look around the room and see the people. The lights were off, and the only glow in the room was from the lights of the Christmas tree. Everyone was very relaxed, and the room was very gentle.

Terry was overtaken by the kindness. Why had Jim brought him the sandwich? The answer came in a smile just then as Jim looked at Terry almost surely in response to the unspoken question. Terry smiled, as genuinely as he knew how, but it still felt contrived. He could see the smile take form and flow to Jim, surrounding him with a soft flowing light. Jim seemed to feel it and sank back as if bathed in some kind of unseen warmth.

Terry closed his eyes and re-entered the beautiful world of music, colours, formless forms, and a delicious new reality.

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The next morning Terry rose early. He was accustomed to milking the goats. He could not speak. No hangover. He rolled over, the bed swayed beneath him. Oh yes... he had forgotten that he had gently made his way to Nelson's waterbed. He stared at the ceiling.

"How will I ever tell Sharon?" That was the only thought that he could see before him. "How will I ever tell anyone." It did not occur to him then that he might never have to tell anyone...that it could remain unsaid, for Terry had until then lived in a world that expressed itself by the spoken word, and success in life was so often measured in that life, and certainly in the law business, by how one expressed and explained himself.

He rose and walked out the front door into the street. The birds were chirping. He never noticed birds in the morning. As he looked across the street at the houses lined up in a row, he could feel their emanations. He knew how the occupants lived and thought and loved. He knew how they ate, and went to work and came home and how they paid their bills, and didn't pay their bills; and

how they worried about how they couldn't pay their bills.

He knew what they would think if they looked out their window just now and saw him. He knew what they would think of him, standing there in front of that house where "those people" lived. He knew what they would say. He knew.

His thoughts darted to his home...Candy would be milking. Sharon would be making coffee. He knew what they would think if they could see him there. There at that house with the big van in the driveway. With those people with all that hair. He knew they would wonder. He knew that Tom would wonder, and the judges and the juries. What would they think if they knew. If they could have come and spent the evening. What would they say, and the police. OH MY GOD, THE POLICE. What would they say. He knew they would not believe.

He knew.

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The trip back through the mountains that cold morning was one taken with mixed emotions. Terry loved "those people" and knew now that he was unalterably committed to a change in his own lifestyle; he knew he could never go back. He would return, but he could never go back.

"If only the family could come along," thought Terry as he neared the little ranch he had also come to love. "If only we could do it together. But can Sharon leave what she has come to know as security? Can she open enough to see this alternative?"

Terry knew it would be a surprise for Sharon when he told her of what had happened. He did feel something of a sense of excitement, hoping that when she had heard of the new life inevitably ahead of him that she too would become excited about it and look forward to the future with him.

But Sharon had her own surprise waiting for Terry when he returned.

"Well, did you smoke a lot of marijuana with Nelson and his hippy friends?"

The question hit Terry right between the eyes.

"No," he lied. "Didn't see any."

The air of the household was like ice. Sharon's parents were still there as he knew they would be. It was three against one again.

"We have to talk," Sharon confided to Terry. "I have something to tell you."

Terry thought it was he who had something to say until Sharon began.

"I'm pregnant."

"What! That's impossible," Terry retorted. Eight months previously, Terry had undergone a vasectomy.

"It's true." There was a sadness in Sharon's eyes. Terry took her hand. "And I know it's impossible."

"Is there any other possibility?" he asked.

"Only one that I know of, and I don't think there is a star in the east." Sharon's sense of humour had not left her after all. They both laughed in spite of the situation.

"What do you want to do?" asked Terry. He had already considered leaving his practice, and even leaving the country.

He had thought of moving to New Zealand, leaving the whole mess behind him. Walking into a new life. It flashed through his mind that the limit to the number of children in an emigrating family was four.

But Sharon had already considered what she wanted to do.

"I think we ought to have it terminated." she said, almost without emotion.

Terry put his arms around the wife that he still loved very very much.

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It was all over in a matter of a few days, and Sharon was home again. Terry waited for Sharon to broach the subject.

"The doctor said it was all right. It was a hysterical pregnancy. There was no fetus...no life." She said to him privately and quietly as they lay in bed that night.

Terry was relieved. He had been assured that the vasectomy was complete and he knew that there was no possibility that Sharon had gone from him, but in the meantime, he had time to think about the matter and he decided that he would certainly not have blamed her if she had done so. He had not treated her well, he thought. He had expected too much, and been too concerned with his own state of mind, his own happiness.

The pressure was building for both of them...it was becoming intense and almost unbearable.

"Let's get out," Terry said. It surprised them both. "Let's get out of the madness. You know I cannot stand that office any more. You know I want to go into something to do with the land. Oh, honey if you could have seen those people in San Diego the other day...they are so loving and so complete...they have something we've been looking for. I know you would love them. Their life is just completely different from what we do. Let's get out, and go to New Zealand and get a little farm and start over."

He rolled over and took her hand in his...leaned up to kiss her. There were tears on her cheek. She didn't say anything. She knew there was no choice.

"It wouldn't be so bad," she said, "if I hadn't been so damned sure that I was going to live my whole life in this house and die right here on this ranch."

Terry lay back down on his pillow. He too knew there was no choice.

CHAPTER 6.

It was not to be that easy. Sharon did not want to go even after she had decided that there was no choice, even when she had decided that she had to go. There was a part of her that could not and would not let go. She wanted to know what they were going into...what sort of life would they lead and where would they live.

"All right," Terry said to her one day soon thereafter, "I'll take some time off and go and have a look. I'll go to New Zealand and see if it is what we can handle and if it is something that we can share."

"There is just one thing," Sharon responded, "it has to be something we can go to, not just to run away from this. I am so tired of moving and then getting settled only to have to uproot and then move again. We can't run away from this. That has to be better, and something to look forward to. It has to be this way."

A few weeks later Terry left for New Zealand to see Bill and the country, but not before he had another visit with his new friends in San Diego. By now, he too had become their friend.

The trip was fast and exciting as Terry watched a new life open up before him during his sojourn around the new country. He looked at farms and met people and satisfied himself that Sharon could be happy there. She still had not consented and he knew that he would have to sell her on the idea.

The weeks that they were separated for Terry's trip brought them closer together: Sharon was stronger within herself when he returned. They discussed the matter slowly and intelligently, and she held up fine as he explained what it would be like and how they would live, and she could accept it as long as she did not think of how much she loved the life that she had right there and then. Her emotions would overshadow all reason. When Terry returned to the office, he knew, however, that his days there were numbered. He would have to go...alone if necessary.

One evening when he returned home, Sharon said to him: "There was a phone call for you...Fred, in San Diego. He said they are coming over this weekend."

Terry's heart jumped.

In a flash, Terry felt once again, standing there in his own home, the love and harmony that had greeted him and penetrated him when he had been with Fred and Nelson and those people that night. The thrill of the thought of the possibility that they might come to see him, the thought of sharing that oneness again was awesome to him. The thought of the possibility that Sharon too might be able to share this fullness so excited him that he refused to look at it.

Terry gulped.

"When are they coming?" he asked, trying his best to project professional calm and nonchalance.

"He said Friday night or Saturday morning if that was all right." She sounded wary, but somehow as if any defenses she might have had to the idea had been softened.

Like a child, Terry watched and waited for the Christmas of that Friday in March. His every waking moment carried him back to that evening in San Diego or forward to what he hoped might happen when they came to visit him.

His time at the office now was spent with his thoughts flying from the ranch to San Diego to New Zealand. It had all happened so fast, there seemed to be so little time to digest, to savour.

They had hardly had time to discuss New Zealand, except for Terry to say that it seemed to be what they were looking for...at least what he was looking for, but he was cautious and quick to warn Sharon that it might not suit her: that the modern ways of American life had not reached there yet and that it was not the most comfortable of places to live.

Sharon did not hear much of what Terry said; when he spoke to her he could sense she was not thinking of going, but rather how she would like to stay. It became evident

to Terry that Sharon was fighting her own battle within... perhaps not quite what he was experiencing, and perhaps she did not understand exactly what he was going through, but she was having her own problems.

Terry loved Sharon all the more for her problems and the way she was carrying them. Occasionally the burden grew too great and she would release it the only way she knew how: directly at him. She was mightily torn between her "nest" as she called it, and the love of her family, holding it together, and the disdain she knew she would incur for turning her back on all of her heritage...and on all that for her was THE way of life.

She had longed for so many years to lead a life much as was led by her parents who had lived in the same house for "a hundred years" as they would often say. She wanted to grow to become part of a community where she knew everyone and everyone knew her, and they would all be friends. Perhaps one did not always get along very well with one's friends, but still, they would all be friends. She longed to watch her children grow up among their friends, the young friends that her children would surely one day marry and with whom they too would grow old, sharing the joys of a good solid life that she had grown to love...and she wanted to be there to watch and to share their burdens and problems and their love.

But she loved Terry too. For her he was the provider, not only of the food and shelter that the family needed, but also a vital part of the life that she envisioned. He was a necessary participant in her drama, and a life partner that she could grow old with, remembering the other days that had gone before, the joyous days of growing old together with their family. Sharon wanted to remember as much as she wanted to live, but she had already, to a great extent, decided what it was that she would someday want to remember; and it was Terry, also, she could see, that was the villain in her drama, for now he wanted to wrench from her not only the life that she loved here, but also he would take from her all the memories that she would store in the years to come...the

ones that she could have saved and stored for the later days...the ones that she now shared with her own mother.

It was a terrible conflict for her, and there was no solution forthcoming, for her it was the ultimate drama in her endless series of dramas.

Sharon had enough trouble coping with the conflict that was facing her concerning the leaving of her home and her homeland. She had not yet begun to face or fathom the other aspects of the growing tumult that was mounting within Terry. She felt it on occasion, but she dared not look at it. Whatever it was it had caused him to quit smoking, to change his diet, to take up jogging every day, to talk almost incessantly of what was to come, to pressure her to join him in his studies and practice of yoga.

She went to yoga lessons with Terry but she did not like the idea all that much. Oh, it must be admitted that she could see that it helped her body, but there was something threatening about it. Sometimes she felt that it was all a conspiracy to deprive her of what she wanted most of all...a nice quiet gentle life without any changes.

There is something that happens between two people when one of them quits smoking cigarettes, and whatever it is it happened between Terry and Sharon. In the early days, when Terry would first come to see her and the little girls at the farm, they would sit and drink coffee or beer and smoke, and laugh, and smoke and drink, and have a happy time.

There is a wave of suspicion that seems to flow when one discards the smoke...something that seems to say, "uh-oh. I should quit too. Wish I had his will power." The very presence of the one who has quit becomes a threat to a certain extent. So many other problems can manifest from that one little change. Seldom does one see a more virtuous, self-assured, confident and righteous individual than one who has stopped smoking.

Terry had stopped smoking: not only was he all those things, but he was adamant as well...Sharon must stop smoking. He did not wave authority in many ways, but in this matter he was insistent. It would remain a matter of contention for a long time.

CHAPTER 7.

Sharon was not really ready for Nelson and Fred and Patrick and what they brought with them that weekend when they came to visit Terry...but then, one never is. But Terry was ready to see them again, and when they arrived that Friday night, it was too late for Terry and too early for Sharon.

Sharon was suspicious. She had met Nelson before he had left for San Diego, some months before, but she had not met Fred or the others. She had a great deal of antagonism toward them, for now she felt that they were "those people" and she was not; that they were Terry's friends, and that they could never be her friends; and she saw them too, at least in her mind, as a threat.

That was before they arrived. Her antagonism could not withstand the "glow" they brought with them. When they walked into the house that evening, all tension vanished, all the problems that Terry and Sharon were fighting were suspended as if in thin air. They laughed so easily and the gleam in Fred's eye was particularly disarming.

"There is something about them," Sharon said to Terry very quietly, when she had pulled him aside. "What is it. Why didn't you tell me they were like this."

Terry shrugged and smiled.

When they walked back into the other room, Sharon tugged at Terry's sleeve.

"Why is Fred smoking a pipe and a cigarette?" She asked with beautiful innocent naivete.

Terry cringed as Fred handed the "cigarette" to Nelson. He looked at Sharon but she had turned away and did not see the motion. He rushed over to Fred, trying for all the world to seem unobtrusive.

"Do you think that's wise Fred? What will Sharon think. She wonders what you're doing."

Nelson tapped Terry on the shoulder and gave him the "cigarette". He turned to find Sharon, but she had gone into the kitchen. Terry took a sizeable "hit", and handed it to Greg. Terry sat down. Now it didn't matter.

Sharon could experience the glow but she could not explain it.

In the weeks that followed Sharon had many opportunities to experience the glow that those people brought with them, for they came to the ranch every weekend, and the weekends began to draw out from Thursday night to Monday night.

Sharon knew now where the glow was coming from, at least part of it, and at first she got very uptight with Terry.

"I do not want any of that stuff in this house", she literally shouted at Terry across the bed. That night she had found out what was in the "cigarette". Terry put his finger to his lips hoping to quiet her down.

"Don't you shushsh me! I do not want any of that stuff in this house".

"How do you know? You've never tried it."

"It makes no difference, and besides I have no intention of trying it."

"If you would just try it once you'd see it's perfectly harmless...it's downright joyful."

Sharon would not listen to Terry. They slept on separate sides of the bed that night and the next morning there was an icy chill in the air between Sharon and the rest of them. Terry told Nelson that it would be best if they did not smoke any more for a while.

That's not the way it works. That evening after dinner Terry saw Fred reach behind Sharon and hand a joint to Nelson. He cringed again. It became a game with them. They began to giggle. Sharon turned around.

"What are you guys doing?" she smiled. She wanted to be in on the joke. "What are you up to?"

Nelson slipped it under the table to Terry, and tapped Sharon on the shoulder. When she turned, Terry took a hit. When she turned around the other way, Terry gave it to Christine.

Now Sharon wondered what was happening. It went faster, and faster. Fred was the one with the guts. Sharon

turned to him and he poked it right in her face.

"Here, have a puff of this one."

Sharon couldn't speak. It was as if she had known what was happening, but dare not think it let alone say it; and yet she wanted to be a part of it. She blushed, flushed and said "no thanks".

Nelson picked up the guitar and began to sing. He had a soft and gentle melodious voice. Patrick rolled another one.

When it came around this time, Sharon took it from Fred and handed it on to Greg without partaking, but she did not last long. The next time she joined the ritual that had changed America's way of life: she joined "those people" --- she took a hit!

The look that passed her face was a combination of the elation and disappointment that one might see on a satisfied ex-virgin: she had held out as long as she could, and was a little sad that she had given in, but it sure was nice "to be here". Soon she was singing with Nelson. She had a beautiful voice and it fairly rang and sparkled. Terry hazarded a glance. When he saw the tears running down her face tears welled up in his eyes.

Just then Beth walked into the room, and Terry could see Sharon tighten up in fear that Beth might see something from which Sharon should protect her daughter. Beth had slept with Candy the night before so that Fred could use her room. She brought her hand out from behind her back, and held forth a plastic bag.

"Here," she said, "somebody left their grass in my room."

Sharon exploded in laughter at the instant destruction of the myth and story-book world in which they had all been living. She jumped up and put her arms around Beth who looked completely bewildered at the entire scene.

That was the beginning of the end. Now it was time to seriously get on with getting out. Terry and Sharon both knew the time had come.

That night they slept together...and made lots of love. The next day, Terry wrote in his journal:

"TREMENDOUS changes have taken place in our family.
The transformation is...or could be, astounding."
That was all he could say.

CHAPTER 8.

Still it was not to be that easy. If Terry's struggle had been a battle to pull himself free, Sharon's was to be a war by comparison. Still she knew she had no choice in the matter: it was Terry without the ranch or the ranch without Terry. She had to accept that life with Terry would be the only way. Terry was pleased to the point of elation, but saddened by the thought of victory; he had not wanted to "win" but to have Sharon join him by choice. Where Terry had placed his faith in some unknown and unseen force which was pushing him to move toward extrication, Sharon could place her faith only in Terry. This engendered in him a great love and compassion and a pledge to do all he could to assure her future happiness.

It seemed however that whatever was provided for Sharon and her well being were compared to the "older big brother" comforts of the past. She would go; but she did not like the idea. At times she would relent and relax into her plight with resignation; the rest of the time she would bemoan her sad predicament.

Terry now began to be more and more disenchanted with the life that he had for so many years regarded as "normal", and with his eyes now open, he began to see the flaws more clearly. Although Sharon had consented to the sale of the law practice and the sale of the ranch and the shift to another, simpler lifestyle, both Terry and Sharon seemed to silently agree that the actual move would be some time away.

It loomed much sooner than expected, but not before Terry began to take action to make changes immediately.

For some time Terry had been extremely concerned with the educational system into which his children had been thrust and trapped. He learned through his friends from San Diego of the alternative school system and undertook to familiarize himself with the possibilities of the establishment of such a school incorporating the principles of Summerhill school in England and other avant garde

halls in California. He incorporated the structure and with some other parents found an old building, and planned to free his children the following year when school resumed.

Life at the office now was growing virtually unbearable for Terry. Although there was no open animosity there was now beginning to appear an open separation from Tom and everything represented by the office and the practice of law. Terry saw it as the epitome of everything that he wanted to leave: the struggle for the accumulation of money, the hypocrisy of the American social value system.

He wrote in his journal:-

"The day after Sharon said she would go to New Zealand with me, I walked downtown and looked at the people and the town, just as I did the day we arrived. I saw many of the same people and buildings. Some things have changed, but so much is the same.

I suppose they will all go along their happy way striving for more money and "success", always thinking that the end justifies the means.

It is so sad that the American dream has made inveterate dreamers of Americans, so starry-eyed in their quest for that which they have been convinced is important and essential that they don't have time to look at the stars."

Terry and Sharon were finding that in spite of the struggle necessary to succeed in the system, that it was much easier to get in than it was to get out: if it took effort and money to get "in" to be able to make money, it took more money to get out to avoid the compulsion to make more. They were caught in the middle in the jaws of a hungry predicament that pulled and took in and from both directions. The move to New Zealand would be expensive, but the credit they had lived on in the past was crying to be paid. It began to appear that there would not be enough to go around. The carefully designed plan that Terry had worked out and reviewed so many times began to appear inoperable.

Terry's headaches returned and he was thrown into the depths of depression. Sharon was having second thoughts about her decision. The whole thing appeared to be on the verge of falling apart. The school term was finished and the children were home. They were feeling the intensity of the situation and it was going to be a hot heavy desert summer. The mountain cabin had been sold, and they were all doomed to a time of looking forward to the unknown and unable to look at the past.

Terry wrote in his journal:-

"Yesterday, Sharon and I had a problem about money again. She did not want to relinquish her credit cards. I can't blame her...it is a hard transition ...but she did so after much crying and gnashing of teeth. Now she is the fanatic on the new "no spend money" policy in our family. We must condition ourselves to live without thousands of dollars flowing through our hands.

The biggest change to accept is that what you want to do can so often be done without spending money. About the only things we cannot get along without are food and the payment of the mortgage.

Spending money is a nasty habit which has been inculcated into all of us at an early age. There is a stigma attached to not having any of the stuff, but thankfully being without it is now becoming more and more respectable at least in some elements of our culture. I intend to break the habit and do without it as much as possible, and to teach my children that happiness is not bought."

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Sharon decided to withdraw from the yoga lessons but Terry continued to visit Zona on Monday nights, but now he was finding the repetition of the classes on physical health leaving a gap in that which he sought. One night after class he told Zona that he could no longer continue

in this line. He told her that he knew that he needed something more. He wanted to know what was next.

"I'm not sure I know, Terry." Zona was very honest in her reply. "But if you want to come around this Thursday at two o'clock, we'll have a look and see. They say it is meditation, and I have been doing some lately, but I have no idea how to teach it to you."

Terry smiled at his teacher.

"You have no choice." he said. "You're all I've got."

Of that first lesson with Zona when they sat and talked about what came next, Terry wrote in his journal:-

"Another bombshell: meditation lessons started with Zona today.

The revelations were dynamic in what she told me. She said she did not know how to teach but she had a flow that said just what I needed to hear. The principles are so similar to those I have learned to accept for my own life and live by in the last six to eight months. A Big Picture seems to be coming into focus. The methods used are those that have been gnawing at me. The agony of transition for the past four years has been monumental. Now I can see what has been happening. For the last sixteen months Hatha Yoga has tuned me and prepared me for that journey upon which I embarked this afternoon. I am well into a big change now, and I see what is ahead. I wonder where it all leads."

When Terry told Zona of the problems of his withdrawal from the office, she was ready for him.

"I don't even live in that value system any more." she said.

This confused Terry. For Zona too had a fine house in the country. This he could not quite understand just now. But he had heard the same statement from one of his San Diego friends, someone Zona would never meet; someone who came from the opposite end of the societal spectrum. A small seed was planted: there was more than one alternative to the life he had known and from which he was extricating himself.

In the months that followed, Terry, determined to complete the extrication from the value system and life-style he had come to know as obsolete vacillated between the two alternatives presented to him.

Zona had described the problem very succinctly to Terry.

"One day when I was at work...I had a very good job as a secretary to a very important man in a big company...I realized that I had to get out of my job and out of that life or it would ruin me. I was sick, terribly nervous, overweight, and so I did."

It sounded so simple to Terry, but he knew it was very complex. The same thing had happened to him.

"Yes," he murmured in reply, "I've been there, too."

The discussions with Zona were often stimulating and enlightening, but the other "alternative" was often more fun.

When the "Rolling Stones" came to San Diego that summer Terry was right there with them and the ten thousand or so other "misfits" and "dropouts"...totally absorbed, totally inundated, and totally stoned. Their mystique and their music went through to his cord.

Then back to Zona. Of the second session with Zona, Terry wrote:-

"It is obvious that Zona is much further into this than one would suspect. Perhaps my philosophy has finally found me. The principles of yoga and yogic thought, the yamas and niyamas, have a way of creeping into one's life and becoming a part of the being."

With all the changes happening so fast, the problems with Sharon and the transition at home, were becoming insurmountable. Terry grew depressed again at the onset of the migraines, and Sharon was to the point that she almost would not speak to him.

"This depression is hard to shake.

Perhaps Sharon's true colour is coming through: she said today that she considers that these days...from now until we leave this house are the last days that she will enjoy on this earth. It appears that she believes that she will die at this time. I know that

I will, ironically, then begin to live.

which is fair?

Should I rationalize my future by saying that I have lived the first ten years her way and she should live the next ten my way?

Or should I abandon my fate...and plans...declare my unswaying devotion and sacrifice myself for her "happiness" or what she thinks is happiness?

Or shall we each go our separate ways?

If I abandon the plan and stay, not only will I be unhappy, but she will be miserable, and worse, I am sure that it will mean my death, even if I live.

I must return to a simpler life. The complex mess into which our society has driven itself is not for me.

I cannot stomach all the built-in maladies.

And today at the office Tom told me he has another ulcer and that the first one is flaring up again. He is only thirty years old. I wonder: does he thrive on this...or has it never occurred to him to get out?"

Two days later, Terry continued his journal:-

"Today things are very bad. Today I feel as if I have come close to losing my control of the situation and of my sanity.

Severe depression set in about ten this morning after my court appearances. "I am not sure I can handle this any longer" I said to myself. That is the first time it has gone that far.

SEVERE DEPRESSION...and a severe desire to go...get away...leave...now, and the target date is still a year away. Business, money, clients, and their problems, problems which I no longer consider important and cannot effectively advocate.

On top of everything else, when I went home for lunch Sharon said: "I'm warning you, if things don't change when we get to New Zealand, I've had it."

WELL, to hell with you sister. What I need now is some help, not warnings.

I feel so much resentment for the past months and years when I have talked till I was hoarse and blue in the face and have been taunted and ridiculed and ignored by her. She was even going to turn me in... until she "turned on". Now she gives me a sermon on how she can't give up her house.

The future can hold happiness for us, but only if I can start pulling upward. I just hope today is the bottom of the pit. I can't take much more of the oppression of this life and the depression that results from it."

Terry had indeed hit the bottom. That day he started to climb out of the pit.

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Sharon was sitting in the dining room when Terry walked in. She was drinking some coffee and smoking a cigarette. She snuffed out the cigarette when she saw it was Terry who had come in. Terry sat down quietly at the other end of the table. Sharon looked out the window; she was tired.

"I'm in trouble," Terry spoke first.

"Yes, I know, so am I. So are we."

"What are we going to do," Terry asked.

"I don't know but this is where we always end up."

Terry watched closely to see if Sharon was trying to stir up an altercation between them. She was calm.

"I just about lost it yesterday. We're overdrawn at the office again, and I know Tom is getting worried. I'm not pulling my end of the load, and I'm getting to the point where I don't really give a damn any more; and I'm very concerned about you...and the kids." Terry dropped his head.

"You know, if I thought you didn't really care about that office, I wouldn't have any second thoughts about leaving, but you worked so hard...all those days in law school...and the work that you have put into that office and that practice...I know it must be so hard on you."

"But don't you see," Terry answered, "that it is getting to the point that I can't care about the office ...it's not that I don't:...I can't...it's all I can do right now to hang on. I don't know what is happening, but I do know that IT IS happening, and I know what I have to do. I have no choice, like it or not. What is happening is...or seems to be...inevitable. I don't seem to have any control over it."

"We've been through this so many times," Terry went on. "You know I've tried to explain it to you and we never get anywhere."

Sharon looked up, almost defensive. Terry continued:-

"Look, you know I love you, but I have no choice about what I have to do. When I go to the office these days, I just can't get into it...all this pressure of what the clients bring in...their problems...their crises... problems that I just cannot consider important any more, and when I feel like that I have no business in this business."

"When I cannot take what they say seriously, I should not be listening to them...all their problems just come from plastic situations they create from the life they are living and despising. Then I come home from the office...or a weekend comes, and everybody gathers, and I become a human being again and I find it is impossible to remain a human being when I go back to the office. I'm telling you, it's making me a schizo. When I come home I have to try to shed this role that I have to play at the office. It's impossible to be a lawyer and a human being at the same time. This is where it is at."

Sharon was listening. Hard.

"You know that is the first time that you have put it so I think I could understand it." She said.

"Maybe it is just time for you TO understand it. I've been saying this same thing, or trying to, for months. I don't like this idea of pulling you away from your home, you know that."

"It's just that I was so sure that I would live the rest of my life here...and die here. I thought you were really concerned about the leaving of the office."

"I am concerned, but it is in good hands. Tom is very capable, and he is right into this. He doesn't understand what is happening to me, but he has been very understanding, if you know what I mean, and Andy will be here in a few days to help out. This morning we found out that he has accepted our offer. He and his wife will move here in the next few weeks. That will relieve things at the office, but I can't take it much longer."

"Are you telling me it's going to be sooner than next June?"

"I think it's got to be sooner. I know you were counting on another year in this house, but I don't think I can stay with it that long."

"Well, I feel better that you have said it...and that I know that you are not so concerned about leaving the office."

There was a long pause. Neither spoke. Both waited. Then Sharon said with resignation, "O.K. do what you have to do. We may as well get on with it."

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"Let's do it," Terry said to Fred. "I think it's time. In fact it may be the only time."

"You're sure?"

"Yep."

"You know it could change your life."

"What a joke...as if it hasn't been changed already. What more could change. What difference could it make. Maybe it will bring things into focus. I want to see... I want to know."

"Look, it's not going to make you see what isn't there ...it's only going to make you see what is there."

The day was dry and hot...very dry and very hot: one of those days that makes you stop...when all one can think of is a swim. Northern California can be that way in the summer. Fred had moved there in May. Terry knew it was time to see Fred again. Now he knew why.

"It's not going to help you with the office, but it will probably help you with everything else."

"Let's do it."

Fred opened the little envelope and carefully removed the thin transparent papery substance.

"Here, put this on your tongue."

"Aren't you going to have some?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then what."

"You'll see."

It did not take long. First Terry began to feel an uplift in his stomach, a euphoric uplift that seemed to be a cleansing sweep that moved slowly throughout every cell, slowly, oh, so slowly...taking each cell and rooting out every little bit of tension. When he looked...when he closed his eyes, Terry could see the unseen force moving from cell to cell, purifying, feeding and lifting, as it swept upward through his entire being.

"I think it's working," Terry said naively.

Fred smiled, and his look went right through Terry, as it so often had before.

Terry got up and walked out the front door into the brilliant sunshine and looked at the countryside. Then he looked at the white billowy clouds. They were moving, faster than he had ever seen them move. Fred followed.

"Are they really moving so fast? Or is it an illusion."

"It's an illusion. Wait till you settle down."

Tears began to roll from Terry's eyes as he looked at the sky. The wave overtaking his entire being now had become one of compassion, sympathy and suffering all wrapped up in one. He seemed to feel that he was all things and all places at once and yet right there standing

next to Fred. He did not "see" anything yet, only felt it. "Perhaps", he thought, "that is what Fred meant by 'seeing'".

He watched that thought of "seeing" float into his inner most secret place, seeming to light a dark tunnel so that anyone in there could see, and from the far end of the tunnel, the sea rushed in. He could see the sea... see the sea. The C, the see, the sea...all began to look the same, slowing, flowing. He could push the mind in one direction and ride it as a horse into the wilderness of his consciousness, places he had never thought of going ...for there had always been some mystique about those secret places. Was this where meditation was going? What was going to happen? Is this where Zona was taking him? Surely she had never taken this stuff. Or maybe you didn't have to take it.

Fred came out of the house with a big bowl of fruit in his hands.

"Here, try this."

He handed Terry a huge, purple, ripe plum.

Terry looked at it for a while before putting it toward his mouth to take a bite.

"No, no...the whole thing...at once."

In it went.

Fred gently took Terry's cheeks in both hands and easily closed his teeth together with great care. Instantly Terry was inside the plum and everything went into slow motion as the plum exploded between his jaws, spurting, and squirting its pulp and juicy sweetness throughout his mouth and around every tooth, flowing back towards the throat: an orgasmic ecstasy completely engulfed his being as he watched and became all that was happening to the plum.

The swallow swallowed itself and the plum down down down. Terry was sitting on the ground now, his eyes heavy with tears, his shirt purple soaked with plum. He looked at Fred, and they both started to laugh... and laugh...and laugh.

"Come on, we'll go for a swim." Fred started toward the van.

"You read my mind."

Back through the hidden vine covered roads of the back country, Fred drove and drove and drove. Terry watched as the country side melted before him to reveal its hidden wealth and life only to restructure itself as his gaze moved on. Fred turned the truck sharply and there before them was an old abandoned swimming pool.

"This used to be an estate where the movie people used to come and have their parties...many decades ago."

They walked up to the pool. It was covered in moss, and vegetation. Terry looked deep into the water and could see the life all around. He became intently inner-active with a small bug that swam toward him, looked up at him, and then dove to the depths. Slowly they removed their clothes, and Fred was in first.

As his body entered the water, the cool that Terry could smell from just looking at the pool engulfed every hair on his head and every head on each hair as the rest of his body seemed to remain poised in mid air waiting its turn to slide into the relief of the living depths. He lost himself in the water.

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"Tom's face was as stern and serious as Terry had ever seen it since they had entered their partnership.

"We're several thousand over, and the bank wants to know what we're going to do. Got any ideas?"

"Terry had a lot of ideas, but they did not fit the situation. He looked at Tom. He loved Tom like a brother. Tom was the only person he had ever known with whom there had been not even the slightest disagreement...ever.

"Let's talk about it after court. I've got to be in court in ten minutes."

"O.K." Tom got up to leave. He was dressed in his dapper best as usual. Smart well-tailored coat in the latest style, high heeled shoes. Tom was one big handsome pearly toothed smile, and he was genuinely Tom, and a good lawyer.

Andy had taken up office space in the library until they had time to remodel the offices so that he could have his own room. Terry waved and smiled as he walked past the library door.

"Settled in?"

Andy smiled. "Just fine."

Terry winked at Barbara as he walked out the back door, into the blinding desert heat for the walk to the courthouse. Then he quit smiling.

He knew it was time to get serious with Tom about wrapping things up. They had lightly touched the subject before but nothing serious had come of it yet. Terry knew Tom really did not need of anything but his own half of the practice.

"Why should Tom buy me out?" Terry asked himself. "He has as much business on his own as he can handle."

"But it's time for me to get out," Terry said to Tom after court. "I don't know where I'm headed, but I do now know that it is time for me to get on with it."

"What does Sharon say?"

"She's going with me. It's all faith on her part, bless her heart. I don't know how she does it. She gives me a hard time sometimes, but all in all she is doing great... walking away from everything that we have worked for."

"You know, brother, if I didn't know you, I'd say you were absolutely nuts. I don't know what you're going into, but I guess I know you well enough to know that you have to do it."

"Anyhow, think about it and see what you can work out that is fair for both of us." Terry was wary. He knew Tom would protect himself.

After Tom had left Terry's office, Terry turned and wrote in his journal:-

"I really tried to explain the transformation to Tom, and while he was understanding, it was obvious that he didn't understand. I guess I shouldn't have tried to explain it. Intellectual arguments just don't work."

Terry rose and headed home to be a human being for the weekend.

CHAPTER 9.

Terry knew well the world that he was leaving; he was learning but still knew less of the worlds that he was entering. On the one hand there was the world of Zona and meditation, the serious efforts to move into the depths of the self, exploring the consciousness, and the changes that manifested along the way. On the other hand there was the world of Fred and the freedom of opting out all together, escaping to the bliss of a never-never land that never, never questioned.

"Three worlds: that'd make me tri-phrenic." Terry giggled to himself. "I reckon schizophrenia is old fashioned."

All three worlds pulled at his sleeve like little children. Some days he would rise far above their cryings and pinings, and observe, just observe and let the little drama play its next act out on the stage of his mind. He would say his lines and move as directed. Then he would suddenly forget the nature of the play and begin to take it all seriously.

Now there began to develop an interest in the office again, but from a different angle. The nature of the clientele seemed to shift. More and more, those who had been coming to him recently came more for counselling rather than legal advice, although they did not know what they sought, and neither did he until a pattern began to develop.

A journal entry on August 3, 1972 read:-

"Recently I have developed an insight into other people's problems, in fact into their souls. Too many persons have sought me out for help and guidance for it to be a passing thing. I feel an inordinate compassion for my fellow beings, and in conversations, I find myself describing feelings, sensations, and concepts that I didn't know I knew. words of wisdom seem to be flowing THROUGH me rather than from me, and it becomes obvious that what I say registers with people...very deeply.

So many people around me are finding themselves and are turning on to life, love and truth. The freedom I know seems to be associated with the knowledge of this truth, and it is making me free. The greatest thrill I have ever experienced is seeing a person's eyes light up as these elements of truth permeate to their soul.

But sometimes there is a great danger: I get out too far, and then I have to retreat back into the safety of my own inner mind. I've become overwhelmed by my own enthusiasm and desire to help others. But I see I am in danger of spreading myself too thin and leaving myself bare.

Sometimes I lose that precept by which Zona tells me I must live: the one who seeks to learn will seek the teacher who can teach him. I have been seeking others to help them. This is not right.

Meditation helps put it back in perspective. I must be very careful not to force these ideas on ears that are not willing or ready to listen. At the same time, I must be there when I am needed.

It is also becoming obvious to me that "the party is over." It's time to really get it together."

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During these days, Terry would spend as much time as possible practicing meditation as it was being taught to him by Zona. Zona had learned her yogic techniques from Indra Devi, a well known authoress of many books which interpreted yoga to the west.

Zona's teaching was very gentle. She took great pains to explain to Terry the various intricate concepts of yoga, meditation, and the related subjects of nutrition and occult physiology. Terry was not easy to teach. He was persistent and inquisitive, pursuing subjects that to Zona often seemed unnecessary to discuss, but nevertheless she was patient with him.

In the beginning she stressed to him the absolute necessity of physical health, cleanliness, and well-being. She demonstrated to him the yoga asanas or positions which one assumes to allow the proper cleansing of the muscles, tissues and organs of the physical body and the flow of subtle currents in the finer body. She explained at length how the practice of these asanas and the flow of these currents affected the mental state of the individual and the outlook on life.

These elementary matters in themselves would have been sufficient enough even if there had been nothing further to discuss. The guidance that Zona gave Terry on nutrition and care of his body were directly responsible for the diminishing of the migraine attacks from which he had suffered for so long.

The transition from the learning to the practice was not a particularly easy one for Terry; he loved his beer, his steaks and the condiments of the relative luxury that he had striven for so long to reach. He knew that they must go, but the physical body held onto them as long as it was permitted.

Over the months that Zona guided Terry in the precepts and practices of hatha yoga, Terry watched the changes in his body. In the first twelve weeks, his weight dropped over fifty pounds. The muscles stiff and tight, filled with the acids, wastes and poisons of the western way of life and faulty nutrition, gradually became supple, pliable and softly manipulable.

Soon he was executing some of the more difficult of postures and gaining an acquaintance with his physical body that he had never thought possible. Terry had, as most people do at one time or another, partaken of various physical fitness programmes, but this was somehow different. It demonstrated to Terry that the body was not merely a device to shape up, but something to work with and to keep in harmony; but, he often felt the antagonism of the pull of practices which did not assist his progress...the desires of the body for the lower pleasures.

He could see that these were not in harmony with what he was now newly learning and practicing, but to discard them, he would find, would take some time.

When Zona felt the physical body was sufficiently trained she agreed to Terry's somewhat intemperate demand to move on to other things, and it was the practices that she was teaching him since that time with which he was now most concerned.

Each day Terry would arise and watch the sunrise over the mountains in the distance at the edge of the desert. Then he would sit in a cross legged position for about one half hour and try to concentrate.

In the beginning, Terry found that it was very difficult to place the concentration; but even more difficult than placing the concentration was trying to discern where it was to be placed. Incessant thoughts, doubt and worries plagued his efforts. The promptings from the mind were so strong that they could not be ignored by the body, and it would respond by refusing to sit still...it would demand the right to move into action in response to the feelings of some urgent business to be done or attended to.

Terry found that he was constantly bothered by thoughts of worry about the health of his children, concern about the financial status of the office and the practice, and the state of the various cases that he was handling for clients. He could not believe that this was a natural consequence of a practice that was supposed to bring peace and tranquility and one-pointedness of purpose.

Sometimes the tension created by the attempts to sit still and concentrate on the one hand and the uphill pull of the demand for attention on the part of the thoughts on the other created within Terry an irreconcilable struggle that would resolve itself only in his strong but temporary inclination to abandon the entire project. So often he did not know why he was pursuing such a path. The comparison of the struggle within and the relative pleasure of associating and relaxing with his friends

from San Diego left Terry sorely tempted to follow the easier and oft-times happier road of grass, music and temporal pleasures.

With Zona's patient guidance, Terry would resolve once again after their weekly Thursday afternoon meeting to re-enter the battle raging within his mind, and return to the inner world with renewed determination.

Control of the mind seemed to be the primary object and Terry met the challenge head-on, so to speak; but often the antics of the mind were complemented with emotional disturbances which caused much more concern to him. On so many occasions, the thoughts coming forth for attention would elicit an emotional reaction which Terry was ill-equipped to deal with, and it might play itself out through an elaborate chain of reactive thoughts of the consequences that MIGHT occur as a result of some action that he had engaged in or some event that had occurred during the previous days.

This seemed to be the major source of distraction for some time, for now, thoughts of the comfort of the physical body would be temporarily forgotten, and the concern for mental well-being was totally absorbed in a combination of fear-worry-rage and often the concern grew so great that Terry would emerge in a state of paranoia, unable to trust anything or anyone: Zona, Sharon, Tom, himself or his friends from San Diego. Many times, he buckled under the pressure and drowned his fears or rage in bucket after bucket of cool, soothing, beer. Often, Terry would have been better off to follow the latter path, for the mixing of two lifestyles is sometimes more dangerous than the adherence to one, even if that one be considered less desirable.

Gradually there began to emerge a pattern of activity that seemed to follow a pattern of the meditations: it was becoming more and more evident to Terry that the problems that would confront him in meditation were not mere fiction nor figment of imagination, but rather were

real and viable, at least in form if not in substance, and he would find that they would play themselves out in the daily activities and relationships of his life.

This was a relatively subtle manifestation, but it became more and more obvious. It was almost as if there were a force which would stir up the trouble in meditation only to have it come forth and happen on the level of inter-personal inter-action with other people. Zona confirmed that this would happen, and in fact that this was what was supposed to happen. She compared it to an automobile riding down a dusty road which would become engulfed in the dust of its own activity when it stopped and turned around to face the direction from which it had just come.

Additionally, there was now begun a pattern in Terry's life which followed him for many years: as the physical and inter-personal relationships would be conjured and experienced, and the emotions would react to those problems or situations, Terry found a very gentle and often mysterious understanding of their basic nature proceeding from the living through the activity as it presented itself. It would often take the form of what one might call "insight" or "intuition" and this became more and more evident not only as he viewed his own life but as he would watch others and his relationships with them and their relationships with each other.

He became more and more perceptive of the problems that he saw plaguing mankind as a whole: the population problem, pollution, graft in government, decadence of the society of which he was a part. It was almost as if the meditation was causing him to be able to see these ills more plainly...clearing his vision as it were.

This disturbed Terry for on the one hand, he would enter meditation to find relief from the problems that plagued him and would find only that they would grow in scope and magnitude pushing him to a breaking point.

Sometimes the emotions of rage, or hatred, or paranoia that were precipitated by the realizations emanating from the growing clarity of vision were so strong that Terry could barely contain or hide the reaction, and fortunately it found its way into the physical world most often in the form of a journal entry. Sometimes his words were bitter and vengeful:-

"Can it be any surprise now that I have rejected the values foisted upon me by a nation of greedy, insecure, healthless, untrusting alcoholics?

It has never occurred to most that the world might now be giving legitimate birth to a loyal opposition... an opposition that really and truly believes in the individual and his rights; an opposition that thinks with a truly free mind and who believes that trust of one another and love of one another for what he is, and not for what he does or has, are not unusual or extraordinary virtues.

Can this "opposition" now possibly be called "failures" for rejecting the non-biodegradable, plastic shell of a life which has been tried for 200 years and which has all but ruined our planet in favour of thoughts and practices, tried and found true by a hidden minority down through the ages?"

For Terry, it was growing more and more evident that the "counter-culture" was the one that he was leaving and not the one that he was entering. He was now more determined than ever to physically exit the life which he considered deplorable and find someplace that he could settle his family far away from the ills of a degenerating society. He now had his heart set on leaving the country, emigrating to New Zealand.

Gradually he began to find solace in the meditation and he looked forward with anticipation rather than fear to what might be now forthcoming from the time spent within the opening expanse of his own mind and consciousness.

He was now beginning to be able to strike a harmonious relationship with Sharon on the physical level as she was opening up to the pleasures that he had found early in the relaxation of smoking grass.

Still Sharon did not understand the workings of Terry's mind when he entered meditation nor the problems that he encountered as a result of it. She did not understand the vehement antipathy that was beginning to surface toward the degenerating society in which Terry found himself trapped.

Neither did she understand the peace that was now beginning to emerge in the meditations for Terry, as he began to face squarely the problems that had been formulated and brought to his conscious attention, and neither, at this time, did he understand it; but it was welcome, even if brief and of seldom appearance.

Zona was pleased to see the emergence of the relief for the conflict that was manifesting in Terry as a result of the growing realizations to which he was subjected and was taking its toll in his physical body: indigestion and gastric upset were beginning to bother him, and except when he was consoled by either his friends, beer, dope or a combination thereof, Terry might become depressed, cantankerous or withdrawn.

When Sharon agreed to move to New Zealand with Terry, at least one conflict was resolved: his family would stay together, for Terry now was of the mind that he had to get out even if Sharon refused to go.

Temporarily, Terry began to find more and more peace in the time spent in meditation, and the practices now became more of an aid in themselves rather than a technique to be learned or mastered. He began to find brief periods of time when the mind would begin to be gently quiet and the onslaught of thoughts would be stemmed for a delicious moment...a glimpse even if fleeting of the promise of what might be coming.

Terry's faith in Zona, and the meditation which she encouraged him to continue were being now reinforced by the growing realization that some relief might indeed be in sight. The end of the dreadfully hot desert summer of 1972 was bringing with it some view of a cool breath as Terry saw the time approaching when he could become free. He could now see that he would soon be free of the fetters which he had himself designed by pursuing the life which he had been taught was desirable and which he now knew must be left behind.

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It was at this time that Terry, with his own problems seemingly coming under control, hazarded a brief, backward, over-the-shoulder glance. He had booked the reservations on the boat which would carry his family away to a new land, and one year before the date of the sailing Terry wrote in his journal:-

"A year is a long time, but so much closer than the eternity for which I was so sure that I would be locked into the nonsense we've been into for the last several years.

I don't particularly consider myself a champion of the underdog, but of one thing I am sure---that there now exists in this country more people than not who exist in underdog status. I speak not only of the black people who are so trod upon, or the indians who are contained against their will and mistreated, but of the white, middle-class, tax-paying, paycheck receiving, beer-drinking, love-making, pizza-eating, everyday American. This man cannot possibly lift himself from the depths into which he has been pushed by the country which flies the flag, the sight of which sends patriotic shivers up and down his middle-class spine. The combination of the computer, television and advertising schemes, together with decreasing quality of the goods he is forced to buy have programmed him into an

oblivion of apathetic status-quo. It all goes back to the fact that most of us don't know that there are any alternatives because it didn't come up on the T.V. Many blacks have told us for years that the thinking black man and woman don't even want to "better" themselves or be "pulled up" into the society that doesn't even take care of the people it has in it now.

AWARENESS! that is the key, and it is spreading.

I see it so clearly. For so many years I could not find anyone who saw it, and now the knowledge is spreading, and it is striking fear into those who don't know and cannot figure out what it is that we know and they don't.

I guess we could say that we practice what they preach".

CHAPTER 10.

The elation which Terry felt and the peace which he found in his meditations were short-lived, for no sooner did he glimpse this relief in the distance than he was engulfed with the problems of the instant moment descending upon him: the details of getting out: the minute and miniscule details of extricating himself from a growing law practice, a twenty-six room house and ranch with animals and equipment, and the intricacies of a lifestyle that he had forced his way into and in which he had created a position of some considerable elaboration. In late August he entered in the journal:-

"Once again for the past three days or so I've suffered from a period of severe and acute depression and worry. I think I hit bottom and started on the way up again. This has happened before. The pattern seems similar. Each time I have been presented with a problem which seemed insurmountable and after reaching the very depths where I simply give up, then the problem seems to relegate itself to the proper perspective. Each time I seem to grab a problem and ask "what if this happened?" Then I run the gamut of all the terrible consequences that would be precipitated by this problem. Then after I hit the depth and begin to get things back together again, then even the problem appears to be something I can deal with. Often accompanying the depression is a growing paranoia ...such as a fear of an impending disaster. In retrospect, the paranoia is ludicrous, and the anticipated complications, of course, never materialized. Also, during these periods I feel a constant flow of adrenal energy.

Where do these periods of depression come from? What is the source of this paranoia? Acute insecurity? A feeling of inadequacy? A fear of tragedy? potential rage or fear that things may not go according to MY plan? All of these are possibilities, with the latter

a good strong, and altogether deplorable and despicable possibility.

Part of the cause must come from a pressure - perhaps self-created - to keep all factors - everything - under control. How absurd!"

CHAPTER 11.

As the intensity of the pressure grew stronger and stronger, Terry began to grow weaker under the burden. He was less and less able to cope with the growing conflict between the life that he now knew he must leave and the one toward which he was being drawn. He spent long conversations with Zona discussing and weeping over the dilemma, and she would confirm what was happening, but she would reiterate time and time again that it was a decision that Terry must make: she would not give him specific advice on this point.

Mercifully, the meditations grew stronger and Terry was able to find some peace occasionally inside, but he found, to his surprise and chagrin, that the relief came so often not when he had put forth the most effort but when he had grown too exhausted to muster the energy to concentrate and when he would simply release the tension which had built up in his mind and all through his being, and relax into the "void" in the center of his consciousness. Then he would drift endlessly through an inner space completely oblivious of problems, time, people or thoughts.

These times inside seemed to now assume a sort of pattern in which their occurrence appeared to be in some way proportionate, inversely, to the amount of effort he put forth: he could not "make" it happen. He found that he was at the mercy of something that would arbitrarily offer this priceless peace at its own whim or fancy according to a plan or reason seemingly known but to its own direction.

On the physical level the pressure continued to mount. He found himself growing more and more distant from Tom as he knew that the time was approaching that he must tell Tom that he would be leaving the office sooner than expected. He could see that it might happen by the end of the year, or perhaps soon into next year. It was now into September. When he casually mentioned the possibility to Tom, there was, as Terry had suspected, very

little interest on Tom's part to buy Terry's part of the practice. Why should Tom buy it: he had enough... more than enough of his own. Business had begun to pick up and there were good clients coming to their office now. Income had not recovered completely, but there was plenty of promise for the future.

An element of terror began to appear in the back of Terry's mind at the thought that he might have to walk away from the office, but it was shortlived in the face of the other alternative: staying. How would he convince Tom that it was in everyone's best interests to buy his share. It was a good practice, well organized. It had grown from the small one-man office with a half-time secretary to one now with three lawyers, two secretaries, and a bookkeeper and there were certainly prospects of further growth.

Terry did what he had to do: he went fishing; perhaps, he thought, for the last time. In Mexico, out into the ocean, away from these cares and troubles. It was during this trip that things began to fall together for Terry again, as they often do in a moment of brief respite and rest, but the conflict would not resolve: Terry could not see any way out, and was determined to find a solution, but there was none in sight. He became depressed, and this had never happened on a fishing trip. He found relief only in the thoughts and dreams of the future and the alternative lifestyle that he had come to love with the others with whom he now shared it: the new friends who had joined with him to start the alternative "free school", the "group" from San Diego, and now, in a growing manner, his children, especially Candy. A solid friendship was growing and molding for the future. She alone, he felt, understood. But they seldom spoke of it, and she was watching him on this trip. She was now thirteen years old, but even then she knew and watched. She could feel the conflict. Sometimes she could save him with a glance. At least he was not alone.

The view over the sunbaked desert was black and the heat added to the oppression inside Terry's head as they began the descent from the mountains into the valley and back to the world which Terry once fought to enter, and which he now fought with such vigour to leave. He could see for miles as the pickup rolled along winding down the new highway toward the desert floor. In spite of the brilliance of the noon day sun, there was only blackness. The entire picture flashed before his inner vision. Terry knew he needed help, and he needed it soon, or he was in trouble.

"Split the partnership now and sell out to Andy!"

Terry's head involuntarily snapped to the right to see who had spoken and he was jerked out of his reverie only to remember that he was sitting next to the door of the truck and there was no one at his right ear from where the voice had spoken.

"Of course," he thought. "brilliant...why didn't I think of it."

He could see it unfold now and a thrill swept over his body. His eyes lit up as the plan materialized before his eyes as they gazed at the mountains in the distance. The entire matter was formulated before he regained enough composure to stop with a chill inside him which pierced the desert heat when he came face to face with the reality of the fact that the advice had indeed come from somewhere other than his own mind.

It had not been a thought, of that he was certain. It had not been insight, or what he had come to call insight. It was not a premonition nor a mere "clairvoyant" vision as he had come to understand such things from his conversations with Zona.

It was a Voice...very definitely...a Voice, and Terry did not know where it had come from. It was a Voice that he could and would recognize again if he heard it, of that he was dead certain.

From the words that he had heard there had been a definite plan materialize and now when he looked into his mind it was still there...progressing in the formulation

of details and concepts and items to be attended to as if he had nothing to do with it. It was obvious that it was going ahead without his effort. The steps that he was to follow were arranging themselves in a logical sequence and he would begin upon return to the office. He would go there this afternoon and see Andy.

But where had this come from? Could this be insanity? Had he broken under the strain of the pressure to get out and the pull to stay in? Had the heat added to the intensity of the situation?

All these possibilities were very real, except that he was bright and alert and awake, and quite sure now that this was what he would do, and he knew it would work.

Andy smiled when Terry walked into the library.

"How's the fishing?"

"Good."

"You're back early...thought you were coming back tomorrow."

"Just came in to...uh...check on a few things. How are you getting on? All right?"

"Everything is fine. Tom left yesterday for the coast for some golf."

"Yes. I know. He'll be back the first of the week." Terry stopped to gather strength and direction. "Look, Andy...there is something I wanted to mention to you..."

Andy listened to Terry's description of what had happened over the past months and he began to show real interest when Terry spoke of the possibility that he would have to get out of the office sooner than anticipated.

Yes, he would be interested, he said, in buying Terry's half of the practice, but only if Tom did not want it.

Terry's heart rose into his throat. Everything was rolling just as he had seen it on the ride down the mountain. They decided to talk further the next day and then present it to Tom.

When Tom returned the plan was complete and Terry presented it to him. It would work out just right for everyone, Terry explained, but Tom was not his smiling self.

At first it appeared that it would not work out, and after some long hours of discussion, Tom finally said "O.K. look...I'll buy it. Andy is not ready."

Whether it was out of sympathy, compassion or pride, Terry was not sure, but Tom had agreed to do what Terry had been unable to convince him to do.

Had it been a master manoeuvre on the part of the voice? Terry could not be sure. He was not sure of very much at all at this point. He only knew now that he was on his way, and that the first thing to do was to get out. Tom had taken that off of his shoulders.

In three short weeks, it was all over, and Terry walked out of the office the last day of September into a new life that awaited him. But it was still eleven months before he and his family were scheduled to leave for New Zealand.

Terry did not know what was going to fill those eleven months, but at this time he did not care. He wrote in his journal:-

"I have accomplished what I've been working toward for two and a half years...I'm out of the office. How strange! I have an interesting sensation about me... it is not defeat, nor joy, but rather an exhaustion of some sort, coupled with anxiety.

Logically, it would seem that this should have been the last thing that happened...to leave the office and that I should have done all of the other things first ...like pay the bills, sell the ranch, etc. but things are not very logical these days."

The next day at sunrise Terry walked out into the still-cool desert morning. The heat was beginning to break a bit now with the approach of autumn. Today the sunrise was a bit more brilliant and the peace of his morning meditation a bit more palpable. After meditation he opened his journal again and wrote:-

"...with the release of the pressure to get out of the practice of law, I can now feel myself changing almost minute to minute. My relationship with the family has

changed: I seem to be more tolerant and they have more faith in me. I feel a pull toward the wilderness, nature and the unknown. Yoga and meditation are my stabilizing force now and my contact with the universal mind or whatever it is that is guiding me.

Now that I know I'm getting out, I'm letting go and visions of the future are becoming more clear. So many people are telling me that they don't "blame" me for getting out of the practice of law. Many are expressing their concern in the past weeks at the state of affairs in the world.

There are those who state that the crisis which appears to have come upon humanity will correct itself. In a sense and to an extent this is true,...it will right itself...but not for a long while...and not without massive upheaval.

Politicians and economists speak of financial reform; religious leaders decry the situation and tell the people to come to church (and give more money); ecologists declare the solution is to put an end to pollution...clean up our atmosphere and all will be well; the President has declared that drugs are the greatest threat to our "way of life."

"Very few people have been able to put the entire matter into proper perspective and to realize that these are only manifestations of the entire underlying problem: the absence of compassion of one human being for another."

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Zona was very happy for Terry, but in a very matter-of-fact and straightforward way. She would permit nothing more than a very brief discussion of the elation that Terry felt, and she got right down to work.

She instructed Terry in the various branches of yoga: Hatha, the yoga of physical fitness; Raja, the "king" of yogas...the yoga of the control of the mind; Gnana, the

yoga of knowledge; Bhakti, the yoga of devotion; and Karma, the yoga of action and the doctrine of the "inevitable consequences" of our actions, and how all these branches play a part in helping one reach higher consciousness. Terry was inundated.

It did not take long before the reaction set in and Terry fell ill. It wasn't serious, and Terry knew it was only a reaction.

"Heart disease is not the number one killer in this country: this country is the number one killer... this country and the life that has been forced upon us. I know I could not have lasted much longer."

The day after Terry actually gave his key to Tom and cleaned out his desk, Zona rang.

"I hope you're feeling better," she said, Terry could hear a smile in her voice. "Because tomorrow we're going to Tecate. It's time for you to meet my teacher, Indra Devi."

CHAPTER 12.

It was just one year, almost to the day, from the time that Terry and Sharon had made the fateful trip to San Francisco when Terry began his trips to the mountain Ashram of Indra Devi near Tecate Mexico. Since that time Sharon had undergone an amazing transformation, opening up to the new life which Terry had presented to her with such force. She was happier now, and more understanding. She was still having some trouble with letting go of the life that she had striven so hard to gain; but her concerns were largely and often over-shadowed by the excitement of the preparation for the move to New Zealand. Now, she too encouraged Terry to make the trips to Tecate.

It was not to be quite so easy for Terry: Indra Devi, like most competent and truly gifted teachers, was sometimes elusive. Terry was not to meet her until the second trip to the Ashram, and then only for a few minutes. On a warm October Sunday afternoon, Terry and Candy were standing outside the door of the Ashram when "Mataji" appeared. This is a term of endearment that is often given to a woman of India. She seemed to Terry to be a wisp of golden light in her orange sari, very busy, almost brusque. No one mentioned any names in an introduction; very little was said at first. She simply moved toward Terry, almost sidled up to him, looking off into the distance. She stood for a moment...everyone stood in silence. It was Mataji who spoke:

"You'll be back."

That was all that she said, and then hurried away into the upper rooms of the house. One of the ladies who accompanied her stayed for a few moments and bade Terry and Candy to make themselves at home and look around the Ashram.

Rancho Cachuma, as it is now named, is located on about eighty acres of rolling green sleepy Mexican mountains on the American border in the high desert area. It consists of a very large and stately villa-type building in which are housed the residence of Mataji and her husband, Dr. Delmar Knauer in the upper floors and the teaching and student accommodation quarters in the lower floors.

Terry found that there was a definite air about the place. An air of peace that he had not seen elsewhere and to which he had nothing to compare it.

Beside the large house were a building to house additional students and various sheds and pumphouses scattered around the immediate vicinity. Immaculately manicured gardens surrounded all the buildings with flowers and shrubs. Several Mexican gardeners were busy attending to the work needed to keep the place in order.

Inside the teaching quarters, one of Mataji's associates, Muriel, conducted a short tour of the building for Terry and Candy. There was only one thing that immediately caught the eye of a visitor entering the room for the first time...the main room where most of the teaching took place...a picture on the main end of the room of a bust of a man in a red robe and black bushy hair in the style of an afro cut or in the manner worn by South Pacific Islanders.

Terry vaguely recognized the picture: the man's name was Sai Baba. Zona had mentioned him to Terry on an occasion or two.

"Who's that?" Candy asked Muriel.

"That is Sai Baba," Muriel spoke softly, then waited.

"Who is he?"

"He is Mataji's Master."

"Oh."

"Come into Baba's room," said Muriel as she walked toward a small, almost hidden door near the platform at the business end of the teaching room. Terry and Candy followed.

Inside the very dark, small, windowless room there was enough light, provided only by one small flame on a table, only to see the outline of the padded chair on one side and the picture over the table which held the candle.

"This is the picture from which the Vibhutti issues," Muriel said softly, almost implying that Terry and Candy would know what she meant. Neither spoke for a minute.

"What's Vibhutti?" Terry asked.

"It is holy ash. It is used widely in India and it is the use of it that provided the basis for the use of ash by the Christians in the traditional celebration of Ash Wednesday. It symbolizes the burning of the ego into complete nothingness."

Their attention was brought back to the flickering candle. The picture above the candle was one of Sai Baba also. A smaller picture, in a plain black frame. A small dish of the ash sat below the picture and a small vase of fresh-cut flowers to the side of the ash near the edge of the table.

"Look closely at the picture," Muriel pointed and moved closer. Upon examination, Terry could see that the picture was behind a pane of glass in the frame, and that between the glass and the picture itself was a large amount of the ash, apparently similar to that which lay in the small dish.

"It materializes in the picture. There is a constant flow...a never-ending supply. It is always there."

Terry looked closely, and then turned to leave the room, his professional scrutinizing and skeptical curiosity fulfilled, but he was not convinced. He was not prepared to dispute the claim, but he was by no means convinced. He and Candy smiled at each other, almost conspiratorily, as they preceded Muriel out of the room.

After thanking Muriel for her attention, Terry and Candy visited a small building some distance from the main house, on the American side of the line...one which Terry had visited previously. It belonged to Mataji but was not part of the Ashram proper. It was a mountain cabin much like the one the family had owned not far from this area.

There dwelled at this small cabin a young girl named Lorissa and a young man named Jonathon. They were not related but they had in common the fact that they were both followers of Sai Baba and had been to India to meet him and spend time with him. Jonathon had two small children with him. His wife had remained in India when he returned.

Morissa was happy to see Terry again. They had first met when Terry came to Tecate with Zona some days previous.

"You met Mataji?" Morissa was obviously excited. "You must tell me about it. Oh, she is so lovely. I remember the first time I saw her. Oh, she is so lovely." and Morissa seemed enraptured merely by the thought of Mataji.

"Come in," she said after hearing about the episode in Baba's room. "I'll give you some Vibhutti."

Terry and Candy grinned at each other. Terry shrugged. They followed Morissa.

The inside of the cabin was plain...and clean. There was little furniture except a large piece of carpet on the floor. At the far end of the main room, when entering, one could see a small table with some flowers on it, and a picture of Sai Baba.

Morissa took a piece of waxed paper and into it poured a small amount of the ash from a container which stood on the table. She folded the edges of the paper and handed it to Terry who placed it into his pocket.

"Thank you Morissa," Terry said, not knowing just what he was to do with the ash, but he did not wish to appear rude. "We really must go, but we'll be back soon. I am considering coming in January for the teacher's seminar."

Morissa's eyes sparkled. She was a lovely girl, in her early twenties. Jet black hair, long, down to her lower back. She smiled and walked out the door to bid Terry and Candy goodbye.

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Later that evening, Terry and Candy were telling Sharon about the episode. Terry explained the room where the picture issued the Vibhutti. Sharon was very skeptical, but no more than Terry was.

"I'll show you some of the ash" Terry said, and went into the bedroom to get the piece of paper which Morissa had given to him.

When he came back he was walking very closely.

"What is it, love?" Sharon asked.

"Something very strange." He held his hand slightly behind his back.

"Candice, did you watch Morissa put the ash into the waxed paper?"

She nodded.

"So did I," he said. "Did she put anything else into it?"

"I don't thing, so." Candice thought. "You saw her fold the edge of the paper. She gave it to you."

"Look."

When Terry brought the waxed paper out for them to see, he opened the edges and there in the paper, covered with the ash was a small picture...of Sai Baba.

"Something funny going on here. Somebody has had a good joke." Terry examined the paper. He handed the picture to Candice.

"I know Morissa didn't put this in there," Candice said.

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That night Terry slept very soundly for most of the early part of the night, and then he began to move toward a very light level of consciousness, almost waking up, but not quite. He rolled over and went back to sleep, but soon he was dreaming and waking, alternately, and after one dream which he remembered very vividly, one in which there was a great deal of violence among the people of the dream he lay quietly with his eyes closed, waiting to return to sleep. Sharon was sleeping quietly beside him.

Out of the stillness and darkness of the room, just above his head and slightly to the right, there came at that moment a sound which he heard most clearly, but strangely not with, as it seemed, the physical ears. Immediately when it started, he recognized it as the voice which had spoken to him in the truck on the way back from the fishing trip.

"EAT NO MEAT, FOR THE VIOLENCE OF THE SLAUGHTER OF THE ANIMAL TO BE USED FOR MEAT STAYS WITH THE MEAT AND BEGETS MORE VIOLENCE."

Terry was stiff, pinned to the bed. He could not move.

"USE NO VIOLENCE, FOR VIOLENCE BEGETS VIOLENCE ITSELF, AND VIOLENCE CANNOT BE USED TO DEFEAT ITSELF."

Terry lay still. He listened for more, but there was no more, but there then appeared to him inside a series of clarifying thoughts almost as dreams, but he was so close to being awake that he could not label them as dreams. His reaction was beyond fear, beyond thought. There was nothing to do but lie quietly and experience.

The voice had been strong, firm and clear. There was no hesitation in its words. The sound was ominous in the silence, but had obviously not been heard by Sharon. She continued to sleep soundly. Terry reached over and took her hand. He lay quietly. His heart was pounding, but he was relaxed. He looked at the luminous dial of his watch: 2.00A.M.

Quietly he arose from the bed. He knew this must go into the journal.

Slowly, thoughtfully, he began the entry:-

"Tonight, I became a vegetarian..."

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"I'm not really surprised at all." Zona spoke very frankly. "Such things are not unusual...in fact quite common. But their existence or occurrence is not generally well known."

"Maybe so, but these things don't happen to people like me. I mean...I'm just a lawyer. I'm not one of these mystic people who go around playing with ghosts and such."

"It has nothing to do with ghosts. This is a way that the adepts have of communicating with one another and on occasion with others."

"Nonsense. I'm sorry to be so blunt, but as you know tact is not my long suit. I just have a hard time buying it. I mean the bit in the truck when we came back from

the fishing trip was one thing, but this is something else. I did what it said...I will quit eating meat... but now that the sunshine has given us the light of day again, it is a bit hard to swallow as I look back on it in the middle of the night. You know I trust you...you're all I've got, and I want to know what is going on. Sometimes I think it might have been better if I had just stayed in law practice. It was quiet and gentle compared to this kind of stuff. I mean, I'll be ready for some professional help if this keeps up."

The sun was streaming in the window of Zona's yoga room. They both sat on the floor. She too had a picture of Sai Baba over a small table in the front of the room. She sat quietly, gazing at the ray of sun which had painted a picture of sorts on the carpet. For a long time she gazed...far away, yet right there with Terry. Finally she looked up. She turned her head to Terry, her deeply considered look piercing his eye, into his very core.

"Terry," she spoke softly, but firmly...with authority, "I think you'd better get used to such things.

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He could not stay away. Terry had to go back to the Ashram and see Morissa. He had to know if she had put the picture into the ash.

"No. I would not do such a thing." then she smiled. "It's Baba. He did it."

Terry swallowed hard. "No one can play such tricks on me and get away with it" he thought to himself. He felt a combination of awe and indignation.

"He doesn't need my help to do these things," Morissa continued. "When it is time there is no doubt."

"Well, there is plenty of doubt here." Terry pointed to himself.

"Come on, let's go upstairs. It's getting cool out here."

As November was approaching the evenings were short and the chill of the high desert came earlier. Tracy had come to the cabin with Terry this trip. She was ten years old now.

As the three of them sat in the upper room of the cabin Morissa began to tell Terry and Tracy about Baba and the things that he did. She explained that he was indeed one who could materialize items out of the air and communicate with one over long distances.

"He stays in his Ashram in India except for a short trip or two around the country. He left India a time or two but mostly he stays there to attend to his devotees. I spent a lot of time there...oh...but Terry I had a funny time getting there."

The candle flickered in the centre of their small circle of three. There was no electricity in the cabin.

"He is so beautiful. Just to see him is such a blessing. He welcomes all people...Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans...everybody. When you first see him he just radiates right through you." Morissa was being swept away by the memory of her time with Baba. "I just live to serve him...I love him so much...he has done so much for me..."

"I SAW HIM" Tracy jumped and grabbed Terry's arm. "I SAW HIM...HE WAS RIGHT THERE."

They all turned toward the corner where Tracy pointed, but it was dark. Terry knew Tracy was not one to sensationalize or to make things up, but he responded firmly to her.

"Come love, it is probably your imagination."

"No, I say I saw him. He was right there. Right in that corner. Dad, you know I wouldn't lie to you. I mean it. I saw him."

"Let's go to bed; I think it's time for you to crawl in. Where is your sleeping bag?"

"You believe me don't you, Dad."

For the next two days, Morissa and Jonathon became Terry's teachers. Both were junior to him by at least ten years...Morissa not yet twenty, but they were filled with the knowledge that he sought and for which he yearned, although he was not even aware of the nature of what he was looking for. Morissa carried wisdom far beyond her years, living one-pointedly...living only to raise her consciousness to a union with the One. She often glided on the bliss within that she carried with her as a result of her travels in India. Jonathon was, on the other hand, more down-to-earth, practical, and completely open when he began to speak.

They were intensely kind and patient with Terry who pushed them, doubted and relentlessly cross-examined them in his best courtroom style. He would attempt to break their story, not because he wanted to win, but because he wanted to lose. He wanted desperately to know...to know that what he believed...that what he had been taught all his life was, if not wrong, at least immature and incomplete.

Morissa and Jonathan represented another side of the youth culture from that which he had encountered in law practice. Morissa had at one time gone through a stage in which she too had used drugs, but she had moved on past the necessity of them. Now she found her highest level of consciousness in an existence which had no need of drugs or crutches or openers. Jonathan, like Terry, had a family. Terry could identify with this.

They seemed to alternate times with Terry, as if by some unspoken plan: for a while Morissa would talk with Terry, and then Jonathan would walk up the mountain with him and talk gently, while carrying one of the children on his back. The mountain was Mount Cachuma, which W.Y. Evans-Wentz had spoken of as being one of the most spiritual places, in his opinion, in the Western Hemisphere.

They told Terry of the text of the truth that was coming to dawn on the mind of mankind...the nature of the new state of consciousness which will bring hope to the world

...the practical aspect of the defeat and elimination of the ego. This they said was the basis behind the "Awareness" which Terry had seen, but they explained that it was actually the foundation which is deeper than the basis, for the foundation is the flow of the universal consciousness from every person to every person.

"You mean that it is not in just some people, it is in everyone?" Terry asked Jonathan.

"In every ROCK." Jonathan replied with great emphasis, picking up a large stone on the path ahead of him.

"It is in everyone," Morissa said to him later when they were sitting near the cabin, "but its innateness is overshadowed by the various stages of evolution and development in which one or the other of us finds himself at any given time...creating the illusion that it is present in some and not in others. It is visible only in a few, mainly because of the interjection of the human will, the development of the individual soul from this and past lives and the job that one has chosen for himself in this life." "What is really important is for us to give up trying to control it and accept what we have, in essence, planned for ourselves in this lifetime. This is the path of surrender...of devotion."

Terry wondered later in his journal if he had begun to give up control:-

"I say I have given up trying to plan things, but I question if that surrender is yet complete. It is at some times and not at others. My selfish desires for pleasure, my desire for possession of "things", and placing my wishes ahead of those of other people's are all holding me back."

CHAPTER 13.

As the problems and pressures of law practice began to flow into the past and the brightness of the future seemed to be at least a promise to him, Terry began to feel that he was approaching a breakthrough in his meditation practices. He would find a peaceful calm descending on him in the short periods of twenty to thirty minutes that he would spend inside. Beyond that, however, his body still shedding the tension of his previous lifestyle, would force him up and into some physical action, or his emotions would enter and create havoc with the action of the mind.

But the flashes of gentle peace were enough to carry him over the bridge to the next meditation in the evening or the next morning. He would sit regularly except when there were so many people around the ranch, as there often were these days as the time came closer to leave. The ranch was up for sale now, and Terry thought it would sell soon in spite of the fear lurking in the back of his mind...and his meditations...that no one would buy it and that they would not be able to leave.

Those thoughts too were pushed to the far rear of consciousness now too, for there were happy times with the family: they were "thick as a brick", talking together, joking together...love flowing among them. The children were now out of the public school system and loosening their own lifestyle with the freedom of the alternative school which Terry had founded, and there were still visits from the "friends" from San Diego. It was a time for transition, for gradual change...toward a new life.

As Terry began to open to the teachings that Morissa and Jonathan had introduced, he pushed Zona for further answers, meeting with her regularly for hours at a time. She often became tired, but she was always ready to talk with Terry, patient and generous with her time...giving all she could.

Zona too was opening very fast. One day she explained that she had been approaching the end of her abilities to help Terry, although he had not been aware of this happening. She said that she had asked in her own meditations for guidance and had received far beyond anything she might have expected.

It was so dynamic, she said, that she would not try to explain it to Terry, but, it had been extreme...as if liquid fire had forced itself up her spine and through her whole body.

"The chills and the fright...I've never seen anything like it. I was almost scared to death...literally," Zona offered.

Terry did not ask further. He was content to accept what Zona told him. He felt he was not ready to know more about this just yet. This, he thought, he had not bargained for. Zona can keep it...at least for the present. He continued to practice as Zona enjoined him, going through a routine of Hatha Yoga asanas and practices each day to clean and shape the body.

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Morissa had told Terry that there would be a celebration in Los Angeles in late November for Sai Baba's birthday, and Terry decided to go and take Tracy along. After what she had seen in the upper room of the cabin the night that Terry and Morissa had been talking Tracy would not be left behind.

The Sai Baba centre on Sunset Boulevard was an old house with large rooms, one of which was filled with people when they arrived. Everyone was seated on the floor, cross legged, and before them was a table with candles, flowers, and a picture of Sai Baba. The room was dark, and everyone sat in silence.

As they entered the room, Terry could feel an atmosphere of great peace and welcome. The people that met him and requested that he remove his shoes were cordial and smiling. He felt that they genuinely were pleased to see

him. This was a bit disarming to one who was still suspicious by professional nature.

Through the evening, the group sat and sang bhajans... chants...in the style of the celebration at the Ashram in India. It seemed very strange to Terry, but also familiar in a mysterious sort of way. He did not question. He knew he did not have to stay. He knew he was there by choice and the thought that he could leave by choice allowed him to settle in and observe the evening. It was a warm evening and he came away with an inner glow.

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Two days after returning from the celebration in Los Angeles, Terry arose early, and after practice of Hatha Yoga asanas, he sat for meditation as usual, but this time something different occurred. He recorded it in his journal:-

"...after sitting quietly for several minutes, I felt as though I were falling asleep, and then my body seemed to continue toward sleep while my mind opened up as though awakening...into another dimension.

During this time my legs went "to sleep" and later when I came out they were virtually paralyzed. But during the actual meditation itself, my mind was able to "focus" better than it has in the past...there was less resistance. The area in the middle of the forehead had much activity as concentric circular discs of light converged from the outer areas of peripheral vision to the centre, and even at one time the convergence was so clear that there seemed to actually appear an 'eye' in that area. As soon as the light from one disappeared, another was well on its way toward the centre.

I was able to continue this activity for only perhaps three to five minutes at the most and then awareness of the conscious physical level began returning to me. After returning completely to consciousness, I realized

that my legs had yet no circulation in them, and during the meditation itself my "mind" was completely divorced from my body. Especially during the deepest part of the meditation, I had no trouble at all keeping my body...or even my mind...quiet. They seemed to go into an almost dormant state quite voluntarily and readily, and remain there for several minutes. After a while however, I found myself giving some concern to the condition of my legs. Something will have to be changed or modified for the posture used for meditation because I don't feel that I will be able to sit long with my legs in such a state of paralysis.

But today...it was worth it."

When Terry explained this to Zona, she smiled and simply said to him, "You were ready."

"But," she said, "There may be some things that you could do which will help you get into that space a little more easily and readily. There are certain forces about the body that I am learning about that if treated with care and moved gently can help to lift the consciousness.

With that, Zona instructed Terry in how to sit more comfortably and to begin to stop or control the mind by controlling the breath.

"These first exercises are very basic and you must be very careful with them. You breathe deeply, hold the breath, and then lock it with the chin, put the concentration in the forehead, hold the breath as long as possible, then exhale slowly. When the thoughts are quiet, then say quietly and gently: 'I live in a circle of light, peace, truth, love and righteousness and nothing can harm me here.' This will help impart a feeling of calm and evenness to the time you spend inside.

"Sometimes, in meditation," Zona continued, "Maverick thoughts may appear. They can be dismissed by simply asking them to leave and informing them that you do not wish to have anything further to do with them just then. Constructive thoughts may appear also, and action on them can be delayed by politely asking them to be dismissed

to return at a specified time more advantageous to action.

"Soon it will be necessary for you to begin to spend more time in breathing practices to cleanse the nerve currents of the body, but we will come to that eventually."

CHAPTER 14.

Enlivened and encouraged by the breakthrough in his meditation, Terry threw himself into the work within with renewed strength and vigour and perseverance that left little energy for what little activity remained necessary at the physical level. He became determined to learn and master the intricacies of going within to be able to rise above the problems of the mundane world.

In response, his energy level plummeted and he found himself physically ill once again, unable to move inside or out. Zona's words and advice demolished his elation and his confidence:

"You must eat some meat. You cannot adjust this quickly. We have watched this very closely in many of our students and we firmly believe that it is all but impossible for one who occupies a western body to make the change so abruptly. Your body has been used to the sustenance of the heavy protein diet from the meat and to cut it off like this causes a radical change in the blood chemistry." She was very firm.

Terry listened, sullenly, determined to follow what he had been told to do by the voice.

He started to speak...and Zona cut him off.

"I know what you were told to do...you were told to eat no meat, and this is good advice, but you were not told how to make the transition, and I am telling you now that if you make it too quickly, you will be in trouble with your health. Take it easy...make it gradual. I would like to be a complete vegetarian also, but this takes time. It is best if you taper off and have meat or light fish once or twice a week or so for a while...perhaps a few months, and then see how it goes."

Terry knew that Zona spoke the truth, but there was a part of him that did not want to hear what she said. He felt deprived of his virtue -- utterly deflated and disappointed. Terry had come face to face with the ego, and they had both lost. He wrote in his journal:-

"...I am terribly disappointed, but I also realize that

the disappointment was by MY standard and MY plan and as hard as I have been trying to abandon my will, I now believe this is a manifestation of my failure to accept defeat with the same resignation as I accept victory. If my energy is gone and I am unable to function properly I am of little use to myself, to others, or to any purpose."

"I am not disappointed in you; why should you be disappointed in yourself?"

The words were loud and clear inside...the same voice. Terry felt relieved, but somehow still demoralized. He knew this was a time of great stress, trying to master the lessons and the matters within and preparing for the move out of the ranch. It was evident that the body was not going to give up so easily.

The proof was in the action: Terry's strength returned, and he embarked on a plan to relinquish the meat gradually allowing the body to adjust little by little to its new sources of energy from foods which produced less violence. Certainly there had been some considerable violence produced by his attempting to do without the meat these past few weeks.

"This has been a good lesson for you," Zona said in an almost motherly fashion. "What you are into now is something entirely different from any endeavour that you have ever undertaken before. It must be done gently. In the later stages, if you push, you could push yourself right out of that body."

Those words struck home. Terry listened.

"Now there are other ways that you can cleanse your body and the nerve conduits, and it is time that we have a look at some of them."

That day there began a programme which Zona instructed Terry to follow. Now that he was free from the fetters of law practice, he could devote more time to this, and he knew he must do so.

For the next several weeks, Terry practiced the breathing exercises that he was given...he was told that they would cleanse the organs of the physical body as well.

In response he developed a bronchial condition the coughing of which wracked his body with pain eliminating the accumulated debris of so many years of eating and drinking food and liquid that did little but inundate the body with mucous, waste and poisons. Zona told him that this was exactly what the exercises were designed to do and that it was necessary to entirely reverse the process that he had followed in years past.

There was massive resistance to the change in diet, in practice, and lifestyle. The conflict was at times so strong that Terry doubted Zona, the voice within, and at times, again, his own sanity.

"How could you leave all that money...such a good practice?"

He had heard that enough times from so many people now, and sometimes he began to question it himself. There was a part of him that refused to relinquish the beer, the grass and the mundane sensual pleasures that he craved; and there was a part of him that refused to allow the indulgence to continue, pulling every such thought out of the "mud" of his past life. He made an attempt to describe it in his journal:-

"...the ego seems to be everything that is not of the Absolute Standard. It is the congratulation one gives to himself for any accomplishment. It is the ever present call to make any decision through any process other than that proceeding from complete compassion. It is "getting into" anything. It is anything other than "flowing with the stream", and other than accepting everything that goes by without emotion or sensitiveness. It creeps in when least expected to invite one to do anything, however small that proceeds from want, desire or pleasure.

A surly ego can rebel and treat the higher One unkindly, but the One must look at the unkind ego with compassion and with the eternal hope that eventually the shadow of a body housing that ego will someday house a more blended and complete being truly in harmony with the One to whom we all necessarily must return."

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During these days, Terry began to experience the sensation that he had seen in the days of early transition, when things were starting to change: he wondered if he were alone in this venture. So far there had been only Zona to help him and he longed for company. Although their relationship was warm and understanding there was little discussion with Sharon on such matters.

Terry's days were spent at the ranch with little contact with the outside world. He had no friends except Zona; he rarely saw Tom. Ofttimes he would pick up a hitchhiker on the road in hopes that he would find a friend or comrade with whom he could share his experiences.

One day he met such a person who listened quietly as they rode out from town toward the ranch. Terry spoke sparingly, but apparently enough so that the other person could understand. A few days later, Terry received a letter:-

"Dear Terry...

It was a real pleasure to talk to you yesterday. When you mentioned that you were having some "heavy" experiences, I thought you might be moving into the spiritual realm, but I wasn't sure.

I suspect that you are starting to tap into the "superconscious" strata of the mind and you may be feeling some confusion, if not fear and anxiety.

If this is the case then it would be highly beneficial to talk with others who are on the "Path".

There are a few truly evolved souls on this planet and they didn't arrive there without the help of others. Points of transition can be very 'heavy' and unsettling...

Jeff."

Terry found comfort in this letter and in this dilemma as he had found comfort in his young rebellious clients in the early days, and he was ready for the letter that

announced that Indra Devi was holding a teachers training seminar at her Ashram in January, 1973...next month.

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When he arrived at Tecate, Terry tried very hard to have no expectations, but he secretly harboured the hope that he would find others who shared his experiences and could answer his questions...new questions that were beginning to develop: why?...why is this happening?... why is this happening to me? At once he hoped for answers from the others who were arriving, but concurrently feared that there might not be any answers forthcoming.

At first, Terry's fears seemed well-founded: he could find no one who appeared to have that special "gleam" in his eye which Terry sought. There was no one who seemed to say "I know how you feel because I feel that way too". It became more and more evident that no one was going to walk up and hand Terry any answers.

"You are being selfish." Zona was firm and frank. "It's time for you to stop being so selfish, soaking up everything from anybody who happens along. Do you think that you have nothing to offer to anyone else? You have learned much from going within. See what you can do to help them. Look for one who might have that questioning look on HIS face or HER face, and ask what you can do for them. You may think you have nothing to give, but you will get nothing until you at least try to give whatever it is that you have...humble as it may seem to you."

Terry was stunned. He had never thought beyond himself since those days when he seemed to notice a flow of insight into the problems of others, but at the time he attributed that to a growing expertise, in large part, to the practice of law and perhaps somewhat to a process of "opening up".

Now, to be enjoined to try to give what he was learning to others. Deflated once again, he recorded his thoughts:-

"These people did not defraud me: it is not they who have professed to be one thing and then turned out to be something else; it is I who decided that they would or should be one thing and then I became disappointed when they did not live up to MY expectations and serve MY purpose."

The next morning Terry awoke into his new life to a crisp high desert mountain morning of 30°. He showered to warm up and then dressed and walked up the mountain to watch the sunrise. At 7:15 Mataji appeared to lead the twenty-eight persons present through a short meditation and then a warm up session of one and one half hours of Hatha Yoga asanas and breathing. Terry was happy and comforted by the fact that Fred and Zona had come for the course.

Even as the first day wore on, Terry could see that those who had come for this seminar were truly professionals in their work of teaching Hatha Yoga. They had come from all over the world, and only then did he begin to see how fortunate he was to be included in their company.

The seminar had been called by Indra Devi to introduce a new method of teaching yoga asanas, a method which she called "sai yoga" after the guidance which she said she received from Sai Baba. The postures were the same to a great degree as Zona had learned them from Mataji, and as Zona had taught them to Terry, but there was an element of practice that Terry had not seen: an element of devotion, of offering the results to something higher than self-gain.

There were twenty-eight persons present including Terry, Zona and Fred. They each took their turn demonstrating the asanas under the intense scrutiny of Indra Devi and Rosita, her adopted Mexican daughter and Chief Assistant Instructor.

Terry heeded Zona's words and watched closely for opportunities that might arise to pass on what he might have learned, and he found that the more open he remained, the more he received. The instructions often came in meditation now.

Early one morning as he sat for meditation in Baba's room, he was told that there was a certain person in the course who needed help and was trying to work up the courage to ask for it. Just then the outside door of the building closed and Terry could hear someone walking down the hallway.

"She has just entered the building and will come and sit next to you. Her name is W..... Be available for her to ask you for help.

Terry's eyes were closed, but when the person entered the room, he could not resist the temptation to test the information which he had been given by the Voice within. He hazarded a brief glance in the candlelight, and there sitting next to him was the person whom the Voice had named. He smiled to himself...somewhat in relief, some in awe...and closed his eyes.

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The next day was Thursday the eleventh of January 1973. Terry had had indications within that the day of Thursday the eleventh was an auspicious occasion but he did not know why. The day went much according to the schedule followed by most of the days at the seminar until the time in the afternoon came for the break.

Leaving the group, Terry walked up the mountain for an afternoon meditation. He climbed the rocks to a small plateau that overlooked the green slopes in the distance and the Ashram below. Immediately upon sitting down, the Voice began to speak to him, much as it had before: but this time there was no doubt, and no surprise. The tone was almost conversational, informative, gentle, but there was an air of finality.

Earlier in the day, in the morning meditation...early, about three-thirty, Terry had entered Baba's room for meditation and sat quietly alone for sometime. Once as he was gently relaxing into the peace within, his head dropped just slightly and there appeared to his eye within

a very definite picture just to the right of centre...a figure in a white robe walking on a concrete portico. It was a flash...just for a second or two...no longer. It was someone that Terry had never seen before, but he knew who it was by the hair. It was the man in the picture... it was Sai Baba. He could not help now but wonder if this Voice came from Sai Baba...whether perhaps this phenomenon was beginning to bring him within its aura.

"Listen closely, Terry. If you will follow what I tell you you will be able to help others beyond your wildest dreams. You have been given some glimpses of what is to come, but you must prepare yourself to become more receptive to what is given to you.

You have one particular characteristic which is a great asset...aggressiveness. In this characteristic are two good aspects and two less desirable aspects. The two good ones to be developed are perseverance and thoroughness; the two less desirable are impatience and impertinence. You must cultivate accordingly.

To be able to do your work you must follow four orders: first: stay open; second: be there; third: protect yourself; and finally, say your mantra.

I will give you everything you need when you need it. You need ask for nothing, but you may have anything you ask for...and so be careful. Love all...be kind."

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The doubts which had plagued Terry previously were beginning to fall away: there were too many unusual occurrences now which could not be ignored. Terry did not know what the work was that he was to do but he did know what he had heard inside.

When he came down from the mountain, Terry discussed the inner conversation with Zona as he had been told he might do and she confirmed what he had heard.

"I told you that you should get used to such things. They will become more and more commonplace not only for you but for many."

what had happened could not be questioned as to the fact that it had transpired; but doubts still lingered on occasion as to the authenticity. In the following week, however, some events happened which served to substantiate the genuineness of what he had been told, and they were so blatant that they could not be ignored.

When the first week of the seminar had been completed, Terry had returned to the ranch for a weekend with the family. He decided that Tracy should accompany him to Tecate for the second week of the course.

On the third evening after their return, Mataji had gathered everyone in the upper lounge of the private living quarters of the house. These were treasured times when all would sit quietly and hear Mataji tell of her trips to India to see Sai Baba. Very few members of the seminar had been aware of the existence of Sai Baba, let alone Mataji's devotion to him. She would tell endless stories of how he had affected her life, and the lives of others; how he would appear in their dreams, and speak to them in meditations, and how, on some occasions, he would even materialize objects for devotees who visited him in India.

Such stories were, to the western mind, and in particular to one with ingrained skepticism, very hard to accept but it was increasingly evident from what was said by the others attending the seminar that these unusual matters were becoming more and more widespread in their appearance and that Terry was not the only one experiencing them. The truth was in the personal verification.

Terry and Tracy were sitting with the others watching the candles glow and listening to Mataji. When she had finished she said that they would all sit quietly for a time and either watch the candle or meditate.

Terry closed his eyes and sat very quietly. The Voice spoke to him inside:

"Tell Jerry that his grandfather is well and happy and that he is with Jerry's aunt."

The appearance of the Voice now no longer startled Terry as it once had. The words were loud and clear, and Terry at once became very enthusiastic, for here he saw a chance to verify...to prove...to authenticate, and his skeptical, legal-professional mind liked that very much. He smiled to himself and sat quietly until Mataji spoke softly.

"Good night, my darlings. I hope you all have a pleasant night, and sleep well, and may Baba watch over all of you until we meet in the morning for our meditation."

There were a few persons who had stayed over to this second week of the seminar from the first week, and most of those now attending had only just arrived the previous day. There was one young man with very short cropped hair that Terry suspected of being the one of whom the Voice had spoken. He walked over to this man as everyone was leaving the room.

"Are you Jerry?"

The man smiled, surprised, and nodded. "Yes, how did you know?"

"Please excuse my being so bold as to ask," Terry spoke without answering the question, "but are your grandparents living?" He had carefully phrased the question so as to allow no hint of the message or even of the reason he was asking such a personal direct question.

"Yes, why do you ask?" Jerry appeared very inquisitive now, and, it would seem, justifiably so. Terry suddenly felt empty.

"All of them?"

"Yes...wait, no. My mother's father died recently." Jerry was looking at Terry very hard now. He obviously wondered what this was all about.

"I have a message to give to you. I am almost as confused about the whole thing as you are, but I must tell you what I have been told. I don't even know if it will make sense."

Terry hesitated, almost reluctant to speak further.

"Anyhow, this might sound funny to you, but...well... your grandfather is well and happy. He is with your Aunt. Does that make any sense to you?"

Jerry looked off into the distance and broke into a broad smile.

"Yes, it makes sense. That would be his other daughter ...my mother's sister. She passed away some time ago." he paused. Then he turned and put out his hand. "Thank you...thank you very much. My family will be most happy to hear what you have said."

There was more meaning in the message than the words that Terry had delivered to Jerry. There was now authentication and proof for Terry's questioning mind... a personal experience that verified something that could not be verified otherwise. This is what he had been looking for. He knew that the other events had transpired but he questioned. He wondered if the Voice was his imagination. Now there was no room for doubt...at least for this occurrence.

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Another event involved Tracy. After one of the classes in which everyone was sitting listening to Mataji and taking their turn in leading the session, Tracy rose from her mat and inched her way toward the door. As she passed Terry she whispered to him.

"I don't understand some of this. I'm going out for a walk."

When the session was finished and everyone walked out for a break, Terry saw Tracy running toward him very excitedly, holding in her hand high above her head the japamala which she had bought at the Sai Baba centre in Los Angeles.

"Dad...look..." she ran up to him. There were several others close by.

"Look...smell...!" she held up the string of sandalwood beads and took the tassel in her fingers. "Smell the tassel. Look!"

Terry took the tassel and put it to his nose. It had a faint sweet smell on it.

"I was walking out near the bush, and looked at the tassel and it had Vibhutti on it...the ash from Baba's room."

"Involuntarily Terry flushed. He wanted to take Tracy aside and speak of the matter quietly and verify it for himself, and question her in private but the others now had heard her and they came over. Some wanted to smell the tassel.

"It's all gone now, but it was there...you can still smell it."

"Indeed you can, sweetheart," said one of the ladies standing next to Terry. She had the tassel in her hand now.

"Mataji, look, there was Vibhutti on on the tassel."

Indra Devi had come out of the house now and was standing next to Tracy. She smelled the tassel, and put her arms around Tracy, kissed her on the cheek.

"Yes, my darling...it is true."

Later that evening when they were all sitting in the upper room listening to Mataji, Tracy reached over gently and tapped Terry on the arm. He looked down at her hand which held the japamala. There was Vibhutti on the tassel, clinging to each little thread.

"When did that happen?" he whispered.

"Just now. I just looked down and there it was."

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The seminar was scheduled to finish on Saturday and Korissa had joined the group for the last two days early Friday morning. It was her turn now to lead the asanas and she was explaining the movement of the one that she would perform and through which she would lead the group.

When it came time, Terry sat on his heels as he had been directed, placed his hands on the mat in front of him and began to move his face along the mat toward the front, between his hands, swooping up "cobra-like" lifting his eyes upward, half-closed, arching upward and backward.

As he straightened his arms and lifted upward, he caught just a glimpse of the fluorescent lights above him on the ceiling, then his half closed eyes turned upward into the top of his head. Instantly he felt as if his eyes rolled on back over the top of his head, much farther than he could have ever moved them physically, and his consciousness expanded into what felt to be a deep meditative state. From deep within a place near the bottom of his spine, a sensation appeared, and events began then to take on the nature of a very slow motion, but concurrently with lightening rapidity...as if they occurred in another plane of time and space.

As the sensation in the spine grew into an intense "thrill" and began to move up the spinal column, there was a straightening of the spine and the back and the sensation streaked instantly to the top of the head. Before the upturned eyes now there flashed a brilliant light of a magnitude which was beyond Terry's comprehension and imagination. It's brightness and the intensity of the sensation which zipped now up the spine and met the light lifted Terry's consciousness into an instantaneous bliss that left his physical body drained and it crumpled to the mat. He felt a warmth flow from far up above the top of his head gently, rehabilitatingly, down the spine, now, toward his feet, reawakening, charging, energizing.

How long he lay there he did not know, but when he raised his head, Morissa had gone from the front of the room and Mataji was talking gently to the group. He tried to see what was before him, but his eyes were filled with tears, and in his head he could still see the faint glow of the brilliant light. He could hear Mataji as she ended the session.

He arose and walked toward Mataji.

"I must talk with you for a moment, please." he said to her.

"Come darling, we will go to Baba's room."

Terry related to her as best he could what had happened to him. Mataji took his hand and held it gently and looked into his eyes.

"It's all right. You were ready."

She leaned forward gently and kissed him on the forehead.

CHAPTER 15.

The return to the world of the family, the ranch, the bills that still had to be paid, the practical details and problems of the preparation for the move were traumatic for Terry. The atmosphere and life at the Ashram had been so peaceful and benign and the transition was becoming more and more difficult to handle. He continued to meet with Zona but his thoughts and time were increasingly occupied by the necessity of disposing of the ranch, the animals, and twenty-six rooms of furniture and accumulated belongings.

There was no income now and the family was supported on capital and savings from the sale of the partnership and the sale of household goods. As the supply of money began to decrease, Terry became more concerned. While in the protection of the Ashram, worries seemed very distant; but now, that peace provided little shelter against the storm of everyday problems except for the memories and those, Terry saw, were merely a means of escape.

There was no doubt that Sai Baba was becoming more and more a part of Terry's thoughts and everyday life, but his pragmatic presbyterian-cum-episcopalian background left little room for a mysterious Indian Holy Man who seemed able to enter one's head and live and move and manipulate one's thoughts. Terry did not consider himself completely naive on the subject now. The background had indeed begun to recede and the unavoidable facts of the moment were not being ignored. He was in fact aware that there was something happening inside his head...the experiences at Tecate brought that fact clear, and even the problems facing him now from the everyday world could not dim that light that he had seen inside.

In addition to the experiences that he had actually seen and in which he had participated, Terry was reading everything he could find which might shed further light on what was happening to him. He found that there was little that had been written on the subject in the west, but that

there were some books and that some of the writers did seem to know whereof they spoke. The greatest comfort that he gleaned at this time was finding some confirmation in the similar experiences of others who had documented what had happened to them.

The ones who had something to say however were few and far between, and many of them merely related twice-told tales or presented a vicarious analysis of the experiences of others as they had been told of them. When a work was found that did indeed have something genuine to say, there seemed to be a ring about it, a ring of truth, a vibration of authenticity which the reader could recognize with a faculty other than that found in the mind. This was what Terry found in the teachings that Zona presented. He did not know how she knew what she said to him, but he did know that she knew what she was talking about...he knew it within himself and he did not have to question her source, authority or her experience, even though he knew he was welcome to do so if he wished.

There was an element of faith, pure and simple, creeping into what was happening to Terry, for the alternative was to question and when one questioned Terry found that it was almost invariably done with a faculty which would not be satisfied with any answer offered in the response, and there was little choice but to accept what was happening based on the experience - although at times very subtle and hard to document - that he felt within. The only viable alternative that he could see was a return to an encounter with paranoia and loneliness that he was loathe to deal with.

Additionally, he had found that there were people in the world who felt and thought as he did, and who were experiencing many of the same sensations and experiences. He also learned from conversations that they too had experienced loneliness and isolation until they had also found that the number of persons experiencing these phenomena was growing; and often they had found, one way or another, that Sai Baba was somehow involved in the

experiences they were having or that there seemed to be some subtle connection, once one would open to the possibility, that there might be some connection with the experiences and Sai Baba. There were on the other hand, many at the seminar who had described their similar experiences and who had never heard of Sai Baba.

There seemed to be a "first step" so to speak, a recognition that there were indeed matters occurring that one could not explain in terms of the common experiences of western people, and the only exceptions seemed to be in these few books that were now finding their way to Terry, and in the people whom he had just recently met.

Comfort being what it was as it emanated from common experience, it offered precious little guidance as to the dealing with the stark realities of selling houses and wiping runny noses, and these were now the problems at hand.

"It is so tempting," Terry confided to Zona in one of their meetings, "to just walk away, and go to the woods, or live in a cave, as so many of the ones in the books have done."

"That's true, but that is not the way for you. You are a householder, at least for the present. That may end someday, but when that time comes there will be no doubt. When one's karma with another is ended, there is no way that they can stay together, but that is not the way it is with you now. For the time being, you must try to reconcile what is happening to you and the situation in which you find yourself...and leave what happens to Sai Baba, for it would appear that he is guiding your life."

This was what Terry had suspected, but in some ways did not want to hear.

"Who said I wanted him to guide my life? Did he ask me? Did I ask him?" There was more than a hint of indignation in Terry's voice.

To this, Zona did not respond. Terry knew there was no response. In fact he was somewhat ashamed that he had

asked the question, for he knew that the guidance was clear; and there was little ignoring it. He also knew it was a gift for which one did ask.

"All right. I cannot deny what is happening, but why me? Why should some Indian Holy Man take any interest in me?"

"It is not just you. He has taken an interest in many in the west. You will see. It will unfold."

It was in fact unfolding inside. Terry's only recourse now from the growing problems of a material nature was to either get good and stoned and drift away with the music on the stereo or to go inside. Most days he did both, but not at the same time. He would keep the time for meditation pure and untainted of any outside influence.

Only with some experience which comes with the passage of time does one see what Terry now began to find: that each day's meditation is different. If he dwelt on the experiences which appeared one day, he would spend too much time trying to capture them or recapture them and relive the moment or peace or ecstasy that he had been given. Then the "progress" of the moment was delayed.

Once, while sitting quietly in meditation after doing the intense breathing exercises which he had come to find would aid in quieting the mind, the eyelids began to flutter in rhythm...in cycles that would get faster then fade out, then come back. The sound that accompanied them was much the same one might hear in the revolution of a pinwheel: it would flutter around, then stop, then start up again. When this sensation seemed to fade away, there was then one of a rhythmic pulling to the right front of the head.

Terry sat and watched this phenomenon, with the detachment of an observer for a while, then he would look forward to the next cycle of the shh-shh-shh of the pinwheel. His body swayed in the rhythm of the cycles and whirring. Terry then discovered that he had become very attached to the sensation, and when it began to subside, he would repeat a mental exercise within to attempt to prolong the experience.

His efforts were in vain; he had no control over the sensation, the experience, nor even, he found, much to his chagrin, the attachment to the entire event. He could do nothing but accept its occurrence.

He began to take the problems of the outside world into meditation for he decided that he would take Zona at her word that there was indeed gratuitous guidance being offered to him. If it was in fact Sai Baba, perhaps he would offer some suggestions as to how he were to cope with or dispose of the struggles which now presented themselves on this physical level.

The ranch had been on the market some six months, but there appeared to be little hope of selling it. Prospective buyers were few and far between and the real estate market was depressed. It had never occurred to Terry that the ranch might not sell... he had seen it in an occasional flash of fear but had not seriously considered the possibility for the implications that it carried. Yet, now that was looming as a very real problem. Almost daily Terry would find himself caught in a dilemma of struggle and he could not reconcile the two worlds in which he found himself...the one without and the one within. He was growing sorely afraid at times now that he might do something "wrong".

On occasion Terry would sit and plead and beg for relief of the ills that plagued him...the troubles that bothered and worried him. But relief would come only in its right time, he would find; neither a moment too soon nor too late.

Ironically, it often seemed that the times when the pressure was the greatest from the problems of the world that the greatest moments of insight appeared to the truths within, but Terry's concern was growing more and more to be not so much a question of "success" in any major endeavour, but the immediate problem of making through any particular day with the problems that it presented at the moment.

"If I do not learn to flow with this stream, then every bit of news that I receive is classified good or bad, and so it follows, up or down. One day we have a buyer for the ranch and the next day... nothing.

Life is now a series of tests and they are manifested one way or another. They cannot be anticipated or avoided, it would seem. They should be faced and handled. The whole question and the heart of the test...each test...seems to be HOW DID I HANDLE THIS ONE SITUATION? Did I accept defeat, as well as victory, with calm resignation?"

Concern for the moment then became simple: "How did I handle THIS test? Did I pass, did I fail; what am I supposed to do now?"

Accompanying each test was a growing sense of helplessness, coupled with a sense of urgency, and undermined with a sense of uselessness; and this oftentimes precurred a growing presence of "spiritual paranoia"...the knowledge that all effort was in vain...the fear that no matter what was done that it was probably the "wrong" thing to do.

These tests and the accompanying sensations and emotions were presented daily, usually several times daily, each time taking Terry just to the edge of emotional endurance and intellectual enquiry, and it was undoubtedly here that he gained the greatest insight into what was happening to him, for at such a point there would inevitably come a release, a letting go of the problem and any delusion that he could "solve" it. He would be left devastated, drained of all energy, desire or ambition, and the "answer", if there could be said to be such a thing, would be presented in simplest terms, sometimes in a meditation with an explanation by the Voice, which seemed to come and go at its own whim and fancy, or merely by another method which was becoming more and more prevalent.

This latter event could be said to be a "flash"...an instantaneous occurrence...a blazing thought form which would present itself not from the normal end of a logical sequence of thought process, but rather from a seemingly sourceless birth in which was spawned a myriad of consequential phenomena that would in turn relate themselves to some experience or prior thought pattern by which a seemingly endless loose array of concepts and problems would in a moment be conjoined in a bond of complete "understanding".

But even this "understanding" was not the procedure that Terry had come to know as normal understanding from the thought and logic process that the mind is wont to pursue. It was rather an "acceptance" of a pattern almost of vibrations that would permeate his being and become a part of him...part of the very makeup of his being rather than something that he would possess in the nature of something known or remembered.

To accept the truths presented in this manner in the beginning was difficult for it was in seeming contravention to everything that had come before in the form of learning and knowledge as he had known it.

Rather the truths and solutions to problems presented were of a sublime and subtle nature, once seen, found to be so obvious that the need for authentication seemed unnecessary and the veracity of which was unquestioned and unquestionable.

The presentation of such truths and flashes of insight happened too quickly and in too immense a proportion to be presented by words by any Voice including the one that was now presenting guidance from within, for when one of the flashes appeared, the Voice would apparently fade away unable to continue any dialogue or monologue as the concepts assumed a lightening fast panorama of instant ideas and material that would require ages to present by mere words and conversation.

Sometimes the flash would assume the form of a picture but rather than one of two dimensional flatness it would hold the depth of an ageless scenario, carrying past,

present, and future, all in the instant, as well as all the necessary ingredients to comprehend all facets and aspects of all problems presented by and inherent in it.

In the beginning, when these flashes began, their impact was staggering and Terry would be overcome by their immensity. If he were not attentive, they would present themselves as what he might have previously called a "figment of imagination", but the meditations that he was now entering made ignoring them impossible and made discounting their importance or the depth of their wisdom unthinkable.

Terry could remember that the stage or mode in which they were presented was in fact reminiscent of the first opening flashes presented when he had first experienced the effects of the smoking of marijuana, but since the practice of smoking had diminished and the use of it had gone from his life, the flashes were becoming even more and more subtle and illuminating. Their intricacy seemed to grow with each new presentation.

The fact that such experiences were unalterably, it seemed, linked with unpleasant physical occurrences or "tests" as Terry came to know of them, enabled him to become more and more accustomed and accepting of the pain of the labour of their birth, but he found that he could not cause their premature appearance by an early surrender to the problem or test presented. It would have to run its course, leading him through endless emotional traumatic confrontations and intellectual searching for answers that just simply did not exist in the bank of solutions that had been stored from his early life, his study of law, or his professional practice. To attempt to second-guess the elusive climax or to attempt to avoid a moment of the agony of the search seemed futile, and each time he was taken to the very edge of his ability to cope with the situation presented, whether it be how to secure income to pay the increasing debts that were being presented by creditors that he intended to pay from the sale of the ranch or the inner consequences of some private

violation of an ideal or standard of conduct that he had set for his own way of life.

When the tension did break, there would be presented then much more than simply the answer to the problem at hand, but he could not, try as he might, determine in advance when the point of release might be coming. There was no premature surrender to the attack.

"Once this begins to happen," said Zona one afternoon when they were discussing the phenomena, "One must be absolutely fearless. Some of my students here in the Hatha Yoga classes have had some experiences during relaxation. One girl saw a flash one day inside her head and she promptly ceased all practice of yoga and would not even look at what it meant. She has not been back. But this doesn't happen too often, although it is well for one to be forewarned.

"What is happening inside one's head at such times is a lesson that is unique to the one experiencing it," she went on. "there will be matters of illumination that could not be discussed in words...simple and sublime truths of the universe."

Ferry knew the truth of her words. This is exactly what he had, and it was comforting to hear another explain it, at least explain that it could not be explained.

Ferry began to realize that he was at the mercy of this unpredictable cycle of problem-pressure-release-illumination syndrome: there was nothing he could do to control it. He would watch as his consciousness began to descend into the depths of depression, fear, or paranoia after he had exhausted all possible physical solutions to a problem being presented or which had subtly crept into his life, and as the problems became more intense and frequent he became defeated so many times that he resigned his effort to merely holding on till he could get out...someway...to another life without the intense pressures which now were plaguing him.

He had now been out of the law office for some five or six months and the elation of the days at Indra Devi's ashram were a good three months behind him. He could find

no relief whatsoever from any direction except meditation, and then only barely, for what was happening within supplied only enough grace of somekind to carry him through the day and the night.

Terry had long since left the church and the hypocrisy of what he called the "Sunday do-gooders" in favour of the company of those he considered more genuine in his young clients and his friends from San Diego, and then of late, the people that he had met at Indra Devi's and whose company he still relished within his memory. He longed now to find that inner strength that he had felt in their presence during those priceless days together when their cares were washed away in the endless stories that Mataji told when they would all sit in the big lounge in her house at Tecate.

He felt a growing attraction to Sai Baba, for he saw no other hope. The physical evidence that had been presented in the form of inexplicable manifestations and inner experiences carried its own weight, but it met with mighty resistance from a western mind and particularly one trained in the skeptical profession that rested all its arguments on logic, and on that which is observable, touchable and feelable, so to speak.

But now, Terry knew that the pressure that was coming to bear on him left him little choice. He turned to this mysterious holy man not so much out of faith and hope but out of despair and hopelessness.

Turning to Sai Baba came more for Terry out of pragmatism than religion...more for relief than revelation. He sought a practical approach to the problems that plagued him now, but more than an approach to the solving of each and every problem that was presented, he looked for an over-riding attitude that might relieve the pain of the continuing parade and panorama of pride, vanity and hopelessness that he saw within himself. He wanted a constant of some kind that he could seek refuge in and which would allow him to meet the challenge of the pains of withdrawal from a life to which he was loathe to return and uncertainty of a life into which he was unexplainably and inevitably moving.

CHAPTER 16.

When Terry arrived at the Sai Baba Centre on the night of the third of March 1973, the night of Mahashivaratri, a very high holy day to many devotees of Sai Baba and most Hindus, he was an "old face"...a veteran. He found the warm welcome of those whom he had met at Mataji's and when he and Tracy had attended the birthday celebration a great relief. There was a sense of sharing among them...a sense of common knowledge of sharing a common plight. The ensuing sense of relief was not so much in the promise that Sai Baba would lift all troubles from each of them, but at least that there was some one else in the world that was experiencing what he was going through.

In his conversations with others, he found this to be true. They too were feeling an increased pressure from the trials of life which seemed to be multiplying. They too were, many of them, involved in the study of yoga, meditation, and were experiencing untold and untelling flashes inside, but many of them did not even have the blessing of the benefit of someone such as Zona to confirm for them what was happening. Terry found that some who were there were in worse shape than he, for many were simply wandering in their search for something they did not know what and in many cases afraid that they might find it...or more fearful, that there might indeed not be anything to find.

Terry could take a deep breath once again, and the problems and trials of the ranch seemed far behind on entering the warm atmosphere of the Centre; but that night held many surprises.

It is said that the night of Mahashivaratri is the one day of the year when the ego is most vulnerable to attack. The moon which is the presiding deity of the mind of man, according to Eastern tradition and astrology, wanes until on the fourteenth day after the full moon, it is just a tiny curve of glimmering glow.

According to Baba, the mind too "must be starved into that condition, so that man may become free". Baba enjoins that all should spend this final night in endless meditation foregoing sleep and, in the case of extreme devotees, also engaging in a fast.

The day had been observed in the west in Sai Baba Centres for some past years since the influence of Baba and other Eastern holy men had begun to be felt. Traditionally it would end with a breakfast feast in the early hours of the morning.

Terry felt a warmth at the company of kindred spiritual people who were there, but he also harboured secretly an unexposed, (he hoped) doubt, and there was additionally a part of him which still did not want to be there that night. There was serious singing and chanting of "Bhajans" or holy chants all through the night followed by times of meditation and silence. There were no leaders as such; each person pursued his own meditation in his own manner. Some gave in and slept; others walked around the large room to stay awake. For a few minutes around midnight, Terry dozed, tired from the long drive from the desert, but then he awoke abruptly, seated as he was, into a deep meditation for a short time.

When he opened his eyes he could see the room was very crowded...perhaps a hundred people packed into the small room, small for that number of people. The room was candlelit and the air was heavy with incense.

He began to feel hostility well up inside him, and an animosity toward a young couple who were seated near him. Later he described it:

"From whence the hostility came, I knew not...it surfaced and sashayed its ugly black head in front of my face. With almost double vision...that is both objectively and subjectively...I watched myself, and my animosity. I could not understand it. I knew what was happening. But I could not do anything about it. Then all of a sudden, I could! they no longer were objects of my contempt and petty animosity and jealousy but they became warm, breathing, loving, souls. They were like me. And once again I could see we were all part of the whole."

It had been another intense insoluble problematical experience, but this time, it had unfolded before Terry's inner eye in a compressed time sequence that allowed him to observe the birth, life, and death of an ugly emotion and reaction.

When the pressure had become so intense that he could almost no longer bear it, he felt a release...a surrender... and a relief come within that carried the whole despicable feeling away in a wave of some kind of unseen grace.

Such occurrences continued through the night, first with a person sitting nearby, then with an idea that would come from the depths of the hidden mind, then with a fear or problem from the "real world" of debts, ranches, bills and children at home. It was much as had been described, Terry could see in retrospect, the next morning. It was as if there might be some truth to the claim that the night held relief for those who would stay with the darkness of the evil held within their own minds and watch it be consumed in the early morning hours.

Terry could now accept that Sai Baba had a hand in this, but he could not accept that it was the Sai Baba that he saw and of whom others spoke...for he knew the limitations of the physical body...at least he thought he did...and he could only accept the working of the essence or some unseen spirit that might proceed from this person who dwelt in India and who, it was said, was ministering to the needs of millions of people in India and thousands outside India on that long dreary night.

Terry tried very hard to rationalize and understand, but in the darkest morning hours, there was no energy left to comprehend...he could only accept that what he had seen within his own consciousness had indeed happened: he acknowledged that his life was no longer under his control, and he was at the mercy of some unseen grace presumably emanating from this Indian holy man and, somehow, concurrently, from within his own being.

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In the days and weeks that followed Terry's return to the desert ranch, his meditations took a definite turn. The peace which he felt within became more discernible, and it was easier for him to move within toward a centre that seemed almost palpable at times. He felt that he had little choice

now but to "flow with that stream" that he had described to his journal some weeks earlier, and to accept what was happening, from wherever it might be coming.

He felt that he had little choice but to move "fearlessly" into the experiences that were presenting themselves, for the alternative was a loathsome, fearful, ubiquitous fear of fear itself, without faith, hope or any comfort from any source. The worst that could happen was that he might die, he thought, or perhaps go insane, and in either event, he would be relieved of the weight of oppressive problems that were growing unbearable and unsurmountable.

The meditations seemed to be taking a course now, and in one particular instance the consciousness expanded almost tangibly. It occurred after Terry had been engaged in conversation with another person in the living room. They were both seated, and Terry experienced some "double" vision...of seeing an object, in this case a table leg, duplicate itself and move off to the right from the original. This lasted for some minutes then the vision returned to normal.

In the meditation that occurred early the next morning, Terry felt, soon after he had entered the deepest part of meditation, a sensation of the right end of the couch on which he was seated to be tilting, it seemed, downwards and the left end raising, and a concurrent pulling to the right.

"...I "knew" the room really did not tilt, however, the reality of the feeling was unmistakable. I examined it very closely and objectively. My eyes remained closed throughout. I knew I was loose in my corporeal body. It was as if all points of adhesion had been dissolved and the inner "shell" was floating, inside...and tipping...perhaps ready to "fall out, or slide out at any moment".

The sensation was pleasant although not exotic. I watched, and waited. Nothing further. I spoke my usual words to communicate with the Voice: "Are you there?" The Voice was there, but I cannot remember what it said, but I remembered an exercise that Zona had told me to do, and which I had not done before.

I visualized myself decreasing in size and I began moving back through my life toward birth...experiences of my child-

hood returned vividly; I could conceptualize events and experience the attendant emotions back to a very early age. I could see parents and friends easily...as they were then. Back...back...to birth. Here I could not see, but I could feel. I felt the warmth and comfort, and then in retro-retro-spect I could see the life ahead of me...I could see what was to come.

Instantly then I began again at the present and began increasing my size toward filling the universe and encompassing all in it. Now I did not 'see' the future, but I expanded...more and more, and began to speak to the Higher Voice. Our voices became closer and closer until they became one voice...and then...through the door..."

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Immediately upon return to the ranch and following the episode described above...after the visit to the Sai Baba Centre...the effects and benefits of meditation on the physical level began to manifest. As was his custom, Terry had picked up a hitchhiker on the way home and brought him in for the night, offered him dinner, a bath and a bed. The next day, early, he was gone and so was the \$200 from Sharon's purse which had been allocated for the family's food for the immediate future. Sharon became absolutely livid with anger and vented her emotions on Terry for bringing this person into the house.

But Terry, to his surprise and Sharon's further discontent, remained almost totally emotionless about the entire affair... he was almost stoic, passive...and indifferent. His only concern was for the one who had stolen the money from one who had befriended him, for in a flash, Terry could see the hurricane which would descend on this man.

Terry quickly learned as well the feeling once again of having no money...this was the end of their cash, and he knew it was the beginning of the end, for from his weakness, Terry could feel himself growing stronger in the face of calamity.

"This is simply a manifestation of the grace which is showing itself in your life," Zona said when they had met the next day. "Once one understands that there are certain forces in our lives that are coming and going as a result of our actions, and that the effects from these actions are constantly rebounding within and around us, then it is an easy step to see...though sometimes hard to take...for one to avail himself of some relief from those effects."

From their discussion Terry could see that the effects of his actions...say, in this case picking up a hitchhiker... could lead to the event that did in fact occur, and it was merely another step or two to suppose that there had been other actions on his part which precipitated the event. In a flash which followed, he grasped the descent of the grace or "suspension of effect" if it could be stated thus which could intervene to undermine, if not the actual event itself, at least the devastating emotional effect that would or could proceed from it.

This is exactly what he had perceived in his own life in this case. The event had continued but the effect of the event...his own reaction...had been carried away and there had been no emotional reaction...and he had in essence been spared the pain and anguish of the usual consequences of such an event transpiring in his life.

This was a major realization for Terry, for it underscored a notion that he had long harboured: that it was not the events which happen to one that are important, but rather than that, it is how one reacts which determines his state of mind and the peace within and around oneself at any given time.

Traditionally, it would be considered proper to become very upset and emotional at the occurrence of such an event of losing the money, but the effect of that trauma had been spared Terry...it had in and for all appearance been suspended, so to speak. He began to feel that he could, perhaps, control at least his reactions to events, if not the transpiration of the events themselves. It was then that he could see a definite connection between the meditational practices and such an attitude, for he seemed to carry the meditational peace into his daily life and as a protection to adverse events which might occur.

CHAPTER 17.

Terry and Zona both knew that the time that they could spend together was coming to an end. Whether the ranch was sold or not, it would soon be time for Terry to take the family out of the desert and prepare for their move to New Zealand. They had planned to spend this last summer in the States on the coast, relaxing into the life ahead of them.

On one of the occasions that they met toward the final days Zona frankly and openly broached a subject that was still very close to Terry and which he had until now protected very carefully.

"Are you still smoking grass?"

Zona had hit a nerve. Terry did not answer immediately but he knew that he must answer honestly.

"You could be approaching a time when it could become dangerous for you to smoke grass." She knew. "You know that I have certain feelings about things...sometimes they come to me in dreams, sometimes in meditations."

Terry knew, for he experienced the same things...sometimes premonitions, deja vu, ...flashes of insight. He did not see how he could argue with Zona.

"I have had some dreams and even nightmares about you and the continued use of grass. Now, don't get me wrong...I'm no prude...it's none of my business who smokes it and who doesn't but I must tell you how I see it."

Terry's automatic defenses began to rise as she spoke, for he had heard the arguments so many times from so many people who had not smoked marijuana and simply did not know what they were talking about when they harangued about its dangers. He had long ago completely satisfied himself with independent research into the writings and experiments of experts that there was little danger in its use, and for his own mind, his own use of marijuana had borne this out to him! He then became instantly disenchanted at the prospect of facing another diatribe, especially from Zona; but out of respect, he listened quietly.

"Fred has done some research into this, for he too has been concerned about you. In fact, he phoned just before you came and we discussed it. He feels that you should give it up... and so do I."

Terry did not respond.

If it had been anyone else, Terry would have told them to mind their own business, but he had to listen to Zona.

"What concerns me is not the fact that you smoke it, but what could happen if the force rises in you...which I feel it is going to do, sooner or later...at a time when you are under the influence of marijuana. I've never used it myself, but Fred has. He says the effects are pleasant, and maybe you can see no harm in its use."

"All I know is that it has been a delightful alternative to what is out there," Terry nodded toward the window, "and more than once, it has pulled me through something that might have knocked me down. But I don't just use it as a crutch... there is something about it that is impossible to describe."

"I can accept all that...whether you think I can or not. That part does not concern me. What does concern me is the consequences that you might face if you continue to mix what is going on inside you and the effects of the grass."

Zona was referring to the "force" which she had experienced in her own life, and whether she knew anything about marijuana or not, she did know about this "force" and Terry knew she knew.

The "force" of which Zona spoke, is sometimes referred to as the "kundalini" or simply the "shakti" which in the East means "power". It is said that this force or power resides in all men and women and that it can, upon the practice of certain meditative or yogic techniques become active. It is this force or power, which, according to yogic tradition, confers upon the practitioner or yogi or master the extraordinary powers over nature which have been well documented and the existence of which there now is no question even in Western scientific circles. Western science has thus far been unable to define or describe from whence comes these powers, but their effects are accepted by the more forward looking Western scientists including psychologists. Terry was familiar with the concepts and the theories, and at least once...at Tecate, when the light appeared inside his head in the midst of the practice of one of the yoga asanas...he had seen for himself the fact of the existence of the power, and some of its force.

"When you undertook to do meditation and practice yoga, you had to accept what went with it. I am worried about your mixing the two...grass and yoga. In the beginning it was all right, but now you are getting down to some of the more serious practices and it is evident, to me at least, that you are approaching a time when you could encounter trouble if you continue to mix them."

Terry could feel all the arguments in retort coming forth and urging him to present them, but behind them, deeper...in the gut...there was another reaction.

"..When Zona reached the argument that grass and kundalini don't mix, and if it should happen to rise when I was stoned that I could be in trouble, I felt a definite tingling...a glow: a gut reaction and recognition... A FLASH...of truth. Her point was not that grass is bad, but that it is dangerous for me...where I am at NOW!"

"I don't know how imminent this might be...perhaps you have a few months, perhaps years, but all I know is that I had to say this to you."

"Yes, I know...the time will come." Terry replied. "It seems to be just another layer that must be shed at the proper time. It has done its thing...and soon it will fall away too."

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Terry accepted Zona's words as just what they were: guidance. He felt that he could accept it or reject it, but that it was to his benefit to listen. He could see that the main barrier to accepting guidance when it is offered...no matter from which source it may come...is the reluctance of the person, or some part of it, to face the fact that the guidance may be correct, and that it may mean giving up or rejecting some thing or practice to which the person has been attached.

In this case it was easy for Terry to conjure up arguments and rationale against what Zona was saying: it could be said that the probabilities of this happening to him were minimal, and that he had been safe so far, and so on.

But the guidance that was coming to Terry was coming from too many sources; it was too recognizable; it was blatant, and he had seen the effects of it too many times. From where it was coming he did not know...perhaps from Sai Baba, he would think and dismiss it; but Terry did know that it was appearing from time to time, and often from unexpected sources or channels.

On one occasion, Terry was suffering from digestive upset, and apparently it was obvious from the look on his face. Candice entered the room and looked at him inquisitively.

"What's wrong, Dad?"

"Uh...stomach. Think maybe it's the lemon juice."

"Lemon juice is o.k. once in a while, but it can cause problems especially if one develops an alkaline condition in the stomach. Might check your diet." She walked out of the room.

Terry looked up, almost astonished to hear the words come from one of only tender years. Terry thought for a time and then followed Candice out of the room.

"You know, you might have something there. Maybe I should give up the lemon juice."

"What lemon juice?"

"What we were just talking about."

"What do you mean?"

"When you said that the lemon juice might cause stomach trouble."

"Dad, I don't know what you are talking about. I didn't say anything about lemon juice. And what is this about your stomach?"

"We were just talking...oh...it's o.k....never mind."

Whatever may have been on Candy's mind, it was not Terry's lemon juice. Rather than cause a stir, Terry let it go, and assumed that it might be just another unexplained phenomenon, the number of which seemed to be increasing daily.

CHAPTER 13.

"Things seem to have gone from the ridiculous to the sublime: the Savings and Loan wants to foreclose on the ranch and take it out from under us even before it is sold." Sharon could barely hide her desperation at the situation and her antagonism at Terry for getting her into it. "What are we going to do? It seems like a big merry-go-round... things seem to ease up for a while then a big wad hits the fan again."

Terry had begun to worry again also, but he had said nothing to Sharon. He felt that perhaps it was only his faith that kept her going from day to day. He knew that it was only a matter of time before the foreclosure notice came.

"I'm at a loss, my dear. I know that things are going to be all right...I just know it...I mean I really know it, but there is no way I can convey that to you.

"I used to consider myself a pretty good lawyer and a decent thinker, but right now I'll be damned if I can think of a way to get us out of this. I can't figure out what the plan or the schedule is."

Sharon was not satisfied, and understandably so. She did not rely on Zona, or Sai Baba, or any voices, inside or out. She lived in the stark reality of checkbooks, children, and foreclosure notices, and she could look only to Terry for her strength.

"It probably sounds terrible to you just now," Terry went on, "but I reckon the thing to do now is to laugh."

The red on Sharon's face began to approximate that of her flaming hair. Terry could see the inevitability of a frontal attack.

"I'll ring the manager of the Savings and Loan. It will be all right." He wondered. He put his arms around Sharon just in time. She withdrew the attack for now.

"...I've resigned myself to the fact that the whole ball of tangled twine is by far too knotted and twisted for me to resolve and now I must just sit back and watch it go by...and laugh...through the tears.

I've prayed; I've cried, worried, meditated, thought positive, hoped, thought...but all, seemingly, to no avail.

To top it off the men from the moving company came today to find out about the furniture to be shipped to New Zealand...and we can't even pay our mortgage."

"Everything seems to be on schedule except for the schedule.

The ironical thing about it is that I am getting to a point where I don't care...less and less concern, but I dare not tell Sharon that.

I do get the impression or gut reaction sometimes that this is the point to which I am supposed to be pushed...or to push myself. I would like to tie up all the loose ends of the twine before we leave, but I am about ready to sell the furniture and equipment and walk away from the rest of it."

Terry felt numb. There was no solution to the problem that he could see, and he could feel the old paranoia and desperation beginning to wave their ugly heads in the background.

"Sometimes, I think it would be so much easier if we just didn't have anything...ranch, furniture, pool, animals... or plans." He thought to himself. "What irony. Here we sit on thousands of dollars worth of real property, and now on top of the foreclosure, the bank wants to take the volkswagon bus back."

The pressure began to increase daily; communication virtually ceased between Terry and Sharon, and the atmosphere was ice. Terry seriously began to consider just walking away from it all, selling the furniture and paying for the boat tickets, and leaving the property, the bus, and everything to the creditors.

"Not a very dignified ending to such a marvellous success story," he thought.

The auction for the sale of the household goods was scheduled and he decided to go ahead with it. When he told the family what he intended to do, Candy's eyes filled with tears, and Sharon became rebellious as the reality of the situation began to dawn, not in the future, but now...right now in the ominous present. It became evident that most of them had harboured a secret wish that the whole thing was a dream and would never actually come about, for now it was time to think about leaving the animals, and selling the horses to which teenage girls can be so deeply attached.

It was also evident that Terry was alone now. They were really going to leave the ranch, and everything to do with it. They had all closed their eyes to the reality that was coming...and it had bitten them on the hand.

The ranch was in perfect condition now. Terry and Beth had painted the outside of the house; the front lawn was manicured; the junk from the back lot had been cleared away; and all was in readiness. This pleased Terry, for he could now think that some other family could come in and enjoy what they would be leaving.

But his optimism did not alleviate the conditions that continued to present themselves: just after he scheduled the sale, the bus threw a rod and broke down.

Terry did what he had to do: he got good and stoned. It was the only way now. The day would come when he would give it up, but that day had not arrived yet. Today he had to get through today. So he got stoned.

"Come on guys, it's time to start packing things up for the movers to ship to New Zealand."

That did it: They all got stoned, and started packing.

"We're really going to do it. We started packing.

We don't have any money, and the power company has notified us that the electricity goes off for lack of payment soon. Real property taxes are due, social security taxes are due, and we just go ahead and write the cheques like there was money in the bank. Sharon has pulled out beautifully. Looks like things are coming together. Whether they will stay glued or not remains to be seen."

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"Now you listen very closely to me."

Terry listened very closely. He didn't even breathe.

"I am right behind you. If you turned around you could see me."

Terry did not turn around. He did not open his eyes. He sat very still. It was just after three a.m. He had grown totally desperate and had slept very little that night, but once when he dozed off, he had been awakened, and knew he must go into meditation. It was the first time in weeks that the

Voice spoke to him.

"You have been wasting your time, praying and begging for the sale of this house, while in the same breath you could have prayed for the liberation of ten thousand souls. You have wasted your energy, your breath, and your time. The only difference between you and your son when he nags and cries begging for the toys in the store, and you begging for the sale of this house...the only difference between you is a few dollars. You waste your time when you could be working toward the very gift of liberation itself. Trinkets and trash are what you are asking for. It is so unbecoming. I could sell this house with a wave of my hand."

For forty minutes the Voice talked to Terry, admonishing him and scolding.

"I have told you before, and I tell you again...make no mistake...I will care for your every need...you will be totally provided for...everything...everything you need."

Silence.

"Even if it is a colossal downer?" Terry wondered to himself, but he proceeded as directed. The sale of household goods went as scheduled just two days later.

Word had now spread over the desert valley about what was going on with Terry, and people came from miles around on the warm spring Saturday morning to bid on every stick of furniture and on each of the three television sets and innumerable items of family accumulation.

The day proved to be one of great festivity. Terry saw clients, and friends of old that he hadn't seen since he went into seclusion, and as the auctioneers gavel signalled the departure of one item after another...goats, tractors, cattle, fence posts, chickens, refrigerators...Terry's concern got lighter, and his spirits lifted higher and higher.

There is something to watching years and years of junk walk out the driveway and up the road with a new owner, knowing that it is something that one will never have to deal with again. Terry felt this release all that day and into the night and once again he had money to assure food for the family...and passage to a new land.

That night the whole family slept on the floor...there were no beds. In fact the whole house was empty...totally empty. All the animals were gone. No milking to be done. No eggs to be collected. All in twenty-four hours. The entire life of the whole family had virtually come to a complete and abrupt STOP!

For Terry, it was both exhilarating and depressing. What a tremendous load was lifted...everything was gone except the items that the family would load on the ship for the trip to New Zealand. He felt sorry for Sharon. She had held up well, watching everything that she owned and loved and held so dear being wrenched from her tender hold.

One thing they all agreed upon: it was very, very strange. There were sensations within that Terry had never felt before. One kind of security had gone and another had been planted in its place. It amazed him to observe the change of the thinking process itself: matters which had occupied his mind only a day or two previously were now completely gone...they just did not exist. There had been no money: now there was thousands of dollars. There had been doubts about the move: now it was assured. There had literally been no food in the house: now the family could eat.

"You know," said Terry to Sharon as he rolled an empty beer can across the carpet toward Patrick, "I have this feeling that we are the kind of people you read about in a magazine... I've never known anyone who did this except Bill...I mean actually did this...sold everything and left. A lot of people talk about it, but I've never seen it done."

"Yeh." Sharon gazed at the fire in the fireplace. "It's sure different. I don't even know what to worry about. Even my problems are gone."

=O=

In the days that followed, things began to happen so fast that Sharon had little time to think let alone worry. The goods were packed and shipped, and matters began to flow into the final preparations for the trip to the coast for the summer, prior to sailing in August.

Terry would go within, but he did not meditate. The mind was too full and busy and there was little hope of quieting it now. He would sit and watch his thoughts for long periods of time in the early morning...thoughts that no longer needed to be thought, for they concerned matters that no longer existed anywhere but in the past, and memories were useless. There was not any thought of the future, for the future did not exist...he had no conception of what it might hold. He tried in vain on occasion to imagine what he was going into, and inevitably would lapse into a peaceful nothingness when the thoughts had exhausted themselves.

One morning just ten days after the sale of the household goods, Terry was sitting in the upstairs room where he meditated so often in the months past. They had planned to leave the house and ranch and head for the coast now, whether it was sold or not. Terry felt they had little choice, but he knew better than to pray or hope that it would sell.

As he drifted deeper into a dozing meditation, the Voice spoke to him:

"It is time for you to begin your journey."

Terry looked up at the candle, and smiled.

Later that morning after he had watched the sunrise and walked out to the irrigation ditch at the rear of the property, and down along the bank to the date tree, and had looked out over the field that he had irrigated so often, trying, in vain, to make it produce a crop, and after he walked back to the shed and looked at the saddle rack, now empty, and at the goat shed, now quiet, the phone rang. It was the realtor.

"I have good news for you Terry! the ranch has been sold."

"Yes," Terry replied, slowly, taking a deep breath. Tears welled up in his eyes. "Yes, I know."

CHAPTER 19.

The day they left the ranch, they got an early start to avoid the increasingly oppressive desert heat. They loaded most everything in the trailer and a lot of it on the rack on top of the v.w. bus. Puffy, the dog, went up in back with a cold case of beer, and the cats down beneath Beth's feet in a box on the floor.

Nobody said much as they drove out the drive and turned right toward the mountains. Terry was driving. At the edge of the field, he turned around and smiled.

"Thank you."

Tracy looked back briefly, and then everyone looked ahead to the future.

It began to brighten with every mile, for every minute that passed meant another that would not be retraced or backtracked.

"We really did it," it was Sharon who spoke. "I don't believe it. We really did it."

"That we did, love."

=O=

Morro Bay was literally a breath of cool fresh air after the heat of the desert. This is where they would spend the summer, relaxing, waiting for August, and the sailing date. The house was small, the furniture was no longer second hand, and the beds sagged, but it was home, and they were all glad to get there.

Settling in and settling down was more of a chore than had been anticipated: everyone found it difficult to just STOP, but the Pacific Ocean was just two short blocks away, and riding horses soon gave way to walks on the beach and sand castles and lazy afternoons at the waters edge.

"Let's hitchhike across the States to Florida and see my parents," Terry proposed one bright morning.

Sharon barely avoided choking on her morning coffee and set it down quickly, leaned forward, and stared at him inquisitively over the paper.

"I've known for some time that your sanity was probably in question, but now I am beginning to have a grave suspicion."

"I'm serious."

"I was afraid you were," she retorted quickly, "and if you think I am going to budge from this house before we leave to get on that ship, then I know you are completely gone."

"I didn't mean you in particular...you can do what you like. I was thinking Beth might like to go with me. It's something I've always wanted to do...all across the country...and never had the chance. We've got three whole months before we go, and I want to make the most of it."

"But aren't you going to Indra Devi's in July for the teacher's course?"

"That's a month away. I can't sit still for that long. What say Beth?"

"Uh...well, I didn't have anything else planned."

"Fine...let's leave on Thursday. What a trip THIS will be."

Prophetic words to be sure, for that evening as Terry lay down to relax after dinner, he stared at the ceiling, and then closed his eyes.

Instantly he was swooped upwards and outwards, far above the world and riding among the stars. He began to see concepts of matters of the future...pictures of what was to come.

He rolled over and scratched his head, but did not open his eyes. He was astounded to see how effortless it was to maintain communication with where his consciousness was and where his body was.

"Soon it will be time for you to receive some knowledge." It was the first time in some days that Terry had heard the Voice, but it was clear and near and unmistakeable. "What you are to see is to be used for no personal gain whatsoever and the responsibility will demand the strictest discrimination in its use. You must use what you will learn only for the good of others, and you must not tell anyone of this at this time."

The romantic glimmer of the day had suddenly assumed a very serious aura. Terry listened and watched intently, and the drama continued to unfold inside his head.

He saw scenes of what he supposed to be the future, and he watched. He saw himself in the midst of several young people, and he was teaching them yoga postures. The more he taught,

the larger the number grew.

Then the scene changed. He later recorded it in the journal:

"I experienced a 'drawing sensation' at the top of my eyes...between my eyebrows and right at the top of my nose. At first I thought it might be a sinus condition brought on by the climate, but then I realized it was going in waves, or cycles, and there was a high-pitched tone in my ears. As the drawing between the eyes would increase the pitch of the tone would increase and then as if on signal I would drop my eyes a bit and the tone would lower in pitch and the sensation would subside.

I asked what this was and was told that it was the gaining and receipt of some knowledge and at this time I would not even know the nature of all that I was receiving. I was told to listen carefully."

"It is a great responsibility to receive what is being given to you. It is very important that you be very discriminating in its use and to use it for the good of others."

"Who are you?" It was the first time that Terry had had the courage to ask that question.

"I cannot tell you exactly at this time, but know that I am with you always. You can ask me anything you want to know... you can ask me questions at any time."

Then, as quickly as it had begun, it all stopped.

The presence was still there, and Terry continued to ask questions, some of a mundane nature. He watched, as the answers would unfold before his eye inside. Now there was no Voice, but merely the presence of a response to any question. He breathed a heavy sigh of relief, for the strength of that presence was vastly more important than any particular answer that he might receive.

He felt in complete amazement, astonished that such a thing would happen to him, wondering, asking by the thought...and the answer flowed forth within.

What happened now was unique in his experience thus far, for the answer incorporated experiences that he had had previously. The first one had been on an occasion during his visit to Fred: for an instant while he stood looking at the clouds moving before his vision, he had seen in a flash...an instant ...the relationship of his own individual consciousness to the Universe. The picture presented, if it could be called a

picture, was one of a spark of being of such tiny insignificance as to be infinitesimal, and yet of such a nature, that no matter how small, still a completely essential part of the whole Cosmos which surrounded it and to which and in which it was inseparately joined.

The other concept which was a part of what he saw now, was one which he had seen in a flash just a mere three weeks previously. While in meditation, there was presented a sensation, as opposed to a concept actually visualized, and it was one of a huge swirling sea of existence in which the motion of each particle, independent as it might be, was inextricably connected and affected by the others of the mass.

He had read, previously, of the concept of the rebirth of souls and the law of attraction, which said, in essence, that one is reborn from one body to another, and, as he expressed it to his journal, "That each lifetime is merely a day in a lifetime of lifetimes."

Such an idea conflicted violently with what he had come to believe, with his middle American-Christian background, as "truth", but when he had seen the flash and this knowledge had been presented in this manner, the conflict seemed to melt.

What had appeared to be irreconcilable conflicts... two completely seemingly opposite ideas, now became amalgamated and each retained its relative truth. For Terry, now the idea of the death of the body, the resurrection, and the rebirth took on an entirely different meaning and significance, and in spite of the conflict and the argument being presented by his intellect, he could not argue with what he was seeing inside. It was there. He could not, perhaps, convince anyone else that it was there, but at this time that did not seem to matter.

When he had felt the swirling mass inside his head, and had seen the attraction of a soul to reincarnate when he is ready, the higher truths of the Eastern thought which he and Zona had discussed so often seemed easily married to the truths which he had been taught in Western philosophy, but if one took either of them literally, then each appeared to be merely an immovable belief staunchly held by opposing sides. Now such

was not the case for Terry, but it was evident that one could not resolve the conflict by intellectual argument.

These concepts now became incorporated in the answer to the question he had asked, and he could see that he occupied no special place of importance in the Universe which he inhabited, but yet his presence, as well as the presence of each of his fellow beings, was essential for the "whole" to function. It was evident also that such knowledge and experience would come to others...all others...in time...just as it had come to innumerable others before it had come to him.

It would be the responsibility of each, as the knowledge came to him to deal with it as a sacred trust for the benefit of all mankind and to do with it what he could to alleviate the suffering of the world and promote the oneness that Terry now KNEW existed...a oneness that was not merely to be seen and thought about, but one which was to be experienced...to be made a very part of one's own being.

There was indeed a conflict, but it was not the conflict of ideas or ideologies, but a conflict within one's self to resolve the practical application of the knowledge in terms of everyday life.

This proved to be just as much a problem for Terry, with his new knowledge, as it was for one who had apparently not accepted the knowledge to resolve the ostensible discords in his own life.

"It appears that this is not A question," thought Terry. "It appears that this is THE question."

The basis of the new thought...at least new for Terry...at least on a first hand knowledge...was now planted. To resolve it into practice was something that he was to learn.

Terry knew further that what he had experienced he had not seen described in any of the reading which he had done since he had started studying seriously with Zona. There had been no description of such an experience, especially the drawing sensation between the eyebrows, and while he had encountered an intellectual description of the proceeds of reincarnation, it had never been presented in any book the way it had been presented now...to become so real and...he did not like the term...logical; but this appeared to be logic taken to its extreme

...total trust...total truth...total understanding. There was more to come.

Now, as the concept of the knowledge itself began to subside, there appeared within a return of the view of the stars and sky which Terry had first seen just as he lay down; but now that sky was filled with what appeared to be a huge fireworks display as the stars that filled that sky moved in patterns of some cosmic dance, accentuated by rockets, explosions and implosions all leading, symphonically, toward the ultimate climax of this inner cosmic orchestration.

Terry could do naught but watch in awe.

CHAPTER 20.

Thursday morning, Sharon and the family dropped Terry and Beth on the Freeway.

"Now I know you've completely lost it...to walk away from law practice and the ranch was one thing, but to walk away from this lazy little town and that beach is entirely another. But I love you." Sharon hugged Terry and then Beth...and they were on their way.

Hitchhiking had become a way of life to many in the United States, and now it became first hand experience for Terry and Beth. They found that one does not plan when one is on the road, but they always seemed to get what they needed.

Through the San Diego mountains, and across the Southern California Desert, past the ranch which they thought they would never see again, or at least near enough to see the town where they had lived, into Arizona, and Texas, and on through the deep south, sleeping under the stars by night and standing on the side of the road in the morning.

They had good luck with their rides and were soon nearing the Florida Border.

The three days with Terry's parents were well spent. From a distance, they could not understand how Terry could suddenly relinquish so many years of hard study and work to simply walk away and leave it all behind and move to a new country and a new life. Some of that he was able to explain to them on this visit, for they lived a lifestyle that he had left behind, and at least until they were able to meet and discuss it, to them, there was no reality save the one that they had always known and in which they still lived.

In his visit with them, Terry saw not only the resolution of the conflict between their lifestyles, but also the resolution of the conflict between an older entrenched style of thought and a new...seemingly revolutionary...thought which simply relied on another approach to life, one spawned by evolution and born of necessity, but one which bore few earmarks or embellishments of the old.

It was more obvious to him now that the resolution of the seemingly antagonistic views would be a difficult one for the world to accomplish.

When they left Miami, Terry and Beth headed for Birmingham, Alabama where they would stay with Duane whom they had met the previous Christmas time. The train ride was long and hot, and the wait, at one point, at a mid-way station in a small Florida town, had been infested with mosquitoes. About three o'clock in the morning, when they finally were able to settle into their berths for a short sleep during what was left of the night-ride to Birmingham, Terry began to notice a growing pain in his spine...near the bottom of the spine. The pain grew intense very fast, and after only a short sleep, he was awakened by the intensity of the discomfort.

He had experienced this before, but not to this intensity, and on occasion he had gained relief by sitting in a tub of hot water. That was impossible now. Inspections by a medical doctor had failed to reveal any scientific or medical explanation. With each mile the pain grew worse and stronger until Terry was completely occupied with its presence, and there was nothing he could do about it.

When he was able to move around and walk upon arrival at Birmingham, he was groggy from the stress of the pain and the lack of sleep, but the pain eased. At this time Terry did not make any mental connection between the pain and what was to come, but the pain stayed with him throughout the day, even after arrival at Duane's house, and even on into the second day.

On the morning of the second day at Duane's house, Terry was lying in a hammock on the back porch of Duane's house, trying to relax, hoping the pain would subside. Earlier that morning, they had gone to the bush in the mountains nearby and sat in the peaceful greenery for a long time without talking. Upon return, Duane had offered them some breakfast, but Terry declined it.

As he lay on the hammock, Terry suddenly felt the urge to straighten his body at length. It felt natural, and he thought it would perhaps relieve the pain in his lower spine, which had become terribly intense again. He lay on his back looking at the open-beamed hardwood ceiling above and the ceiling suddenly began to move in circles. Terry thought at first that it was an illusion because of the intensity of the pain

and he closed his eyes briefly, but when he opened them, the circles had grown more observable, and the movement was increasing.

It appeared to him now that the ceiling was alive...the beams were living creatures, and there was a great deal of movement or vibration in the wood as particles of the beams seemed now to be moving off of the wood and floating in the air. The particles of the substance which had come from the beams were now filling the space between him and the ceiling and they were becoming almost tangible.

Terry closed his eyes and felt his body stiffen almost automatically. His eyes rolled back up toward the top of his head. There was a certain detachment which now descended on him and he was not extremely surprised when the Voice spoke to him:

"Are you ready for this?"

"I don't know. What are we going to do?"

"Are you ready for this?"

By this time, from the many months of trials and tests, Terry had come to trust the voice implicitly. When it spoke, he did not test it any longer, for he had come to know that what it said would come true. His trust was virtually complete.

This time there was no question that this was the Voice that had spoken to him on many prior occasions and was now preparing him for something. Terry had no idea what to expect, but he also knew, at least at this point, that he had no choice.

"Yes, I am ready," he hoped.

Immediately, through his now rigid body, there streaked a flash of lightening current from lower to higher, from someplace in his legs, as close as he could place it, upwards through his spine. It was totally unmistakable and real, and the reverberations of the vibration that it carried with it flowed throughout his body leaving a warming and tingling sensation.

Terry opened his eyes briefly and could see that the room, or his perception of it, had shifted and, although he was still on the hammock, it appeared to him that he was standing feet first toward the outside such that, with the screen between him and the outside, the wall of the porch seemed to be the

floor. This sensation, he was to learn later, occurred because he had become disengaged from the physical body and was preparing to leave it.

His eyes were attracted downwards, but the attention was being called upwards. Terry could feel that there was something that he must do, but that he did not know how to do it. There was some exercise within his head or consciousness that was seeking to be performed, and he could not do it, he felt, until he learned how, and he could not learn how until he had done it. Two or three times he started to lower his eyes to look "upwards" but each time he could not accomplish what he felt was incumbent upon him to do. He felt that the Voice was waiting for him to accomplish this feat before they could go further with what was to come next.

But the Voice now seemed to be coaching him, although the only words it would say now were "Are you ready for this"... over and over.

Terry had the distinct impression now, that once he was able to accomplish whatever it was that he was to do, that he would then see "reality"...whatever that was, for reality had ceased to have much meaning for him now as it changed daily or more often.

Now his eyes locked straight ahead and he relaxed his consciousness, and while the gaze locked on the wood above...or now seemingly in front of him...and his consciousness drifted upwards, the wood on the beams took on a three-dimensional effect. The marks on the wood...the knotholes...the grain...all began to float in the air between where his body lay and where he had remembered the ceiling to be. Terry now felt that he could, merely by wishing it, float into the wood...right into the fibres of the wood, and he did so, leaving his physical body behind. As he floated inwards and upwards into another dimension, the grain of the wood simply became floating obstacles like so many particles of driftwood in a calm sea, through which and around which Terry could now float at will.

On through the wood and into the sunlight and into endless soft banks of brilliant white billowing clouds...clouds on all sides of him...through him...around him...and then he became one with the clouds.

"Are you sure you are ready for this?" the Voice spoke again.

"Just a moment," Terry replied, and tried to think for at least a split second whether he was ready, but the thought seemed so ridiculous now. He tried to calculate what he might do to GET ready, but as he did not know what he was doing or where he was going or what there was to get ready for, he did not see how he could get ready. He wondered, if, indeed, there were any choice at all.

"Yes, I am ready. Now I know how Alice must have felt" he thought to himself.

Immediately Terry, or what was left of him now without a physical body, began to spin off instantly, it seemed, through endless dimensions or planes of existence...all now encountered and observed by lightning speed, but with instant perception which left a complete vibrational impression that was not only recorded but assimilated by his very being.

There was no time to record what he saw...there was no time to think...no time to analyse...in fact, there was no time as he had come to know time...there was only endless infinity...endless dimensions, and in a flash Terry felt he could be on any one of them that he chose.

"It's all a question of which dimension you want to be on at any given moment," he said to Beth who was sitting a few feet away with Duane, and the words were out of his mouth of his physical body even before he realized that he had, in fact, for that instant returned to the physical realm of time and space just long enough to speak to her.

Just as quickly he left the body again, but a remnant of his consciousness stayed with it as he went zooming off into the spaceless space into which he had flown accompanied by the Voice.

The Voice was not speaking to him now, but Terry could feel its presence near him...with him...all the while. He did not feel that he was alone, and at this time he felt confident, but completely at a loss to understand anything that was happening.

As the movement into and out of the various dimensions began to slow, Terry was able to observe the workings on the various planes that he was now visiting, and each one that he observed

opened its truths of existence to him as he absorbed what they had to offer.

"Of course...marvellous...of course...wonderful..." he said as he watched the realizations manifest themselves into particles of knowledge before the eye of his consciousness. The words of exclamation were uttered by the physical lips of the physical body, into which Terry could still spring for an instant at will and in which he could still remain while observing the revelations brought forth to his attention on the various other planes of consciousness, and he found that he was in fact occupying the various planes simultaneously.

During this "time" as time is measured on the physical level of time and space, his body had remained very still and stiff.

Now the body itself arose from the hammock and began to walk around the house which too now became a living breathing creature, revealing its secrets and hidden beings to his gaze and with whom he could instantly communicate as he moved from room to room just as he moved from dimension to dimension.

All the while his inner consciousness was observing the continued revelation of detailed instantaneous explanations of the workings of every aspect of the universe and other universes of which the one that he had previously occupied had been a part.

But to Terry of old, reality was still tenuously attached to the physical body, and the essence of his being could now perceive through the ears of that body the humming of a buzz-saw as someone in the back yard was cutting wood planks into shorter boards. He was ready for this, but it was comfortable to have this sound to link what was happening to him to the reality of the plane that he knew as "home".

That security soon began to fade, for Terry now began to lose touch with the physical body. He could feel the connection beginning to be less and less tangible. He reached out a hand from the body and grasped an apple from a table, and moved it toward the mouth...and the apple was devoured in two bites...almost savagely...so fine and delicate was the essence of the consciousness compared to the gross nature of the physical body which it had occupied.

As connection with the physical body began to diminish, and the knowledge of the revelations which had been shown to him now a part of his consciousness, Terry grew torn between the

two and a sudden fright swept over him as he thought he was losing the physical body and would not return, but he had no choice now as the consciousness seemed to be under a control of its own and he could do nothing but accept the direction and speed which now had straightened out into a movement of such speed that there was no way of altering its course. Instantly Terry entered another dimension that he had not seen as yet. It seemed to be far above and beyond all the others and now there was no connection with the physical body at all.

"Which level do you want to be on?" the Voice asked.

It was apparent to Terry now that the physical level was not among the options presented, for now he was free... totally free...an entirely independent being moving into another plane of existence which, ironically, felt to its inner knowledge, more to be the true "home" than the one it had previously occupied on the physical level.

Questions were presenting themselves to the consciousness which Terry now knew to be his true Self and as soon as they were asked they were answered...in a flash...completely, with all aspects of the necessary knowledge inherent in the answer, and with all ramifications attendant to any counter-questions or presentations which might require further thought as matters which should be known for a thorough understanding of the primary matter about which he had enquired.

He now viewed his entire existence and the existence of which he was a part as a huge swirling evolutionary "cyclone"-like mass with the vortex revolving with indescribable speed and force. Terry could now see that any dimension that he occupied was surrounded or encircled in one of these cyclones or swirls.

At one point his consciousness rose above all of the mass and matter and energy and he could see all of the cyclone-like swirls below him each moving in its own way, at its own speed.

The Voice now spoke to him and by its simple questions taught the essence of all that Terry had seen.

"What is reality?...Which reality do you want?...Which plane do you really want to be on?"

Inherent in the questions were the answers...buried...and giving birth thence to more questions the endless line of which could be followed into another reality after another...continuously...endlessly...into infinity and then back again. Or on again, but in truth, it seemed, whatever that was now...never to have been other than where he now was, and never in fact to have existed until called into existence by the question itself which seemed to build its own existence as it was asked and which presented its own answer in response to its own wish of existence to be completed and realized.

All of the various dimensions and planes which Terry had visited and which he had in fact become a part and "one-with" were just as real to him as the dimensions of flesh and blood which he had left some "time" ago, but which he knew now that he still occupied. He could see where the "bad-trips" of acid lay and where the halucinogens directed one's consciousness, but even their role in the reality that he now saw was one of a mere catalyst...the "rightness" and "wrongness" were wiped away and all priority became totally irrelevant as it became apparent that it owed all existence to mere relevance.

From his momentary perch above all the planes, Terry now could view the conical universes and galaxies in relation to each other. Instantly he could perceive that they presented themselves as called upon by his will and that each was in fact the essence of whatever aspect of reality or creation that he might in that moment call upon: one was the United States revolving and evolving at a certain rate...another was a body of a being or person of whom he might have an instant thought...another was the universe in which was located the planet of matter on which he had lived in a physical body...another was that universe itself...and each of the larger encompassing entities being the outer end of the cone of the one existing within it.

Terry then found himself completely without body or corporeal existence of any kind, and he became one with the entire evolutionary change and being as it was happening. Now there was no entering into dimensions or planes, for his consciousness entered all dimensions, planes, existence...SIMULTANEOUSLY...and there was but one plane of existence...existence itself

...but the experience then faded and existence itself no longer was...and Terry moved into where existence had come from...into the beginning...

For an instant Terry occupied this indescribable bliss... but that instant became endless...bounded on each side and each end only by its own being...being without being...

Before what could now be called his consciousness there appeared a glow...at first a glow...and then it grew stronger.

Stronger and stronger...a light forming out of a glow... stronger and heavier...assuming a shapeless existence in front of his conscious inner vision...closer and closer and larger and larger. He began to be engulfed by a brilliant white light which grew indescribably bright and all encompassing...and Terry began to grow very frightened as he moved into the midst of it. It seemed to contain all that he had seen, experienced, or felt...or been...it was all consuming...

"TAKE ME BACK...I'VE HAD ENOUGH...TAKE ME BACK..."

He was screaming now...and every part of him yelled and screamed to go back to the body that he had left.

For an instant he lost consciousness and then when it was regained, Terry was out of the light and moving through the inner space of endless dimensions which now to him had become familiar from his travels.

He knew now that the only difference between the levels of consciousness and existence into and out of which he was now going was the physical body...that was the only difference. The body, he realized, was the only difference that one could grasp that had any difference from one reality to the next, for the other planes of existence were just as real as all of those on which he had bodies...for he could see the other bodies that he occupied also...the finer bodies that he passed into before seeing the entrance into the physical body.

As he seemed to approach what had been to him reality in his physical body, Terry grew afraid, but now he knew that fear was an emotion attendant only to the lower levels of existence, and that even the fear that he had encountered when moving into the light was one which emanated from his physical body, or emotional body, at the thought of being separated from its own existence and the resulting attachment to its own separate being, which, from where Terry had been, seemed to be a fiction but doubtless real enough to the body experiencing it.

Now, as he felt it was imminent that he should return to his physical body, a fear began to grip him that he might not be able to find it.

He tried desperately to remember his name, or where he lived, or who he was but all of such thoughts held no meaning or significance now, for he had in fact no identity except existence itself...but concurrently he felt the separate identity that he had come to know as his own being while in relation to other beings on a physical plane.

Time began to carry some meaning as he grew closer in consciousness to the plane on which time had manifested itself but any divisions of time then meant nothing. He could recall that time was divided into sectors, and then he knew that he occupied a place in the twentieth century. Then as his consciousness flew momentarily into space, he could remember that he occupied a body on the planet Earth, but now the time slot allotted to that body eluded his grasp.

Then the concept of the year presented itself, but the proper century was indefinable. All planes were the same to him now, save the one which the physical body occupied.

As consciousness then began to dawn on or in his body, Terry realized that his physical body had been walking around the house while he had been "away" and now he could see Duane and Beth before the eyes of that body, but they meant nothing to him. He could not remember their names. He tried to remember items of familiarity on the physical level...family...wife...places...all to no avail...but the consciousness was returning.

Alternately Terry would zoom out to another dimension momentarily, and he would feel complete freedom, floating, seemingly indiscriminately...free...free...only now to be coming back to the confines of a corporeal body.

He tried to grasp anything that might bring him down...he gripped his left arm with his right hand...and said "I've got to come down...I've got to come down..."

The physical body was now very very hot although the day was merely warm. Terry walked the body over to a large floor fan and stood before it...sweating profusely...he tore off his clothes and stood before it...the heat became intense and he went into the bathroom and began to run a cold bath.

He got into the cold water, saying repeatedly, "I've got to come down...bring me down...I've got to come down...I don't want any more of this for a long time...."

As he looked around and would concentrate his gaze on an object in the bathroom he would instantly, still, become one with that object. As the body cooled down, Terry then got out of the bathtub and began to walk out of the room without drying his body. He did not dress for he knew that he was not there, and could see no reason to dress...for he supposed that no one could see him.

He then saw that the body...in relation to other bodies... was a real thing and he put a towel around himself...or what he had now, once again, become to believe to be himself.

He walked over to Beth and Duane, and could see them but could feel nothing for them.

Duane looked up now and into Terry's eyes.

"Oh my God," he exclaimed, "I didn't know."

"I've got to come down." Terry said. "Help me come down."

Duane took Terry's hand and Beth took the other.

"You are with people who love you...just relax...it is all right. You will remember us shortly. You are with us...you are with people who love you.

By now Duane recognized what was happening to Terry and began to talk further to him in a very slow gentle voice.

"This is too much...I can't take any more..."

"It's all right...Terry listen...I've been there...it's all right."

Duane remembered his own similar experience and now knew what Terry had been through, for it often happens, he knew, that when one goes through such an experience, and the incidence of such happenings is increasing in the Western world now, that he will usually be with another who has already been through it.

Terry now began to relate to the time and space allotted to him for the evolutionary period of what he knew now to be his own inseparable but yet unique existential experience. He sat down, and began to cry, and put his head on his hands.

"What madness this is...what are we doing...what are we doing to each other."

Duane knew the madness, but he had learned to live in it.

"Now you know," Duane said softly to Terry.

"Yes, now I know," Terry replied.

CHAPTER 21.

"Hello."

"Zona?"

"Yes."

"It's Terry here. I've just been 'there'." He was shaking.

"Uh-ohhh. Are you all right?"

"I don't know. I'm back, that's all I know."

"Are your feet on the ground?"

"I think so, but I keep zipping off again...can't seem to control it...or anything. If I look at one thing too long...any concentration...I just go away again."

"That's all right...listen...listen carefully. If you will light some incense, or smell some perfume it will help to even things out and bring you down. It may stay like this for a while. If it gets out of hand and you can't handle it, take a couple of sips of wine."

"I'm terribly disappointed in myself."

"Why?"

"I couldn't go into the light. I backed off...got frightened and asked to brought back down."

"That's all right...don't worry about that. It's pretty heavy the first time. When it first happened to me, I know that I didn't want any more of it...and you know what I've been put through. I still avoid it."

That just didn't quite sit right with Terry, but he did not know why.

"What do I do now?"

"Just relax."

When they had hung up, Terry sank back into a chair. Duane was sitting nearby, watching and listening.

"Don't be upset with yourself, my friend. If you had gone completely into the light you might have stayed there...you might not have wanted to come back. It's all right. The same thing happened to me."

Duane was very gentle with Terry. He told Terry what had happened to him since his own experience two years ago... how the imposition of knowledge of what he saw affected his life and the difficulties he had encountered.

"How fortunate I was to be here with you when this happened."

"When this happens we're never alone."

"Was I ready for this?"

"Could one ever be ready for this?"

=0=

In a matter of a few short hours, Terry was a mile high in the sky again, but this time in a jet headed for the West Coast, Beth seated by his side. Sometimes he would hold her hand, just to be sure. He had decided that it would be a bit much to try to hitchhike back across the country in his present "condition".

"Good news," Sharon said when she saw them at the bus station, "you have about twenty-four students just waiting for the classes to start. They have contacted Marjie in response to your poster and your ad for the Hatha Yoga."

"That figures...it's all beginning to fit."

It not only fit, but it began to grow as well, and it became clear to Terry that the lazy days at the beach were not to be just a holiday.

The classes lasted only the few weeks they were living in Morro Bay waiting for their sailing date in August. From the classes, there were many young people who would come to see Terry and ask him questions about meditation.

"Look, I've just only started this myself...how can I tell you anything?"

They were hungry. They wanted to know...to know anything that he might tell them...that he could tell them.

For sometime after the class, on occasion, Terry would speak, gingerly and guardedly at first, to the ones who stayed behind to talk, of the things that Zona and he had talked about in their sessions on Thursday afternoons...those precious sessions that Terry now realized were preparation for what had in fact transpired. He would not, however, speak of what had happened at Duane's...that was a well kept secret, but it provided him with something of a credential to himself, and from what he had seen on that day, he could now make some sense out of what he and Zona had discussed and pondered, and some of what he had seen on occasion in meditation.

There did appear to be some sense in the whole thing now, for Terry no longer had to rely on what he had been told, or on what he had read, but now he knew for certain...for he had been there, and he had seen for himself. Terry now knew that this Force which had activated what had happened to him had been active before that day. He could see that it had been behind what he had seen the first day he saw the waterfall in San Diego, and when he had taken the acid at Fred's.

It became evident to him now that he had been blessed with some kind of grace that this experience at Duane's had, in fact, not occurred while he had been on some type or other of halucinogen. It was as Zona had said: "If it raises when you are stoned, you could be in trouble."

This could explain, Terry now realized, a great deal of the problem of "bad trips" when people who had taken LSD could not handle what they had seen, but it would also seem obvious that only one who had had such an experience as Terry had been through would be able to understand that that was in fact what had happened.

Zona had been there; and so had Duane, and he knew that although the number of people who had been "there" was small, that it was nonetheless growing. He also knew that it was nothing to play with.

It was possible, he could see within himself, now having experienced both, that the drugs, although relatively harmless in themselves, could so distort the experience that it would become incomprehensible for one who was not "ready", assuming one was ever ready for it. He knew that without the training that he had had, without the cleansing diet that he had followed, and without the weight loss, and the physical shaping, that the intense heat and "re-entry" experience in itself toward the end would have been enough to shatter a physical body which had been less prepared.

"Yes. That is true. That could account for some of Zona's problems, and it could account for why she may want to avoid further contact with it for a while in the future."

It was Marjie who spoke now to Terry, and he "knew" that she had something to say to him. He had approached her in some doubt, but he had no one else to talk with now.

"But there is no need to fear this force. It is like any other: out of control it can be a terror and a menace, but with control, it can be one's friend...much like the fire which symbolizes it on this level of existence."

"How to control it and work with it...that seems to be the problem..." Terry said.

"It is not really a problem, it is more of a science. We tend to fear that which we do not understand, and that which we do not understand quite often needs and yearns to be understood, and when understood, the fear will go."

And so, here was another who seemed to know and who could help. The fear of not understanding was overshadowed in Terry only by the fear that there would be no one to help him understand, but to his continued amazement the void would never exist for long. When he needed something or someone, there would appear before him, from some very unusual circumstances, someone to tell him what he needed to hear. He had met Marjie by "chance" or so it seemed. Now she was saying things to him that caused that "click" of knowledge, that "flash" of understanding to occur somewhere deep inside him. He remembered the words of the Voice on the mountain: "I will give you everything you need."

"That is the way it works, Terry. When one begins to experience these things, what he needs must come to him because he cannot possibly seek it out, for he does not know and cannot know at this point what it is that he might need. There is no chance involved...there can't be. It would be too risky for those who become ready to have it happen to them, and it won't happen until one is really ready, unless one prematurely precipitates it. This can happen with the use of the strong mind-altering and opening drugs."

Terry knew now why Zona had been so concerned. She had "felt" within her what was coming to him and she saw a danger in store if there were drugs involved at the time.

"It just makes you see things that are there," Fred had said.

Terry could understand that one might not want to see what is there, and if that were the case, drugs were to be avoided.

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In the following weeks there seemed to be vibratory and experiential repercussions from the "trip" he had taken. In his consciousness, Terry could see the loose ends being tied up and together, as seemingly unrelated items of knowledge now began to make sense together.

This was, however, a different kind of knowledge, for indeed it was not even "knowledge" as he had come to know the meaning of that term. Knowledge before had been something that was possessed as a result of some other item of knowledge that had been known previously. This was different: it was more in the nature of the "flash" that he had experienced some months ago and which had now become part of his everyday experience, except that the knowledge that he was receiving now was in an expanded form of a "flash". It would begin in an instant and then expand and take form into an item which he could relate to and which could be related.

In meditation, there had been not a great deal of change since returning from Duane's except for the occasional waves of physical ecstasy and mental peace which seemed to descend on him more and more each day. The pain at the bottom of the spine had persisted and there seemed to be nothing he could do about it, but the intensity had decreased to a level which seemed, at least, bearable.

The pulling sensation at the centre of the eyebrows was still present until one day in meditation as he was watching the concentric waves and circles of motion and force within the consciousness, the Voice had said to him: "Why don't you just turn it off?"

"How's that?"

"All you must do to turn it off, is to turn it off...just say: 'OFF',"...

"OFF." It worked.

"OH". That worked too. He liked it better on, but it was nice to know that it could be stopped if he wanted to stop it.

Often the meditations were merely pleasant states of peace and quiet bliss, and Terry's body would become very still... almost inanimate, and he could feel himself begin to move slowly, although less distinctly, into those dimensions that

he had visited. The movement now was more one of watching from a distance. There were no voices, no concepts, or instructions but merely a pleasant euphoric state. It was as if a part of him were assimilating what he had seen before.

During this time, Terry's dream experiences increased and he would often relive that experience that he had had at Duane's or, more correctly, he would re-visit those dimensions it seemed in his dreams to more closely and acutely...and objectively...examine what he had seen that day.

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On Friday the thirteenth of July 1973, there was a knock on the door of their happy little vacation holiday house near the beach in the sunshine.

"Hello. I'm from the Bank. I've come to get the car."

REALITY AGAIN.

Terry knew the payments were behind, and they could not make the car payments and pay for their passage on the ship to New Zealand.

He tried to fake it.

"Uh...where's your Court Order. You can't take the car without a Court Order."

"Yes, I can take it. It's in your contract. Read it."

Terry knew that too. "I'll contact the Bank and try to make the payments today."

"I can give you til this afternoon."

They could not make the payments until the sale was completed on the remainder of the property. That night the car disappeared. The man had come with his night-raiders.

Terry felt sheepish. How many times in law practice had he seen this happen.

"Happy Friday the thirteenth," Sharon said. She was obviously upset. "Now what are we going to do."

"I think it's great. It's just something else we don't have to worry about before we go. Besides we didn't have the fare to take it with us. Let's laugh."

Sharon tried to smile and began to cry.

CHAPTER 22.

From his readings and his discussions with Zona, Terry knew intellectually of the workings of this force which seemed to now be taking more and more control of his life and his body. He had learned that it's existence had been known in the East for centuries and that it was becoming more and more widely known in the West. What he had trouble accepting was that it had awakened in him, but there seemed to be no logical explanation of why it had been so awakened: it was something that he had to accept, and of that fact there was no doubt or choice.

From time to time, this fact became evident, painfully so on occasion, for when something was done which seemed to conflict with the needs of the force at any given time, the results were quickly known and violently rectified. This force was, Terry knew, the power and energy which had allowed and furnished the energy for his sojourn into the other dimensions. It was responsible for his ability to "see" the problems of other people. It was adamant in the changes which were presenting themselves for acceptance in his diet ...both physical and mental...and in the sexual relations.

All of these changes were for the most part subtle and gentle, but very strong, moving slowly, but with absolute determination. The force would often manifest in his consciousness as a vision, or thought, or dream, as a serpent. It would work with him in the night and he would often awaken with some concept that seemed to have been presented to him while he slept.

This force demanded absolute obedience, it seemed, for if one engaged in activities which seemed to be inimical to the flow of the force, it would react violently. This had been part of the difficulty that Zona had experienced, Terry was certain now. Not that she had done anything that was contrary to what the force demanded, but when the time came for the force to awaken, it was absolutely necessary that the body be as clean as possible. She had told him on many occasions that she had been on a crash course to get ready for something but she did not know exactly what it was.

It was also obvious that there was a great saving grace attendant to the awakening of the force: that one in whom it was to become active would be guided to another in whom it

was active already. Terry had seen this in his encounters and meetings with Fred, Zona, Duane and now Marjie...and there were many to come.

Marjie advised Terry to forego his fear of the force and instead to work with it, gently but firmly, and in a friendly manner. She gave him some very valuable advice.

"When you finish meditation, put the serpent power back where you want it...near the heart or someplace above the bottom. Don't leave it at the bottom, for it will exert its force and pressure in those parts of the consciousness and activity which are located in the lower body and which are of the lower nature. If it is left at the bottom, one may feel sexual frustration."

This had been verified for Terry of his own experience. One one night, he had a dream in which he was driving a car while laying on his stomach. As he drove through a gate, there was a lady guard who got into the car and lay down on Terry's back. She pulled herself quite rigid and still. He recorded the rest of the dream in his journal:

"...I pulled my knees forward a bit and she gradually moved her hand to my groin area and took hold of me. It was pleasant at first, but then I began to get excited and told her to let go. She wouldn't...and I then had the first nocturnal emission I had had in several years."

Terry was able to verify this experience in his readings of the experiences of others who had encountered this force. It was common, he found, for the power to manifest its workings in this manner especially if left to the lower parts of the body.

In late July, just after he had been teaching the yoga classes for a few weeks and barely a month after he had returned from Duane's, Terry returned to Tecate and Indra Devi's Ashram to complete his teacher training.

He looked forward to this trip with great anticipation... to see Mataji again and to learn from her more about this force and its workings.

Immediately upon his arrival, he learned that the force could become excited merely by the surroundings in which one found one's self, for as he was seated in the yoga class with

the other twenty-seven students who had been there for some days, Mataji looked toward the back of the room and exclaimed:

"Terry...when did you get here. When do you leave for New Zealand?"

Terry thought for a moment...and remembered the date.

"One month from today."

"You must lead the class."

Terry rose and began to lead the class in an exercise or sequence of postures. It was an exciting experience, one in which he felt the exhilaration that had appeared when Morissa had led the class some months before and the light had appeared in the top of Terry's head and taken him into unconsciousness. When he finished, he sat down, and noticed that the bottom of his spine was quivering violently. He immediately left the room and with great difficulty and effort was able to move the force back down to the bottom of the spine and then raise it gently, extend it over the back, and relieve the excitement and stimulation which the force had felt in the activity of the class. He remembered that Marjie had told him of a friend, a church organist, who had aroused the force merely by hitting a stimulating chord on an organ while practicing a passage from that greatly inspired work, the Hallelujah Chorus, by Handel.

In his talks with Indra Devi during his stay at Tecate, she confirmed the experiences which he had had and Terry was able to leave with confidence and a bright outlook toward the future which lay ahead of him and his family.

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Upon his return to Morro Bay, Terry and the family began to make serious plans and preparations for the trip to Los Angeles and their embarkation which was to come in only a few weeks time. They began to unload items which they would not need and shipped the remainder of their belongings to the harbour to be loaded on the ship.

With the news that the final arrangements were completed with the sale of the property, the arrival of the boat tickets, and the completion of the yoga classes, they were

ready to go. It was a very exciting time for them all.

As they walked back from the beach one evening after watching the sunset, Candice made a strange remark to Terry.

"Dad, you smell of roses...do you have cologne on?"

"No." he was surprised.

"You know," Sharon interjected from nearby, "once while you were gone, I remember awakening from a dream and smelling something...it was not roses, but it was something like roses. It was so pleasant, throughout the whole house."

Candice leaned toward Terry.

"DAD!" she exclaimed. "It is coming from your beard."

Sharon came over and put her face close to his.

"It is," she said, "isn't that strange."

Tracy had a turn. "It's true Dad...I can smell it too."

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The family was happy now. They had adjusted to the idea of leaving and were excited about the three week trip on the Pacific Ocean. There were many plans made as to what they would do when they arrived, but Terry now knew better than to make too many plans, for the plans seemed to be unfolding themselves. Already, however, Terry was planning and thinking of further travels beyond the initial trip which they were about to take. He longed secretly to go on to India as soon as possible to meet Sai Baba, if possible, and to find if it were Baba who was speaking to him in his meditations. He began to think of the possibility that he might have a "guru" or teacher, and he wondered if this were to be Sai Baba.

The guidance was still very clear as it unfolded in his consciousness and it seemed to take the form best needed for its own manifestation.

It was the firm, clear nature of the guidance that was the primary cause now of a growing confidence in Terry. With the bulk of the worries of disposing of property behind him and only now the uncertain, but unfolding, future ahead of him and the family, Terry was able to listen with more faith to what emanated from within.

In the weeks at Morro Bay before the sailing date, the guidance grew stronger, grew into an instructional pattern.

"Terry, listen closely." the Voice began one evening while the family was all seated watching television. This was one of the first times that Terry could remember that the Voice had spoken to him so clearly outside of meditation since he had first heard it in the truck on the way back from the fishing trip some nine months previously.

"The circumstances in which each person lives are different from every other persons, contrary to what we have concluded from appearances, hence the injunction: "judge not, lest ye be judged." This means that each person has a unique job to do...each is at a different level or dimension even on the physical dimension. You know from within yourself and your experiences that there is an infinity of dimensions or levels. Each person on his own level can see only what is on his own level, except for one who can move into the other levels at will. Each must be judged on what he does in his own level...or his own set of circumstances."

"You have told me I may ask questions. I will now ask one." Terry almost surprised himself with his new confidence and bold approach toward the Voice. "What about drugs... marijuana and mushrooms?"

"Drugs, as you call them, are in reality only natural substances which are used for specific purposes. They can be used to accelerate or delay the evolutionary process, temporarily and within limits, of an individual. They are used for the effect that they have on the individual consciousness and the physical system, much the same as other substances, peppermint, thyme or bananas. It would be better to think of the substances in the state they are used. If in the natural state, such as marijuana or mushrooms, they are no more harmful than the other substances used in their natural state.

"But one must be very careful with them, for ANY substance improperly used...even bananas, thyme or peppermint, for examples...can be harmful if improperly used. Likewise, for the use of natural substances which alter the consciousness. Some can handle the altered state, and some cannot. There are reasons why the use of these substances are so prevalent in the Western world at this time."

"What of the different levels of evolution...the ones I saw at Duane's?" Terry asked.

"There are many different levels of evolution. You just happen to be at this one now. Only few are aware that there are other levels than his own, but the number is growing.

"The problem arises when one is at a particular level and grows attached to what is happening at that level. Whatever you do, don't get "into it", and it will not hold you when it is time for you to move on. Each person knows with certainty what he needs or should do in the set of evolutionary circumstances wherein he finds himself, but we are prone to ignore that knowledge in favour of what we want.

"When one foregoes what he would like to have in favour of what he knows is best for his own evolution, then he is likewise favoured by the law of Grace, and the trauma which he would otherwise suffer in transition from the movement of level to level is lightened.

"There are vibrations which penetrate throughout this infinity of levels and there are thought waves which emanate from each of us and can and do move through all these levels and affect everything on those levels in some way. This truth is manifest to the wise man who knows that PRAYER IS ACTION, but the prayer of which we speak here is merely the action itself of moving those vibrations by the moving of the thought waves or will in a concentrated and controlled manner rather than in a haphazard manner when we are subjected to the whim and fancy of a capricious mind which deals only with those thoughts which appeal to it."

"The Voice that I hear...who are you...where do you come from?" Terry was growing bolder.

"The Voice you hear is through grace. Let it be said now only that it is a Voice sent to help you and guide you. As you have guided others, so now this Voice guides you. Man helps those creatures which follow him on the evolutionary scale and so a man who has learned something of evolution can help those others who follow him in such learning. Sometimes the help is given by one who is occupying a body just as the one he helps, and sometimes that help is given by one who is not occupying a body. As all mystics know, there is no death, only an infinity of levels...all occupied by people, some in bodies at some levels and some not.

"There is likewise an infinity of souls as there is an infinity of levels, all helping...or hindering...the process of evolution. The key is when the soul or man becomes aware that only good thought, or what is often called prayer, is what moves evolution forward. Upon becoming aware of this, the enlightened man cannot but act accordingly. Only the one who is not aware of such truth can continue or condone such detrimental action. After learning of such truth, however, there is the possibility that one can deliberately continue to engage in the practices which hinder evolution, but then this is part of the nature of free will.

"As lower man refuses to accept the truth, so will the truth be kept from him and when he asks, and when he can handle it, then the obscurities are cleared away and man can then behold the light.

"As knowledge increases in man, he becomes further aware that the duality which he is must be eliminated until he can eventually become ONE. This is the differentiation between the experiencer and the experience...the same, yet separate; the Great Duality that must be overcome before Reality and the Light may be seen. This is true Surrender.

"Even after learning of the existence of the levels of evolution, still one must then learn the mechanics of the operation of moving into and out of those levels. One must be pure and able to handle the force which operates in each of us.

"When the force became active in you at Duane's, it was loose, out of control, going up and down, sending you in and out. Control of that force is where True Knowledge is. One learns to control this force as you have been learning...and the first step is to learn to flow with the stream of evolution, for each day...each minute...is virtually another level from which we must disengage before moving on to the next level. If one will look, he will see that it is all right in front of him.

"But it is so hard to adjust...hard to learn how to move with that stream." The entire dialogue was proceeding inside Terry's "head" and the family was completely oblivious to anything unusual happening, except that Terry was furiously taking notes from what was being said to him. Periodically he would burst into a broad smile as a moment of truth fell

upon him from what the Voice was telling him.

"The way to tune in and use the force and knowledge is to WATCH...then ASK...and then KNOW. Thus one gains his guidance and knowledge. Healing is done in this same manner too. Healing can be done merely by thought...or prayer... the touch is done mainly so that the ill person may focus on something he can relate to and hence be receptive to the force imparted to him by the psychic healer. He must be able to relate on his own level as people must be able to relate to teachers on their level.

"Still, the power can be misused...there is an element of free will involved. Even for healing, the misuse may even be inadvertant. Needless to say, such intentional misuse removes the law of Grace. If the healing done is done only by ASKING, then the healer is safe, but if he heals without asking he takes the chance of dealing with an affliction which the ill person carried as a result of some inevitable consequence that proceeds from action on his own part and the healer must not over extend his authority by healing improperly thus depriving the afflicted person of the opportunity to shed this burden or 'karma' by his own suffering."

"Evolution must flow along...all together...and any negative action or thought holds it back...or more properly slows it down. The impidence of the flow places in force certain motions which must necessarily bring back to the sender that which has proceeded forth. Virtually anything that is unnatural acts in this manner. For example, much of what is on television is not conducive to the evolutionary process, for the stimulus provided by the programmes and television causes an unnatural stimulation to the endocrine glands, and hence an unnatural condition is set up in the body, created not by those forces which were designed by nature to evoke such reactions, but by artificial stimuli unnaturally creating this "reaction-condition". When the condition of a natural reaction with the endocrine glands is set up by a stimulating situation found in nature, the flow from the endocrine glands is proper and even; in the artificial situation, the flow is out of balance. This is why natural work...hard work...will not harm a person for the

conditions encountered are natural. Yogic practices are a blessing which creates an effect which can balance the endocrine system and correct at least some if not all of the unbalanced flow created or caused by the artificial stimuli. The same is true of foods...foods in their natural state lead to a balanced condition. Foods refined in an unnatural state lead to imbalance."

"When I was at Duane's," Terry changed the subject, "I cried to be brought back when I was in the face of the White Light. Was this wrong? I was very ashamed."

"No, it was the reaction that you should have had. Any other reaction would have been unnatural for you at that time, and in effect would have thrown negative stimuli into the universal evolutionary process. As Clara told you, 'negative thinking slows your karma'."

Terry could recall Clara, a psychic he had met at Indra Devi's, telling him: "Too much negative thinking...in you ...slows your karma" in her broken English.

"I am your guide and I am here to help you. I have led you to the edge of the water of knowledge and let you taste of its quenching power. Be sure to use this knowledge well and wisely.

"You will begin to notice around you an increase of people who are coming aware. This is natural and necessary by the evolutionary process...built in to save humanity from itself. You are by no means unique. Help when you can...and you will be given help when you need it."

The lesson was over. Terry was exhausted. He had taken page after page of notes and now was ready to transcribe them into his journal. He sat and looked at the television, but he was watching inside. There was no more now...his friend was gone.

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The following afternoon, Terry lay down for a nap on the floor of one of the back bedrooms of the house. For a while he slept and dreamed. Then, as he lay there quietly, almost conscious, he looked at the picture on the wall of the room where he was lying. He lay in a state of reverie, quietly,

half asleep, looking at the picture. Nothing unusual, until he realized that his eyes were closed! He put his hand up to his eyes and could look and see right through the hand. He did this several times, and then with a start became very frightened and confused and snapped to consciousness.

"You just left your body," Marjie said calmly. "It is not so unusual, but most generally we are not aware of these things, and they generally happen only at night. We often call them dreams."

"Seems like there might be some kind of warning."

"Come now...haven't you been warned...many times?"

"I suppose so," Terry said...feeling a bit sheepish.

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The day before the ship was due to sail, Terry was walking on the beach, quietly by himself, and in a flash, he could see the operation of the law of Grace and how it had affected him and others.

"It doesn't change what happens to one...only one's attitude toward what happens," he thought. "There are many problems now in this country...meat shortage, gas shortage... but I am not affected by those now. I don't use them. It would seem that one who flows with the stream is guided to use only those items which are plentiful. This could explain the growing spread of vegetarianism...the coming shortage of animal protein. Those who listen will have an easy time. Those who resist will have problems."

"But why some and not others?" Terry still had not resolved that question. "What governs the question as to who learns first and who learns later?"

Instantly he became aware of the Voice, but it did not speak yet...much as one would feel the presence of someone close behind. He stopped and looked out to sea...as if waiting for an answer.

Slowly the Voice spoke, quietly at first...almost inaudibly.

"efee...Twenn...Twenn..."

Terry listened closer.

"Ephesians,twenty-one-twenty..."

It was more a concept than a series of words, but Terry heard it. He had not read the bible, but he recognized the quotation, he thought, to be a biblical reference. He vaguely remembered that there was a book called "Ephesians" but he could not remember if it were in the Old or New Testament. He hurried back to the house.

Fortunately there was a bible in the living room. He opened to the index and found Ephesians in the New Testament. Reading quickly through the pages he found the book, but there was no chapter twenty-one. Nor was there a chapter twenty.

"Hummm...twenty-one twenty...twenty-one twenty...two one twenty...TWO...ONE - TWENTY...yes...hummm..."

"There is a chapter two."

There was a chapter two and there it was in front of him... on the printed page.

"I used to be just like you," Terry was mentally paraphrasing Paul's words in his letter to the Ephesians, "deep in the muck and the mud. And I was lifted out of it, but don't get any funny ideas: it had nothing to do with what you have done. What has happened to you has happened merely because of Grace and not due to your efforts."

"FOR IT IS BY HIS GRACE YOU ARE SAVED, THROUGH TRUSTING HIM: IT IS NOT YOUR OWN DOING. IT IS GOD'S GIFT, NOT A REWARD FOR WORK DONE. THERE IS NOTHING FOR ANYONE TO BOAST OF..."

It was the first time that Terry had heard of or seen the passage. Almost as important to him as what the words said was the fact that the citation once again authenticated for him what was happening, and chipped away just a little more of the skepticism that remained.

CHAPTER 22.

SAILING DAY! It had really arrived, and Terry and his family boarded the ship for the three week trip across the Pacific Ocean to a new home.

From Los Angeles to San Francisco and then Vancouver and Honolulu, Fiji, and New Zealand: a complete holiday for the family, but for Terry a time of adjustment.

He could not enter the festivities, for he found that the one thing that the force, or "shakti" as he was coming to know "her" now, would not tolerate was immoderation. It demanded a barely sufficient diet, more than sufficient sleep, and very little conversation. Terry found that if he partook even just slightly more than seemed reasonably sufficient at a meal, he felt the effects of the discomfort for hours.

"When it speaks, there is nothing you can do about it. There is no question that it is in control." He could remember Zona's words well.

"Learn to work with her," Marjie had said. "Speak sweetly to her..be friends."

Terry became very eager to move on to whatever was next. He wanted the development to be complete so that he could work with the shakti; he wanted so to be able to obey the every command, but he had difficulty in the interpretation.

The work of the shakti was not suspended with the time of the sailing. It continued and in some ways it was increased. Many days, Terry would sit for hours at a time on the deck watching the waves roll endlessly, forcing him to relax and adjust. He would arise early and go to the Lookout Deck for asanas and meditation.

On one particular day, the meditation seemed significant in comparison to most days when it seemed that the sitting was merely a duty that Terry must perform to allow the force to have time to work. On this day he found that he was able to start at the point of consciousness that appeared just as he closed his eyes and then to move in the spectrum of inner time and space much as he had when he had moved back toward birth and then forward in time and space.

This time, the sound which had appeared in his ear on the night he lay across the bed in Morro Bay seemed to grow and as he listened to it he could feel that the source of the sound was at a point which he could not reach. He followed the sound into matter and then back through the matter, finding that the vibration was all that holds the matter together.

"We're all just vibrations..nothing but vibrations!" He accepted the thought as it passed before his inner eye. "When the last particle of matter disappears, only the sound is left. That is why 'you know that you've just never been.' "

"When I realized that I could think myself right out of existence, I thought 'I don't know if I really want to do that', and then I realized who had said that thought: and he knows he is dying...the same one who did not want to go into the Light...who begged to come back."

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There were an increasing number of signs and signals that were appearing in Terry and around him to make him take notice of the events that were happening to him.

On the day that they had sailed, there once again appeared vibhutti on the tassle of Tracy's japamala... just after she had settled into her cabin, she had come to him.

"Look Dad...it's done it again." She held up the mala for Terry and Sharon to see. Even Sharon could not ignore the minor "miracles" that were happening. She had to recognize them.

Each time that the vibhutti would appear on the tassle now, it was customary for them to have a celebration of some sort, for they now took it as a sign that they had done something "right" or had accepted something that had been arranged according to some unseen plan that they were following.

Almost every day now Terry would smell the sweet aroma which emanated from his beard or around him. More than

roses, it had a hint of jasmine, but even that possibility was remote in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and so he accepted it for just what it was: a pleasant fragrance.

Terry noticed also that as the days went by, he felt increasingly accepting and happy in solitude and needed the company of other people less and less. The sound of voices which once was normal and bearable to him now became very loud and abrasive. At first, it disturbed Terry for he could not seem to adjust to it, then he found that it was not only the voices but the noise and sound: he was becoming more and more sensitive to the noises around him.

In a flash he could see that the sound sensitivity was a natural consequence of the increased sensitivity that he was feeling and experiencing within himself.

"I just don't need people any more," Zona had said to him one day. "It's not that I don't like them; I just don't need them."

It was not Terry's intention to become anti-social or asocial, but he was beginning to feel an increasing kinship with Zona and Duane. Their words would come back to him often and he could feel their presence.

Not all the experiences he was having were pleasant. On one particular occasion there occurred the threat of a problem which Terry had not seen before.

It was on an evening when Terry and Patrick had gone to the deck to be alone together. They had watched the sun go down over the water and Patrick had fallen asleep in Terry's arms. Terry felt a great love for Patrick and sat there in the peace of the outpouring of that love for sometime. He and the girls had smoked a joint earlier just after dinner, and the euphoria of the lift was carrying him along nicely.

As he closed his eyes and nodded, Terry could hear a voice speak to him and he listened closely, as he always did. As it began to speak, Terry's consciousness lifted and a wave of bliss whisked through his body...at first, a rush...then a constant lift of bliss...an extreme well being.

"THIS IS COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS," the voice announced.

"YOU ARE NOW TO BE GIVEN SOME GREAT POWERS !"

Terry listened quietly, but there was something about the voice which did not sit right with Terry. He knew that there was something different. It was not soft and gentle as it had been.

In an unprecedented moment of daring, Terry challenged the voice.

"I don't believe you." He was now very suspicious of the tone and the feel of the voice, and he grew confused and frightened, but then remembered the protective mantra that Zona had given him and he began to recite it.

"You must listen to me, for if you do not, great harm will come to you." the voice went on.

Now Terry knew that this was not the voice that he had followed before, and as he continued the recitation of the protective mantra, the voice had begun to fade away and the waves of peaceful bliss returned. The sarcasm of the voice, its insistence, and demanding quality were not characteristic of what Terry had been used to hearing within.

Then he remembered Matajis warning to the group at the seminar about the spirits from the darker side who always watch for an opening to take advantage of and in which they can manifest their mischief. She had confirmed the mantra for protection and enjoined them to use it if any question arose.

Mataji had mentioned that she too had encountered these spirits and that they could appear at the least expected times, and that the time when they had appeared the strongest was at the place where it would be least expected...at a very high holy temple in India. She said it was her firm conviction that they would attack when least expected, but that if challenged by one who suspected them for what they were, they could not stand the light and would dissipate.

What was even more disturbing to Terry was a realization that the tone of the undesirable voices was probably in fact a reflection and return of the tone of a quality within himself that he found to be undesirable but which would surreptitiously creep to the fore and strike a blow for its own existence and power when he was most unaware of it. He was to learn much later that this is a function of the mind against which much precaution must be taken and

that protection here is most essential. How this protection was to be built took a long time to learn.

Terry would learn that the undesirable aspects or influences are most attracted by a receptive mind...one which has developed or is developing an unrealistic and inflated idea of its own importance and influence. This Terry had encountered within himself on many occasions, almost inevitably feeling that there were something "special" about himself because of what was happening to him.

Now, as he sat there with Patrick on his lap, he could watch the fear subside, and could see that the fear was in essence a fear of self-destruction, for with increased realization of the true Self, there is an element of the self-being with which we identify which fears its own destruction and annihilation by the very process of increased knowledge which it seeks.

This flash was to unfold with time, but this occasion was the first that Terry had secured a solid look at it, and he did not like it; but there was nothing he could do about it.

Zona had spoken of this phenomenon, and she had not been gentle with Terry when the subject needed to be brought up.

"You're getting too big for your britches. Who do you think you are anyway? Do you think you are the only one who knows anything?" Zona would blast away at any feeling of self-importance that had crept forward in Terry's thought.

He would recoil and feel like snarling back at her that she should mind her own business, but then he would see that it was the part of him which wanted snarl that was the part to which she spoke, and when it was exposed by her challenge, he could watch it then wither away, and he would grow ashamed that he allowed this feeling of self-importance to grow at all.

Duane had important words as well. "Beware of the 'messiah-syndrome', he cautioned Terry the day after Terry had taken his cosmic "trip". "There is a great tendency to take this in the wrong light and to feel that one has been 'chosen' for some extra-ordinary duty to save mankind. Such is not the case. What you are given is merely the ability to do a job...just like anyone else. Be careful!"

It was just such a state of mind of self-importance that had crept into Terry's consciousness and he could now, in retrospect, examine it. He knew that its very existence was what had attracted the influences which had manifested themselves as the voice which he had heard that peaceful night, but he did not in fact learn of their true nature until much later.

The danger which they presented amounted to the possibility that, if one will but allow such an influence of one's own mind to gain but a slight foothold on one's consciousness, that the devastation that it can thus wreak may do considerable damage to the spiritual stature of the individual. Constant vigilance, he could see, was essential.

It was in concern for just such problems that Terry longed for a teacher who could guide him competently and in whom Terry could place his trust and unflinchingly stand beside in complete protection. The dangers of indiscriminate attempts to guide oneself in such matters became evident. The prospects caused Terry much anguish, almost to the point of paranoia as those prospects would ramify and display themselves before his inner consciousness. The fear of following such a devious path caused him to assume, at times, a state of inaction and this, he knew, was almost as dangerous, for such a state was its own spawning ground for further dangers including the suspicion that could grow of all guidance, possibly pushing one into an involuntary state of catatonia.

Now there was no teacher near save the one who spoke from within. Terry appreciated how close to the line the thoughts would ride if he did not keep a check on them. He listened closely for any advice that was given, and applied his greatest discrimination to it, and then could do nothing but act accordingly.

He was now learning the true importance of the meaning of the verse, the citation to which had been quoted to him on the beach. He knew that it was the Grace alone on which he had to rely, for there was no one else about to guide him, and he dare not stop, look back, or analyse what was happening.

Terry was very disturbed by what had happened and the tone of the voices that he had challenged. He felt confused by the tone of the conversation and the sarcastic, caustic, mocking nature of the voices. As he had been told that he might have the answer to a question, Terry asked in his meditation what had happened.

"...It was confirmed to me that the tone of the voices I heard was in fact a reflection and return of the tone of my own inner attitude. This is perhaps one of the most shocking developments I've experienced, but it is perfectly logical and manifest. It must be this way if everything else is truly as it has been shown to me: we reap as we sow. In short, I saw myself and I am not very pleased with what I saw."

There were other problems that were beginning to bother Terry as well as seeing his own faults and defects. As he watched the family enjoying their cruise aboard ship, he longed to join their fun or some kind of fun. Candy and Beth were enjoying the boys of the crew and some of the Acapulco Gold they had smuggled aboard into their quarters' on the crew deck. Sharon was trying to exhaust her endless interest and passion for bridge and she had found a partner who shared her obsession. They would sit for hours at a time playing and drinking.

Terry could neither play nor drink. Tracy and Patrick had found their friends and were gone around the ship most of the time. In a word, Terry felt lonely. The experiences of the family were precious to Terry and he longed to join in, but that was not to be. He searched the eyes of the others on board for a sympathetic heart...one who maybe had shared his experiences, but found that there was no one to whom he could relate.

He tried to find solace in meditation, but ended up only confronted by his own faults and manifestation of his ego.

"...One could also be warned, it would seem, of the SUPERIORITY SYNDROME...'I Know' it says...'I Know More Than Others'...at least I see its presence, but seeing it is very painful. This morning I felt pangs of jealousy, envy, desire. I wanted to do it for them.

"There was a desire to display HOW MUCH I KNOW and HOW GREAT I AM...and there was a desire of how they should stand in awe of all I KNOW...

what rubbish.

I am lonely. I long for a kindred soul of like interest and experience. The ego dies hard; it does not want to give up. But I will win (HA! there it is again.)

...It is becoming increasingly manifest from whence comes insanity."

So many activities were limited for Terry now. Not only did he not feel welcome in the activities of the family and could find no one else on board to share thoughts with, he found that he could not even drown his sorrow. One evening while Sharon was playing bridge and the children were gone, Terry decided to have some beer. He drank two and one half glasses and felt as if he had over done it. He felt so very strange.

"In the past I've often drunk that much before lunch... sometimes before BREAKFAST."

But the reasons for his restrictive lifestyle were soon to become evident, and he was very relieved that he had not indulged in more detrimental activity.

When they had been at sea for almost two weeks, one morning Terry awoke at about 5:15A.M. watched the sunrise and then went into meditation for almost one and a half hours. At first he had some difficulty concentrating and centreing but he then found peace and began to rise higher and go deeper. As he began to concentrate all the available energy in his spine, there began a pressure above the roof of his mouth just to the rear of the lump of the hard palate. He could feel the forces begin to draw together, up from the bottom of the spine...upwards, and now down from the top as well.

Then a new phenomenon occurred: Terry's throat began to tighten up and close. At first it was only slight, but then it continued as if in waves of energy that would close the throat and allow it to open slightly in a pulsating undulating rhythm, and as the constriction occurred and the forces from above and below met, he would enter an orgasm of bliss in his consciousness that could last only briefly because of

the intensity. The bliss he felt was indescribable.

"A person could not handle it for too long...and after a few seconds, perhaps seven to ten seconds... it subsided, and my joy and bliss broke forth in tears...and I came out."

He was stunned. He got up and walked out of the cabin and down the stairs to a lower deck. As he rounded a turn in the stairs, he could feel the throat beginning to tighten again, and he stopped at the bottom of the stairs and just stood there.

He braced himself, and said "I am ready." He did not know just for what, but he readied himself as best he could. Then Terry's throat filled with energy and force and began to close. He thought that perhaps it was the dynamic centre of the throat opening...he and Zona had discussed it many times, as she had experienced it.

He sat down for a moment, trying to relax the rigidity of expectation and anticipation. He felt he should get some fresh air and rose to go outside. He sat down in a deck chair and his throat got thicker and heavier with the same pressure that seemed to be related to the pressure he often felt now above the top of the nose...in the area of the centre of the eyebrows.

At this time, Terry's tongue involuntarily, it seemed, or voluntarily with a mind and intention of its own, began to curl back along the roof of his mouth, moving with the tightening of the throat...moving, resting...moving, resting...with the waves of the motion and energy. As the tongue stretched to reach the throat, it began to break the thin membrane of skin that held it to the bottom of the mouth cavity. The tongue was, it seemed, on a mission of its own design, searching the throat now for something, moving as a serpent might wave its head...to and fro...poking and searching the throat. Terry could do nothing but sit and observe from within, his eyes closed and all concentration on this strange event.

In a flash Terry connected what was happening with something that he had read. He remembered now that this occurred frequently with yogis of the East, but he had not paid enough attention to the matter when he read it for he felt that the possibility of its occurrence with him was so remote that he

could not see the importance of studying it. Now to have it happening to him, here, in the midst of people moving on all sides of him, seemed even more incredible.

What disturbed him most as the tongue climbed higher and higher in the throat was that his breathing had all but stopped. This in itself did not cause concern, for it often approached this point in meditation, but now, he knew that if he had to breath, he would have difficulty as the tongue was causing the opening in the throat to become smaller and smaller.

He remembered reading that at this point panic could cause suffocation, for the tongue was on a mission that would not be aborted or shortened until it had completed its search and found what it was looking for. He relaxed: he had no choice...he had to relax. Tension now could lead to death. For some time there was no breath...Terry did not know for how long, but he did know that it was much longer than he could normally hold his breath at will.

Then the tongue began to lessen its activity. It had broken the membrane now and the tip had reached the upper nasal chamber as it had climbed higher and higher in the throat. The tongue came back into the mouth and began to relax and rest as if it too alone were exhausted from its venture.

Terry took a deep breath, and relaxed. He was perspiring heavily, his eyes still closed, and now his breathing was heavy. His hands gripped the edge of the chair. He opened his eyes. A lady, an older lady, with a cane and a big hat was walking by. She nodded to the man seated on Terry's left and then looked at Terry.

"A beautiful day today," she squeaked. "You certainly have a good seat there," and she hobbled on down the deck.

Terry smiled, and his mind raced back and forth between the two worlds...the one of seeming chaos within and the one of oblivious insanity without.

As soon as Terry had recovered his composure and strength, the throat began to tighten again and the tongue started to move toward the back of the throat. This time Terry was more prepared. He knew now, that if the entire session was to be repeated, he had only to sit quietly and calmly and

stay relaxed, for the entire motion was for the largest part automatic. He took a deep breath while he still was able and then relaxed calmly back into the chair. Control of the body he found was important at this point and all that he had learned with Zona's patient teaching was paying off for he could relax at will, completely, and watch.

How long it took for the repeat of the sequence, Terry did not know, but it was over soon and the tongue was replaced in the mouth. Terry detected the unmistakable presence of the Voice:

"Be ready for this at any time," it said to him. Terry nodded to his unseen companion.

Terry arose and started back to the cabin, and the entire matter again repeated itself as he stood on the stairs, holding onto the railing. By now he was becoming used to it, and could control the relaxation. When it was over, he went on to the cabin, and collapsed into his bunk for a few minutes and then got up and fixed his morning cup of peppermint tea.

"Guess there's no need to get excited about such things," Terry thought to himself...smiling at the irony. "Seems they are going to happen with or without my permission."

Through the day and into the night there was periodic activity of the tongue and the tightening of the throat, but Terry took less and less notice of it for the action was not so intense as it had been the first time.

The next morning, he awoke at four-fifteen and lay quietly on his bunk. He placed the concentration for meditation and immediately the mind began a transcendence using the mind as a lifting mechanism...right before his inner eye.

There appeared to be a substantial amount of energy behind the lifting of the mind and consciousness rose as it had on other occasions to the area of stars and cloudless black sky beyond surface consciousness.

"It became obvious then that slipping in and out was relatively easy with practice, and the negative emotions that might be plaguing one could be turned on and off at will. The ego dies hard...it grabs every handle and twists. If the eyes can stay open with the mind in this consciousness, and bring this consciousness to

the level of everyday living, then it would seem that the ego could be controlled...the conscious mind can be used as a positive tool."

Then the higher state of consciousness was taken from him almost as quickly as it had appeared and Terry came to see that such matters were beginning to follow a pattern.

Often now, especially since the first time in Morro Bay when he had lain on the bed and watched his consciousness soar into that heaven within, Terry had observed different states of altered consciousness within which had appeared voluntarily or, at least, without any visible reason or effort on his part except that he had made the effort to "be there" in meditation when the time came each day... always early morning, and at least once or twice more during the day, usually noon and sundown. These states would come and go, and he found that try as he might, he could not return to them by any amount of effort or inner trickery on his part. Indeed, he could not even find where they were inside let alone get back to them, but when one of them would be shown to him again, there would be no doubt to him that he had been there before, and often, he would find that the previous state would now become a "jumping-off" place to move on to another state beyond what he had experienced before. So far, however, there had been little explanation from the Voice or inner guidance of any kind as to what these extraordinary experiences meant or how he was to return to them, if in fact he was, or for what they were to be used.

Terry knew now he was not in control of what was happening. His days were filled with lonely boredom on one hand only to have it unexpectedly interrupted by an intense experience of some kind or other, and thus his days were filled for the voyage.

In between times, Terry would sneak a glass of beer or he would slip out to a hidden part of the deck and quickly and surreptitiously steal a few hits on a joint and then walk the decks in a euphoric state that would help him while away the hours, hoping that the time spent thus would not collide with some super-traumatic experience such as when

the tongue had begun its movement. Fortunately Terry was spared such an occurrence, and he knew that Zona would be worried if she knew.

As the ship approached the Auckland Harbour and the greenery of New Zealand, Terry felt it best not to push his luck, if luck it was, any further with either the immutable force which now worked within him or with the harbour customs authorities. It was a hard decision to make, but he walked to the rail on that morning, looked fondly at the green dried vegetation rolled up in the plastic bag and the little can of seeds which he had planned to plant, and in a gesture of extreme self-control and sacrifice consigned the last of his grass to the sea.

Terry knew that the time had come to quit using it, and he felt relieved when it was gathered by the wind and laid gently on the water below. Another phase behind him, he turned away knowing that he would not use it or any other drug again. What he was experiencing far transcended any experience that could possibly be produced with them. He walked toward the front of the ship, looked out over the water to a new land and a new life.

That morning they docked in New Zealand.

CHAPTER 23.

For two weeks Terry and the family drove through New Zealand and from North to South, from Auckland to south of Christchurch searching for the place they were to settle. It was a time of mixed feelings, emotions, and actions; for Terry it was a happy time to have his family together in a place where he had longed to bring them for so long. For the children it was a time of discovery, adventure and much amazement, but for Sharon it was a difficult time. She had fallen and injured her spine on the ship and she was, in pain most of the time.

Before arriving in New Zealand, Terry had secured positions in two different locations as a farm worker, a vocation which was now close to his heart with all the work he had done on the ranch in California.

When they finally reached the farm in the South Island where Terry had been offered employment, it appeared to be the perfect location for them. There was a brick home, complete with the fireplace and a garden already planted, free firewood, meat, milk and an acceptable wage. The peace of the Station was tangible; it seemed to roll off of the foothills of the Southern Alps which one could see in the distance, pushing their snow-capped tops high into view. For three days they pondered their decision. It was so tempting to stop, and stay there out in the country, but it was not to be so.

"You don't belong here," Mrs G. said after they had been there for three days. "You have too much to offer. You must go on." She and her husband owned the Station, and she was speaking to the entire family. "You all have too much energy...there will be those who need it."

With her help, they loaded everything back onto the rented van and headed north again, but this time the excitement had waned, and it appeared that they were going backwards...the adventure had come to an end. Before they had left however, Mrs G. had suggested some suburban or outlying towns near Christchurch and it was in one of these that they finally found a house, but not before they had spent a week crowded into a motel; a week in which reality began to dawn anew.

It became abruptly painfully apparent that reality was reality no matter how relative and no matter where on earth one might be and the family entered a time of adjustment which would occupy many months.

For a start there was school for the children to face... real school, an experience that they had been spared for an entire year, having attended, or more correctly, participated in, the alternative or free school in California. Reality for them took a strong jump from the alternative school to the strict and conventional school system of New Zealand; still they seemed to adjust well and accepted the best of both: what they had seen and experienced and what they were now entering. For Sharon it was a different matter.

"I don't know if I can handle it." she was distant. "It's just not 'home' to me. I am beginning to wonder if life with you will ever be anything close to normal."

Terry, too, was confused. Whatever 'normal' was he felt that he had not seen it for some time. He had, of course, not been able to tell Sharon what had transpired in his head on the boat and in the past weeks; there had been very little close communication between them. Now that gap seemed to be widening, for, with the adjustment to a new life in a new country, Sharon had little time or energy to listen to Terry tell about his strange experiences.

This he understood, and he could see that all they could do for the present time was to strike what he hoped would be a "happy" middle path of mutual concern and consideration, but Terry too was growing more sensitive. This was the first time that he had been forced to live in such close quarters with anyone. In the ranch house there had been plenty of room...even in Morro Bay, he was gone so much that he did not have to take note of the close proximity of other people. Now, however, they were all in a relatively small space and the cigarettes that Sharon constantly smoked were growing very heavy to Terry. When he tried to mention them, Sharon thought he was criticizing her and she would become caustic, and Terry would, in turn, lose his self-control as well.

The effort needed for physical adjustment left little time for Terry to spend inside and the sensitivity he had gained in his meditative practices was being overshadowed by the

grosser vibrations of the physical world. The demands made upon him caused his physical energy to be drained most of the time, and when he did find time and could try to enter meditation, he usually found himself fast asleep. He began to lose interest in all that was happening around him as the time in meditation became less and less: without that inner strength, there was no need or use for the outer strength.

Now that they had arrived, what was going to happen? Terry pondered the question. He was not well organized. They had a house, but it was only for a short time. The country was where he should be, he knew that, but it was not as glamorous as it had appeared when he had first visited it some eighteen months previously. There was a housing shortage, and they were without transportation. Terry had no means of support except what the family had saved from the sale of the property and some small monthly income. He tried to keep everyone happy and it cost him his own equilibrium in the process.

Matters grew very heavy very fast, and Terry knew that some action was necessary. For sometime, he and Sharon had occupied separate bedrooms, and now Terry knew it was time for them to occupy separate spaces inside their heads so that he could regain his balance for without that strength and balance he knew that all would be lost...inside and out. He began sleeping long hours to recover his physical strength arising early in the morning to restructure a meditative level for inner strength, then returning to his sleeping bag which he had placed in a corner of the upper level of the house away from everyone and the activity of the family.

Slowly, the adjustment began to take shape, Terry began to feel his independence growing. There was little communication between Sharon and Terry now, and it seemed that this helped her to find strength within herself.

In the meantime, a newspaper reporter had gotten word of Terry's arrival in the country and was interested in doing a story on the shift of lifestyle and country that the family had made.

In response to the article, Terry began to receive calls and some letters from prospective students. He organized a Pathe Yoga class programme and began to teach small classes

on a weekly basis. He and Candy decided to prepare some crafts to take to the local Craft Market; she had become very efficient in Macrame and Terry, before leaving the States, had acquired the tools to make leather sandals.

As they all became busier they all became happier and life started to have some meaning once again as the confusion abated. Terry began to spend more time inside. It had been some weeks since he had received any instructions and now he found he would try to patiently wait for the time when he would find once again that he would be told what to do. He did not have to wait long.

One morning as he sat quietly in his little room after doing his asanas, his attention directed inward, the Voice spoke to him, much to his delight:

"Direct your gaze between your eyebrows...and concentrate. Now meditate on your throat, and begin to withdraw the energy from the left leg...now the right leg...and the arms...and the body...directing the energy into the spine...concentrate...the spine..."

"As I followed the directions that were given to me I perceived the converging circles of energy that I had seen before in months past, and they seemed to be going faster and to be more concentrated than before...faster and faster until I seemed to break through into a field of pure white light...not bright, but soft...floating...floating. No more waves of colours or circles, but merely soft white light...nothing but clear light."

"You can hear me more clearly now." the Voice was right beside Terry now...very clear and close. "Now, take a deep breath."

As Terry took the breath as directed, he felt a surge of energy, and as the waves of colour and energy had reappeared and begun to obscure the white light, so they then began to dissipate again with the deep breath bringing energy to the spine.

Terry was seated so that the sun was shining on his upturned face as it broke through the clouds and its warmth added to the energy that was now coming from the breath.

"The energy for this movement that you have experienced comes from the sun, the breath, and the retained sexual energy...all providing the energy for the force to climb and work."

"As the Voice spoke I seemed to float in and out of the situation which was so very peaceful. As I would float in to the white light with a surge of energy (coming from the concentration as instructed) a feeling of total well being engulfed my body."

The Voice continued: "You must be able to come here at will. This is the level from which we will work now. You must sit for meditation at least twice a day and learn to come here at will. Sit quietly and say to yourself: 'I can come here anytime I wish. I need only to sit quietly, relax, direct my gaze between my eyebrows, pull all energy into my spine, and meditate on the throat.' At this level you can ask any question you want and receive the answer... only one thing: be absolutely certain you want to know and need the answer before you ask the question."

As Terry moved with the energy, he could float into the waves of energy and it would invariably bring him into a state of bliss.

This phenomenon continued for three days at each meditation, and Terry could feel himself growing stronger each day as the confidence gathered, but with each passing day it became more and more difficult for Terry to enter that state. He would follow the procedure that he had been taught, but the effects seemed to be coming weaker and weaker rather than stronger.

He was no longer able to enter the state at will, and he began to suspect that the first occasions of entering the bliss had in fact been a gift to instruct what was ahead of him and the nature of the work that he had to do within himself.

Occasionally he would feel the rush of energy up the spine and float through into that peaceful white light, but now it was requiring more and more work each day.

There seemed to be a delicate balance that needed to be maintained for Terry to reach the state of bliss that would come when he had floated through into the white light, and

that balance required energy which now was appearing to ebb. He could see that his next step was to find the balance and to tap the source of that energy, for now that he had seen this beautiful "space" he would not be happy or satisfied until he was in fact able to go there "at will". He knew now that the first few times had been a gift, and now that he must move to find how that will was to be exercised.

He considered fasting to clean the body and refine its vibrations, but the food intake had increased to such a level that there was a great resistance to such an idea. When he began to cut down on the food intake, the physical energy would become even lower and it was even harder for him to move into meditation at all let alone into that space of bliss.

Terry further found a drain of energy when he would engage in physical love-making with Sharon. This presented a problem, for, even though such activity was seldom now, still there was that obligation and duty on his part.

"You are a householder and will remain so for a while. With that are certain duties and obligations", Zona had said.

There must be some balance...some compromise...Terry knew ...and he knew that it was his immediate concern to find that balance, for he could not believe that he would be given such instructions to move into that beautiful space if it were impossible to do so now...in his present circumstances. He became determined to find out how it was to be done.

CHAPTER 24.

The memory of the anguish and the agony which Terry had suffered in the early days of the opening of his search had never left him. Even now in the relative safety of the new home that he had worked so hard to find, the reverberations in his consciousness were mighty, for those early experiences had undermined a solid self-confidence which had grown strong in the early years of his life, and by the constant struggle against the pain and pressure of impending insanity, Terry's equilibrium had been slowly eroded until he had found the help from Zona and Indra Devi.

During the days that he had spent at Indra Devi's, Terry had seen other people struggling as he had struggled, and when the opportunity had arisen that he might help in some small way, he was eager to do so even casting aside all caution to the point of self-sacrifice, for he knew that the only thing worse than the pain of such a sacrifice was the pain of the loneliness and the depression which could set in when one did not even know for what it was that he might be looking.

It was such an attitude that caused Terry to presume that one who was in such a condition as he had found himself some years earlier would certainly desire and accept help if it were offered. He had forgotten his own skepticism of the early days, and although it still remained in some ways, it now concerned more the "how" of what was happening to his consciousness and his own ability rather than the "what and why". At least he knew that something was happening and that he was not alone.

He also assumed that anyone would be eager to help another who had found himself in the agonies that Terry had suffered, and the thought had not occurred to him that one... anyone ... might want to hinder the help that one might be able to offer in such a situation; but that thought was soon to cross his mind, in a very forceful way, for one day only a month or two after he had arrived in New Zealand, he received a telephone call from a man who identified himself as the Vice-President of the local yoga teachers association.

"Terry, this is H... . It has come to my attention that you have just arrived in Christchurch and are teaching some yoga classes."

"Yes, that's right."

"Well, I would like to welcome you to New Zealand and to Christchurch, and tell you that I hope things go well for you."

"Thank you very much; that's very kind of you."

"You studied with Indra Devi, I believe."

"Yes."

"I've heard many good things about her and her teaching."

"Yes, I have been very pleased."

"Terry, there is something that you perhaps should know. There is a lady who lives not too distant from where you are now, her name is...uh...Mrs T.... she teaches yoga also and she holds classes in your area. It might be a good idea if you were to get in touch with her and let her know what you are doing."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, our Association has the city divided up into ...sort of...sectors...so to speak...and each of us has an area where we teach. Do you plan to teach classes anywhere besides Governors Bay?"

"I don't know; I hadn't thought about it." Terry was becoming a bit irritated now at the suggestion that he should clear his "area" before commencing classes.

"It would be better for you and your relations with our other teachers if you would perhaps...uh...consult...with us before you move into an...uh...area."

The implications of what was being said to Terry caused him to take a protective step backwards. He said nothing.

"There is another matter as well."

"Yes?"

"You should be aware that we teach Hatha Yoga here."

"Yes? And...?"

"Well we teach Hatha Yoga only. Did you intend to teach anything further...anything past that?"

"Just what do you mean?"

"Well, did you intend to teach any meditation or such things in addition to the Hatha Yoga?"

"I don't know...I hadn't thought about it."

"We find that the people here are very unreceptive to such teachings. We find that they resist anything that goes

beyond the Hatha Yoga and the physical exercises. It seems to be the best idea to avoid such teachings."

Terry wondered just who it was that resisted such teachings.

"Wait a minute...let me see if I understand what you are saying. Just who decided that these people don't want to learn meditation?"

"We...that is the members of our...uh...association have found that..."

"Just a minute. If it is found that someone wants or needs help or guidance and if there is anything that I might have to offer that seems that it might be of benefit to them ...and they should ask for it, I would not hesitate to help them."

"Well that might not be such a wise idea since they will be very resistant to such teachings."

Terry felt it better not to speak further.

"There is one other thing...I am teaching a class that I have had for several years and I am considering giving it up. I thought you might be interested in taking it over. Do you plan to support yourself teaching yoga?"

Terry could now see the message..."play the game and we will take care of you and spread the spoils around." "I've had enough of that, thank you," he thought.

"Sir, I thank you very much for ringing me, but I don't think I will be interested in your offer."

Terry terminated the conversation, but not before the speaker had a chance to remind him poignantly of what had been said.

"You might think about what I've said. It would be to your advantage."

Terry was astounded, but perhaps more at his own naivete' than anything that the man had said. He had assumed that one who wanted to know would find the help that he sought and receive willing guidance from one who might have learned something that he could share. Now he was being told that he should not offer such thoughts and guidance even if it were requested.

It was only a few days later that someone came and asked

to discuss such a matter and within two weeks there were two more, and Terry found that they were not aware of the existence of any association, and some in fact had not done any yoga or any related activity. Their questions came from the heart, and they did not really know what they wanted to ask at first.

One of the characteristic items of discussion when they would begin to speak was that they had experienced some kind of unusual sensation or other which caused them to wonder if anyone else had had similar experiences. Terry found that the descriptions of the experiences were greatly the same among those who came to talk with him and quite often they would then join in the classes of Hatha Yoga.

As the weeks went by there were more and more of such people who sought information without even being aware of their search. Terry saw that their questions mirrored his own feelings and thoughts of some time ago and he offered what he could from what he had learned in his own meditations.

It was only the beginning of what was to come.

CHAPTER 25.

After the initial shocks of the move and the settling in Terry and his family began to ease into a routine of life that was easy and acceptable to each of them if not particularly to all of them, for each had his own little world now in which he or she lived and moved and their time together was limited; Terry was spending more and more time in practices and study, the children became busy with school, and Sharon occupied herself with sewing.

Terry's true interest was with his classes and with the people who came to talk with him about the strange things that might be happening with them. As his contact with them increased, the force would become more active, providing, it seemed, the answers for him and material that they needed to hear with the information materializing at the outer end of his mind as it rolled off the end of his tongue, so that he too would listen to its formation and learn from the concepts that he was supposedly teaching for some of the things and matters of which he spoke were as new to him as they were to those who listened.

He learned much by practical experience of what Zona had spoken: that the force, once active, must and will move in its own direction and time and one must be prepared to become a vehicle...an instrument...for its workings and be prepared also to allow it to make the necessary changes in one's life. It became evident that the adaptation to these changes was what allowed the force to continue its work, for the one thing that it seemed to abhor was stagnation, or inertia and the characteristic of the changes it wrought was that it would demand a change of perspective and an understanding of matters which only moments before had been totally unacceptable.

The force would also manifest its workings physically, dictating the diet that it found most propitious which now included almost exclusively fresh fruits, nuts and steamed vegetables. As Zona had suggested the transition away from the eating of meat had taken some months and still was not completed. Periodically, Terry would find it necessary to eat some animal protein, usually fish, to keep his physical body in tune and harmony with the happenings within.

The question of whether to eat meat had arisen at the time that Terry was attending the later seminar at Indra Devi's before leaving for New Zealand. One of the students had raised the matter when one of the others had maintained that it was absolutely necessary to forgo meat eating. Mataji had sat for a minute gazing into some inner space, and then answered: "It is better to eat meat than to think about it." Terry found that this advice was applicable to him, for when he would satisfy his craving for the meat by only a few bites of fish the demand for the meat would dissipate and dwindle away, and the periods between such demands seemed to be growing longer.

The force would also manifest its workings within his body at the times of the practice of Hatha Yoga asanas and breathing. In one instance, Terry had been invited to take part in a city wide teaching exercise at which many teachers could demonstrate and discuss their teaching methods. When his turn came, Terry mounted the stage and explained the posture that he would demonstrate and teach to the students present...some one hundred and fifty or so people. He lay on his stomach and as he raised his head to push his shoulders up with his hands and arch backwards, he felt the force zoom up the spine with lightning speed and a flashing blaze of energy up and through his head lifting his consciousness into the light in his head much the way it had done when he had gone into the light the day Morissa had taught the class and Terry had been knocked unconscious by the intensity of the force and its movement.

This time he reeled off into infinity and his head was spinning, but somehow he managed to maintain the body in its position. As the force subsided back down the spine, and the consciousness returned, Terry looked up to those present and with his consciousness still lifted from his own experience, said: "All right, let's try that."

As Terry could watch the force at work over a period of time now, it was becoming more clear to him that it was the force which provided the energy for these phenomena which he was experiencing and the energy whereby he was able to receive the guidance which was given to him.

At first he thought that it might be the force itself speaking to him in some manner which to him would seem quite mysterious, but then it seemed that there was a peculiar nature of consciousness that was present whether it was a Voice which spoke to him, or an experience of higher consciousness in meditation, or leaving the body as he had when demonstrating the posture. Now, of course, Terry was on his own, alone and without a teacher except for the teacher which spoke from within and the force would maintain the energy by which he could hear this teacher speak, and these instances were growing more frequent as the upheavals of the move began to subside and the meditations became more settled.

But when he was alone, he was very alone. Sometimes Terry would long for the times that he had left behind, the happiness and joy of the gatherings with his friends from San Diego, the euphoria of the never-never land that he would enter when they all got stoned and listened to the music. One night as he lay in the front of the living room watching the fire after everyone else had gone to bed, this thought of smoking some grass crossed his mind and he wondered if he should have thrown it all overboard.

Instantly, as if in immediate response to the thought, there was an explosion above his head and glass shattered into the room. He jumped back and looked up to see the candle which had been in the glass holder fall from the mantle. The holder itself was now in hundreds of pieces in front of the hearth...it was the one that Mataji had given him at Tecate. The import of the message was clear...too clear to be coincidence.

"Who broke the glass?" Terry asked in meditation the next morning when he felt the presence of the Voice.

"You did! With your negative thought...the thought of smoking marijuana. It is my wish that you refrain from smoking marijuana. You will find that you will receive everything you need from me. I have told you that I will give you everything you need. I have also told you that you must be very careful what you ask for because it will come to you. This not only applies to you but to everyone, for the thoughts we think have great force behind them, and what

one wishes, he will eventually receive in one form or another."

"The energy of the desire expressed in your thought was directed to the glass candle holder on the mantle. You broke it with your wish."

"You must know that the guidance which you are being given and the knowledge which is being shared with you demands great humility and acceptance. If you become demanding, wishing for things that you really do not need, the power of the force is lost. Most people spend their lives wishing for useless things when all they need to do is to ask and the joy and knowledge of the universe will be given to them. But so very few want it."

"I'm not so sure that I ever said that I wanted it," Terry spoke to the Voice as he had not thought of doing before.

"Oh, you asked all right. Perhaps you do not remember, or perhaps you were not completely aware of what you were asking for at the time, but your higher self was aware of what it was doing and the request came from your higher consciousness. Did you not request relief from the predicament in which you found yourself? And did you not cry for help? It should be remembered that when something is requested, that one must accept what it is that goes with the item requested."

"Then tell me, how does one maintain humility. Often I cannot control my thoughts. When I can hear you speaking to me, I am safe enough, but when I speak to someone else, I too often become proud of what is happening; I can feel myself becoming cocky and condescending."

"Remember the actor! He enters his stage and plays his part well, maintaining complete faith in the producer to have all the props present for himself and the other actors when he needs them. The best actor, or the one who is judged the best by his peers and those watching the drama is the actor who plays the part completely and for all appearances of those around, is completely immersed in the drama thinking that he has forgotten that he is only playing the part...but he knows different...he remembers that he is an actor. The most successful actor is he who maintains his objectivity within, but those around him having believed that he has lost it. In so believing, they believe him to

be one of them. No matter how well he plays his role, deep within he always remembers that he is merely part of the drama, maintaining complete humility because he also knows that he is the only one around who knows that."

"The actor cannot be proud and be the actor that I have described to you. If he believes that he is of a humble nature and remembers this, then he is able to be humble. But how can he be humble if he is proud of his humility? One should thus be the actor, appearing humble to those around, and inside...know inside that you are truly one of those around you...all humble...all actors, for once the actor forgets that he is just like those around, regardless of how good his performance is, then he slips into his own trap...slips too far into his own role...into that trap of pride, being proud of his humility, and is, of course, no longer humble.

"The entire matter is a drama...with each person playing his part and saying his lines. The only way to live successfully in the drama is to depend completely on the producer, believing that all the props will be made available at the proper time. If the actor completely gets "into" the role, and if he forgets that he is really an actor, his performance may be so good that he is completely accepted by those around him and then he forgets his true self and there is no way he can be humble. If he remembers his true self, even though he appears to be completely into the role, and if he knows who he is, there is no way he can be proud, for he knows that the entire drama is the result of the efforts of the producer rather than of himself.

"If you believe, Terry, that what is coming through you is coming from you, then humility will escape you and you will be proud, but if you remember that it comes through you and not from you, then there is no way you can be proud. You will always be humble for you know it is not you but the higher YOU...the collective YOU...the I...the WE...the BUSINESS...the ALL...that produces what you...and we...are doing.

"It is in fact no deep dark secret where your guidance comes from. The description of the source of your guidance is in books of the occult, available to all, if this is

openly acknowledged..if there is no mystery created about it, then those around you will know, and they will know that you know...that the guidance does not come from you but through you.

"Do any of the really great men...the great mystics... take credit for what they said and did? Did Jesus? Did Yogananda? Does Sai Baba? They acknowledge that what comes comes from a source far higher than they. If it comes through and one remembers that it comes through, then there is no way one can take credit for it, and if you do not take credit for it, then there is no way you can be proud of it.

"Pride and humility are the opposite sides of one coin. The coin cannot stand on edge. It must stand on one side or the other. If you flip the coin into the air, and watch it come down, depending on what side of the drama it falls, one can control the descent...one can control the side on which it falls if he remembers WHO flipped the coin.

"So be the actor...be objective, watching life go by, and remembering that to each person to whom you appear each day, you are part of their drama, part of the experiential pattern, play your part well, so that they may learn, witness and act in their own drama. One who acts thus...remembers that he is the actor...is thus saved from the pangs, the terror, the sadness...but this is only by GRACE...you did not do this by yourself. It happens through GRACE...let this flow through you."

The following day in his morning meditation, Terry again felt the presence of the Voice, and the discourse continued.

"Let us take another look at the drama," the Voice said. "Let us look at it from another position on the 'stage' so to speak."

"Today we are going to talk about and become the DIRECTOR. The director is one who sits back and watches all the actors. This time, let us suppose we are the director, receiving all the props, lines and what not from the producer, giving the actors their lines, listening for them, remembering that every situation into which we walk, for instance a shop downtown, is a stage for a drama in itself. Each drama that is

transpiring is happening in a theatre.

"Now, suppose you were to walk into each of these situations...each of these dramas...as the director, but let us further suppose that you are a director who is acting in the play as well. Such a situation is not uncommon in the theatre. So you are the director, but the body you are occupying is also an actor, and hence each drama you enter you will find yourself as an actor as well as the director. Watch your body as the actor...and watch the other actors as your body, the actor, enters the drama with the other actors.

"Then watch objectively each of the other actors as they react to whatever is happening in that particular theatre. You see, the director can look down and watch it move... watch the drama, seeing even his own body as an actor...he can watch while being a part of it, yet remaining objective.

"You see, there is no way that man and his mind can resolve his plight intellectually. Assuming the role of the actor or the actor-director allows man to have a perspective of what he is trying to see. Reality is exactly what man cannot in any way create: a true dichotomy...a situation where two things exist, seemingly mutually exclusive; there is no way to resolve them with the intellectual mind.

"Everything is one...one can see that all is one, he can KNOW that all is one, but he will still see that all is separate, and there is no way to resolve it.

"The mind knows that one cannot be one and separate at the same time, and there is no way to cope with the knowledge... a different kind of knowledge...that this is so. Only when one views it from above it...so that the separateness, or the apparent separateness...can be viewed from above...from a position in the oneness, that it will be seen that the separateness is not separate at all but one with the oneness. But this can only be seen from a position of objectivity... it can not be resolved by the mind, for the mind is part of the separateness which can see only that part of the spectrum that it occupies."

Terry listened..he listened carefully and as soon as the Voice had completed the discourse Terry came out of meditation and took notes which he later transcribed into his journal.

He "knew" what the Voice was saying, for he had seen it. He had seen it when he had taken the cosmic trip at Duane's, and one day in the back garden in the house at Governors Bay he had seen it in a drop of dew on a flower...in a flash, he had seen the one...he had felt the oneness. He had seen it many times in his meditations.

The mind however was by no means dead and it still tried to comprehend what Terry was seeing in these moments. The mind, it would seem, would sense a new stimulus that it had not experienced before...a sense of oneness...and it would search...grope...in vain for some similar experience that it had had before to which to compare the present occurrence.

When it was found that this was not possible, there would be great frustration resulting for the mind would literally deny the truth or the possibility that what Terry had seen existed; but for Terry there was no doubt of the existence of what he had seen whether his mind could rationalize it or not.

Of course at this time, Terry could not resolve it into these terms for his consciousness was still inextricably wound into the mind, and the mind into the emotions and then into the physical body.

There was, it seemed, irreconcilable conflict between what Terry had seen and what he knew, intellectually...that is what he had always been taught, about the way things are. What the Voice had provided him in the discourse now was a practical every-day method of, if not resolving the conflict at least being able to live with it and allow a new possibility to be presented to the mind, hopefully to allow some kind of assimilation.

But the conflict presented was deeper than that, and it began to manifest itself in daily occurrences giving Terry little time for rest, for it would plague him in sleep, in his dreams, and in his daily life while he went about his work. Sometimes he would be aware of what was happening and this made him a true actor and participant and yet an objective observer. He found it difficult to handle at first for the emotions would deny the objectivity when some situation arose about which he could not remain neutral and calm.

In the early morning hours, Terry was inundated with dreams of all descriptions, mostly in which he would find himself in a situation where he had to make a choice of some kind which would leave him the loser either way he went. The tests presented were irreconcilable and "double-binding", for Terry desperately wished to follow the injunction of the Voice when it had told him to love all around him and be kind to everyone, and inevitably Terry would awake from a dream defeated and torn by the conflicting situation into which he had been put and from the unacceptable choices which had been presented and which he had to resolve.

This was, it seemed, an effective way of resolving deep-seated problems in the personality that would stand in the way of the growth which Terry was undergoing. There was, of course, no way that he could explain it to anyone around him. He felt that he was holding onto his sanity by a thread of the Grace which was protecting him and the blessing of the guidance of the Voice which appeared fairly regularly now to give him detailed practical guidance about his growth, his study, meditation and daily life.

To receive the guidance now was not difficult...Terry could hear the Voice well enough, and he now could accept the flashes of knowledge which were presented to him, even to the point of allowing their ramifications to penetrate his intellect and if then the conflict could not be resolved, he found it easier and easier to replace the teachings which he had been given all through his life with the ones that he was now being given, for to maintain a hold on the concepts of reality as he had come to know them from his earlier life and the teachings which he had received in school would cause a strife within him that would not be resolved until one of them was released and Terry knew that what he was now receiving took precedence over what he had learned before.

There was no denying what he was seeing now. It was presented inside with such force that it became a part of him whether he could comprehend it, intellectualize it, rationalize it, or not. It was there, and he KNEW it. The only resolution would be to accept it.

The problem, of course, was to live with it. Certainly to all around him he appeared normal, except that his brow was perhaps a bit more wrinkled on most days than it had been for a while, but this was due to the ubiquitous attempt to resolve and understand but when he engaged in conversations with other people, he would have trouble and if an attempt were made to explain what was happening within him, Terry knew that he would be viewed with suspicion and that his sanity would certainly be questioned.

To make matters worse, he began to become very sensitive to noise, loud talk, acrid smells, bright lights and violent activity as he was becoming more and more sensitive to what was happening within him, for he had not learned how to diminish the sensitivity needed within to accept the guidance in meditation when he came back in consciousness to the physical world. Terry thus began to have more antipathy to Sharon's cigarettes, the loud bickering that is daily fare for children, and the heavy vibrations of the crowds of the shopping areas of the city.

It is no wonder that one who gets into this business is labelled "anti-social". He could feel that his reluctance to enter a conversation or to take part in a social gathering with the family or others who might call around and they were increasing in number now, was often viewed with disdain and he knew that he was being viewed as arrogant. Sharon told him as much on one occasion when he had failed to contribute to the conversation when their guests had departed.

Still he was blessed with the guidance within from day to day and from meditation to meditation. The only thing he had to do, it seemed, was to learn how to integrate it into his daily social and public life...that is, assuming that he was going to stay in public life of any description. The thought now was materializing in the back of the consciousness that it might be wise just to pull out. It would, Terry thought, be so much easier for all concerned. How is one to cope with what happens when this begins. There is no one to talk with and those around do not understand. The only thing that had been worse was the feeling in the early days that he was indeed going insane. Now with the training

behind him and the assurance from Bill, Zona, Mataji and others that this was not the case, left him in a position to face the conflict or leave it. The others had seemingly been able to live with it or were at least in the final throes of learning how to do so. Whether Terry would be able to live in the world with what was now happening to him, he was beginning to question very heavily.

There were a few little things that made life worthwhile however, and one was the freedom of the worry of the material concern which had been presented daily and more often during the days when they were trying to extricate themselves from the life at the ranch. Another was the almost constant presence of the delightful aroma that seemed to appear from nowhere at the most propitious times...just when it was needed. There was no question now that it was real, but usually it was only Terry that smelled it. There was also the little sign once in a while that came from the Vibhutti on Tracy's tassel...on her japamala.

It had appeared on several occasions now, when they left the ranch, the day they boarded the ship for their ocean sailing, the day they landed in New Zealand, and the day they found their house where they were presently living in Governors Bay.

But even the assurance of these little reinforcements did not stem the poignancy of the tests which presented themselves often with paradoxical circumstances.

On one occasion, for instance, there were some friends who came to call. They were people who were interested in what Terry was doing and he had discussed it with them on several occasions. This time, though, when they called, there was a different feeling in the air: their questions were pointed and thrown like darts at Terry with an attempt, it appeared, to pierce what he would hold up for their examination from what he had experienced within and this was, he found, the primary danger in sharing with others what he had experienced within himself...that they would doubt it as their intellect could not accept what he was saying, then they would try to discount it or even worse to ridicule it and thence to hold Terry himself up to scorn before those present. It was no wonder then that Terry fell into silence and refused to

discuss such matters.

On this one occasion however, he did try to discuss it. Each time he would describe something that had happened to him, he would be amazed, at listening to the words that came from his mouth, to find that they were so inadequate to describe the grandeur of the experience. It seemed that to put such experiences into words cheapened them, made them gross where they had been fine and held them up for sale to the public who could examine them as so many items of material to be discarded by whim or fancy. But they would continue to ask and Terry would continue to try to tell them what had happened to him...often to his chagrin and sadness.

On the evening in question, the man began to ridicule what Terry was saying. In the midst of the conversation, he became almost caustic.

"How do you know it's all not in your mind?" G...asked Terry. "It could all be figments of your imagination."

"But I did not make it up. It is there. I know what I am shown and what I know. I know what I see."

The family was present...everyone was listening to what Terry said, for this was the first time that they had all discussed some of Terry's experiences as a group.

Patrick came to Terry's side with a pen and paper. He was five years old and had just started going to school.

"Dad, how do you spell 'this is a cat'?" He could not write, but was eager to learn.

"Not now, pardner...Dad's talking."

"If you hear this Voice that you claim to hear and it tells you how things are supposed to be, then why do you still have troubles with your daily life like the rest of us?" G... was becoming very straightforward.

"That is just the point, G... when we know how to live, the problem becomes one of implementing it into our daily lives, and we find that this is more difficult than just knowing how to do it."

"Dad, how do you spell 'this is a cat'?"

"Not now pardner."

"Dad, please." Terry took the paper and wrote on it.

"I cannot accept that. One who knows should be able to do what he is told with a minimum of fuss and bother... especially one who claims to have been told from within. I should think that if we all had such guidance, then there would be no problems in the world."

"Dad..."

"Patrick, Dad is busy."

Patrick was persistent.

"Dad, how do you spell 'THIS IS A TEST'?"

It took about two seconds for the impact to strike Terry flat in the face and he could not hide the effects of the statement, for the realization of what had happened lifted Terry instantly into a state of blissful oblivion and he became totally unconscious of what G... was saying or what Patrick wanted.

Instantly the whole picture had changed and Terry now sat in the seat of complete confidence, reassured that not only did he not have to bow to the pressures of the cross-examination of one who simply wanted to accost him, but also that there was no way that such a one could disrupt the presence of the guidance that would be offered at the right time.

But Terry further saw that what the Voice had told him was true when it had said: "Try to spend more time on our side of the line." If he had stayed open, Terry would have known and heard the guidance from within, but he had closed out and tried to answer the charges from the intellect... what he had learned and stored...and the Grace of the guidance had come through another.

Up until this time, however, Terry had not found the confidence within himself to stay open to the guidance in the face of pressure of crisis, and would fall back to rely on the experiences which had come before and he would find comfort and security not in the guidance of the moment but in the memory of the security of the past.

As he would watch around him he could see that this guidance was not unique with him although the Voice might be more clear to him right now than it was for some others, he knew by its very nature that it was present for everyone who would avail themselves to its presence and accept what it had to say to them.

"Language! A blessing and a curse," he thought to himself. "Everything that happens to us we must put into language and describe. When the experiences were put into language they were brought down."

On one occasion the Voice had spoken of this problem.

"You should also refrain from placing labels on what happens to you. You have said "I have realized the self'. You have SEEN the self, but you have not realized it. Complete realization of the self is to abandon completely every thought that what you are living is anything other than a drama. Complete realization of the self is complete absence of pride and complete immersion in humility. Have you done this?"

Terry could not answer.

"Do not label what you see or what happens to you. You have seen the self...the nature of the self has been revealed to you. Just live your life...as it has been revealed to you. But to place a label on it binds you to that label and your pride will prevent you from seeing what is to come next...when and if it does come."

In his daily life, Terry found it very hard to place what he had been told into practice. He would vacillate from side to side...from one side of the "line" to the other... from acting the drama to falling into it completely and totally, and finding that he was hopelessly lost, mired in the mud of the mind which had confused and confounded itself with a fiction of self-sufficiency. The well being would be gone at these times, and Terry would feel the uneasiness of insecurity which came when direction was lost. He would try to meditate...to pray...to ask...to demand...but all to no avail: the curtain was closed and the truth veiled from his view.

"I suppose that this is the age-old concept that so many poets have tried to put into words. I feel so inadequate. I have always been able to put my thoughts down and now the words fail me. Perhaps this is why I must write it down in this journal. I had it all straight in my head and now I cannot explain it. Why not? It was not that much different, or was it?"

"...I know what it is not! It is not yelling at people. It is not shouting when the surge of emotion takes the trip up into the head. It is complete self-control, for the factors that are needed to be controlled are gone... they then come back, but I am not sure which comes first: the thought that control is needed or the factors that need controlling."

CHAPTER 26.

Terry loved his family, but he felt the pull now to go away and live by himself for a while until this period of instruction was completed. This, however, was impossible at the present time, for they would not understand. They did not have anything to relate to themselves what was happening to Terry and they would take it as a rejection of themselves. Their living together provided situations and circumstances in which the lessons which Terry was given were illustrated and reinforced.

With increased sensitivity, though, the petty bickering that children will do seemed to be amplified and the everyday inter-relationships of the family members seemed magnified and the lessons of even the smallest of events would blare out to Terry's senses and his awareness. He would take it personally when Sharon had a bad day or when Candice would storm around the house unable to find something that she was looking for. Terry would scurry to try to bridge the gap of emotions that would, for most families, seem to be just normal daily fare.

Paradoxically, Terry knew that if he were able to leave that many of the lessons that he had been given inside would be left empty without a forum in which to illustrate themselves. Those who came for yoga lessons often then also would broach subjects beyond what was included in the day's lesson, testing and probing to see how Terry would answer their questions which often were of a mundane nature... about diet, fasting and what to read.

"It is true," the Voice said to Terry one day some weeks later, when the classes had been going for some time, "that some of the students may be testing you with their questions. They may be seeming to trick you or trap you. There is only on thing you can do...remain open for the answers to come through you...and be kind and gentle with them. Kindness and gentleness are the keys to holding the emotions and senses in check. When the fires of emotion rage out of control, the clouds of smoke they produce cover the channel between us and you cannot hear the answers that are given to you."

To add to the conflicts presented in the daily life with the family and the world -- or worlds -- inside Terry's head activity was becoming increasingly real and intense in the world of dreams in the night. Terry slept alone in the room that he had garnered for himself in the upper floor of the house away from all the active life of the family and he would alternatively sleep and drift toward the dream state, the state just below the surface of conscious activity, and enter into constantly changing scenarios which were now taking on all aspects of the reality of what happened in the waking state.

During these times he would be placed in a situation in which he would react to what was said or done in a manner often extreme and generally in contrast to what he had been told would be the most proper demeanour for him to assume. It was at these times, in the "dreams" that Terry could see that he was reacting to what was presented with all his guards down...he could see himself as what he really was and with all the faults glaring. It was so plain to him what needed to be changed and he would often awaken with a sense of guilt and sorrow, for having put forth such effort to reform his life at the waking level, he would find, in the "dream" that he had so many faults remaining.

One of the fires that raged within Terry was the one that he had read would plague so many, that of lust and sex. Both in meditation and dreams, Terry was confronted constantly with sexual thoughts and fantasy to the extent that it would occupy his mind for hours or days. Sometimes he would be able to rise above it and it would not pull at him. Other times it would present itself with such force that he could not control it.

In one dream state, Terry found himself in Sharon's arms making love with such passion and violence that it exceeded anything that he would have now engaged in at the waking physical level. When he awoke he felt as if he had failed a test of some sort. As he drifted toward the waking state, the Voice spoke:

"Desire which proceeds from pure lust differs from that which happens in the normal course of conduct between a husband and a wife. Lust, even for one's own spouse, is improper and to be avoided."

Another dream experience which was even more real was when Terry and David, a friend who had spent sometime with the family, had travelled to a small town on the West Coast of the South Island of New Zealand for a few days to look for property. One night when they had no place else to stay, they stopped in an old church in the country. That part of the country is known for its violent rainstorms and that night, while David slept in his sleeping bag near the alter and Terry lay in the aisle, a violent wind threw open the doors of the church with such a violent bang that Terry jumped up with a start. He could not at first remember where he was. After closing the doors, he lay back down and drifted back toward sleep.

He then remembered that just before the doors had slammed he had been in the midst of a crowd of people, right there in that church. He had been speaking to them. As he drifted back down, he could once again hear their voices and the buzz of whispers and the shuffling of the crowd.

Then, while both Terry and David were still asleep, they arose from their bodies and engaged in a conversation.

"What do you think?" Terry spoke first.

"I think it went well. It appeared that they were receptive to what we had to say."

"Yes, I was pleased with it," Terry said.

As they started to walk to the rear of the church, they saw some men cleaning up the room, putting candles into a box, and rolling up a table cloth.

"Well this has certainly been a different sort of a night. Don't remember anything like this before," Terry spoke to David. He then turned to the man cleaning up the table. "What is your position here?" he asked, interested in just what had been happening. The man looked at him and as he began to speak, Terry drifted toward the waking state.

Later, David awoke also, and as Terry was lighting the burner from his pack for a morning cup of herb tea, David came toward him with a puzzled look on his face.

"Morning," Terry said.

"Good morning. You know I had the strangest dream. Just before I woke up I dreamt that we were in the midst of a group of people in this church and that we had been talking

to them, telling them something about yoga. What a strange experience."

"They were merely souls who had gathered there for instruction and who wondered what you were doing there," the Voice explained to Terry later in meditation. It is really not so unusual, but to you, at this stage, it would appear as a "dream" but that is a label that we often put on any experience which happens when the physical body is asleep. This is why David would perhaps not understand it."

The pressures of everyday life also increased by the fact that Terry, spending more and more time in the present in his meditations, found that his memory was slipping. He was having increasingly more difficulty remembering events that had happened even one half hour in the past.

He tried so very hard to stay in the immediate present to be prepared to hear the guidance and instruction whenever it might come. The past would thus drift away and Terry would carry no thought of it or the future. He found it hard to relate to time. He began to live in his own little world.

He found that if he were centered here and now there could be no frustration or emotional attachment to anything, for it is the centering which was important. In the here and now there was no thought of what had gone behind and none of what might be coming. He was the "director" so to speak and there he was in charge of himself and his actions...the observer.

For an instant at such times, all the interruptions from outside, the pain, pleasure, insults, thoughts and fears all became part of the experience to be watched and observed...and lived. He found that there was no pain if it were all just observed. No gain...no loss...only flow. It was at such a time that Terry felt himself letting go... finally...letting go.

Now, he could no longer understand it and sometimes he could not observe it. He would just let go and move into it, past directing...past acting...and it was under the pressure that he would find the surrender putting him past himself as he began to become the drama itself...one with all that was happening in, through and around him.

It was in just such a condition that Terry began to live now almost from day to day...mindless of what was going on around him, becoming increasingly irresponsible, asocial, and reclusive...all to the discomfort of the family. In his meditations, Terry would sit quietly absorbed in the peace within, letting his thoughts flow, watching the motion of the mind. After several days of letting go...of simply waiting and watching, the Voice spoke to Terry with what was to be some of the final instructions that Terry was to receive from within. The Voice was very firm and commanding:

"Listen to me. Rivet your attention on the spot between the eyebrows and hold it there. Where is your concentration? Where is your will? This gentle little idea of watching the thoughts and letting them run the way they wish is not for you. To conquer the mind and the ego the attention must be mastered, and it is now necessary for you to nail it down and put a cover over it. You must remember that the mind is not gentle and you cannot be gentle with it...at least until you have mastered control of it. It is a wild horse and unless you hold a tight rein on it, it will run right over you. It will control you, running you around, and you will tire long before it tires of running you around. Discipline is the key now."

This instruction set the tone for the work that was to follow for Terry for the next many months, for he had now received what he needed for the design of a method and procedure. His experiences in the other realms of consciousness had informed him of where he had to be able to move at will and now he faced a long and arduous journey of bringing the body, emotions and mind under some semblance of control that they might willingly then submit the entire self to the will and control of the higher self.

Terry began to correspond with Zona again and she would send him instructions in the movement of the force as she had found it to be developing and guidelines in the practices that she had found helpful.

Terry's unwavering adherence to the schedule and plan of the practices of breath control and meditation paid off as the force began to move in his spine and to mold his life as well. He could observe the changes in the every day action

as life began to change. He found that he would get on well so long as he would accept what was coming, but any deviation from his schedule or any change of his attitude of acceptance of what was presented to him when it was presented could cause a disharmony which would manifest in not only his body but also in that which occurred around him.

At this time, Terry made a drastic mistake: he incorporated a practice into his daily routine that he had learned from a book. The breath control that Zona had told him to do was designed to hold the vital energy between the bottom of the stomach and the throat. Terry incorporated a practice of locking the lowest vital centre and in doing so held the force in the area of the sexual glands. There ensued for several days a period of enlarged sexual fantasies and an obsession for sexual activity which Terry had not experienced for months. When he discovered the problem and the practice was discontinued, the condition abated.

As the practices began to have their effect, the force began to settle into a course of development within, and its workings could be seen. On one occasion in the early morning, he awoke to a quiet level of consciousness—just in time to see a form developing within his inner sight. With his eyes closed, the form appeared just as clearly as if he were looking at it with his physical eyes against a bright background. It was a pinwheel shaped arrangement just between the eyebrows and it just sat there.

A few days later, there was the same wheel, and as Terry watched, laying very still, it began to light up as if liquid fire were flowing through and around the lines and filling in the design. It was not clear to Terry how many lines were in the wheel, but he knew there either were twelve or sixteen.

This would indicate that the force was present and operating in the region of the vital centre of the heart or the throat. Terry could deduce from the writings of his journal that this could be the case, for there had been indications in his daily life that the presence of the force inside could be causing certain changes in his conduct.

He had, for instance, at the insistence of the members of one of the yoga classes, begun to meet with them for the purpose of discussing meditation and related matters. He had been reluctant to do this, for he felt that he was not strong enough yet to undertake such a meeting, but his guidance and instruction had been clear and he had remembered what Zona had said at Tecate about passing on what had been learned.

There had also appeared in his right ear from time to time a piercing even tone or sound which he had not heard before. It would come and go, and sometimes would change in pitch, but most often would maintain the even level of tone and volume, except that it would become louder when he was alone, in meditation, or just before sleep.

One night as he was going to sleep, Terry began to feel the presence of people that he had known in the past. They would come to him and speak to him. At first he ignored it, thinking that the first one or two had been his imagination as they crossed his thoughts. But then as he tried to go to sleep, they persisted to file by one after another and each had the same thing to say in so many words: "Hello Terry; ...hold on tight;" or "hello, Terry...get ready." It was not until Terry had heard from several of these people that he suddenly realized that they all shared one thing in common: they were all "dead"...they had all passed on some time ago.

"It's nice to see you again," he thought, "but I wonder what this is all about."

Later in the middle of the night, Terry was awakened by the piercing tone which now had become very loud in volume. There was a great orange colour inside his head and he lay in the dark very still, wondering what was to come. At that time, there began to develop a very great pressure on his chest as if there had been placed there a large balloon filled with water.

It seemed to conform to the shape of his body and as the weight began to become heavier and heavier, Terry began to have the feeling that he might be crushed beneath its weight. He began to perspire and was approaching the edge of fear...a place he knew had no room in this business...

and there then occurred a resounding explosion inside his head as the pressure dissipated and there then appeared within his head a vast and elaborate array of light that filled his consciousness for a few seconds and then it was gone. Terry was completely exhausted, and rolled over, panting heavily and went back to sleep.

A few short hours later he awoke to find that the tone or the sound had firmly planted itself inside his head and was resounding continuously inside him on that one even note. It stayed with him throughout the day and soon he realized it was there to stay...that it would never leave him. He knew by the sound of it that it had always been there, but that it had been he who, by the weight of thoughts and activities in the outside world, had held it obscured inside and beneath the coverings and layers of the delusion of the outer world. The working of the force or the Grace of someone or something had now removed those layers and the sound was there, audible and clear, for him to hear all the time. It was not to be for many months that Terry would find from whence this sound came and why it was there.

Within a few days, however, the pinwheel arrangement appeared again within, and now Terry recognized it for what it was for it stayed visible for him to examine. It had now filled with light and sat still glowing in the brightness of the consciousness inside his head, and then, slowly... very slowly...began to turn. It started to produce an array of colour as it began to spin, and bright hues became visible flying off from the edges to the periphery, lighting up the inner sky behind it. As the spinning speed increased it took on the appearance of a whirlpool the vortex of which reached away into infinity and would carry the consciousness away as one would watch it turning.

A few days later, the entire operation repeated itself without the inner explosion, for the sound seemed to be firmly planted and now the activity seemed to be concerned only with the activation of the other pinwheel-like centres of energy which Terry knew, now, from his own personal experience did exist and which were now becoming very active.

Thereafter, with these two centres opening, there were other changes which began to manifest in Terry's daily life. He found that he grew more and more reclusive by necessity. The mere sound of another human voice would often sound to him as the roar of thunder or the piercing threat of a jet engine. Bright lights would blind him, lights which would be considered to be of ordinary intensity otherwise. He found that if engaged in conversation with anyone, sometimes even the family, that discussion of any matters other than those related to what was happening to him would quickly drain him of energy. This he knew appeared to be very self-centred on his part, for it precluded his showing interest in what was happening to others. But he simply could not speak very much in simple daily conversations, rude or not. There was just no energy to do so.

So, Terry began to spend more time to himself. It did not disturb him too much except that he could see that it disturbed the family from time to time. He was now, however, too far into what was happening to turn back, as if he had a choice, and the development continued at its own pace. It did bring him, as seeming compensation, an increased rapport with the nature around him. He felt a communication with the birds and the flowers. He would sit and watch the rain for hours; as the clouds would shift overhead, he would watch the changes in the light patterns in the sky, sometimes with the effect that he would find that there were tears running down his face and he would sob and cry for what he thought was no reason.

He was not unhappy. He was definitely not sad, except occasionally he would feel the remorse of the loss of the kinship with the family, but even with them he had his moments of joy.

One or two of the children would usually accompany him to the Saturday Craft Market where he would make sandals and take orders from members of the public who wished to have their sandals delivered the following week. This was the one activity that kept Terry's hands busy and left him with a connection with the outside world now and he welcomed it, for there was a part of him that could not go inside and would be content to sit quietly for only so long, like a

little child, and then demanded some attention and something to do to break the boredom.

Sitting on the ground at the Craft Market gave Terry a vantage point on the world as he would watch people go by. They would look at him sometimes, and once in a while he would catch a glimpse or a glance from someone whom he thought might be a kindred spirit, feeling and experiencing something like what he felt within himself. A few times an enquiry about the sandals would lead to a further discussion about yoga, meditation or other matters related to what Terry found he could discuss, but he guarded his comments, trying not to force upon others what had happened to him within.

All in all it was a lonely life, but one which now, at least, was not taking him into something he did not understand as it had in the early days when he thought he was approaching insanity at the office and the ranch. Now at least, he knew that there were others who were experiencing what he had seen and was going through...not obscure yogis and sadhus in far distant lands, but people right here in the Western world opening up to what they found to be an alternative to what they had seen to be the real world.

Many of them now found their way to Terry's yoga classes and a few would come on Monday night for a discussion on meditation and other matters...including strange experiences which they might have had and for which they could find no explanation. Often they were reluctant to discuss such matters for they would think it was imagination.

"I know this will sound silly..."one might begin...

But Terry would encourage them to tell him what had happened if only to relieve their own curiosity about their own sanity. They might, it would turn out, have tried to discuss their experiences with family or a doctor and had been met with blank stares much as Terry had been in the beginning.

It was in such a capacity as a listener that Terry now found his greatest joy, for he felt that if he could be of any service to others in this regard that he would gladly give his life to prevent another from having to go through

the agony and uncertainty of what he had experienced. Zona had guided him; Bill had saved him; and now all he could do was to offer a willing ear to others that he might be able to do the same for.

Terry also felt increasingly grateful for the opportunity when it did present itself to be of help to others. He also began to feel a growing kinship with the holy men of whom he was now beginning to read more and more; Ramakrishna, the great sage who lived in India in the middle of the nineteenth century; and Sai Baba, who lived in India at the present time.

His interest in Baba had waned when the family had made the move, but now it was on the increase again, for as time had made itself available between trips to the market and making the sandals, Terry found that he could read books about Baba, and much to his pleasure one day, realized that these were the first books that he had read outside of legal works, since he had started law school some ten years prior. Now the stories about Baba seemed to him so real and close. The times with Mataji and Morissa now were having the leisure they needed to expand and bear fruit.

The months before leaving the States had been so hectic that Terry had no time to savour what was happening to him. Now that was growing inside him and he could take the time each day while the children were at school and Sharon was busy at her sewing table preparing items for the market or for the children. He would work on sandals for a time and then read and then digest. The quiet clear air of the South Island of New Zealand was just what he needed at this time, and Terry began to settle into the work to be done within and the preparation for the work that was to follow.

CHAPTER 27.

It soon came time to move out of the house which the family had occupied from the time they had arrived in Christchurch and the only one available seemed to be further out in the country. This suited Terry well and they made the move and settled in for the winter...June, July and August...

It was in this house, located close to the woods, and only a few hundred yards down the road from a hall where he could hold the Hatha Yoga classes, that Terry entered into what would become a serious sadhana, or spiritual discipline. Now he would spend many hours both in the morning and evening in the woods, meditating and doing the breathing exercises which were affording him some control over the force within now.

Terry found that it was so essential to maintain some regularity of diet and activity now...the force seemed to like routine. He could eat very little aside from steamed vegetables and fruit, and the location of the house in which they now lived, several miles from the city, gave him the solitude and quiet that he craved. Most of the time.

As word of the classes began to spread, so the number of people who were willing to make the trek from the city out over the hills to the country increased and Terry soon found that there was much more time being taken up and spent teaching than he had intended to be the case, but he seemed to have no control over it. He did not in fact consider most of it to be teaching, for it was more just entering discussion and quiet conversation with those who would want to come and sometimes sit quietly, looking into the fire that Terry kept burning most hours of the day and night. What they did talk about to a large extent was the plight of those who felt on the outside of society...who felt that there was something happening within themselves that they could not relate to the society around them and, they had found, that society had not been able to relate to them...and that this had become painfully evident when the subject had been broached with someone who did not understand the nature of the matter of which the person spoke.

Terry felt adequate to listen but that was often all he could do. He longed for Zona to tell him what to say or for Mataji to be there to listen and smile, knowingly, that all would be well with all those who came with their problems, but Zona and Mataji were thousands of miles away and Terry had thought that was where he would be...thousands of miles away...when he got to New Zealand.

Somehow, souls of such a nature have a way of finding each other, and even if the conversation never got beyond the state of the weather, still there was a kindred nature of their relationships that began to grow.

"I have learned in the past two to three months that I do not know anything...anything at all," Terry wrote to Zona, "I feel so simple...almost stupid...and humble...and growing simpler and smaller each day. I still have trouble coming out far enough even to write this letter to you."

"This can go on for years and years, Terry," Zona wrote back. "Patience is absolutely essential now. This is also the time that you really realize that you don't know anything and this, Terry, is the beginning of wisdom: make haste slowly! But you must be careful of one thing...catch number four: the personal salvation syndrome, where one becomes so identified with his own inner work that the last state is worse than the first. We must live in the world...being too intense on the path can cause problems. If we are so one-pointed as far as study meditation, and self-examination that we forget to relate to our environment and others around us, we can become introverted and create a fantasy world with a population of one...ourselves."

It was what Terry needed to hear and he thus made more time available for those who wanted to come and talk, but he continued to spend his several hours a day in the woods near the house, locked inside his own consciousness holding the concentration as solid as he could, wondering where it would lead too, and how he would ever manage to find out what he was supposed to do next.

As spring approached, he did not have to wait long to find out.

CHAPTER 28.

Through the New Zealand winter months of June, July and August, Terry's classes had grown and expanded with many people who shared his cause in a common search for the inner awareness and consciousness which was awakening in each of them, but exactly what they sought, they often did not know.

Some of them were rough...on the outside. They did not come with a search as their purpose but rather in the midst of confusion, wonder and often depression. To this, Terry could relate and while he could not perhaps offer just what was needed in positive instruction, except for the physical well-being which came from the practice of Hatha Yoga, he could listen as they would describe to him that they felt that something was "wrong" in their life...that they did not know why they felt depressed and had no reason for their attitude of rejection of society and life as they had come to know it and had seen it, but that they did know that they wanted no part of things as they were.

With Terry and with the others who came to his door, they seemed to find comfort in the companionship of each other. Terry often could speak only of what had happened to him, and they in turn could relate to that. The classes were held in the evening or on Saturday or Sunday morning when all could come free from jobs and obligations and then they would sit, after class, for hours into the night, or for hours into a breakfast that Sharon would prepare for a number that seemed to increase each weekend. Terry would tell those who wanted to hear how he had felt when he first began to know that something was "wrong" and how he too could not at first determine what it might be.

Many of those who came were young people...young "clients" ...seemingly transplanted from the law practice and office where Terry had first encountered them across his mammoth mahogany desk and who now shared his breakfast table. They were old for their age, having seen days of drugs and roses which led them nowhere. Some who came were not so young, but older in years but young in the innocence of a search that began with one step toward the inner self which they were reluctant to take alone.

There were three who were so enthusiastic in fact that they managed to find the wherewithal to make the thousands-of-miles journey to the United States and into Mexico to visit and spend time with Indra Devi to learn for themselves directly from her this new method of teaching Hatha Yoga and to hear her tell of her times with Sai Baba.

It was Sai Baba who began to have an ever increasing influence on Terry and whose presence was constantly felt in the gatherings that continued to grow. Terry felt that it was time to expand the activities beyond the Hatha Yoga classes and he made arrangements to rent a small cottage in the wooded hillside some three miles down the road from where the family now lived. It was determined by some of the more interested that this cottage would become a centre for their activities where they could gather and sing the chants or bhajans that Terry had learned at Mataji's and where he could hold the classes that were being continually requested. Several of those who came around agreed to help pay the rent on the cottage and when everything was finally organized, one evening all gathered for the big event...the first chanting session.

There were perhaps by now some forty or fifty persons who were genuinely interested in what was going on in Governors Bay, but only about a dozen or so who were actively involved. When they gathered that first evening at the cottage, they knew what they were coming for, but it was the first "formal" gathering.

Terry could not sing. He could speak, but he had no voice to project music. When it came to the point of beginning, he just sat there. He had heard the bhajans many times but he had never led them. They could be heard constantly, in fact, ever repeating themselves over and over inside his head. He felt terribly inadequate sitting there with everyone looking at him. Several held the small cymbals that he had brought from the States, one held a bongo drum, and all sat and waited expectantly for Terry to begin.

"Into the fire..." he thought, and, just as he expected, his voice cracked as the first note of the first bhajan creaked from his inside, but then it flowed out and everyone repeated the chorus...and in no time they were "away laughing".

The sounds of the evening would probably not have enthralled Sai Baba nor the members of the group that attended the functions that Terry had seen at the centre in Los Angeles and in the midst of all of it, Terry could not help but think that this was one amazingly long way from where he had mounted his motorcycle one cold winters day in December to ride over the hills into a new life with his friends from San Diego.

These friends now seated here with him...singing...chanting ...and looking inside...were those people from San Diego, and Terry knew that they would be the same all over the world. So many looking for a life which would replace the obsolescent routine which was growing increasingly stale day by day. They were all looking...wondering what was coming next...where they were to go, and what they were to do, for they knew that they could not enter this routine that others followed and lived in and called life.

There was born in that cottage that first evening of bhajans a small group which would loathe to be called a "group" but which would be held together by the adhesive of individuality...the deliberate intention to remain autonomous...the refusal to be identified with anything or anyone save that one common thought. Some had already been through a "joining" trip, moving in circles of those who had claimed to have found the "answer" to the search and claimed that it lay in the spirit of the group that they had joined. But those present now, those who sang with Terry that night, knew...and almost feared...the identification with a group for so often it meant the loss of the right to remain an individual and they also knew that the answer, if any answer there might be, lay in something besides the strict and confining submission to rules and norms impressed upon those in a group who were by tradition and necessity called "members".

There was a spark deep within each person who sat there that night that wanted to grow into a light that would lead away from such a concept, for where there were members there were also "non-members" and where there were non-members... those who were not included...there was unhappiness and strife.

The feeling thus described and shared by all who had begun to gather there with Terry often caused an apprehension, for, while they could each listen to Terry and what he had to say and could relate to his description of how he had felt during the early days when he had experienced what they were now going through, still the mere fact that they shared this in common threatened to mold them into a group.

And so the "non-group" met occasionally to sing bhajans while the individuals which composed that non-group would meet with Terry on their own or with one or two of their friends, or would attend the Hatha Yoga classes. Still from what was born that first evening emerged a collection of individuals which was destined to work and travel together for some time although they were not aware of what was in the future for them at that time.

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Terry found that Zona's words carried wisdom...the more effort he put into helping others the more help he received, and although he often longed to leave them...family and all...and find just what it was on down deep inside him...far past where he could now go...far into that spaceless space that he had entered at Duane's...he seemed strapped into what was happening here at the little cottage in the woods which had now been named "shanti"...a variation on the english word for small house into the sanskrit word meaning "peace".

When he was not preparing or teaching the Hatha Yoga classes, Terry spent as much time as he could inside conducting his own search for peace within himself. He would spend long hours at "shanti" by himself after meeting someone there for a chat, or he would arise very early and go back into the woods near the family house to meditate and work on the concentration.

Terry's work inside had now turned to the effort of establishing complete control over his body and his mind. The instructions from the Voice had almost disappeared and he heard little from inside now. He felt at this time that there was really very little need for such guidance as he

knew what he had to do: he had to stop the mind. It was all plain and simple and he knew that it would take work.

He avoided the issue a great deal by resorting to books that described various techniques for dealing with the mind in meditation...where to place the concentration, what to eat to facilitate the cooperation of the physical body, how to sit, and so on...but when all was said and done, Terry knew that the mind had merely fed upon what he had read and what he had thought. He remembered the words of the Voice when it had told him that to sit now and watch the thoughts go by was a waste of time and that what was needed was determination and will and iron-clad control of the mental process.

Terry found that he could sit best with both heels up under his buttocks. He arranged an old wooden platform beneath a large tree in the woods near the house, and upon that he placed a flattened cardboard box. He did not have a deerskin (which was recommended by the classic books on the subject and which, when one sat thereon, was supposed to help in the settling of the mind) but he did have an old blanket that had belonged to his grandmother who, he had been told, was a gentle soul and he wrapped it around him when he would sit in the cold crisp South Island morning, straightening his back, placing his fingers to the edge of his nose to engage in the prolonged breathing, or pranayama, exercise that Zona had told him would help to slow the mind.

Classical yoga teaches that the breath and its control are the key to the control of the mind and also the forces of nature and the force which resides in each of mankind and which was now active in Terry. This teaching is also present in most of the teachings of the world which instruct in mystical matters. Yogic texts, including the vedas and shastras of the hindus, maintain that the breath carries a vital cosmic energy called prana which permeates the universe and virtually sustains all that live in and inhabit the universe. The control of the breath, the ability to hold it in, and to let it out, and then inhale once again in a planned and deliberate sequence of which there are supposedly some one hundred and thirty or so, many of which are now lost to antiquity, can confer upon the practitioner the

control of the mind, primarily, and then control of other matters including those mentioned.

Such teaching is carried forth in the Buddhist Texts and teachings in such practices as the "mindfulness of breath" and the concentration in meditation which is the forerunner of other practices.

These concepts when first encountered by a Westerner tend to carry some mystique which does not sit well, but it does not occur to the Westerner that his own Bible carries in its pages many references to the "breath" and its control, which references, according to some, have come from the classic texts of the East.

Terry was a Westerner, at least he occupied a Western body, and the intellect of that Western body had had to test and then take much of what Zona and his other teachers had given him on faith. That faith was often born of the fact that the only other choice was the living death and limbo which he had been living in or existing in and rather than face such a continued state he chose to accept the "theories" that the classic texts propounded, even though he could not see or feel this "prana".

Even so, the experiences that Terry had had were enough... especially the one at Duane's...to convince him that there might be something of another reality. The breath control was designed to control this prana and hence the mind.

Such matters take time and the more time that Terry spent in the practice of pranayama and concentration of the mind, the more impressed he became with what was happening. He felt that many of the experiences that he had had were given to him as "gifts". He could not explain them, nor could he, it seemed, return to them by any will of his own.

Yet, he was finding that the prolonged practice of these methods which Zona taught him and which he had learned from some of his fellow students at Mataji's, were beginning to have something of the effect which they promised. He was not well versed in many of them...only one or two which were supposed to help in mind control, and these he practiced with great effort and concentration and regularity.

For one six month period, there were perhaps only two days when Terry did not practice the techniques which were now as

much a part of his life as eating and sleeping. There were changes which did occur. Terry began to find that there was an evenness of his life that began to emerge...and a quiet within, in spite of the tumult that appeared to exist in close proximity...almost side by side...with that quiet. It was as though there were strife between the activity which felt that it had a duty to keep going and relate to the world and the peace which was beginning to penetrate that activity.

Terry's consciousness would vacillate between the two, gently entering the peace in the morning and evening, while carrying in between a day filled with inter-relation with family, yoga students and making sandals to sell at the Saturday Craft Market. He knew and could see that the practice was having its effect on his consciousness. Physiologically, he found that the body simply did not need as many breaths during the course of a day. There were, in fact, times in meditation when the breathing would stop completely for a period of time...perhaps only a few seconds in the beginning...to several minutes later on toward the end of the winter and the activities of the mind would likewise subside, leaving his searching consciousness free to enter that coveted space of beautiful living "nothingness" which the Voice had told him that he must be able to enter "at will".

In the midst of this, the concentration to nail the mind down and make it stop proceeded slowly and painfully for the slightest breach of attention would, it seemed, destroy the work of days or even weeks and Terry would then find it necessary to spend tearful hours picking up the pieces and putting the mind back into that small space in which he was trying to confine it. The bickering that children are often engaged in, intellectual arguments which the yoga students would bring forth when they could not accept something Terry had explained from his own experience and which they questioned...all would serve to shake Terry off course, and he would then return to the safety of the woods to try to regain his inner composure.

The tree beneath which Terry sat became, to a large degree, his teacher for a time, sharing the solid stance that it had

built up in the many years it had stood in that one place. It exuded patience at a time when impatience still plagued Terry, and it would wait when he would hurry, then he would feel the virtual timelessness of its solitude. It would even speak to him...not in words, but when Terry would look at it just before or after going "inside" he could "hear" the even song in which the tree dwelt; and it was always the same...it was always there, never changing, no matter in what mood or frame of mind Terry would be when he came to the woods.

Terry would first sit down on the platform folding his legs into the "adept's posture" which he had learned from Zona. This would come fairly easy to him now after the months and thousands of hours he had spent moving the limbs of his once stodgy and constipated body into the postures of Hatha Yoga and out again. The poisons which remained in the joints, however, often made the sitting painful, and there would be no concentration possible until the numbness settled into the body and the pain was simply obliterated as all feeling disappeared. Then when the time for sitting was finished, the pain would return and sometimes it would take Terry a lengthy time to regain the ability to even walk back to the house.

In the breathing which first would follow the initial sitting there would then come a relaxation that said that the body recognized where it was once again and was happy, although painful, and the entire system seemed to know that what was happening was for the best. After a few deep breaths, Terry would call out for help, although he knew not to whom. To Baba? to Zona? to Mataji? Now there were no visions, no Voices, few flashes...just long, arduous, tedious and sometimes boring and sometimes tearful sitting for hours each day, locked on a course and direction which seemed to be dictated by a higher self and the purpose of which seemed often too remote to define. In the critical moments of each meditation, it often became obscure to Terry the reason why he was doing all this, but if a thought crossed his mind to relinquish the practice, he was quickly rebuked and determination was found anew.

By retrospective calculation, it took just seven weeks to stop the mind...to nail it down to inactivity, to a state in which it seemed to halt activity under the intense scrutiny and gaze of Terry's inner vision and control, but it took everything that Terry could muster to do it, including all the help that he could cry for and a determination that continued all day and night and which seemed at times almost vicious in its unrelenting pursuit of the goal.

Even when it was finished, Terry was not sure what he had, except a mind which cowered in its corner, afraid to move, and he could do naught with it except offer it "up" and even that took constant control and vigilance, for a momentary breach would allow it to wander off on a tangent of whimsical thought tripping a trigger which almost automatically brought it back under the iron-clad control of a ruthless task-mastering consciousness.

There was no question that the control of the breath facilitated the control of the mind: when the mind was stopped completely, Terry could see that the breath would stop completely also toward the latter weeks of the endeavour... and it would stop for some long periods of time, but still, Terry did not know then what to do with it. The stillness was pleasant, but "surely" he thought, "there must be something next...this cannot be the end...just a few minutes of silent nothingness inside."

He found his answer toward the end of September when there was a definite and tangible occurrence which did and could not escape his notice; there was a definite shift of consciousness at the conscious level...the every-day, walking around, making sandals, level that he lived in between meditations. Early one morning as he lay in his sleeping bag on the floor of the living room of the small house trying to find the courage to rise against the cold frosty South Island morning, he drifted into a level just below "today" and there he viewed in all its splendour another wheel, between his eyebrows, its spokes forming before his "eye" as he lay half conscious watching, half

afraid to move, concerned that the view might vanish and that he could not return to it voluntarily.

Now the control of the mind had some significance as Terry could stop it and hold it in check so that he could watch for long enough to see the chakra take form, the spokes filling in with the liquid fire of a white light that flowed through each line out to the periphery, and then seemed to activate subtle glows of colours that would come and go as the form itself grew stronger and more definite. He could feel a tingling in the top of the forehead - a flow of energy - that seemed to activate a new area of being. When the formation was completed, the wheel began to turn very slowly...oh so slowly, with the apparent weight under which the wheel of a freight train might struggle as it groped its way along a track calling all its strength to place under it some momentum that would allow its job to be done with some ease. Within seconds the outline of detail was lost and the wheel assumed the blur of motion as it spun faster and faster and Terry watched it in complete awe and amazement, completely conscious, completely awake now. Only then did he realize that he was completely conscious. He opened his eyes and looked at the ceiling through the tears, and as he arose, the view with which he saw the outside world had shifted...there was a new flow through his eyes.

His studies had told him enough to know what it was that he had seen and he had in fact seen them before; but this one was so clear...so "there"...so definite...and so beautiful...not only beautiful in its form and colour but in the very fact that it was there: there had been something going on all those long cold weeks and months that he had so carefully watched and controlled the breath and mind...every bite of food, every word...

In the days that followed, the presence of the spinning chakra which had formed before his inner vision was clear as he would awaken in the morning, or once in a while as he would slip, almost inadvertantly, more from fatigue than exerted effort into a level of relaxed semi-consciousness in meditation. He would see it now rather as a spinning vortex...a funnel...a cyclone as seen from above. Its

motion imparted a whir inaudible to the physical ear but palpable to a sense that resided within him.

There was, as well, the shift of consciousness in his every day waking life. It could be described only as a glow, a tingling, an openness to all life and a growing feeling of a oneness. In the physical body there was a growing vibration which now seemed to be present all the time...almost a trembling that one might feel in a small earthquake, and there were times when Terry actually felt that there had been an earthquake and so remarked to someone near him. He would then be met with a questioning stare, but he was becoming accustomed to that.

The trees, the flowers and the birds all looked the same...just more. More of them; more to them; more in them. Terry often and to his embarrassment found that tears flowed so easily now...they would not be contained, and they would come at the most distressing times. He had taken to going to the symphony as often as possible, one of the few diversions that he allowed himself and the music would invariably set him sobbing. In meditation, he would emerge from a deep state of concentration with tears running down his face.

These were not tears of sorrow, distress or even tears of joy. They emanated from a place other than these conventional sources and they would not be stemmed regardless of the effort put forth. They were not tears of an emotion but they came rather from a state of mind or consciousness which now seemed to be washing away all that obscured its brightness so that it could shine to the worlds...both inner and outer...with a waking radiance that Terry felt at times was perhaps a bit too obvious. Still it would not be contained in spite of his concern and in the end it would flow forth and he would be forced to leave the room and seek solitude if there were others present. Such events just simply did not take place in polite Western society...they were unconventional, and while Terry did not feel any discomfort himself within himself, he was sorely afraid of causing discomfort to any who might be in close proximity to him for it became obvious even soon after this began to happen that a rational mind would not...could not...understand what was happening; what was happening was

was not rational. It had no reason. It just was; and for Terry, it was utterly blissful.

Terry did not at first place any connection with this new and altered state of consciousness and the control of the mind which he had striven so hard to achieve. They were simply concurrent in their appearance and co-existent for a time. When these events began in late September and early October, the meditative practices in which he had been engaged began to fall away...he could no longer enter into them. The breathing was an empty gesture; the meditation would float away as soon as he had sat down, and he would float into the bliss that seemed to accompany him all the time.

There was one connection that he did make...that was with Sai Baba. Terry felt that surely there was a connection with Baba. He had by now read of the miracles that Baba had supposedly performed on the consciousness of many people in the world...the Western world as well as the East. Terry felt an uncontrollable urge and desire to thank something or someone for what was happening to him and he found the vibrations of Sai Baba receptive to his inner thoughts, thanks, and pleadings. He was not sure how this was felt, but it was there.

The idea of having a guru, a teacher who could influence his developments from thousands of miles away, seemed almost too good to be true to Terry and he felt humbled by the thought that this might be the case. As he made the sandals, he would offer them to Baba; as he ate his dinner he would offer each bite to Baba; even as he walked... talked...sang bhajans...sat on the toilet...everything went to Baba.

In his devotion and growing sense of offering, Terry was often guided by the words of Sri Ramakrishna. This Saint had lived in India from 1836 to 1886 and was considered a paragon of devotion in his commitment to the "divine mother". It was his attitude and the way he went about his surrender that carried over to Terry and aided Terry in his own quest.

But Terry could not last too long on his own, and he could not find the help he needed from books. He had

reached what he considered to be the end of his development without a teacher, and he longed for someone who would instruct him in what he was to do next.

He no longer could engage in the Hatha Yoga practices... they meant nothing to him. He could not bear to listen to any conversation that had anything to do with the outside world and he lived only for the times when he would gather with the growing number of those who would come to "shanti" to sing bhajans. On those precious nights, Terry would do all he could to hold his composure until the singing began and then when all had their eyes closed, rapt in their own singing and inner consciousness, Terry could allow the flow to begin from deep within himself.

The chanting of the bhajans would raise his consciousness to a point that he then could no longer mouth the words or force out the sound needed to sustain the singing and he would be borne aloft on the chants of the others present and the vibrations of the room which would enhance the vibrations in his own body. They would sing to Sai Baba, to Ramakrishna, to Jesus, to God, to each other, to bliss itself, to all the Saints that had ever lived, on into the night, warmed from within by the oneness that they all felt, and from without by the faithful fire in Shanti's fireplace.

"These are precious days," Terry would say to them when the chanting was finished and they would share a cup of Peppermint Tea before departing back over the hill to Christchurch. Some had come several miles just for the few hours of joining in the chanting. "Precious days... they won't last long,...and we will never see them again."

The glory and the beauty of the moment were all that were necessary. To look to the future was to detract from the moment, and the view to the past was disintegrating into oblivion.

Even the conversation in which Terry entered with those who came to see him had taken another turn. There was no rational explanation now from him as to why to do this posture or that breathing exercise...he did not care about them, and could relate only to the person who would sit with him at the moment, feeling the oneness and talking about Sai Baba or Ramakrishna. Sometimes he could feel the

irritation from another who would ask for specific instructions, but Terry could find nothing important now but the love he felt growing within himself.

Even Terry's family by now seemed to have written him off...they did not understand his strange ways, and there was no way he could explain himself. He did now know one thing though: it could be dangerous to meditate. It was dangerous for one who wanted to have anything to do with the outside world, and who wanted to live in it in any semblance of a manner in which he had been trained, for if and when such a consciousness came forth, it destroyed all defenses and conventions leaving one open to all attack from without protected only by the defense of the oneness from within. The sneers, the snickers, the jeers of the marketplace were all fair ammunition to throw at such a one who could not mount any kind of a counter offensive, and Terry could do nothing but sit and watch it all happen to him...around him...and within him.

Once again, Terry found himself in the same position that had levelled him years earlier: he had no one to turn to... no one he could talk to. He could enjoy the company of those who came to see him, but more often than not, they came to try to find holes in his story and to rationalize what he said out the back door of their minds...just as he had done when he first began to ask questions. He felt a tearful kinship with them in their search, for he had been there, but he dared not open up to them too fast for they did not understand his overwhelming emotion for them, and lest it were contained, they would be frightened away.

The Hatha Yoga classes continued, for it was through this medium that the ones who were coming were called and when they came, it would often start with a simple inquiry about diet, a stiffness of a muscle, or a strange feeling in the head that something was "wrong". When Terry heard these words, he could feel an almost uncontrollable desire to throw his arms around the one standing before him, for he now knew what they really were asking. But he dare not. He must contain himself.

The inner conflict grew too fast. He could not resolve it without help, and he had to have that help soon...to

know how to handle what was happening. He knew what to do...but he also knew it was next to impossible.

He knew he must now go to India to see Sai Baba. He knew.

CHAPTER 29.

When the decision was made and there was no further questions in Terry's mind that he was in fact going, there occurred an abrupt change in the course of his life. He had no money. The family had two or three hundred dollars in the bank and they had enough income from the States to support what they needed, but there was no income or capital for Terry to make a trip anywhere let alone to India. He had made the decision out of necessity and based solely on faith, and he would leave it in Baba's hands. It was said that one could not get to Baba until Baba decided that the time was right. So now, Terry knew that he would just wait.

Within only days from the time that the decision was made the orders for sandals began to pick up noticeably. At first Terry thought that it was a "coincidence"...that old catch-all for anything that one might not want to acknowledge could have a cause other than that which can be explained by the rational mind. The increase in orders was too steep to be coincidence however, and he knew it, but he did not say anything. It was a curious occupation ...a good one...doing something for peoples' feet...it was a long way from the high-fashion, high-strutting courtroom peacock stature of yesteryear, and it had a built-in "humilifying" factor which was good for periodically deflating Terry's oversized and overworked ego.

"You must do something with your hands", he would tell those who came to him for lessons...Hatha Yoga, meditation or just to sit and talk. "There is an energy flow that is natural, but increased when you get active in this business and it must be carried to the physical to go full-circle ...creating a vacuum for more to flow in...to keep one going." he could speak with authority now, for he had seen...actually seen... this energy flow within himself, and he knew that the days that he made sandals things went better.

"Everyday, do some work. It doesn't matter what it is... just do some work...real work." Those words were from Duane that day when Terry had picked him up on the road and brought him to the ranch some two years before. When he had said them, Duane proceeded to clean up a corner of

the yard behind the house.

Although meditation was all but gone for the time being now, Terry knew that the weeks and months that he had spent inside cornering the mind had been well placed, for there was a one-pointedness now...a control that held the attention on what he was doing, and it seemed that the meditation had in reality been transferred from the inside to the outside, so to speak, for what had been inside had now been carried to his outer consciousness, and there was now a singleness of purpose...in fact there was purpose where there had before been none. There was a reason for working now and that reason was to offer what he did to Baba who stood ready to accept it, apparently, for when that was done, there was more given. But he could not sit for the concentrated meditation that he had done for so long, for as soon as he entered inside, there was only the ineffable joy and happiness that had descended upon him when the chakra of the eyebrows had opened...the ajna chakra.

The shift in consciousness stayed with him. He was intermittently happy and joyful all the time, but would become saddened when he would hear any dissension between other people, especially the children. Sometimes they would scrap over a minor matter, and one would become bitter toward the other and this would cause Terry no end of pain. He would sometimes meet this with a harsh snap at one or all of them...uncontrolled...spontaneous...in his intense desire to calm the feud. To his chagrin, he would feel the pangs of inner pain and remember the words of the Voice when it had told him: "Use no violence, for violence cannot be used against violence." Now he knew why: it would ultimately destroy him from within if he allowed it to be used.

Sometimes the joy was so deep and growing that he could not pound the nails in the sandals for the tears flowing from his eyes. Strangely, he could hold his composure; it was not a state of emotion, but rather the emotion of the state he was in. He was to learn that these tears were a natural part of the process he was going through, and they

were indicative of a mood into which one could go, sometimes at will and sometimes involuntarily. He had read that Sri Ramakrishna had entered this mood at the moment of the mention of the name of God or the singing of a chant, and then Ramakrishna would transcend that mood into a state of bliss that caused the loss of awareness of the physical body.

There was an air of abandon that was taking over the concern that Terry would feel in the matters of the world, for although he had been spared the worries of the physical world that had plagued him in the early days at the ranch and in the office, still there were little matters of everyday life that needed attention. "Perhaps," he thought, "this 'abandon' could be what others call 'faith'." He did not know, but there was an element of some kind of surrender in it...a knowing that all was proceeding on course, and this was bolstered by what he had seen at Duane's. With the scandal orders increasing, Terry felt completely justified in adopting this attitude, for all seemed to be proceeding smoothly. He had booked his air passage and taken the first round of the inoculations.

One day when he was making sandals in the wool-shearing shed which he had converted into a leather working shop, he had just offered a pair of sandals, completed, dyed and polished, to Baba and the manager of the farm came to the door.

"D'you hear the news?"

"What news?"

"You gotta move out."

"What?"

"Yeh. The owner is moving in. He sold his house in town."

"You're joking." REALITY AGAIN.

"Hope, you got ten days."

"I don't believe it. I'll ring him and find out."

It was true. Terry was scheduled to leave for India in just over three weeks and they now had ten days to get out of the house and get the family settled before he could get ready to leave.

"That's the last straw," Sharon said, in tears. "I gave up my home, and we've already had to move once here and we

haven't been here a year yet."

Terry could say nothing. He knew that this was just another step in the process that they were going through, but Sharon would not and could not see it that way. The children were in school and happy. Terry had counted on them being able to stay there and be there when he got back from India. Now it was all changed again.

There was a housing shortage anyway, and they had been very fortunate to find what they had; now it seemed impossible. Terry thought that the trip was off. It had to be! "How could things move so fast...fast enough for me to go," he wondered.

He had not counted on the power of the surrender and "coincidence" that seemed to be guiding him now and he decided to take it to the yoga class.

"I know a place that might just be available," Denise said when they had finished. "It is owned by some friends of mine. Her mother just died and they might rent it to you."

Within ten days, Denise had arranged the house for Sharon and the younger children, Terry had found a summer cottage that some people would rent to them for the rest of the winter and spring and they had packed all they did not need off to the auction, loaded up what was left, moved Sharon into her new house just a few miles down the road and Terry got his second round of shots.

There was no meditating now...it was all business. This was all new to Terry. He had not flown overseas before except to New Zealand and the mystery of the East totally occupied his thoughts now. The possibility of meeting and seeing Sai Baba even for a moment mesmerized him, for it was said that Baba could solve, cure and cause merely with a glance or a touch. What skepticism and doubt had remained had been washed away by the flood of coincidences and tears that seemed to flow concurrently at just the proper time.

"He is the great Dhobi...the great washerman..." Mataji had said. "The Dhobi, to wash the clothes in India, takes them to the river and swings them up over his head to the greatest height and then with great force, slaps them

against the rocks to clean them completely from all dirt, stain...leaving them clean and white and pure."

When everything was finally settled and Sharon was happy in her new home, Terry breathed a sigh of relief: he had just three days before he was due to leave New Zealand to fly to Singapore and Calcutta, then to Bangalore where he would travel overland to see Baba.

Now there was no time to think, let alone meditate, for the sandal orders literally had Terry working day and night, and in the end, with the increased number of students in the Hatha Yoga classes the sandal orders brought in just enough to cover the air fare and his expenses.

"You're going at the right time," Max the travel agent had told him. "Another month and it would have cost you another hundred and fifty dollars."

That seemed to be the story of Terry's life at this time.. always at the right place at the right time...with just a dollar left over. But it was all there and he was ready to go.

The last bhajan session was something of a tense affair... for all knew that Terry was going for all of them as well. There was an extra-sized crowd at Shanti just two nights before he was to leave and there were extra-size vibrations as well. The weather was warmer now and they left the doors open and some sat out on the porch because the inner room was full. Many of them did not know each other, but that did not bother anyone, for they did not come to form a congress of any kind...but merely to find their own inner sanctum...that quiet little place within that would ring with the joy of the chanting and would reverberate with the joy that they could all share in spite of the fact that they did not know each other.

Afterwards they all sat very quietly, knowing that it would be different when they all met with Terry again, for he would be carrying with him the news of something that they all wanted to know: "Was it true?"

He had told of the stories that he had heard at Mataji's and they had listened, enraptured, even when the tales were secondhand. He could relate his own first hand experiences at the yoga seminar when he had received the

message for Jerry, and when he had received the inner guidance, but he did not feel free to tell all of these things. Just at the right time Tracy burst into the room.

"You can hear you guys all over the bay...the chanting goes everywhere...and LOOK...THERE IS VIBHUTTI ON THE TASSLE!" and there was. She held it up and there, on the tassel of the japamala was the white powdery substance that Terry had seen at Tecate.

They had all seen Vibhutti...Terry had brought some with him from the States that Mataji had brought from India, but they had not seen it before on the japamala. But it was there, crystallized on the threads of the tassel and with the sweet pungent aroma that only this vibhutti carried.

The spirit that pervaded the little shack in the woods that night would defy description for it was beyond anything that most of them had experienced before. Once again everything had clicked into place at the last minute. Almost everyone who was there at least knew Terry and his family even if they did not know everyone else and the Vibhutti was just another unbelievable incident in a series that had happened in the life of this strange sandal-making exlawyer from the States. But the truth of the matter was that the sandal-maker was the most bewildered of all and all he could do was to watch what was happening around him and wonder once again where it would all lead too.

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Two days later it led to the stark and noisy reality of the Christchurch International Airport. Terry checked in and took his pack to the baggage counter. It was overweight with peanuts, toilet paper and brewers yeast to stave off the deficiencies that Terry had heard about in India, but there was no problem. When he turned from the counter, he found that there was a crowd gathering and it appeared from the familiar faces that there was to be another bhajan session. Denise, Rae, Alan, Frazer, Rachel ...and on and on...and there were people there who came up to him to wish him well that he had not seen before. There

were so many, and they kept coming. Little Patrick stood nearby Dad and held his hand and watched the line of well-wishers.

When it was time to go, Terry walked around the line and put his arms around everyone of them and held them close ...even the ones that he had not met before for he too knew now that this trip was not just for himself. He knew that it was for all of them, and many of them had new sandals on their feet.

Finally, there was Sharon, waiting behind him when he had hugged and kissed the children.

"I love you, you silly old man."

This time the tears were real. She too knew that things would be different when Terry returned.

"I love you too." Terry held her tight, then turned and walked.

He had a window seat and he held his scarf up to the window so they could see it from the observation deck... twenty-nine people and his family. The scarf was the one Candy had knitted for him when she was twelve years old... bright orange.

Terry waved, of course, as the plane taxied out to the runway and then on the roaring takeoff, but he knew that they couldn't see him now. And he could barely see them.

He sank back into his chair and closed his eyes. All he could see was a long, yellow brick road, reaching far into the distance of the inner space, and a song began to sing itself from deep inside as he started down that road...

"We're off to the wizard-
see and....."

CHAPTER 30.

"It could be said," Terry wrote to them from India, "that there are probably better times to land in Calcutta than Saturday midnight. There was a celebration in force all over the city to praise Mother Kali, the Divine Mother, and even at one o'clock in the morning the taxi had to stop every so often for a procession in the road.

"There are hundreds...perhaps thousands...of people sleeping in the streets...sidewalks and the doorways of the half-torn down buildings. It is hard to maintain detachment when one knows that some of them will surely die of starvation by morning.

"I felt some kind of security when the taxi driver showed me his picture of Ramakrishna and told me that he was a devotee. Then the people at the hotel informed me that the devoted taxi driver had charged me double the fare that he should have charged.

"Oh well, it's all just a delusion anyhow..."

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Terry spent three days in Calcutta adjusting to India in general, walking the streets, looking at the beggars, completely absorbed by the spectacle of it all.

The reason he was there was to visit the temple at Dakshineswar where Ramakrishna had lived and to see the room where he had met and talked with and taught Narendranath, the young chap whose arrogance Ramakrishna destroyed with his simplicity and who was destined to become one of the great religious and spiritual teachers of the age: Swami Vivekananda.

Terry found the temple in ruins. He had expected that it would be well kept and cared for. Near the corner of the courtyard at the end of the line of the twelve Shiva temples, there was a little row of tables and stalls. Behind them sat the golden skinned Indians tending their pictures and trinkets of Ramakrishna and Sarada Devi, his wife, which they sold to those who visited the temple to pay tribute to Ramakrishna.

Terry was absolutely enthralled. He had read the one thousand and eight pages of the 'Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna' from cover to cover and had marvelled at the words of wisdom that poured from the lips of this simple holy man; how he had opened the consciousness of more than one disciple with the touch of his hand; and he knew that Baba quoted Ramakrishna often with approbation.

One of the vendors, a tall slender man took an interest in Terry, who was the only Westerner in sight that day. His English was broken and hard to understand but communication was accomplished and he offered to take Terry around the compound and show the various sights and he was as it turned out a very competent guide.

There was very little explanation that was needed for Terry was familiar with the life of the holy man and knew the names and locations of the important places in the compound. They walked to the statue of the Divine Mother which Ramakrishna had worshipped and in whom he found the source of his guidance and the very source of his being. The yard to the fore of the area where the statue sat was filled with visiting devotees who had come that Sunday to worship the Mother. The Brahmin Priests took their offering from their place behind the protecting rail and offered it to the Mother and then gave the devotee some holy water from the ganges which the devotee then drank from his palm and then poured the rest on the top of his head.

Terry timidly offered a rupee note to the Brahmin Priest and partook of the ritual. Ramakrishna had been a Brahmin and had served as the Temple Priest when he had first arrived at the Temple of Dakshinaswar...until he could no longer do so because of the intensity of the divine fervour which began to grip him. His devotion eventually grew to such an vivid pitch that, at the mere mention of the name of the Divine Mother, he would immediately go into a state of blissful ecstasy, totally oblivious of his body and the outside world.

The tall Indian guide then walked with Terry toward the Panchavati, an area of five trees in the rear courtyard behind the area of the building where Ramakrishna's room was located. Here Ramakrishna had walked and talked with

his devotees and prayed and experienced many visions of a divine nature including one of the Lord Jesus.

It was here that he spoke with and listened to the various teachers who arrived at different times and who taught Ramakrishna about the ways of the Vedas and other scriptures.

One of these teachers, known as the Brahmani, had proclaimed Ramakrishna to be a divine incarnation. Another, Totapuri, had taught him of the ways of the Tantra, and claimed that Ramakrishna had mastered in three days what it took Totapur forty years to learn.

But Ramakrishna was a very simple soul at heart and totally unaware of the ways of the world. He lived only for the experience of god-intoxication and the realization of the divine, which, it is said he found through a personal immersion in each of the three major religions of the world, Hinduism, Islam and Christianity. One day when the devotees talked of the ebb and flow of the tides Ramakrishna interjected a comment indicative of his worldly ignorance.

"How can you know of things so far away," he asked innocently. Yet his words carried to these same devotees knowledge so profound that it left them all speechless.

From his study, Terry knew many of Ramakrishna's speeches, stories, parables and conversations with the devotees word perfect to the letter for he had tried to emulate the teachings and actions of the Great Master. Now he was able to walk where this Master had walked and to sit where he might have sat beneath the trees in the courtyard. With the guide, Terry walked to the edge of the Ganges River which flowed past the bathing ghat just below the temple. He waded into the Ganges, the holy river, revered by all Hindus and considered by them to be a veritable incarnation of the Divine Mother. Ramakrishna believed that all creation was an emanation of the Divine. More than believing it he saw it.

"Mother has shown me that She has become everything," he would say as he emerged from a state of divine bliss.

The crowning moments for Terry were the final minutes spent at the Temple when he entered Ramakrishna's room and

was permitted by the caretaker to spend a few quiet minutes in meditation seated on the stone floor facing the beds that the master had occupied.

Now there were no blinding flashes of light or dynamic divine revelations, just a quiet peaceful time in which Terry could absorb the vibrations which permeated the room and everything and everyone in it. It was for these few minutes that he had come to Calcutta before going on to Bangalore and he found that they were well spent, for Terry felt that he rather received something of an approving pat on the head as he sat there and when the caretaker bade him to depart as the room was to be closed for the midday break, Terry was ready to carry on with the journey on which he had started.

"I don't have any idea what I am going into," Terry wrote to the family from the flight on the way to Bangalore. "So far from home (wherever that is). I believe in this, but I don't really know what it is at this level. I am all alone here...no expectations...and I don't know what I could expect if I had any. It is truly a realization of a dream, but almost unnecessary now."

Still, Terry knew that there was one question that he was going to Bangalore to ask, and he expected to have the answer to that question when he departed for New Zealand once again.

"Certainly this trip seems at this point more for others than for me, but then again how am I to know. I wonder what it is about."

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"You want the Shilton Hotel?" the taxi driver had picked Terry out of the crowd and named his hotel for him. His name was Narayan and Terry later came to know him well, for as it turned out, Narayan had served other visitors from New Zealand. Narayan took Terry to the hotel, and the desk clerk said he could accommodate Terry for one night only. This would mean departure for Puttaparti the next day, for this was, according to Narayan, where Sai Baba was now. The birthday celebration of November

23rd was approaching and there was a grand movement of many people to the village one hundred and ten miles to the North of Bangalore.

Getting to the bus which was to go to Puttaparthi was a test and a hassle. Terry knew his pack was too big and too heavy: he had brought too much...more than he needed, and it barely fit into the three-wheeled scooter taxi. Terry learned that day that one is to allow more time to do things than one allows in the West, for matters - and taxis - move much slower especially in the middle of the day. The driver did not understand Terry's directions and the taxi ended up on the far side of town early on a very hot afternoon and Terry, now without lodging, Hotel, or friend in the town became frustrated for he could not seem to make the driver understand where he wanted to go.

Suddenly, as if he received a flash of knowledge, the driver wheeled the taxi around and out of the parking area of the railroad depot to which he had mistakenly driven, and sped across town to the private bus depot from which the proper bus would depart. They arrived with only minutes to spare and Terry got the last seat on the last bus leaving for Puttaparthi that day.

As he sat back into the seat, crowded on both sides by sleepy Indians, Terry remembered some of the tales that Hal and Bob and the others had told during the Seminar at Mataji's and how there are many tests in getting to Baba's Ashram.

It was a long ride - eight hours to go a little over one hundred miles - and they arrived after dark. Even in the winter the evening was hot and the mosquitoes seemed to know no season. But the trip through the country-side had been an education in itself...through the villages and the back roads to a place which had been described in a book by Arnold Schulman as "about ten minutes past the stone age." Indeed it seemed to be, for the farming was done with ox-carts and crude plows and barefoot tenders, a far distant thought from the sophisticated farming methods which Terry had known in California.

When the bus finally arrived at the Ashram Terry was, like everyone else, hot and dirty and tired. There were

many other devotees on the bus, and they had been singing bhajans. Just before the bus arrived at Bukkapatnam where Baba had lived as a boy, an old man shifted into the now vacant seat beside Terry.

"You are going to see Swami?" he asked, with the characteristic upturn of the end of the sentence.

Terry managed a smile and nodded.

"I was his teacher in High School."

Terry sat up quickly, forgetting his discomfort and the heat, eager to hear what the man had to say.

"He was the best actor in the school," the man said, and the bus stopped. The man smiled, put his hand on Terry's arm for just a moment, and then rose to leave. That was all he said, but his kind gesture said what was needed.

"REMEMBER THE ACTOR....."

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It appeared that all visitors were expected to check in at the Ashram Housing Office and Terry made his way past the Ganesha Statue around the main hall where Baba's residence was located and toward the community office. It was dark and it was hard to see very much but there were many people still walking the streets of the village and the Ashram which took up a great space in the middle and the edge of the town.

Terry did not know what to expect, but whatever it was it wasn't what he found. He had read every book that he could find that mentioned anything about Baba, and through Mataji he felt that he had a personal acquaintance with Baba on even more than the level which he had experienced within. He did not know if it was Baba's voice which spoke to him, or where the Voice had come from if it were not Baba. But now, to try to put it all together, as his mind was trying to do, tired, hot, confused and wondering why he had tried to make such a journey in the first place, was all a bit much for Terry.

He found no comfort in the men who ran the Ashram. When he walked into the office and gingerly asked if there were

any room for him he was shaken by the snap of the response.

"The rooms are all full. Who told you to come? You may find room in the village, but you cannot stay in the Ashram."

Terry was dumbfounded. He held his tongue, but his tired mind snarled to retort.

"Where is the love? Where is the understanding that Baba preaches?"

Terry was ready to leave.

But he stayed. He stayed the night. A young Indian man whom he had met on the bus was standing there in the street when Terry came out of the Ashram office. He understood the problem and took Terry to a place at the edge of the Ashram where some new buildings were being constructed and they found a quiet secluded spot where they could sleep.

The night was too hot for the sleeping bag that Terry had brought, but the mosquitoes made it impossible to sleep without it. Hot, tired and dirty, Terry fell asleep, still wondering why he had come.

The light of the morning brought with it a comfort and at least the resolution to stay long enough to try to see Baba for in spite of the misery, it was still a long way back to New Zealand. Life in the Ashram began very early, just after three o'clock, and the sounds which greet the dawning of a new day are not the ones that one might expect when looking at India from a distance.

Terry found that the Indian people, while very gentle and generally very simple, are also very noisy and the affinity for peace and quiet which Terry had developed did not at all mesh with the early Indian morning. The Indians have a practice, which most seem to engage in, of cleaning out their lungs and bronchial tubes of the accumulated congestion from the day and the night before and eliminating it in a manner which is something more than subtle. They have discovered transistor radios to be a source of apparent company in the quiet hours and their conversation is carried on in a manner designed to be certain that every sentence is clearly audible.

When Terry awoke to the morning, the light of day was still some hours away toward the winter dawn, and he lay

quietly listening to the sounds of the Ashram. When light finally came, he found that he was sleeping in a half-built building of which there were several around him already finished and occupied. They had at least three floors of rooms for visitors and it appeared that all the rooms were in fact occupied.

Not only were all the rooms occupied, but much of the ground space around the buildings and the sheds around the grounds: and many had constructed tents and shelters of various material in many ingenious ways. It was still three days before the birthday celebration to be held on Saturday and already there were thousands upon thousands of people present and well lodged in for the festivities.

Where Terry and his friend had stopped for the night had been away at the edge of the mainstream of Ashram activity and the conduct of the people there had been less controlled. In the main area where the principle buildings were located, there were signs admonishing the people to silence and somewhat surprisingly, silence was observed and the conduct of everyone Terry saw as he walked around the grounds was quiet, benign and respectful. The grounds themselves were immaculately kept, clean, swept with the brush brooms that some of the women perpetually carried with them. In the light of day now one could see that there were many of the high buildings of guest rooms made into a circle enclosing on three sides the main worship hall and temple where Baba's quarters were located.

It was just after eight o'clock and already there were many people gathered and seated in the yard in front of the temple building where Baba would, perhaps, appear for a few minutes just after nine o'clock to shed the blessing of his presence on the devotees present. Terry watched from a distance for a while, then began to move over to the men's side of the yard, for the women and men were strictly separated in the Ashram and all of its activities except the married persons who were allowed to occupy quarters together. He took a seat at the end of one of the rows and waited, wondering, watching, by this time forgetting the rude treatment to which he had been subjected the night before at the hands of one, he had since learned, treated most everyone who arrived in the same manner.

But now the spirit of the moment was different. Everyone had forgotten his own problems of the day and eagerly awaited - in palpable silence - the appearance of Satya Sai Baba.

CHAPTER 31.

It has often been said in the writings of the East that it is possible for one man, if he has the ability and the proper knowledge, to change the consciousness of another merely by a look, or a touch, or a thought, or, if the first is strong enough, merely by his presence. Such a statement is most often met with extreme doubt or skepticism by those of the Western world, who, by their training, environment and education, are imbued with the belief that nothing is possible that is not entirely explicable and visible. People of the East are likewise imbued with dye of a finer and different colour: for them, such a phenomenon is entirely explicable and totally visible, for it is such a common occurrence in the East that most take it to be merely another fact of life. For them it is not necessary to take it on faith; many of them have seen it happen and their heritage is such that its very existence is part of their training, environment and education but more than that, it is part of their own personal experience.

The teachings of the East are beginning to penetrate the West now in various forms into various religious and spiritual cults, groups and sects and these teachings are based often on this principle of the change of consciousness often brought about by the contact with a person, most often living, but in some circles with one who has lived and passed away, who it will be said is in possession of the power or ability to affect the consciousness of another person in the manner above described. But contrary to the beliefs of the origins of such an experience, the nature of the reaching itself when it reaches the West, no matter how many times it is presented and no matter in how many ways, still encounters the barrier erected in the Western mind that such a claim will be accepted only on the presentation of personal proof.

In the foreyard of the main temple of the Ashram of Satya Sai Baba on this day in question there were about three thousand Indian men and women seated quietly, the men on one side of a dividing walk and the women on the other, waiting in, for the most part, perfect faith that the person who might any minute appear could in fact transform their

consciousness and their life by his mere presence.

There were also present that day a few Westerners, a handful by comparison, who also sat quietly among their Indian Brethren, but they were waiting for the most part but with a few exceptions, to be shown -- to have it proved to them -- that a person could change their lives by his mere presence or his look, or, in a rare instance of good fortune, a touch, and the person said to be in possession of such abilities was Satya Sai Baba.

One thing was quite obvious to all present, even to the newest arrival and that was that there was a very strong discipline -- a developed self-discipline -- among those present: to the final one they were well groomed, and in this main part of the Ashram, well controlled, courteous, respectful to each other and most noticeable totally silent.

The silence was heady and strong and it coupled with the warm morning sun to bring to one a floating half-dreaming drowsiness that would often be interrupted by the trickle of a bead of perspiration on the forehead. But the air was dead calm and the atmosphere was one of ready, but relaxes, anticipation.

There was no fanfare, Even with the eyes closed or half-closed, however, there was no mistaking the electricity in the air. No one said a word: no one had to. When the immense wave poured through Terry for the first time he was almost asleep, his eyes were closed to the morning sun and he was wondering how it would be when Baba finally came into view. What he felt could be described only as a feeling that he had not experienced before; it was subtle but so fast that it was on him and through him before he was completely conscious of it. In one instant it had engulfed him and almost immediately he knew why...Baba was coming.

But he was to be surprised. As he straightened his back and looked toward the corner of the building on the far side of the yard where the women were seated and prepared to wait for the sight he had come to see, he wondered how he would feel when Baba actually came around the corner.

Then out of the corner of his eye, he was caught by a patch of orange in the crowd of devotees on the concrete

porch of the temple. Slowly he turned his head. Baba had been present among them for several minutes and he now was standing in his typical pose, with his hands clasped behind his back, talking with one of those who had waited.

There had been many questions in Terry's mind before he saw Baba. He had wondered, of course, if it were true that merely seeing this man would change him. There was now no time to ask or even think of the questions for they were all answered in a flash that showered Terry with a warm bath of a thrilling electric indefinable experience that he could not have anticipated nor designed for it happened too fast and with too much certainty.

Involuntarily, tears welled up in Terry's eyes as he gazed at the orange figure. Everything that was Western in him said that what he was feeling was impossible, unreal, and certainly, if it were real, then it was totally explicable physiologically. But his essence was not listening, it was totally absorbed in the experience, but ironically, also completely detached, observing and emotionless. He could not laugh or really cry, but then found that he was doing both, but neither.

Baba moved about the people -- he swept -- he did not walk. He seemed to float. Occasionally he would accept a piece of paper from one of the devotees which he would hold in one hand behind his back or would pass on to the aid who was following him at a short distance, an Indian devotee who had given his life to the service of Baba. Baba might then place his hand on the hand of the devotee or on the head or would motion with his right hand, palm forward and fingers upright, as if to say "everything is all right...be calm...don't worry."

Once Baba stopped at one of the men seated not far from Terry and conversed with the man for a few moments. Then Baba began to move his right hand in a circular manner, palm downward...perhaps a dozen or so motions and then reaching forward and pinching his fingers together, deposited in the man's outstretched palm some of the white ash that Terry had first seen at the Ashram in Mexico. "He really did it," Terry thought to himself, in the best Western tradition; "I've seen it for myself."

With the initial shock of the experience over, now there was no question that something had happened in Terry's consciousness. He definitely felt different but could not explain how, even to himself. "Perhaps," he thought, "it is just knowing that it all is really true... that he does in fact exist, and that he can manifest things out of thin air." Maybe --- maybe --- maybe --- there were a million explanations moving around inside his head now as the ability to think came back...in force.

Then he caught sight of what was happening and stopped. For perhaps the first time, Terry stopped, refused to try to explain and simply experienced what was happening and admitted to his mind that there was no explanation in what he knew from the past that could adequately describe what was happening within him. This in itself was slightly frightening and unnerving, for it presented him with a new reality that simply had not existed before those moments. Now in retrospect he could examine what had just happened but he still could not explain it. It was something of a blow to face this realization, for the lawyer that still lived in Terry had been able to argue anything, if not explain it, and even in the face of the extraordinary experiences that he had been through in the past two years, still there had been harboured in the back of the mind the possibility that someday there might be presented a rational explanation of what had happened. Now, his feet were on the ground, and he was right there with it all. No bright lights inside the head; no spinning off into some other dimension; no dope; no acid; no mushrooms, no physical explanation; yet, there it was...a new, totally conscious, reality happening to him and he could do nothing but accept it.

As he watched Baba, Terry felt a mixture of admiration, awe and some kind of love for the form from which emanated this new wave of consciousness. At first there was a bit of fear, but that was soon totally dispelled by the extreme simplicity of the person himself, for Baba was totally open, totally there, and one could feel that he had nothing to hide. That he could not possibly want anything from anyone present. There was a feeling of total complete-

ness about him. An observer could feel that Baba knew himself...what more could he possibly want. It was a helpless feeling to know that the one present would only give and could not and would not take anything from another.

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There was no way that Terry could have prepared himself for what was to transpire after that initial meeting with Satya Sai Baba. When he returned to his corner of the tent city which was now filling with pilgrims from all over India and in fact many other countries of the world, there was a faint security in the contact with the material belongings which Terry had brought with him and which now lay about the small space which he occupied. Within himself however, Terry began to sense a feeling of uselessness or futurity co-mingled with the feelings of awe and love which he felt toward Baba in that initial encounter.

Terry did not know at that time that the mere contact with this man with dynamic power could and indeed had precipitated the initial stages of a further transformation which would take a long time to run its course, but it would have made no difference if it had been explained to him and if he had in fact known what was to come, for once such a change is begun there is virtually nothing one can do about it.

Soon after first seeing Baba Terry heard that Mataji had arrived at the Ashram and he made his way to her. This was her thirteenth or fourteenth trip to the Ashram and she knew her way around. She took Terry under her wing once again.

"WHAT? They have you outside with all the people?" she was obviously upset. "That will never do. You must go into a room. I will see to it."

Terry protested, but Mataji would hear nothing more of it. He had been perfectly happy with the corner of the unfinished building. It was a spot where there was a kind cool breeze in the hot night, but he followed what he was told to do and for the following few nights he stayed in a room

crowded with other Westerners...eight of them at one point in a small room about ten foot square. But it turned out for the best, Terry decided, for the people continued to come in hundreds and thousands and at one estimate there were some two hundred and fifty thousand people present for the birthday celebration.

The day of the birthday was like the other days except that Baba was much more visible and in evidence as he partook in the festivities which included some addresses by the members of organizations around the world which had undertaken to follow his teachings in a formal manner and Baba himself gave an address to those present.

In their adoration for Baba, the Indian people allowed their exuberance to overflow and their gentle restraint gave way to unbridled enthusiastic self-indulgence, and Terry found himself in the midst of a pushing shoving crowd which seemed hungry enough to devour the object of their devotion.

"No more birthdays. This is too much for me. To see him is surely a blessing, but the blessing could turn into a nightmare."

So Terry recorded in his journal. He could not help but wonder in his heart if this was really what Baba wanted. If Baba were a manifestation of a Divine Incarnation as he claimed to be, why would he permit this type of activity around him. Why would he not cause more self restraint to be held by the crowds. Could he really want this type of action by the crowds?

The awe inspired by the first contact soon faded and Terry found solace only in the comforting words that Matagi uttered. When Terry told her of the treatment he had received when he had first arrived she reassured him that the person in charge often acted thus. This confused Terry even further, for he could not see why Baba would not replace him with someone who would find kindness and patience in his heart for someone who had come half way around the world to see this enigmatic God-man.

Within a few days however, Terry began to find his strength ebbing and his bowels acting up and a rumbling in his gut...the famous malady which seems to afflict everyone

on at least his first trip to India. At Mataji's insistence, Terry accepted her invitation to spend the remainder of his visit at her small guesthouse a mile from Baba's residence in a small town near Bangalore, and they left the next morning.

By the time their taxi reached Bangalore, Terry was on the verge of physical collapse. The crowds had drained him of what little energy he had and the changes initiated with these first few sittings of Baba were beginning to take their full toll now. When Mataji left Terry at Sai Jyoti, her guesthouse, Terry bundled himself into a heap on a mattress on the floor and did not move from that spot for three solid days except to relieve his bowels which were now in a state of total uproar and it seemed were about to evacuate everything inside him including all vital organs, energy and sense of direction.

Manan, the Indian servant, hovered over him like a mother hen, and his wife Chinema, brought Terry fruit which Terry gratefully accepted and then hid in the far corner of the room as far from sight as possible under a blanket. He began to drain and felt himself growing weaker. The hours dragged on...Mataji had said she would return the following day but she did not come. A deep depression began to set in on Terry and he began to despair for his sanity let alone his physical health, for now a fever was mounting and the heat in his brain brought with it delusion and the long hot winter nights and giant mosquitoes were overpowering to one who had no strength to resist their dark and biting antics.

The second day of the fever, the mucus began to flow from Terry's nose and throat, his reserve of strength was completely gone and he was flat on his back for hours on end looking at the beamed ceiling by day and listening to the sounds of the night. The house was several hundred yards from the nearest neighbour and far from the city. When he would doze for a while at a time, Terry would find himself lifted from his body and floating through dreams which were totally unacceptable to his consciousness and the changes which they brought to his waking state left his mind disoriented and confused. Night now blended

into day as hope blended into despair, neither leaving a remnant of the other for Terry to distinguish one from the other. Fear gave way to complacency, and the physical reduction seemed complete.

Out of the chaos of this destruction of reason and health there now began to emerge a realization...an understanding...from somewhere deep inside Terry's mind that what he had gone through or was going through was not a physical illness. He began to identify with a place that was someplace else, someplace he had not been before and he knew that it had not been ill. There was in that spot even a sense of well-being and sardonic irony which laughed at that being which lay helpless on the mattress on the floor now even too weak to writhe in its own pain and desperation; but if Terry moved his body or his consciousness to try to change anything on the physical level, he was immediately brought back to the reality of the physical destruction that was underway.

Deep within himself he knew that he was not ill...that he had in fact never been ill. He could now view what was happening from a small quiet place within which revealed to him the secret of what happens when one makes contact with another who is able to affect one's consciousness with a look, touch, thought or action. Within himself he knew that this was what had happened. There appeared to have been a reversal of accumulation so to speak and the intake had given way to the elimination which had begun at the physical level. But for that action, Terry felt that he would not have found that still quiet space within himself from which he could view what was happening in the outer extremities of his being. There was a strange momentary realization of that which he had always known intellectually...at least since his initial mystical experience: he was not the physical body which he occupied, but this time he was able to see such a truth without leaving that body. The sense of knowledge seemed to be palpable at the waking level of existence.

What was he to do with it? The mere knowledge left

little comfort in its wake and certainly no tools or techniques with which to rehabilitate himself. Still laying on the mattress, Terry could do naught but observe that which he was and that which he was not, and he felt totally helpless to accomplish any change or reinstitution of sustenance or strength.

On the third day he arose and was able to eat some fruit, but it was not easy, and it did not stay down for long. The violence brought on by the foreign matter entering this body which was adjusting itself to something that only it seemed to know about rejected all thought of introduction of food, but strength did seem to be returning. Terry pulled himself out to the morning sunshine and drank deeply of it drifting into a welcome slumber of thanksgiving. The body was now rebuilding itself from a material that it seemed to find within itself apparently manufactured from a substance which needed no material assistance.

As the dawn of strength seemed to break through the long night of despair, Terry realized that his thoughts had undergone a transformation and his thinking process had been diverted to a new stream. Except for a few moments of paranoid self-deception, there had been little concern for the family which he had left back in New Zealand. In fact the word family now brought forth concepts of expansion rather than a contracted concern for a physical few. There seemed to be no "family" as he had left them and the sensation of "aloneness" was further heightened when he recognized that in fact he had no home to which to return. Somehow he knew that he would never again dwell with those persons who had shared this first part of his life...this life...this lifetime.

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On the fourth day, Mataji returned, right on time but three days late.

"My god...What has happened to you? Darling, you look terrible."

"I'm better now...you should have seen me the last three days. Thought for a while I wasn't going to make it."

Suddenly a look of recognition came into Mataji's eye.

"Oh yes...now I see. It is not unusual. It is Baba. He does this."

"Well, he is not very gentle when he does it." Terry smiled, for the first time that he could actively remember. "Am I supposed to thank him for this?"

"In time you will thank your lucky stars that he did this for you. It is hard to understand at first, but you will see." She reached up from her just-under-five-foot seventy-some-odd year old frame and put her hand around Terry's neck and pulled his face toward her own and kissed him on the cheek.

"You will be better now. I will take care of you. But do you know the news?" She did not stop for an answer. "Nabe is back...he is at Whitefield...at the residence... just down the road. I will see him tomorrow...and then I will come to see you again."

In her inimitable manner, Mataji Indra Devi fluttered on through the house calling for Kanan to come and help her with the little tasks that she would spend a few minutes doing in the moments that she would be there. Then she was off again as quickly as she had appeared.

After Mataji left, Terry collapsed onto the mattress again...the strain of the activity had been too much for his weakened frame and mind. Almost immediately he fell into the state of depression that had held him in its grips for four long eternal endless days and he could now see little reason for his trip, his efforts...in fact very little substantial reason for his very existence.

He rolled over and took the notebook which now served as a journal, and put his pen to paper:-

"No more "wow"...it is all gone. Things are different. No more glitter and glamour. Can't say I was excited about this trip, but even as "up" as I was (which wasn't much)...it is gone. Now things seem to be just so much "so what!" So God has incarnated. So what! It is not the first time nor the last. But one thing...when he did it this time he did a very beautiful job of it. But I just cannot get excited about

it now. I just cannot get excited about his form... the body means little now.

I don't mean to be disrespectful...I love him dearly, but there is less awe now, maybe it will come back someday, but now there is more kinship...or comradeship. I feel that his body and mine are both windows and the contents of the room is the same no matter which pane one looks through."

As he contemplated the events which had formed the previous few days and the pain that he had gone through, life seemed to take on a new emptiness and move into an even more meaningless dimension for Terry. He considered leaving India immediately and returning to New Zealand to the family and comfort that he had left behind, but then he would remember that Sharon and the younger children were living in a house committed to a lease for some time and where there was no room for him. Candy and Beth were in another cottage just down the road and in fact it appeared that there was no place for him to return to.

He thought a great deal about Tracy who was now eleven years old. For some reason he missed her most today. He could not get her out of his thoughts...and eventually the empty boredom and thought turned to worried attachment, and he became convinced that some calamity had befallen her and began to convince himself then that he should depart for New Zealand at once.

"Faster...Master...oh Master...what am I to do..." Kanan was crying as he entered the room and fairly threw those words at Terry, who looked up quite dumbfounded to hear and see an old Indian man coming to him for some kind of help.

"What is it Kanan...what is the trouble..."

"Oh Master...the little girl...the granddaughter...she dead...she dead...oh Master...she dead..."

Terry's poor fever-drained brain flew into a cybernetic fury trying to compute what Kanan was talking about...and he faintly remembered a young girl who had accompanied Kanan to the house a few days before. He flashed on the girl,...and then on Tracy...the children were about the same age...and then back on Kanan.

"You mean the young girl that came here with you the other day...the one who brought the food."

Kanan nodded through his tears..."she died...she dead"

"How what happened?"

"Don' know...think she got a typho..."

"Typhoid."

Kanan nodded and Terry broke into a cold sweat as he remembered that it was the girl's mother who had prepared the meal which Terry had eaten just a few days before... before he had fallen ill.

Now Terry knew from whence came his concern for Tracey. He had looked at the young girl and thought of Tracy for they were about the same age and except for the dark hue of her skin the girl reminded Terry of his own daughter. He had obviously felt the pain that the young girl suffered just before leaving her body and the symbiotic empathy had drawn him into a kindred association with her.

When Mataji arrived she and Terry walked the five hundred yards or so down the road to the shack that was occupied by Kanan's son, his wife and their five children and there on the hard floor lay the young girl, stretched out, calm and cold. Her mother knelt over the young body weeping and moaning and waiving the end of her saree over the dead girl's face to shoo the flies away.

In her compassion, Mataji looked for a moment at the mother and then walked in, glanced at the girl, and then as the mother stood up in respect, Mataji embraced her... pouring forth a love which knew no colour...comforting a grief that only a mother can know and which could be seen only by another mother.

Mataji stood for a moment and looked at the girl, and then turned to Terry.

"When Baba calls, one does not say 'no'."

Together they started back to the house, when Mataji suddenly remembered something. She looked up quickly.

"Oh darling...I almost forgot to tell you...I am going to see Baba tomorrow and he says I can bring a group of Westerners with me. You must be at his residence at 9 in the morning sharp."

Terry did not respond. He had been told that there would be an interview...a chance to meet with Baba...at the Ashram in Puttaparthi when he was there, but it did not eventuate. Now he wondered...

But he knew he would be there.

CHAPTER 32.

With the growing strength of a gathering storm, Terry prepared to make the mile long walk to Baba's residence the next morning, but not before he had fortified himself with fresh fruit. He felt better now...physical strength returning and a fresher -- if still wary -- eye on the world. He still could not muster the "wow" but he did feel some excitement at the prospect of seeing Baba in close. Such a possibility seemed imminent.

When he arrived at eight-thirty there were very few people about the grounds. The residence is situated in among the trees of a large estate on which is also housed a small college for boys and a large pavillion where Baba gave Darshan every Thursday and Sunday to devotees who would come from Bangalore, sometimes swelling to a multitude of several thousand, but not to the proportion of the crowds which had gathered for the birthday celebration at the Ashram in Puttaparthi some one hundred miles to the North.

The interview would be held in the outer hall of the residence...if it happened at all...but Terry waited near the pavillion for Mataji, and he knew he would be safest if he followed her, for then the security men...the "gold-scarf scouts" as he called them...would not question his entrance.

The sun became hotter and hotter as the morning drew on, and Mataji finally appeared from a taxi just after nine-thirty. She fluttered to the gate of the grounds of the residence where Terry was standing waiting for her...as were several other Western devotees whom she had invited. She motioned to accompany her and they followed inside.

"What a privilege! What an honour!" Terry thought...so very few were permitted personal contact...that is so few compared to the thousands who came to see him. It was known that many had come from half way around the world and gotten never so much as a glance from Baba.

Now to be so close as to be able to even catch a glimpse of him up close seemed almost unreal.

They entered the hall in respectful silence...perhaps twenty or so Westerners...and ten or fifteen Indians who

had now joined them and obviously been invited by Baba himself. The women went to the right and the men to the left of the chair that was evidently where Baba would sit during the interview.

It was this cherished occasion that the devotees longed for and lived for. One who had given himself to Baba could receive no greater blessing, it was said, than to be received by Baba himself for an opportunity to ask questions of Baba, or to have him give one personal guidance in one's spiritual sadhana---or practice---or to receive the coveted touch of healing from Baba's hand. Baba had been known to heal by his touch and had caused the lame to walk, the blind to see, the terminally ill to miraculously recover and perhaps, most important, the inner illumination of a seeker after Light to find that most sought after of experiences...a flash of truth within one's self. The ultimate privilege was to see Baba privately, alone, but to even be able to hear him speak and to sit with him in a group was considered a rare gift.

The group sat in waiting silence for a full forty minutes and the air grew heavier each second. Terry was very busy with his own thoughts...wondering what to say if Baba came...wondering why he had been able to come here... wondering...wondering...and he floated off into a space of wonder and reverie just before the door at the far end of the room opened and a small...incredibly small...human being wrapped in an orange robe emerged, glowing in a beneficent smile, moving gently as a soft breeze, first through the women who had been sitting near the door and now were standing. Terry and the men arose and waited with hands folded in the traditional sign of respect while Baba came in and sat down.

Although Baba could speak perfect English, he used an interpreter, a Dr Bhagavantam, who had formerly been the scientific advisor to the Ministry of Defense of the Government of India.

Baba beamed to those present and looked into the eye of each person seated before him. Terry could not speak for the others but when Baba looked into his eyes even for the second or two that it happened, Terry felt his whole being completely melt and stand naked and disarmed before this

tiny being with the huge halo of black bushy hair.

Baba spoke in English first: "Do you have any questions you would like to ask?"

Terry had been totally absorbed in the immediacy of the moment...suspended in some kind of inner time and space, but at the asking of that question, Baba released within Terry of torrent of furious activity and Terry's mind began to spin and clutch as the circuits of inquiry were ignited, completed, and prepared to burst forth in a flurry of emotion and wonder that carried the essence of everything that had happened to Terry since the first day he had sat down and asked his journal what was happening to him.

Now seated before him, Terry knew that there was someone who could answer all those questions. He held them within but they multiplied filling him one moment with a renewed awe and the next with a need to spill himself on the floor in front of him and let Baba put it all back together.

"WHAT IS HAPPENING???", Terry screamed within himself. "That is what I want to know...WHAT IS HAPPENING?" Terry's breath had stopped...his eyes remained wide open and time and space compressed themselves into an explosive moment of 'herenowness' when his questions were forced to settle themselves into a communicable order.

"Why do I feel so detached? Why am I so stoic...so well...cynical...why do tears come to my eyes when I look at you...and still I feel the calm detachment within myself when I am away from you. How can I possibly be allowed to feel this comradeship with you. Why do I feel no need to be here now that I am sitting where millions of Indians and thousands of Westerners would give their lives to be sitting.

"Why can I not get worked up about you...certainly if you don't engender that feeling in me then you are not who you say you are...there is something beyond that...why am I so detached from you...why cannot I too fall at your feet? Can you be who you say you are?...I believe you are...but why do I feel this way about you?

"But even if you are who you say you are...and I believe you are...then looked at logically, what is happening to my head has to be next...DOESN'T IT?"

Instantly Terry flashed on the panorama of mental activity which had transpired while he lay on the mat on the floor at Mataji's house waiting for this moment to sit before Baba.

He would sleep, then look at the rafters, too weak to rise...then he would try to eat...and then fast...then read...and wonder what am I doing here...ready to go home..."How I miss everyone...but I shouldn't miss anyone"...then he would say his mantra for a while...and then he would ask "O.K. Baba...what shall we do now"...eventually coming back to the same thing...: detachment...

"Is my job to cultivate a Baba cult or movement on my return to New Zealand?...I cannot believe that...Baba seems to be a means to an end...if you will...surely he cannot be an end in himself. Even he had said: Someday I will be only a little speck of orange in the distance.

"It seems that anyone who clings to any master or teacher...me included, if I can teach anyone anything...will have been deluded and diverted and eventually must awaken, seemingly to what I am going through these days here. What a contradiction! How can I teach something that I don't feel? I guess it resolves itself when I remember that I HAVE felt that mad intoxication and fanatic desperation toward something external and hence when one needs it one must share that. But that is not what I feel now.

"But if the big love affair is over with Baba, why am I feeling this way sitting here now...why is the awe ebbing and flowing...up and back...how can I be so attached and detached at the same time...and if I am so detached and finished with Baba then is it now time to leave...? Or is this just another beginning...?"

"Baba has been such an easy way to explain away so many things: Baba did this...Baba did that...now I am left alone. No one to give credit to...no one to blame but myself...my "SELF"...THERE, I'VE SAID IT."

With that, Terry felt that he was no longer one who was doing, but that he was THAT which was being done. "I feel like a verb..." he wrote in his journal:-

"A child's first steps...suddenly I have gently let go of Mother Baba's hand, and have been told 'you are on your own'. Is this 'self-realization?'

perhaps...but just now I don't feel any need for any labels. But I do believe that this is a beginning...whatever it is called."

"So, yes, Baba, there are some questions...how am I supposed to walk when my head is so spaced out that I cannot see my feet nor know where they are walking. How can I be so dependent on you and yet so detached. Why is the awe gone...why do I vibrate"...especially when you go by...? and finally, how could I crave the bliss of an interview with you...to sit here at your feet and now wonder what to do with it...is it merely another status symbol?...another cadillac of an event for which one strives and then rejects when it is attained...what am I doing here...what do you want from me...what can I do but lay it all at your feet...what do you want from me?..."

It was a man named Al who broke the silence: "Swami... can you please tell me how to open my heart?"

The first sound that uttered from Baba's lips began to place all of the confusion in order and for forty minutes Baba spoke to the group on that one question, expanding it to suit the needs of each listener in the group. Terry felt convinced within himself that Baba was speaking only to him... that what Baba was saying could not possibly have any meaning for anyone else present, for all the questions that he had posed in that split second were answered, and then even more was given...filling him... answers flowing toe to heel behind a question that formed itself in his mind...and then overtaking the questions, the answers began to flow forth in Baba's words, bypassing the interpreter...flowing directly within...manifesting in concepts that created within Terry's consciousness a new reality even before it was requested.

Not a breath was taken until Baba stood up, apparently signalling the end of the interview. All stood up and folded their hands, and Baba then began to walk around the room...speaking first to one of the women, and then another and then heading toward the end of the room where the men were standing.

Heh stood silently waiting, wondering if he would secure the divine favour of a word from Baba, a hint of advice, direction, guidance. Several times when Baba stopped, the

one to whom he would speak would then fall to the floor before him, and accept the blessing of blessings to an Indian: the privilege of being allowed to kiss the feet of the Master. Often Baba would graciously add the frosting of a pat on the head or the back of the devotee bent at his feet. On occasion, he would shy back and with his hand outstretched, palm down, would signal that this particular devotee would not be allowed this privilege. Terry learned later that in some cases this prohibition was exercised for the good of the devotee, for Baba would know that if the person were allowed to kiss the feet, the rush of bliss might exceed the person's ability to handle it and there could result a blow to the physical body in the form of a heart attack or a stroke.

As Baba approached the man, he stopped and spoke to one young Westerner who stood with his hands on his camera and it was clear to even one untrained in such matters that this person regarded Baba with more skepticism than awe. As Baba stopped, the man dropped his camera to his side and folded his arms in protection against something that he did not understand and which he half-way feared. He was obviously a professional photographer as one could see by the equipment which accompanied him and he had come in on his own, apparently invited by Baba since Mataji did not seem to know him.

Baba spoke very gently to him. "Do you want my picture?" Baba smiled, the man stepped back slightly and dropped his arms. "Would you like to have my picture?"

Momentarily disarmed, the man smiled slightly and nodded and reached for his camera at his side, never removing his eyes from the strange orange figure before him.

"Good...a picture then..." Baba said in perfect English. With that he began to wave his hand in the air in the circular motion, palm down, which signals to the devotee the imminence of an interesting event.

The young man glued his eyes to the circling hand and in about ten seconds Baba closed his fist, turned the hand over, and opened his palm to reveal a small medallion with his likeness on it.

"Here...a picture for you" and he reached his hand toward the young man who now stood with his mouth open and his hands involuntarily outstretched with the palms up and together. He accepted the medal and then looked into Baba's eyes for a moment and accepted a blessing that so many seek and crave and would happily offer their remaining days on the earth to receive.

Baba continued around the room in the particular manner in which he moved: his hands clasped behind his back, the long orange silk robe covering his feet so that he seemed to float on a small cloud perhaps hidden beneath the bottom of his gown, Terry watched his every move, never breathing more than a shallow quick intake of air, eyes unblinking, waiting for whatever might be coming...that strange ambivalent feeling of total surrender and awe coupled with complete detachment and comradeship, but now, totally devoid of any doubt or question. Terry knew he was home.

Now Baba approached Terry directly. As he drew near, Terry found that Baba was even shorter and smaller than he had thought...probably just under five feet tall. Terry stood stone still. Baba spoke.

"I will see you before you go."

Terry could only smile not knowing what to say. He was scheduled to leave the following Sunday...six days away. Baba then turned slightly as if to move away and then glanced back at Terry, right into his eyes, deep into his being. Instantly Terry knew that something was expected of him, but for a split second he did not know what it was.

"Well..." the look seemed to say.

Before he could consciously determine the nature of his actions, Terry's knees buckled and he was on the floor his hands grasping the soft brown feet that now gently moved from beneath the orange gown.

Once again time stopped and space transformed itself into experience as Terry's lips fell gently against Baba's right foot and remained there for a moment.

There is something that happens when one kisses the feet of a holy man and it happened to Terry. In that moment, he felt Baba's hand on his head patting gently, and then

on his back. As he released his grip and rose there were tears in Terry's eyes. He could barely think, but he remembered that Baba had promised to see him.

"When shall I come, Sward?"

"Thursday."

"What...time...nine...o'clock?"

"Yes" and Baba was away onto the next man who stood by Terry's side, leaving Terry in his cloud of other-worldliness.

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The days that followed were very very long and there were so very many of them. Terry's strength had returned now and he was physically well-fit again and now New Zealand was farthest from his mind, but his reservations had been made for Sunday following and he busied his days as best he could preparing to depart.

One can pack and unpack one's bags only so many times, and one can think and rethink on the questions that one might ask Baba only so many times, and in the end there then remains, after all the mental activity, the view of the one who waits in that still small space that Terry had found in himself when his body was wrecked with pain a few days before. Now he could do naught but sit and wait. And wait. And wait. Forming and reforming the questions, the two questions that he had brought with him, and finally Thursday morning arrived.

Terry had washed and dried and pressed as best he could his best pair of whites...loose fitting pyjamas that are worn in India by most everyone. As he walked that mile from Mataji's to Baba's Terry tried to think of the things he wanted from Baba...the questions that he wanted to ask, but ultimately everything would resolve again into blank uncomprehending waitingness.

This time when he reached the gate to the residence grounds things were different. There was still the well dressed gold-scarf scout on duty, but there was no question asked as Terry approached. The man did not even speak until Terry nodded as he walked through the gate.

"Good morning."

"Well, aren't you even going to ask me where I am going ...aren't you going to tell me I am not supposed to go through this gate?" Terry silently asked the man.

There was no reply.

"Don't you want to know that Baba told me to come... told me that he would see me before I left? Don't you want to know that he allowed me to kiss his feet the other day? Don't you want me to tell you that I am going to see him today?"

His questions were asked more with joy and the need for sharing them with someone than with the pride which resounded from their formation in his mind, but the pride was there, and there was an ugly part of Terry that felt that pride and which inevitably felt that he must remember that he was one of the privileged few. Terry did not like that part of him, but his consciousness moved in and out of it seemingly according to its own will leaving him even more humbled and ashamed by his own haughty attitude. He tried to turn away from it, but it haunted him and followed him and he glanced once again at the man.

Now he saw that there was none of such an attitude in this gentle well dressed and groomed Indian man who was standing there at the gate. Nothing emanated from him that even hinted that he was anything special because he was allowed to stand there and serve Baba each day in some small way. In that instant a devastating blow was served to that haughty and proud man who walked through the gate to see Baba, and the one who reached the door of the residence and the interview hall was a meek little man who knew that he really did not deserve to be here.

The hall was empty as he entered except for a lone old pundit, head shaved, and saffron robes wrapped close around against the still present chill of the morning that lingered in the stone building.

The old pundit was chanting from the Vedas as he did every morning, cleaning the air with the ageless sound that had been sung by countless monks before him.

Terry sat patiently in abject silence waiting...waiting...waiting. Nine o'clock came and went, but the only people in sight were more who had come in response to Baba's call for an interview. Nine thirty. Ten o'clock. Terry squirmed on the cold stone floor wondering once again what he was doing there, and just as the depression of his confusion began to appear again, the magic door at the other end of the hall opened and the smiling orange robe flowed through it.

Now Terry knew why he was there...instantly he knew that there was nothing else that was important to him but to be right here right now. Baba walked to the centre of the room through the people who were waiting with folded hands...perhaps twenty to thirty altogether now. Baba turned and smiled to Terry walking past him toward the outside door and on out into the courtyard of the building where the college boys had assembled themselves for his morning Darshan...a moment in the presence of this Divine Being.

These boys were Baba's pride and obviously his joy for he beamed as he approached. They were his children, and they belonged uniquely to him. He spoke with one or two of them in Telegu, the language of the district and then moved on, and once in a while one of them would fall at his feet. Baba moved on out past the boys to the waiting throng which had gathered for his Thursday Darshan, and Terry stood in the courtyard and watched as Baba stopped here and there, reassuring one, then waving his hand to create some of the holy ash, vibhutti, for another.

It was a strange sensation to watch the spectacle from the other side, Terry thought. For so many times he had been on the waiting end...and on the other side of the fence...on the other side of the gate. Now on this side of the gate matters appeared so much different.

Finally when Baba returned from his walk among the three thousand or so devotees who had come for a glimpse of him, the interviews started and Terry was called after two Indian women emerged from the small room past the middle of the hall in which he was standing.

A smiling but firm old Indian man guided Terry through a small hallway into a room off to the left, and as he entered, Terry could think only of one thing: All those people out there waiting to see once again this beautiful soul with whom he now stood in a small room...totally alone...together.

Terry's body began to shake as he stood for a moment looking at Baba who had been facing the far wall, and who now turned toward him.

"What do you want...what do you want from me...?"

Baba had turned the tables on Terry...what could Terry possibly ask for but the privilege of being there for these very few precious seconds; BLANK...NOTHING... What could he possibly ask for. The questions left him... nothing.

"I only want to serve...you..." Terry could not see Baba now for the tears in his eyes and he could scarcely stand for the weakness in his knees.

Baba now stood immediately in front of Terry and then he reached up and placed his hands on Terry's folded hands in reassurance. There was so much love flowing from Baba that Terry could scarcely stand the force of standing there with him. It was Baba who then spoke next.

Baba said precisely six words that totally obliterated all barriers between them...six words that told Terry clear to the centre of his being that there was absolutely nothing...nothing...that Baba did not know about him. Instantly Terry knew that there was nothing to hide...nothing he could hide...or have hidden...and that not only did Baba know what and who Terry was but certainly more...much more...than Terry knew about himself. With those six words there was established a relationship in a moment that had never existed between Terry and anyone else. Terry nodded in response to the words, and the shaking of the knees stopped...the tears dried instantly.

"It is all right," Baba said. "From today...there will be no more doubts...from today you will lead the spiritual life. I am always with you...I am always listening...I will always hear you. I am always with you."

Terry took a deep breath.

Baba placed his hands on Terry's hands again as if to warm them. Then he placed his hand, palm forward, fingers upward on Terry's chest and held it there for a moment and when he removed it, he reached for the small pendant that Terry wore around his neck and held it between his fingers for a moment, then placed it back inside the open collared shirt.

"Come back to see me this evening. We will talk for a few minutes. I will make you a japamala."

Baba placed his hand on Terry's shoulder. "Don't worry. Don't think negative thoughts. I am always with you."

Once again Terry fell at the small brown feet to which he now longed to surrender completely, and Baba bent forward to place his hand on Terry's back.

"You are a good boy."

Terry kissed Baba's feet, released his grip, closed his eyes, and when he opened them and began to rise, Baba was walking away from him toward the door. Baba opened the door and motioned Terry to go through first. Terry hesitated and then did as he was bid.

He turned for one last look.

"This evening," Baba said, smiling.

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Terry was stunned. As he walked back to Mataji's he was locked in a new space and time...locked in the now of what was happening inside his head and looking back to what had just transpired and ahead to the promise of seeing Baba once again in the evening.

There was now a confidence emerging in Terry's step. Emboldened by the support of the events of the morning and stepping carefully to try to avoid going over the line of self-congratulation and egocentric pride at having been granted the rare and coveted interview, Terry strove to accept within himself that what had happened had indeed happened, and the import of it and the significance of it needed to be recognized for what they were and what they could do.

It was clear that Terry was now faced with a problem of balance which can often plague one who has received the inner gift of an opening of consciousness. There can occur at such a juncture something that might be referred to as a "who-me?" syndrome that can soon ripen into a "why-me?" problem, and momentarily at least Terry was easy prey to the call of such a delusionary question. The divisive nature of such a question is misleading in that it cloaks itself in what may seem to be the safety of a curtain of humility, but which can soon flow forth deceptively into the reasoning quest for a second question to which an answer is not to be found, at least not where one is capable of looking at that moment. The problem itself once solved for the moment will not stay solved but will recur again and again as further inner gifts are received and assimilated.

Soon, Terry was tangled in the circuitous motion of these two questions as a part of him sought to continue its tenuous hold on a figment of doubt that would assure its further material security and a part of him yearned to believe and accept without question the gifts of the day.

"Did you see Baba?" asked Kanan when Terry walked up on the porch of the little house.

"Yes, Kanan. He was very good to me. Took me into the interview room and we talked for a short time."

"Oh Master,...you are very lucky."

That did not help what was happening in Terry's head at that moment.

"He has been in this house three times...you know... three times he has been here. He sat right there in that chair. He came here to bless this house when Mataji moved in. You are very lucky master."

Terry nodded and smiled, not knowing what to say for it would have been hazardous for the "who-me" to try to reason through the seeming good fortune.

There was a balance which had eluded Terry each time something like this had happened...the trip out of the body at Duane's, the instruction that came from within, the bliss of the uplifting of consciousness in the meditations

in Governors Bay and Allandale.

This day then seemed to be devoted to securing some kind of hold on that balance for to try to reconcile the no-man's land between the two questions seemed hopeless and futile. There seemed to be no soft mid-point in their consideration and the balance would have to come from somewhere else.

Throughout the rest of the day, this balance struggled to manifest itself through the cloud of subterfuge which emanated from these two questions: on the one hand there was the inclination to believe that because such things had happened to one, that he was something special and on the other hand, there was the refusal to accept such a suggestion and then the dead-end problem of, if it were accepted, how can it be reasoned and understood.

It was not to be resolved even in the anguish of the search for an answer and the futility of the search began, fearfully and dreadfully, to give birth to a depression, ironically, when Terry knew that he should be thankfully blissed-out in some kind of ecstatic devotion.

"He knows what he's doing," Terry thought. "He knows... just as he has known before."

It was that day...those few hours between the interviews ...that brought much of what Terry had sought into fruition for now he was face to face with the reality of the end of the search. Terry had pinned hope after hope on this day ...this sought after moment when he would come face to face with Baba and would be able to find a clear answer to this circular question which had followed and shadowed everything he had done for four years.

Now he had seen Baba...he had stood and talked with him, but still the question was there and so was the depression that proceeded from it. Baba had assured him that now there would be no further problems but there were problems right now, only minutes after leaving Baba's presence. There seemed to be no answer.

Terry went back over each moment...each instant...that he had spent in Baba's presence since arriving in India... each Darshan, when he had watched Baba's every move and

glance...each word and movement of this morning when they had stood looking in each other's eyes. He reviewed each occurrence, overt and covert, with the dexterity of a lawyer recapitulating the testimony of a key witness, for indeed the trial that Terry was now undergoing was one for his life...the life of a part of him which sought to understand himself and which would certainly die trying in the process.

The intellect failed miserably in its quest and in its turn the emotion crept forth fearing that the worst had come...that there might be no answer to this nebulous question. The depression grew deeper until Terry could do nothing. He could not think, reason...he could not even worry. He had no choice but to have faith for Baba had spoken and this was the end of the line.

Then something deep within Terry said the magic words, and gradually, mercifully, finally, the depression began to lift.

"I give up."

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With a tremulous self-confidence seeking to re-establish itself, Terry began the mile-long walk back to Baba in the searing heat of the late afternoon. That part of him which had mounted this final surge of a search for the answer to the elusive question had surrendered and had agreed, at least for the moment, to accept what was happening without question. Terry did not know how long it would remain quiet: it was the resurgence of doubt that he feared most, but it was the doubtless trust and faith which was so hard to accept. He felt that he was safe as long as he did not look at it.

Terry arrived at the gate of the residence about a quarter of an hour before evening Darshan was due and gently walked through the gate, nodding to the guard who returned his greeting. There were many people gathered in front of the hall awaiting Baba's appearance. Terry recognized many of them, for friendships are made quickly in such a place...a common purpose quickly eroding individual differences. By now, some of the Westerners who

served Baba on his staff were accustomed to Terry's presence and knew that Baba had invited him and for this first time, Terry emerged from the confines of his own struggling existence to become aware of the others around him who were also being put through their own trials. Such matters were confirmed by the understanding and sympathetic smiles and sad looks in the eyes that flowed from one to another. Tonight there were many people apparently invited for interviews...perhaps two or three hundred waiting inside the gate besides the three thousand or so who waited around the pavillion for the Darshan.

A sudden fear sparked across Terry's consciousness that in fact he might not be able to speak to Baba as had been promised. He knew that sometimes Baba had said he would see someone and then the person would wait for hours or days on end without the golden opportunity of the call for the promised interview. It was just such a fear that Terry feared most, and it was all he could do to maintain a trust that events would go as they best go.

The college boys were lined up to receive the blessing of Baba's word or glance to them when he came out of the door at the far end of the hall. It seemed to be the thing to do to wait outside this time, and if he had gone inside as in the morning, Terry would not have seen Baba when he first came out. There was no pomp or fanfare. Everyone had waited with silent expectation and any conversation had been carried on in the quietest of whispers. Surely it was one of the quietest groupings of so many thousands of people. One moment he was not there and then the next minute he was there at the end of the line talking to one of the boys. It seemed he almost materialized himself at the right moment. The only announcement of his presence was a shudder or chill of excitement that seemed to run through all those present.

Baba walked right by Terry and on out the gate slowly and deliberately talking with one here and there and then on to the people assembled at the pavillion sight some fifty yards away to give his Darshan to them. Terry

watched from inside the gate as Baba walked among them, speaking with one occasionally, sometimes manifesting some vibhutti.

When Baba returned some twenty minutes later, Terry stepped forward, in a bold display of confidence, right into Baba's path. Terry knew that he risked annoying Baba, but Baba seemed to be seldom annoyed at anything.

"Swami?"

Baba walked right up to Terry and looked right into his eyes, and smiled, completely ignoring all the others and everything that was going on.

"Would you allow a picture...a photograph...to be taken ...you and me?"

"Oh, yes..."

Terry reached for his camera.

"Not here...down there..." Baba gestured to the far end of the building and walked past Terry who followed behind ...close behind, head down, daring not to look right or left.

As they rounded the end of the building, there were several people standing near, but the multitude had been left in front of the hall. Terry gave his camera to Dr Bhagavantam, the interpreter, and took his place next to Baba in the porch near the doorway.

After Dr Bhagavantam had snapped the camera, Baba spoke to him. "Take another one. He will be disappointed when that one doesn't turn out."

There had been stories of events when Baba did not wish to have his picture taken and when the photographer had gone ahead anyway the film would come out blank. Such a possibility did cross Terry's mind, but he knew he was safe now.

When the second picture was safely snapped, Baba turned and walked inside. No one said anything to Terry and he just turned, swallowed hard and walked through the doorway leaving all the people behind him. As Baba went into the interview room an old Sadhu stepped forth and guided Terry into the waiting hall where they had first met Baba that Monday morning so many eternities ago.

Terry sat down on the cold floor and entered a special kind of reverie, reflecting on all that had happened and when his name was called from the other room he did not hear it. But he lifted his head for some reason and all the people in the room were looking at him as if they all now knew who he was. Dr Gokak, a former Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bangalore and now one of Baba's Chief Aids, nodded to Terry and pointed to the interview room...signalling Terry to move along quickly.

Terry jumped up and walked into the room with hands folded and once again he and Baba were alone. This time Terry stood firm and tall as he could, confident, eyes wide open. No fear...no emotion...

"Swami...are you my guru?"

There, he had said it...the question that he had come seven thousand miles to ask. It took all the courage that Terry could find, for if the answer were "no" it would mean further search, and if Baba answered in the affirmative, then the search was ended. Terry was not prepared for the answer that Baba gave. He wanted to be able to know what was what and that he finally had a leader... someone that he knew he could turn to with no mystery... no question, for such is the relationship in the ancient tradition of seeker and master in the annals of the spiritual search for the knowledge of the true nature of the Self.

"I am not your guru. I am not your teacher. I am your Self."

For a moment Terry was totally destroyed...for an instant he did not exist. Then with recovery, he remembered the second question that he had so carefully rehearsed countless thousands of times from California, to New Zealand, to India, and now to this moment.

"Swami...what I hear inside...what is it...?"

"The sound...the sound...?"

"Yes...that too, but I mean the Voice."

"Ah...the voice...that Voice is Baba's Grace...listen to it. Trust it. It is not your imagination. It is Baba's Grace. Follow it when it speaks to you and do what it tells you to do."

Again there was momentary confusion, but there was no time to sort it out now, for Baba carried forth, speaking

softly.

"I give you my blessings. I am with you all the time. You must teach what you know and I will bless your work, your teaching. Do your practices..."

"Swami, I feel that I have been told to bring a group to you next year. Is that correct?"

"Yes" Baba nodded.

"And to send one of our people for Mahashivatri?"

"Yes...yes...with me it is always yes...yes...yes."

Baba's hands were now on Terry's folded hands.

"Look," he said, removing his right hand and starting it in the familiar circular movement, palm down, fingers extended. It moved only inches from Terry's left arm. Baba pulled his sleeve up to his elbow and his arm moved faster.

Terry watched the motion and could hear the click, click, click of activity in the area under Baba's hand. It took perhaps twenty long seconds, and when Baba stopped the motion he raised his hand slightly, and out toward the floor dropped a long string of beads connected by wire...the japamala that Baba had promised to manifest for Terry was now before his eyes.

"SWAMI..." Terry virtually yelled with delighted surprise.

"Now let's see where is the end of this thing?"...and Baba began to sort through the beads to find the guru bead or starting point.

"Here...say your mantra with this...each day." he raised his arms and placed the long strand around Terry's neck.

Terry knew that it was time to go, and for the final time he boldly grabbed at the privilege of falling at Baba's feet. When he arose, Baba spoke to him one last time.

"Do not be afraid. I am always with you. You have my blessing."

"Thank you Swami..." it sounded so weak to say it, and Terry turned to leave, walking out through the hallway, out through the gate and back to Mataji's.

CHAPTER 53.

Terry recognized the accent as the man in the seat in front of him was speaking to the Air India sari-clad stewardess.

"Thank you...I won't be having a meal. Having some trouble with...uh...my...uh...digestion..."

She smiled at him...seeming to understand, then stepped down the aisle toward Terry's seat, and spoke to him.

"You are having a meal sir?"

"Yes, I ordered vegetarian."

"Thank you."

When she turned to go, Terry looked back out of the window and watched the Indian winter evening behind him, and he drifted back over the events of the past days and weeks, and then into the future wondering of their significance for what was to come.

The plane was almost empty...very few people on the leg of the flight that was going to Perth. Terry and the man in the front of him both had an entire row to themselves.

It was several hours before Terry spoke to the man. He leaned forward.

"Excuse me...your bowels giving you trouble?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact...something I picked up in India no doubt."

"You want a suggestion?"

"If you have one."

Terry fished around in his bag looking for one of the packets of Vibhutti that Baba had given him just before he had left the interview hall after their final meeting.

"Here...put a little of this powder in some water and drink it. It might help."

"What is it?"

"Well...uh...it's Vibhutti."

"What?"

"Vibhutti."

"What's...vib..butti...?"

Terry flashed back to the first time that he had asked that question of Morrissa just two years and a bit before.

"Well...it's..." ..('Where do I start?') ... "Let's just say that...for the moment at least...it is something that

might help straighten out the problem in your gut."... (and then maybe it will work on the rest of you too)... Terry smiled.

"Thanks... I'll try it..."

The man went to the rear of the plane for the water. As he returned to his seat Terry could see a nameplate on his shirt. It read: "Dr Dave"

"Uh oh." Terry thought to himself. "If he is a doctor that'll shake him up."

It was the man who spoke next to Terry.

"You are an American."

"Born there. Now live in New Zealand."

"So do I."

"Oh, you American too?" Terry was trying now to find a place to stifle the conversation. He was not eager at this point to speak further to an American... especially an American doctor... especially an American doctor who would probably want to talk about material things and the good price of Indian rugs in Delhi. The man appeared pleasant enough... young... probably about thirty-three or thirty-four years of age. Clean and slender.

"Canadian. Have you been to India?"

"Yes."

"Where did you go?"

"Uh... Bangalore."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

Terry knew people don't ask that question in such a straightforward manner unless there is some reason for it.

"Well... I went to see someone." ('there... that'll fix it.')

"If you don't mind my asking... who did you go to see?"

"Are you a doctor?" Terry asked... avoiding the question.

"Psychologist."

("Uh oh... that's even worse. How what'll we do.')

"Uh huh... well I went to see Sai Baba."

"Who."

"Sai Baba... he is a... a... holy man."

"In Bangalore?"

"Yes."

"And you?"

"I spent most of my time there around Bombay...on a tour...sponsored by the Milk Industry of New Zealand."

('WHAT IS THIS?')

"THE WHAT?"

"The milk industry. Sounds strange I know...but here is what happened...some weeks ago..."

Terry sat quietly while the man explained his work as a psychologist at Massey University in New Zealand and how the Milk Industry had sponsored him to make this tour of some places in India to then make a report back to them.

"Strange thing too...when it came time to go there was only one seat left on the tour...and that was due to a cancellation. Stroke of luck, I guess."

Terry now knew that there was something strange in this meeting. He could feel a secking in the man who now knelt on the seat in front of him and was resting his arms on the top of the seat, turned to talk with Terry.

"Guess I picked up this bug from some of the food."

"Yes...probably."

"Who is this holy man...this sigh..."

"Sai Baba..."

"Yes..."

"Well...here...you might have a look at this," said Terry and handed Dave a copy of "Sai Baba, Man of Miracles" by Howard Murphet.

"Thanks," Dave said, and turned to settle into his seat to read for a while. Terry welcomed the time to move back into his head for a while.

Dave read the book for a time until the plane reached Perth and during a three hour layover for repairs on the plane, Terry and Dave became well acquainted with each other as well as the inside of the Perth Airport since there was little else to do at three o'clock in the morning with all the lights turned on.

There was little conversation however after Perth to Sydney where Dave and Terry parted, Dave for Wellington and Terry for Christchurch. Dave said he would return the book by mail, and that was perhaps to be the end of it....perhaps.

=0=

When Terry's plane taxied to a stop at the Christchurch Airport, Dave was far from his thoughts...and so was almost everyone and everything that he had left behind... except Sai Baba and the promise of his help and presence, and the japamala which Terry wore around his neck.

There were almost as many people there to greet him as there had been to see him off when he left for India, even though it was late at night. When Terry saw them behind the glass of the Customs Window, an immense feeling of tearful joy, bliss and gratitude welled up inside him and he turned away to hide his emotion, swallowed hard, and then walked through the "one-way" door. It was Candice who was closest first. There were tears in her eyes. She knew...but she asked anyway.

"How'd it go?"

"Oh...it was all right"...Terry shrugged. "different!"

END OF PART I