

## Introduction: Rain Over the Lake

In December, 2006, the telephone service was disconnected because of non-payment. A good friend was dying and his sister would be calling to let me know he had made the long journey home in the appropriate time. I never got that phone call. I had a gut feeling that he had made the journey a few weeks later. We had known each other for nearly 30 years. He came back from Vietnam with a great deal of confusion and anger and a habit he couldn't break until a few years prior to his imminent demise. In January, 2007, I was out of money, food, firewood, and I had a ripped tendon in my right shoulder. The well pump had gone out, so I was carrying water from a spring a quarter mile away. I started feeling dizzy and knew that with very low blood sugar and the temperatures in the lower teens (F), I could die from exposure under these conditions. I really didn't know how much longer I had to live. I had no way of contacting anyone other than neighbors that appeared to be perfectly happy with my disappearance, except by mail. I wrote a few letters to inform others regarding my situation and started writing.

I wanted to write something that might relate some of the things I have learned in life along this journey. Before starting the essay, *Rain Over The Lake*, I read a passage from "One Hundred Thousand Songs" by Milarepa. I had started reading these texts at least thirty years earlier. As I opened the last volume of these texts and found my marker, I realized that I would be reading the last "song" from this text. I read it and prayed that I be able to convey a similar spirit of guidance to anyone who might read the essay I was about to write. A few days later the essay was complete and I also realized that I had the flu, which was why I had been feeling spacey and weak when I started writing. The flu bug passed. Enough funds came through for me to be able to buy some cornmeal and eggs. I would survive a few more days. I printed out the essay and mailed three copies, one to each person that I felt would be willing to pass this information on if I did meet my untimely demise for some unknown reason. I was able to contact one of them by phone a short time later and found out that he hadn't bothered to read the first page of the thirty five page essay. I could sense that my efforts might have been for naught. The second person never responded in any way. The third person responded after reading the essay and gave me some good feedback. Later he played an important role in posting this essay on the Internet so anyone that wanted to could read it. I pray that it is accepted and appreciated in the spirit it was offered.

I survived the winter and found ways to continue to survive. I had some propane in the tank, so I was able to stay warm during the time I wrote and printed out the essay. I still owe the gas company for that propane as of this writing. I get collection agency letters in the mail requesting funds on this delinquent bill. One doesn't get paid an on-going salary for providing spiritual insights along the way, but humanity does get to reap the rewards from the effort to make the journey and leave trail markers behind as the pilgrims make their way towards the unknown destination referred to as "The long journey home". All of my art work and writings are intended as trail markers for those following behind my on this journey towards balance and good will. Humanity will always play a role in choosing to make these trail markers available for future generations

just as others played a role in preserving art and writings by previous pilgrims on the path to freedom. I celebrate the efforts of those who have had the wisdom and insight to do this in the past and I offer my condolences to those who chose to do whatever they could to silence those voices. Freedom will prevail.

At the time of this writing I am once again in transition. I don't know what is going to happen next, but I do know there will be a next. I have often wondered why a person lacks the ability to discern when trickery is a-foot. I have committed the crime of trusting untrustworthy people many times in my life. By all appearances I had no reason to doubt their integrity. Yet I continually found myself holding the short end of the stick, or empty-handed, when all was said and done. I asked the question many times in my prayers if this was because I had karma to resolve in this process or if I was the next sucker that just happened to come along. There is seldom an easy, cut and dry, answer to this sort of question, but it appears that sometimes we're really are the next convenient victim of deceit. This was resolve in part by the dream this morning.

I had been asked to help resolve a dilemma in the waiting room of a doctor's office. People came to visit the doctor and appeared to get worse suddenly for some unknown reason. I stood in the waiting room for a few minutes, full of patients waiting to see the doctor, and watched. I noticed a butterfly hanging upside down from what appeared to be a dirt dabber's nest. I looked away and a few minutes later I looked back. The butterfly was building the next on the ceiling. I knew butterflies don't build this type of nest on the interior ceiling of a doctor's office, so this had to be a demonic energy that was giving off the appearance of a butterfly. I held up my right hand with the open palm exposed towards the butterfly. A bead of light shot out of my hand and hit the butterfly. It stopped working. I held up my hand again. I saw smoke coming from the nest. I held up my hand a third time and the butterfly flew towards me. I grabbed it and took it outside to release it back into nothingness. I returned to the office to sign off with the doctor. Another doctor was there waiting to request that I visit his office as well. I woke up from the dream.

We are given the gift of discerning an evil spirit behind the deceptive illusion. Until we are ready to use this gift in a beneficial manner, it is better that we can't see behind the illusion. This is the answer to the question that I was shown in this dream. I understand that we might fall prey to the illusion sometimes, but until we are prepared to deal with "the man behind the curtain", it is better to pick up and keep going as best we can. We will survive if our hearts are in a good place. Sometimes that is the best we can do.

"Rain Over the Lake" is now on-line. Enjoy. For some good tunes to enrich your evenings after working in the garden, you might visit the web site of one of my favorite song writers.

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Oliver Loveday © May 26, 2009

