

22 Nov. 81

Dear Ward,

In the afternoon while we were sitting together, you asked me to describe in one word my experience. I said "awesome." I used that word in the sense of reverence for my experience of God as power. I felt God as love also. But this was really the first time I've felt the enormous creative energies that run through everything. I got this lesson mainly through the music.

Once I got into my trip there was that powerful music and there was now..now.. now. And yet at the same time I was aware that I craved more powerful music played at higher volume. I remember pounding on the floor and saying to myself, "that's it, that's it, come on, come on, go.... Over and over again.

I felt near to being the music. I felt so alert and never before have I listened so keenly to anything. Then at some point the music changed to what I'll call heart music. Tears came and I cried. Bitter-sweet feelings in my heart and chest.

Visually everything looked splendid- colors all enhanced. I got entranced by the red flower and the yellow flower on the table. Then I felt pulled back to the music. Brown wood planks in your ceiling rolled gently. They expanded and contracted. I saw all I looked at- especially from about 10 ft in- as overflowing with energy.

Twice early into the trip I felt fear. I let go a lot. My fear went away and didn't come back during the rest of the day.