

Krishna in the Park

Selections from the Diary of Carol Sheaves

By Brian T. McKee

For my brothers and sisters at Devi Mandir.

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A Walk in Central Park

Tuesday June 19th, 2001: 8:00 AM

Today Junior turned 22 years old! I can't believe it. Last week the vet said he could live many more years too! I'm so lucky and so blessed to have him for a guide.

Lets see, what is today's agenda? Walk Junior through central park for our thrice weekly excursion and then...

Heh, that reminds me. Don is so funny. He said, "Every week you walk around central park. It's so dangerous!"

I told my boy: "It's not that dangerous, I have Junior with me!"

"He's 22 years old, Mom, how can he protect you?"

"The thieves don't know how old he is! They avoid dogs, you know?"

Junior is so beautiful. He weighs seventy pounds, has short silky fur and a wide muzzle. Longevity runs in his family. His mother (a prize winning black lab) lived to be seventeen, and his father (another black lab and a breeding stud owned by a friend of mine) lived to be nineteen. They had hip problems as they aged but were smart, sweet and loving. I used to visit their owners so Junior could play with them. I think he knew who they were: he really loved visiting. I think he sensed when they died by virtue of the fact that we stopped visiting.

Anyway, I'm off track again.

Ha ha. Junior just ran up to me and put his head between my legs, he knows he's over due for his walk. I'd better go.

Tuesday June 19th, 2001: 1:13 PM

What a strange day. Junior and I were making rounds like we do on every walk. I guess I was talking out loud, because a pleasant, accented voice called to me as I rounded the third turn for the third time. I know it was an Indian accent because it reminded me of the Indian restaurant my Dad used to take me to across the river.

I loved my Dad's descriptions of the bridge. All the metal girders and rivets. I used to imagine all the men toiling while building it and I still get shivers when I remember my Dad telling me about the men who died during its construction. My Grandfather was there, he saw it all. My Dad wanted me to keep the stories alive, but Don's not interested: he has a different kind of mind.

Oh for heaven's sake, I forgot where I was and what I was telling you!

This voice called to me! He said, "Would you mind taking your dog off duty so I can pet him?"

I stopped and turned toward him. His voice was gentle and pleasant, unlike most of the people I meet in the park, at least the ones who call out to me. They usually have something disdainful to say, but not this guy: he felt quite nice.

I looked inward and checked my senses. I couldn't allow myself to be hurt again, but I didn't want to miss an opportunity to make a new friend. At my age, friends are hard to come by.

I hesitated, then asked him: "Why?"

"Well he's twenty-two today, right? That's quite an accomplishment! I'd like to congratulate him."

“Yeah he’s twenty-two, but how did you know?”

“I heard you say it.”

“But I was just thinking it to myself. Wasn’t I?”

“You said it loud enough for me to hear.”

“Oh. I guess so.”

Before I thought about what I was doing and where I was, I released Junior and he ran forward. Suddenly, I was alone in Central Park for the first time. I know Junior and I know if there’s trouble he’ll be aware of it long before I am and he’ll come to my aid on duty or not. Still, it’s a bit disconcerting to be alone and blind in Central Park.

I heard Junior’s glee in his hyper sniffing and licking and I knew this was a good person.

I took a few steps forward and I heard a woman exclaim: “Oh my! So friendly!”

I was a bit shocked. I didn’t feel her or hear her until that moment. I have excellent hearing and I’m rarely surprised by people.

The Indian gentleman must have seen my reaction and shock. He said, “I’m sorry, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Krishna and this is my wife Radha.”

“She’s so quiet!” I exclaimed.

“I’m sorry,” said Radha, “I was trying not to startle you.”

Krishna continued and said, “Radha doesn’t speak as often as I do. She’s the quiet type and when she speaks it’s generally of an

emotional nature. She's more about feeling and I'm the talker. She's like the base from which I speak."

To be honest, I didn't understand what he was saying: I was just trying to find the bench where they sat so I could pet Junior. I found it rather difficult to place their voices, but I made it to the bench and sat down.

Junior greeted me and, as I felt his cold nose, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"What are you doing in New York?" I asked Krishna.

"We're trying to start a new life and a new family here."

"Oh that's wonderful. A young couple in love staking out lives in the Big Apple! It's the American Dream!"

"It certainly is!" exclaimed Radha.

"Do you have any children yet?"

"Just one. But we'd like more," replied Krishna.

"Really? A boy or girl?"

"She's a girl."

"What's her name."

"Pushpa."

"Oh. What an unusual name." Actually I thought it was a rather odd name, not very nice. All I heard was 'push.'

Krishna seemed to know what I was thinking. He said, "It means Flower in our language."

"Oh that's sweet."

“Do you have any children?” Asked Krishna.

“Oh my.” I felt embarrassed. “I forgot to introduce myself!”

“That’s okay, we figured you’d get around to it sooner or later.”

“I’m Carol. I’m pleased to meet you. I have a thirty five year old son name Don.”

“You certainly aren’t old enough to have a thirty five year old son!” replied Radha.

“You’re so kind, but yes, I was young and foolish. I learned though.”

“What did you learn?” asked Krishna.

“I learned not to trust men.”

“Oh. That’s unfortunate.”

I felt uncomfortable, so I commanded Junior to come back to me and put him back on duty.

“I have to go now,” I said, “but it was very nice meeting you both.”

“Nice to meet you as well,” said Krishna.

I walked away, feeling odd, lost in thought and somewhat confused about how things had gone. Now the day feels strange so I think I’ll make a quick dinner and turn in early.

Weirded Out

Friday June 22nd, 2001: 10:00 PM

Sorry Diary that I haven't written for a while. It's been a strange week. I've been wanting to take Junior for a walk, but haven't had the energy.

I just sat and listened to the TV all afternoon. Here it is, really late and I'm not the slightest bit tired.

Poor Junior. He's whining to go out. His schedule's all out of whack. I just don't feel like going out.

Awe heck. I'll go. I'm not likely to meet those strange people at this time of night.

A Walk Through A Dream

Saturday June 23rd, 2001: 8:30 AM

Life is getting weird. I had a huge evening last night. I don't understand how things could get so bizarre.

Let me start at the beginning.

I grabbed Junior's halter and he freaked out. I've haven't seen him that hyper since he was a puppy. He's so neglected: I really should have walked him sooner.

It's funny: I hadn't thought about how many times we walked around the park. Thinking back I realize it was on the third pass we hit that back corner again and boom I heard Krishna say, "Hello again Carol!"

"What are you doing here so late?" I exclaimed.

"I was going to ask you the same thing! It's dangerous around here at this time of night."

"I have Junior."

"He keeps the predators away does he?"

"Yes. He's a good dog."

"I see that. He's doing a wonderful job: he's very much fulfilling his life mission."

That thought struck me. I think that way sometimes. I don't know if it was my way out sister from Chicago rubbing off on me or maybe just part of who I am, but I often feel that Junior sticks around because he knows he's doing a good job.

“Is Radha with you?”

“Of course,” said Radha, “where ever he goes, I go.”

I pried a bit: “So really, why are you out so late?”

“To be honest,” replied Krishna, “we are having problems sleeping: we’re worried about our daughter.”

“Oh Really?” I said, “What’s wrong? I raised a son maybe I can help.”

I walked toward their sweet and wonderful voices. Finding the bench I sat down and let Junior off the hook.

I heard him run down the bench and sniff. I have to assume he was sniffing Radha.

Krishna said, “Well let me tell you: Pushpa is having some issues in her life right now.”

“How old is she?”

“Oh. She’s not very old, only twelve going on thirteen.”

“I had no idea she was that old, you’ve not been able to conceive since her?”

“Well. You could put it that way.”

“I’m sorry I interrupted. What’s wrong with Pushpa?”

“She’s finding out that reality isn’t quite what she wanted it to be. It’s a very difficult growth process. Children often find it hard to see the beauty of the imperfection around them.”

“Oh I can totally relate with that and I’m much older than thirteen. Wait, did you say ‘the beauty of imperfection?’”

“Yes. I did.”

“I don’t understand.”

“What don’t you understand?”

“How can imperfection be beautiful? Isn’t the most beautiful thing always perfect?”

I listened for a moment, intent on Krishna’s reply. After a long pause he said, “Have you ever felt the petals of a rose?”

“Of course. I’ve been feeling them since I went blind so many years ago. It reminds me of what they look like.”

“Have you ever seen two roses that look exactly alike?”

“No. I guess not.”

“So what is a perfect rose?”

“Well. I have an image of a perfect rose. I mean I know what one looks like and I know it when I see it.”

“So a beautiful rose then, is one that fits your idea of a perfect rose?”

“Yes. I guess so.”

Krishna paused again for a few seconds. The silence was almost deafening.

Finally he asked, “Where did that idea come from?”

“I don’t know. Perhaps from when I saw one as a child. My father brought one home for me on my fourth birthday.”

I had never thought about *why* a rose is beautiful. I had always simply understood that a rose *is* beautiful.

“Why is a rose beautiful?” I asked myself over and over again.

“Color varies. So does smell.” I thought.

Today, with my eyesight gone I can feel the textures, but even in that each rose is unique, slightly different than all the others.

Had I built some mental image of what a beautiful rose is? What if it was wrong?

When I thought about all my experiences with roses as a child, smelling and touching them, they were all different: the only thing that was the same was the experience of the beauty.

Maybe I found beauty in the experience itself. Maybe the roses just contributed to that beauty?

Why am I thinking this way? What’s the point? What were we talking about that brought all this on anyway?

A rose is beautiful. That is a simple fact. Where was I again?

I turned toward Krishna and said, “What were we talking about again? I seemed to have wrecked my train of thought.”

“Oh!” Joked Radha, “A train wreck! Just horrible.”

Krishna laughed with his wife and I laughed with them.

“Weren’t we talking about your daughter?” I asked.

“Yes we were,” replied Krishna, “and you asked how it is that imperfection itself is beautiful.”

“Oh. Yes. I remember, and you brought up the roses.”

Krishna caught me before I wrecked another train: “Our daughter seems irritated by life. She’s rebelling against it and against us.”

“They do that in their teen years,” I said.

“But you just have to love them,” said Radha.

“That’s what I tried to do,” I replied. “It’s not easy sometimes.”

“They don’t want to be loved,” said Krishna.

“It sure seems that way,” said Radha.

“Maybe I could talk to her for you, maybe she’d listen to a complete stranger.”

“Would you mind?” Asked Krishna.

“Not at all, we can plan for that some time later. I had better go home, it must be pretty late by now.”

“Okay Carol. It was nice to see you again,” said Krishna.

I put Junior back on duty, said, “See you soon,” and walked away.

I had strange feelings all the way home. What was it about these seemingly nice people that weirded me out so much?

It couldn’t be as simple as their accents, could it?

Or the Indian spices I smell when I’m around them?

I got ready for bed and fell asleep. I didn’t look at the clock: it must have been almost midnight.

This is when everything gets really weird.

I had this dream.

I was walking in the park, but I could see. However, Junior was still guiding me. I walked around the corner with the park bench and saw Krishna and Radha sitting there with a young girl.

As I approached them I knew I had to speak to the girl for Krishna and Radha. They had brought her there to speak to me.

I smiled, walked up, and said, "Hello! You must be Pushpa!"

The little girl felt embarrassed and nodded her head while turning away from me.

Krishna, a beautiful dark skinned man in his thirties, with perfect hair and a beautiful western style suit, nudged his daughter and said, "Say hello to Carol, Pushpa, don't be rude."

Radha, a stunning woman with velvet green eyes and a fair complexion, smiled at Pushpa. Radha wore a beautiful sari of red and yellow with wide golden trim and a beautiful golden decoration, called a bindi, on her forehead, between her eyes. Her sari was more breathtaking than any of the saris I had seen on the women at the Indian Restaurant my father had taken me to as a child.

Pushpa was plain looking. A little chubby, with a round face, apple cheeks, and bangs hanging in her eyes. She wore a school uniform for what I assume is one of the more prestigious schools in New York. On her jacket, over her left breast, was a patch in the shape of the earth.

Pushpa feigned a smile and held out her hand. I gently shook it and said, "How are you today?"

She looked up at me with big eyes and said in a perfect New York accent: "Honestly? Life sucks!"

"But why?" I asked.

“Because people don’t care about anything. They don’t even care about themselves!”

“Pushpa!” Krishna scolded.

I smiled and said, “It’s okay Pushpa. I know exactly how you feel. No one in the world seems to care about anything, unless it’s money, power, fame, or any of a million other unimportant things.”

Pushpa smiled and said, “You do understand!”

“Sure I do. I mean look at me! I’m blind, jobless, and I live off my son and social security. My life feels empty and meaningless to me and I want so desperately for it to mean something. It feels like it should mean something. Why live for all these years just to die? What’s the point?”

At that moment I realized that I really felt that way and it really shocked me, so much that I woke up.

It’s now 10:12 AM.

Bad Reaction

Monday June 25th, 11:30 PM

I'm so depressed. I can't sleep. I'm afraid of sleeping. I can't bear the reality of that dream. All these years I thought I was happy. I thought I was doing well. It all seems to have crashed and burned.

Why did my life go nowhere? Where did all my dreams go? I wanted to start a school for blind children. I wanted to find a good man to be a father to my children: I mean child. I wanted so much. I desired so much. Where did it all go? Where did all the time go?

Don's worried again. He's trying to get me to see my psychiatrist. I don't like the man: barely a word comes out of my mouth and he suggests mood stabilizers. The last time I came off those I swore I'd never do it again. I felt so much pain, so much horrible pain.

Why does this cycle repeat over and over again? Why am I happy and then sad? Why can't I just be happy? Does happiness cause sadness? I used to believe that. I used to try to keep myself even keeled, but that just created more stress. I can't begin to explain how I felt taking the meds Doc Schwartz prescribed for me.

Things were hard back then, but lately I've been pretty good. Maybe I watched too many soap operas. Maybe I didn't exercise as much as I should, but I've been living a pretty normal life.

I wonder if the word "normal" is like the word "rose." Some sort of preconception that I've built to make myself fit into some idea.

I wish I could talk to Krishna. Oh wait, no, that's how this all started! I have to stay away from him. He's making me crazy. I was happy until I met him.

Apologies

Tuesday July 3rd, 2001

Sorry it been so long. I'm trying to not think about things. Writing causes me to think. I just want it all to go away. I just want to be normal. I just want to be that rose, so perfect, so beautiful.

Thursday July 5th, 2001

Don had me over for independence day yesterday. I don't like his new girlfriend. To be honest she scares the bejesus out of me. I can't see how anyone could be that plastic. But I'm not going to gossip. I'm not!

Inner Confrontation

Friday July 6th

Without thinking I took Junior for a walk in the park. Krishna and Radha were there. At the time I thought: “You’d think these people would have better things to do.”

Doctor Schwartz said it would be a bad to talk to them, they upset me so much, so I just walked by. It’s the best I could do.

Don’s new girlfriend is really getting on my nerves. She is constantly talking about taking me out and doing things with me. It’s like she’s never had a mother. I just want to be left alone.

As I thought about Don’s girlfriend, the battle raged on in my mind. I turned the third corner again and Krishna said, “Thank you for talking to Pushpa. I think you helped her a lot.”

“But,” I stammered. I stopped in my tracks and said, “That was just a dream.”

I let Junior off duty as I sat between Krishna and his wife. I heard them shuffle apart to let me sit in the middle.

Radha giggled a little and said, “What’s this mood about?”

“I’m depressed:” I sighed back at her. After a pause I continued: “My life isn’t what I wanted it to be.”

“So change it,” said Krishna in my right ear.

“What do you want it to be?” asked Radha in my left ear.

I paused and wondered. What dreams do I have left? Of all those things that I wanted for myself, things I wanted to do, things I

wanted to become, and meaning that I wanted in my life, what is left?

“Everything is left,” replied Radha.

“They are all here before you,” replied Krishna.

It was as if they read my mind. It was and still is overwhelming. I can only stand it because I can write it down, putting it down gets it out of my head, gets my mind off of it for the moment. Focusing on doing helps me stop feeling.

I sat in their presence for a few minutes not saying anything, too dumbfounded to know what to do or say.

Then my mind switched gears and I asked, “So how is Pushpa?”

“She’s doing quite well now, thanks to you.”

“I didn’t have anything to do with it, that was just a dream.”

I stood up, bid them farewell, and walked away. I turned down the path, then off the path and a few seconds later Junior caught up to me. He put his head under my hand and waited for me to grab hold of his harness, then he lead me back to the path and toward home.

I tried to convince myself: “It was just a dream.”

“But,” I thought, “how could they know these things?”

I’m so confused, lost in a sea of irrational thoughts. My mind is a jumble. I don’t know what to do or even what I can do.

I walked up the steps to my apartment as quickly as I could, anxious to get home, anxious to write all this down and to tell you, my diary, hoping that you would help me figure it all out.

But it hasn’t helped. I’m going to sleep now.

Fear of The Lost

Sunday July 8th

I've been watching way too much television. Okay so it's radio to me, but I have to do something, it might as well be listen to the TV.

Junior seems as depressed as I am. Don is really worried and has been bugging me all day to get me to come over, but I don't want to visit anyone, I just want...

What do I want?

I don't even know.

The only time I'm even remotely happy is when I'm walking Junior in the park. It's evening, but I think I'll take him out again.

Outer Confrontation

Sunday July 15th

So much has happened. Last Sunday I took Junior for a walk and the third time around at the third bend Krishna and Radha were there. They invited me to sit.

I hesitated, but I couldn't say no anymore. I felt tired of everything and wanted to get away, but these people had never harmed me and had only tried to help. They were weird but they deserved respect.

Rudely, I sat down in between them again and let Junior off duty. I heard him lay down and sigh. He was so happy to be in the park.

I sat in contemplation. They kept quiet and waited.

Finally, after a few minutes I said, "How is Pushpa?"

"We were just about to ask you that, Pushpa."

"What?" I asked.

There was no reply, just long silence.

Then the thought struck me: "I'm Pushpa?"

"Oh Yes," said Radha. "Our beautiful New York City girl. We sent you here from the Himalayas so long ago, funny you've forgotten."

"How long ago?" I asked.

"How old are you?" replied Krishna.

"You're saying I was born here. You're saying that the dream was real and I was helping my self to understand my self better."

"Exactly!" Cried Radha.

“Why didn’t you just tell me?”

“Would you have believed us?”

“No. Of course not. I still don’t believe you.”

I heard someone approach. The shuffle he made sounded like...

“Mom?”

“Don? Is that you?”

“What are you doing here talking to yourself on a park bench?”

“What are you talking about? Radha and Krishna are here.”

“There’s no one here Mom. I think you’ve gone crazy.”

I said, “Krishna, are you here?”

In my right ear I heard: “Of course, I’m always here waiting for you, but you need not visit Central Park park to find me.”

Don bent down to pet Junior, then said, “Awe jeez Mom, I’m glad I came here tonight, Junior’s dead.”

“What?”

I bent down and felt Junior. He was already growing cold. The sigh he took was his last sigh, his job leading me was done and he had left. He had known that Don was coming and could take me home.

I started sobbing. I’m not exactly sure why. Junior was very old and I had long prepared for his death: still a part of me died with him and that loss was real and would take some getting used to.

Don decided to not deal with my craziness. Instead he pulled Junior’s body from under the bench, picked it up and said, “Wait here, I’ll be back as soon as I put Junior in the truck.”

I listened as Don walked off.

Then Radha whispered, “Wanna have some fun with Don?”

Krishna said, “Oh Radha you’re so mischievous, so like me.”

I said, “What are you two talking about?”

“Allow us to guide you home,” said Krishna.

“How can figments of my imagination guide me home?”

“We are far more than figments of your imagination. We communicate this way because you accept it. We developed this relationship with you. You are quite lucky, most only know us by the slight impressions we leave on reality and in their minds.”

I felt somehow very liberated and like taking a risk, so I jumped up and said, “okay, lets go for it!”

I felt them moving outside me. They sure seemed real to me.

I stood up and started walking in the general direction of home. I felt my way along the path and even knew when I needed to turn left to exit to the street.

“Hmm. So far I haven’t needed your help at all.”

Radha giggled and said, “Nevertheless we are here for you.”

I made it to the street corner and waited for the walk sign to boing, then crossed. Walking down the street I counted the number of blocks, then the number of steps: “Apartment on my left?”

“You got it,” said Krishna.

I felt my way up the stairs and just as I started putting the key in the lock I heard Don shout from his truck: “Mom! Are you nuts?”

“I’m fine,” I replied, “Thanks for caring.”

I started up the stairs.

Don double parked his truck, jumped out, ran up and said, “I’ll take Junior to the animal center so they can dispose of him, okay?”

I stopped, turned to face him and said, “Thanks Don.”

Don grabbed my hand and put junior’s harness in it. I smiled and continued up the stairs, sobbing slightly and squeezing the harness.

I heard the door slam as I hit the half way point to my apartment.

“Krishna?”

“Yes Pushpa.”

“What is Don going to do?”

“Wait and have faith. There’s a plan for you, just wait.”

Krishna left me alone as I entered my apartment.

“Where are you going?” I wondered. There was no reply, just silence and a new sort of loneliness. One that didn’t have an overstuffed drooling fur ball waiting on my every need.

I got a call from Don later, he wanted to see if I was okay.

“I’m fine,” I assured him, “I think I finally understand who I am.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m a flower and I think I’m ready to bloom.”

Radha laughed and said, “Yes you are. Remember that always.”

I’ll have to continue the story tomorrow diary. See you then I promise.

A lot has happened

Tuesday July 24th

Lets see, where was I?

It was last Monday at about 10:00 AM when I woke up. It had been hard to fall asleep, but when I finally did I had the most amazing dreams whose details I couldn't quite remember.

Don was knocking on my door.

I put on my robe and shouted, "Hold your horses Don, you woke me up!" I made my way to the door.

I missed Junior's wake up call. He almost always woke me at 8:00 AM on the dot to get his breakfast. I always wondered how he knew what time it was.

I opened the door and said, "Hi Don."

"Mom. I'm really concerned, you have to understand."

The tone in his voice worried me. "What have you done Don?"

"Hello Carol," said a different voice from somewhere in the hall.

It took a second but then I recognized Dr. Schwartz.

"Hi Doc!" I called. "How are you?"

"I'm fine."

"Please come in, sit down and relax."

Don and Doc Schwartz walked in behind me and followed me to the living room.

They sat down on the couch and I sat in my chair. I missed Junior again. When I sat down he'd put his muzzle in between my legs and I would take him off duty so he could patrol the apartment.

It's funny, but looking back I realize that the pain of the loss of Junior was helping me stay aware of everything. If it hadn't been for that emotion running through my heart I would have been upset at Don's interference and things would have gone very differently.

At this point I knew what I had to do and I knew I had to do it very cleanly. There was exactly one path to get me where I wanted to go and I knew how to walk it, even though I didn't know where it would take me.

"Why are you worried Don?" I asked.

"Mom. You were talking to no one on that park bench. All this time we assumed that Krishna and um, his wife were real. I found out they're just your delusions."

"I understand how you feel Don. I didn't know they weren't real until you told me, but now I do, so I'll be able to deal with it."

Doctor Schwartz spoke up: "You are aware that it's not good to hear voices in your head Carol?"

"Of course Doctor Schwartz. Like I said: I didn't know they were just voices in my head. I mean I smelled them, heard their movement, they were and are still real to me."

"But that's not sane Mom!"

Doc Schwartz spoke up again, "Don. Don't label it. First off your not qualified and second I don't think it's good to label something until we're sure what it is."

I reached out looking for Junior, caught myself and laughed a bit.

“Why did you laugh Mom? Are you hearing them now?”

“No, Don. I reached out for Junior. I miss him you know?”

“Yeah,” said Don, “He was a good dog.”

“He was the best,” I said.

“How do you feel about that?” Asked Doc Schwartz.

“I miss him a lot, but he was damn old and it was his time. I’m glad he left so peacefully.”

“Are you going to replace him?”

“I have to think about that one Doc and it’s not time to think about that.” Doc Schwartz became nervous. I could feel it.

“You seem different to me Carol,” said Doc Schwartz.

“I’m the same. I’m always the same.”

“The last time we met was just a few weeks ago and you were very upset, very confused, and very depressed. Those are your words, not mine,” said Doc Schwartz.

“Yes. I was.”

“Then you’re not the same.”

“Don’t get me wrong Doc, I still feel those things, but they aren’t important anymore. I can’t really explain it very well. I just found a new perspective of things, a new perspective of my life and even though I’m the same, I don’t care as much as I used to.”

“Would you mind coming to stay at the institute for a while?”

“If you feel it’s important to make sure I’m not a danger to myself, then I will be happy to put your mind at ease in any way I can.”

I don’t know where these words came from, but I liked them. I was calm and I felt a peace that I’ve never felt before. Junior’s death had come at the right time, my acceptance of my new teachers had come at the right time, and Doc Schwartz’s concern had come at the right time.

I jumped up and said, “Let me make us some breakfast, pack some clothes and then I’ll accompany you to the hospital.”

I made breakfast for everyone. It was a simple joy and I knew it would be some time before I could make breakfast for anyone again so I let myself really enjoy the process.

After breakfast Doc Schwartz drove me to the hospital and I admitted myself.

Whoops. Time for lunch, maybe I’ll be able to write more in the afternoon. I’m so glad Don brought me my laptop so I could write in my diary.

My Fellow Crazyies

Wednesday July 25th

I sure hope I can catch you up. There is so much fun going on. I'm not going to tell you about anything that happened last week. They finally let me have my diary so I'm going to just start from today!

There are so many crazy people here! And you know what? They are so much fun!

There's this guy named Marty who's convinced he's Marty McFly from Back to the Future! The funny thing is, the nurses tell me he looks a lot like Michael J. Fox!

There's a lady who calls herself Queen Zaza. I haven't been able to get her to tell me what she's the queen of, but sooner or later I will.

There's a whole lot of unhappy people. Their attitude bothered me, after I arrived, for a while, but I realized that their unhappiness is all about them and not at all about me. Besides I know how to chase them away! Just be happy! HA HA!

There's this one sweet little girl here named Marri. She's quiet all the time. Reminds me of Radha. I didn't even know she existed until I almost sat on her! I was looking for a chair at a cafeteria table and I touched her leg.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I didn't know you were here," I apologized sitting next to her.

She said nothing in reply. Then Marty sat next to me and said, "Mrs. C., this is Marri. She doesn't talk."

“Well, I guess that’s a little problem cause I don’t see,” I said smiling. “How will I know if I’m going to mow you down?”

Marri stood up and walked away.

Marty said, “Don’t feel bad, she doesn’t talk to anyone, not even Doc Schwartz.”

I asked Marty to describe Marri to me.

“Well, she’s kinda pretty, about five foot two, dark hair and eyes, with a little mole in the indent under her nose, just above the lip. She’s kinda skinny, doesn’t eat much. My Mom would say she needs some meat on her bones, but my Mom always says that for girls who don’t have an hour glass shape.”

“Well, I sure qualify for the hour glass shape then don’t I?” I quipped.

“Maybe,” said Marty diplomatically. “You remind me of my Grandmother.”

“I get that a lot around here.”

Marty walked off and I started writing a diary entry, this one as a matter of fact, but as I got to the bit about Marri, Ess came over and sat next to me. He’s a little creepy. Supposedly a reformed child molester. I don’t get that from him. I feel that he’s been massively misunderstood. Maybe I just want him to be better for my sake.

“Can I ask you a question Carol?”

“Sure,” I replied.

“Why is everyone creeped out by me?”

“Honestly?”

“Yes.”

“You molested children.”

“I didn’t!”

“According to everyone I’ve talked to, you have.”

“It wasn’t like that. I was four years older than her, I was eighteen, she was fourteen, and I loved her!”

Doctor Schwartz must have been in the room because he heard our conversation and walked over.

“Carol and Ess, this subject should probably not be talked about here.”

“Well I didn’t bring it up,” I said, “He did.”

“Why did you bring it up Ess?”

“Because I’m tired of people calling me a child molester! She was my girlfriend.”

“And what about her brother?” Asked Dr. Schwartz.

“Well, I loved him too!”

There was a very long pregnant pause. I know everyone in the room was listening.

Then Krishna, within me, said, “Ask Ess this question.”

I closed my eyes, that was purely symbolic obviously, and these words came out of my mouth: “You love all children don’t you Ess?”

“Yes! Of course. You have to love children!”

“Your mother taught you that?”

“Yes. She did. And she said I had to love my father too!”

“And what did she mean by that?” Doctor Schwartz interjected.

“Well. I mean...” Ess stopped mid sentence.

Ess fell silent, stood and walked out of the room.

I looked toward Doctor Schwartz and asked, “His father abused him?”

“Yes. And that’s the closest I’ve ever seen him to admitting it,” said Doctor Schwartz. “It’s unfortunate it had to happen out in the open like this.”

Krishna whispered and I repeated, “It helps others when they witness people facing their demons. It gives them hope that the demons can be defeated.”

Doc Schwartz hesitated because he knew I spoke the truth but I could tell he didn’t want to say anything because after all, I was one of his crazy patients too.

“Krishna?” I asked inside my head.

“Yes Carol.”

“Why do people go crazy?”

“You mean crazy like you or crazy like Steven?”

“Who’s Steven?”

“Ess’ name is Steven.”

“Oh. What’s the difference between my craziness and Steven’s?”

“You aren’t crazy. You’re conscious. Steven went crazy as you call it because of the abuse he received from another mind.”

“How?” I asked.

I heard Doc Schwartz walk off.

Krishna waited for my attention to return and said, “The mind is like a giant mechanism designed for humanity’s survival. It was an extraordinary sequence of events that caused humanity to evolve to its current level of intelligence. It was all planned from the beginning. However, the intelligence comes at a cost. For as many wonderful thoughts the mind generates, there are as many dastardly ones.”

“So when you say demon, you mean the dastardly thoughts?”

“Yes. It is best to call them ‘unhealthy thoughts.’”

“So how does my craziness happen?”

“A mind has a choice. It always has a choice. It can choose to react or not react. Sometimes a mind can’t stop the first reaction or even the tenth but at some point a moment of awareness arises and a choice can be made. You have a history of choosing to stop the reactions. Do you know how you did that?”

“I always found myself asking the same question,” I replied with my thoughts. “What is the single most important thing here? There was always an answer and I always tried to follow the most important thing, to find the truth of a situation no matter what.”

“And that’s why I’m here, you invited me with that action.”

“But why, I mean, how do you talk to me?” I asked.

“There is a system in place to aid people on their spiritual journeys created by the ancient masters. I can’t explain how it works all at once, however if you show interest I will teach you all you want to know in a way that will allow you to come to an understanding.”

Radha added: “But know this also: you don’t need to understand anything to realize the truth.”

I thought for a second about what Radha said and replied: “The truth is emotional?”

Krishna smiled. I don’t know how I know that but I know he did. Then he said, “Realization of the truth is an emotional process. Energy in motion, emotion, get it?”

“Yes. I think so.”

I let go of my line of questioning and started writing in my diary again. Hello readers!

I didn’t get far though because Marty came back over and sat down.

“Hi Marty!”

“How did you know it was me?”

“You walk in a particular way, I can hear it.”

“Oh.”

That chased him away. I felt a little bad, but then I let it go. He asked and I told him.

Then someone who’s much more quiet took the seat on the other side of me.

“Hi Marri,” I said.

She reached out and grasped my hand and then squeezed ever so gently. Then like Marty she practically flew out of the room.

I don't know why but I'm more happy now than I have ever been.

"Thank you Krishna and Radha."

"Your welcome," said Krishna. Radha laughed.

Doc Schwartz walked back over to me and said, "Marri has never reached out before. Let me lead you to my office, we have to talk."

His voice trailed, I grabbed my braille electronic tablet computer and Doc Schwartz lead me across the room, down the hall and into his office.

He closed the door, showed me where to sit, and sat at his desk.

"I can't talk about Marri, you understand?"

I nodded and Doc Schwartz continued, "You seem to be having a huge impact and I don't know whether to send you away or wait to see what happens. This catalysis could all be very good, or it could end it a giant explosion of irrationality. I shudder at the thought."

I sat and listened. I could feel the conflict in Doc Schwartz. Krishna said, "You are here for all these people, you are destined to help many of them: it's in your path. Don't worry about this good doctor's fears. You are protected from any outcome and no matter what happens, know it's all for the benefit of god."

"How can all this suffering be for god's benefit?" I asked silently.

Doc Schwartz stammered a bit and said, "I don't know what to do. I hate to admit that to you but I really don't know what to do."

"You can't know everything," I said. "You can only do your best."

“You hear voices in your head Carol, that’s a classic symptom for schizophrenia. Yet your craziness is touching patients in ways that I have never been able, no matter how hard I try or want to help.”

While the Doc expressed his concern, Krishna said, “Suffering is how the mind defines perceived negative experience. In reality there is no suffering, just different experiences.”

Krishna’s answer angered me for some reason but I ignored it.

Doc Schwartz, who had gathered himself, became inspired and asked, “Maybe you could sit in on the group sessions. Maybe that would bring this odd dynamic into a safer environment.”

Doc Schwartz impressed me. He really and truly cares. I feel very lucky to have him in my life right now. Yet I know nothing he does will help me. I know that everything is perfectly imperfect.

“Remember Doc,” I replied, “I’m here because you asked me. You think I’m crazy. I know you’re wrong.”

“Would you mind sitting in on the group session?” He asked. “We usually wait until a person settles in for some time, but maybe...”

“I don’t mind at all.” I interjected. “Just come get me.”

I stood and found my way to the door, then Krishna directed me back to my room where I’m writing the rest of this diary entry.

Doc Schwartz, so wrapped up in his little crisis, didn’t even realize a blind woman lead herself back to her room. That’s funny.

Pursuing the Ideal

Thursday July 26th

I had an important conversation with Krishna this morning.

“You know that I got mad at you?” I said.

“Of course. I know everything.”

“I’m going to ignore that and continue with my first thought.”

“That’s a good idea,” replied Krishna.

I stated: “I got mad at you but you didn’t get mad at me.”

“That’s the nature of true love Pushpa.”

“I have a lot to learn.”

“Only if you want to,” chimed Radha. “You can give up learning and know everything if you choose.”

“How does that work?”

“We call it surrender,” Radha answered.

“You mean like giving up?” I replied.

“It’s definitely not giving up,” said Krishna. “Surrender is about actively giving yourself to truth, to god, or to some other ideal.”

I didn’t know what to think or say. I’d never considered giving up a very healthy idea, after all people will just walk all over me. As a blind person I have a great deal of experience with that.

“How can giving up be a healthy idea?” I asked.

Krishna replied, “It’s not about giving up or letting people walk all over you. You actively choose to devote your life to the ideal.”

“What ideal?” I asked.

Radha giggled and said, “ANY IDEAL!”

“Any ideal?”

“Yes,” replied Krishna. “Any ideal you decide is the right ideal.”

“Doesn’t that imply that even unhealthy ideals could be pursued?”

“Not exactly. Surrendering to an unhealthy ideal has a great deal of power, but it brings about unhealthy results. When we speak of surrender we mean surrendering to a healthy ideal, one that results in advancement of the person toward a peaceful result.”

“I don’t understand.”

“The concept of surrender is very eastern. It will take you some time to understand. For now we suggest you let it go.”

“Okay. Back on subject. Just for the sake of argument lets say I surrendered. Wait, what exactly do I surrender, my will?”

There was a bunch of disjoint thoughts in my head, some whining about how abused I’d be and others saying what a weakling I’d be to give up my self determination. Yet others seemed to cling to this concept and see a beauty deep within it.

When the thoughts settled down Krishna said, “You don’t surrender your will: you can’t surrender that which you don’t have. You surrender your mind, your thoughts and your false beliefs.”

“What do I get in the deal?”

Radha laughed uproariously: “You humans are so very selfish. Yet we made you this way. We have no one to blame but ourselves.”

Krishna waited for Radha to finish and said, “You get peace.”

“What is peace?”

“Again, I have touched on a subject which is very foreign to westerners. You all are so wrapped up in your thinking, planning, and executing that you forget how to be. You are so wrapped up in becoming that you stop being.”

Krishna let that sink in for a moment, then he continued: “Peace is a place without thought, without action, and without emotion.”

“But that’s not to say,” injected Radha, “that you don’t feel things. Quite the contrary, you feel everything but have no reactions.”

“Thank you my wife.”

“You are welcome my husband.”

I pondered and pondered, but I didn’t get it. I wrote it down to study the words. Krishna made sure I wrote it in my diary correctly, but I still don’t get it.

“You will someday, Pushpa, don’t worry,” said Krishna.

I suddenly remembered where this conversation had started.

“Back on the original subject: why aren’t you angry with me?”

“I will never be angry with you,” said Krishna. “It is my nature to love absolutely without strings or attachments. No matter what you do I will always be here and I will always love you the same.”

“But I was mad at you.”

“So what?” said Radha. “Should we allow your attitude toward us to affect our attitude toward you?”

“It’s just that most people do.”

“We are not people,” they replied in unison.

“What exactly are you?”

“We will answer you,” they said in unison, “but you will not yet understand.”

“I want to understand.”

“That’s what makes you different from most and makes you our precious child.”

There was a dramatic pause and then, again in unison, Radha and Krishna said, “We are the aspect of you that is whole and perfect and knows it’s whole and perfect. We are above all frivolous thoughts and one with the creator of all things.”

I tried my best to let it sink in, even while I copied it into this diary, but I admitted: “You are right, I don’t understand.”

“Patience,” said Radha. “Be patient with yourself and love yourself as we love you: unconditionally.”

“I’ll try.”

“You already are trying,” said Radha. “Know that and forgive yourself of all past mistakes.”

“How did we get on this subject again?”

“You wanted to know why we aren’t mad at you,” replied Krishna.

“Is it okay if I get tired of talking to you?”

Radha laughed and laughed and laughed.

Over her laughter Krishna replied, “not only is it okay, it’s expected.”

A Child Awakens

Friday July 27th

Doc Schwartz came to get me at 1:00 PM today for my first group session. I touched base with Krishna and Radha to make sure they were here to guide me.

“We are always here,” they replied.

I gathered we were sitting in a circle. Although Doc Schwartz didn’t introduce everyone, I figured out after a few minutes who everyone was and where everyone sat.

Doc Schwartz was the top of the circle, I sat to his left so he could protect me if needed. That’s what he thought anyway. It’s not that people would get physical. In a session like this people often become emotionally charged. Doc was worried that I would be affected by the emotions around me. He considered me unstable: he couldn’t have been more wrong.

To my left was Marty. To his left was quiet, I guessed it was Marri and found out later that I was right. To Marri’s left was Queen Zaza. I would not know until later that to her left was Toby someone I know little about. Finally to his left was Steven who was directly to the right of Doc Schwartz.

Doc Schwartz started talking right away. I felt he should have first made eye contact with everyone, acknowledging their presence so to speak. I think he was nervous because he knew about the dynamics in the room and I think intuitively he knew there was something going on that was much bigger than him.

“Welcome everyone, I’d like to start today’s session with Ess.”

Ess looked down and said, "I'm not going to say anything. I'm tired of this process."

Krishna said in my right ear, "Queen Zaza talks next."

Zaza said, "You never feel like saying anything in these sessions, and yet you talked to Carol before, what difference does it make?"

I was a little surprised at her directness. I leaned toward Doc Schwartz and he leaned toward me and whispered: "There's no structure at these meetings. Everyone here knows everyone fairly well and I just let them talk about what they want to talk about. I guide them once in a while. I've had good luck with this in the past, but lately this group is at a stand still."

Ess spoke to Zaza. "People just don't understand me. There is nothing wrong with me. No one understands."

"Welcome to the club," said Zaza.

"Here comes Marty," said Krishna in my head.

"Let's hear about Mrs. C." said Marty.

Doc Schwartz said, "We should really let her get settled in first."

"I don't mind Doc," I replied, "you can tell them why I'm here."

"Actually it would be more interesting for *you* to tell them," said Doc Schwartz.

"Okay." I said, "The doctor is worried I may hurt myself so he asked me to come here to check me out."

"Do you want to tell them why I'm worried you may hurt yourself?" Asked Doc Schwartz.

“Sure. I don’t mind. I just wondered if you really wanted to let that cat out of the bag.”

Marty said, “There’s more? I thought you were just suicidal.”

“Nope, I’m completely nuts, I hear voices in my head.”

I don’t know how I saw it, but I saw it. Marri looked up from the floor and straight into my eyes. My eyes are just a bit odd, not like a lot of blind people, because my blindness was from a virus in my brain after I could see, not something that caused the eyes themselves to stop working. For the most part my eyes look okay, or so I’ve been told.

The depth of staring Marri did into my eyes burned and before I asked, Radha said, “She understands you, but tread lightly because she’s not hearing the same voices as you.”

There was long pregnant pause.

“Steven’s turn,” said Krishna.

Ess said, “Well that makes a lot of sense.”

“Why?” asked Zaza.

“The truly crazy ones are always the most charismatic, haven’t you ever noticed?”

Doc Schwartz spoke up: “Please remember she’s in the room, it is inappropriate to talk about someone like she’s not here.”

“It’s okay Doctor Schwartz,” I said. And then Krishna told me what to say, “There are two kinds of crazy, the kind that brings about peace and the kind that causes complete loss of peace.”

Toby spoke for the first time, “that’s interesting.”

“Who was that?” I gasped.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” said Doc Schwartz, “I should have introduced everyone to you. The one who just spoke is Toby Roberts, you haven’t met him yet.”

Krishna and Radha told me his whole life story in the blink of an eye. Their final message was: “Don’t go near him mentally or emotionally, he’s still a one dimensional man and is therefore the most dangerous in the room.”

I heeded their words and said, “I’m pleased to meet you Toby.”

He said, “likewise Ma’am.”

Krishna said, “Here’s a question from Steven, answer carefully.”

“You’re not going to tell me what to say?”

“Not necessary, just be honest.”

Steven spoke up and said, “What do the voices say?”

“Honestly?” I said, “It’s like having two extra people in my head, I can talk to them anytime I want. It’s like having imaginary friends, except they talk back directly.”

“I liked that,” said Krishna, “Thank you.”

“Are you talking to them now?” Asked Zaza?

“Actually, yes.”

“What are they saying now?” asked Marty.

Krishna said, “Careful.”

“They are telling me how to love you all.”

Radha cheered so loudly I almost lost consciousness.

“god bless you,” Radha yelled, “god bless you!”

Marri stood up and moved toward the door.

“Please stay Marri,” said Marty.

I heard her stop and turn. Krishna said, “She has tears flowing down her face.”

“Why?” I said out loud.

Marty sounded shocked and said, “Because she should stay with us, we’re her group.”

“No.” I said. “Marri, why are you crying? What did I say that hurt you?”

Marri fell to the floor, onto her knees with a loud thud and burst out crying. Queen Zaza went to her and held her. The rest of us stayed in our chairs each sensing that Zaza was the only one who could approach Marri.

After a few minutes Marri calmed down and walked back to her seat. Zaza followed and seated herself.

Toby leaned toward me – I could tell by the position of his voice. In accusatory tones he asked, “How did you know she was crying, supposedly blind woman.”

“The voices told me, but honestly it would have been easy to hear had I been paying attention to her breathing.”

I turned toward Marri and said, “I’m sorry I hurt you. I didn’t mean to.”

Marri sobbed again and spoke, according to legend, for the first time in her life.

“I want to know why you got good voices and why I got evil ones! It’s not fair!”

Doc Schwartz leaned in and said, “You hear voices too Marri?”

“All the time! They won’t shut up and they’re so evil, cruel and nasty. I swore to god I’d never let them affect me. I’ll never let them make me do mean or cruel things. I swore I’d never talk until they went away. I can’t let them affect the world. I can’t let them hurt anyone. They can hurt me all they want, but not anyone else.”

Marri was crying hard now.

“How did you get good voices? As soon as you said they told you how to love people I knew it was true! HOW COULD LIFE BE SO UNFAIR?”

Marri’s anger began to build, it was something powerful like I’ve never seen and yet, she didn’t express it outward.

She just blew inward, like an implosion.

Doc Schwartz was at a loss for words. So was I.

“Krishna? Help?”

“Say this to her,” he replied. So I did.

“The beauty of your selfless act, to prevent those demons from causing storms around you has made you one of the wisest people on the planet, you just don’t realize it yet.”

Once again Marri was taken aback. So much so that it shocked me.

“Why is she so surprised by what I say?” I asked my companions.

“It’s because you say it with an intensity of honesty, sincerity, and love. She is not used to that.”

“What do you mean she’s not used to that?”

“She’s used to liars, thieves, and sadists.”

Suddenly I became aware of a truth. “She’s a telepath?”

“Yes, and the voices she hears are the demons of all the minds of those around her. Bringing her here was the worst thing her parents could have done, they should have taken her to a quiet place in the country where she could be alone.”

“She loves nature,” added Radha.

“Now,” continued Krishna, “she is a master of the highest order. She not only understands the demons of her own mind, but also the demons of everyone else’s.”

“Why do I surprise her?”

“Because we have slain most of your demons. All that remain are weak and powerless under the light of our truth.”

“When did that happen?”

“Very slowly over time. It culminated in us being able to introduce ourselves to you in the park, outside of you. Then when you came to know we weren’t really outside of you, at least not in the truest sense, you allowed us to stay and stopped blocking us out.”

I became thoughtful and said, “I’m thinking something.”

“We know. You think all the time. But it’s not your fault, you are what you are.”

“I’m thinking,” I interrupted, “That everyone has you in their head.”

“Yes!” Exclaimed Radha.

I realized I was missing the conversation around me.

Krishna said, “Time is compressed when you talk to us, it has been but a moment since we broke away for this conversation.”

Marri spoke, no it was more of a scream: “HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT! Do you know how much of my life is pure hell?”

The response flew out of my mouth, “I know everything.”

Then I added, “Just not all at once,” and I grinned from ear to ear and really didn’t understand why.

“Is this surrender?” I asked.

“Of a sort,” replied Krishna.

“Ask those wise voices in your head if there’s a way to end my hell,” demanded Marri.

“It’s easy, stop thinking of it as hell and start thinking of it as how things are.”

“What does that mean?” Asked Marty.

I replied without thinking as if I knew exactly what to say.

“Life is full of experiences and every individual’s experiences are unique. In actuality there is no difference between the innumerable experiences. It is all the same. It has been. It will be. There is nothing we can do to make it different.”

“I still don’t get you,” said Toby.

“Lets say we all went to a baseball game, but we had wildly different seats. Because I’m blind they let me sit in the broadcaster’s booth so I could hear the play by play. Lets say they put Toby right behind the pitchers mound. Queen Zaza is sitting

right behind first base. Marri is sitting in the New York Dugout. Doc Schwartz is in peanut heaven all by himself. Does anyone have it better than anyone else?"

"Of course," said Toby, "Doc Schwartz's position stinks, he might as well be watching it at home on the TV."

"I think Marri's got the best seat," said Marty, "Where am I?"

"You're here, because you still think you're Marty McFly."

Everyone laughed and for a moment there was a stillness in the air. Marri's face cleared and she said, "That's beautiful."

"I know Marri. I live that every moment of every day now."

"I want that. Can you teach me?"

"No," I replied. "Lets get back to the story.

"So Everyone agrees that Doc Schwartz has the worst seat, right?"

Some nodded, realized they were talking to a blind woman and then they each said, "Yea," or "Yes."

"But," I continued, "What if Doc Schwartz had a high power telescope and a radio he tuned to the game's broadcast?"

There was a pause and Toby spoke up: "I guess that makes it better, but it's still pretty crappy."

"Okay lets say that in the second inning Zaza gets hit with a freak foul ball and has to go to the hospital?"

"Well, that ends my fun day, huh?" said Zaza.

Drawn in a bit, Doc Schwartz said, "But Marri's seat is still the best."

“Okay,” I replied, “lets say that half way through the game a new player, just up from the minor leagues but destined to be a legend, steps up to the plate and does something no one has ever done before. He pops a fly all the way to peanut heaven and because Doc Schwartz is the only one there, he retrieves it, gets it signed and then sells it on EBAY ten years later for fifteen grand?”

“That would be damn cool,” said Doc Schwartz.

“Yeah,” agreed Marri.

“So who had the best seat now?” I asked.

“Doc Schwartz did,” said Zaza.

“I still don’t get the purpose of the story,” said Toby.

“I think I’m starting to get it,” said Marty. “We label things as good and bad based on what happens.”

I smiled and said, “Exactly. That’s my point.”

“But,” said Marri, “you have to admit my life sucked until now.”

I turned toward her and said, “Until now? What’s changed?”

“Well. I’m having fun now.”

“Are the voices still there?”

“Yes. In the background.”

“Then what has actually changed?”

“I don’t know. We’re talking, interacting. It’s just that this is so fun and interesting to think about things from a new perspective.”

“But has your life really changed from fifteen minutes ago?”

Marri stopped and sighed deeply. Then she took a big breath and said, “No. There is not a single difference.”

“So what’s changed?” I asked again.

“My attitude. That must be it. My attitude changed.”

Everyone grasped a bit of the lesson. I could feel it. Between the bounding shouts of “LOVE LOVE LOVE!” from Radha I could feel everyone’s quietness.

I sat back, stretched and truly understood Krishna’s Rose analogy.

Doc Schwartz noticed how tired I looked and said, “We still have time left, but I think this was an excellent session and I thank you all for participating.”

Everyone got up to leave and started toward the door. I thought about standing, but Krishna said, “Wait until someone offers to help you.”

I felt Marri’s hand touch my hand, “Can I help you back?”

“Yes. Please.” I replied.

I stood and she lead me out the door and down the hall.

“Do your voices tell you where to go?” Marri asked.

“Yes they do.”

“So you don’t need me.”

“No, but I like the company.”

I walked into my room and laid down and Marri excused herself. I heard it took Doc Schwartz a long time to write down what

happened. He does everything the old fashioned way, with pen and notebook. He should get a computer.

Anyway, I think it's time for dinner, I can smell it wafting down the hall and under my door. Talk to you soon.

Demons!

Saturday July 28th

We have weekends off here in the insane asylum. Earlier today, I rested in my room reading a book I had downloaded. Krishna and Radha make for interesting company while I'm reading: they tell me what the author was thinking and why she wrote things the way she did.

I heard a knock on my door and Krishna said, "It's Marri. She has more questions than you'll be able to answer, but that's okay. You don't have to answer because she's going to figure it out herself."

"Come in Marri." I said.

She walked in and said, "Do you know what my voices told me about you when I first saw you?"

"No. What?"

"Absolutely nothing. They were quiet when I looked into your eyes. I knew that you were special. I knew it."

"No more or less special than you Marri. Trust me on this."

"Do you mind if I ask you some questions?"

"Not at all." I put my braille notebook computer on the night stand next to me and folded my hands. Marri pulled up a chair and sat.

Marri said, "The voices have been still since I cried to you."

Krishna replied through me, "That's wonderful."

"It's a little weird."

"Get used to it, most of the rest of your life will be this way."

“But how?”

“Once you realized the voices are real, they lost power over you.”

“I don’t understand.”

Radha spoke this time, “That’s okay. Just accept and love it.”

“Back to my questions,” said Marri. “What are the voices I hear?”

Krishna was very direct when he replied for me, “You are far more qualified to answer that question than I am.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Tell me about the voices.”

Marri paused, thinking for a moment and then almost as if to change the subject said, “I’ve given them all names, crazy isn’t it?”

“No. It helps you understand. Please tell me some of their names.”

“Okay. The loudest and most obnoxious I call Fod.”

Krishna whispered to me, “Fear of death.”

“Yes.” I replied, “Fear of death, he surely is a loud demon.”

“You know Fod?”

“Not really, Krishna and Radha understand,” I replied.

“Don’t you fear death?”

“No. If death were imminent I suppose I would be afraid, but right now I really don’t care. I’m having way too much fun, right now.”

“What about Mr. Pumper and his twin Mr. Deflater?” She asked.

Krishna said to me, “Ho ho. She’s good. Those are the guys that cause people to constantly put themselves and others down or up

depending on circumstances. If the mind can keep things out of balance, then peace can never be achieved.”

I said to Marri and Krishna: “I know exactly what you’re talking about. These are the guys that try to convince us we suck so we can feel better about being a loser or try to convince us how great we are when we do something right or someone else messes up!”

Marri smiled and said, “You really do understand!”

I sighed deeply but quietly and said, “I’ve been waging a battle in my head for years and years. It’s only when Krishna and Radha came to me that I realized that I couldn’t win. The more I fight the more I lose. Once I realized that, I just stopped fighting.”

I paused for a second and then continued, “For me it was all about feeling inadequate and my unhappiness stemmed from my belief that I couldn’t be happy without BLANK.”

“Blank?” Marri asked.

“Yeah, you know, BLANK. I need BLANK to be happy, or whole. I need BLANK to relax. I need BLANK to settle down or stop my bad habits.”

“I know!” exclaimed Marri, “If I had BLANK, I’d be fulfilled. If only BLANK would happen, I could follow my dreams.”

“But don’t forget,” I added, “I just got BLANK but it’s not like I expected. There must be something wrong with BLANK or me.”

“Yes!” Exclaimed Marri, “BLANK leads us to the company of so many other Demons!”

There was a long pregnant pause, but neither Marri or I cared very much. We just sat in each other’s presence.

“I’m so glad I met you,” said Marri.

“Ditto.”

“It’s lucky Doc Schwartz convinced you to come here, huh?”

“Luck has nothing to do with it,” I replied.

“But you didn’t need to check yourself in and you knew you weren’t crazy, right?”

“There was no luck, I’m destined to be exactly where I am.”

“I’m really glad you’re here.”

“I am too,” I said and reached toward Marri for a hug.

She guided herself into my arms and we hugged each other.

Radha sighed and said, “She is going to do so much good. I love her so very much.”

As we stopped the embrace Marri looked at me and said, “Doc has called my parents and they are visiting tomorrow. Would you like to meet them?”

“Sure, but shouldn’t you get acquainted with them first?”

“Oh I know them better than I know myself.”

“I know that. I’m talking about them getting to know you, after all you haven’t talked since you were three.”

“I hadn’t thought about that. If it feels right can I introduce you?”

“At any time kiddo. Any time.”

Marri walked out and I grabbed my notebook, opened the Potter book and started reading again.

Telepathic Connections

Sunday July 29th

Marri's parents cried with joy. Still sobbing, they left to get lunch. They were so happy that Marri was finally interacting.

Marri told me that one of her Mother's first questions was, "Why? Why didn't you talk to us? Did we do something wrong?"

Marri said she was almost overwhelmed by compassion for her mother. As if all the anger and fear that Marri had felt for and from her mother drained away like someone pulled the plug in a bathtub.

"What did you say to her? How did you answer the question?"

"Well," replied Marri, "I just said, 'it's hard to explain Mom. I had so much darkness inside me and I didn't want it to affect you.' She was stunned. 'Darkness? Where did the darkness come from?'"

I sat wide eyed while we ate our lunch. "How did you reply?"

"Aren't Radha and Krishna telling you?"

"Oh no! They'd never ruin our fun."

"But they could tell you if you ask right?"

"Well sure."

"Why don't you ask them?"

I paused. Something felt wrong about this situation.

"What's going on?" I asked my imaginary friends.

"She's testing you."

"But isn't that wrong?"

“Wrong, maybe,” replied Radha, “but definitely very rude.”

“What do I do?”

“Love her,” replied Radha.

I imagined myself looking into Marri’s eyes and said, “I have nothing to prove. All I can do is love you as I always have. It’s up to you to have faith, to believe, and to love me back.”

Marri started to get upset but then caught herself.

“I shouldn’t be testing you,” she said. “I know who you are, why am I doubting my self?”

Krishna said to me: “Babies have to crawl before they can walk.”

“Wait,” I said to Krishna as a realization burst forth, “Is she my sister? Is she your second child?”

“Yes!” shouted Radha. “We have another child in New York City!”

“What’s her name?”

“That will come up later, stop rushing reality,” replied Krishna.

Marri looked at me and said, “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay,” I replied, “That’s the demon we call: ‘I want it now!’”

“Yeah! Yeah! You’re right!”

We ate the rest of the meal in silence.

Her parents returned and joined us as we finished our desert.

Marri’s mother, a soft spoken woman about my age said, “Marri told us that you awoke her and made her feel safe enough to talk.”

I smiled and said, “I’m glad to be of service.”

She asked me, “Why are you here?”

“I hear voices in my head.”

“But Mom,” said Marri, “her voices are positive, not like mine.”

She caught herself, laughed and said, “I’m trying to defend you!”

Marri’s Mom didn’t understand but I did and smiled.

Marri’s Mom asked, “What do the voices say?”

“They tell me to love everyone,” I replied.

Quizzically she said, “So why are you here again?”

“My son and the doctor are afraid I’m going to hurt myself.”

“But,” said Marri’s Dad, “if they tell you to love, how could that be harmful? As long as you use the word love in the right way.”

“I think you’ve hit the nail on the head there, Mr...” I stopped because I didn’t know who I was talking to.

Marri gulped on her desert and finished my sentence for me, “Mr. Munez. Sorry. Please allow me to introduce you. Dad, Mom, this is Carol Sheaves. Carol this my mother and father, Carla and Oscar.”

“I’m pleased to meet you,” I said as I held out my hand.

They both went for my hand, bumping it and each other. They laughed and then both shook my hand at the same time.

I smiled and said, “It’s so good to hear your laughter.”

Reality slowed and Krishna filled me in on the cafeteria scene.

“Steven is sitting at a nearby table eavesdropping. He’s cute though, he knows you know. Toby is on the other side of the room trying to listen but won’t get up to move even though he’s thought

about it. Zaza is at the table with Steven trying desperately to not listen because she HATES eaves droppers. Various others, including a few hospital staff who still think you're crazy are paying as much attention as they feel they can get away with.

“Now listen to Marri’s question and answer carefully. We won’t help you, this is why you’re here and what we need you to learn.”

Time sped up. Marri leaned toward me and said, “The voices are whispering about us.”

The truth dawned on me and I replied quietly: “Those are the thoughts of those around us: they can’t hurt us.”

“Um. I don’t get you.”

I leaned back and telepathically said, “thought is unimportant.”

Krishna spoke up, she’s thinking, “How did you do that?”

I replied, “you are telepathic. Thanks to Krishna so am I.”

“Does Radha make you empathic?” She thought.

“Exactly,” I replied through our mental connection.

Krishna said, “Nice job. She’s befuddled now but will go off with her parents and bond some more. You can return to Potter, let’s find out what happens next.”

I stood and walked straight out the door and to my room, Krishna guided my foot falls.

Everyone in the room marveled that a blind woman could see her way down the hallway.

Some even thought I wasn’t really blind and faked it.

A Road Downhill

Tuesday July 31st

We had another group session yesterday. It was, and I hate to admit this, very stressful.

Radha giggled as I typed that line and said to me, “Stress? We are unaffected by stress you should be as well.”

“How exactly do I do that?” I asked her.

Krishna answered, “As you implied to your new friends the other day, what happens is completely unrelated to how you feel.”

“I think,” I replied, “you’re going to have to back up and start over, that state of mind was different than this one.”

Radha laughed and said, “People sure are moody.”

I wanted to be upset by what she said, but I couldn’t let myself. After all she’s Radha, she’s beautiful and she deserves my respect.

“That was quite good Pushpa. We love you.”

They became silent and I sit here typing to you all, wondering what to write next. Maybe I should just say what happened so you can see why I think it was stressful.

We were sitting in our circle but it was different. Marri and I were the same but the others seemed upset, out of sorts. They seemed put off. Actually on second thought we all seemed upset.

Radha and Krishna were quiet the entire time: even though I begged them for help they said nothing.

“Why did you abandon me?”

“We didn’t abandon you, that was a predestined experience, there was nothing we could do or say that would change it in anyway.”

Honestly, that bugs me. Isn’t there freedom of will? Can’t I just get up and leave this place now and get rid of the crazies?

To the group, Doc Schwartz said, “Where shall we begin today?”

There was an edgy silence in the room. Marri told me afterward that she looked at me and thought something but I couldn’t hear it. She said my thoughts were as jumbled as everyone else’s. It seemed like I had stopped being me and had become someone else.

Stephen spoke first: “I think we should talk about Marri’s voices. I’m curious about the things they say.”

Marri replied, “I really don’t feel ready to talk about this now.”

Zaza said, “Why not Marri, you and Carol talk about it all the time, we see you in the cafeteria.”

“I’m still learning how to deal with all of this. It’s a totally new experience for me to be able to step outside the voices.”

Doc Schwartz spoke: “I don’t feel anyone should pressure anyone into anything. If Marri doesn’t want to talk about her voices, we should respect that.”

“But they’re not my voices!” reacted Marri.

I felt a need to protect her and said, “Marri has a special gift and is just beginning to understand it, I think we should give her time.”

Marri stopped and said, “Yeah. Lets talk about something else. Why don’t we talk about Ess’ attraction to children.”

“I AM NOT ATTRACTED TO CHILDREN!” Shouted Steven.

“Oh. Please,” replied Marri. “You are so obvious. You remember when I first arrived? I was barely eighteen and you know what you first thought about me?”

“What are you talking about?” Cried Steven.

“You wondered how much pubic hair I had. Pathetic.”

“That’s a lie!” shouted Steven. He jumped up and ran out the door.

Doc Schwartz was flabbergasted. “Marri,” he said, “even supposing you could read his mind, there is nothing positive which can come from announcing his thoughts to everyone else.”

“He was out of line picking on me. I was just defending myself.”

Inside me I cried. I knew she was wrong, okay forget the word wrong. Her actions were unhealthy.

I began to sob slightly and said aloud, “Sister, you are missing the point. There is nothing worth defending. There is no idea, concept, body part, land, building, person, place or thing which is worth defending. Defense implies fear and fear is a lack of awareness and lack of acceptance of what is.”

This was not Krishna speaking! Who was it?

Krishna replied just now: “You, are a very old and very wise soul.”

“Why didn’t you say that then!”

“Because some things are fated and cannot be changed. Experience is for you and you alone. It is wrong for me to even contemplate protecting you from your experiences.”

“But you want to?”

“I love you so much that sometimes I become attached and want to protect you from your experiences.”

“Do you ever try to protect me from my experiences?”

“All the time, but all I can do is delay the experience. For example if it’s going to rain and you forget your umbrella, I may run to Indra and beg him to not rain on you with the hope that you’ll remember your umbrella tomorrow. If you forget your umbrella a second day there is little I can do to prevent you from getting wet.”

As I type this there is peace. It is the peace that comes after a drama unfolds. It’s funny but I sense that this quiet after the storm is a reminder of what real peace holds for us.

“You are so beautiful,” said Radha and she began to sob.

“Are you upset Radha?”

“No. We love you so much for the way you surrender as you see things for what they are. You do not even know that you are surrendering. You are so beautiful it makes me weep.”

Back to the crazy circle. In that moment in the discussion, Steven came back and said, “I’m not leaving because of some stupid bitch. It’s my session and I need it.”

Marri internalized the name calling and realized how she had made Ess feel. She began to cry and said, “I’m sorry Steven, I didn’t know what I was saying, I was just talking off the top of my head without even contemplating the consequences. I apologize.”

Steven said nothing. He seemed to ignore her but I felt he had heard her. He just was not ready to let go of the pain and thus held on to the blame.

I realize now that he had to hold onto the blame because otherwise he would have realized that Marri had said a truth. He had lusted after her because of her youth. He wasn't ready to face that yet so the only alternative was to resent her.

I heard Marri lean forward in her chair and I presume she put her head in her hands and her hands in her lap.

Queen Zaza said, "Doc, why don't you tell us how things are going with your wife and kids?"

"I told you Za that my personal life does not belong here." Replied Doc Schwartz.

"But you opened up once before," said Toby.

"I was trying to get you guys to open up and it was the only idea I had left."

"So, it's opened, tell us how things are going. Pretend we're friends and not patients."

"It is unethical and dangerous to treat you like friends."

Marri, who's voice was muffled said, "Why?"

Doc Schwartz sighed: "Because I must maintain a professional relationship. Not maintaining a professional relationship almost always ends in disaster. I could site so many cases of professionals in this job who have ruined their own and other's lives."

"Coward," said Marri, still cupping her face in her hands.

"Marri," I said in my mind, "I know you can hear me but I apologize I can't hear you. Girl you have got to stop confronting people with their fears. It does no good."

I added, “You should ask yourself why you are doing this.”

Marri spoke out, “I have been silent so long. I have listened to the irrational bull shit that filters through people’s minds. Now I can make a difference, right?”

Inside myself I replied, “No. You can’t. We have no control over others. Honestly do you think you can help anyone who hasn’t already helped themselves?”

Doc Schwartz replied to her question as well, “It’s very presumptuous to think that you can make any difference.”

Marty said, “Can you make any difference, doc? I mean if you can’t help me then why am I even here?”

The Doc didn’t miss a beat, “I’m here to help you help yourself. A lot of psychologists witness success with a patient or two and make the mistake of believing they made a difference. I made that mistake years ago and I realized after dozens of failures, broken promises, and a depression that I honestly thought would kill me that I was wrong to believe that I do any good. I realized that people help themselves: all I do is put them in situations that enable them to help themselves.”

“I have to do the same thing?” Asked Marri?

“Yes.” I said in my mind and out loud I said, “I think that’s all any of us can do for each other.”

I remembered in that moment what Krishna had said about unconditional love and I really connected with it.

I’ll have to pick up from here tomorrow, Marri’s coming over to play Monopoly.

Slippery Slope

Wednesday August 1st

Last night was fun but for now I have to tell you about Zaza.

I'd like to point out that I'm massively depressed and I have no idea why but I'm letting it go because I can't do anything about it. It does block me from hearing Radha and Krishna though so I can't promise to be as entertaining as I normally am.

Yesterday I wrote that all we did was argue about who we were going to talk about.

Zaza said, "You know, I'm the only one who hasn't opened up recently. Maybe it's my turn: how about it Doc?"

"That's fine Zaza."

I apologize, I don't remember all the details about Zaza. This was the first time I'd heard her story, so she told it from the beginning.

She began, "I was born to a poor family in the deep south. I don't even know where. I'm not very smart if you haven't noticed."

"MMMM – Bullshit," coughed Marri.

Doc Schwartz said, "Marri, please watch your language and please stop arguing, it's pointless."

"Sorry," said Marri. But I could tell she meant it in a "screw you" kind of way.

Zaza continued, "My Dad told me that we came from a very distinguished line of African families. Dad said that he was a direct decedent of one of the Kings of one of the tribes."

She knew the tribe, it's location in Africa, hell she knew so much and to be honest I don't remember. I guess that old saying is right, you only remember what's important to you.

Zaza continued, "Five generations of passing everything down and the stories were lost: one morning he couldn't remember them."

I was a bit befuddled, she had just told us all the details and yet it was all forgotten?

"My Mom thought the stories were silly but she tried to remember for him. However, all she remembered was a bit about a King who gave himself to the slave traders to prevent any of his people from being taken. It didn't work, the slavers took many anyway."

"It turns out my Dad had developed a neurological problem, he died within six months and he took the stories with him."

"But," I spoke up, "how do you know the details then?"

"About six months after he died," she replied, "I was eight I think: the dreams started."

"I dreamed my Dad came to me and he was wearing this amazing mask and body paint. He was stark naked and speaking a language I don't know, but somehow I could understand him. It's like he was in my head and I could hear his thoughts."

"I wanted to say and ask so many things, and I wanted to do something to show how much I loved and missed him, but my mind kinda froze. I listened as he told me the stories, one right after the other, night after night, and I haven't forgotten them."

"I'm not going to tell the whole thing, the details that I know are not that important but I am descended from an African tribe and I

am the rightful heir to the throne which has been empty for six generations. My people are waiting for me. They know about me and I must return when I turn twenty six so that I can help them.”

She ended up telling us most of the details after all. She seemed very proud of her heritage and of being an African Queen.

“My Dad said everything was preordained. I am to lead our people into the modern age and bring the power of western thinking to them. But not actually change their thinking just teach them how westerners think so that they can learn from our mistakes and create a new society which is not based on any single existing culture. It will be a new culture based on, well, I don’t know, something new.”

Doc Schwartz spoke, “Tell us why you’re here.”

“I became violent when one of my friends heard my stories and told me I was crazy. I broke her nose and fractured one of her ribs and from what I understand gave her a bruise that is still purple.”

“So are you nuts?” asked Toby.

“I don’t think so. I know I have anger problems though.”

Doc Schwartz brought the discussion group to an end.

I was exhausted. I went to my room and fell asleep, woke up, and wrote in the diary for a while.

When I woke up Marri was here to play Monopoly. She said, “I want to see how badly I can cheat, heh!”

I’ll have to tell you about that tomorrow... So much fun to play with telepathy!

The Aftermath

Sunday August 5th

Things got out of hand the last few days. I was supposed to tell you a while ago about Monopoly with Marri and Marty. We had him almost in tears. Monopoly didn't do him in, it was poker with real money. He tried to shark us! Can you imagine! He tried to shark two telepaths! That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard and man did we let him have it.

But it's not important. What is important is all the hell that broke loose around here. I've been asked to leave and I'm so pissed off about it. How could it have been my fault?

I just can't believe it.

Krishna, did you know this was going to happen?

"Yes. We knew."

"Why didn't you warn me?"

"Some things have to be experienced."

At any rate, I'm headed back to my apartment today. My son wants me to go to another hospital but honestly there is no point, I'm old, I'm crazy but I'm harmless and that's exactly what Doc. Schwartz told him.

Still though, could I have known that Steven would feel protective of me and attack Toby?

Oh I'll have to tell you about this later. Gotta pack and say goodbye. I'm hoping they'll let me visit.

Boredom

Friday August 10th

My life is sooooo boring!

I have this malignant consciousness in my brain and absolutely no one to talk to about it!

“Can you please get me someone to talk to?”

“Anyone in particular?” Asked Krishna.

“Preferably my little sister.”

“Can’t happen yet. Be patient.”

“But Krishna!”

“There there,” said Radha, “every thing’s perfect just wait and see.”

Krishna added: “Things are falling in line: you’ll be able to continue your mission soon.”

I crawled from my bed to the boob tube and clicked “on.”

Then I fell asleep. I woke up. god knows what time it is and wrote this stuff down.

“It’s 3:56 AM” said Krishna.

“Um. Thanks friend. Okay if I go crazy now?”

“You are already crazy. You can’t go somewhere that’s already within you.”

“Ha Ha Ha!” I said cynically and managed to fall back to sleep.

Woke up and typed that last bit.

I want to go back to the crazies where I belong!

I miss Marri!

I sound like a child who's just had all her favorite dolls thrown in the fire.

I can't even stop from sounding this way.

I feel like a kid again. That's kinda nice, you know?

It's like 10:00 AM now.

Good morning.

Krishna's Symphony

Sunday August 12th

I'm typing as I talk, I'm reading as I write. I'm calling out to Krishna, please take me away from all this pain.

Krishna replied, "What pain?"

"The pain of knowing and knowing also that I can do nothing."

"Why is that painful?"

"I don't want to talk about it. I want you to take it away."

"I can't take it away until you give it up."

"But I want to give it up! That's why I'm asking you to take it away."

"No," replied Krishna, "you are asking me to take it away because you refuse to accept the way things are. You want me to change things because you are attached. I can't take something away unless you free it to me. Stop caring too much and start loving."

"I look into myself and I see all the problems and mistakes. I see how I've failed to do the right thing. I see how foolish I have been. Then I extrapolate that across all of humanity and I feel utterly defeated. How can I make a difference in people's lives? How can I help them be more peaceful? How do you expect me to be a teacher when I'm not even one step ahead of them?"

Krishna hit me with a wall of compassion. It felt like a tidal wave of love and caring. As it washed over me I drifted out of my body and settled on that park bench between Krishna and his consort.

I could see them and I could see the park in real time. I was actually there. Behind us, in a small pond glided a swan. Peering at Krishna I noticed his western suit had not changed since my other dream. Something glinted in his pocket and caught my eye. I looked at it and then into his eyes.

He answered my question and said, "I play the flute, piccolo, and a few other wonderful wind instruments. Would you like to hear?"

I looked to Radha on my left side and she nodded vigorously.

"I looked back to his deep soulful eyes and said, "Please."

He pulled his little metal piccolo from his pocket, licked and pursed his lips, carefully placed his fingers on the instrument, brought it up to his mouth and began to play.

There are no words to describe the music that issued forth. Its as if his song told my story to me. Each note was an occurrence in my life and stringing them together, no matter how flat or sharp they were individually, created a beautifully eerie and stunning song.

Then, after telling my little story, Krishna started my song again and another copy of Krishna appeared, this one wearing a turban and a very eastern pajama like outfit. He had a large flute and began to play the story of Central Park. It told of all the people who visit. All the care that went into creating it and all the care taken to maintain it.

Radha produced a wonderful two sided drum from thin air and began to pound out the rhythm of the sun and moon, of the seconds and minutes of the day. She kept time for her husbands.

Then another Krishna appeared. Child like and blue, he played what seemed to be an oboe but probably wasn't. He told the story of the Swan behind us, of the little lake and the fish that lived within.

Then another Krishna appeared. He was black with curly hair, dressed in Greek robes, and played some kind of brass instrument. He told the story of the little church whose steeple I could just make out above the tree line. He told the story of the man who created it, the people who funded it, and the children baptized, married, and mourned there.

Then another Krishna appeared playing another instrument and telling the story of the mosque down the way, the people inside it and those that had come and gone before.

Krishna after Krishna began to appear, taking on the shapes and sizes of all men, playing all sorts of instruments, telling all kinds of stories and yet, I could still hear my Krishna, playing my song and I could still tell just how well my song fit in with all the others that played.

I awoke with a start at the realization that I fit perfectly and Krishna said, "You see, no matter how discordant you feel your life is, it still harmonizes with the rest of my grand symphony.

"Tell me a story," I asked. "Keep this peace in me."

"When I was a child," began Krishna, "growing up in what is now Northern India, I was very sneaky."

"What do you mean sneaky?"

“I loved to sneak into the cow herders houses and steal their Ghee – their butter.”

“But you are supposed to be the ultimate good, right? How could the ultimate good do such a thing?”

“The ultimate good comes in many forms Pushpa, who are you to say what form is good or bad?”

“Doesn't the opinion of the cow herders matter most?”

“The cow herders, Gopie in Sanskrit, were not upset with me, they thought I was cute and because they were aware of my antics chose to make the butter I stole a gift to me.”

“I see. That makes them very wise.”

“And very loving!” Chimed Radha.

“They understood,” continued Krishna, “that how I behaved and who I am are almost entirely unrelated. Deep down in their hearts these beautiful ladies know I am god.”

“Exactly what do you mean, you are god?”

“I am an incarnation of god.”

“You mean like Jesus?”

“Exactly like Jesus.”

“But you live in my head?”

“Not exactly, and before when I said I'm part of you I really put it backwards for your benefit. In reality you are a part of me.”

“Part of you?”

“Yes. You are the part of me that manifests the mind, body and soul of Carol Sheaves.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Your body is the bio-mechanical components of your physical body. Your mind is the higher level machine that functions bio-electrically in the neurons of your brain. Where as the body makes up the brain, the mind is the functional aspects of the brain.”

“Your soul is your ghost in the machine, your ego. Your soul is the awareness that comes about because of the self aware aspects of your mind. You believe you are because you think you are.”

“But that’s a ripoff of Descartes ‘I think therefore I am.’”

“Maybe, but understand that Descartes just believed he existed because he could think. That’s a definition of ego – its not a definition of who we are.”

“Krishna,” I asked, “How does this relate to you being god.”

“My point is that humans believe they are real because they can think. That belief is egoistic and gives you separate identity.

“The universe is designed this way on purpose. You think you are because I (the real I, the only I, the one true I) wants it that way.

“The whole of creation is for my plays, my pageant, my sensual game. That’s why all the music you heard fit so well together. Nothing that happens is an accident. Its all on purpose.”

“I’m not sure I understand,” I remarked after a few seconds.

“That’s okay Pushpa. You’re curious and that’s wonderful. I’m sure we’ll have the chance to discuss existence again.”

I wonder if anyone else would understand? If I handed my diary to another person would they get it?

I say that like this will ever be read. Maybe I'll make Don promise to publish it after I'm dead. That would be fun. Maybe he'll read it and maybe learn something, ha! That's what I'll do.

I'm off to get some more sleep. I feel the upswing starting, I need to keep it as slow as possible. I don't want another manic attack.

Pain & Suffering

Wednesday August 15th

“Krishna, make the pain stop. Make the crazy suffering end. Tell me a story: I promise to listen.”

“Okay Pushpa. There was this guy, an ordinary man with a somewhat non-ordinary way of thinking. He had this idealism that he could attain real peace and show others how to do the same.”

“That’s nice,” I said. “He sounds a bit like me.”

“He is the same as you.”

“Is he cute and available?”

“Shhh. Pushpa,” said Radha, “Let Krishna speak.”

“Okay. Okay.”

Krishna continued, “Like everyone else he was born with a set of qualities. One quality was given to him by his mother: his intense idealism, but others were given to him by his astrology. He was a stubborn and dry man. He didn’t like change, didn’t want to do anything outside his normal patterns, and he really had a dislike for any happening out of the ordinary.”

“I can empathize with that,” I said.

“He married a woman who was his opposite. She balanced many qualities including his mind and body, but she was also very outgoing and loved to travel.”

I clicked my tongue off the roof of my mouth: “Oh Oh. Trouble brewing.”

“When she got a wild hair, no matter how much he loved her, no matter how much he tried to live the ideal of non-reaction which he knew would lead him to peace, inside he would panic. He felt mental pain, and he suffered because of it.”

I interrupted yet again, “I’ve always wondered, what’s the difference between pain and suffering?”

“Good question, Pushpa!” said Krishna. “Pain is an experience that indicates damage to our bodies or minds and more importantly it indicates healing.”

“Suffering is what minds feel when resisting physical pain, mental pain, or natural healing. We can’t control pain, but we can control suffering.”

“This guy suffered a lot didn’t he?”

“Yes, and he didn’t want to. He knew that his suffering was all about his belief that things should be different, that he was refusing to accept things as they are.”

“But he couldn’t do anything about it?”

“No matter how hard he tried to let go, the suffering continued.”

“What did he eventually do?”

“He suffered and tried to not let it show. He tried to not let it affect those around him. His idealism told him that suffering spreads like a disease and if he allowed his suffering to spread he would bring the opposite of peace to everyone around him. So he tried as hard as he could to act as if he wasn’t suffering.”

“Did that take away the suffering?”

“No. It didn’t, but it did get Radha’s attention.”

“Oh!” said Radha. “Let me tell!!!”

“Please do,” replied Krishna.

“You see I have many sisters and I heard his desire for the end of suffering and loved his plans for peace so I sent one of my sisters to him.”

“Exactly how do you send a sister?”

“As you know I have many forms, and one of these forms is a friend of this man’s family. The wonderful thing is, this form doesn’t even know she contains the soul of my sister.”

“Doesn’t know? How could she not know?”

“She’s like you, she thinks too much!” Radha laughed, then continued: “My sister sat inside the body of this man’s friend and waited. When she saw his devotion to truth and peace she spoke up: ‘you are suffering?’”

“His friend asked just like that?” I asked.

“Just like that,” said Radha.

“Amazing.”

“My sister works that way.”

“So what did the man say?”

“At first he didn’t know what to say, how could she know these feelings? But then he replied, ‘yes. I’m suffering, I don’t want to because I know it’s my hangup, but I do anyway.’”

“Then pleased with his devotion to truth, my sister took away his suffering.”

“How did she do that?” I asked.

Krishna replied, “Glad you asked!”

“Oh. No! A lecture?”

“Yes,” replied Krishna, “a lecture. You know Arjuna was a much better listener than you.”

“I do my best.”

“Remember the discussion we had about the mind?”

“Wait.” I said, “Radha what is your sister’s name?”

Radha replied, “Durga, the remover of difficulties.”

“Thanks. Okay Krishna baby, you can continue.”

“Thank you. You’re overwhelming me with your kindnesses.”

Krishna paused and waited for my mind to clear. “As we discussed before,” he said, “the mind is a machine composed of atoms of reality.”

“I got cha.”

“It’s like a giant clockwork with giant sprockets, fly wheels, gears, pendulums, hands and a face that shows what it’s up to.

“Over the millions of years of evolution of man kind, the mind has developed purely for the reason that intelligence made it possible for man to survive difficult times.

“Have you ever thought about what it must have taken for man to survive some of the hard times on this planet? The ice ages, the drought, the plagues, etc?”

“No.” I replied. “I haven’t thought about it.”

“Man had to become very efficient with his food and crafty to outwit his fellow humans and other creatures. If you look around at the qualities of those in your life you can quickly see the methods through which many survived. Some survived because of type 2 diabetes caused their bodies to become very efficient with food.

“Some survived because they became powerful leaders: spiritual, political, or otherwise. Some survived because they had an instinct to protect themselves and their territories. Some survived because they had the wits to out think those with which they competed for food.”

I thought for a moment, Krishna waited, then I asked, “People did what they had to do for survival, right and wrong, good and bad were not terms that people used back then were they?”

“Yes they were, but people defined killing someone over food as a good thing because they survived. To justify the killing they defined the word, ‘enemy.’

“The mind is more subtle than that. The mind enabled humans to survive by creating thought patterns that could be passed on from generation to generation. We often call these patterns ‘abuse’ or ‘mental disorders’ these days, but they enabled generation after generation of humanity to survive.”

“Can you give an example,” I asked, “something to wrap my brain around?”

“Sure. Look back to the 1800s, in the untamed west. Back in those days if a man was a farmer, he worked all day long and when he came home he was the first to eat. The rest of the family got what ever was left because if the farmer didn’t have the strength to work, they would all die. The farmer getting served first might be considered ‘wrong’ or ‘manipulative’ today but back then it enabled the family’s survival.

“Sometimes during the year the farmer may not leave enough food for everyone and the subsequent food shortage caused a fight over resources among the children, like baby birds in the nest. But there was a difference, if they all pulled together they could support each other and expand the cooperation genes. So the strength genes may get a boost but so might the cooperation genes.

“The thought pattern of ‘angry father’ also found a way to propagate, because young men who learned the anger habit from their father were more likely to have offspring. Angry men exist because anger enabled them to survive to breeding. And likewise controllers who demand food first exist because they were more likely to survive and have surviving children.”

“But,” I asked, “if the father was a generous man, his children were more likely to survive and thus the generosity thought form could also prosper? Right?”

“Yes. Sometimes the kindness thought form won.”

I sat befuddled for a moment. “You’re comparing thought to genetics?”

“Exactly. This is the genetics of the thoughts of the human mind. Thoughts are directly linked to the pattern of mind stuff found in

the genetics, but they are also learned. One supports the other and visa versa.”

“So you’re saying that thought patterns evolved with us?”

“Precisely! You are a quick study.”

“But why aren’t peaceful thoughts winning the race?”

“Think about it. What happens when a man becomes peaceful?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never seen it.”

“Then I’ll explain. He stops doing anything and just exists.”

“Oh!” I shouted out loud, “He stops desiring sex, he stops procreating!”

“Exactly. So once peace is attained, all the mechanisms for survival quiet down and the genetic line fizzles at the peaceful person. It’s up to the unconscious siblings and cousins to continue those genes. Often it’s merely a right balancing of the genes that enable the quest for peace.”

I finally understood, “So the world is full of crazies because when the crazy goes away the genes stop spreading!”

“Yes. You’ve got it! There is a genetic advantage to not being peaceful.”

“So it’s a rare thing to want peace!”

“And even rarer to be able to attain it!”

“But,” I said finding my way back to my question, “how does that relate to Durga removing the man’s suffering?”

“Suffering is a mechanism within the mind that gave men an advantage and enabled them to survive.”

“How did it do that?”

“People who suffered refused to accept their current circumstance and used their intelligence to change it.”

“I see! So suffering became a way to encourage survival habits and cause people to better their circumstance?”

“Yes, if by ‘better’ you mean ‘enable them to survive.’”

“So Durga, the remover of difficulties, took away the man’s suffering. Exactly how did she do that?”

“She changed his mind for him.”

Healthy vs. Unhealthy

Saturday August 18th

I woke up with a thought, “Healthy thoughts are conducive to peace, but thoughts are wrapped up in genetics and learned behavior, so how do we promote healthy thoughts? And more importantly how do we get rid of unhealthy thoughts?”

“That is the three billion person question Pushpa,” said Krishna.

He paused for dramatic effect, then continued: “If the mind and its thoughts are mechanisms created in reality, nothing but a giant survival clockwork, and we realize that our clockwork is the cause of our negative perception of reality...”

I cut him off, “How do we change the clockwork?”

“Precisely.”

“So for example,” I said. “Here I am with this depression that comes and goes. I can’t control it, medication changes it but really I don’t want to do that because different isn’t necessarily better and to be honest I hate feeling medicated. According to you, bipolar isn’t really a disease, its just another survival mechanism.”

“Yes. Bipolar people tended to take the hardships in stride, in fact they tended to excel. Manics like yourself fell in rhythm with the hardships and good times and were blissfully unaware of their dependence on the ups and downs. In crisis you are clear headed leaders, and in abundance you are massively outgoing fun socialites. Today psychologists call bipolar personalities ‘abnormal’ but that is a non sequitur: bipolar personalities are just different. You have a different set of survival skills.”

“But its a set of survival skills that doesn’t apply today, does it?” I asked.

“That’s true. In these times everything is in abundance and so bad times don’t exist. This causes your mind to seek out bad things to feel normal. You have a tendency to look for the bad to get to the good.”

“So,” I sighed deeply, “I destroy my life periodically just to feel normal?”

“Because you have a genetic disposition that wants cycles. When you don’t get cycles, you imagine them or create them.”

“That’s awful,” I said. “Is everyone in the world like this?”

“No, but many more are than know it.”

“Does this explain the state of the world, why we’re always warring each other and why we’re always causing dramas?”

“Bipolar doesn’t explain everything, but it is easy to expand the concepts outward to include all the unhealthy habits and thoughts and understand why mankind is slowly self-destructing.”

“I can’t help the world, but I can help myself. How can I change my clockwork, to end the vicious cycles?”

“You can’t change the clockwork.”

“But...”

“Imagine it this way: here I have a watch that runs too quickly.”

In my mind’s eye I saw an old pocket watch which Krishna showed me runs too quickly.

“Then once in a while it runs too slowly.”

I saw the watch running slowly.

“Can the watch repair itself? Even if the watch could detect that it was running too fast sometimes and too slow other times? Even if the watch itself was aware, could it change how fast it runs?”

“I’d like to think so.”

“No. It can’t. The watch maker must make the repair. A mechanism isn’t capable of changing itself.”

“But I’ve seen people change themselves.”

“There are two ways the mind can affect itself. The first is to make itself more complicated by adopting more machinery. Psychologists who created systems by which to ‘cure’ people of their ‘mental maladies’ create more machinery in these people’s minds which sometimes brings a balance to the machinery. It never brings true peace. It can’t.

“The second way a mind can affect itself is what I call, ‘throwing in a monkey wrench.’”

“Uh. That’s sounds bad,” I exclaimed.

Krishna continued, “People sometimes drive themselves crazy by destroying their own minds. They would rather be non-functional, than live with the insanity of their functioning mind.”

I changed the subject to something less depressing: “So then how can we get rid of my massive mood swings.”

“We can’t. We must accept them and we must pray to the watch maker to change our qualities.”

“But who is the watch maker?”

“The watchmaker designed and built the entire universe.”

“Why would he have time for me?”

“Oh ho ho!” Laughed Krishna.

“What’s so funny?”

“You’re placing value on god’s time. That’s what’s so funny.”

“Well, he’s important right?”

“Yes he is, but he places no higher value on any part of his creation than any other part.”

“Hey wait a minute,” I said, “Didn’t you imply that you are god?”

“Yes I did and yes I am.”

“So fix me.”

“Fix yourself.”

“But you said I can’t.”

“You can’t, not exactly, but you can desire it enough to get god’s attention and ask Durga, the remover of difficulties, to remove the broken aspects of your mechanism.”

“Just like that guy you talked about last week?”

“Right. He desired to not suffer and he had faith that the suffering was merely his hangup. He got the watchmaker’s attention via a mechanism we call Radha and she sent her sister, Durga.”

“Durga changed his mechanism?”

“Effectively, he desired change enough that he became conscious enough of his hangup to rise above the quality of suffering.

Likewise you can keep your qualities from affecting your life and livelihood. That is what you do to get the watchmaker's attention."

I said, "Even then he may not take the qualities away?"

"That is correct, but because of your awareness of them, they cease to affect your life and they become unimportant."

"So in reality," I said, "when we desire change, all we are actually doing is desiring more awareness, and awareness coming makes the qualities irrelevant? So Durga made the man more conscious?"

"Exactly, once you become aware you become more conscious and because you are more conscious you automatically become more like god."

"Okay, that was a leap. You've lost me."

"This is tough to follow. The line between god and man is blurry."

"By 'god' you mean 'the watchmaker?'"

"Yes, and Durga, Chamunda, Shiva or any of the deities who stand for peace. Special human individuals who master non-reaction become like these deities and the line between them and god disappears."

"Do you mean Jesus, Buddha, Mohammad, and the other saints who lived here?"

"Yes. Exactly. We call them avatars. They realized who they were and they achieved peace in at least one aspect of life."

"One aspect?"

"Yes. There are many kinds of peace. Instant total peace is rare. But finding peace, or making peace in one aspect of your life is

enough for most to allow that peace to spread to other aspects, totally engulfing the person in peace.”

“How do I do that?” I asked.

“I can teach you,” offered Krishna.

“Or if you surrender to me or my sisters,” shouted Radha, “then you can have peace without knowledge!”

“Radha’s method sounds easier.”

“They are both fraught with peril, or so the mind thinks, but you must understand you have already found an aspect of peace. Our names are Radha and Krishna and we live within you.”

“So how do I expand you to engulf my life?”

“You walk your life path without reaction to circumstance. You live the ideal of peace and it engulfs you.”

“Can’t you give it to me now?”

“You have it now, you just don’t experience it. You have a path on which to walk. Its not possible to rush reality.”

“I have divinity within me but I still have to face all these demons. I still have to feel a total lack of peace, feel the ups and downs of my condition and know that it’s not going away?”

“Yes, Pushpa.”

That sucks.

The Watch Maker

Tuesday August 21st

“Please?” I asked.

“Not today,” replied my non-corporal comrade.

“Pretty please?”

“Not today.”

“But I want to experience more peace.”

“Not today.”

“I’m just going to keep begging you until you give it to me.”

“Not today.”

“How about tomorrow then?”

“We’ll see.”

“So you can adjust my clockwork?”

“Yes. I do all the time.”

“Why didn’t you say that on Saturday?”

“Because I was presenting you with the cold hard truth, you must accept your current mental state and be thankful you are aware of it. That is the only way to get the attention of the watchmaker.”

“What’s he like?”

“He is without quality, or contains all qualities. He is all that is, was and will be. He is all love and all consciousness.”

“I want to know him better. How do I do that?”

“Meditation and prayer. Pick a religion, worship him, and show devotion in what ever way tickles your fancy.”

“You know, people are not going to like this line of thought.”

“Maybe,” replied Krishna.

“Why are people so ... you know ... about god?”

“They are all hung up on their definition of god. So hung up that they either despise the concept or are identified with their beliefs.”

“Identification with god is bad?”

“Oh no! That’s the goal! Identification with beliefs about god is unhealthy.”

Krishna continued, “You know what I mean, concepts like: god is an old man in heaven with a white beard and a wizard’s hat. Or god is a man who lived thousands of years ago and died for our sins or some other man who lead people to the path of the righteous.”

Krishna stressed, “Don’t get me wrong, god is all those things, but that’s not ALL HE IS! And limiting him in this way is about as disrespectful as a human can be.”

“He’s the watchmaker.” I said.

“Yes, but don’t get hung up on that, he’s much more than that, he’s also the watches and the space that contains the watches and all the ghosts haunting the watches.”

“And he’s even more than that too, isn’t he?”

“Yes. Much more than a human mind can fathom.”

Reunion

Thursday August 23rd

I'm talking to Krishna, he's great company.

"I've been thinking about that whole ghost in the machine you talked about before."

"And..." said Krishna.

"Can you describe the ghost again, what is the ghost?"

Krishna replied, "The ghost is the ego that exists because the machine is smart enough to become self aware."

"Self awareness, that's such an odd concept."

"Yes and it's a very powerful gift. One of the qualities of the universe in which you live is that intelligence calls to itself awareness. In actuality, there is only one awareness, the consciousness that is god and ..."

I cut Krishna off with an epiphany.

"Intelligence calls to itself awareness. It calls to itself awareness of god. It's only through intelligence that we can realize who we are, who really inhabits these bodies."

"Precisely."

"So the whole concept that god doesn't exist is just complete denial of self!"

"Yes!"

Krishna interrupted me for the first time ever.

“Marri is trying to contact you telepathically.”

“REALLY! THAT’S GREAT! Can you talk back to her.”

“Yes. I can reach her.”

“Tell her how much I miss her! Tell her I’m so sorry I got booted out. I wish I had done something different. I hope she doesn’t think I abandoned her. Ask her how’s she’s doing, and where she is. I mean is she okay?”

“She says, ‘SHHH for god’s sake, it’s hard enough to pick you out from all the voices, let alone the number of voices you have in your own head!’”

“Sorry.”

“No problemo Sis! How are you?” Asked Marri.

“I’m bored and lonely,” I answered.

Marri replied, “I’m in central park, I got permission to go on a walk with my Mom. We’re sitting on a park bench discussing the weather among other things. I miss you, you know?”

“I miss you too!”

“How is it that you can do this?” I asked.

“I’ve been practicing opening myself to all the minds around me.”

“All the minds?”

“Yes! The more I expanded myself, the more thoughts I could perceive. The first time I tried I got to maybe thirty people, mostly patients at the hospital and it became too much for me. I had to stop.”

“So how many can you perceive right now?”

“I’m getting to that, hang on,” she said. “Everyday I let myself open a little more. Every time I tried I wished you were here to be a sane voice inside my head. Though, something funny happened. When I thought about you, it got easier: how do you do that?”

“Me?” I asked. “I did nothing, you just used the concept of me as a way to keep grounded. I’m glad it worked for you!”

“Anyway I was able to get out to about a thousand people before it was more than I could handle.”

“How do you handle the thoughts of a thousand people?”

“You remember that I Love Lucy episode where she and Ethel were working at the candy factory?”

Krishna showed me the whole scene in my mind’s eye and I said, “Yeah. I remember.”

“It’s a lot like that, at first you try to keep up with the conveyor belt, trying to process as many candies as you can. After a while you realize if you just let the belt keep going, then the thoughts will keep going as well. You can taste one if you want, you can let it go by or you can stuff some down your blouse, heh. Most are so truly bitter, but there are some...” She paused, “Some so beautiful that there are no words to describe them. Everyone has thoughts like that, but they go unnoticed because the negative thoughts dominate our attention.

“I was trying to reach you and I learned to aim my perception. At first I grew a big circle that represented the distance at which I

could perceive thought. No. It wasn't a circle it was a sphere, then I learned to flatten it to become more like a circle or a disc.

"Then I learned to concentrate my perception along a cone that stretches outward in a particular direction. I limit it only by the diameter of the disc I imagine. Then I learned to focus the cone so its size was very narrow. I could reach out quite far and seek specific minds."

"Is that how you found me?"

"No. Do you realize how hard it is to hunt around a city with millions of people for one particular person's mind?"

"Hard, huh?"

"Very hard."

"So you couldn't find me?"

"No. I found a lot of interesting people, started watching dramas. It was kinda fun for a while to see all that was happening in the city. I learned to create bookmarks for the minds of nearby people so I could go back and visit them. For a week I just tuned into my favorite story and sat quietly in my room. Everyone thought I was depressed, heh."

"Has this given you the ability to block out all the minds whenever you want?"

"Exactly! I knew you'd get it. I can shut it off completely now by putting the radius of the disc within my own head. I have to listen to my own demons though. If I try to shut them off then the disc evaporates and all thoughts come back."

"So how did you find me?"

“I didn’t. I knew you lived close to central park, you said so, so I got permission to go on walks out here with my Mom. She loves it! I’ve been coming here sending out subtle telepathic messages trying to get you to focus on me so I could connect with you.”

“That just happened!” I shouted.

“Exactly. Hey, my Mom and I are starting our walk back to the hospital, I convinced her to walk instead of riding the bus like we normally do. I want to keep an open channel to your mind so we can talk where ever I go, but this may take some practice so I need you to keep talking, okay?”

“Um. About what?”

“I don’t care. Just keep talking.”

“Krishna?” I asked in a partitioned part of my mind.

“Yes Pushpa?”

“Can you help?”

“Not yet. It’s a good lesson for her: just trust and have faith. Even if you lose contact she’ll visit the park again and you’ll talk to her later.”

“Okay.” I said to both of them.

Then I started reading my diary back to her. So she could hear what I’d been doing. Pretty boring stuff I must say.

I gotta go, I lost her and I’m hoping she’ll be looking me up again soon.

Marri Meets Shiva

Monday August 27th

Marri came for a walk through central park again today and her telepathy has greatly improved. She found me and connected when she reached a few blocks from here.

“My Mom is starting to suspect something,” she said.

“Maybe I can help,” said Krishna.

I started to ask him how, but Marri said, “WHO ... WHO WAS THAT!”

“You heard him?” I asked her.

“Yes. Who was that? His thoughts are so piercing!”

“I am he who takes away,” said Krishna.

“Um,” I asked in a side of my mind Marri couldn’t perceive, “What’s the deal?”

He replied so she couldn’t hear him, “She’s been granted an audience with the god Shiva.”

“But you don’t sound the same. Wait: back up: who’s Shiva?”

Time slowed down and Krishna offered a long explanation.

“You remember how when I was a kid I stole from the Gopees, the lady cow herders?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, each of them who let me steal, who offered the clarified butter of attention to me, became my devotees. In effect became my lover.”

“But what about Radha?”

“I was there and I loved Krishna too,” replied Radha.

Krishna said, “That’s is the point: each of them formed a special and unique relationship with me.”

“Oh, I see,” I said. “You have your own relationship with Marri?”

“Exactly.”

“And she sees you as Shiva?”

“Yes.”

“But the story seems to give men the permission to have more than one lover.”

“Some view it that way,” replied Radha, “and that’s okay for them. But the story isn’t about physical love or even love of another person. It’s about love for god and some of the numerous ways we can cultivate that love, cultivate our relationship with god.”

“I see. Are we missing reality again?”

Krishna laughed: “Of course not. We communicate in zero time.”

Time sped up and Marri replied to Shiva: “What do you take away?”

Shiva replied in a deep and soulful voice, “I take away the sins of the three worlds, the three worlds within you.”

“You can take away my nasty thoughts?” Asked Marri.

“Yes. I can.”

“Please do it now.”

“As you wish,” replied Shiva.

There was a long silence – really long. Several minutes went by before I said, “Krishna, where’d she go?”

“She’s still there. She just can’t hear us anymore. She’s in a state called Samadhi, where there are no thoughts and no ideas, no love, no lover, nothing, just being.”

“How long will this last?”

“Well the last time she met Shiva she stayed this way for three days and then left her body. I’m praying she won’t do that this time, I want her to teach as you are going to teach.”

“Can I get to her? I mean can I talk to her?”

“No. There is no motion where she is right now.”

“Can I help her?”

Radha giggled and said, “Would you help a miser who’s standing in a room full of his gold?”

“No. I expect he’d be very happy.”

“Then how can you help a spiritual soul who is in the bliss of the absolute?”

I’ll continue this tomorrow. I’m still trying to catch you up on everything. I suspect it’s going to be that way for a while.

Cessation

Wednesday August 29th

Continuing from where I left off... Sorry for the delay.

I must've argued with Krishna and Radha for twenty minutes about Marri.

Then the doorbell rang. I opened the door and heard Marri's mother's voice.

"Carol, you have to help. Marri was talking about you, saying all this crazy stuff about communicating with you telepathically, trying to convince me that she was coming to the park to talk to you. I saw this flash of your apartment. I saw exactly where it is, then she just stopped moving. I didn't know what to do so I left her in the park, can you call an ambulance?"

"She'll be fine Carla," I said, "Take me to her."

Carla asked, "Was she really talking to you?"

Because Carla asked out of concern and not out of judgment I was able to answer: "Yes, she was."

"Who are Shiva and Krishna?" Asked Carla.

"That's a bit harder to answer. They are different for everyone."

We talked as she lead me to the park to where she and Marri had been sitting and on the park bench I could see Marri, stiff as a statue.

I ran to Marri, unassisted and Carla said, "I thought you were blind?"

“I am, but Krishna lets me see with his eyes.”

“We have to bring her back,” I said out loud.

“She’ll be mad,” said Radha.

“She’ll be REALLY upset,” said Krishna.

“How?” Asked Carla.

Krishna said, “It’s so terrible coming back, like the weight of the universe sits on your shoulders.”

“You can do it,” I said out loud, “right Krishna?”

“No. I can’t.”

“I can, though, can’t I?”

“Yes. You can,” said Radha.

“Teach me?”

“She’ll be really mad,” replied Radha.

“I accept the consequences of my actions.” I said out loud.

Carla looked at me a bit cockeyed. “Are you arguing with the voices in your head.”

“This isn’t arguing. This is begging,” I replied.

At this point I knew how to bring Marri back. I walked to her body, put my right hand on top of her head, built a strong desire in my heart and said out loud: “Come back to us Marri, we love you and want you here.”

Her body jerked, her eyes fluttered open and she drew in a really deep breath. I took my hand off her head and looked at how beautiful she is. Krishna showed me everything about her. I could

perceive every molecule in her body, every thought she'd ever had about finding peace, and all the love and awareness she had within her.

"Oh!" she moaned: "why did you do that? Do you have any idea how beautiful it is where I was?"

"I have no idea but I know we needed you back," I replied.

"You could have at least let me stay for a while longer. It's been what, five minutes?"

"Only about thirty minutes," said Carla.

Carla put her hand on my shoulder, and I looked at her. She too was stunningly beautiful.

"Thank you Carol," said Carla.

Then I heard Krishna's Symphony.

I began to see the whole park as it is. I could see all the trees, all the life in the trees, all the animals and insects. I could see through it all, around it all, above it all. I could see the rocks, the soil, the sidewalks. The park became smaller and smaller until I could perceive the whole of New York City, the lights of all the souls and the intelligence within the design. Then one more step away and I could perceive the whole earth, then another step the whole galaxy, then finally the whole universe.

Then I perceived nothing.

I woke up in my house, with Marri standing over me with her right hand on my head and her head in my lap apparently begging me to come back.

“Oh. Did you have to bring me back? It’s soooo beautiful.”

Marri lifted her head out of my lap and said, “Now you know what you did to me.”

“Did you send me into the nothingness?” I asked her.

“Not exactly, Shiva & Krishna did it. Oh and my spiritual name, since you asked before, is Candy. I am she who tears apart thought.”

I was extremely disoriented. I didn’t really know what was going on but all my perception of everything had vanished and I was left in my head without being able to see outside myself.

“Krishna?”

“Yes, Pushpa.”

“Was that heaven?”

“Heaven is a nice way to describe it, yes.”

I paused in reflection of the wonders of cessation of sensation. Krishna said, “Please tell your sister that her name is Chandi, not Candy.”

I laughed and repeated what Krishna said.

I’ll continue tomorrow, well maybe Sunday. I’m busy these days and I’m even keeled. I like that.

A New Name

Monday September 3rd

Picking up from where I left off.

I sat up on the couch and Carla plopped next to me. Then Marri sat on the other side of me and I said, “I’m trying to not think about what just happened.”

“Me too,” said Carla.

“Me too,” said Marri.

“Marri?” I asked.

“Yes,” she replied.

“Can you hear Krishna?”

“Only when I’m around you or connected with you. I hear him as Shiva. He explained to me that you love the protector of life and I love the destroyer of falsity. We love god differently so we hear him differently through your mind.”

We sat in silence for a while. None of us had any thoughts. Carla spoke first.

“Can you explain to me what happened to you two?”

“Who?” I asked.

“Either of you.” She replied.

“Mom,” said Marri, “I was granted true peace which my sister took away from me by desiring me back into my body.”

I continued, “then I was granted the same thing and Marri desired me back so I experienced what I had done to her.”

“That balances the karma,” said Marri.

They left shortly after that, I had this huge worry that they’d try to cover up everything, to deny the experience, but I know it’s just a fear and there’s nothing I can do about the possibility.

I still can’t communicate with Marri at a distance. I asked Krishna why and he said, “In time you will.”

“We have a new name for you,” said Krishna.

“Really? I’m no longer Pushpa?”

“Now you are my best disciple,” said Krishna, “You are my Radha.”

I felt a click inside my heart and head and then I felt an overwhelming love for Krishna. I knew that I would never hear from Radha again. I had merged with her. My devotion to Krishna was complete and I had become his divine consort.

Carla Meets Krishna

Friday September 7th

Carla and Marri have come for lunch every day. Half the time Carla's convinced we're all crazy and half the time she's ready to pull her daughter out of the hospital.

I'm not in any hurry, I can wait.

Lunch is so much fun.

I've asked Krishna to put me in Samadhi again but he has ignored my requests. I think I think too much.

This week I've made all sorts of food for lunch: they even stayed for dinner one day.

Marri tells me that Doc Schwartz has admitted that he misses me.

She also tells me that Ess and Toby were moved to other hospitals and that Marty wants to leave because he doesn't think believing himself to be a fictional character is going to hurt anyone.

Marri says Doc Schwartz agrees but can't justify letting him out to the rest of the hospital staff.

Marri tells me lots of stories about the hospital. I'll relay one here for your amusement.

Marty and Marri were playing poker, as is their new habit. Of course Marri was kicking his butt because no matter how good he is, he can't bluff her, she knows what he's thinking.

She told me that she doesn't look at his cards through his mind, she only tries to relate his outward behavior to whether he's bluffing or

not. Looking at his cards is just too easy. This way she's learning to read people's body language and relate it to their thoughts.

Marri had just won another hand. She doesn't win them all, Marty is actually really lucky. Krishna said that his luck went up the moment Marri started using her abilities to detect his bluffs.

I stopped Marri while she was telling me the story and said, "he knows your a telepath, why hasn't he realized that you can read his mind and know what he's up to?"

She replied, "I don't know. Maybe he forgot?"

"Denial," I guessed, "what a strange demon."

"Yeah," said Marri, "I've never figured him out. I've never been able to deny anything. It's always been obvious to me. But so many people deny so many obvious things. I know he's a powerful demon: I've just never met him."

"Well, I know all about him," I said. "I had been his best friend for many years before Krishna straightened me out."

"Why did you deny truth?" Asked Marri.

"Because it hurts so much. I wasted all those years because I was afraid to admit that I'd wasted all those years. The older I got the more I had to deny it because it was overwhelming to think about what I could have or should have done."

"How did Krishna take it away?" Asked Carla.

"In the deepest part of my depression, I came to the understanding that I didn't follow any of my dreams because I was afraid, mostly of failure and partly of success. I broke down and cried and reality

sunk in. It was the first time in my life I accepted reality as it is and allowed myself to 'just be' in spite of all my apparent mistakes."

Marri paused, reflected and said, "I never had the opportunity to be bored. It was a constant struggle to stay ahead of all the thoughts that everyone had."

"Did you have to deal with your own demons?"

"A little, but to be honest it's a lot easier to blame others and their crazy thoughts than it is to face my own craziness. I spent a long time blaming people and their stupid thoughts for my misery."

"How did you overcome it?" I asked.

"I had resigned myself to my plight long before I met you. I just gave up trying to stop the voices and the craziness. I wanted to make them go away and I couldn't so I just quit. But I at least wanted to keep the craziness from spreading to others, you know?"

I nodded. So did Carla, even though I'm not convinced she understood what was being said by her daughter. Carla cared so much she empathized even though she didn't know what Marri was talking about.

Marri made eye contact with each of us, smiled, and continued: "I didn't realize that I could just ignore the voices until I met you Carol. I feel so foolish not knowing. I mean it's so obvious!"

"Do you think it was a form of denial?" asked Carla.

Marri was taken aback. Krishna showed me her internal reaction of anger and then showed how she swallowed it.

"That's Chamunda," said Krishna. "Marri is one powerful soul."

“Chamunda swallows anger?” I asked.

“Yep,” said Krishna, “and passion too!”

“Oh but passion is fun!”

“So is anger!” said Krishna.

“It is not!”

“Yes it is,” said Marri.

“I agree,” said Carla.

“Wait,” I said, “you both can hear us?”

“I can hear you,” said Marri, “and I’m rebroadcasting your thoughts and Krishna’s awareness to my Mom.”

“Wow. That’s cool. But he’s Shiva to you, right?”

Marri smiled and said, “Potāto, Potāto. He’s Krishna for you and my Mom. For me he’s Shiva. There’s really no difference.”

Carla continued her line of thought: “My husband...” She paused, looking from the floor to Marri. “Sorry sweetie it’s true.”

“Mom. You forget who you’re talking to. Please continue, you’re not going to surprise me.”

“My husband is a very angry person. When I make a mistake, he just blows up. He feels completely justified in yelling, resenting and giving me the cold shoulder. For example: when Marri went into the hospital, he blamed me.”

I interrupted, “That doesn’t prove he enjoys anger.”

“I’m not done yet,” she replied. “Over the years I’ve adopted his technique of getting angry. When he makes a mistake he expects

me to yell at him. I'll never forget the first time I saw him wince when I had no intention of yelling. It was so easy to yell. Being able to yell at him, makes me feel equal."

Marri and I stared deeply into Carla's eyes. We both sensed what was coming.

Carla continued looking at the floor and said, "I enjoy it when he screws up and I can yell at him. I know that's sick, but I really like it. I feel like I'm getting even for all those years I was afraid of him. When he yells at someone else, for example: when the waiter spilled his dinner, I really got this sense of total satisfaction. After I calm down, how I felt really disturbs me."

Carla sighed.

Marri and I took a deep breath almost at exactly the same time.

After a moment of silence Carla looked up to me first to see what was on my face.

I smiled and said, "It's okay Carla, we all have unhealthy demons."

"But I adopted this demon late in life. I didn't have to. I could have stopped him."

"You still can," said Marri.

"You have to try," I said, "that's how you get god's attention."

"I'm really sick, aren't I?" Asked Carla.

"You have unhealthy thoughts," said Marri. "The fact that you are aware of this means that even though picking up the habit was in one sense a bad thing, in another sense it gave you the opportunity to understand and become aware of it, so it's also a good thing.

Now you are aware of it and you can choose to not act on the demon's advice. That is sometimes difficult, after all there are momentums, but the more you try, the more you get Krishna's attention and the more he can help you become even more aware. Eventually you rise above the thoughts."

I sat back in my chair and said, "god I love these conversations!"

Krishna laughed and said, "me too."

Carla looked at her daughter who was staring lovingly into her eyes and said, "So how can someone completely different from Carol live inside her head?"

"I think you have to ask him that," said Marri, "I'll relay his answers for you."

Carla paused as if expecting an answer.

I said, "You have to ask him. He can't answer unless you ask."

"Should I look at you Carol?" Carla asked.

"You can look where you like, he's inside you, outside you, and everything you perceive, but you must address him otherwise he won't know you're talking to him."

Carla took a deep breath.

"I feel a little silly."

"Like you're talking to a fictional character?" I asked.

"Yes, exactly, like he's imaginary."

I replied, "You have to start somewhere. He's not real for you yet, so you have to pretend he is. To form the relationship you have to start with something."

“Would a picture help, Mom?” asked Marri.

“Yes. I think it would,” replied Carla.

Marri dug into her purse and pulled out a picture of a blue child.

“That’s what you look like?” I asked Krishna.

“You know I’m never going to get used to you being able to see,” said Marri.

As she was saying that, Krishna said, “That’s one of my childhood forms. This one is particularly good it shows me with a slight ghee sheen to my cheek, which shows I’d recently been offered ghee by one of my gopees.”

“He’s so cute!” said Carla.

“Yes,” said Marri. “I bought this and a picture of my Shiva at the Indian restaurant we ate at a couple of days ago. I knew who they were instantly. Look how cute little Krishna is!”

Carla held Krishna’s picture in her hand and said, “Baby Krishna, I’m pleased to meet you.”

“I’m pleased you are meeting me too!” said Krishna.

“I hear his voice in my head,” said Carla.

“I’m doing that Mom,” said Marri, “I guess you’ll just have to get over it, heh.”

We all laughed.

When we settled down Carla said, “I don’t know what to say.”

A Perspective Of Reality

Saturday September 8th

I'm picking up from where I left off yesterday. Sorry I can't catch you up. It's just so joyful right now.

Carla wanted to talk to Krishna and admitted she didn't know what to say.

Krishna said, "I love you."

Carla looked shocked for a moment then closed her eyes.

I partitioned my mind. Marri saw it and almost took it as a challenge but instead decided to give me my privacy.

"Krishna, what is going on?"

"You three live in a very blessed circumstance, you can cultivate your relationship with me directly because of your good karma.

"You three were among my Gopees in past lives, and now you are my Radha. Marri is a goddess who is master of the mind and we are about to discover who Carla is."

Carla sat still for a moment.

"So much," she stammered. "So much love!"

Marri let go of everything and just felt the moment. I felt her feeling and lost myself in the ceiling.

We were drifting off when Carla said, "Who am I?" I snapped back to reality.

"You are who you are," replied Krishna and Marri came back to relate his answer to her Mom.

“Who are you?”

“I am also who you are.”

“Is that like, ‘I am that I am?’”

“Precisely,” said Krishna.

“What should I do now? Now that I know you I have to change everything, right?”

“No. Be aware of who you are while being who you are.”

“Do I have to change the bad habits? I mean all these unhealthy attitudes, thoughts and feelings?”

“No. Its unimportant. Don’t worry about those unhealthy attitudes, thoughts and feelings.”

“But Marri and Carol have been talking for days about the demons of the mind, talking about how to face them, overcome them and eliminate them. You’ve been guiding them. I don’t understand.”

“If you want to change those things within you, please make that a goal, but don’t expect change. Nothing ever changes. Everything is always as it should be.”

“I’m so confused,” cried Carla. “What are you talking about? We’ve been sitting here talking about how horrible our minds treat each other, talking about how to be healthy minded. You mean that I don’t have to care about that?”

“No: you don’t. Your job simply is to love as I love. Let everything else go. None of it matters. Mind nothing that passes before your senses. Just know I love you and love others as I love you.

“These two ladies, your daughter and her best friend, follow a path of wisdom. They want to understand before they know, and know before they accept peace. You are on a different path: you will achieve peace through love and devotion to god.”

I became inspired and spoke up: “This is precisely what Radha talked about. She said that we could seek god through love and devotion and give up the desire to know.”

“Exactly,” said Krishna.

Carla asked, “What is the path of devotion?”

“Devotion gives us the ability to manifest the not manifested, to bring into our lives that which we wish to be. Devotion is a way to build ourselves a future.”

“How is devotion different from desire?” I asked.

Krishna replied, “Good question Carol. Desire also manifests the not manifested by putting energy in our path. That energy is like a little sign telling consciousness where we want to travel through the myriad of possibilities.

“Desire can be for anything. Many people desire success in their work, intimacy with their spouse, good things for their children, a gentle life for their parents and many other healthy things.

“But unfortunately many people desire money, power, control, manipulation and a host of other unhealthy things.

“Devotion is the desire for god and the qualities we assign to him.”

Carla seemed confused. As I watched her face through Krishna’s mind’s eye it occurred to me that Krishna was talking about things

she had never experienced, concepts that he'd introduced to me but not really discussed with her or Marri before.

Marri saw that thought and latched onto it: "okay, Sis," she said. "Tell us what you know so we may understand as well as you."

"Krishna smiled at her. Krishna's smile is special. I don't understand what it means when he smiles but I know its special."

I didn't know how to tell Carla and Marri what I knew. I had just learned this from Krishna a few days before and it really hadn't sunk in. But I dove in anyway.

"Lets start with one word: demon," I replied. "Demon is a very poetic description, but lets make sure we know exactly what we're talking about here. When we use the word demon we're talking about unhealthy, counter productive thoughts that are diametrically opposed to peace. This is not something that is distinct from ourselves: it is a piece of the puzzle that is the human condition."

In my mind's eye I saw Krishna in his western suit with the little piccolo in its pocket and he nodded approvingly.

Then I was inspired to a tangent: "The first thing you need to understand as one devoted to peace is simply that you have the tools necessary to achieve it but you are actually not the one who brings it about.

"The mind is a mechanism, like a watch, it has many springs, weights, balances, switches, and buttons. Reality spawned the mind by making humanity's existence extremely perilous. It is only because humanity nearly died out multiple times and because humans competed with each other heavily during the rough times,

that we became so intelligent. Most importantly it is only because of our intelligence that we have the ability to become aware.

“That’s because we are blessed with a universe in which intelligence calls awareness.”

Carla interrupted: “How does this relate to me?”

I hesitated. I was sounding dry and I knew it, because I really hadn’t thought about how to describe my experiences to someone else. How can I relate what Krishna had taught me to someone who doesn’t even have the concept of reality Krishna taught me?

I took a deep breath, exhaled slowly and took another tangent: “You perceive yourself to be a mind and body with the name Carla Munez. But that’s not entirely true. When you asked, ‘Do I have to change anything about myself?’ I found myself trying to find a way to introduce you to a simple truth that I’ve been taught: you cannot change yourself in healthy ways because the only healthy way to be changed is to become simpler. To become simpler parts of our mind must be disabled or removed. We don’t have that ability, only the creator of the mechanism can change it. So your question is inaccurate. You can’t make changes.

Carla looked disheartened but I plowed on.

“You can, however, devote yourself to change. You can be devoted to the maker of all things and to his chief quality: peace. You can desire to become simpler and that energy causes you to get the attention of the watchmaker, the creator of the universe, who effectively makes you more conscious by choosing a path for you that leads to peace. This path makes the mechanisms inconsequential and you rise above them.”

I looked toward Carla and asked “Does this make any sense or am I boring you to tears?”

“I don’t understand.” She said.

Marri laughed and said, “I understand, but Carol your method of teaching is really difficult to follow.”

I was a bit annoyed and spat, “Can you do any better?”

“I don’t think so, maybe I should stop pointing out the obvious.”

I caught myself, winked at Krishna and said, “We need to figure out a way to teach this. I feel like we’re trying to teach something that’s never been taught before.”

“It always feels that way,” said Krishna.

“What do we want?” I asked Carla and Marri.

They looked surprised for a moment and Marri said, “We want to understand devotion and peace and we also wish to become peaceful and free of the demons of the mind.”

“I don’t want all that,” said Carla, “I just want peace. I don’t need to understand it, why bother?”

My friends had just defined the difference between the path of knowledge (Krishna calls it “Gyan”) and the path of devotion (Krishna calls it “Bhakt”).

They were both waiting for me to respond but I was lost in the wonderment of the moment and the beauty of their devotion.

“Wanting to know and experience peace is devotion. You are both already devoted to god.”

There was an incredible feeling of peace in the room and this is one of those nights (gosh I can't even remember when it was, last week I think) when they stayed over.

I never actually succeeded in relating my understanding. I have a lot to learn about teaching.

My son visited the next day and was so happy to see that I had friends. He was terribly interested in Marri.

I subtly reminded him of his girlfriend and Marri almost laughed out loud. Can't keep anything from her.

Don was so brash. "What would I have to do to get you to go out with me?" He asked Marri.

"Well," said Marri, "I've made a promise to only go out with a man who can defeat me on the battlefield of my choice."

Don asked, "What battlefield would that be?"

"Are you challenging me?"

Don hesitated. "Um no. I'm spoken for."

"Fine," said Marri and she thought, "Wuss."

I forgave her for that.

Don left for work and our day went back to the way it usually is.

Carla had been quiet since the previous night. I was somewhat concerned but Krishna assured me she was doing fine. He said, "It's quite a shock to realize that god is approachable. It has not been that long for you, don't you remember?"

"Yeah, but it's easier for me because I hear you in my head."

“That’s very true. It’s marvelous to see those who have little or no experience with god devote their lives to him.”

Marri chimed in and said, “There are so many false paths though.”

“Oh I keep forgetting,” I said. “You can hear us!”

Carla laughed and thanked Marri for repeating our conversation.

Krishna waited for our minds to quiet and said, “The false paths are put there on purpose. Remember, one of the purposes of reality is to test consciousness itself. Can it be so deluded as to forget its own divine nature and more importantly after it has forgotten can it come full circle and experience true and meaningful peace?”

“That’s quite a puzzle,” said Carla.

Then after a second she said, “I’m often amazed by the faithful. I see these women in the church I used to go to. Funny I never missed a mass until last week. Now I know there’s no reason to go back.”

“That’s not true,” replied Krishna, “but we’ll talk about that later, please continue.”

“These ladies,” continued Carla, “sit and do Hail Mary rosaries all day long. It seems so mechanical and pointless.”

“It just seems pointless to you,” said Krishna. “Many of those women experienced peace while doing rosaries in their youth. During the hard times of their life, rather than lashing out, burying their heads in the sand or turning to distractions, they throw themselves into god the only way they know, by saying rosaries and acts of contrition.”

Marri relayed Krishna’s words and Krishna paused.

“Marri, you didn’t say that right. I’m choosing very specific words for very specific reasons. Each one is special and paraphrasing me is not allowed. Don’t translate what I say to Spanish, relay my thoughts exactly as you hear them.”

“But that takes more work!” Cried Marri.

“You either use your gift efficiently or you don’t: the choice is yours.”

Marri sat quietly for a second. Then she said to Krishna, “Relating your words accurately is something I can do to show respect?”

“Yes, and relating them with less accuracy is disrespectful. Normally I wouldn’t speak up but Carol’s mind told me what you were up to and I realized I have to stop your laziness now or we may fail in our mission.”

I was a bit shocked, “Fail? Is there such a thing?”

Krishna replied, “We’ve changed subjects far too many times, as usual, but yes we have goals and if we don’t meet them then the path of consciousness becomes less than optimal.”

Marri spoke: “Can you explain that? What are you talking about?”

Krishna sighed. I’ve never heard him sigh. “The reality that you experience is for the purposes I have mentioned before: for the watchmaker’s enjoyment and the experiences of all the mechanisms of reality. Of course when I say watchmaker I mean god, the creator of all objects and relationships.

“How can I put this? Carol, I need your help.”

“My help? But you’re god!” I exclaimed.

“Yes. I’m the god of all things, but you have a mind that can relate my deepest understandings down to a level that might be conceived by the human mind. That’s your gift.”

“Tell me how to help.”

Krishna said, “It all starts with a question: how can we have free will and the watchmaker know all?”

“Wow,” I exclaimed, “I sense that both those ideas are true even though they seem entirely at odds with each other.”

Krishna utilized my mind and said, “The watchmaker dreamed up mechanisms and became fascinated by them.”

I asked, “You’re simplifying it?”

“Of course. In the beginning, there was only the watchmaker. He made me and my siblings and gave us names.

“Brahma is the name given to my first brother. My given name is Vishnu and my second brother’s given name is Shiva. He made us all equals, which is fascinating.”

“That’s Marri’s Shiva!” I shouted. Then something occurred to me: “What happened to the watchmaker?”

“Nothing.”

“What do you mean nothing? He made you from himself, right, something had to happen to him, he got split three ways, right?”

“No. He’s here, he’s perfect and completely unchanged.”

“But, that seems contrary to common sense.”

“It’s one of the great mysteries. How can something split itself up and still remain entirely whole?”

I became inspired. “Aren’t you and your brothers more like qualities, more like features or aspects of creation?”

“That,” said Krishna, “is a powerful insight. You are correct but realize that we are also aspects of god that are self aware and self deterministic.”

I spoke again, “We are the same as you. We carry you as some of our qualities within us.”

Krishna replied, “You carry all three of us and you contain all our qualities.” Then he continued his line of thought. “My siblings and I took it upon ourselves to create a mechanical play ground. Brahma made it.”

I exclaimed, “and he also comprised it!”

“Yep,” said Krishna. “I protect it.”

I shouted, “and you also come to those who seek protection!”

“Exactly!” Replied Krishna. “And Shiva destroys it.”

Marri shouted, “He destroys falsity so we can experience truth!”

“Precisely. You got it!” Declared Krishna.

Krishna paused again for a long moment. Krishna finally said, “In the beginning of creation there was god. god has no qualities, except maybe creativity: god had a desire to create. If that’s what creativity is, merely desire to create, then god was creative.

“He conceived a simple mechanism and separated (without actually changing his wholeness) into the two basic constituents of reality: consciousness and energy.”

“What is consciousness?” I asked.

Krishna said, “Define it as we have before: awareness.”

“Energy is a concept that allows for expansion and is the primal force by which reality spawns. Humans know about energy, but they don’t realize that they can manipulate it in the form of desire.

“From these two concepts, consciousness and energy, all the fundamental behaviors of reality were established.”

“Our reality came from that?” I asked.

“Yes, but what we perceive as reality is actually a combination of the early universe and the addition of many new universes of particular quality. You could say that every universe born of every idea exists here concurrently. Even our mind itself is a universe of our creation. Our mind has all the qualities of reality but is totally under our control, although we don’t often know that.”

“But,” I retorted, “this doesn’t explain how the universe could be fully known and we still have freedom of will.”

“I’m getting there and with your help hopefully we’ll be able to bring your friends along for the ride.”

Introspectively I asked, “When these ideas were created, what actually happened?”

“It all started,” replied Krishna, “With the concepts of consciousness and energy. The watch maker made them first, then he made myself and siblings, but he realized that there are many possible forms for myself and my siblings. For example, if you assume we each have 16 quality of opposites, then there are 65536 ways to express those qualities.

“Let’s make the example simpler. Let’s say that the watchmaker started with one quality: temperature. For the sake of argument, the only two states of that quality are ‘hot’ and ‘cold’. Two possibilities exist for how each of those qualities can manifest, so the one splits in two, each representing a possibility: one represents the hot and the other the cold.

“Then, to each of the temperature possibilities add another quality called: dampness. Its states are ‘wet’ and ‘dry.’ The hot possibility then branches to become hot & wet or hot & dry. The cold branches to become cold & wet or cold & dry.

“Then to each of those four states add another quality called: charge. Its states are ‘positive’ and ‘negative’. The list of branches available is now: hot & wet & positive, hot & wet & negative, hot & dry & positive, hot & dry & negative, cold & wet & positive, cold & wet & negative, cold & dry & positive, and finally cold & dry & negative.”

I interjected, “So that’s eight possibilities from three qualities.”

“Yes, assuming each quality only has two ‘opposites.’ But some qualities come in sets of three, four or even more and the states are chosen concurrently and can change over time, flipping back and forth at will. So suffice to say there’s a lot more to the universe than three qualities.”

“Can you give us an example of a real quality?” I asked.

Krishna replied, “You mean other than my brother’s and I and the concepts we call consciousness and energy?”

“Yes. Something else we can relate to.”

“There is this concept of the golden triangle of human nature which was described eons ago,” said Krishna. “Each point of the triangle represents one of the gunas. Roughly translated guna means thief. One point of the triangle represents active, another anti-active and the third non-active.”

“The gunas – activity, anti-activity and non-activity – are called thieves because they steal our identities and confuse us about who we truly are. We think we are the doer, but actually we aren’t.”

Marri shook her head. Clearly that went zoom, right over it.

“Okay, I’m not sure we get that, but lets continue anyway,” I said. Then I asked, “The universe started with one and then began to split apart, applying and separating qualities?”

“Yes. It is the same as applying and separating possibilities,” Krishna replied.

“How many qualities has the watchmaker defined?”

“Far too many to enumerate or even to conceive.”

“So all these possibilities were calculated in advance. You’re saying that all the possibilities are present right now?”

“Yes. The full multidimensional matrix of possibilities exists, is unchanged, and is fully determined. Nothing is unknown.”

“What is that matrix of possibilities called?”

“The ancient Rishis named it the ‘Akash.’”

Perspective Part 2

Sunday September 9th

I've been able to write to you lately simply because the girls haven't been coming over every day. This weekend they are out of town. They said they may stay in Philly into next week. Carla pulled Marri out of the hospital and they are visiting Carla's old haunts. It's a way for Carla to face some of her childhood demons.

Krishna has been insisting I write out all this stuff. He says people will want to read it some day. I think he's nuts, I mean I'm just some crazy old blind lady.

Now, back to Krishna's lesson on the static nature of reality.

Krishna and I were talking about the Akash while Marri repeated our conversation to Carla. Krishna had just described to me how all the possibilities were completely calculated and known.

"If all is known, then what is it we are experiencing?"

"You are experiencing the unfolding of the possibilities. Imagine that consciousness starts at the single pointed end, where there is only one and then traversed the possibilities choosing where to go based on a set of rules. For example for opposites only one could be chosen, so you choose 'hot' or 'cold', you can't choose both. For triplets, for example, the gunas I mentioned before: active, anti-active and non-active, consciousness must also choose just one in an instant, however each can flip states in the next instant."

"The number of choices must be astronomical!"

"They are beyond conception."

“Oh!” I exclaimed, “I see! That explains how everything is known but we have free will!”

“Yes. It does.”

“We choose which choices are made!”

“Your desire moves you through the possibilities.”

“Oh but it’s really consciousness who chooses, by moving toward the energy that has been put on the path!”

“Yes, your desires place energy on the path and consciousness is attracted to it. The consciousness of manifestation is attracted to energy just like awareness is attracted to intelligence.”

I tried to let it all sink in.

We have a universe of nearly endless possibilities which is full of qualities of manifestation, qualities of perception, and qualities of interaction.

All is known. All is known. All is known.

“But if all is known and the possibilities are static, why does everything appear to change?” I asked.

“Because,” answered Krishna, “as consciousness moves through the matrix of possibilities the choices it makes seem to cause changes in the surroundings of limited perception.”

“Why does consciousness have limited perception?”

“When consciousness intersects perceptive reality it loses some sense of who it really is. It builds for itself what we call soul, a wrapper around the consciousness of a particular experience.”

Struck by an epiphany I said, “That means that light doesn’t really move at all!”

“Correct, it is merely an energy number contained within all points of reality, the energy appears to move because of the rules light follows when creating more possibilities and because consciousness itself is moving through the light.”

“And what about time?”

“Time is a measure of how fast choices are being made. It can vary wildly but you would never perceive it because you only perceive existence during the motion of consciousness through the choice making process.”

“But, then, who am I?”

Krishna didn’t answer. I knew he couldn’t. It was his job to guide me to that answer, not provide it for me.

So I attempted an answer: “I’m a mechanism within the possibility matrix which believes it is real because consciousness is passing through it?”

“That is a nice starting point Radha.”

“Just as choosing the name Radha for me is a nice starting point?”

“Yes. You have it exactly.”

“Who are you?”

“I am a mechanism interface between you and the watchmaker. You created me to sort out who you are.”

“But you are god?”

“I am god to you.”

“But you are god, right?”

“We are all god.”

I got stuck in an infinite loop. He is god. I am god. god is real. Everything else is not real. Time is an illusion. Reality is a choice making machine for consciousness. I am a simple mechanism that somehow knows the nature of its own existence.

That’s way too much to deal with.

The girls may have understood our conversation. I really don’t know. They left shortly after this and visited a few more times. We didn’t talk much during those visits, we just sat in each other’s company, reveling in our mutual respect.

Krishna said as I was typing that last paragraph, “You had ‘satsang’ together. You put your awarenesses on consciousness together.”

A Hiking Journey

Monday September 10th

Krishna won't put me in samadhi again. He says, "Some time later."

I'm very lost and confused, my friends aren't here and I don't know what to do.

Why would god choose me to know these things? Why tell me? What am I supposed to do with this information? No one will ever believe me. Is any of it even practical?

I imagine myself telling Don and I see the look on his face. I mean what's the point of knowing such things. Krishna what's the point?

"You want to know. You desire the truth."

Can you make me forget?

"No. Once a boon has been granted, or a curse cast, there is no going back."

Can you bring me peace?

"You have already found peace. I'm pleased to meet you."

Krishna cut across me and changed the subject.

"Are you packed? We're leaving tomorrow."

"Yeah. Everything is together."

I'm a fifty something year old blind woman and I'm going on a hiking journey, can you imagine? I'll tell you all about it when I get back. Krishna said it would be a bad idea to bring my laptop.

Epilogue

There you have it. I promised my Mom to write it. It took a long time to sort through and organize. I should have done it long ago. I omitted the parts that were mundane. I left a lot out where she talks about Junior. I left out things that didn't pertain to this "Krishna" character she had dreamed up.

My name is Don. I'm Carol's son.

My mother disappeared on September 11th, 2001. She was seen by several security cameras walking down town – unassisted – before the first tower fell. I assumed she died, but her body was never recovered so I just don't know and really wish I did.

It took me five years to start to go through her diary. I had no idea there was so much material. I love her a lot, but she was totally nuts, completely off her rocker.

But I promised to publish it. I promised, so here it is. Take what you will from it. I'm done.

I know what you're thinking: "how much of this story is true?"

I don't see how any of it could be true and when I asked Marri, she just laughed and said, "it doesn't really matter, does it?"

It's all pointless to look back now I suppose.

I hope you at least find entertainment value in this. It sure is weird.

-- Don Sheaves