

yet such love is nothing compared to what we receive when the other offers it freely. I experienced this when Peggy got up for a while and sat in a chair. I felt a sense of desertion, of loneliness. I wanted her to come back, then I realized she must be free. There was a marvelous feeling of freedom that resulted. There was the pain of loneliness, but no so bad as to offset the marvelous feeling of allowing the other person to be free. I could see that I had set up all kinds of conditions for demanding acceptance, and that this was interfering with the free flow of love. Then when Peggy did return to my side of her own free will, the feeling was absolutely marvelous.

Then I had a most marvelous experience of my asking for God's love, my partner asking for God's love, and His reaching down and touching us to seal our love. The result is a new life. Then I realized that I didn't want any more babies; I had had a vasectomy. I saw that this and abortion was the ultimate insult to God: the crowning result of man and woman's love is a new baby, to pour your love into, a new form of God. By denying the baby, we deny God. Suddenly abortion and my vasectomy seemed like a heinous crime. I realized in my case it was an act of extreme hatred for people. I tried to feel the depth of this hatred; also the depth of love for people that would welcome every new life into the world. I didn't feel that I could get to the bottom of either, although I felt them both strongly. But I saw the whole thing as a failure to trust God. My vasectomy was the ultimate symbol of taking the reins into my own hands, defying God and defying life. I thought, suppose there were other souls who wanted to enter the earth place with me as their father. I thought the concept was ridiculous: who would want me as a father? I felt my deep feeling of the utter botch I had done with Uma and Quinn, and consequently wanted no more. Then Uma and Quinn both came into view, both happy and smiling, and loving having me for a father. Why wouldn't I let others have the same privilege? I could see that there was much more to me than my own views of the subject. This was a very moving experience. The powerful finale of the symphony ended with God saying to me, "Trust Me, trust Me."

When the music ended on this note, I was totally absolved of all negative feeling, deeply moved, and almost unable to do anything. After a bit I related the whole experience to Peggy, and this felt even better. There were still some profound questions left about my guilt concerning vasectomy; however, I had a sense of completion of the internal work for the day, and that I should move outside and integrate. The drug effects were totally gone; I could have gone about any normal chore. However, it felt good to simply walk and look. Although there was no longer and visual enhancement, I felt very much at peace, and my body felt absolutely marvelous--very cleansed, light, quite different from the languid feeling that often follows other chemicals.

3:00 Peggy was still quite uncomfortable; this was her worst experience. We sat under the cottonwoods, and I encouraged her to talk. She was having a lot of problems at her job. We talked about these a while, and she felt better. I found talking easy, enjoyable, insightful, and very detached, wanting only to be of help without interfering. I was very conscious of allowing her to be free.

4:00 We sat on the deck a while, in the shade. It was the hottest day we've had in some time; no breeze. I thought I would feel better doing something, so I got up, started some watering, picked up trash. It felt good to be active.

5:00 We had eaten nothing all day. Food was marvelous. I walked around a bit enjoying the twilight hours. That evening we read, listening to music. I kept feeling better and better, and Peggy though still rocky, felt better. We retired early for a delicious rest.