

# CHAPTER ONE

## The Blood of the Master

**March 24, 1993**

*“What are these which are arrayed in white robes? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”*

Holy Bible

*She was the beginning crescent moon  
She was the ending crescent moon . . .*

*I was the new moon in-between.  
It was time to go in and sit by the fire.*

*Michelle told me of a dream she had. We were standing at dawn in a luxuriant redwood forest. She began to bleed so profusely from a wound in her vulva that the blood ran down her legs and dripped onto the ground. She looked at me and then she told me that the blood was for me.*

*She said the blood was to help me on my way . . . .*

I heard the parable of the “one handed basket weaver” from a Sufi friend the other day and it goes like this: “there was once an old Sufi saint who was accused of stealing. In the Muslim world when one is accused of theft, the punishment is the severing of the right hand and the left foot. The

old saint's right hand had already been cut off when one of his disciples rushed into the court and convinced the judge that the saint was not the thief. The saint was a basket weaver by trade, and as everyone knows, one cannot weave with only one hand. The saint was not dismayed by the loss of his hand. He returned home and returned to his work. His disciples were mystified. One day they spied on him as he was working in his hut. They saw that he was weaving with only one hand, but the basket appeared as if two hands were weaving it. And, indeed, another hand was helping with the weaving . . . the hand of God."

Michelle. You have left nothing of your presence in my life except nail holes in places where pictures once hung and a dabbling of dried, white fluid on a black comforter.

The plant we bought together sits on a windowsill. It no longer has red blossoms. I pulled them all off yesterday.

I carry out the garbage. I have only taken it out once since you left. It is amazing to me how little garbage I have alone, and how much we had together.

The studio is cleaner, quieter, and emptier. The rooms look common. I packed everything that would tell anyone who I am. All the books of mysticism are gone.

I have written nothing but this and the letter to my Sufi friend. I realize that I have nothing to say.

I no longer go to the grocery store. It was a place of pleasure before. A place of small gifts, small tokens of my love, you could eat.

I walk, I meditate. I have turned off the phones, and turned down the volume on my answering machine. I do not wish to hear or speak to anyone.

I realize my past is dead. And when the phone rings it is my past. I want no more of it.

My son is quickly receding into the distance; my new grandson only a dream of pure innocence I once had. I have no more illusions.

### **March 26, 1993**

The world has always said, “Crazy!”

“You are crazy, you are foolish, and you are insane!”

“You can’t know that, be that, do that, think that!”

“You are crazy, crazy, crazy!”

I first heard these words at age six while at boarding school. I hear you saying them as you get into a car and drive away.

I frighten people. I live and breathe to my own rhythm, to my own power. I am my own woman. I have been my own woman since I was a child.

What drives me is not what drives everyone else. The words, “You are crazy!” have been hurled at me my whole life.

I used to care that people said this to me. Now I no longer care.

After Kimberly’s death and my mourning, I thought that I should return to the world and try one more time. Now I feel differently. I do not know whether I am tired, or that I have lost or been forced to give up everything I have ever loved so many times, that it all makes no difference anymore.

I wrote to my Sufi friend and asked to come and be with him, he wrote back and said I was always welcome.

Michelle, because of you I have lost everything. If I had not experienced the devastation of you I would have hung onto the shipwreck that was my life for a good long time. But, because of you I was forced to let go of all of it.

Perhaps I can now begin to do the work that the spiritual path demands.

**April 1, 1993**

“Many are called, but few are chosen.”

*I realized that it should be . . . everyone is called, but few choose. Once you choose, then you are chosen.*