

6/29/99

Teacher-

I spent a few days at a friend's place in the Gold Country mountains outside Murphys.

They're adding on to their house. One part under construction is a Great Room with high glass giving you a view of the West and the valley. One evening I noticed a strange sound from that area.

My friend and I went in, and he pointed up to the glass. A bird had found its way in, and was now beating itself against the glass to get out. He told me they'd do that for hours, not realizing they had to go a completely different direction to escape. Some eventually made it, he told me -- others keep beating themselves against the invisible barrier until they collapse and die.

I smiled and told him people do that too; I did it for years before I escaped.

Thank you for your help, your guidance, your trust, your smile.

Namaste-