

On Tuesday, January 25 , 1983, Fred and I began our experience around 9:45 a.m.

The energy began to take its effect in around 20 minutes. And it increased gradually, very easily. In around two hours we were both slightly intoxicated but able to get around and walk if necessary. I was busy in the kitchen and it felt extremely natural to be there. I was fixing some soup for our meal later. We walked outside for a bit and then came back into the house when Fred wanted to lie down. He stretched out on the floor, listening to the music of Zen Meditation. I was beginning to breathe heavily and noticed that my lungs hurt. I felt as though I had the biggest boosom in the world at that point. After the first side of the Zen Meditation music was over, I got out the tape of the Gurdjieff music. I slumped to the floor, next to Fred, and began to feel the music, to travel to the Orient, to experience the music along with the art of that country blending in with each other. I mentioned to Fred that it was rather like those pictures of the Chinese having sexual intercourse, with a third party assisting. I chuckled at the idea. How unromantic.

The music was absolutely fantastic,, and divinely played. There was a lot of feeling, of power, of majesty. I was so impressed by the amount of music coming from a little cassette.

I felt all powerful myself. I noticed that it felt good to be by myself, do my own thing, feel good. I wondered if this is why the Adam group have two hours of music first, with their eyes closed. We had read the prayer of Fenelon, which says that God knows what we want and we leave it into his hands. I did just that, and knew I was god and that I was love and didn't even have to work at it.

My breathing became easier but still felt heavy around the lungs. Fred opened the window to get in some fresh air, and I was overjoyed that he noticed the staleness of the air in the living room. We have a fire in the wood stove going most of the time especially when the sun does not warm up the house. And lately we have had several days of no sunshine. "Welcome the world of fresh air". when it cooled off slightly, I got the granny shawl that Aunt Kia had knit and placed it over my shoulders and those of Fred. When I did this I could remember Kia clearly, as well as all the people we know in Roswell, New Mexico. Then my thoughts went out to everyone I know and love and I became one with everyone. It was a marvelous feeling. Later we sat on the sofa and I told Fred that I knew I was loved and that I was God and that I all I had to do was be like Tinker Bell and whoosh, there I was. And there God is. Later we talked about my universe. In my universe, God is ever loving and ever forgiving. And understanding. Fred told me about his universe where God is demanding, etc. We opened up a lot and discussed the differences and I realized it was becoming a game and didn't want to play anymore. I was serious about my universe but when I realized we all play our own games, I didn't want to play anymore. We talked about the games for a while. Fred admitted this was probably the first intelligent conversation we had ever had together.