

A ROCK FROM AVALON

In the garage where she lived, the woman's story
Sprawled out on the bookshelf altar
Beside her bed.



A rock from the mystic Tor, Holy water from Chalice Well,
Pottery shard from Oaxaca, Equal-arm cross from Carcassonne,
Bear bells from Canada, Olive twig from Tuscany,
Amethyst from Sao Paulo, Wool from Edinburgh,
Black Madonna from Columbia, Silk from Mumbai, Chalk from Dover,
Fragment from Magdalene Tower Rennes-le-Château,
Fragment from the Twin Towers, Tourist relic dipped in the Holy Spring beneath
Chartres Cathedral, Dried rhododendron from Whidbey Island, Leaf from
London Tower, Prayer beads from Bangalore, Two pair of baby booties,
A hank of her mother's hair, Grandmother's biscuit cutter, Her father's signet ring.

"Crossroads in life" did not even approach her uncertainty.

All she had ever wanted to be or do, was done.
Life wasn't over, but it was empty and needed filling.
She had never expected to be alive to say "the end."

So there she sat, staring at her life in sacred mementos.

She had searched for new meaning and
Thought she had found a valuable, dangerous, Path.
Rational, stubborn, and well-balanced,
She required proof that the Path was worth risking her life.

Determination ran through her veins.
She *would* find out the truth.

After hard work, years of meditation, and finding a Yogi,
Mysticism — Life she couldn't see, but could experience —
Had reared its head and struck her in the heart.

No instant validating proof available.
Truth, she learned after years of practice,
Came only through an **experience**,
A mystical encounter from the Outside.
And she was going to have one, by God,
Or know the reason why not.

She took a deep breath, bowed her head, and began
A ritual that could end her life.

"Please give me a physical sign that there's
Something beyond this world," she whispered to the Universe.
Wait. Repeat. Wait. No response.

"Is anyone listening?" she said in a normal tone.
Wait. Repeat. No response.

She raised her voice,
"If anybody's out there I need to know! Give me a sign!"
Wait. No response.

Frustrated, disillusioned, she called up all the anger
And grief stored away from her years of ordinary living.

Her jaw clenched, her knuckles whitened,
She leaned into the altar, and screamed,
"If there's anybody out there, give me your Best Shot.
Go ahead! Just do it! Hit me! I dare you!"
Wait. Wait. No response.

With deep anger, fueled by growing despair, she screamed,
"If you want me on this path, give me some frigging proof!"

CRACK! hit her left arm, knocked her almost out of her chair.
The electric ZAP from nowhere echoed through the garage.

Stunned into silence, her *awareness* became **Knowing**.
She instantly **knew** the powerful shock delivered only a tiny, miniscule,
Nano-fraction of the power available.

She **knew** the universe held back, or she would be dead.
She **knew** the infinite energy available in the cosmos.
She **knew** her psyche had a permanent, burned-in, imprint.
She **knew** a Higher Power had jolted her toward Mysticism.
She **knew** a wild determination, based on unspeakable comprehension.
She **knew** a non-corporeal intelligence had responded to her prayer.

When she recovered sanity,
She wrapped up her life's mementos,
Gave thanks, and burned it all.

She locked the garage door behind her,
Walked away from everything she owned and loved,
And set forth on the mystical path.

Baby Love, that story's true as lightning.
It could be yours, maybe.
Depends on why you're here.

At any rate, you have to be prepared for miracles.

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