***Journey With JC***

**Epilogue 2, November 2007**

(Epilogue 1, August 2007, is at end of book)

*Sunday again…*

It’s understandable that I’ve switched the sitting room’s places of my and JC’s chairs beneath the high window, through which the partly-risen sun is brightening the room and, between the partially-opened curtains, is casting a solid parallelogram along the carpet. The *Chronicle’s* waiting to be read, and the furniture changes eliminate not seeing JC’s chair empty where he sat. Bruno is perched on the table between, purring loudly, knowing eventually I’ll not be able to ignore it and give him his morning’s brushing….

 So, it’s Sunday again; and I had a solitary ‘date’ this morning, awakening to unexpected recognition that body needed ‘electrical’ discharge. It occurs so rarely these days that for long intervening weeks now I forget totally that it *can* occur! This ‘session’ felt as if it could be the last in the tapering-off of the female procreative drive, except for another notable difference: while some fantasizing of a participant remains to maintain purpose, the fantasy of *conception* (both sub- and conscious) has diminished also. Paramount, now, is neutral recognition of the simple mechanistic requisite for maintaining Mind/Body equilibrium.

 This morning I was given to laugh but not humorously—laughter that comes with irony, seeing the self mere subject of truly impersonal instigation. Some might believe that the male of our species is luckier, but the standard male Nature-induced demand must be a bear to bear! Further--evidenced by my and JC’s last partnered experiences--even after the primary male organ loses endurance, the body’s need for equilibrium does not diminish equally. (Happy are to-the-death partners able to accept the inevitable changes, and together adapt their love to mechanics!)

 Yes, it’s Sunday, the first of my 72nd birthday month; and--as that distastefully-boring cliché states--*life goes on.* The energetic buildup in me wasn’t surprising, given the intense time spent by ‘Writer’ the past weeks on final assembly of this volume. So long as dawning Sundays continue for me, I shall be consoled *en fin* by memories. On the issue of “sex,” however.., well, I hope that’s *it* for me, folks!

What was surprising was last night’s dreaming, which took me through beauties back to *Child’s Book of Light….*

 *JC and I were flying over countryside, I on the left and he on the right. I didn’t see either of our bodies; it was just our consciousnesses together. At first there was nothing but summer-sky space surrounding us but then we came upon high cliffs. I had a momentary fear that we would hit them, when suddenly I was alone with nothing but sea beneath. It was as if I was floating on the air, a feeling of its soft weight beneath me; and I relaxed and lay confidently upon it….*

 *Next thing I knew, I was in water with no land in sight. The endless sea was deliciously clear and soothing. I unconcernedly alternately swam and floated, feeling that if necessary I would do so forever, when then I was startled by a surge in the water caused by a passing stranger—a gentle young man.*

 *He led me to a cove where I rested holding on to its rocks, and where we had some friendly conversation which I would not be able to recall….*

 *Next, I appeared in what was then my ‘home’, being welcomed by a group of people. I was conscious of a feeling of ‘psychical arrival’; of recognition as an ‘accepted entity’; pleased especially at the young persons who were there. One woman commented on the pleasantness of my ‘home’, speaking as if it were new. I responded, “No, ‘we’ have been here for years now.” But I was conscious that there had been significant improvements to it.* [On recall I would contemplate whether it represented by ‘psychical home’.]  *Then—*

 *All that fell away. There was just Me—or, rather, my Conscious—looking at a bright white, large piece of paper. Printed on it in bold black was a fraction: two capital letters over a number….*

Now Mind has presented various combinations of the picture to me many times; but I am loath yet to try to record it. I *will,* however, unearth the *CBL* draft and notes, the main writing presently left to do. If it is true that only the dreamer can interpret his or her dreams, on recall I like believing that this one solidified that JC’s and my *minds* determined our living connection, our bodies merely following suit.

 It’s JC’s consciousness that so sorely is missed, while mine perhaps is approaching end of a different ‘marriage’-- that of its two previously-compromising personae ‘Domestic’ and ‘Writer’. It can be interesting finding out, perhaps, whether in the end one Ego shall supervene and that all, after all, *is* a dream....