

As I was coming down, I noticed that the trip was shutting down behind me. I could not really ride on the shock value of the near miss with death. ("I'm sorry, Catherina can't come in to work tonight. She had a close brush with death and is in a state of shock." Boy, I got steamrollers in all directions on that one!).

Finally I decided to look in the mirror and it was judgment city and a firing squad. Then I decided to stare and destroy the destroyer, when luckily the whole thing collapsed of its own absurdity. The final doors of the trip closed. The ultimate double-whammy- when you kill yourself, you die.

Now why was I always asked the question over and over again in so many forms? Because I will ultimately die and am dying in little microseconds. If I don't choose to give something life for myself, it's dead for me and in my time on earth with it, I Do Die.

The music for the trip was all right on...Love in Bath had a solid love and humor that I could lean on, but it did not transport me to love and laughter. The Bach harpsichord and organ works were best. That man played his line out to the limit! Silence Beyond Time's unusualness brought up the subject of the variations of life. Wichita Falls brought out all of life's scope, movement and vitality. Just the right challenge in all of them.

Right after coming down, it was already time to leave the trip behind and start moving. Take a shower, have a cup of coffee, talk about the trip. I felt like everything had been carefully put back right where I started; nothing of