



the Place

Chapter-1

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The Place

What you have been seeking
that you always knew was possible.

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CHAPTER 1

As I drove through the pines, the wind whistling around me, the roar of the engine of my '57 Thunderbird was a sweet reminder of the times past when life was slower and technology not the source of life.

After two hours I had seen no cars on this back road leading to Idaho. Why Idaho? I don't know anymore, it was just the memory of so many years in the past, the quiet, the tranquility, the pines, the silent streams and that one time when I stopped at the crossroads to nowhere and the only sounds were the lilt of the soft wind in the trees and a single bird and the pop of the engine. One of those profound moments when your soul soars, your mind opens and the intensity of space reflects some inner peace that escapes you when you go back to the world of planes, trains, cars and incessant clatter.

The years since had been filled with all that is considered right in life. The marriage—the beautiful dark haired, funny, laughing girl who disappeared during the long nights of normal—those insane attempts to be like others that suffocate the being and mold us into the humiliated wrongness of never truly fitting but always trying so very hard to be normal.

The child—sweet promise that the world will be better because he, like Jesus, will save the world, or at least ours. What a burden to place on those small soft shoulders. The smiles heal; the joy of life lessens the agony and monotony of sameness as the jobs of life smother your own joys.

The divorce—what we love in each other dies in each day as we force ourselves to fit in the box of indistinct work, self blinding

carnage of the “true world, real world, real life” and the dreams, the possibilities and the joys drift to a past that others call unreal, stupid, insane, hopeless and just plain wrong.

Now I drive, the forest and the streams and the wind blessing me with their energy and their lack of judgment, embracing me with the gifts of shade, smell, light and sparkling contentment with life.

I pull off the road behind some scrubby willows where others have obviously stopped before me, the trash of their passing a testament to the bizarre lack of caring and the foolish disregard for beauty and silence. Probably these are those same great people who go camping in the woods, taking their culture of boom box and beer to the frontier of silence to dissipate the space and create the confines of awareness and make the lacks of life bearable.

I sit in the car, have I mentioned that I left the top at home; the weather will dictate my rest. As I sit, the silence begins to soothe my weary soul and my body in a way I have not experienced since last I came this way. I open the door and slide out of the car, in front of me is a lazy stream and sandy beach, I slide out of my clothes and walk slowly into the water. It is chilly even this late in the summer. The goose pimples tell me I am still alive; I walk towards the rock submerged a couple of feet below the surface. As I sit, the cold water on my crotch makes me stumble and I fall into the water. I come up with the same joy my little boy does when he plays in the surf or the pool. I suddenly miss his smile, his kisses, and the “Daddy, I love you so much” that precedes hugs and requests for toys. I sit on the rock and tears stream down my face.

As the silence and peace of the stream embrace me and my body with a sense of finally belonging somewhere, somehow, someday, the tension begins to dissipate and the tiny fish begin to nibble on the hairs of my body as though these will bring their next meal.

For me, it is the sensation that I have shut off so that I don't have to feel the gnawing knowledge that I should be able to revel in the innate sensorial perversity that bodies enjoy. The tears that drop salt into this sweet stream, that, like true life, meanders in the easiest and blessed way that none live in the clattering world of choice-less menu, that menu that has too many choices, so that we can make no choice as real, and as life. Suddenly the stupidity of no choice gives way to the burst of laughter that creates the awareness of the oneness that I too belong with nature and am part of the stream of life and that it and I are the same. I have always felt separate and alone and finally I know I belong and that the pain I have lived as greater than me is truly the insane stupidity of making that greater than me in order to truly believe I have no choice.

What now? I sit in this wonderful place and rest, allowing the past to leach out into the water. Silently around the corner of the stream, a beautiful mallard woman sails down the stream, her cute ducklings following, silent bullets of sweet life that feel close to me. I sit with my space larger than I have ever known was possible and these sweet creatures see me as non-threatening. Apparently the smell of me is no longer a wrongness, and they come towards me; the little ones see me with curiosity and come close to find out what I am. My hands floating with the stream suddenly look like somewhere to land and the little duck who is most aggressive lands upon my hand, his little claws digging in for safety. The tiny pain is as nothing compared with the pain I have made greater than my choice of life. Laughter bursts forth from a place I didn't even know existed, a place without the ability to separate or judge where I begin and the others end.

The mother duck flies, and the babies, without the feathers to follow, flap brilliantly and fumble greatly in the need to flee this strange being who in joy makes way too much noise.

After they have gone, I lift my body from the sweet coolness that somehow allows everything to seem better and begin to walk towards my car. The succulent sun and the caressing breeze begin to dry my body. I pull on my pants, which suddenly feel too tight after the freedom and joy of flowing with and as the stream; I pull on my t-shirt, suddenly aware of the feel of muscles that desire to be caressed again for the first time in seven years.

I climb into the car and start it, enjoying again the rumble of this sweet old beauty that is always a gift of exuberance and fun that only driving has given me before today. The real gift of today is somehow finding the me I knew ought to exist but has not.

Back on the road, I race through the dappled light of the failing sun, realizing the sounds of the birds I had filtered out of my awareness before the stream and recognizing the breeze and the wind and the smells of the trees are now accompanied by the intensity of the dryness of summer and the subtle underlying compost of dropping leaves and aromatic earth, speaking of how I belong.

As the sun disappears amongst the tall and elegant trees and the temperature begins to ease, I think of the soft jazz music that once was the source of such kindness to my soul, and I reach over to the glove box that is the hiding spot for the top-of-the-line stereo I had installed just to piss my wife off and pull out CDs that will match the mood I'm sure is the new beginning for my life. I drive as the soft cloak of darkness descends upon me and the headlights become the total of space and time. Minutes turn to hours and still I drive. Occasionally another car passes, a momentary flash of a bigger picture, a reminiscent flash of the day not finished but experienced.

The CD completes on one of those soft plaintive notes, as though I too have reached some unknown completion. I reach for another CD and drop it on the floor—aw shit, I hate when I do that—I reach

over to the floor of the passenger side seeking what I cannot see, find it and sit up. There in front of me is a five-point buck dead in the headlights, frozen.

I swerve to miss him, and there is nothing but large boulders in front of the car and no place to go, I jam the brakes, the car is sliding in the gravel next to the edge and then I hit the edge and slide into the boulders and the screech of tearing metal and the crunch of the door next to me change into the loft of the car, and my body as it rips into the darkness and I land on my back against hard and vicious nature, my breath expelled with the force of blackness that wraps my mind away from what I cannot stand to feel.

With a shriek of pain, I am suddenly aware of the semi-light that glares at me. It is the one remaining headlight of my mangled beauty, the car that was the last hope and promise of something better. I croak a feeble call for help. The only answer is the cessation of crickets and nighttime insects and faint hoot of a far-off owl. Time to take stock. Okay, I've been unconscious. My car is off the road. There is only one light and that's looking pretty dim so maybe I've been out a long time. The road is above me so if anyone passes will they see me? I'm on my back, what can I move? My left arm is free and the hand moves, the right seems to be stuck against something and is asleep but it hurts, I try to move it, and as it slips from underneath my body the pain increases and the blackness enfolds me once again.

I open my eyes and the light from the headlight is dimmer yet, how long does it take for a battery to wear down, how long has it been? I gave up watches when my life fell apart. I reach out with my right hand and there just past the elbow is a small sapling about three inches thick. If I can reach that with my left hand, maybe I can pull myself up the embankment to the road. I reach over with my left, the pain almost unbearable, but I've decided, no more passing out, so I don't. I grab the tree and pulling with

all my might my body begins to turn, and so does lights out, so much for decision.

I awaken again, the light from the car is now just the filament looking warm and weak. Well, at least I'm face down, even with a mouth full of gravel, and suddenly I realize it has been a long time since I've eaten. I reach up with both hands looking for something to pull myself up the bank. A small bush by the right hand. I grab and pull and the bush rips loose from the embankment. The left hand checks—and nothing. All right, dig in with both hands and pull, the dirt gives way and my body goes nowhere. Please, someone find me, please god, let someone come. Amazing how religious I can be at a time of helplessness.

Time to try pushing with the legs, I pull the right leg slowly up, or at least so says the brain, but nothing happens. Please let someone come to help. I try again and pull with my hands, dig in with the toes and push, blackness envelops me in her sweet arms again.

I feel a sweet small hand, is it illusion or is my son trying to awaken me from some bad dream? "Mister, do you need help?" This small voice is matched on the other side of me with a duplicate sound... "Mister, would you like us to help you?"

"Where did you kids come from?"

"The place, where everything is possible."

"Please can you go for help?"

"Sure, mister." They reply in unison as though they are the same voice in stereo from different sides of my head.

"Do you want to go?" says the right. "Why don't you go?" says the left. "You know we both better go," says the right. "Oh, yeah, 'cause you know what they will need" says the left. "Oh, Yeah," says the right. A small hand descends toward my third eye and the sweet voice of this child says, "You sleep now, mister, we'll

be back with our sister and uncle, just sleep, just sleep,” and suddenly as if by magic I am once again the victim of blackness.

I awaken once again, the early morning ground mist filters the light, I am on my back. I look up into the most beautiful blue eyes attached to a radiant face kissed by the sun and blessed by the gods of old. Her smile and her complete lack of concern are somehow very comforting. “Who are you?” I ask.

“My name is Ruth, like in the Bible.” The accent is somehow strange and familiar all at once. She is dressed in one of those hippie looking dresses you used see in the sixties, long, tight on top and falling from below the breasts. As she moves around me the material draping from side to side, the possibility of a great body seems to haunt some strange memory.

I hear the sounds of feet moving through gravel and a big bear of a man leans over me, his breath reminiscent of the sweet grain that is fed to horses.

“Well, young fella, you ain’t in the best of shapes. How’d you end up here in this mess in the middle of nowhere?”

I start to remember what happened, the music, the CD, and then the deer and the shriek of metal and trying to move, and what do I say. Where do I start, and then I think of my life and the creek and the ducks, and....

“Well that’s a lot to take in, in such a short time, but we’re gonna have to move you now, and that might be a little painful, so....” And his big calloused hand descends towards my third eye and blackness once again embraces me.

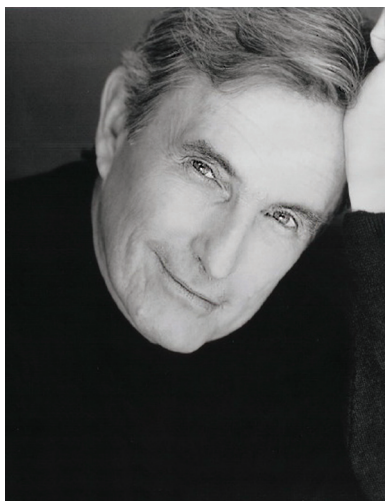




ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gary Douglas is the man who developed the unique tools, techniques and strategies for life ... that is Access Consciousness.

Born in the American Midwest and raised in San Diego, California, Mr. Douglas has always been on a spiritual path, seeking deeper answers to life's mysteries. His innate curiosity has allowed him to question what didn't seem to be working in life and seek alternatives to the popular views and accepted wisdom of today.



He is the author of five-books. He has also coauthored a variety of books, audio-CDs and DVDs with his business partner Dr. Dain Heer.

Gary Douglas travels extensively facilitating classes that offer people change, transformation and greater possibility in their lives.

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