

Journal

3

Meditation in woods,
Wheeler's Ranch,
Sonoma County, Calif.

March 30, 1971
A.D.

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 thru the veins of
the universe. i heard
nothing but the silence
of my inner most 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 encircled
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
must share and spread
the love, goodness, truth,
and purity of Mother Nature,
of God.

March 31ST, 1971

I finished with the
Street scene & city scene.
Am living in the country - in a
communal type place. I'm into
a hermit thing now. Trying
to get as close to nature,
to learn as much about Indians,
and get as mellow, clear
headed, patient, strong &
healthy as possible. I have
the birds, sky & sun &
stars & trees & insects &
stream for company. I
listen & learn. I meditate
a lot - a deep in the
woods facing the sun. I
am getting higher & higher
each day. Material position

mean little to me - I talk
less + listen more - I
can withstand almost
anything - don't get
hassled by too many things -
am growing very patient
+ understanding. I feel a
great love - a maternal
type thing towards other
people. yet I feel that
maybe 'hibernating' is
wrong + a weakness.
I cannot face noise,
~~of~~ lots of people
anymore. My energy
gets dispersed in
many directions + I
feel speedy + paranoid

I very alone. But keeping
to myself in few friends
seems perfect for me right
now. I am still not close
to anyone. I cannot open
up & pour myself out to
anyone. I feel that it is
an ego thing to do so &
would just be a waste of
the other persons 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.
& 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 19 yrs. Maybe I
am burned out, yes
I feel like I am wastin
g. There is so much
more I want to learn
& do. 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, 71 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 another 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 what it was

at she had a great
Love for me & always
watched over me. In
the woods she would
Rescue & lead me when
Lost. She was a dear
Dear friend whom I will
never forget & never
stop missing. I keep it
to myself tho. because
nobody would ever really
understand or really
care. We went thro so
much together, pulled
each other thro dreadful
experiences. She was the
closest friend I ever
had.

~~Mother's day card~~

~~Wrote in Living Room~~

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,
rapped & danced with

them. Turned on to
meal by Mexican food
truck driver who thought

I was hungry. 1.25 +
bag of potatoe 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 +
fast. Bumped into R. bird
& 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

wheelers - Tho! hope easy
to hitchhike back -
hope tomorrow! Feel
so good - getting higher.

Haight & ~~Stuy~~ Station
June 27th - Hare
Krishna Fest.

♈ Capricorn - The symbol
the destiny of the sign
is to rise to perfection
thru experience on all
levels, from the depths of
the sea, to the heights of
the mountain."

granola:

~~Oats, coconut, sesame seeds~~

10 cups oats, 1 lb unsweetened

coconut, 1/2 lb. sesame

seeds (2 cups), 2 cups

sunflower seeds, 1/2 lb

shivered almonds (or nuts)

1 tsp. sea salt, 2 cups

stone ground whole wheat

flour. Mix together

Store in
air-tite
containers

then add 1 cup honey
1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil
Mix together. Spread
on cookie sheets.

Toast at 275-300 for
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. - STIRRING
& a while. Then add
1 cup raw wheat germ
2 tsp. vanilla, raisins,
currants & dates.

~~Recipe for
raisin bread
1 cup flour
1 cup water
1 cup raisins~~

Mix 1 cup each of
whole wheat flour,
raisins, chopped almonds

currants, chopped apples,
chopped dried figs, chopped
dried prunes, chopped ~~dates~~ ^{dates},
wheat germ & honey. Then
add 2 eggs, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk,
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cups ^{of} butter & 1 tsp.
each of allspice, cloves,
coriander, cinnamon, grated
orange peel 3 hrs.

Family

2 lbs. rolled oats
1 lb. when flattened
wheat germ & 1 lb. of
each. To account to
almonds, to 1/2 cup
cinnamon, 1/2 cup
orange peel, 1/2 cup

Quote:

There are many people running around today with plans & ideas that will transform the world "if only ever you would get together" Most of us are realizing that we can't do much transforming unless we ~~1st~~ get ourselves together & the ~~1st~~ 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.

+ wholesome, filled with
Natures goodness. Keep
our minds true to the
positive action of love.
Let the partiveness 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. Lava soap for
dishes & pots. Coconut
castile or Dr. Bonners
for self, wash clothes in
luke warm or cool water,
extra dirty ones soak

over night.

Whole-wheat bread

3 - 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups whole wheat
1 pkg. - (1 tbs.) dry yeast ^{flour}
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup oil
2 tsp. salt
2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey (optional)

STIR together. ~~1~~ $\frac{1}{2}$ cups
flour & yeast. Heat milk,
water, oil, honey & salt
over low heat until ~~can~~
only warm, stirring to
blend. Add liquid to

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Randee

The Log Cabin

Dear Brandon
I'm sorry
feeling guilty about
not

My sister
lived in
New Hampshire,
I often h. to help
across country
to visit her

June 22nd
1971

New Hampshire

It Rained last night. The heavens opened up again at last - to quench the thirst of, & to bathe this fertile land. Today is a new day. The air is clean & sweet & fresh. The uncut grass covered with sweet morning dew. I sit on the front porch of this little wooden country house. It is early & the birds are singing & ~~fast~~ racing about the way they always do at tea time. The sun is doing its best to swallow up the remaining huge, white, cotton like clouds.

Where there are no
clouds the sky is clear &
deep blue across the road
are a few white country
houses, 2 red barns & a little
church with a bell on top.
Pine, maple & birch trees
grow tall everywhere.
And blue & purple & white &
yellow & orange wild flowers
pop their heads up all
around - filling the air
with their sweet smell.
All is framed ^{ed} by the
tall 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
~~to~~ⁱⁿ California, where the
~~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
return again.

21 July 17,

Oh, God. I sense your presence each day. You come closer and closer to me - and my face is a fire - and sparks of bright light frame my body. And silence fills my soul. I become more & more silent & 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, detachment. Flesh - so lowly. Temptation knocks - people talk too much, too loud - loud music, drugs, alcohol, impure, poisonous.

Foods, lust, sexual desire -
all fall into the trap -
the temptation of flesh -
self-lounging physical
wants. It disgusts 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 their hearts they
MUST realize - but, they
keep their eyes downcast
afraid to have a glimpse

of the beautiful white
light - that could fill
their faces + shines 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 breasts. 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 concentrate

on God, and wonder -
Should I always be this
~~way~~ 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~~ ^{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 &
a mother. Is it selfish,
and asking too much to be
able to be like everyone
else - is it just fear &
weakness on my behalf?
I have sinned - I have
satisfied my lust -
selfishly and out of wed-
lock. 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 ~~am~~ 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.