

Ascension Notes



What Happened?

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“And you know something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?”

Bob Dylan — "*Ballad Of A Thin Man*"

It was in the spring of 1972. A friend and I were meandering along Scott Street in Palo Alto. Hmmm, this little tale hinges around my emotional reaction to a set of circumstances so a little context will perhaps clarify the event.

Much of the decade from early 1964 when my world first started falling apart until nearly ten years later, I was lost and extremely lonely. The few friendships I made were so valuable to my very existence that I defended them with a loyalty that was often disproportional to the reality of the relationship. In that ten-year span my sense of security was being shifted from being anchored in the human-material world to a cosmic and spiritual allegiance. I didn't know that at the time of course. I was simply flailing for survival. So anyway, back to walking along Scott Street...

As we shuffled along, we were suddenly 'surrounded' by four people, three men and a woman. I swear there was no one else outside that morning but as they came from behind there was always the chance that I just didn't notice them. All of them shared certain qualities. They were somehow healthier and, well, more vibrant than anyone of my acquaintance. They might have all come from the same family or genome. All shared dark curly hair, dark eyes that had a piercing quality beyond my experience, very white skins and physiques that were almost classical Grecian ideals. There was a palpable vibration beyond my range of perception that I could feel but not access on which they seemed to be communicating among themselves.

My friend and I were each 'paired' with one of the men while the third and the woman remained behind so they were never more than peripheral presences. All were dressed simply in new blue jeans and white tee shirts which doesn't make any difference save they could have fit in anywhere with the exception of the sense of presence surrounding them.

The fellow next to my friend directed our attention a piece of debris on the sidewalk and said something to the effect, "You know, that's pure gold." My friend who had a tendency toward avariciousness was captivated. I looked down briefly, saw it was nonsense and began to wonder what was going on. It was dawning on me that this was not an ordinary event. My friend who realized his dream of instant wealth was a fiction became angry and went stomping up the street with 'his' visitor at his side.

The other three slowed their steps. I followed suit. When about 50 feet separated the two groups, I received an offer. I don't remember the exact words; in fact, there may not have been air-borne vibrations at all. The gist of the pitch was that I had been under observation and would I care to join them; to become part of their group? It

wasn't specified what or who they were. It may well have been suggested that I go with them but I don't think so. After all these years I'm a little hazy on the specifics.

After hearing 'the pitch' my reaction was to be annoyed that my friend had been emotionally manipulated to separate the two of us and with classic human stupidity I expressed that annoyance. I was looking at the ground when I heard the offer and reacted without thinking. I waved my hand in the direction of my friend and said, "No, I think I'll go in that direction." As I raise my eyes to look in the direction that my hand had waved, I saw my friend walking alone. I quickly looked around me but no one was there. They had all disappeared.

What happened? I'm still not sure. I often think that I stupidly passed up the greatest opportunity I've ever been given. The entire encounter lasted less than two minutes. I was almost instantly aware that I had never gotten above my emotional perceptions to actually think during the event. In comparison to the speed at which those four thought, I might have been only a tiny bit more than an animal. That's humbling!

Then again, I was such an emotionally crippled person at the time that there was truth in my reaction. A year later I had the experience described in the story, "Portrait of Christ." That changed me entirely and is the greatest wonder of my life. In the last forty years I've had to unwind the emotional and spiritual damage that was the substance of the world in which I was born and begun creating a whole new world. I can't help but be grateful for that opportunity and believe that my work may help others.

As I look back at that hazy memory through the spectacles of my current Universal viewpoint, the best interpretation that I have of that episode was that Midwayers contacted me. Even though I declined their invitation at the time, I believe my goals have become in alignment with theirs and I am satisfied. I still feel stupid, though.