

Sinopsis: *Joey, my yung tenant, had askd me how I got into the work of communicating 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 - especially 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 encurraged cristians to seek. And I began to make progress.*

At the end of the previus installment I told how I had been for almost the first time clearly adressd by a Voice. It claimd tu be the voice of Christ, and he had told me he wanted tu take me tu a place ware I cud stay wile beginning sum important work for him...the work I was sent tu erth tu du. I was hard tu persuade, but fynaly I agreed tu go along with it temporarily. I had not forgotten thozе conversacions ov my erly chylldhood, wen the faces wich gatherd around my bed told me I was sent as an avatar. Mayb this woz for real.

Well, I hezitated graityly, but I thaut I wud put it tu the test. He had me pul off the hyway ontu a smaller road southward, and almost imediatly we came tu a small church standing by itself just off tu the rite. And there, in the loer end of the churchyard, was a house trailer parkd under a tree. I puld in behynd the trailer, partly being gyded by a sort of instinct and partly by this voice, and got out of my little Volkswagon Variant stacion wagon and went tu the dor of the trailer.



The dor was unlok d. I went inside. The trailer was totally furnis h d. Stove, refrigerator, electric lites, toilet, heater, bed with blankets. It even had a telephone in working order with no lok on it. No dout it was uz ed by the pastor wen he conducted services, having cum sum distance from home, and perhaps serving sevr al scatterd congregacions. Circuit riders, these men used tu be call d. "U can stay here," sed the voice, sounding like I du wen I'm talking tu myself and am not making eny sound. But it was not me talking.



"So," I thaut, "Wot next?" Is there sumthing I need tu du today? It turnd out that I needed tu go into Newhall and get sum camping equipment. I did hav my chekbook with me. I guesd I mite be out for sevr al days, of wich part of the time I

wud be out in the wilderness. This house trailer wud be my hedquarters, but I wuant be here very much. I had already spent one nite on a retreat before, but had stayd in a hotel in Ventura that time. This wud be mor venturesum.

I had had plenty of experience camping. I drove intu Newhall and baut a mummy sleeping bag, a soft hat with a brim, a liteweit brown shirt, a flashlite with batteries and a book of maches. I had a feeling I wud not be eating on this trip, so baut no food. There was sum in the trailer, in case I needed it. I went bak tu the trailer and stayd there overnite.

The next morning at dawn I gatherd my things together, & realized I shud hav invested in a proper bakpak also. However I was able tu improvize with materials I found around the church property, constructing a carrying rak out of wood lashd together. It was April, with sunny days and no longer particularly cold at nite.

Loading evrything in the Volkswagon, I drove tu the campground at Vasquez Rocks, parking belo the ancient looming hulks of stone. With one last look at the campground I loaded my camping gear on my bak, left the stacion wagon and trampd off along the road towards the mountans. I felt I needed tu get away from the dwellings of man.

Knoin g there was danger tu me as a wuman in duing this, I disgyzed myself as a teenage boy. My hair was already short. I tukd it up under the hat I had baut, and practiced deepening my voice. My voice is lo eniway, and mainly I rezolv d tu avoid people.



A man stopd his car beside me, as I walkd along the edge of the hyway intu the mountans, and sed in a frendly tone, "I envy u, son. I used tu hike like that wen I was a kid." I just smiled, glad that my disgyze was working.



Woch for Part 6 next month