

11:00 A.M. We move into the living room and continue our discussion. We are still very cold. The sun is just beginning to shine through the living room windows. I light a fire. We talk some more, put on some music -- the new jazz flutes record. It is delightful music -- Peggy sees everything dancing. I feel my experience peaking out, and am not so intoxicated.

12:20 P.M. I am beginning to feel volition. Instead of just being carried away by the experience, I feel I can begin to be in charge. I focus on love, and everything begins to light up beautifully. Euphoria begins to grow within. It is as though God's love is flowing in, healing everything. I feel great. The phone rings. I answer it and handle it well. He had called a couple of hours earlier, but we didn't answer, as I didn't feel up to it and suspected it was him. (Bill Hoffman, our contractor, whom I wanted to come over to look at a sewer installation for our new caretaker.) He then wanted to know if we knew Reagan has been shot. Peggy and I were stunned. We turned on the TV, and got caught up with the news. It was still uncertain how badly everyone was hurt. I felt a tragic sadness that this could happen, and felt the extreme urgency of making it possible for more light to come into the world.

We went back to our experience, and the euphoria began to grow steadily in me. Peggy was having lots of ups and downs. For me, the euphoria and afterglow were not nearly as pronounced as the previous experience. I had hoped that using more chemical would produce a deeper, cleansing effect. Instead, the opposite was true, and internally I felt more foggy. We took a walk around the property. It was a clear sunny day, and the strong winds of the morning, carrying dust, had subsided, and it was very pleasant out. I was feeling little effects by now, but the euphoria was growing. We found a pool full of mosquito larvae. I got some oil and put on it, then we went for a run, had a refreshing shower. By now it was 3 p.m. We had scrambled eggs, which tasted marvelous and really hit the spot. Then we went to town on some errands, saw Peggy's mother. We are both feeling very well, with an excellent decent, great after-glow. We're hungry again. Came home to a snack, quiet evening of music and writing. The outstanding feature of the afternoon and evening is that we conversed more thoroughly and meaningful than ever.