Meditation in Woods.
Wheaton Ranch, Sonoma County, Calif.
March 30, 1921

I sat in the heart of the woods. I sat very still. I soon lost myself. The constant thoughts that usually clutter my mind seemed to have vanished. The wind filled my soul and I felt my body become rooted into the earth. I felt each beat of my heart pump blood through the veins of the universe. I heard nothing but the silences of my innermost being. All flowed freely and evenly within and out of me. When I opened
my eyes everything appeared fantastically illuminated. Each leaf, tree, and blade of grass had a glowing aura around it. That connected all in one mass of energy and love. And I knew I was one with all and that I had to let this new awakening shine. Then understanding, patience, silence, hope, and kindness I put share and spread the love, goodness, truth and purity of Mother Nature.

of God.
March 10, 1971

I finished with the street scene really soon.
Am living in the country in a
communal-type place. I'm into
a hermit thing now. Trying
to get as close to nature,
learn as much about Indians,
and get as sensible, clear-
headed, patient, strong,
healthy as possible. I have
the birds, sky, sunshine,
stars & trees, insects.
*Team for company. I
listen...learn. I Meditate.
-ah? - deep in the
woods facing the sun...I
am getting higher & higher
each day. Material positio
Mean little to me - I talk less & listen more - I can with stand almost anything - don't get hassled by too many things. I am growing very patient & understanding. I feel a great love - a maternal, type thing toward others people. Yet I feel that may be 'hibernating' is wrong & a weakness. I cannot face noise, & lots of people anymore. My energy gets dispersed in many directions. I feel speedy & paranoid.
I am very alone. But keeping to myself and few friends seems perfect for me right now. I am still not close to anyone. I cannot open up and pour myself out to anyone. I feel that it is an ego thing to do so it would just be a waste of the other person's time.

I know this must be wrong. I do wish I had at least one person I was just about as close to as I am to myself. So they could help me get my shit together if keep me from feeling...
So alone & separate
from everyone else.
Even tho 'age' doesn't
actually matter, I
sometimes regret having
gone thru so much in
just 17 yrs. Maybe I
am burned out. Yes
I feel like I am wastin
go. There is so, much.
More I want to learn
dead. I know so
very, very little. Sometimes
I feel so old. Sometimes
I feel like a child
searching for her
mother. Mother,
wherever you are...
April 7, A.D.

I do not believe in using any method of birth control other than faith in God. I have never been with child yet and I believe that when God feels it is the right time for a mother human form to be placed on this earth, the seed will be planted within me - and I will help it grow - so I can fulfill God's request.

I miss Maggie so much. She was a beautiful dog who in her own way really knew where it was
She had a great love for me and always watched over me. In the words she would rescue and lead me when lost. She was a dear, dear friend when I will never forget. Never stop missing. I keep it to myself. This because nobody would ever really understand or really care. We were so much together. Pulled each other through difficult experiences. She was the closest friend I ever had.
May
came to Berkeley.
Kurt & Marcia drove me
the whole way, treated
very well—surprisingly.
Drawn to the Krishna
people as usual. (They
were very warm & open
To me—ate, chanted;
laughed, danced with
them. Turned on To
meal by Mexican food
truck driver who thought
I was hungry. 1.25¢
bag of potato chips
From kind old man. a
Beautiful black kitten.
By street freak, bumped
into Peter (old friend
from New Hampshire).
Place so dirty (exhaust
fumes - & noisy (cars,
construction work).
People talk so loud.
East. Bumped into R. kind
& Richie (I was walking.
They driving. They picked
me up, brought me home
with them. Free clinic.
Kind to me - East service.
Everything I came to
Berkeley for has
come my way. Good
karma. Feel happy. Miss
Wheeler's - Tho! hope easy to hitch hike back -
Hope tomorrow Feel So good getting higher.

Haight & Spaldon
June 27th - Hare
Krishna Fest.
V8 Capricorn - The symbol
the destiny of the sign is to rise to perfection
then experience on all levels, from the depths of the sea to the heights of the mountain.

Ingredients:
10 cups oats, 1 1/2 cups unsweetened coconut, 1 1/2 cups sesame seeds (2cups), 2 cups sunflower seeds, 1 cup slivered almonds (or nuts)
3/4 tsp sea salt, 2 cups stone ground whole wheat flour. Mix together.
then add 1 cup honey
1 cup water, 1 cup salt.
Mix together. Spread
on cookie sheets.
Toast at 275-300 for
2 1/2 hrs. - stirring once
and a while. Then add
1 cup raw wheat germ,
2 tsp. vanilla, raisins,
currants & dates.

Mix 1 cup each of
whole wheat flour,
raisins, chopped almonds.
Currants, chopped apples, chopped dried apricots, chopped prunes, chopped dates, wheat germ & honey. Then, add 2 eggs, 1 3/4 cup milk, 1 1/2 cups water & 1 Tbsp each of allspice, cloves, coriander, cinnamon, ground orange peel, salt & black pepper.
Quotes

There are many people running around today with plans & ideas that will transform the world. "If only everyone would get together." Most of us are realizing that we can't do much transforming unless we all get ourselves together. The first thing we should do is to make our little part of the planet like we want the world to be - beginning with ourselves. Make our own lives beautiful. Our rooms, our houses, our immediate environment. Make our bodies healthy.
And wholesome filled with natures goodness. Keep
our minds true to the
positive action of love.
Let the positiveness of our
actions & deeds encourage
others to become more aware.
Try to show rather than...tell our friends what to do.

When shopping, re-use brown
paper bags, don't get new
ones. Laundry soap for
dishes & pots, coconut
castile or Dr. Bonner's
For self, wash clothes in
lukewarm or cool water,
extra dirty ones soak.
over night.

Whole-wheat bread
3 - 3 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
1 pkg. - (1 tsps) dry yeast
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup water
1/3 cup oil
2 tsp. salt
2 eggs
1/4 - 1/2 cup honey (optional)

Stir together 1 1/2 cups flour & yeast. Heat milk, water, oil, honey & salt over low heat until only warm. Stirring to blend. Add liquid to
Dear Grandad,

Feeling a bit homesick.

Wish you were here.

Love,
[Signatures]
June 22nd

New Hampshire

It rained last night. The heavens opened up against the last- to-quench-the-thirst land. Today is a new day. The air is clean & sweet. The dew is fresh. The uncut grass conceals with sweet,香蜜 aroma. I sit on the grass, breathing in the country house. It is early morning. The birds are singing. Racing about the way, the sun arises. The sky is bright. The sun is doing the remaining business. White clouds like cloths...
Where there are no clouds the sky is clear and deep blue across the road are a few white country houses, 2 red barns and a little church with a bell on top. Pine, maple and birch trees grow tall everywhere. And blue and purple and white and yellow and orange wild flowers top there heads up all around. Filling the air with there sweet smell. All is framed by the fall majestic beauty of the white mountains. The clouds are resting on these mountains — which
are usually purple velvet, but today appear olive green & black still wet from the rain. Crickets are chirping & the only sound of modern civilization that can be heard are the few cars the whoosh by mostly pulling trailers. A family on vacation no doubt. But oh to be back in California, where the weather is so gentle, the land so fertile, where the ocean is so blue & peaceful yet so fierce & strong as it rushes up against the rugged
Rocky coastline, yes. White Mountains - you are regal & handsome. But wind -
carry me back to California where I may be swallowed up by its beauty, never to roam again.
21 July 17

Oh, God. I sense your presence each day. You come closer and closer to me, and my face is alight, and sparks of bright light frame my body. And silence fills my soul. I become more and more silent and peaceful each day. I observe life, and each person, each word seems so simple, so clear to me. I understand, but respond only in my silence. Fleshy—so loosely. Temptation knocks, people talk too much, too loud—loud music, drugs, alcohol, impure poison.
Foods, lust, sexual desires, all fall into the trap of the temptation of flesh, self-lonely, physical. It makes me feel sick to me, fills me with guilt—why are we so weak? I must abstain, be strong, pure—a silent leader for others, yet at times I feel so alone, so alone and I too fall into the trap of selfish desire. People, realize—somewhere in these hearts they must realize—but they keep these eyes downcast, afraid to have a glimpse...
of the beautiful white light - that could fill their faces & shine above their heads, carrying my child - I feel close to Mary, the mother of Jesus. I feel like an eternal mother - taking all too my breast: keeping them warm, & safe & healthy. I love this most - but at times I remember that I am motherless - I do not want to take myself to my own breast. This would not satisfy, not soothe my own trouble & fears - so I consen...
on God and wonder... should I always be this way—detached from the flesh & striving for a spiritual release—alone, accept for God? or shall I too fall, like all other human beings, and fall in love, and find a father for my child & live peacefully on this earth until my final liberation from this body & death brings me close to him at last. I feel this is what I want—I want to fall also—I want to be loved and I...
Want my child to know the joys of a father and a mother. Is it selfish and asking too much to be able to be like everyone else – is it just fear of weakness or my behalf? I have sinned – I have satisfied my lust selfishly and out of wedlock, yet you have given me a child which is the one thing that brings a woman closest to God more than anything else in her physical life-time. Did you do this out of goodness,
out of pity, or for punishment? Please, answer me - quiet, my soul. I remain strong & devoted - but, fear, that I too shall break under the burden.
Dream

And there were a row of clowns—all in a line—looking at me. They all wore frozen masks—sad faces. They were all pointing at me and saying: "Go away. We don't want you. You are not one of us. Get out!"

And it was always raining and I was always walking and looking up at the sky waiting for the sun to shine.