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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 gymkhanas 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 Massachussettes. 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

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 than 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 excrutiation.

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 alkaline 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.