

# HOW I GOT INTO THIS WORK

## - Part 7, The Mountans

*S*inopsis: Joey, my yung tenant, had askd me how I got into the work of comunicating with the unseen world. I told him how wen I was in college I began to rebel agenst the narroness of the tipical religius mentality - especialy their reluctance to admit that sumone mite receev a valid gift of proffecy. I determind to aply for that gift - a gift that the apossle Paul encourraged cristians to seek. And I began to make progress.

**A**s I sed, I left my little stacion wagon in the parking lot at Vasquez Rocks, with my gitar lokd in the bak, and set out walking along the 2-lane road into the hills that roze tu the west, between me and the San Fernando Valley from wich I had cum. I had eaten nothing for 2 days, but didnt feel tired. Rather I was exillerrated.

A gray-haird man drove up beside me as I walkd. I hoped my disguise as a teenage boy was working. "I envy yu, son," he sed cheerily. "That's wot I did wen I was a boy – lots of wilderness hiking."

Az he drove on I turnd bak tu my spiritual companion, [was he Jesus?], this time asking questions "on the inner" az tu hiz intentions. He sed little, just told me tu walk on. At a certan point I askd, "Du yu want me tu leav the road and clym the mountan?"

My hed nodded in anser. This was offen the only anser I got. Acordingly I left the road and began tu make my way up the hillside tu my rite. It was April. The rains wer long gon, having cum mostly in February, but the brush wich cuverd the hills woz not yet quite dryd out. Here & there wer scatterd live oaks, with their tiny lethery leavs that can withstand drou. I noticed there was practicaly no cactus and no grass, & nothing that lookd edible.

Soon came a test. I noticed that there was a steep narro gully tu my left. A tree had fallen across it, forming a bridge of sorts. Az I lookd at it I herd the words, "Go that way." "Du yu mean clym out on that log & cross on it tu the other side ov the gully?" My hed nodded. Gingerly I moovd out ontu the log, afraid ov falling 15 feet or so tu the bottom of the gulch. Slipping and hanging on for dear life I reachd the far side. But by the time I scrambled off the log a suspission had formd in my mynd. Was huever was giding me trying tu kill me?

The day wore on and it began tu gro dark. I was still being urged on, and found myself walking along the top of a ridge going upward. "Ware ar we hedded?" I askd. "Thare is a cabin ware yu can stay." came the anser.

I had been told ahed acuratly by the Voice about the little church with the house trailer ware I had spent the previus nite comfortably. Altho this mountain did not seem likely tu be harboring a cabin, I was willing tu take the chance. However I rezolved tu test my companion or companions, huever they wer.



Az I neard the top of the ridge, folloing a little trail, I askd, "Since yu talk az if yu kno the way, tell me this: wen we get tu the top of this ridge wich way dus the trail go – rite, left or strait?" "Rite," came the reddy anser. We [I say we becauz I seemd tu be with 2 or mor companions] finishd the clym & lookd ahed. Tu the rite was only brush, no trail. The trail went strait ahed. Now I knew my guides cud not see wot lay ahed ov me. Did they kno wot they wer duing at all?



Az it grew dark I got the impression that the spirits wer actually hoping tu see a cabin. Wen it faild tu apear, and I was getting very tired, an expression of pain apeard on my face, wich I felt was not my pain but sumbody else's. It felt like sumbody's disapointment.

At last I was too exausted tu walk on enny mor. I had been traveling along the top edge of a ridge. At a little rize I dropd tu my nees & was actualy crawling upward. My flashlite had burnd out by that time & I

cudnt see much. I stopd and ponderd the situacion.

I cudnt go on like this. I had tu giv up, I had tu get bak tu civilizacion befor I completely colapsd, perhaps tu dy in this barren place. I stopd asking questions, I no longer conversed at all. Altho thare had been expressions of frendship, I concluded that not all the spiritual entities wer my frends; sum wer enemies. I had demons out thare tu ressele with. Sumbody wanted tu kill me

If even God himself wanted tu kill me, tu bring me tu work in heven or tu help him in sum personal way with his battle, I wud hav tu rezist his efforts. In this situacion I surmized that thare was important work I mite be able tu du for my fellow men if I cud stay alive; but I wud not be kept alive by a miracle, I wud hav tu take care ov myself. I wud hav tu argue, tu talk bak, tu rebel, tu insist on staying on erth.

But by now I was lost, had not eaten for days, had no food or water, was almoast totaly exausted & the nite was cold. Cud I make my way bak tu safety? If peeple came looking for me, in wot condission wud they fynd me - if indeed they found me at all?

Woch for the next part of my adventure – Part 8, Survival - next month.

