

A SETH BOOK

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

THE PERSONAL SESSIONS

BOOK SEVEN OF THE DELETED SETH MATERIAL



THE
PERSONAL SESSIONS
Book 7 of
The Deleted Seth Material
Sessions
5/14/82-1/2/84
By Jane Roberts

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THE EARLY SESSIONS

The Early Sessions consist of the first 510 sessions dictated by Seth through Jane Roberts. There are 9 books in *The Early Sessions* series.

THE PERSONAL SESSIONS

The Personal Sessions, often referred to as “the deleted sessions,” are Seth sessions that Jane Roberts and Rob Butts considered to be of a highly personal nature and were therefore kept in separate notebooks from the main body of the Seth material. There are 7 books in *The Personal Sessions* series.

“The great value I see now in the many deleted or private sessions is that they have the potential to help others, just as they helped Jane and me over the years. I feel that it’s very important to have these sessions added to Jane’s fine creative body of work for all to see.” – Rob Butts

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By Jane Roberts

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***I dedicate The Personal Sessions
to my wife, Jane Roberts,
who lived her 55 years
with the greatest creativity
and the most valiant courage.
-Rob***

Please Note: Within this ebook, Rob Butts sometimes refers the reader to review material on specific pages. These page references apply only to the page numbers of the regular trade paperback version of this book.

A NOTE ON THE COVER DESIGN PHOTOGRAPHS

June 2003. A note about the photographs Michael Goode used in his striking cover design for The Personal Sessions series.

The central colored photograph of Jane and the lower right and left-hand shots of her and myself were taken by my father, Robert F. Butts, Sr., in Sayre, PA a year or so after our marriage in December 1954. The upper right one of Jane in trance for Seth was taken (among many others) by Rich Conz, a photographer for the Elmira, NY Star-Gazette, while he witnessed Session 508 on November 20, 1969. (See Volume 9 of The Early Sessions.)

I don't know who photographed the young Jane shown on the upper left, but she saved that picture all of those years for me to inherit upon her death in September 1984, when she was 55.

My inventive and versatile father had always taken photographs, and in his later years turned professional, photographing many weddings and other events in the Sayre area (and also Jane's and my wedding at the home of my younger brother Loren and his wife Betts in Tunkhannock, PA). To help my father, my mother Estelle trained herself to hand-color his black and white photographs, for color film was not available then—and so she colored Jane's portrait. Now I wonder: do my long-deceased parents, and Rich and the unknown photographer of the young Jane, all know that their creativity will grace the covers of a series of books that I so lovingly dedicate to them, as well as to Jane and each reader? I believe that they do, each in his or her own way.

—Rob

DELETED SESSION
MAY 14, 1982 9:05 PM FRIDAY

(We have yet to be given the results of the thyroid-blood test that was to be run last Wednesday, according to Dr. K's nurse. I haven't called, figuring it's of little use. There may have been delays or goof-ups, as happened while Jane was in the hospital. I think she's very gradually changing for the better as things are, and for the moment at least am content to take some comfort in that. Jane agrees. She's still on the reduced Synthroid dosage, since we haven't been told to change it.

(I called Upjohn nursing service last Tuesday, noting that starting next Monday we'll want a nurse at the house only three times a week instead of five. I'll do the dressing-changes required for Jane's decubiti the other days. The nurse, Peggy Jowett, has already been informed of the change in routine. Our idea is to soon cut down the visits to two a week, then one....

(Roe Cantando, head of the local Upjohn service, visited a couple of days after I called. She brought with her a student nurse, Julia, from Arnot-Ogden. [Roe also brought a student nurse on her previous visit, by the way.]

(One thing that led to our decision to cut down the visits was that I felt that often Jane seemed worse after the nurses left than she was before they arrived, although her being stirred up for a couple of hours may have contributed to my feeling. But it does seem like a mixed blessing at best. We're always on the watch for negative suggestions, and some of the nurses dispense these very freely. One of them, Eleanor, visited Jane the last two Mondays and Tuesdays. She is now on vacation, and we trust that the reduced schedule will do away with Eleanor's visits. She is a nice person who means well, but who also broadcasts negative suggestions like a radio beacon, quite unwittingly. It's easy to see that she has built her life around such feelings, and is quite pleased with it. [She told Jane she's had five operations herself.] Jane got so that when Eleanor was here she was constantly saying "no, no, no" to herself as the nurse talked, in order to protect herself from that steady barrage.

(Both of us were down yesterday, myself actually for a couple of days. By last night, however, Jane had picked up some encouraging messages from Seth, which she relayed partially to me. I said I wished she'd made notes, which upset Jane because she thought I should have been glad she got the material to begin with, whether or not it was written down. A good point, I conceded. One of Seth's points was that we'd "taken a crash course" in medical beliefs, or words to that effect, I believe. I thought that tonight Jane wanted to try for a short session in order to get that material recorded.

("Are you open to questions tonight?" I asked as we sat at the card table waiting for the session. Jane didn't know, though I didn't think she was. I said that I wanted information on the present status and beliefs of her sinful self, for comparison with its earlier stances in life. This question has arisen because of my work on the intro for Dreams, of course, I have the feeling that it might be useful to get something on this so that I could use it to close the intro, but we'll see. Actually, I regard the attitudes and beliefs of her sinful self as the key to Jane's recovery, since better attitudes there will leave her free to automatically restore mobility,

both physically and psychologically. Hopefully, this new synthesis is taking place now, and will accelerate as Jane responds. I'm of the opinion that her thyroid status is closely involved here.

(Now in a stronger voice than usual, with little tremor and at a good pace:)

Now—

("Good evening.")

—I want to simply put on record a few helpful remarks and comments I made to Ruburt last evening. *(Seth calls Jane Ruburt, and me Joseph.)*

They are an attempt to throw a spotlight in the physical area. Ruburt's skin is remarkably healthy, particularly given the situation. *(Pause.)* It is not given "to breaking down." He has been doing his own kind of energy exercises, involving the particular "sore" *(the ulcer on her coccyx; it's slowly closing)*, but I suggest that he does one of those exercises faithfully every day, and that both of you simply see the area healed. You don't even have to say "It will be healed," but simply see it mentally in that condition. Do the exercise as effortlessly as possible, and then forget it.

(It's Saturday morning as I type this material. I broke off to ask Jane about Seth's reference to her skin being healthy. As I suspected, this came through because both Eleanor and Peggy have been telling Jane that she has to be very careful that her skin doesn't break down in other areas so that more ulcers appear. Jane has grown tired of constantly trying to counter such ideas, she said now. I replied that we may be getting rid of the nurses even quicker than I thought.

(Jane answered by telling me how she felt this morning—"discombobulated" —meaning that various parts of her body seem to move, or want to move, out of rhythm or sync with other parts—but that overall she recognizes that those are all healthy signs of the body trying to heal itself. She then said that more and more it was going to be up to us to pull ourselves out of our difficulties, since it seemed we'd get little help from others. She wants us to be as optimistic as we can. These ideas are a great improvement over her earlier attitudes, of course, and we'll see what we can do. They also probably answer some of my questions about the role her sinful self may be playing these days.

(9:10.) Give us a moment.... There is no doubt that Ruburt was deeply shocked by some of the doctors' pronouncements involving his walking—but already there are signs of loosening in the knees, and in the leg muscles as well. Do not force therapeutic motions. The box idea *(propping up her legs while she's prone on the bed)* is an excellent one, but should be tried very gradually and easily at first, and then gradually expanded in time.

(Long pause.) As I mentioned, the beliefs of your society are everywhere embodied in all of its organizations and professions. The give-and-take between any given individual and his or her society therefore are fascinating, as the individual and mass beliefs are reinforced. Since you are starting from scratch, so to speak, then you have only each other to rely upon. Really try to see it as a challenge—the daily reinforcement of trust and belief—so that, again, each of you particularly encourage those emotions of hope and optimism that are so important. In a fashion you are your own church, school, college. In a sense you are your own parents as you attempt to bring into physical reality an entirely new body of concepts and beliefs. You have the individual and joint abilities to aid each other immeasurably in that regard. Earlier you simply were not ready to make that fuller transition, and again, that transition, once decided upon, is indeed effortless.

(9:22.) You are both provided for. All of the elements in your lives will now work to your overall advantage. Your natural health and creativity and motion will be expressed at all levels of your experience. Your intellect does not have to know the answers to all of your questions—but both of you use the last few suggestions I just gave you daily. The intellect feels the truth of such issues, even if it does not fully understand the inner reasons or technicalities involved. You can certainly expect more improvements in Ruburt's condition at all of its levels. It is taking him time to build up reassurance again after the doctors' pronouncements.

Both of you trust that each day brings you closer to your goals. The suggestions I have given are all promoters of energy and motion. They are signposts to inner portions of body and mind, deeply reassuring, and can serve to combat the negative suggestions that are often so numerous. Think of the evening as a creative period. As much as possible, let Ruburt follow his body's feelings during the night. He is still overly concerned about waking you too often, but his body often is expressing its need for motion and change.

(9:30.) His situation itself will be different as he gains more energy and strength. And your own energy can also be revitalized. *(Long pause.)* I do not mean to appear unconcerned, either, Joseph, about your own inconvenience at such times, or the breaking of the sleep pattern. I am saying that the situation contains excellent creative opportunities that outweigh the lack of sleep or whatever thus far experienced.

Give us a moment.... It is a wise idea to cut down your nurses' visitations. Those visitations, however, show you in quite clear light that the medical profession's idea of preventive medicine can often lead precisely to the conditions they seemingly wish to avoid.

I will give you more on the sinful self *(long pause)*, and I myself like to have our material smoothly flowing in your directions, so that the sinful self material will naturally come when it is most naturally meant and needed.

(9:35. Jane paused. Then, eyes closed, she began to lean sideways in her chair, ever so slowly, as though dozing....)

Give us a moment.... You can lift your lives upward, therefore. You have the opportunity of taking great advantage with the use of the magical approach. *(Long pause.)* There is more material, and I will try to give it to you, for now, at several short sittings per week. I want it to be the best suited to your needs at any given time—but also, such a practice leaves the door open, for example, for the insertion of creative material.

Try to identify yourselves with the new season *(summer)*, for the additional activity takes place of course within the structure of the body as well as within the structure of the earth. In a way you bloom biologically even as flowers bloom in the summertime. The suggestions you give help direct your own motion and activity.

There is more in this session than may seem apparent at first, and the same can be said for almost any session.

I bid you then a fond good evening—

(“The same to you.”)

—and my expression of gratitude on Ruburt's part for your continuous assistance.

(9:44 PM. “I was aware of that where I started to doze off,” Jane said as soon as she was out of trance. But her delivery had been good, with few long pauses. I’ve noticed lately that in trance her eyes have looked especially dark and luminous as she spoke for Seth.)

(As Seth remarked, the session is an excellent one. and we must try to put it into practice. I think that many of his suggestions are automatically falling into place in our lives, too, and that our “crash course in medicine” has served as an invaluable trigger and impetus in that regard. How ironic it may turn out to be—that a course we avoided for many years—the medical one—may turn out to be the final push we needed in order to put our beliefs in order.)

DELETED SESSION
MAY 22, 1982 9:05 PM SATURDAY

(I brought Jane back home from St. Joseph's hospital in Elmira, New York at about 4:15 PM yesterday. Her doctor, Marsha Kardon, had had her admitted at supper time the day before [May 20, Thursday] because the middle finger of Jane's left hand had begun to turn blue from the last joint to the nail.

(Jane first became aware that something was wrong with the finger at 2 PM or so Thursday, as we were finishing an interview with Peggy Gallagher about our experience in the 1972 flood in Elmira. The finger began to ache as she sat with it in her lap as we congregated at the kitchen table. At the same time it began to feel colder than the others, and Jane had pain in the palm of her hand and midway up her arm, on the outside and underneath—these points forming a rather straight pathway down to the finger, we noted. However, it was apparent at once that circulation to the finger was impaired. Peggy left, after saying a situation like that shouldn't be allowed to go unchecked.

(Ever since she'd gotten up on Thursday, Jane had talked about increased muscular activity in many parts of her body, as though the body was trying to free itself in a beneficial way. She'd been quite uncomfortable at times, especially in the legs. Thus the finger business was a complete surprise to us. We noticed increased redness, also, around the nails of the other fingers on the left hand, but that situation had prevailed to varying degrees for a long time.

(I called the doctor not long after Peggy left. Dr. K. said, "I think I'd better take a look at that." She'd been out of her office, but returned my call to her nurse almost at once. She was at the house by 6 PM, examined the finger and gave Jane a quick general checkup. She talked about a possible blood clot, "other causes," and mentioned vasculitis, a condition that results in restricted capillary blood flow to the extremities, and can accompany arthritis. She'd suspected vasculitis when Jane had been first admitted to Arnot Ogden early in February, but tests had ruled it out. Dr. K. went home to call Dr. Sobel in Ithaca, and Dr. Wilwerth at St. Joe's. The former is a rheumatologist who examined Jane at the Arnot, the latter is a specialist in circulatory matters. She soon called to say that Dr. Sobel was out of town for at least a week, and that Dr. W. didn't think a clot was involved from the description she'd given him.

(The finger was turning darker, though. Massaging Jane's lower arm helped. "If you were anyone else I'd have you at the emergency room at St. Joe's for more blood tests," Dr. K had told Jane at the house. She was obviously concerned, as were we. On her call, we asked her what she'd do on her own. She suggested we go to the emergency room for blood tests, and we agreed. A few minutes later, as I was hurriedly throwing a few things into a bag, Dr. K. called again, to say that we could save the emergency room fee if she had Jane admitted directly into a room. We agreed. Jane cried briefly. I turned the car around in the driveway, wheeled her out in her office chair, and managed to get her up onto the front seat, awkwardly and with discomfort. I'd called the Bumbalos, our neighbors across the street, for help, but they were away.

(I made only one false turn driving to the emergency room at St. Joe's, since we'd never been there before, but found the entrance easily. A hefty security guard lifted Jane out of the car into a wheelchair. They were waiting for us in the emergency room. While someone took Jane up to her room, #456—in pediatrics, by the way—I found my way to admissions, after getting lost in the hallways once. Since Jane still wasn't covered by insurance, I could get her only a semiprivate room. The black girl at the typewriter had the papers all made out, from the information Dr K. had given last February when she'd talked of transferring Jane from the Arnot.

(Very kindly nurses quickly helped settle Jane in the room, which was very pleasant. Two of them were taking blood for some nine separate tests almost before we knew what was happening. Two of the blood cultures would take at least 48 hours, we were told, so I envisioned Jane being in the hospital for at least a few days. The nurses awkwardly put Jane in bed after sitting her on the commode. A thick foam rubber pad had been placed on the bed beforehand, however, and Jane found it to be very comfortable. Then at close to 10 PM a technician wheeled in a portable X-ray machine to shoot Jane's chest. I placed the cold film holder under Jane's back as she lay propped up on the mattress, but the whole task went quickly. Evidently Dr. K wanted the picture to check on blood clots perhaps breaking loose near the heart.

(Since I'd forgotten to bring Jane's medications, I had to list them for the nurses. A nurse got Jane some toast, ice cream, coffee and pudding, since we'd missed supper. Jane didn't eat much after all, though. She smoked, although it was prohibited. Visitors were supposed to leave by 9 PM, but I stayed until 10:30: I was groggy by that time.

(Early the next morning Jane had more blood taken for more tests. Dr K. saw her, and Dr. Wilwerth, who stayed only a few minutes and didn't think a clot was involved. Dr. K. was fairly sure it was vasculitis, "which never gets better," etc., from her point of view. Jane still felt the finger's condition was the result of other muscular events in her body. When we'd described those to Dr. K. at the house her reaction had been "Do you mean cramps?"—meaning that she saw nothing positive or healing in all of that muscular activity, only something meaning more trouble. We've learned that Dr. K. is an extremely conscientious person, but our way of thinking is quite outside of hers. The nurses told us she'd called several times the night Jane was admitted, and that she had the reputation of being very caring and conscientious—qualities we can certainly admire and respect.

(When I arrived at Jane's room at 1 PM on Friday, I was quite surprised to learn that she was going home that afternoon. Things shut down over the weekend, more or less, and no blood-test results were available yet. The nurse, Joyce, who was head of the treatment for decubiti at the hospital spent a lot of time going over the proper treatment with us, and gave us a quantity of sterile water, Silvadene, sponges, saline solution, etc. We could tell she was enamored of her work and very sincere in all of her suggestions. Our own ideas were that treatment was all the better the simpler it was.

(Dr K., being still concerned about Jane's finger—which had improved somewhat, but was still markedly bluish in cast—decided to prescribe a drug to dilute the clotting ability of blood somewhat: Persantine, in tiny pill-like form, to be taken three times a day. Dr. K. said this treatment had to be balanced against the added risk of infection of Jane's one open bed sore on her coccyx, for the Persantine reduced the body's ability to fight infection to some degree. This at once set up barriers in our thinking, but especially in Jane's. Jane had also

learned that everyone at the hospital was against her smoking, and had been told that nicotine helped restrict the blood flow in the tiny capillaries. In other words, one would be better off not smoking. When Jane said that Dr. K had said her lungs were okay while she was at the Arnot, Dr. K. defended that analysis by reminding Jane that she'd said her heart was good, but that through the stethoscope she'd heard various "wheezings and gurglings" in Jane's lungs. Not that the lungs didn't look okay via X-rays.

(Jane had to have an EKG before she left, though, so we waited for that. The results of the tracings on graph paper were excellent, Dr. K said, going over them with me. They looked like three lines of beautifully fluctuating, regular tracings. I asked for the graph, but Dr. K needed it for reference and record. The results made Jane feel good, though.

(That morning they'd also given Jane a shower—her first in months, by the way—and washed her hair.

(Jane said she'd heard that some of the blood work was to be done in Rochester, New York: the results will take a while in coming. As of today when I'm typing this, Sunday, we've heard no word at all about any results. Dr. K hasn't called, either yesterday or today. I had the prescriptions for the 100 Mcg of Synthroid, and the Persantine, filled at Gerould's yesterday. Dr. K. said Jane could begin the 100 mcg of Synthroid Monday instead of waiting until Wednesday as we'd originally planned. And Jane announced that she didn't want to start taking the Persantine—that she feels she knows what caused the finger difficulty and wants to get information on it in sessions, either hers or Seth's.

(As of now her finger is maintaining its somewhat improved look, but it's obviously not cleared up. The blueness seems to vary in intensity, but never leaves entirely. We're hoping the tests do not show that vasculitis is involved. I suggested to Jane that she cut her cigarette consumption in half, but she refused, even if this would be a form of natural therapy.

(To leave St. Joe's I had only to sign a slip of paper promising payment, but we don't know what the bill will be or when we'll receive it—within a few days, I suppose.

(Tonight's session started later than usual because of a mix-up in communications between us: I thought Jane was too groggy after supper as she sat at the card table in the living room, so I went to my room to work on the intro for Dreams—whereas she was waiting for me to come out and sit with her to see if we'd have some sort of session. Her impression was that we'd do this each night, so I must be wrong here. On Friday after she came home I'd said it was vital that we have sessions in order to try to find out just what events had triggered the whole event of her latest illness from the very beginning. I'd added that if we didn't learn to think positively and have faith—even blind faith—we'd be truly lost. It's the only way we'll ever get rid of the medical establishment, I believe. She agrees. But I really wanted to know what had set things off. I still think Janet's troubles are rooted in resistance, I said, massive resistance, and that the latest rounds were triggered by the publication last year of God of Jane and Mass Events. I was hoping for something on all of this, this evening.

(As we waited now to see what would develop, Jane said several times that she felt really strange. She's had added motion in her arms and elbows and wrists especially, and these are related to the finger blockage, she maintained. I doubted if we'd hear from Seth tonight. "I don't know which this'll be," she said. "but it's a therapeutic session...." Then she began speaking, or dictating, on her own:)

Right now, I feel you and I and the house and the whole bit supported by some great force that swirls around the house and the trees and through my body, so that it circulates

through my blood. And I really feel that according to whatever terms we want to use, this is God's great motion, moving and supporting me. Just as it moves and supports all of the earth. But I could sense that motion, and can now, rather than just intellectually say the words.

I guess I think that all disease, to one extent or another, anyway, is fear (*pause*), and I felt a few minutes ago my neck doing some odd things. And I don't know what these are. But I felt tubes coming down my neck where they'd been so rigid that they bent where they shouldn't, and the blood flow wasn't as good in those bends. And I visually and mentally saw the one in the back side of my neck that went down my neck and shoulder relax and straighten out, so that the blood began to go down easier and quicker. And I felt the same thing happening down toward the arms, and that there was one long tube in particular in my left arm that had been bent and twisted, like a portion of a rubber hose—and that also had to do with the release of wrist and elbow motion, and that that was releasing, getting straighter and unbending.

But at different time as it did so it would kink up in one corner and then another, and that that would cause a temporary impairment, such as happened in this one finger.

(*Long pause at 9:10.*) But that our fears lead us, so that at times we're almost bound to interpret such events as life-threatening, and that's why we called the doctor, of course. (*Long pause.*) Right now I still have the feeling of that force or motion, though, and emotionally I do identify with it. I feel supported in that manner. I feel Robby and the house and our entire existences supported in the same way—and this, I know, is part of the magical feeling that Seth talks about. Right now I'm certainly grateful for it.

I do feel there is definitely increased important mobility in my wrists, and in the elbows, and again this is achieved somehow, and knots become unwound. There are also lesser temporary kinks caused as the tubes—whatever they are—unknot and straighten out.

I think that all art is created at that level—that is, with that sense of support that isn't our own alone but a part of the great force that sustains all of life. (*Long pause at 9:17.*) In any case I feel all that in my body now. I feel that way. I think Rob and I should sit after dinner a little bit each night for a Seth session or for some other development such as this.

(*Very long pause.*) The thing is, I suppose, to retain that feeling or feel those assurances, which actually go way back to our childhoods. And to a lesser degree I began to feel some involvement with my eyes that I can't quite explain. But again, it included the straightening out of even smaller tubes, in which energy flows so that blockages were cleared.

(*Long pause at 9:20.*) I'd just as soon wait a minute, to see if that's it for the night, or more develops, or what—but the feeling does tell me that things can and will work out as long as you realize that this is true. And that once you realize this is true, nothing can stop things from working out well. Rob said something earlier tonight about the letter from John Nelson seeming to be a good sign—and it is a sign, and a potent one, and I feel that Rob's working on Seth's book, and my own writing and my own bodily behavior are supported, again, by that great motion, which moves us in the proper directions for us. Now I'd like to relax or wait a minute or something, I don't know.

(*9:25. Jane sat quietly. Our cat, Bill, jumped through the open kitchen window and came over to my chair. After pawing around he jumped up into my lap, which is a bit unusual.*

Awkwardly circling, he tried to settle down, purring, as I tried to complete these notes. His eyes, his motions, his fur, were beautiful—an excellent example of that “supportive action” that Jane had been talking about.

(Her blue finger joint looked a bit better. Billy jumped down.

(“Is that it?” I asked at 9:30 PM.

(“I don’t know. I still feel that way so strongly I can’t say anything....”

(Today, Sunday, Jane’s finger looks slightly improved, but far from cleared up. In this session I haven’t written about the negative suggestions Dr. K. gave Jane in the hospital concerning the finger: ulceration, losing the joint, etc.)

DELETED SESSION
MAY 23, 1982 8:22 PM SUNDAY

("Well, I'll certainly have a session tonight," Jane said at 7:50. We'd eaten supper later than usual. I'd been very tired and slept an hour and a half this afternoon, then we'd had a big meal of deep-fried flounder that Frank Longwell had given us a couple of days ago. This morning and afternoon I'd typed the session Jane gave last night.

(The middle finger of her left hand is still obviously discolored, but not as much, and I haven't heard her complaining about it. Tomorrow morning Jane goes on the 100 mcg Synthroid dose for the first time, boosted from the 75 mcg. Today she often dozed in her chair, as usual.

(I didn't know who would be speaking tonight. "Boy, I want a session from Seth so bad," Jane said at 8:11. At the same time she was squirming uncomfortably in her chair—her seat hurt "from dragging my pants over it today all those times when I went to the bathroom.... I did feel him around earlier," she added, then started dozing again as we sat at the card table. She woke up enough to ask me to light a cigarette for her. "Your notes don't show it for last night, but I was right, but I was highly upset at that hospital experience," she said, meaning the experience at St. Joseph's. "Boy, I was so glad to see you and get home...."

(I should also add that Jane's Doctor K. wants her to return to the emergency room there this Friday to see Dr. Sobel from Ithaca—provided he'll be there, of course. We said we would if necessary.

(Jane's Seth voice was pretty steady for the most part. Her eyes were closed often as she spoke, her pauses average.)

Now: this is the present state of Ruburt's body.

Both arms, elbows, wrists and hands are being worked upon, ready to bring about additional freedom in certain areas of motion, highly important for writing and other manipulations. This is a rather extensive procedure, involving the right portions of the neck in particular also, and drawing in of course shoulder and trunk action. The resulting sensations may be unpleasant at times—but the entire procedure balances itself out so that no one area is under undue strain for any long period of time, as other areas unwind.

This will also begin to help eye activity. There is definitely more flexibility in the knees, the thigh muscles, areas by the Achilles heel, and feet. The same sensations of discomfort can be felt at time in those areas, but those sensations are above all therapeutic, and "hurt" far less when he is not otherwise disturbed.

I agree with Ruburt's interpretation given on his body status, then.

(Last night, for example, Jane was very restless. She called me several times during the night to massage her legs and feet, reporting many strange sensations in them. I took all of this activity as an example of Seth's material, above, and mentioned it to her at the time. She seemed to agree, but was quite uncomfortable.

(8:27.) He should have no trouble with the thyroid extract, but should begin to experience some sense of bodily accomplishment. You should have your own program, since you now have a medical one. *(Long pause.)* You want to remove the idea that the

situation is critical, and as unrealistic as it may seem, begin to change your thoughts more valiantly when this is possible.

There are some things most difficult to say in prose, for they appear in too-cliché terms, but within this program daily you must each make it a point (underlined) to express your love for each other more frequently. The more often you can say, “I love you,” the better off the situation becomes. Such assurances are important to both of you during this period. You should each start the day with a few suggestions—suggestions that are meant to realign your moods and purposes.

(Long pause.) The entire magical approach is indeed at your command, and with your strong impetus now, you should be able to put it to use in far better fashion than you have before.

I choose to speak on such issues this evening because it is highly important that you are both assured that Ruburt’s physical condition can indeed improve, and furthermore that it is improvement. The finger that has so upset you both *(Long pause at 8:37, leaning to her right, dozing....)* I keep trying to explain the magical approach in new ways, to bring home its great effectiveness. At its basic heart there is the assurance that despite all appearances, say, to the contrary with any given issue, the present can suddenly be changed for the better in a remarkable fashion. Ruburt’s finger is, after all, healing itself. For all of the hospital’s concern *(very long pause)*, the finger was using its own healing abilities, and knew it was in no danger.

(Very slow now at 8:42.) There is no reason why you cannot tomorrow begin. *(Very long pause.)* You were not thoroughly convinced enough in the past to make such profound alterations. You have objectified your ghosts. You should tell yourselves, however, that you are indeed sustained and upheld. That sweet energy is free, it is available, it is yours and it is here. Even to remind yourselves of such truths can be of great benefit.

I am aware of the time lag here and earlier. It is highly important now that you do indeed concentrate upon the beauties and pleasures of the moment. *(Long pause.)* Throughout the centuries there have been various ceremonies, rituals and so forth, meant to activate the magical approach. Reading my sessions on the subject will help—but you must above all realize that we are speaking here of truth itself, and if you do that then you will begin to see remarkable beneficial events in your lives as all levels *(more intently)*.

There is nothing you need fear, then, in Ruburt’s condition of a critical nature. He should of course remind himself of the excellent results given on the nerve ends *(the EKG)* and through investigating other portions of the body through X-rays, for example.

(8:52. Suddenly Jane was out of trance and looking at me.

“Is that it?”

“I don’t know.... That was really strange. I feel like Seth was here for five minutes, and then I was back. I don’t know. If I can get more I’ll get it....” She fumbled for a cigarette. In the soft light her finger looked blue. “Give me a light.... I’m going to try to do more. Yeah, I guess there’ll be more.” We sat in silence. Then in a stronger, faster voice:

(9:01.) I will help you initiate a time of new dedication, so that these feelings and ideas become focused even more effectively in your lives.

Your morning suggestions, however given, should include the assurances that the universe is indeed inclined in your direction—that you impress it with the feelings of your heart and emotions—that it is alert and responsive to your needs, since at certain levels

you and the universe are inseparable, so see yourselves and your private environment not only as safe and secure, but magically touched by that great vitality that is the wellspring of life, so that each day all events work for your advantage.

I will help you with sessions, going into pertinent material, but I also know that you need these statements of confident knowing to set you firmly in your most productive path at this time. Framework 1 and 2 relationships will almost instantly become again more prominent, and many aspects of your lives that now seem so troublesome will seem to have magically drifted away—that is, you will suddenly be aware that the change has occurred.

Now I bid you a fond and hearty good evening. Read this session to begin tomorrow's day.

("Okay."

(9:07 PM. Jane's delivery was much more emphatic after break. I didn't read the session to her right after breakfast. Instead I finished typing it by 10:30; now we'll read it together.)

DELETED SESSION
MAY 25, 1982 8:38 PM TUESDAY

(Last Monday afternoon Dr. Kardon's nurse called to give us an appointment at St. Joseph's emergency room at 2:45 PM Friday, to see Dr. Sobel from Ithaca. I agreed to it, and told Jane, but we didn't really want to go. Today Dr. K called and we arranged that she stop at the house tomorrow before 2 PM. I told her Jane's finger is improving, and that as far as I could see no other fingers were involved in the discoloration. [As I type this Wednesday morning, the finger looks even better.] We talked about using Dr. K's visit tomorrow, and the improvement in the finger, as excuses to "squirm out of" Friday's appointment with Dr. Sobel.

(After supper I trimmed Jane's finger and toenails. She'd picked up a few suggestions from Seth during the day—among them that we should just forget words like "arthritis." Jane agreed that perhaps we could have a very short session. I got my notebook and pens, and Jane said that at the same time she thought of a session, she "got that dozing-off feeling thing...."

(My own moods have been poor lately, and it's been a struggle to revive myself at times and to try to keep them from influencing Jane, for I can see that they do. We've been reading sessions—usually the late ones—each day, and these serve as beneficial suggestions, of course, especially in light of Seth's material in Sunday's session.

(At the card table in the living room, then:)

Now: a note.

By all means, as much as possible forget the name, conditions and expectations given to Ruburt's group of symptoms.

There is no doubt that in many cases the entire mystique built up around any given disease simply gives patients and doctors alike road maps to follow. Ruburt made a wise decision not to take the latest medicine at this time (*Persantine, for circulation*).

While taking advantage of the good points of the medical profession in whatever ways you can, by all means do not allow that to become the framework of your lives, either.

(I think Jane and I are well aware of that point.)

Be conservative in your approach there.

(Long pause at 8:43.) Ruburt is using the thyroid aid well—the medication. I will at a later date have more to say concerning the ways the body utilizes such drugs—very interesting material, but not for this moment.

It is easy to see how people at the hospital, for example, speak constantly of the power of infection, the need to take steps against it before it develops, and so forth, and the little stress laid on the body's natural ability to ward off such conditions. *(Long pause.)* There are times when circumstances make some conditions more palatable than others, times when a trip to an emergency room is quite necessary. Yet it is certainly well known that such places are indeed breeders of infection, and of course the belief makes it so.

Remind Ruburt that the difficulty now connected with his bedsore is temporary. You are both doing well indeed. Do his energy exercises again once or twice a day, and the two of you in the morning.

(Long pause at 8:50. Now Jane's delivery began to slow up considerably. She gave signs of starting to doze in her chair at times, although I could tell that she was still in trance. When she takes many long pauses punctuation becomes more difficult, and as Seth she's more apt to skip an occasional word, which complicates things. Sometimes I catch the lapse while making notes, and ask about it. At other times I too miss out.)

The inner energies within your lives are moving forward in new directions. They are clearing old thought patterns. Part of this redirection is the result of the hospital experiences.

(Very long pause.) You use the hospital experience to press against, Ruburt even more than you because of his position physically, but you are both beginning to understand issues—or rather, you are beginning to accept issues—much more wholeheartedly than you were before, and that acceptance is the key. You are supported; you are safe. The body's very existence is proof of its own healing abilities.

(Very long pause.) I will close for this evening.... but the inner disposition of these sessions, now, with their frequent startups, then lulls.... *(long pause)*.... there is no reason. End of session.

(8:57 PM. Note that the final paragraph of Seth's material is incomplete— and that was Seth's second version, after I'd asked him to repeat portions of it. During the delivery Jane kept nodding and leaning to her right in her chair.

(When I explained the situation to Jane she was puzzled. "I don't know what happened," she said, "but I don't like it.... as though I had a charge of energy for the session, and used it up before I got finished." I agreed that it appeared that way. She added that she knew Seth had had more things to say. It had seemed to me that she'd been asleep briefly several times.)

DELETED SESSION
MAY 27, 1982 9:18 AM THURSDAY

(After supper last night Jane and I had one of our discussions that left us feeling out-of-sorts—half angry and resentful, accusatory and regretful that we hadn't done better in the past. No need to go into details here, but it ended up with Jane asking me to get the notebook of sinful-self material. By then it was 9:00 PM, but she read a lot of it and said she was picking up some valuable insights.

(She had a very restless night and called me several times. One time, at about 4:00 AM, her legs were very restless, so she got back up in her chair. I was groggy, but asked her to tell me what she meant when she said she'd come up with some good insights from the evening before. What she explained to me in briefer form is related below. I think it's very good material, and will prove to be very helpful. Her legs, especially the left one, had bothered her considerably, and led to her getting up. I mentioned at the time that maybe she could do some dictation this morning about her new insights, and this session is the result.

(No sooner had we started than Bill Tolbert showed up to start mowing the grass and using his trimmer, which is even noisier than the mower, but Jane persevered after I shut doors and windows, depending on where Bill was working outside. Then Mrs. Austin called about delivering the washing. But all in all this material is good.

(Jane began speaking quite rapidly, but I managed to keep up. Her voice was okay for the most part.)

Last night, at Rob's suggestion, I looked over my notebook of sinful-self stuff with related material, hoping of course that it might trigger some important impetus or clue that would give me insight into my own position.

That position had so many facets that it was hard to follow—that they were hard to follow—and even I had difficulty keeping track of the continuing saga of medical detail. Doctor Kardon had come that afternoon. I told myself I'd react only to constructive suggestions, but I soon felt knocked down by her interpretation of events. No blood test results had really come through yet *(from St. Joe's last week)*. She had said earlier they would merely give indications that vasculitis might be present or might not be present—they wouldn't say yes or no.

But in any case she decided that I had it, and since I had already shown some evidence in my body, the next thing was how to treat it. Even discounting for the present the more tricky drugs, drugs with many side effects, quite severe sometimes, there was a drug less dangerous. Its side effect had something to do with preventing the blood from clotting so easily in the capillaries, I think. *(Persantine.)* The more dangerous ones, for God's sake, turned down the body's own defense mechanisms and immunity, an effect that really seemed absolutely senseless to me.

In any case, she wanted Dr. Sobel to look me over Friday *(tomorrow at 2:45 pm)*. Then we were to get together when the blood tests results came, to discuss treatment, even if the vasculitis showed no further appearance, she disclaimed, it very well could invisibly attack the body, affecting internal organs in the most disastrous fashion. So taking a drug to

prevent such a future development seemed the better side of wisdom to her—but not to me, not to Rob. How could my body have gotten so bad again in one fucking week—or had it? My fingers had been red before, though never that blue, when I'd been typing, and the condition vanished. But all of a sudden my physical condition did seem horrendous, and I looked at her kindly concerned face, I'm sure, with appalling dismay.

(9:29.) It made good sense enough to take the artificial thyroid that my body obviously was demanding. To introduce an entirely new line of drugs, with known side effects, for a condition that could be quite transitory—if I had it—went against everything that I believed. So Dr. Kardon's visit was behind Robby's suggestion that I look at my own sinful-self material, and I intuitively felt that the time was probably right. I browsed through one notebook, is what it amounted to.

(We took a one-minute break at 9:32. Bill was using his trimmer in the front lawn—a very noisy operation.)

Most of that material was written last summer. I could hardly believe it: where the hell had the year gone? Looking back, it seemed like a vacuum.

The material did have impact, though. Though—I could feel it again. I read almost all of it. On the topside the reasons for my position and physical condition seemed so dumb that it was hard to believe they did have that much impetus. They made less sense to Rob, who I felt found them utterly without reason.

Yet I felt that they had patterned my life and behavior for some years, culminating in the physical situation. Actually, I'd explained them very well in *God of Jane*. They had to do with my religious upbringing, my joy and appreciation of my creative abilities, and my fear of using them at the same time, lest they lead me astray—or lead my followers astray.

One line I'd forgotten put the situation rather clearly, though: I was afraid that Seth's work and my own might have some fatal flaw to which I was blind, so that I suppose by trusting the inner self and individual inspiration, I might actually also be opening up that horrendous Pandora's box.

I'll go back and work with these ideas once again, more clearly—but they still prevented me from taking that final step into a satisfying-enough acceptance of my abilities, so that each time I would reach a new impasse.

Though I haven't explored this idea yet at all in depth, I got a feeling that by the time I'd finished *Mass Events* and my *God of Jane* I'd come to a point of indecision and perhaps certainly some despondency because I had not resolved the issues. My concentration upon the mail had led me to consider more and more the negative aspects of man's condition. I think it seemed that I could go no further, that I lacked whatever it was that I needed.

(9:44.) That summer also seemed to be a time of crisis, as Rob pressed me, it certainly seemed to me, to seek medical attention. I'd gained a reprieve, but the reprieve didn't gain positive results. As I read the notes I began to see some sense in the hospital situation. I must have gotten to the point where I thought, "Okay, if you're afraid to trust yourself completely, and your own life, let's take a taste of what it's like to have no other place to turn but the world of conventional medicine and beliefs." And my God, talk about fatal flaws! I'm not denying that such a framework has its good points, but the overall picture is really far worse than I'd imagined.

Are you going to trust this or that, or a combination of both? In any case I could see how important our ideas were, and how much they were needed—and I hope I began to

feel that indeed I could trust my own life when it came down to it, when a choice should be made (*all emphatically*).

It's Friday morning now as Rob writes down these notes for me. It was a week ago yesterday that the finger suddenly turned so dark—nearly black—and I realized something else: the condition with the finger had happened as I explained to Peggy Gallagher how Rob and I had trusted our lives to our intuitions in the flood of '72. Peggy was going to use some of the material for a newspaper anniversary article. In that case I had trusted myself—not for example taking tetanus shots, though early radio medical advice insisted upon the shots as an emergency procedure.

(9:53.) The finger must have darkened as we talked. I probably didn't want to write any more. I feared I'd lost all inspiration—that 20 years of answers weren't enough. And that perhaps my life had no place to go if that were the case.

(Very important material all through here....)

I plan of course to work with the rest of that sinful-self material. I do feel a sense of release. If I ever thought that the methods and exercises needed were too difficult, then I have to admit that when you put those simple requirements against the appalling time and energy needed to follow medical procedure, there certainly is little comparison.

(Break from 9:55—9:58.)

I don't mean to be too hard on myself, either. To be told that you might have a brain tumor, or multiple sclerosis one week, as I was in my early days at the hospital, then be told that I would most probably never be able to put my weight on my feet again without a possible series of long operations. To be told my hearing might possibly be gone for good, or that I might need an instant operation to avoid losing a finger, to be told that it was certainly possible I could lose fingers and toes—all of those suggestions and ideas, with their implications, were hard to take, and in many ways I handled them well.

The medical tests along the way proved that I did not have some of those most frightening conditions. Other tests that I recall made it clear that my heart and liver and internal organs were in good shape—but Doctor Kardon had seen them newly threatened by the vasculitis, and I felt, "My God, what a merry-go-round of disastrous expectations must everywhere color the medical profession and its practitioners and patients."

Now that I took one drug, however, or rather thyroid extract, I was to some degree connected to that structure, but because I was, this did not mean I had to fall for the rest of it. I'm sure there is more coming to me intuitively, and I hope emotionally, that will give my life the impetus that I need.

In spite of all, I feel that my legs are more active, even though I don't get around any better, and I'm hoping of course that this material itself will help spark further understanding.

I do know that the ideas we have developed are far more desperately needed in the world today than I'd realized (*with a laugh*). That realization alone is highly vital to my well-being.

I guess I feel now that anything that one can do to better the situation in the world is bound to help, where before I wanted everything completed ahead of time in some fashion. So I do feel a new kind of inner motion, and of course I'm grateful to Rob for writing these notes down for me.

(End at 10:11AM.

(The session itself contains many references to Dr. Kardon's visit yesterday, but below is a copy of the notes I made after she left the house. I recommend that Jane not read these. They're included here simply for the record.

("Dr. K. visited at 1:30 PM. Explained the dangers of vasculitis to Jane—possible damage to internal organs—start treatment before that happens, if necessary. Jane's finger looked better. [No results in yet of blood tests taken a week ago at St. Joe's. Tests sent to Rochester.] Jane got more and more depressed and scared as Dr. K. talked, I could see it, in spite of suggestions we'd agreed on before her visit. Toes look okay. It seems that we may have to just get away from doctors and their suggestions as much as possible. Dr. K. wants Dr. Sobel from Ithaca to examine Jane Friday even if blood tests aren't in yet: "I can give him the results over the phone later." I wanted to postpone visit to emergency room "till test results were in," but Dr. S. won't be at St. Joe's next week. Peggy Jowett came as Dr. K. left. I helped her put Jane on the waterbed. Jane had cried a bit after Dr. K. left and before Peggy came in, and I'd tried to console her. Now Jane burst into tears on the waterbed: "I wish we'd tried harder with our own suggestions and ideas...." Crying didn't last. Dr. K. said Jane could take a couple of aspirin if necessary in the middle of the night. I told Jane we could still use our own ideas. I also wondered—but didn't say so—why those ideas had allowed the whole question of something like vasculitis to develop to begin with—or, for that matter, the "arthritis." Jane also cried on the waterbed that now "it would be harder to do anything on our own, because we had to deal with the medical establishment too," as well as our own beliefs. Dr. K. told us Jane wouldn't feel any results from the 100 mcg Synthroid tablets she started on last Monday for a long time—that the effects from the increased dosage were "weeks away." I wondered if this was a contradiction, because on the phone last month, Dr. K. had said Jane's thyroid function was almost up to par from the medication she had been taking, meaning that it had acted quicker than "weeks away."....)

DELETED SESSION
JUNE 1, 1982 8:15 PM TUESDAY

(Last Friday at 2:45 PM I took Jane to the emergency room at St. Joseph's to keep the appointment with Dr. Sobel from Ithaca, as set up by Dr. Kardon. I got her into the car okay, though not without discomfort for her, and two people helped put her in a wheelchair at the hospital. Even so she was very uncomfortable, sitting on the pillow I'd brought along.

(The "blue" middle finger on Jane's left hand was better, and has been slowly improving a bit each day, yet the visit to see Dr. Sobel was a disaster as far as Jane was concerned. Even now she still feels its aftereffects, five days later—much more so than I'd anticipated she would.

(The irony of the whole affair is that during the visit I thought he'd helped Jane by advocating doing nothing about the finger at the time—which was what we wanted also. While we were there Dr. K. called him and gave him the results of the blood tests begun in the hospital the week before: One was normal, one said vasculitis could be present, the third one didn't work—so after all of that the results were very meager and frustrating. We haven't seen Dr. K. yet, or heard from her, although presumably Dr. S. has given her his opinion, whatever that may be.

(During the visit, after he examined the finger, Dr. S. seemed to me at least a bit surprised that Dr. Wilworth had ruled out the possibility of a blood clot; because of its sudden onset I gathered Dr. S. thought this was a possibility. He described an angiogram to us, an outpatient sterile procedure in which a dye is fed into the circulatory system then traced via X-ray to see where blockages might have occurred in the finger. He also described how a catheter could be inserted into a vein in the arm and snaked back to the heart—again painlessly—to see if and where clots could have originated. Jane evidently listened to all of this with horror. Dr. S. also described a couple of drugs—penicillin being one—that was used to reduce the clotting ability of the blood—and also reduced the body's natural defenses.

(While we were there Dr. S. repeated several times that he wasn't a vascular surgeon himself. He called a colleague of his who was in Ithaca, and described Jane's finger condition to him, but if memory serves he received ambiguous information again. Again, I thought the visit at least preserved the status quo for us, since I could see that more and more Jane was turning against the idea of preventative drug treatment for vasculitis, say, or anything else. She was convinced the finger would mend itself, and it appeared to be doing so in its own way. There are more normally-colored patches on it now intermingled with darker spots.

(I also knew she hadn't wanted to keep the appointment, and that she blamed me at least partly for her keeping it. At the same time she said she wanted to talk to an "expert" on arthritis. I felt caught between these opposing ideas, and didn't really know what to do. I figured there were reasons for the finger thing erupting so suddenly to begin with, and leading us against our conscious wills into the whole hospital scene at St. Joe's, so whatever lessons there are in those experiences are still being assimilated. It wasn't until we returned home Friday afternoon that I began to see how upset Jane had become by thoughts of arthritis, vasculitis, angiograms, clots, drugs, operations, etc. I kept thinking that she was on her way to

adopting a stance in which she would turn against medical help and/or advice if at all possible.

(I made no notes at the time about the whole affair, so all of these here are reconstructed five days later. Jane has the freedom, I told her, to change any of them. She seldom does, though, so the record furnished by notes is practically always from my viewpoint.

(Over the weekend—beginning Friday evening—we were visited by Hal Williams and Rusty Carnarius, from Lancaster, PA. Hal of course is an M.D. and a homeopathic physician. They didn't stay too long after being filled in on our situation, but the next morning Hal returned to offer his help. He showed us some techniques for massage, which were very helpful. He had a lot of other ideas that are contrary to generally accepted medical belief and practice, and we wished he lived closer. He even thought a thyroid gland could regenerate itself, as Seth has said. He represented a body of knowledge to us, then, that we wished we could avail ourselves of. He talked of driving up occasionally, but it's a five-hour trip and wouldn't work out very well from his standpoint.

(Then Sunday morning on their way back home from Geneva, NY, Rusty and Hal stopped again, since we'd told them to do so. Hal massaged Jane's back and neck once more, again with good results. He answered a lot of questions for us. I took his address and phone number, just in case.

(After tonight's session, and echoing my own ideas of how adamant Jane was becoming about the medical scene, I said that it would be ironic indeed if her encounters with the medical establishment furnished the final great impetus she needed to divest herself of the symptoms and inflate recovery; anything to get away from the massively negative pronouncement of the doctors, to dump old ideas, to set the body free to heal itself.

(Jane has been sleeping poorly, lying down for a couple of hours at a time at the most for the last several nights. This morning she did surprise me—and herself—by sleeping until noon, probably out of exhaustion. No nurse visited Monday. We're on a three-times-a-week schedule now, which will very soon be cut to twice a week. Peggy Jowett is on vacation for a couple of weeks, and we don't know who will be showing up today.

(Jane's Seth voice was good this evening, almost free of tremor, and often more emphatic than it has been. It was obvious that this was because as Seth she was dealing with more charged material.)

Now: you may be happier with some of this information than with certain other portions.

Ruburt is still recovering from the emergency-room experience of last Friday. I want to point out several things. Ruburt felt strongly against keeping the appointment. His body let him know it did not anticipate such an encounter. He used suggestion and so forth—but body and emotions both stubbornly retained their opinions. Or so it seemed.

He went finally because he thought you wanted him to. He feared that his own strong disinclination was simply the result of negative conditioning, and because he was interested in the doctor's opinions, since this would be the first specialist in that field of arthritis—that he would have a chance to talk to, with all tests completed, and so forth.

He told you he thought you both needed help in getting him into the car, which would necessitate motions quite difficult for him at that point in time—but he went along with your opinion, feeling again that negative suggestion alone was responsible for his own feelings. The body simply knew it did not need that extra stress in a time of stress. What

was not said was as important as what was said as far as the interview itself was concerned, for implied there was always the authoritative picture of the progress of certain symptoms, ending in the most dire pictures.

(8:25.) Ruburt also learned more or less of the ambiguous results of the blood tests held previously (*last week*). The interview ended up as a highly-charged psychic and practical version of a reality as seen by medical science.

Now much good came out of the entire experience, and from your joint reactions. The sharpness of the encounter made Ruburt come to the decision then and there that he would not use drugs to combat ahead of time conditions that may or may not appear at some future time. More than that, the interview —friendly enough, good humored enough, as it seemed on the surface, made Ruburt realize in an immediate practical fashion the limitations of medical science. He had to take a stand somewhere, but before did not know where to do it, or how.

(*Very long pause at 8:31.*) It was in its way a more controlled experience for Ruburt than even the weekend before. It was one hour's experience, then, but of a very charged quality that aroused for both of you many of the issues, ideas and beliefs that had been simmering for some time. You certainly used it as a learning experience.

I am obviously not saying (*pause*) that you cut off Ruburt's thyroid medication. I am saying that you must turn quickly away, however, from any of medical science's ministrations that are not absolutely necessary. Surely to trust the inner self is far easier than in the long run to put your life in the uncomfortable grip of a nervous medical profession.

Ruburt needed some time to rest, and so did you. Again, I suggest that several times a week you sit in anticipation of one kind of session or another. (*Long pause.*) "A way" of dealing far more effectively with your problems will automatically present itself, and you must believe that you are making manipulations at all levels of actuality, whether or not they show—because they will be showing (*intently*).

Many conflicts naturally begin to resolve themselves in your relationship as you handle Ruburt's changing conditions. (*Long pause.*) Your massage today, for example (*after Hal Williams*), was an excellent translation of love and comfort, felt directly at one level of your own being, to the level within Ruburt where it was most needed.

A few suggestions in the morning, and reminders, are of the greatest benefit. Ruburt's decisions also mean of course that he is opening up psychically, also spiritually—more than willing to accept those intuitions and insights that will begin to surface more and more.

(*Long pause.*) I bid you a fond good evening—

(*"Can I ask a question?"*)

You may.

(*"How about the visit of Rusty and Hal?"*)

That was, of course, no coincidence, and helped provide you at least with a feeling of extra support, by reminding you that there are doctors who were not blindfolded completely, but were quite open to new beliefs. I will have more on this later if you want it, but I have given you the pertinent material that I hope will ease Ruburt's condition now, while also paving the way for healing experiences, (*long pause*), healing experiences that will happen indeed almost magically (*intently*) as Ruburt relaxes and allows his natural motion to express itself more and more.

The nighttime situation will shortly change also, of course, and in a beneficial way.

I bid you then a fond good evening, and more effortless, gentle encounters with the natures of your own beings.

("Thank you.")

(8:50 PM. Jane's delivery had been quite effective.

(A note: on June 3 I wrote Hal a card of thanks.)

DELETED SESSION
JUNE 3, 1982 9:07 PM THURSDAY

(As noted in the private session for May 22, I brought Jane home from her overnight stay at St. Joseph's hospital the day before. Of course we had no idea of what all those tests would cost, and weren't billed when she was discharged, since test results weren't in. A few nights later, evidently after I'd been wondering how much the bill would be I had a dream in color, in which I was informed of the amount of the bill —\$800-odd dollars. I saw the figure on a sheet of bluish paper that unfolded like a letter. I was shocked—so much so that I woke up after the brief little dream, for my best guess had been that the bill would be between \$400 and \$500. I told myself that the figure I'd been given in the dream was much too high.

(I didn't tell Jane about the dream. I haven't made any effort to record dreams since her illness, simply not focusing on that activity. I've recalled portions of some very vivid dreams, also involving my parents, but haven't spontaneously remembered them in full detail as I usually do.

(Today [on June 3] the bill from the hospital arrived—for \$812.00. Instantly I remembered the dream, while being appalled at the size of the bill. The dream had given me "true information," then—a forewarning, if one wants to take it that way. I suppose I heeded it on some levels, certainly, for I wasn't all that shocked after all, once the initial surprise had passed. I explained the situation to Jane, for the record, and add these notes. The bill was printed on blue and white paper and unfolded as in my dream also.

(Jane was particularly "out of it" for most of yesterday, after sleeping well past 9 AM. She often dozed in her chair and talked to herself, indulging in various flights of imaginative activity. Once again we wondered how much more of a boost her thyroid medication needed, but we haven't heard from Dr. Kardon about it—or anything else, for that matter, since we had the meeting with Dr. Sobel last Friday, May 28. Our ideas have changed. Jane's finger continues to improve, and for now at least we don't even want to hear from any medical people. We regard the overnight affair at the hospital, and the enormous cost of it and the tests, as largely a waste.

(I had to go food shopping this afternoon, and while I was out Kenneth Wrigley called from Dr. Sonsire's office. He asked about Jane's condition, and said that in a month or so the ulcer on Jane's coccyx might have to be surgically closed if it didn't do so on its own. The last thing we needed to hear. Jane didn't appear to be upset by the call, though—perhaps because of what we'd learned about medical methods by now. The cost of that little operation would also probably be astronomical—well over a thousand dollars, I'd say at a guess, so in light of the present bill from St. Joseph's I doubt if we'd opt for it anyhow. We plan to make some comments on costs when next we see Dr. K., or whomever, anyhow, now that we've been burned a few times.

(The whole medical bit is turning into a farce, in our view.

("Well," Jane said at 9:01, "I might get something real brief—which is all right as long as I can build up to something...." She spoke as, following Seth's suggestions, we sat at the round card table in the living room, waiting to see what might develop. Earlier she'd sat at

her desk in the writing room, watching the rain as dusk, then night, fell. [The greenery this spring is unbelievably lush.] Then I wheeled her back in the house.

(Jane's voice was shaky, but her finger looked better. Eleanor Maggi, the nurse, visits tomorrow, and we plan to tell her to make her visits on Tuesday and Friday next week. Or I'll call Upjohn with our new twice-a-week schedule. We've been on that schedule for a couple of weeks already, actually, and it appears to be enough. It also cuts costs. But a major reason for our reducing the nurses' visits is to get rid of the constant negative suggestions they unwittingly broadcast, all in the name of trying to be helpful.

(As I wrote these notes Jane kept leaning to her left in her chair and lapsing into sleep. I called her several times. "Well, I'll see what I can do...." Then in a fairly good voice, but with pauses:)

Now: we will call this a very brief Seth visit—for which there is no charge (with much humor, referring no doubt to the bill from St. Joseph's).

I simply want you to know that you are beginning well—for you are really beginning with a new resoluteness a program, a program on Ruburt's part to trust the energy of his being, the motion, inspiration and vitality that gave him birth and continues to sustain him.

You have decided to keep the medical profession more at arm's length, as Ruburt gains strength and vitality. The organization of life around such a medical pattern in quite unpleasant, to say the least, and so that concentration must be broken as soon as possible.

(Long pause.) With all the best intentions in the world, the nurses are carriers of the most unfortunate medical beliefs. Their entire concept of healing is eroded because they also believe so firmly in the body's vulnerability.

(Long pause.) Ruburt should indeed now go into his back room once or possibly twice a day. He needs that background of past joy and success, of sunny hours in the past, to help revive him.

(Long pause at 9:16.) Have him keep his recorder at handy reach out there also. Energy exercises and imaginings must become part of his day. When he is in his room, let him begin to court his creative self (leaning to her right, eyes closed....)

I am aware of these lapses. They have to do with the utilization of energy. They rather come in patterns, and usually (underlined) signify that the body is ready for some additional thyroid medication in that framework you have set up for it. (Long pause.) It also allows for a certain necessary relaxation, however. For now, some return to the vitamins will be helpful, because of Ruburt's beliefs—but helpful nevertheless. The ones advertised to combat stress in particular can at this time act as certain cushions. Ruburt should make an effort to follow through on whatever suggestions I give, for they are meant to facilitate his good spirits and recovery. He is recovering. Now we bid you a fond good evening—but remember those suggestions I mentioned earlier, for Ruburt can really utilize them now. End of visit—no bill need be expected (with more humor).

("Thank you." 9:26 PM. Jane said that while I was shopping today she'd dreamed or felt herself walking around the card table—not perfectly straight, but as though testing her weight upon her legs. A very good sign, I said.)

DELETED SESSION
JUNE 5, 1982 8:27 PM SATURDAY

(Yesterday we received from Hal Williams of Lancaster, PA, three medications he had promised to send: a baby cream, a calindula flower extract for use on Jane's decubiti, and a powder—also I believe based on the calindula—for her to take at 12 hour intervals for blue fingers, if any. Dissolve the powder in one-fourth of a glass of water and take a teaspoonful at 12-hour intervals.

(I gave Jane the dosage last night and this morning. This afternoon as I was changing her dressings, the little finger of her left hand began to turn darker as she lay on the bed. She didn't tell me this or show it to me until I had wheeled her back to the card table. She said her position, lying on her side, had something to do with it. [The irony of it is that her left middle finger looks much better now. Jane wondered if the flower extract had anything to do with the little finger acting up; its color was mildly dark compared to the middle finger's original dark blue appearance. But if the powder affected the little finger, why hadn't it also bothered the middle finger?

(Jane tried not to panic. I was flabbergasted and amazed and depressed all at once. At her request I began massaging her back the way Hal had showed me, from the top of her head to the coccyx. It seemed to help a great deal, Jane said. At least the little finger grew no darker. Jane said she felt the same muscular activity in her back, hands, arms and legs that she had when the middle finger began turning color. I massaged her for half an hour. The little finger turned no darker. We also soaked the finger briefly in warm water. Finally I took a nap.

(After supper Jane asked me if I agreed with her decision not to call Dr. Kardon, when I hadn't thought of doing so to begin with—especially in light of the high bill we'd received from St. Joseph's to begin with, for the last finger episode. Such a series of tests was inconclusive, to say the least, and we haven't heard from Dr. K. since seeing Dr. Sobel the following week at the emergency room. I could only think that whatever we were going to succeed in accomplishing in the whole affair—if anything—certainly wasn't going to be done easily.

(I asked Jane if she wanted to have a session, since I couldn't think of anything else to do or say. She agreed, but I wasn't sure if she could compose herself enough to bring it off. I got the notebook and my pens.)

Ruburt has used considerable amounts of energy in this evening's exercise.

There is nothing "wrong" with his finger—that is, it is not endangered. His bodily feelings, and his intuitive ones, were quite correct: nervous passageways were trying to reopen. Various kinds of kinks or knots were being straightened out, while at the same time the body's entire circulation system must be taken into account.

(Long pause.) He was reactivating old beliefs with their physical representation in the body. This was an overall situation from head to toe. *(Long pause.)* It was an excellent decision to trust the body's activities, to take the opportunity to use the episode as a case in point, a change of heart.

There was some (underlined) connection with Hal's medicine. Circuits in the body....
(*Long pause, leaning to the right, eyes closed.*) I purposely wait for such lapses as these to come and go—and again, they do represent the state of the thyroid. Your own help with the massage was excellent, and also very effective.

(8:35.) In such cases Ruburt of course looks for even more assurances, and feels somewhat isolated under those conditions. (*Long pause.*) Massage and warm water is of benefit—but of greatest benefit of course is the trust in the body's processes, for then many healing procedures can continue, while fear of course slows down their effects. But you have both done well with the episode.

I will have more to say about it. I simply wanted to give you my reassurances, and I wish you now a fond good evening. I will look in on you both. End of session.

(8:40 PM. "Boy, I could tell those lapses were really long," Jane said. She'd dozed several times. Once she'd spoken a few unintelligible sentences while doing so. "Funny," she said, "but I could tell at the end that he could say a lot more about those lapses.")

("That's up to you," I said. Nothing developed.

(*It's Sunday morning as I type this. Jane's little finger is slightly darker than last night, but still nowhere near as dark as her middle finger had been.*)

DELETED SESSION
JUNE 7, 1982 7:55 PM MONDAY

(This afternoon Jane told me that she felt “panicky.” I’d known she was brooding—that was obvious—and withdrawn. She hadn’t even gone to the john since getting up around 8 AM—another form of withdrawal, I thought, once I gave it some thought.

(She wasn’t too clear as to what she was panicky about, but as we talked I began to understand that she was re-experiencing the same round of fears that she had many times in the past, and that many of these private sessions have been devoted to over the years: her mother, her need for love, her fears of abandonment, the conflicts involving success and the psychic work, our relationship, and so forth, if anything’s left. I was certainly upset and irritated, for it seemed nothing new would come out of it all. I couldn’t help feeling that that was the way we were fated to live out our lives—that we’d picked those paths as a matter of choice years ago. We’d fallen so far away from a “normal” physical routine of living and motion that I could hardly recall what our lives had once been like. Nor, now, could I imagine Jane any other way, let alone allowing herself to recover enough to walk, say.

(Nor did I say everything I thought, although I said plenty. There wasn’t anything new in any of it. I did ask Jane if she was aware of how a person could use a chronic illness to dominate another, to forestall rejection, and so forth, and she said she did. It’s a thought I’ve had often, but haven’t voiced. Nor has Seth, as far as I can recall. But it embodies massive contradictions, of course, for the very illness sets up strains in the relationship that wouldn’t even exist were the illness not present. This is one of the facets of the whole symptom business that has always puzzled me no end.

(I did dwell upon the fact that Seth—and Jane—have yet to go into the main question I’ve asked several times since she came home from the hospital: the current attitude and role of her sinful self. To me, I said, the sinful self is more active and domineering than ever before, and after all we thought we’d learned over the years. It rules her life more than ever before, since this year she became sicker than ever before. I still wanted to know why that portion of the personality was so blind to the harm it was wreaking—why it didn’t understand even in its own terms that its devastation was threatening greatly the very security and protection it has said it wanted. How could it preserve itself that way? I asked.

(Jane grew very unhappy as I talked, and I grew angry, as before—but we’d covered all the same ground often. I said I thought both she and Seth had avoided my questions about the sinful self, which I saw as part of the sinful self’s power to cover up issues it didn’t want to face, or considered threatening.

(I made an effort to reassure Jane at the end of our talk, by telling her I loved her and that I was going to be with her no matter what happened. Throughout her voice had carried a very pronounced tremor, as it does now whenever she becomes upset. She was frightened, and to me displayed little trust in her body, and not much in anything else.

(At my suggestion she’d called Mike Appel, who wants to record Seth and Sumari. Since the implications here might involve success, I said as we talked, perhaps that too had alerted the sinful self to become more protective, although her current state had begun hours before I

suggested the call. He is going to send her some suggestions for possible ways to go re recording material.

(See the attached copy of my letter to Hal Williams. Jane's middle finger on her left hand continues to slowly mend itself, and the blueness in the little finger on the same hand has gotten no darker. It too looks a little better. I'm sure there is more of a story involving the fingers than we have yet learned. Yesterday—Sunday evening, Dr. Kardon called to ask how Jane was, and to tell us she'd be out of town for a week. I didn't mention the little finger, in line with Seth's and Jane's own ideas as given recently. We asked about upping the thyroid medication, and Dr. K said it couldn't be done without a blood test. She said she'd arrange for that here at the house when she returned to town next week. Jane has been on the 100 mcg dosage only for two weeks.

(After supper Jane said she felt "loads of material from Seth" about our discussion this afternoon, and that it would take up not one but many sessions. I said I was ready, while thinking that here we go again. We sat at the card table in the living room. "It's weird," Jane said, "really weird....I was aware of those lapses again as soon as I said I'd have a session, and I wasn't before. That stops me." She referred to her dozing after we'd eaten.

(Then in a much stronger voice, with little tremor, and eyes dark and closed often, and with many long pauses:)

I will be a supervisor, yet more, in the gathering and rendition of this material.

Its organization, however, must be its own, coming from many angles of experience, involving Ruburt's own expression as well as yours—and this material will bring us to a reactivation (*long pause*), back to certain points of reference you were involved in last summer.

In one way or another the material has indeed been given in our deleted books—but the organization of that material has often followed instead the situation that was at hand at any given time. (*Long pause.*) The panic Ruburt senses is of course the feeling that is behind all of his symptoms—and you must remember as we continue that such situations are not unusual in your world. Ruburt is not dumber than most people, for example.

(8:02.) I am trying to give you some overall ahead-of-time suggestions as to how to deal with the material as you get it, because your approach can be quite vital. The "sinful-self syndrome" (*long pause*) was activated or heightened or highlighted in the last year or so in particular as you saw yourselves in a crisis situation (*long pause*), and to one extent or another Ruburt felt that he would be forced to ask for medical help if he did not further help himself.

The nuances of such a statement as I have just made are many. For now, however, I simply want to make the point that additional stress was added to the situation. A struggle for survival, it seemed, came more immediately closer, particularly in the light of the hospital situation. After his return home, the sinful self was threatened even further, it felt.

The term itself is probably not a good one, though it is of course highly descriptive. The panic has to do with many issues involving Ruburt's earlier experience, particularly with his mother and the church when he was a very young person, very determined to survive in life, and trying to learn what kinds of behavior added to or threatened that survival.

(*Very long pause at 8:13, one of many.*) I have most of the material we need now, but must also organize it so that it has the most therapeutic effect possible, and so that it clears

Ruburt's understanding in emotional, intuitive as well as intellectual ways. No one is at the mercy of past negative events. Ruburt, being an excellent writer, certainly does not feel at the mercy of all of those unknown, uncounted hours spent in childhood writing poetry—so it is only your frame of reference that makes the former statement appear to be true. While this material is being delivered, and while you and Ruburt are dealing with it (*long pause*), certain emotional aspects should come to the fore to make the affair more beneficial.

(*Very long pause at 8:20.*) I want to go back in terms of continuity, and yet also for tonight's purposes I want to stress the power of love's expression in automatically combating such negative situations. That is, the expression of love automatically reassures the sinful self that it is indeed not sinful (*a statement that at once I found hard to believe, considering its past and recent actions*).

Some of this will appear quite clearly later, that is, certainly Ruburt felt (underlined) at times that his mother hated him. When Ruburt fell in love with you, his vigor, strength, and expression rose to the surface. He needed love's expression on your part, and he spontaneously expressed his own love for you in words and action.

(*Very long pause at 8:25.*) The emotional forces that lie behind these statements that I make are impossible to describe. As we begin this group of sessions, then, express your love as warmly as possible, in gesture and in words. For a while forget restrained caution (*intently*). Such expressions will automatically reassure Ruburt at those deep levels.

(*To me this is like someone saying, "If you don't love me I'll get sick and stay sick."*)

The material you will be getting will be far more specific than this. It is impossible to say what the format will be. You are both able to deal with the situation, however—and remember that the great creative forces of your body and mind are actively protecting you even when you are perhaps most concerned.

Some of this of course will involve Ruburt's own expression—highly important. Your own love for Ruburt is far more helpful than you realize—and if you can get the feel of that love, it alone can serve as a very potent force that can refresh and revitalize both of your lives.

End of session.

(*8:31 PM. The end was abrupt. I felt so many emotions churning within me that I wondered just how I was supposed to express all of this love amid all of them. Was I supposed to just rise above all of them and forget everything else, or what? Before the session I'd told Jane that I'd always felt that in our relationship my own contributions were doomed to fall short of what she wanted and expected from me—that I'd always felt I couldn't give all she needed from a marriage partner. Those early feelings are still true to me, and now they're wound up with my more recent feelings that it seems to be up to me to struggle to try to save Jane from herself. An impossible task, of course, but one I'm acutely aware of these days. One small example: As usual, if it wasn't for my own demands and suggestions, this session wouldn't even exist—whereas to my way of thinking Jane should have demanded to have it on her own. I'd have been amazed had she done so, but glad to comply. My feeling here has always been that it's my doing that we have any private material at all—that she's always avoided it. In present terms I think that situation is just another example of the workings of the sinful self—to avoid challenge, to have its own way at all costs.*)

(*Perhaps, I thought as I wrote these notes, I'd become badly conditioned over the last 15 years, so beset by constant worry and frustration that a "simple thing" like the expression of*

love became lost somewhere amid all the rubble. There was no doubt the session left me as frustrated and bitter as ever, but at least I had managed to get an admission that the sinful self was still highly active. I couldn't believe that after all this time and effort over the years, we were back to square one, trying to figure it all out. I have strong doubts that we ever will.

(I told Jane the session made me furious. "See, that's what I mean," she said, half crying. "I feel so dumb, and now you'll yell at me—")

("I didn't yell at you," I said. Jane continued to talk sporadically, and I ended up finally saying that I'd better not continue, for fear that I would go too far, so strong were my feelings at the moment. I knew that as they had in the past, the feelings would moderate, and that we'd continue to struggle along.

(She talked about how a strong part of me had served as a catalyst in her own work and love, but this only made me wonder how I was to utilize those qualities in our relationship and work while ignoring all those other factors—mostly negative ones—that seemed to operate all the time.

(I was also beset by obvious contradictions in the material. Seth had very recently said that Jane's skin wouldn't break down, for instance, yet here within the last week a large open raw area has appeared on her buttock, her right one—presumably because she usually leans to the right when sitting, putting additional pressure on that side and bottom. When I suggested she sit leaning more to her left, she didn't understand what I meant. This in turn reminded me of something I've often noticed—that she seems to have lost that vital sense of how to manipulate her own physical body in its own best interests. I have extra athletic ability, I know, but I used to think that such self-preserving knowledge was inherent in everyone. To me, her opacity toward her fantastic abuse of her own body speaks loudly and clearly of the dominance of the sinful self—the willingness to use the body for its own ends, regardless of the consequences, even if those consequences ultimately are self-defeating.)

LETTER TO DOCTOR HENRY N. WILLIAMS
JUNE 7, 1982 MONDAY

Dear Hal:

Thanks for sending up the medications. Postage is enclosed.

I've been using the massage technique you showed us on Jane with very good results.

Here are some observations on the medications you sent for Jane's blue finger, and the ulcer. We don't know whether there are really any connections between them and the situations I'll describe, and would appreciate your comments when you have time.

1. I mixed the powder with water as instructed, and gave Jane a couple of doses 12 hours apart. The day after she'd taken the second dose—in the morning, Saturday —Jane's little finger on her left hand began to change color toward blue, from the middle joint down. This is the same hand on which her middle finger changed color a couple of weeks ago. The little finger didn't turn nearly as dark, though. I used the massage on Jane's head, neck, and back, and she said this helped the finger greatly, since she felt muscular activity in the body led to the finger's turning color. The same as she reported for the middle finger, by the way, though the doctors here paid no attention to what she said.

Of course we wondered if her taking the medication you sent had anything to do with the little finger's response. In a very short session Seth said it was related, but didn't go into any details, so other factors are involved. Jane said one of them was that she felt the changes in the finger take place as she lay on her left side while I changed the dressing, on her ulcer that afternoon. In the meantime, we stopped using the medication.

2. At the same time, I began using the calindula medication on the ulcer twice a day when I would change the dressing. Yesterday Jane felt very uncomfortable as she sat in her chair on the water cushion. Last night when I helped her off it onto the bed, we discovered that she had soaked the cushion under her bottom for an area eight inches or so around—something she hadn't done before. Mixed in with this were clots of blood. The discharge from the ulcer was much greater than we'd ever noted before. Yet when I changed the dressing the ulcer itself looked okay, although perhaps a bit redder in color. It appears to me healing by filling in a bit around the edges. But again we stopped using the medication. Jane slept well last night, and this morning I noted that there hadn't been any discharge from the ulcer overnight when I changed the dressing as usual. No more blood, for instance.

We haven't had a chance to ask Seth about this yet, but will the next time we hold a session.

I should add that we still used the Silvadene cream on the ulcer once a day, in the afternoon as usual when I changed the dressing. I applied the calindula in the morning and late at night in an effort to speed up the healing, if possible. We thought that if this appeared to be happening we'd stop using the Silvadene. Since we don't know what else to do at the moment, we'll be using just the cream.

We did wonder at the two reactions, following the use of the two medications. Could there be an allergic reaction to them on Jane's part? She was most uncomfortable sitting in

the pool of moisture yesterday, and couldn't keep that up since she spends so much time sitting—to begin with.

I thought I would write this out instead of calling, so that you'd have the record to study at your leisure. Would appreciate hearing from you about it when you have the time. Please write.

In the meantime, our best to you and Rusty.

Regards,

Robert Butts

1730 Pinnacle Road

Elmira, NY 14905

LETTER TO ROB AND JANE (FROM HENRY N. WILLIAMS [HAL])
JUNE 22, 1982

Dear Bob,

Thank you for your note and letter. I would interpret the blueness of the finger as a probably [sic] indication that the medication was right on target but tended to make things worse before it got better. The whole situation could be incidental and the medicine might have had no effect on the problem. As far as the ointment is concerned, I believe that the liberation of the fluid will be in the long run helpful to heal up the area. The very fact that the granulations seemed redder would go along with this. However, I think there may have been more activity there than was desirable so I am glad you have gone back to the old medication.

Let us hear how things go.

Sincerely,

Henry N. Williams M.D.

HNW:rlrf

Cc to: Mrs. Rusty Carnarius

1952 Pine Drive

Lancaster, PA

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 9, 1982 8:37 PM SATURDAY

("Well, you'd better come over here [to the card table] and let me take a stab at it before I fall asleep," Jane said at 8:07. "I'm nervous and upset...." She'd been exercising her knees and hands. This was to be our first session since June 7, 1982. What's happened in between would make a book in itself. I may add some of that material at the end of the session. I've just reread the last session, as has Jane, and will merely note here that I agree with much of it, especially with what I said in the notes—yet, rereading them, I can see how our attitudes brought about that material and its consequences. I believe both of us have learned much since then.

(I'm no longer angry, for instance, although I was up until quite recently. That has passed, but Jane is in poor shape; her decubiti are much more aggravated, and have been for some time. She feels terrible most days. I still want to know what role the sinful self—to use the appellation Seth gave us—plays in all of this, for I'm more convinced than ever that it is still the dominant force behind all of it. An oversimplification, no doubt, but essentially true, I think. As I said to Jane this morning during our long discussion, I still want to know why one portion of the personality would want to drive all of the rest before it, even to the point of destruction, and perhaps even beyond. Surely there's no future in that for the personality, at least in mundane terms.

(Today we resumed the vitamin and cod-liver-oil therapies, which we'd let go last week, in the face of what I had taken to be Jane's resistance. That had made me angry: I felt that it at least offered an avenue of exploration, that perhaps we could use it as an avenue for changing beliefs. Characteristically, she didn't ask to resume it herself; I did this morning. I felt it offered hope, simple as it really is, and I couldn't figure out what she was going to do without hope—without the sessions, without using her own abilities, without accepting some kind of reinforcement from anyone else.

(Yesterday Jane had what was probably her worst day yet—very uncomfortable indeed; she was in "a crisis situation," as she put it. It was only too obvious. If prolonged it meant the hospital, or God knows what, but we had to do something. "If you love me," she said, "comfort me like you would an animal, for I really need you." And I tried to. I slept with her last night—fitfully, but it helped. She didn't know how she'd get through the night, she said, but she made it. Her ass and buttocks and lower spine are a disaster area as far as bedsores go—much worse than previously, and, I told her, they must represent an exact replica of her inner state. How could it be otherwise? Such was the state to which we were reduced.

(Today she was much improved, psychologically, at least, and so was I. We talked off and on for much of the day, between interruptions like Rusty and Hal dropping in, my going shopping, etc. We agreed that from now on the sessions, and Jane's own sessions, will have to come first in our lives, even before books or deadlines, so we take it from there. "Boy, it sure seems like a strange night to me," Jane said as we sat waiting for a session at the card table at 8:27. She was restless and quite nervous, lapsing—for the first time—into periods of what approached a sleep state. "What if I try to have the session and nothing happens?" she asked. I told her everything would be fine. Part of the reason we both felt better was that we had made

some decisions that offered hope: the food therapy, the sessions, etc. I really believed what I said, and still do.

(I remembered that Seth once said that if a dying person decides to live after all, they'll seize upon the tiniest hope, and respond. I thought that situation analogous to ours, for I can think of nothing left to rely upon except ourselves. I reminded Jane that I was interested in sinful-self material above all else. She agreed, I guess, but I know much other material will be forthcoming along with it, as it should. We'll have to wait and see.

(Hal Williams' treatment of Jane helped her considerably. It's interesting to note that after last June's session Rusty and Hal had also visited us, and he had done the same thing for Jane then. I'd also made a note that they would visit again in the fall. So they showed up today as we decided to resume sessions. [I should note that they returned on Sunday afternoon, as planned, and that Hal demonstrated upon my own body how to treat Jane. His treatment left me so relaxed that I almost fell asleep, or so it seemed. I still feel the relaxing effects even as I type this material. It also helped Jane. Jane's hands and knees have, I think, showed considerable improvement since we began the vitamin therapy, even with all the interruptions that treatment has had. The swelling seems to have left her hands completely. The fingers of the right hand are opening up from their clenched position, and the flesh has softened considerably. I'm hoping and trusting that such beneficial changes will continue to take place.

(Jane was still uneasy and nervous as she waited for Seth to come through. "I feel like I could shit and burp for a week," she laughed. "Then go to bed and sleep forever," she added humorously. When Seth did come through her voice was quite strong, and free of tremor. With her usual delivery, and rather frequent short pauses:)

It will be enough to reestablish the sessions, and Ruburt's confidence this evening, continuing tomorrow if you prefer—but certainly not wasting any too much time.

The sessions are available, then. I still operate as I always have, so there Ruburt can set his mind at rest. As for direction, and the deep exploration of events, I will leave that for tomorrow evening as a starter, for obviously we cannot handle it all in an evening's time at any rate. I will have plenty to say to you both, hopefully that will prove of quite practical benefit.

It took Ruburt some time to establish a certain kind of "equilibrium" for this evening's session, but there will be no future difficulties in that direction. I am pleased, myself, that you indeed consider a return to the sessions. Give us a moment....

Your activities today were indeed vitally important. A time and a rhythm occurred in which you both knew that therapeutic ventures, started now for many reasons could take quicker route—that is, you sensed upon a new probability. You determined to seize it.

(Pause at 8:43.) It attracted you—you felt the pull of needed change (with gestures), but this change had a new sense of attraction. Such periods happen often in a lifetime, of course—such intersections into probable realities, where you suddenly feel that the time is particularly right, or can be, regardless of the desperation or need or sometimes precisely because of it.

There are intersections, changes, of spiritual direction, say, of course occurring constantly in your world. There are also certain times when these are taken advantage of, where change is in the air, for example, for those with courage and good intent.

(Long pause at 8:43.) Deplorable as world conditions seem, for example, as man's desperate need for self-understanding is made known to himself, so in that world also there is a time of sensed change: new values that "will take this time." *(Firecrackers next door.)* This applies now privately to some of the people that you know, but in particular it applies to both of you now. Period. *(More fireworks at 8:46, but Seth wasn't bothered.)* These periods involve accelerations, sensed while they may still be invisible, and it is this kind of period that you have just now entered into. I will have far more to say whenever you decide our next session should be—tomorrow evening or whenever, as you embark upon your new saga—and for now I bid you a fond good evening.

("Good evening, Seth. Thank you very much.")

(8:53 PM. Jane sighed with obvious relief as she came out of trance. "That answers one question I've had for some time: I was getting pretty squirrely—I wondered if I could still have a session. You know, if some part of me had decided that that was enough of that, or something....")

("I never had any doubts that way," I said. I told her I thought there must have been many times, or "openings," in these past months when she could have had a session. That we didn't do so is part of the problem, of course. Personally, I had been alternately angry and not caring because of our lapses, when we had avenues of help available that few could rely upon, yet hadn't bothered to use them.

(Jane had heard the fireworks next door, which had only sounded for two brief intervals. All was quiet. I read her the session. "It's a start," I said, and she agreed. I can't wait for the next one. The alternatives are too painful and unnecessary to consider.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 10, 1982 9:43 PM SUNDAY

(I wrote Eleanor Friede a letter, agreeing to purchase the film for Emir, as both she and Tam have suggested. It's to be shipped to the house where we can store it. In the meantime Eleanor will try to place Emir with some house; she's talked with Tam about doing this. We are grateful for their help.

(Today Jane and I were very busy—so busy we were quite late with the session. This morning I typed Saturday night's session. I finished just in time to eat a bite of lunch before Rusty and Hal returned. Hal demonstrated his massage techniques on me as I lay on the couch, so that I'd know better how to help Jane. They were very effective—so much so that I could have easily fallen asleep; the relaxation I achieved reminded me of the chiropractic treatments I'd had years ago, or of the self-hypnosis effects I used to get any time I had a dental appointment. [I don't use the hypnosis any more for the dentist, by the way; perhaps a residue lingers, for as soon as I sit in Paul O'Neill's chair I begin getting very relaxed and sleepy.]

(After Rusty and Hal left we napped, changed dressings, etc., and before we knew it I was hurrying to get supper and do other chores so that we'd have time for a session. Hal and I both had noticed almost a marked improvement in Jane's condition, especially in her hands, knees and feet. I think the vitamin therapy is helping considerably here, and seems to be following the results listed in Dr. Van Fleet's book. Jane too is quite pleased. Indeed, her hands look better than they have in probably a couple of years, I'd say; the swelling seems to be largely gone. My idea is that if Jane will continue the vitamin therapy—a term I don't particularly like—that in a couple of months she might achieve some good results, for as I explained to her, I think the key to curing the decubiti lies in increased mobility, especially in the knees. This will give her more freedom to move in bed.

(After all our hurrying to get supper over with—rather later than usual—we seemed to run out of steam. Jane sat half-dozing at the card table, and I tried to focus on reading some of last week's mail. She surprised me at about 9:15 by saying she might try for a session, since by then I'd thought it too late. She said she was doing the same thing she did last night before that session: getting scared, lapsing, while at the same time she tried to get comfortable on her backside. We waited and waited. Then, in a voice quite strong and firm, but with many pauses:)

Now: We will do as well as we can under the circumstances.

(Long pause.) There are organizations, patterns that people try out throughout their lives, changing often from one to the other, interpreting and therefore of course experiencing reality through many different casts. Some, overall, would seem quite destructive.

(Long pause, eyes closed.) These are like containers for behavior, however. For some time, as you became involved with the hospital and medical habits and people, Ruburt in particular grew very frightened. He began to look at his own experience—to some extent, now—through that medical cast. *(Long pause.)* He saw how unfortunate its results could be.

You were both quite aware of the fact that to almost anyone else there is no blame attached to following such a premise. Ruburt became very frightened, however, as he saw where such a trend could lead.

(9:52.) It is time not only to renew the sessions, to begin your new policies, but also to be patient with your own progress once you are certain that you are trying your best. The idea of moving is (underlined) an excellent one, because it symbolically reorganizes your life in new patterns, and releases “energy” that has been stuck in old arrangements.

Your concentration has been upon impediments first of all and then secondly on how to rid yourselves of them. Help over this present period will let you see what I mean in a clearer light—but the thrust of your joint motions is upward.

Again, this will be a brief session, but I will be quite sure you receive the material that you want and need. The organization of the material comes almost in packages, you might say, hopefully to be delivered at the best possible time, so have Ruburt keep his eye out for sessions in the day sometimes, at least for starters (*as I have suggested also*). The same kind of acceleration, however, applies in your own life, Joseph, and I will also have more to say in that regard.

Ruburt is doing well under these circumstances—I am referring to the last few days—with the help from you that he did indeed so need. This is your own individual and joint expedition. (*Long pause.*) Hal’s therapy is very good. But you must follow your own dictates right now. Again, remember the two of you have very strong do-it-yourself qualities, exhibited long before the sessions began.

I will indeed end the session, knowing that the session adds to Ruburt’s reassurance, and that the session alone, on its own, releases certain kinds of highly beneficial energy. My fondest regards, and my interest, or inclination toward the both of you follows you, whether, say, we have a session or not. With a bit more relaxation, however, you can have as many or as few as you want for a while, for your individual and joint energies are indeed replenished in such fashions.

You are beginning a new time in your lives, of greater understanding, compassion for yourselves and others, so hold with it. Again I bid you a fond good evening, the both of you.

(*“Good night.”*)

(10:09 PM. *“There were long periods, weren’t there?” Jane asked as soon as she was out of it, meaning that she had been aware of the numerous long pauses in her delivery. “When I saw what time it was, I almost didn’t want to do it—but I still wanted to try, no matter what.” Now she was wide awake and alert, much more at ease and talking rapidly.*

“I almost think that now after a rest I could go back into it,” she said, meaning that now that the pressure was off she felt much better.

“I could tell that from the way you’re talking,” I said. “But what we got is a lot better than nothing. You’ve also got to get off your ass. I’ve got to change the bandages on your [left] elbow, too. It needs it.”

(The drainage from the elbow had been sticking up her blouse. Last week a rather mild infection had developed in the open area that had been infected last August. I’d gotten her prescription for E-Mycin refilled as soon as Jane’s nurse had pointed out the reinfection, but Jane hasn’t been taking it faithfully, three times a day, as she should. Of course her body has largely kept the infection under control; actually the elbow looks much better. On at least a

couple of days she didn't take the antibiotic at all. I think the medication would also help the ulcer on her right heel.

("Right," Jane said. She paused. Then: "Wait a minute." And I knew she was going back into the session. This time her Seth voice was even more forceful and confident, and she took fewer pauses.

(10:13 PM.) A few further comments. Whatever the conditions, do not undervalue the nature of learning, or its importance—the nature, that is, of true learning.

*Neither of you had much experience of a particular nature in dealing with the medical aspects of the world. To some extent your own do-it-yourself attitudes kept you from such experience, and as long as Ruburt lacked it, and as long as you lacked it (*with much more emphasis than I'd heard Jane use as Seth in a long time*), you would both still have doubts about the nature of our own work as applied to such matters—and this goes beyond the confines of our work in ways I will try to clear later.*

(Once again, very forcefully:) But it was material; it was data that you needed, and did not want at the same time. You had to understand to some degree what the rest of the world had to put up with. Only by so doing could you clear the air and make your own decisions as to the course the rest of your lives would take. You are making the proper decisions now, but you needed your own complete cooperation—Ruburt in particular but you also.

I will give you more at our next encounter. And I am delighted to have added this material to tonight's notes. My fondest regards again.

("Thank you, Seth. Good night."

(10:21 PM. "I didn't give a shit," Jane said, coming out of trance. "I was determined to get something out of it...."

("You were much more forceful, loud, and fast," I said approvingly. "That was good." I explained that I'd included material in my intro for Dreams that echoed Seth's comments here as to why we became involved in the medical arena. But Jane said she didn't remember it—certainly that she hadn't interpreted it that way.

("I know," I said. "You never did comment on it when you read the material, and I expected you to."

(I must admit that the moving idea—to Sayre, as Jane has been mentioning lately—hadn't occurred to me. It will be a hassle. My first thought is obvious, I suppose: The time it will take. I love the way wildlife abounds in the area of the hill house. This attribute is one that I never even thought of in the past, when I'd remark that I wished we'd never left Sayre, and so forth. I think that my appreciation of wildlife has grown considerably since we've encountered so much trouble physically in our own lives: the sheer ability to move with nature's grace and skill has gradually become very important, and to me the animals express this quality perfectly: the 'coons, the deer, the dogs, cats, rabbits, mice, chipmunks; the birds, and yes, even the insects....)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 13, 1982 9:24 PM WEDNESDAY

(I asked Jane several times after supper if she wanted to have a session tonight. She'd had an enjoyable, rather heavy supper of hash and eggs and toast, plus ice cream, and began dozing in her chair as soon as she'd finished eating. While she was thinking it over—at my urging, periodically—I went into my writing room to do some work on the intro for Dreams. Finally at 8:55 she decided to try for a session in spite of being “so far out of it.” And she was out of it, but determined to do something. I said anything would help, if we were to continue trying to accomplish anything with this series of sessions.

(“I think it'll be something very brief,” she said at 9:18, “but it'll be better than nothing....” She continued to doze, however, and I thought that the heavy meal was taking too much of her energy for digestion—reminiscent of the days when she'd first returned to the house from the hospital seven months ago. The only difference that I see now is that Dr. Kardon has her on alternating doses of 175 and 200 mcg's of Synthroid instead of the beginning 50. But Jane does little if any creative work and her decubiti are much worse.

(Then, to my surprise, she did go into trance. Voice okay, and with the usual pauses:)

Now: I am only going to make a showing, because Ruburt wanted to hear from me.

His body is engaged in a process in which interchanges of his energies are involved as they change themselves almost automatically into different organizations of power and utility. In a manner of speaking, it is like being rewired.

You are (underlined) progressing since our sessions began. It must have come to your attention that I have mentioned the nature of your love for each other many times—often when you would have preferred some other material—but I do again want to stress it as a vital ingredient in Ruburt's recovery. But not only that: its importance in both of your lives now as you find yourselves turning new corners—for they will also be corners of achievement.

(Long pause at 9:28.) In all cases, or in most cases of illness-like difficulties, the question of isolation always enters in, and this is a matter I want to speak about in general, because of its implications in any kind of mental or physical treatment. You should see some more improvements, both in spirit and in mind very shortly, and you have me on the line for that remark—but for now I bid you a fond good evening.

(“Good night, Seth. Thank you.”

(9:31 PM.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 15, 1982 9:28 PM FRIDAY

(We sat for the session at about 8:55. Jane had been pretty far out for some time, both before and after supper. However, we've been extremely pleased to see that in the last couple of days her legs have acquired a good deal more movement at the knees: her toes spanned a distance from front to back of a good six inches as she swung her legs back and forth. This is far better than she could do even a couple of weeks ago, although I think it was back then that she first showed me a slight increase in knee motion. I measured on the rug the distance she covered.

(She was also able to alternately move her legs rapidly back and forth a good distance, instead of in unison all the time. I haven't seen her do this in, perhaps, years.

(In fact, Jane exercised often during the day, in spite of her feeling out of it so much. I asked her to rest her legs at times, for I didn't want her to develop soreness that might bother in future days. She kept saying her legs wanted to move. Nor was she sore today. When her nurse, Peggy Jowett, came this afternoon, she clapped in applause at Jane's increased movements. Jane also has increased movement in other parts of her body; she can move her head from side to side much further, and her arms and shoulders work better, she said.

(I was really pleased. "It looks like those pills—the vitamins—are really beginning to help you," I said yesterday, after one such session of leg movement. "How about the beliefs and the sessions?" Jane demanded right away. I replied that all I knew was that she couldn't move like that before taking the vitamins, the peanut oil massages, and the cod liver oil, etc., but I added that I was more than happy to credit sessions, beliefs, and/or anything else that gave us results. I said that I thought the pills, our changing beliefs, and the sessions were all working together.

(Yesterday we received from Hal Williams begonia pills for pain; he'd mentioned sending these to Jane during his visit recently. Also enclosed was a chunk of plastic putty to exercise hands, and Jane took to this at once. I'd thought it might be too stiff for her, to knead, that is.

("Well, I'm going to try," Jane said at 9:14. But she kept dozing off. "Give me a cigarette—maybe that'll wake me up," she said. 9:20. 9:25. I suggested we forget it. "I have the feeling he's way back there," she said, "waiting for me to get ready...." At 9:26 she asked me to turn off the TV set: I'd had it on to watch the World Series, without sound, glancing at it once in a while from my place at the card table.

("I'm not very comfortable," Jane said. but I'm going to try, because I do feel him in the distance...." She took off her glasses. When Seth came through her voice was surprisingly good:)

Now: once again, I come to give me assurance. Ruburt's body is extremely active, presently. But I want you to know that the material you want will be given in its own way—but given.

You have much to be thankful for, in the definite improvements following our last session. It should be obvious that the new activity is extremely beneficial—and extremely can be underlined. It is the result of your focusing of love for each other and of Ruburt's

changes in belief, so that he could take advantage of the body's vast reservoirs to begin a much-needed process of rejuvenation. I am extremely pleased (*emphatically*).

The hospital experience was traumatic. It took a while for Ruburt to put it in its place, and you also. I will have more to say about that in the near future—but the new utilization and arousal of energy is excellent, and under the circumstances will continue and accelerate. Now I bid you a fond good evening.

(9:33.) Give us a moment.... You will both draw down other or additional energies in other directions of your lives—that is, Framework 2, opening, will open in all areas. I bid you then my fond and hearty farewell for the evening. Congratulations (*smiling*).

(*"Thank you. Good night."*)

(9:35 PM. *"See. I don't want to lose anything."* Jane said at once, meaning she didn't want to miss out on any sessions. *"Boy. I'll go for that,"* she said when I told her that Seth had said her new arousal of energy should accelerate.)

THE FRED CONYERS STORY
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1982.

"Well," I said to Jane after breakfast, "I suppose that if I don't write some sort of account of what happened yesterday that I'll regret it later. I really don't feel like doing it, though...." My stomach felt empty. I had the uneasy feeling that it might signify my worries that yesterday's "guest," a Mr. Fred Conyers, might return.

At mid-afternoon yesterday I lay down for a nap on the waterbed, so I could be close to Jane, who sat at the card table. She'd been having a rough time and I didn't want to leave her alone. I fell into a deep sleep after setting the alarm for an hour. I woke up hearing her voice as she called out to someone who was evidently at the back screen door, which I'd locked as usual. I thought the visitor would be a neighbor. My eyes barely open, I stumbled out onto the back porch. As soon as I opened the kitchen door I saw I was wrong.

A stranger stood there, a man with thinning hair, deeply set dark eyes, a pudgy face, perhaps in his late 40's—I'm not sure. His hair was black and straight. He wore a white business-type shirt, a tie, no coat, and gray business-type pants. I could see that his pointed shoes looked rather worn. A fat brown suitcase and an attaché case were on the ramp beside him. As soon as he started talking I knew we were in trouble.

"You must be Robert." A big smile. I nodded. "I'm Seth. I am speaking through Fred Conyers, who flew all the way here from Denver just to see you and Jane. I have here the Christ Book, as well as another Seth book, The Rules of Love: A Seth Book. If I can just talk to you and Jane in your house for a few minutes. I know I can convince you of everything...."

Fortunately, I started shaking my head right away. Fred looked pained but kept talking very smoothly, as Seth. I can't reproduce everything he said, and how he said it because of the lack of time. The afternoon was cold. I wore my summer thongs on bare feet, and a plaid shirt and jeans, and began to shiver before long. I didn't realize that when Fred's Seth told me Fred was getting cold, he really meant it. I couldn't believe what was happening, and was already wondering what to do to get out of the situation. I saw no car parked nearby.

"I came here from Denver," Fred said. "I haven't got a penny. Look—I have no wallet in my back pocket. The stewardess at Denver let me on the plane when I explained to her that I had to meet you—"

"And how did you get here from the airport?" "I walked."

"You walked?" I was incredulous. That would be fifteen miles or so. In this weather, without a coat? I wasn't thinking too clearly yet, but that would be feat par excellence for anyone—let alone lugging two bags along. From the attaché case Fred took the handwritten manuscript of The Rules of Love. "Please. I am Seth. Show this book to Jane and have her read it while I wait here, then you tell me, Robert, what she thinks of it...." This, after Fred comprehended that I had no intention of letting him in the house. Jane could not deal with him, I thought, although he showed no signs of violence. "Please, Fred is getting cold.... If you won't take the whole manuscript, take just this one chapter—Fifteen—and show that to her. Let her read it. Then you come out and tell Fred what Jane thinks of it. I can help her. She's going to die soon."

I quickly scanned the first page, written in blue ink, and caught phrases like “in a pig’s ass,” and “quit this horseshit of writing it out,” and so forth. The whole script was written in just the way Fred talks. “I know you don’t believe me, Robert, but I am Seth. I’ve come to help you and Jane.” He nodded sympathetically when I told him Jane was quite ill and couldn’t see anybody. “I know.... I’m going to be quiet now and send her a message telepathically. You’ll be able to pick it up too.”

Standing outside the screen door, Fred closed his eyes and dropped his head down to his chest. I heard and felt nothing. “I didn’t get it,” I said. not roughly. “Tell me, how did you get here? Don’t you have any money? Where are you going when you leave here?”

“I have no money, not a penny. I came here from Denver, Colorado. I don’t know where I’m going when I leave here. Fred is very cold. He’s shivering. He has no place to go.”

“But—” The situation he presented was so extreme that I was at a loss for words. What did you do when faced with absolutes? “But what are you going to do?”

“If you don’t let me in your house I’ll just die,” Fred said. By now he’d taken two hardcover books from a bag, and given them to me. One by Jerszy Kosinski and one by Somerset Maugham. The latter was an expensive anthology. In one he’d written a note on a blank page to Jane, and to me in the other. Check their phrasing for a close approximation of the way he talked. Fred also handed me a thick, neatly tied package of brown paper and yellow string—The Christ Book, he said, which was for Jane and me, and for Prentice-Hall. I didn’t open it, and still haven’t. When I asked him where he was really from, he said Denver, and that his address was inside the package. It wasn’t on the other manuscript. Nor was I quick-witted enough to ask if he had a family, if anyone knew where he was, or what he did for a living—if he worked, or could—or how he found our house in the first place. I wondered if he was schizophrenic. He appeared to be harmless enough.

“Oh, I mean you no harm,” he said. “Fred doesn’t. But he’s awfully cold....” When I asked him again what he would do if he didn’t get into our place, he said, “Why, I think Fred will die. It doesn’t matter. He’ll just die. I am Seth; I know he’ll be all right.” And with that Fred sat down in the wood chips beside the stump that Frank Longwell had placed for us when he’d built the back porch for us. Fred did this very calmly.

“I am very disappointed, Robert, that I can’t get in to see Jane, just for a minute. But if not it’s perfectly all right, I guess you’ll have to call the police. Fred is very cold indeed.”

I took him up on it. I opened the screen door. “Look, come in here and sit down and let me get you a coat. You don’t mind if I call the police?” “Not at all. Fred means you and your wife no harm....”

By now I was shivering also. I think the temperature was around 45 degrees. Fred sat in one of the folding chairs and I hurried inside. I slid the kitchen window shut so he couldn’t call into Jane. She still sat at the card table, of course. “We’ve got a problem,” I said to her on my way to the closet. “I’ll tell you about it....” I grabbed my heavy corduroy coat. “We’ve got to call the police. I’ll be back in a minute.” I helped Fred put on my coat and bundled him up. He readily agreed to my offer of some hot tea or coffee. I went back in to put the water on the stove for heating. In all the visitors we’ve had, this one went the furthest, I thought, to the point I’d often wondered about: actually calling the police for help in handling someone. I didn’t want to call them, but had no choice. I fumbled around looking for their number (we hadn’t written it in the front of the book, as you’re supposed to). When finally I called on the speaker phone, the number rang four times by my count, and I began to wonder what we’d do

if for some reason the police simply never answered. Did they work Saturday? Call the State Police, I thought. When someone did answer, I explained the situation. Whoever I talked to had evidently been questioned by someone also looking for us—if not Fred himself—but his description of the person, as being older and with white hair, didn't match Fred's appearance at all, so I didn't press the point. (Later I wished I had.) But I hadn't explained much of the situation when my caller said, "We'll have someone up there right away." I said we'd be waiting.

The water wasn't hot yet. When I looked out on the back porch Fred was gone. The door was half open. I had instant visions of him wandering away, not really meaning to, but perhaps getting lost—and wearing my best coat. His bags sat there on the ramp Frank Longwell had made for Jane's chair. A moment later Fred came back into view from in back of the garage. "I had to go to the bathroom," he said, tightening the coat around him. He didn't seem to be so cold now. I told him I'd called the police, and he nodded. "Fred means you and your wife no harm at all," he said, speaking for Seth again. I told him I knew that. I still wanted to know what he was going to do when he'd left here.

I was just going back in after the hot drink when the dark-colored police car pulled up Holley Road and turned into the driveway. I waved to the officer driving. He was a youngish man with a mustache. He came inside the porch and I began to explain the situation to him as briefly as I could. "How did you get here?" he asked Fred. "I walked," Fred answered. "Fred has read some of our books," I said. "This is difficult to explain briefly, but he came here from Denver, he said, and he has no money, and nowhere to go when he leaves here. He's given us those books and manuscripts"—I pointed to them, stacked up on the picnic table—"and he wants my wife to read them. I don't have his address—"

"It's inside The Christ Book," Fred said. By now Fred seemed quite resigned to leave with the policeman. He never did display any anger or outright emotional upset. It was just that no matter what one said to him, he replied in the same reasonable, well-spoken, well-mannered tone of voice, which was quite pleasant. It was only after listening to him for a bit that one came to realize that something was amiss here, that Fred lived in his own world, which was a mixture of fact and fantasy. It seemed to be quite impenetrable. At the same time, he accepted almost without question whatever development or course events took: When he realized he couldn't see Jane, he accepted it finally, in a very reasonable manner. Beyond expressing disappointment at that fact, he did or said nothing else.

"We'll take him to the Salvation Army," the young officer said, after joking with Fred about what a long walk it was from the airport. In retrospect, I still don't know—the next day—whether Fred had visited the police station in West Elmira to ask directions to the hill house. He'd certainly not led me to believe that when we first met. Nor did the officer I met say so, although he may just not have been told that by the dispatcher on duty. But their reaction was quick enough once I explained the situation to them.

Fred Conyers stayed on my mind through the rest of the day, after I'd waved to him as the policeman backed out of the driveway and headed down the hill. He sat in the back seat very docilely, in his white shirt and dark-colored tie. Was he secretly relieved at the way things had worked out? Even in his drastic situation, I thought at the time, our society in some fashion had a way to take care of him, hopefully. But would society—could it—transport him all the way home to Denver, were he telling the truth about his origins?

How could he manage to arrive here without a penny in his pocket? I kept wondering if he had some money and change (at least) stowed in one of the suitcases, but he swore—Seth swore for him—that he did not, and finally I believed him. I also believed him when he finally sat down in the driveway and said he was prepared to die in the cold. He could have wanted to sit down from sheer physical exhaustion, yet I think more was involved. This noon, as I talked about writing these notes, Jane wanted me to call the police and ask what had happened with Fred. I wanted to also, but hesitated. My stomach felt empty. “Wouldn’t it be hell if Fred shows up at our door again?” I asked. “Maybe he’s from town,” Jane said. “Maybe the police will just let him go and he’ll come back.”

We hope not. We’ll probably call the police to ask for news, eventually. I may ask them not to refer people here, if they’re not legally bound to. Upon scanning the one manuscript, I found several references to Fred writing on it in a series of restaurants in Pennsylvania—which means of course that he didn’t take a direct flight here from Denver. There may be no such connection. Maybe he landed in Pittsburgh. Maybe he’ comes from Pennsylvania. The manuscript of The Rule Book of Love: A Seth Book, is written on the back of heavy white stationery from Howard Johnson’s motor lodge in Coraopolis, PA, which may be near Philadelphia. I’m not sure. That is, Chapter 16 and a few other pages are. The rest is plain white paper, from who knows where? I definitely ended up feeling sorry for Fred, and I think Jane does too. Too bad she missed him, for as I told her, he’d make beautiful subject matter for a chapter, by inference. So would his manuscript (not a bad title, that), although we couldn’t quote it. It’s a very coherent production in its own way. I know it’s easy to feel bad about what appears to be someone else’s dilemma, but at the same time they live in the reality they’ve created and have their own kinds of protection. Their set of rules of the game are just as strict as ours are—at least that’s the way it seems to be in Fred’s case. All of his behavior was consistent with his beliefs, I’d say. At no time did I feel fear, but at the same time I didn’t want him in the house, where problems might develop getting him out....

(P.S. After I finished, found a reference in Fred’s manuscript to being in a restaurant in Pittsburgh and waiting for a flight—evidently to Elmira. Coraopolis must be a part of Pittsburgh, then.... was Fred’s suitcoat stolen—maybe in a restroom or on a plane? When I asked him where his coat was he only said, “I have none.”

(Checking later, I learned that the Greater Pittsburgh Airport is in Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.)

SEQUEL TO THE FRED CONYERS STORY
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 23, 1982

At about 12:45 PM an officer from the West Elmira Police came to the back door. He delivered a name and phone number from a woman in Alberta, Canada, who wanted Jane to call her. This was the same officer who'd brought us the message from Julia Bade two or three weeks ago. However, he knew about his fellow officer's encounter here at the house with Fred Conyers last Saturday.

It turns out that the officer took Fred to the Rescue Mission, rather than the Salvation Army (they may be connected, for all we know). Fred stayed overnight, was let go, went to the local Holiday Inn, and was arrested for failure to pay for services. Meaning meals, I suppose. He was kept in jail overnight, then released. The officer I talked to today didn't know what had happened to him after that. So as I wondered about the day it all happened, Fred was turned loose in town, and might have indeed turned up at our door. He didn't though; so far, that is.

The police didn't know how he arrived in town either, without money or even a coat. Chances are he's left town by now. They don't think he has a family. He did tell them he had an apartment in Denver, CO, but obviously no local agency was going to pay to transport him back home; we'd wondered about that, too.

I explained a few more details to the officer today, and he told me to give them a call if by any chance Fred shows up again. Like me, he didn't believe that Fred flew here from Denver—that is, talking a stewardess into giving him free transportation all that way—yet Fred got here somehow, and I explained that the manuscript of Fred's that I've looked over contains descriptions of his landing in Pittsburgh, PA, and working his way east through a series of stops at restaurants, in which he'd add to his manuscript each time.

As with Jane and me, Fred had offered no signs of violence toward the police or anyone else that they knew of.

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 18, 1982 9:17 PM MONDAY

(Saturday afternoon it was Fred Conyers from Denver, CO. [See the attached copy.] Sunday afternoon it was Gene Lang from NYC. This afternoon it was Mr. Lewis from Honolulu. The visitors arrived as though on schedule. Intertwined with these events were many others in recent days: The john in the cellar bathroom backed up and flooded part of the floor; I had to call the plumber—who's been here and gone. I developed an intermittent, bothersome toothache. Christine came to clean the house. I typed the brief session for last Friday night. I went to the dentist, and shopping, and the drugstore and the bank. Marguerite Bumbalo visited, and Ellsbeth, and Frank Longwell [twice]. I worked on the budget. I bought some food, but need to go back for more. I also have to buy vitamins yet. With all of this activity, I've managed to get in just one-and-one-half hours of work on the preface for Dreams, during the last three days.

(Sometimes I wonder if I'm supposed to work on Dreams these days at all—whether it may not be a project whose time is not yet for either Jane or me. Today I speculated about just laying the book aside for six months or a year while we get other things straightened out. I got so tired wondering about it all that I napped for 20 minutes before supper—all I could salvage out of the usual hour's naptime.

(Jane continues to have accelerated movement in her knees—a very encouraging sign. The night before last, for the first time, she slept practically the whole night lying on her left side—a feat she's been unable to accomplish for perhaps years. This rests both her back and buttocks. She's been more and more relaxed lately, and for hours at a time. She often sleeps in her chair.

(Tonight she was so far out of it after supper that I thought there was no chance at all for a session. I reminded her that I was available should she want to try for one. "It bothers me that here we've gone back to the sessions," I said, "but we can't get at all that great material I know is there...." She assured me that she would make an effort to have the session tonight—at least something. Her head was bothering her.

(Finally she called me at about 8:55. When at last Seth did come through her voice had a distinct nasal cast. I hadn't expected anything, but her Seth voice was surprisingly good and strong in spite of everything.)

Now: I will speak to you briefly, to give you my assurance, and to let you know that I am keeping track of your progress—and it is (underlined) progress.

Ruburt is determined to better his condition, and already has allowed many (underlined) improved motions.

(Dozing.) There are scores of activities, connecting various kinds of muscular movement. *(Pause.)* Those movements follow mental patterns, of course. For now I only want to tell you that you are both carrying on well. Your joint love and consideration, focused upon, again is highly vital.

(Long pause, dozing.) I bid you then a fond good evening, stressing once more, however, that additional material that you want will be given, and we will know when the time is right.

(9:23. Jane sat dozing so long I didn't know whether it was a pause or the end of the session. Finally, when she reached for her glasses, I knew. I wished we'd had more material tonight. I suppose my upset showed. I could feel my stomach getting upset.

(Then, while I was busy on the opening notes:

(9:28.) As mentioned earlier, Ruburt had little experience with the medical situation. He was more frightened when he encountered it than he realized. The experience shook him deeply. At the same time, when he returned home he was afraid he could not handle events, and might fall toward a constant medical surveillance. If he could not "do it" in the medical manner, and if he could not "do it" on his own, then where was he?

Of course those fears....*(dozing, head down)*.... He made a determined effort to come to a decision—at last—with that fresh experience behind him—a determination to go ahead and triumph.

It is not at all helpful, as once I told you, to continually refer to Ruburt's condition as arthritis, with a formal title. A poor policy.

(Long pause.) That will be enough for now. And I bid you a fond good evening.

("Okay."

(9:35 PM. "I wanted all I could get so bad," Jane gasped between breaths, "and I could feel myself lapsing.... I'd even caught myself lapsing; I was weary," Jane said, laughing, that she'd be willing to sit there until 3 o'clock in the morning to get what she wanted in a session, but: "You're not sitting on your ass until three o'clock in the morning," I said. "Period." Her decubiti were too bad for that to be allowed.

(I'd wanted material on the fascinating case of Fred Conyers, but had never hoped we'd get it. I also remembered Seth telling us some time ago not to call Jane's condition arthritis. But then, I didn't know what to call it any more, particularly when the hospital tests had pinpointed it as exactly that; the blood tests especially. Maybe we could go back to using the term "symptoms," like we used to do.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 22, 1982 9:14 PM FRIDAY

(I left work in the writing room at about 8:45 to see how Jane was doing at the card table in the living room. I'd heard her talking to herself, presumably while dreaming in her chair. She had been sleeping, I discovered. I felt guilty at leaving her alone while I worked on the preface notes for Dreams after supper. We'd had interruptions today—the plumber had had to return to again clean out the sewer line, Jane's nurse had been here, Peg Gallagher had called, I'd taken time to write Nancy Overton a letter, and so forth.

(About the letter business: Yesterday Jane had called Tam, and learned to our complete surprise that last August Pocket Books had published a paperback edition of the second Seven book: The Further Education, etc. This was all new to us. We haven't received any notification from anybody, don't know if we have money coming, or what, so I asked Nancy for information. It seems our problems with communication with Prentice-Hall are getting worse by the month....

(Last night, for perhaps only the second or third time since coming home from the hospital last March, Jane slept through the night, as I did: although I woke up several times to check on her, feeling uneasy that I wasn't putting her on the commode, etc. In addition, she slept on her left side practically the whole time—very welcome news. This is the kind of change in position she needs in order to encourage healing of her decubiti.

(Her knee movement continues to improve a bit each day, as she kicks her legs back and forth. There is now more detail visible in her knees themselves. Jane has slept in her chair now practically all day for several days. Evidently her body needs this kind of rest, what with the increased movements and so forth; I haven't tried to get her to have sessions, thinking the obvious greater relaxation is more important, no matter how much I would like to get more information from Seth.

(Sheri Perl also called yesterday, with further news about the healer in England she writes to on Jane's behalf. He replaces the deceased Frank Edwards, I believe, but I do not recall his name at the moment. [Added later: Harry Edwards.]

(Tonight, then, I was quite surprised when Jane roused herself enough to tell me that she wanted to have a session, no matter how brief it was. "It's been on my mind today," she said, but she hadn't mentioned it to me. I got my pen and notebook.

(When she began speaking for Seth her voice was stronger than it had been, and had a different monotone-like quality that was quite unusual. I took it to mean that more effort was required for the session, or at least that her current physical situation resulted in a changed delivery. Pauses as usual.)

Good evening (whispering.

("Good evening.")

Now: this may take us a moment (pause), but Ruburt's spirits are definitely regaining themselves and their momentum.

His body is of course responding. Your course of late had led to this development, and is continuing it, and he has also been able to open himself to healing energy sent to him from other sources by Sheri and friend.

You will both find yourselves returning closer to your sources. Regardless of what you think now, the idea of moving to Sayre should be considered as a very viable probability, for its symbolic content offers additional motive power and strength.

(Long pause at 9:18, eyes closed. Sayre, PA is 18 miles from Elmira, NY and is my home town. Then rapidly:) I wanted to tell you this much at least, but have not forgotten the other material, which you will receive before too long. You will indeed begin soon a new and more enjoyable and productive area of your lives, and I bid you now a fond good evening (intently, eyes dark.

(9:20 PM. "Now wait a minute," Jane said as soon as she was out of trance. "I want to get anything I can...." But after a few minutes: "I guess that's it...."

(The session, brief as it was, gave me an odd surge of hope—because of the news involving Sheri and healing, and because I hadn't expected the session.

(Now Jane said she'd forgotten to tell me—but today she'd definitely felt a couple of times that she'd been psychically in touch with Sheri and the people in England. Very encouraging news. So, I think, are the results, re the vitamin therapy and our own efforts—the peanut oil massages and the cod liver oil, and so forth.

(I will now write Sheri asking for copies of all correspondence she's had with England, both on her part and theirs, so that perhaps we can correlate Jane's changing condition with their efforts. We may want such records later if either of us does any exploration of or writing about the whole situation.

(As far as the Sayre moving idea goes, I told Jane, I didn't know what to think or say. The idea of uprooting our entire lives at this time seems far out—especially, I told her, when she couldn't even go with me to look at houses. If in a couple of months, say, she is able to accompany me to look at houses, I'll be delighted. As it is, I don't understand how I'm to get any work done, help Jane, handle business affairs, change even my driver's license, and move all at the same time. This, all after we've found a suitable place and have sold our house in Elmira on 1730 Pinnacle Road.

(I added that a great attraction here in recent years has been my ever-growing appreciation of the glimpses I get of the wildlife in the area, from the deer to the geese, rabbits, chipmunks, 'coons, dogs, cats and what-have-you. At the same time, I appreciate the value of a potential change.)

LETTER TO SHERI
SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1982

Dear Sheri:

I'm dashing off this letter hoping to get it out to the mailbox before the mailman shows up this noon.

First, Jane and I thank you very much for your efforts on her behalf. We know you know this, but still want to say so: Thank you!

We also thank you for your call day before yesterday. For the first time in a session, Seth remarked last night that Jane has been able to open herself up to healing energy from you and the people you have asked for help on Jane's behalf. The session was very short, but very encouraging. Jane now has more movement in her knees than she has had for years. She has a long way to go, but evidently you and yours have helped, along with some things we are trying on our own, so we want you to know this, and so you can tell those you write on Jane's behalf.

What I want to ask you for are records of your and their correspondence. You know that we're bugs on records, so that we have something concrete to go on when we write about things—and we will be writing about these late events. Perhaps in an epilogue for the Seth book we have in the works now, Dreams, "Evolution," and Value Fulfillment. Be that as it may, we do need accurate records. I would like to ask you for copies of whatever letters you may have received from the healers, as well as your own correspondence. You can send originals if you choose, and we'll copy them and return them. We need dates especially, so we can correlate the efforts of others with whatever changes Jane shows: otherwise it will be very difficult to write convincingly about what transpires, for whatever we write will be designed to help others also.

If you do not have copies of your own letters, perhaps you can tell us what you said in them, and the dates you mailed them. Anything at all is going to be of value, and I will start a file to keep everything straight. I've discovered that that's the only way to get anything done in the long run, without going to enormous lengths to attempt to reconstruct events perhaps a couple of years later, or whatever. We're so busy now I shrink from even thinking of trying to do that any more. I'm also writing this out in a letter instead of calling so that you can have the record to refer to at your leisure. Our love to you and you-know-who —I think his name is Jerry, or something like that.... Jane says her best too.

Rob.

P.S. We don't plan to write the healers ourselves. Things are going well, so we would like to keep going just as we are, with your help. However, we do want names and addresses, etc. (I remember those letters Jane used to get from Harry Edwards.) However the story works out, that's the one we'll be wanting to tell others about. In other words, we're quite happy to go along with things as they develop, trying to keep ourselves open to Framework 2, you might say.

Love, Rob

(A Note added later: We learned that Jerry is Sheri's husband.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 26, 1982 2:40 PM TUESDAY

(At my urging we sat for the session at the card table at 2:25 PM. Just as we did the phone rang. It was David Butts again—telling me that since our talk last week he's been free of the rather obsessive thinking about sending and receiving telepathic messages involving a certain female comedy star who appears on a late-night TV show. [He wouldn't tell me who the personality is.] I'm David's uncle.

(In our first talk I'd suggested to David that he write us a letter describing his attraction to this woman, and he called today to say that he was mailing such a missive, after rewriting it a couple of times. I'd thought the letter idea might help him put the whole affair, which he says has gone on for three years, in better perspective. I'd explained that I thought the personality was a symbol to him, of what I couldn't be sure quickly. He'd told me that the fixation, or whatever, had gotten worse lately, and that he'd had strange palpitations and breathing difficulties when he began to think of her. He hadn't been able to just shake off the feelings involved.

(Something had helped recently, though. I'd also suggested he return to playing the guitar, in the event the affair represented yearnings toward music or show business that he might have suppressed. He hasn't gotten a guitar yet—he'd sold the old one years ago, thinking he'd never be good enough to become a professional. I'd said it could still be a worthwhile activity, and he'd agreed to get another instrument as soon as he got some money. At the moment he's unemployed.

(David has told his parents of his yearnings toward this person, he said, and his father responded by telling him it was "all in his head." Naturally, I had no idea whether telepathy was involved, but had attempted during the first call to explain our ideas of such possibilities. I doubted it in this particular case.

(I'd meant to write up a more detailed account of what is really an interesting case, but had become sidetracked by the Fred Conyers experience, work, and other things to do. I'd even forgotten I'd told David to write. I was a bit surprised to hear he'd been so free of the feelings so quickly after our talk. I'd immediately suspected that he called us because he needed help that he wasn't getting from his parents, but didn't say this to him. I did downplay the telepathy ideas, however, thinking it was much better that he solve the puzzle through ordinary channels and approaches.

(At the same time, I'd been a little concerned to learn of the affair lasting for three years, because that gave something plenty of time to become well entrenched. I didn't really know whether his attraction to the woman involved had become obsessive, but did think elements of such a state were possibly involved. "Hell," I'd said to Jane, "you don't know what to say these days. You hear about something like that and right away you think of John Hinckley and Jodie Foster." She had agreed. We await David's letter. I should add that David said the feelings of panic—if that's what they are—had gotten bad enough lately so that he'd stopped watching the woman involved on television.

(A couple of days ago Jane received from Tam a letter written to Tam by Saul Cohen, the editor at Prentice-Hall who's evidently been assigned to shepherd Jane's work through production. [Tam is still her regular editor.] In the letter Cohen had good things to say about her work, and the chances that Prentice-Hall will publish Seven III, the first five chapters of which Tam has forwarded to Prentice-Hall. There seems to be a chance also of trying to get Prentice-Hall to publish the three Seven books in simultaneous hardcover and trade paperback editions, if we interpret the letter correctly. Anyhow, the letter engendered immediate reactions in Jane of a very positive nature. Note: Cohen's letter is dated October 13—yet according to Tam's note on it, and postmark, he didn't receive it until October 21—8 days later.

(Jane became very relaxed, "out of it," and actually smiled in relief. It then became evident that a lot of her poor feelings lately have been connected to worries over work, what Prentice-Hall would or wouldn't publish, etc.—an old reaction that I should have been more prepared for, I guess, but had lost sight of in our day-to-day hassles. "My body seems to be getting softer all over," she said. Yesterday and today she has been very relaxed. The extra movement in her knees continues. She slept often in her chair. She reread the letter several times, as did I. We must wait for John Nelson's return from Europe at the end of the month for some details to be resolved, however.

(Today was sunny, cool, and quiet, and when I saw that Jane was alert after lunch I suggested she try for a session. I'd planned to go food shopping. She'd been so relaxed this morning that I put her back in bed after breakfast. I hope she'll come to see that living—sheer survival—comes first, then work/art. "Boy, I'm turning to water," she said. "I'll see what I can do, but I don't know...." I thought she was charged-up enough over the letter to have a session. Her Seth voice was surprisingly strong, with the usual pauses.)

Now.

("Yes.")

This may take us a while. Ruburt is having the session now because he wants to make sure he does not miss anything. As I told you last time, you have indeed turned a corner of probabilities into what can only be a new era—which you have, incidentally, prepared for yourselves, as within the integrity of your beings you came to your own decisions.

Ruburt's interpretation of the letter is correct. Behind the importance of the letter as a triggering agent, however, there is, as he knows, much material still dealing with the so-called sinful-self material that I will be giving you shortly.

(Long pause.) It will by then have lost its sting. You must of course go your own individual and yet joint ways, relying upon the great love that has sustained you together through many errors—and you are ready to hear (long pause) some family histories (emphatically) that you were not ready to hear before.

I will on a practical level shortly have a few things to say concerning foods and vitamins that I hope will be of benefit. I told you also lately that your new standpoint would also be showering benefits from Framework 2 in other areas in your lives, and of this of course the letter gives clear evidence. So you can expect some laughter shortly (amused).

A short session but I hope a profitable one, and perhaps now you can both to some greater degree begin to appreciate the love by which you are really surrounded, in my realm and your own as well. So I wish you a fond, and natural, and blessed afternoon.

("Thank you.")

(2:51 PM. Jane's voice had maintained its volume. I waited to see if anything else might come through. She took a few moments to come out of it. "Give me a cigarette. If I get anything more I'll go back in...." Later: "All right, I guess I'm going to do something more.... But I don't know...." Off came her glasses. "I feel strange." In a voice still strong:

(3:00.) Now: with the birth of a child the multitudinous nature of divinity by any name is instigated, and through the infinite realms of man's history that individuality, that singularity, and that multisingularity, are eternally proclaimed in ways beyond your known knowledge. No violations are allowed to tinge that person's personality or value fulfillment.

Now so is our work birth of a different kind, quite as natural. It is in fact a kind of pre-birth that is in one way or another intertwined before any birth of a physical kind can emerge—and so of course its effects will become known. You are involved with work and lives that are your own. (Pause.) You understand, almost without realizing it, issues (long pause) that were once great impediments in your world: you have left them behind, never realizing it.

Now will your paths be fairly clear. There is more that I will give you, and there are blessings that you have earned yourselves that come now also into your experience. And so I bid you once again a fond afternoon.

("Thank you."

(3:08 PM. "I can't remember all of that," Jane said, "but it seems really significant. As if something's happened." She had been aware throughout the session of Seth's stronger voice and more forceful delivery.

(I wasn't at all sure, but I wondered whether Seth's second delivery might have been in response to the talk Jane and I had had recently, in which I'd tried to explain my own ideas about the extent to which one could go with personal challenges like illness, say, or work, or whatever. Some of it had been based upon bits of Seth material that had come through lately, along with my own long-standing ideas.

(I won't try to repeat it all here by any means, though at the time I'd thought I had some good things to say. Jane had agreed, so I thought. The gist of it had to do with how far one wanted to carry one's personal challenges, and that these limits or extents would be different for each individual. My own reaction to the events in our lives over the years was that consciously we had reached limits, and that it was beholden upon the rest of the personality—Jane's especially—that it recognize this and back off enough from its own goals so that the physical body could recover, at least enough to ensure survival and a working life in which it could deal with life's daily goals, and arts, too. Otherwise, I said, the whole process becomes self-defeating not only for the conscious portions of the personality, but for the very body itself. Granted that certain individuals could choose to pursue certain goals and challenges even through the point of physical death, never relaxing that focus; still, most did not.

("We're all going to die," I said, "so what we're really talking about is how and when that death takes place.... If you, or anyone, chooses to extract the utmost from whatever experience is decided upon, then you have to go with that. But it's also like saying that a doctor can't help people with cancer unless he gets cancer himself, so that he really knows what it's like. Somewhere along the line you have to decide upon a cutoff point—that is, all portions of the personality have to do that together, or the conscious self is dragged along unwilling to cooperate...."

("Your readers certainly don't expect that of you," I said, explaining that I was keeping in mind Seth's recent statement that both of us had decided upon our joint experiences, wanting and not wanting the symptoms at the same time. "Your readers write asking for help with the idea that you've managed to solve certain challenges that they're still struggling with....")

(Such ideas refer back, of course, to the sinful-self ideas—material we still need.

(As for the food and vitamin material, I've become less and less insistent that Jane adhere to any kind of regular program, since I think she continues to show that she's not really sold on such therapy. I don't really know whether that attitude negates my efforts or not. My original idea was simply to offer the physical body some help it could use, even regardless of the beliefs involved, and to use that help as a springboard for changing certain beliefs. I don't believe any medication or vitamins—or anything else, for that matter—are going to do a person any good without a change in belief. That change would come about in a socially acceptable way through the medication.

(At this point I am more than reasonably sure that Jane began to show certain marked improvements after I initiated the vitamin, peanut-oil, cod-liver-oil daily routine: Her hands first began to show definite reductions in swelling within a very few days, and this was followed by an excellent increase in her knee movement a few days later. Certain B-vitamins in the regimen were each supposed to help these specific areas, and evidently did so. I am quite aware that these changes were also accompanied by possible changes in belief, since we'd talked about what we were doing, obviously. But certainly more than coincidence is involved here. I do think I've seen similar temporary changes in belief before, without the accompanying changes in the hands and knees. More minor changes, possibly [though offhand I don't recall them], but nothing like what's now taking place. My personal opinion is that the combination of all three elements—vitamins, peanut oil, and cod liver oil, have helped a great deal in achieving these improvements, and that each time we pass up the "treatment," which is absurdly simple, we do miss out on something helpful. But I may be wrong. Seth has promised to comment.

(I suppose I could run on and on about why Jane herself doesn't leap upon something that appears to help with so little time and effort involved. Instead, I'm the one who tries to initiate these things. All of this is a very old story. To me it speaks very clearly of forces holding back, of resisting changing the status quo. As I said during our conversation, evidently after one has entertained certain feelings and ideas on unconscious levels for a long while, they take on a life of their own, and eventually actively come to resist being dispensed with: They are living, and do not want to die. Instead they seek to perpetuate their existence as surely as any other living organism does, and in certain senses come to appear to be irrational, in that they seem unable to understand that certain beneficial changes would perpetuate their own lives as well as that of their host, whom they are damaging overly much. Many deaths must be directly attributable to these kinds of mechanisms operating, and I would imagine that psychologically it's an old story.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 28, 1982 8:17 PM THURSDAY

("Come out at a quarter to eight," Jane told me at 7:15, "and we'll have a session." She'd mentioned a session earlier in the day, and so had I. At the same time she'd slept in her chair most of the day, and was doing so again at the card table, when I finally got out there at about 7:55. She was partially disoriented when I called her: "I thought I'd already had it," she exclaimed. "Also, my hands seemed to be a couple of inches away from where they really are....and my feet....")

(Today I'd asked her if she come up with any insights on her own as to why she was still sleeping so much in her chair, even after being home from the hospital for six months. The steadily increased thyroid medication hasn't seemed to influence the dozing at all, though we'd expected that it would in the beginning. Jane said the question had scared her, because she'd been wondering the same thing. I was afraid resistance was still involved.

(However, her knees appear to be swinging back and forth even better, which is an excellent sign, and she can still sleep lying on her left side. Her decubiti continue to worsen, though, and I wonder what the limits are here. A new spot is opening up on her lower back, and I can tell that it's caused by pressure against a pelvic ridge —and, ironically, I think, it could have gotten its start because she exerts new pressure on that spot from lying on her side.... Today I went back to applying peanut oil massage to her knees and wrists and knuckles. We haven't used the vitamins, or cod liver oil, for several days now, and as usual I feel a sense of frustration over this, coupled with an unsureness as to whether any such routine should be too rigidly adhered to. But I regret seeing what may be chances of help being passed by, and these feelings are, I'm afraid, based on our lack of specific knowledge.

(To my surprise, Jane launched into the session before I could finish the above notes; I had to return to them after the session. Considering her sleepy state of a few minutes ago, her Seth voice was very good, her eyes open and dark, pauses as usual.)

Now:

("Good evening.")

Ruburt's relaxation on the overall is excellent. It is true he needs quite constant reassurance on that point, however—for letting go is something he would not do to any extent earlier in the same fashion.

It can be frightening, but he is conquering that with your help.

His energy is being reasserted, however, as the relaxation helps free his motion. *(Pause.)* You have been most helpful in your reassurances, and they are indeed paramount, and he is holding himself well under those conditions. The corner of probabilities of which I spoke has indeed been turned, and is being turned.

(Long pause at 8:22.) Greater energy and motion is also being generated. Ruburt should shortly be able to find himself moving quite a bit more quickly than now, and some of that motion is already being released and expressed, whether or not it has sufficiently caught your notice.

The peanut oil on the legs is good—also on the hands. The personal massage also speaks its own kind of love and healing. The vitamins overall are helpful. There have been stresses laid, however, on the acts of eating that you could do without, and in your ways you have carried through the best procedure without knowing it, following the entire procedure for a short time, then dropping it, then continuing. This gives the idea to the body that these vitamins and minerals are sometimes to be provided by itself.

The idea of comfort foods, however—foods which bring comfort, favorites from childhood or whenever, can be excellent aids. They are like a reward food, while many of the health-food foods come somewhat closer—somewhat closer (*much louder*)—to a kind of punishment syndrome, though I do not want to stress the point.

(8:29.) Give us a moment.... There are times, you see, when certain foods are of great benefit, and times when they are not. A few “natural” milkshakes with ice cream, or sodas, such as you purchase in any American drugstore (*with much amusement*), can be quite beneficial at times, even though they would be considered quite antinatural by the natural-food organizations. The body at times needs certain kinds of fats, and at other times does not—so when you make too many food laws (*pause*), then there are at least indications of the old Jewish dietary habits. So much of that you learn as you go along.

The vitamin C is particularly helpful. So are the oils, but anything that adds further trauma to a meal should be avoided. You are both doing well, however, in your determination to go ahead into new freedoms—discovering, finally, that the universe does indeed (underlined) lean in your direction.

Have Ruburt read his letter again. (*Re Seven III.*

(*Long pause at 8:35.*) I want you to keep your minds open, however, also, not to automatically dismiss any move to Sayre or environs, but to see yourselves supported in whatever moves you make. Once again, the energy you are releasing will be showing itself in other areas in both your work and dealings with others. I bid you then a fond good evening.

(*“Can I ask a question?”*)

You may.

(*“I’m quite interested in the Fred Conyers affair. I don’t know whether you want to go into it now, but I’d like to know more about it if you care to comment.”*)

I will give you the information at another session. Do remind me, and let it go for now.

(*“Okay.” That was the reply I’d expected.*

(8:37 PM. Jane was quiet for some time after the session. For the first time in a long while, I’d say, her delivery and manner was much more like the Seth of old —firm and amused and emphatic in turn, and free of tremor, with pauses as usual.

(*“I’m real glad I had it,” she said. “I was determined to.” She asked me to wait before reading it to her, “while I get myself together.”*

(*I haven’t made any effort toward dismissing a move to Sayre, myself. Jane hasn’t mentioned it lately. I will try to remain open about it, and trust that the means for it will come through Framework 2.... I explained that I’d become quite interested in the Fred Conyers thing because I’d been reading a couple of pages a day of one of the manuscripts he’d left us: The Rule Book of Love: A Seth Book. I thought the title intriguing. I also thought portions of the manuscript itself were intriguing, quite acute, mixed up with Fred’s obsessions and compulsions, his personal life and family, his far-out ideas, his attempts and frustrations as he*

tried to use the manuscript as a vehicle toward understanding himself as he attempted to uncover the secrets of his personality: He thought them locked away from his understanding by the very device he had chosen of speaking for Seth. Inaccessible to him consciously. I've also learned that Fred has a wife, Heidi, and at least one daughter, and that he did—does —live in Denver, Colorado.

(As I told Jane today, a study of the affair would be fascinating in many ways, particularly as it would have to involve Fred's behavior and beliefs as associated with the Seth material. I have yet to even unwrap his other manuscript, The Christ Book. Fred has it wrapped in brown paper and so much yellow string that at first I thought he'd used a rope like a clothesline as a binder.

(Perhaps Fred Conyers is the latest version of Augustus.

("When I get comfortable in my chair, then I start drifting," Jane said as I worked on these notes. "I go to sleep...." And she did it again. She woke up confused: "Didn't I have a cigarette going? I thought I did...." She'd gone through the same reaction re smoking earlier in the evening. Finally I did read the session to her. "I'm sitting here feeling funny in the funniest fashion," she said, "without being able to explain what I mean." We had snacks of toast and milk and headed for bed shortly after 10 PM.

(She had been quite restless last night. I'd put her on the commode twice, just as I'd done the night before. Our sleep patterns have been quite chaotic, although we seem to be getting along okay. I suppose the evening situation accounts in part for her sleeping during the day, but I also think more is involved.

(A note: Michaellen Grangier, a woman in her 30's, who has muscular dystrophy, visited last night. I talked to her on the back porch until I got pretty chilled through [temperature was in the high 30's]. She'd sent us a tape a few weeks ago—which we haven't played yet—and has done some writing for Reality Change—Maude Cardwell's Seth newsletter published in Austin, Texas. Michaellen is to return to California today. She left Jane a couple of tapes of songs [by others] and a piece of healing quartz. For the past week she has been visiting a relative who lives on Underwood Avenue here in town—not much more than a stone's throw away.

("What are the chances of that happening?" I asked Jane. "They must be very much against it, mathematically. Here someone who's associated with Reality Change, way out in Texas, and who knows about us through our work, has a relative who lives on Underwood Avenue.... incredible." I added that even she must have been surprised when she first heard of us and realized that we lived in Elmira; she couldn't have known, then, that we lived that close to Underwood Avenue, where she had a relative.

(I was amused during the visit to learn that "two little old ladies, one who's interested in your stuff and one who's a skeptic," waited in the car in the driveway while Michaellen and I talked under the porch light. She sat in one of the porch chairs while I stood up so I could move about and keep warm. Every so often whoever was driving the car would start it up so the heater would go on. But in the dark night I could see only the hood of the little car, and never the two old ladies. The car could have been sitting there running itself as far as any other signs of life were concerned. We talked so long the two ladies must have become quite impatient waiting.... Michaellen and I embraced and kissed as she said goodbye, and I wondered what her companions thought of such behavior between strangers, right out there under the light.

(Note: The letter from David Butts arrived today, but I haven't read it yet.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 30, 1982 9:34 PM SATURDAY

(At about 4 PM yesterday Jane called me out to the card table to show me the much improved movements she could make with her head: She rotated it more freely up and down and from side to side, her whole body participating somewhat as she sat in her chair. They were the best motions in that area she's shown for a long time. Both of us were very pleased. I asked her if the new motions were a sign of the greater freedom of motion she would soon be showing, according to Seth in last night's session [on the 28th], but she was noncommittal.

(I told her the increased motion represented the key to getting her decubiti under control, that any fears she had about increased freedom of motion simply had to be either dismissed or much downgraded—turned into positive forces and actions toward motion so that her whole body could mend itself. Good thinking, I thought.

("Bob, I feel funny," Jane said at 9:31, as I sat reading on the couch. "I think I could have a session, a short one, if you're up to it. I know you're tired, but maybe I can do it. I'll see if I can...."

(I was somewhat surprised, since it was getting late, and I was getting a snack ready before going to bed. I'd slept heavily for a couple of hours this afternoon. Jane had sat in her chair at the card table the whole time—in fact, she's been in her chair since about 7:30 AM; she hasn't gone to the john or laid down. But I've reached the conclusion that I can no longer bug her about such things; she'll be in charge of her own body and destiny.

(Once again Seth came through before I finished writing these notes, and once again Jane's voice was strong, as it had been during the last session.)

Now: this will undoubtedly be a brief-enough session—but I wanted you to know that some important organizations of behavior that have bothered you both—particularly Ruburt—have lost their power. That is, within the last few days.

I do not want at this point to remind you, and so will leave the remark as is for now.

Continuing along as you have in the last few days, you should find yourselves by the holidays far clearer in your lives and ways than perhaps now seems possible. The ordeal issues are dissolving, in other words.

Ruburt has also been picking up some information, quite interesting, on unusual versions of perception, in which, say, living and nonliving are combined momentarily to form momentarily new kinds of objects.

His increased energy will show as his increased and increasing motions become more apparent.

(Long pause at 9:38.) There is still on both of your parts, however, a move toward Pennsylvania, a yearning of the heart.

End of session—but I wanted you to have the information.

("Thank you."

(9:40 PM. Jane sighed in relief. "I'm glad I did it.... That yearning thing—I seem to get it more than you do. But I felt the session real strong when it started to come in." Her Seth voice

had been strong. "I don't know," she said after I'd lit a cigarette for her. "I almost feel as if I've made some kind of completely different kind of orientation....")

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 2, 1982 8:55 PM TUESDAY

(The time given above is misleading, since no session was actually held tonight. It instead represents the time I went out to the card table to join Jane and wait for one to begin.

(Yesterday, Jane wrote for me, at my request, a few lines about Seth's remark in last Saturday's session, to the effect that she's been picking up some unusual versions of perception lately. The original is attached to this session: "I've experienced odd perceptions in relaxed states," Jane wrote. "They involve what I'll call innocent perceptions, to show their lack of sophistication. They involve the spontaneous combination of living objects and nonliving ones into curious juxtapositions. For example, I'll see Rob's head, with our floor-stand world globe growing out of it into a new kind of object.... which I'll momentarily accept. I can disentangle these, and often several are included."

(Yesterday morning I took a call from Nancy Overton and Saul Cohen, who evidently will have the job of shepherding Jane's work through Prentice-Hall, now that Tam has left. The call was in response to my letter to Nancy on October 22, re Tam telling Jane that Pocket Books had published the paperback edition of Seven II. Not so, SC explained, citing the mix-up surrounding Tam's leaving and his own efforts to learn what was going on in the new job.

(The call was over our speakerphone, so Jane could hear SC when he said that her Seven III "was charming," and that he liked it very much. He wants to see more, and I explained what Jane has ready and has yet to do. I didn't say anything about Seth's Dreams. Jane was very pleased that SC liked Seven, since I learned that she'd been worrying about this. She wants to check the next five chapters before sending them to Tam, who will send them to SC when he edits them, but she hasn't done any work on them recently. She still sleeps in her chair most of the day.

("I must be slow," I exclaimed about an hour after the call. SC's praise for Seven III must be another one of those predicted good things that are going to come our way out of Framework 2...." Obviously.

(Shortly after I'd finished with the call, Jane asked me a question: "Does the name M-i-l-n-e-r mean anything to you?"

("No," I said, going out to the kitchen after my cup of coffee, which I'd forgotten. "I've heard the name before, though."

("I was picking up the name just now," she said. Momentarily she'd dozed at the card table; she got the name several times, just as she spelled it. I said I'd make a note of it.

(It's actually November 8 as I type these notes, and I have not only the material for November 2 to present, but also that for the sessions for November 7 and November 8. Situations change so rapidly that material that's a week old almost seems out of date, or superceded, but I want to show our thinking for November 2 just as much as for this morning, November 8. So although that "old" material for November 2 seems somewhat dated already, I'll present it here just as though a session had been held on that date:

(Elsbeth W. visited this noon, bringing Jane two skirts she'd made for her, plus several blouses she thought Jane could use this winter. The skirts, of heavier material, are designed to go around my wife as she sits in her chair.

(At about 4 PM I quit work, and began to prepare for my nap. I wanted Jane to lie down also, since she'd sat in her chair since about 7:30 this morning. She hadn't even gone to the john—the same behavior she showed last Saturday, when a session had been held that night. Now Jane told me however, that she was feeling “panicky.” She'd been dozing in the chair and woke up feeling that way. It got worse. I could see that she had no intention of lying down. “God, I'm scared,” she said several times, but couldn't say why she felt that way, at first. Then she said she thought her fright was connected to her fear of abandonment as a child—and that she would finally make life so miserable for me that I'd leave her.

(I replied that if I was involved in that fashion, then I had to be a late link in a long chain of such fears. I wasn't denying that I could be so involved. I said Jane's mother had been abandoned by her father, that her grandparents had also been separated through bitter argument, and that Jane herself had often been threatened with such a fate by her mother. Also—because of the nature of her own psychic work, Jane must feel abandoned by the literary establishment—and even society in general—no matter if certain people do buy her books. She's far from being accepted by the ruling elite of our country, at least at this time. It all fit together, I said. All of this is very simplified from our discussion, which must have lasted a couple of hours. Neither of us slept.

(I had several rather grim questions that had grown out of recent sessions—obvious ones—and could have easily come up with others. A primary one was why Jane's personality would continue behavior that could bring on the threat of abandonment, as she saw it—the symptoms—if she had such a fear of that possibility. I saw this as very contradictory. Another question was why her overall personality would continue behavior that could conceivably bring about the eventual demise of the physical body—and thus the death of those very portions of the personality that were causing all the trouble, and had been for years. This didn't make sense to me, in ordinary terms.

(“Is it the sinful self that's doing this?” I asked. “Why hasn't it learned better by now? I can't think of anything in the world that's worth it—literally.” I said a lot more. It all sounded good, but would have little effect, I thought, since it hadn't in years past. The self-destructive behavior was much more advanced now, though, and I could only hope and trust that my dear wife's feelings of panic were an attempt on her personality's part to at least discharge some of the dangerous emotional charge that must have accumulated over the years, while being repressed. This would be much preferred instead of a projection of fear into the future, I said. If this were the case, the feelings of panic were a good sign, and could be quite helpful. But I was as baffled as ever, I said, that the personality would put the poor body in such a position that it couldn't be at peace either sitting up or laying down. It all seemed to be so self-defeating that I had trouble visualizing what other portions of the personality might be getting out of it.

(“I could guess at some of those other motivations,” I said, “but they'd only be guesses....” I tried to cling to the recent hopeful statements Seth has been making recently. “At the same time,” I said, “what's he waiting for in giving us the information we need? Is there something he'd say in a session that could be any worse than what we're dealing with everyday in our lives? It could hardly shock us any more than what's happening now.” It hardly seemed likely.

Jane said she'd do the best she could in the session tonight. I tried to reassure her before I started supper, but was so upset that it was very difficult.

("I might have to cry, to relieve myself of some of this tension," she said. "Go ahead," I replied. "The world won't stop turning on its axis...." She made a few aborted attempts at tears, but they didn't come. Her feelings of panic continued as I got supper ready, but she ate pretty well. After supper she told me to come out for the session at 8:15, but I was still working on these notes at 8:45, and she hadn't called me.

(Jane felt better after supper. During her upset she'd mentioned going back to Sayre to live several times, "where we started out." I didn't think she wished to be 26 years old again, but I also didn't know what the move might do for us now—that is, as far as helping restore her health went. I agreed that it could help, though. I must admit that if I'd had to guess at any upcoming major changes in our lives, moving back to Sayre would have been the last on the list. We haven't even been there for three years.

(At 9 PM I sat at the card table adding to these notes while we waited for the session. Jane had me light a cigarette for her. The election-day results were coming over on TV now, but I'd paid little attention to them. Jane said there had been some upsets.

(By 9:15 I began wondering if we'd have a session. Jane had finished her cigarette but hadn't taken off her glasses yet. I fed the cats and put them in the cellar. [Billy had caught a mouse in my writing room this afternoon.] "I'm just waiting," Jane said, half-doing. I thought she was probably tired from this afternoon's upset, and also encountering resistance to the session. As I've mentioned recently before, the fear itself could have by now—must have—acquired a life of its own, after all of those years, and it would as an entity resist being dispensed with, or transformed. If only Jane could understand that she had nothing to fear by way of abandonment from me, I thought. I repeat that statement here, again.

(By 9:30 I couldn't believe it: We weren't going to have a session after all—and just when we needed one most. Jane alternated between rather quick changes in waking and sleeping in her chair. I lost patience after a while, mostly due to sheer frustration, I suppose. She was somewhat disoriented: "Just read me last night's session," she said. But we'd had no session last night, Monday. We hadn't had one since last Saturday, October 30—four days ago.

(I left the card table to take out the trash at 9:33 PM.)

JANE'S NOTES
NOVEMBER 1, 1982

I've experienced odd perceptions in relaxed states. They involve what I'll call innocent perceptions, to show their lack of sophistication. They involve the spontaneous combination of living objects and non-living into curious juxtaposition.

For example, I'll see, say, Rob's head with our floor stand growing out of it into a new kind of object.... which I'll momentarily accept. I can disentangle these and often several are included.

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 7, 1982 5:05 PM SUNDAY

(At 4:30 PM Jane told me to get the notebook. Finally. "Well, it's five days since we sat for the last session, on," I said, "and we've accomplished nothing.")

(My brother Loren and his wife Betts, and brother Dick and wife Ida have just left, after a very pleasant visit. Betts and Loren brought the meal—half of which I supposed we weren't allowed to eat, I told Jane. But it all tasted delicious.)

(I think my wife is in bad shape. I note this aside from whatever changes may be taking place in her, as Seth has repeatedly maintained recently. Jane has slept just about all of each day, sitting in her chair, since the last failed session. Last night she was in agony in bed—all night. Our sleep has been very irregular. "Bob. I'm so scared," she said to me at 6:30 this morning when I went in to get her up. I was filled with impotent rage at the turn events have taken for us, but said little. Her bedsores are worse daily. She's refused naps in the afternoons, to give them a little rest. Hallucination has also been involved during the daylight hours—or at least disorientation.)

(Jane does no "work" at all any more. She hasn't touched Seven III. I couldn't understand why she wasn't calling upon her creative powers to her help out of the tragic situation she's created for herself, and me. Even if I'd helped her create such a lifestyle in the past, unwittingly, I was certainly dead-set against it now, and had been for several years. I was constantly appalled and amazed that she'd let her seemingly hopeless condition and situation drag on day after day, until such a crisis point as we now faced was reached, where we now had little room to maneuver.)

(I'd raked leaves this morning—it's been a beautiful day—while waiting for family to show up. Just before going outside I'd told Jane a capsule of my current thinking—that we were at the end of the line that she was going to end up hospitalized again, or in an institution where she could receive constant care. I could see no way out. I'd mentioned while she was still in bed this morning that I was going to call Dr. Kardon tomorrow morning, and tell her I wanted Jane back in the hospital. "What are you trying to do?" my wife cried out, "shock me into getting better?"

(As usual, I said a lot of things in the short time we talked before company arrived. That she was again telling me that she was getting better when I could see that she was getting worse. Even Seth did this. The same old story, I remarked. I added that I no longer believed the later sessions, in which Seth had talked about her getting better by the holidays this year, or her having turned a corner in probabilities. How could any of that be true? I had a million questions, and felt almost totally frustrated trying to get answers. Why, Jane, why? Again and again, I thought of resistance, of the sinful self putting up roadblocks, no matter what the consequences. And it seemed to me that certain parts of her personality were quite ready to continue such behavior until death—the final end, the dissolution in which host and ailments disappeared together, and all conflict was resolved. Was this to be the "redemption" Seth had talked about a couple of years ago, and that I'd tried to deal with in the intro for Dreams? I thought it likely. I told Jane I wouldn't be surprised to walk into the bedroom some day and

discover that she had simply died during the night, so resolving her challenges. An understandable-enough resolution, I said, and one I couldn't argue with basically, since such a course could logically be the one chosen by some personalities—but it was also one that I didn't choose at this time.

(I got a horrified reaction from Jane in the bedroom this morning when I'd mentioned the hospital to her, and that I was reaching a turning point in my struggles to care for her myself. Seth had recently said the hospital experience had been a traumatic one for Jane—so why was she doing again the very things that could lead to a return to that situation? Once again, a mindless resistance seemed to be the answer, at least from my standpoint. "Once again," I said, "whatever it is, I know you'll accept it, since it's the reality you're creating. And once again, I'm the one who's pushing you to use your own abilities to save yourself, meaning at least trying to learn what's going on through the sessions, for example. You should be telling me what to do—not the other way around.... But it's impossible for one person to save another if they don't want it that way.")

(After family left we sat at the card table, and to my surprise Jane told me to get the notebook. I gladly did so. She hallucinated a tree and other objects as I worked on these notes. "I'm afraid I won't be able to get into it, or if I do he won't have anything to say.... But okay...." Off came her glasses.)

Now: I can offer you no better advice than I have given, since it is advice couched in truth. *(Long pause.)* The body behaves as I have stated, and so does the mind. Of late the situation has led to at least a momentary framework in which physical disabilities take a good bit of mental and physical time. Their own nature stresses the idea of disability, say, over constructive work. Time is spent "getting better" that otherwise would be spent in any other area of activity. It is almost, at least, as if you decide to take so many hours a day and struggle with a physical condition, through whose unique cast you would view your private reality and that world. *(Long pause.)* Ruburt's body is recovering a good deal of inner responsiveness, or motion—moving more quickly in specific areas.

(Long pause at 5:14.) The material is as I have given it, however. The body does begin its new inner responses. Those areas that have bothered him can be definitely improved by massage, so that he feels comfortable far more quickly.

(A one-minute pause.) There is no condition that love cannot improve. There is no condition that love cannot provide—and I mean here love of self and so forth, as well as love of another person. There have indeed been various improvements that have shown themselves, along with this latest bout of severe discomfort.

I bid you a fond good evening—for now, and see what happens.

(5:21. "I was afraid I was going to lose what I had," Jane said, "so I'll see what comes through in a minute." I kept my mouth shut, but I had lots of what I considered to be vital questions.

(However, I was pleased that Seth had insisted upon Jane's inner positive responses, for it could signal something far more constructive than my own negative projections of late.

(We waited several minutes. Jane put on her glasses, which I took to mean that the session was over. "Did you get any ideas?" she asked.

("Well. I've got to be careful," I said, "or I'll shut it off.")

("I'm disappointed," she said, as though talking about the offerings of someone else, over which she had no control.

("We're not going to get any specifics, is that it?")

("I guess so," she said. "The funny thing is, I believe it now in a way I didn't used to.")

(Her statement represented an important point, one that I wasn't too sharp in appreciating at the moment, so poor was my own outlook. I would like to deviate from the session notes here, and comment that sometimes typing this material several days after it's been given isn't easy: One's ideas change, to such a degree even that opinions and feelings of even a few days ago can seem mightily out of place. When I wrote the notes for this session, I probably felt as badly as I ever have, whereas when I now find myself typing this material [on November 9] I am aware of a most heartening change for the better.

(I would like to record the original notes I wrote for the session, then, but at the same time I recommended to Jane that she not read them. I now think it would do her little good to do so. Seth did come through again, briefly, and I suggest that Jane skip down to his material. In the meantime, I'll continue the original notes.

("Well. I guess that's the way it's going to end, then," I said, meaning that the sessions would just peter out or dwindle away in generalizations. I'd been aware of this possibility for some time, and wasn't surprised that the time had come. Not a word from Seth about why she's been so miserable for the past five days, or why her decubiti are worse, or my suggestion that she go back into the hospital, or the role the sinful self plays in all of this. The list is endless. Then Seth returned as I finished this note.

(5:37 PM.) One small note: these sessions also carry overlays of meanings doubled in upon themselves that are connected with the words but are not part of the words, but carried by the sounds. And so is some information this evening.

Often such material deals with material that is very difficult to translate—material that drifts through the psyche, however, to add to your support or knowledge. They are meant to spur you on even when you do not recognize them. I express my sympathy for you, and also stress my confidence.

(5:43 PM. And that was it. We need a lot more. I probably won't call Dr. Kardon or the hospital tomorrow, but will simply wait for nature to take its course, since except for the movement in the knees—which hasn't increased—it's been all bad, so the general outcome for the future is all but inevitable. I'd told Jane earlier, referring to it several times from different angles, that I felt the sessions were closing themselves down, for good. I may even make that decision myself. I've also thought of not finishing Dreams, but going back to painting for the rest of my life—another option. I know that sooner or later I'll be doing this no matter what the outcome of our present situation is, whenever Dreams is finished, I suspect at this time.

(I have no ideas at all as to the moving-back-to-Sayre business goes. Whatever we do, it will be together, regardless of Jane's fears of abandonment. I am as committed to her as I am to breathing, and whatever we do comes after that. I'll let it all rest in Framework 2 from now on. This is the course I-we should have followed all along. Good luck, kids—you'll need it.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 8, 1982 10:26 AM MONDAY

(I read yesterday afternoon's session to Jane this morning. As we'd discussed last evening, we decided to try for another session this morning, possibly to get more specific material on some of the questions I'd raised in the notes for yesterday's session. Jane also wanted Seth to comment on her "relaxations" during the day: She sleeps practically all day while sitting in her chair. I hoped these relaxations were signs of a healing process taking place after years of tension. At the same time, I wanted material on why Jane might be perpetuating behavior that might lead her back into the hospital—an experience which she'd found to be so traumatic last time.

(I do seem to be slowly learning that Seth may be avoiding being pinned down to material that's too specific at this time. Perhaps he feels that it isn't needed at this time, that it's simply better to just let Jane's natural healing abilities do their work, now that that "corner in probabilities" has been turned.... In a strange way, I've even become inhibited about asking him the direct questions I think I so much want the answers to. Maybe through the graces of Framework 2, the course we're following, if reluctantly, isn't so bad after all at this time.

(Last night Jane slept very well. comparatively, and both of us felt more encouraged today. This morning Sheri Peri called re her letters to England on behalf of Jane.

(At the card table:)

Now: additions to our notes.

You both did extremely well yesterday—not calling Kardon, and sidestepping what could have been another highly charged experience.

(I hadn't planned on calling until this morning, by the way.)

Your growing joint understanding came to your aid. It would be of some benefit at least to be a little less intimidating, always using the hospital's precise designation for bedsores (*decubiti*), the term, used as it is, simply impresses upon you the greater strength of medical theory.

The returning motion and energy that is released will automatically take care of the condition—and watch yourselves with your nurse's mention of the bedsore episodes. On occasion it will be helpful to lift or heighten the chair's height as Ruburt changes, so think of small varieties of that nature—a different pillow for part of the day, for example, or whatever.

(Long pause at 10:32.) Take a brief break.

(I lit a cigarette for Jane. A note about the bedsore suggestions given by our nurse, Peggy J: Last Wednesday afternoon during her regular visit Peggy told us she'd talked to her boss, Roe—also a nurse—and that Friday Roe would meet her here to look at Jane's bedsores. Peggy talked about being relieved of the "responsibility" for the bedsores, which obviously worried her. I'd told Jane to use suggestion so that she wouldn't be bothered by whatever Roe might say, but suspected that Roe would want Dr. Kardon to examine the bedsores, and

probably this would lead to a demand that Jane would go back into the hospital. [I didn't tell Jane the hospital part of my suspicions, though.]

(On her regular Friday-afternoon visit, Peggy and Jane and I waited for Roe, who was scheduled to visit—but Roe, mysteriously, never showed up. Could she have picked up some sort of message from Jane and me? We don't know. When Peggy came on Monday afternoon. Roe didn't show up either, and Peggy didn't mention it, nor did Peggy dwell on Jane's bedsores. In some strange way it was as if the whole episode, with its obviously negative implications, never had even been mentioned. I didn't ask Seth to comment, but should have.

(10:39.) Now: when you work through such an episode as this weekend's bout, then you gain an individual but also joint confidence in your ability to do so—a very important point, a very intimate and vital way of dealing with your joint reactions. Some such feelings could be expected, naturally enough, since you do not live in a perfect world. It can be understood that they are transitory, however, and in the entire picture they begin to dissolve easier and easier. Various things can spark such feelings, according to the circumstances, while at another time the same kind of stimulus may not apply at all.

There is no doubt, however, that the bedsores with their problems will dissolve, and almost go unnoticed as they do, if you play down their prominence. You do not have to pretend they are not there, but know that the increased motion, and new psychic motion, will take care of the situation.

Again, a simple thing like formalizing the condition has the tendency to give it a high legitimacy.

(Long pause.) Increased motion at certain stages can also be interpreted as irritation—a stage that quickly passes. Encourage thoughts or daydreams that have to do with the simple enjoyment of life, and of your abilities. In their way, your brothers have rallied to your support, you see.

That will do for now. My fondest understanding, blessing and energy.

("Thank you.")

(10:49 AM. Jane's voice had been quite good. She'd sat with her head down for much of the session. Pauses as usual. Both of us were encouraged. Yes, thank you, Seth. I still felt that surge of expectation and energy, as though we had somehow turned a corner in probabilities. I was keeping the blessings of Framework 2 in mind.

(I had a lot of typing to do. I read the session to Jane. I also stressed how important it was for us not to be bothered by, or even respond to, any negative suggestions unwittingly given by the nurse, Peggy.

(After the session, Jane could almost come up with something about her feelings of abandonment, yet couldn't quite do so. Maybe she'll get it later today.

(And in his own way, Seth finally did give us some material on the bedsores. It was much better than I'd dared hope. I feel good about it, and know that Jane will too when she reads the session.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 8, 1982 8:32 PM MONDAY

(As far as I can remember, this will be the first time that we held two separate sessions during the same day—if one develops now. After supper Jane told me to come out to the card table with the notebook at 8:15. I got there at 8:22, after finishing a page of typing from Sunday afternoon's session. I'm trying to get all the material typed as soon as possible.

("I had something from him [Seth] earlier," she said, "but you weren't here...." She struggled to stay awake. "Watch me—I'm afraid I'll fall asleep. Maybe we better just look stuff over instead."

("That wouldn't keep you awake any more than trying to have a session," I said. "Do you have any insight as to why the relaxation at this time? Is it because we just ate, or...?"

(Jane replied that her condition bespoke a generalized relaxation—which was beneficial, of course. I hoped it would lead to increased mobility, at least. Her head kept dipping down and I kept calling her, and she kept telling me that every time I did so I interrupted her when she was "getting something." To me it looked as though she was falling asleep each time. I stopped badgering her. Then:)

Now: this information may come slowly.

(Long pause, head down. eyes closed.) These interlaces (word repeated at my request) referred to earlier operations as carriers of information—information that is triggered by your own needs at any given time.

(See yesterday afternoon's session, re "overlays of meanings."

(Long pause.) We are speaking of energy, of course. There is a kind of passive energy that carries you where you want to go, and material of that nature is being utilized now. Period. (Repeating some words.)

That is the material I referred to as being not verbal necessarily—carried by the words in other than usual fashions. Ruburt's own condition is indeed improving and accelerating, as I have mentioned in the latest sessions. And again, following along as you have been doing. This brings that focus into greater—far greater—intensity and motion.

(Long pause at 8:38.) Now rest for a moment.

(Jane's delivery had been sporadic in an odd way, her Seth voice subdued, making me feel that she could lose the session at any moment by slipping off into sleep. She put her glasses on, telling me that she'd felt my concern during the session. I said I was hoping she'd be able to continue for at least a little while. I lit a cigarette for her. We waited. "I'll do what I can," she said, taking off her glasses. She was still smoking.

(8:46.) In many instances, you "get the session" whether or not it seems to you (much louder suddenly) that it has any important material at all. Some sessions, therefore, are their own effect.

(Long pause.) I cannot stress the fact of Ruburt's attitude toward the medical profession during and immediately following his hospital stay. Symbolically, however, the attitude itself is highly therapeutic, since it "stands for and represents" many important issues in his life—and in settling one you settle all in this regard. Some of the very late

material I have been giving you fits in at this point. *(Long pause.)* To some extent Peggy *(the nurse)* stands for the medical establishment, of course. *(Long pause, head down.)* Read that last small group of sessions together, so that the material, both verbal and otherwise, stays with you—and again, you will be feeling the additional reassurance and confidence that comes from your individual and joint triumph, when such episodes are conquered.

Feel also those responses occurring again, as they are, in other areas of your life. Additional motion can also be expected, and I bid you a fond good evening.

("Thank you.")

(8:56 PM. "Well, you got something," I said to Jane, almost laughing. "Had quite a time there, didn't you?" It was amazing, how much better I felt now than when I'd written the notes for yesterday's session [Sunday, the 7th]. "Anything you want to add?"

("Yeah, in a minute," Jane said. But that was it. I read the session to her.

(This could be quite important: Several times later during the evening, Jane told me that she felt like she was on her feet, with the safety of the chair close behind her when she wanted to sit down. Very encouraging psychological signs, I said, adding that I hoped they were harbingers of future developments.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 9, 1982 2:01 PM TUESDAY

(This morning I typed the session for November 7, as I tried to catch up on the backlog of material we've been accumulating lately. I still felt much better, and thought that Jane did too. I didn't get into my writing room until 10:00 this morning. Jane was quiet as she sat at the card table in the living room while I worked.

(Appearances can be deceiving, though: After lunch Jane told me that her feelings of panic had returned [see the session for November 7, for instance]. The sensations had begun shortly after I went to work. She hadn't been able to doze in her chair after all, except fitfully. I asked if the feelings stemmed from the past, or represented a projection into the future.

("It's hard to be sure," she said, "but I think from the time I was in the hospital [last February].") Into the future, in other words.

("Well, we can do something about that," I said. "Do you want to have a session?")

("If I can. Do the dishes and check the mail, then I'll try.... I'm awful glad I said something about them," she added, "but when I do the feelings start to come up also....") Jane's voice trembled. She's remarked before that it's very hard for her to talk about the feelings when they begin to reveal themselves to her consciously.

(I repeated that she should have told me when the feelings began—not three hours later. "But it's good that they're there," I said. "It means you're expressing them, even if they are unpleasant. If you weren't they'd still be buried.")

("Maybe if you'll let me mutter on," Jane said, with nearly a laugh. "I even have these dreams that you can wish me out into the car and take me down to those hills in Pennsylvania.... And I even wonder about the woman [Mrs. Anderson] who lived in this house, and committed suicide later—though it's no big deal. I don't feel suicidal, as far as I know. Although I feel very scary about doing something like yelling or pulling my hair or something like that—I don't know—losing control, and yet when I look around our room I never fail to take note of the room and the red couch cover, and how beautiful it is.")

("My most hopeful feeling is that when you give it all up the panic comes up again, and then you're making progress. But it still seems like you can only stand so much: two people in a household," she said cryptically. Meaning what? I wondered.

(Long pause at 2:05.

("Youth and innocence must have been on our side, back there at York Beach," Jane said, "when we felt so terrible. The whole thing with your eyes adds to the whole thing—I can barely see what I eat, though if I put on my close-up glasses I could.... I want to see if I can get more comfortable. Then I get the feeling that scares you even more—that you're scared to death of the hospital, and yet you're afraid to dismiss your doctor and say to hell with the whole bit—I must be hiding stuff, see, because I'm getting ready to cry, because the time might come when you couldn't stand it any more, and you'd have to do it—go back to the hospital—go through it all again—then I just tell myself I'd make out again, just like millions of people....")

("Can you have a session?" I asked at 2:12.

("I have no idea. If I could just put my head down and relax I'd be so relieved—then maybe I'd switch over to a session." Her forehead nearly rested upon the tabletop. "I guess after the session last night I got more frightened. I had a hell of a time last night—I went into dream states and hallucinations the whole night. When you came in [at 1:15 AM] I wanted to get up, but I believed what you said, that I had to get off my ass for a while.... I started talking to the people giving the news on TV [channel 13], and Chris's mother [whom Jane has never met; Chris Hover cleans the house every other Sunday], and to you and other people. But I always feel their presences, as if they're really there....")

(Long pause at 2:20. "I'm beginning to feel a little bit better, easier than I did, and I'm not sure where my hands are in the weirdest fashion sometimes. It's hard to explain." She dozed.

(2:24. "Do you want to go lay down?" I asked. She hadn't gone to the john since about 7:30 AM.

("I don't want to go lay down. I might have to go in and go to the bathroom, which I don't want to do—then come back out here and see what I can do—maybe have a session....")

(2:26. We took her into the commode, but she wouldn't lie down after going to the john. I had her back in the living room, at the dining room table, within 10 minutes. She dozed, her lowered forehead nearly resting on her hands clasped on the table top. "I'm all right," she said.

(I didn't think she'd either go on by herself or have a session. Jane appeared to feel better, though, and was taking solace in relaxing and drifting into sleep states.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 10, 1982 8:28 PM WEDNESDAY

(I'm writing these notes as though for a session, but I have no idea whether a session will develop. As I can note the next day, however, one did develop—so I'm skipping the typing of the sessions for November 8—the second one for that day—and November 9, in order to get right to work on this one. I think it has very important things for us to follow.

(Today I had to go to the drugstore and food shopping, on separate trips. I also raked leaves for an hour and helped Peggy, our nurse, with Jane. And those activities lead into the crux of today's session and events.

(Once again a crisis situation has come about. It's now 8:30 PM. At about 7 PM, we were eating supper and watching Buck Rogers on TV, when Jane had another panic attack. This one was more extensive. It also took me a bit to realize that it was starting to show itself in the form of hallucinations or disorientation. Right after she'd finished eating, Jane began to ramble, talking about making impossible verbal rituals that she had to carry out before she could eat her ice cream for dessert. These periods were contrasted with examples of lucidity: "I'm going to make it," although such periods were far in the minority compared to her ramblings about performing these rituals before she could perform any meaningful physical act like eating dessert. I cannot really explain what she said; it was too rapid and varied, and I had no notebook handy. She tried to make sense out of uncommon sense data. At one time Jane thought she was on the commode in the bedroom, and began to pull up her blouse. Another time she thought she was in her writing room while I did the dishes.

(One of my first thoughts was that the dreaded time had come—that no matter what Seth had been saying lately, or what Jane and I thought about her getting better, she was actually worse off than ever. I envisioned calling Dr. Kardon tomorrow, to get Jane into the hospital—a prospect both of us shrank from indeed. I thought that even my wife would be forced to agree to such a move.

(Our time was running out. If, as Seth has repeatedly said lately, Jane was clearing her psyche, then I feared that she'd begun her task too late, mentally and physically. As Peggy J had said today, Jane needed nursing care that neither she nor I could provide now. That leaves but one alternative, and my thought and fear is that if Jane goes into the hospital again, the sessions are over—for good. And who knows what the hell will happen to us for the rest of our lives? Of such ingredients are cosmic farces made, I thought. It can be seen that I was having a hard time to keep from falling into the deep pessimism I'd experienced not long ago, and seemingly had rebounded from.

(Just last night Jane sat up in her chair all night—literally—letting me put her on the commode at about 2 AM. I did so again at 7 AM, and she then sat up until Peggy arrived at 2 PM. Her legs are swollen like tree trunks from the fluid that has collected in them; her toes are like sausages. I'm very distressed at all of this. When I had to change the dressings on her ass this morning, before putting her back in her chair, I saw that the sores were worse than ever—an angry, irritated red—and spreading. Such is my wife's pitiable state at this time.

(Peggy and I had a couple of hurried conversations this afternoon, concerning Jane's condition, and before leaving Peggy had her say to Jane as we sat at the card table. I can tell that she's appalled at my wife's condition, and said outright that she's not doing Jane any good at all any more. She wants me to call Dr. Kardon to come to the house to examine Jane, saying we owe it to Dr. K., who couldn't know the extent of Jane's symptoms these days. "She deserves to be informed." Of course. I told Peggy I'd think it over, and we'll probably make a decision this weekend. The only thing that's stopping me at the moment is Seth's latest comments on the bedsores clearing themselves up automatically as Jane releases inner motion. This may be a case of pure wishful thinking, for I don't understand how the sores can possibly heal themselves without outside help—possibly even surgery—of some sort.

(Jane refused to lie down this morning while I went to Gerould's, so I had to get her out of bed, after changing the dressings, within 10 minutes. As I sit here writing this evening, her legs are fatter than ever. Yet she herself first came up with the insight tonight that the panic was expressing itself through her disorientations and/or hallucinations. A very important point, a creative insight. She got mad at me briefly just now when I demanded to know if I would really get a session tonight: "Bob, I'm trying as hard as I can. I said you'd get one. You'll get one." Yet the next moment she was back hallucinating. A few minutes ago she'd told me that she had to have the session in order to get rid of the anxiety-hallucination complex.

(8:28. I was surprised when Seth abruptly came through just as I finished the above notes. Jane's voice was good, her head down, eyes closed; she swayed to her left often. I was about to note that the session was probably a last gasp attempt to learn something important, to keep going on our own, before our world began to fall apart.

("This thing has almost got the best of me," I'd told Peggy this afternoon, "after 15 years." I didn't mean I hadn't played my own role in all of it, for obviously I had. I explained to Peggy our insurance options. I stressed, however, that Jane's challenges were still primarily psychological, and that her "cure" lay in that direction. I devoutly hope and trust that this session will mark the beginning of something very good. I demanded a session, I'd told Jane, if it was at all possible.)

("But Bob," Peggy had said, "you don't have to go it all alone....")

Now: we will see what we can do with what we have. (Glasses off.)

First of all, the anxiety rises with its own rhythm (pause), expressing at this time the anxious patterns that lie beneath, serving both as messages of the nature of the stress, and containing also other deeper material that has, in a fashion, accumulated. You are not comfortable. Arrange yourselves and I will return.

(8:30. "I'm about ready to fall off the bed," Jane said, going back into her disoriented state at once. Actually, she was leaning again to her left in the chair.

(8:35.) These feelings of panic beautifully illustrate several issues, and Ruburt will be able to handle them all right. Take a brief break.

(8:36. Voice better, head moving up and down, grimacing and gesturing during delivery.)

What he needs immediately at this point—which you have already been providing—are "bandages" of honest affection—for these help allay some of the original childhood panic, which rises in different form. He does seem to have it well within his head, however, that the time to change is now, and he is determined to do so. Some of the old panic is also threatened, of course, and hence shows itself in altered form at different times. Do remember this. Again, take a very brief break, and I will continue.

(8:41. "It's me.... I just need a puff on a cigarette, or your arms around me or something. And my glasses. I don't trust myself without them."

(I was pleased at the way the session was going—and indeed amazed that Jane could manage to pull it off at all, given her circumstances. She said no more, just smoked. The TV was on, without sound. The cats slept beside the waterbed in the living room. The room was lit with a soft yellow glow.

("All right. I don't know what I mean by all right, but I think I'm ready."

(8:47.) Those early feelings date back to Ruburt's early childhood. They are the final, and yet first expressions of that panic. Therefore, they can be extremely valuable. There was also of course the event of St. Vincent's. Also numerous small abandonments when Ruburt was still younger—but with your help he can indeed clear both mind, body and spirit, for he senses that relief, and knows it is at least within his grasp.

You must give us a moment, however, again, and we will promptly return.

(8:50. "I need to raise my head," Jane said. She had indeed been speaking for Seth with her head bowed low. I helped her with a hand: "Look at me....")

The session is apt to go off and on, but for a fairly long period—I am not sure—as we deal with the nature of action and expression. *(Long pause.)* Reassure him of your love again. See his head is well lifted, and I will shortly return.

(8:54. Once again I helped Jane lift her head level with mine. and lean back against her pillow. She was also hallucinating again, wondering if it was safe to sit up and relax.

(8:56.) He may need particular help this evening again, but as far as both of you are concerned, this will more than pay off.

Some natural crying is probably far healthier than none.

(8:58. "Me. I don't know what to do. I just want to put my head up. I'm scared, though...."

("You're doing better," I said. Jane hasn't been able to cry, although I have the definite feeling that she'd like to.

(8:59.) The crying can be most effective, though not of course overindulged in. *(Long pause at 9:00.)* I will shortly return. See that his head is well lifted.

(9:01.) The affair can be carried through extremely well, to your individual and joint advantages, clearing up overall on both of your parts blockages of energy, so that your lives will be exceptionally clear. Frequent, small amounts of food should be given Ruburt during this period, and his ability stressed in dealing with the entire situation, with your help. Dawn and evening are both highly important. I will return again in a moment. Follow through.

(9:05. "It's me." But at once:)

Your own explanation of events from our material, as understood by you, will also now be of important import, as you express them to Ruburt during uneasy times. Take a break.

(9:07. Jane still spoke for Seth with her head down for the most part. Voice strong but muffled, eyes usually closed. "I found your face," she said then, staring at me straight on. "I wanted to hold my head up—do something—because I'm so scared." I helped her lean back against the pillow in her chair.

(9:10.) This will be an entirely therapeutic occasion, so do bear with me. I will return again therefore very shortly.

(9:13. "I've got to look at you....")

He needs to relieve himself with some crying. Let the occasion be taken care of now in its place.

(9:14. *"He's right. I'll try to.... I want to cry, but I need to get more comfortable."* I changed the pillow at her back, which helped. *"I feel like screaming,"* Jane said, *"but it scares me...."* I lit a cigarette for her. The moment had passed, I thought.

"It's okay to scream," I said. *"The idea of doing it would scare anybody."*

(9:20. *"I'm going to have to start crying, or do something.... I don't know what to do. I hope he gave you instructions."*

"Yes."

"Because I'm going to have to let go or do something pretty quick.... Boy, am I scared." Jane said this often. I rubbed her back low down on her spine. She was very restless. I wasn't sure whether or not she'd let the tears come through. *"I've got to put myself out, like I did the other night,"* she said at 9:28. I wasn't sure of what she meant by that. But it seemed that now she would try to shut off the crying, or sidetrack it, at this time. The charge, built up and/or saved since childhood, must be terrific. Ordinarily the crying would hurt me, but now, this time, I really wanted her to let it come through.

(9:30. *"I'll have to try something different now,"* she said. *"Try to think of something.... I've got to get up some—I know that—change position or something. You can help me there."* She kept repeating this until I grew irritated: *"How in hell am I going to help you change position? You can't move."* Finally, I pulled her cushion back in her chair as she sat on it. I do this occasionally. The movement, less than half an inch, I'd say, did change physical relationships of body to chair. Jane sat quietly, head down, eyes closed.

"All right—what a relief," she said at 9:34.

"Relief?"

"I'll tell you," she said. Usually this means she doesn't tell me anything. *"Can you pretend that you're getting me up in the morning, or something, for a minute?"*

(I moved her in her chair over to the dining room table where we eat breakfast and watch TV. "That's a good thought," she said. Then: *"I'm going to pretend I'm getting up in the morning. Can you turn the TV on a little?"* I did—to Alec Guinness in the excellent TV movie, *Smiley's People*, on channel 7. Once again I thought Jane looked like she might want to cry, but the moment passed. Now I sat on the opposite side of her, and she leaned away from me. *"All I can say is, make believe you're getting me up."*

(I didn't really know what to do for her. "If I don't make it, I'm going to die," Jane burst out. *"And I want to make it—I don't want to die...."*

(9:46. I moved her back to the other table. The TV was turned up. *"I'm trying so hard to get back over there,"* Jane said, *"in a certain fashion...."*

"Back where?" I asked. *"I love you."* The local fire siren had begun to sound.

"Where you are," she said cryptically. I thought she might be getting ready to erupt, but instead she sat finally with her face almost down to the tabletop. Then: *"I'm safe here in the chair, but I've got to get back over there somehow."* She meant leaning to her left. But she was very restless. *"All right, I'll see what I can do this time.... I do it every morning—I'll try to do it now,"* she said, restlessly shifting from side to side in the chair. More and more I was concerned about getting her off her ass and into bed, but I was afraid to mention it yet. I turned off the television's sound.

(10:01. Jane leaned so far to her left in the chair that I had to support her in it lest she overbalance the chair. She was still very restless. I thought the session was probably over.

(10:06. "You've got to help me somehow. I don't care what you do...."

(She'd begun repeating this refrain. "I don't know what the hell you're talking about," I said, somewhat frustrated and exasperated.

(10:15. By now my wife had thrashed back and forth in her chair—not violently—telling me often that I had to help her; she certainly acted disoriented. "Don't bother writing now," she said, but when I stopped nothing came of it—no crying, or even talk. I moved her chair to the spot at which I sat at the card table, as she directed. A minute later I moved her back to her usual place at the dining room table, again as she directed. Silence. The movie on TV's channel 2 was a bloody tale of youths being killed one by one by wicked, deranged men, near monsters, in dark summer woods.

(By 11 PM I'd moved Jane in her chair many times from position to position at each table. "Please, Bob, move me, move me, but don't swing me so far out into the room, out in the middle like that..." But I had to, I explained, in order to be sure her chair legs cleared the table legs. Jane leaned far to her left again and again, yet didn't topple over. Very gradually she seemed to calm down. There was a little shouting at me—very little—which I didn't record, but no tears.

(The movements in the chair had to represent something in themselves—a shifting of attitudes—what else I wasn't sure that quickly. Jane's fear of being out in the center of the rug, away from a table she could lean on for support, could also represent her fears of abandonment, the casting away of old beliefs and fears. Often she insisted she knew what she was saying to me, but at times I felt that she didn't, and even that some of it represented vocal dreaming. I did think that it was all therapeutic.

(I could see that her feet were badly swollen from all those hours—over 36—that she'd spent in her chair. So were her entire legs; the skin on them was stretched tight as a drumhead.

(11:15: I told her that I'd soon be moving her into the bedroom. She didn't react, as I'd feared she would, merely asking that I wait a bit. Not that her resistance would have done her any good.

(Yet, five minutes later she was objecting when, in answer to her question about whether I had any suggestions, I repeated my goal to get her into bed. "Yes, I've got something to suggest—that you get off your ass and give your poor, poor body a rest," I said, with some heat. "You can't abuse the house you live in like that—your feet and legs are terribly swollen. What gives you the right to do that to your body?"

("I'm worried about being alive 15 minutes from now," she said after a pause. "I really am. I'm scared. Please don't write those notes now."

(But the notes drew themselves to a close. At 11:30 PM I gave her aspirin and one of the pain pills Hal Williams had sent her. Jane passively accepted them. "Don't you have to go to the john by now?" I asked. She nodded. I wheeled her into the bedroom. I had a time getting her on the commode, and then into bed; half the dressings were pulled lose.

("And I'll tell you one thing," I said, "never again are you going to sit up like that for all of those hours. You're going to be nicer to your body from now on. No more are you going to sit up like that. Never."

(Jane said little. She lay curled up almost like a fetus on her left side. It was after 1 AM before I got to bed. At 3 AM I was in to check up on her. At 6 AM she called me to get her up, and I rushed through the morning's usual chores so that I could get started on typing this material. I put her in bed at about 11:30 AM, and got her up at noon. I'd made it clear after breakfast that she was to lay down for at least a short time each morning, as well as in the afternoon.

(I should add that I could easily identify with Jane's feelings of panic. In lesser degree I used to get them when I rode the bus to work at Artistic Card Co. Sometimes on that morning ride I'd swear that I was having a heart attack, and would die any minute—most unpleasant—and excellent warning signs. I never did see a doctor.)

DELETED SESSION
JANUARY 1, 1983 1:50 PM SATURDAY ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

Get her home as soon as you can. Make whatever suitable necessary adjustments in terms of providing nursing care, but all in all it will work out much better to Ruburt's advantage, and your own, to get him home, with whatever promptness is achievable. The will to live is strengthened in your own environment more than it is in this (*hospital*) one, and can be revived to a remarkable degree. Refreshed in your home environment. This is not as impossible as it appears, and should be carried out with promptness.

("I don't know whether that was Seth or not," Jane said in answer to my obvious question. It hadn't sounded like him—only her, speaking somewhat haltingly and not too clearly as she lay flat on her back in the hospital mud bed, with her broken right arm held snugly against her ribs and chest by the blue and white canvas sling. Then a few moments later:)

It was as close as we could manage to get to the Seth recommendation.

The medical environment is highly detrimental at this point in time. The necessary medical help you might need can be achieved at home, but in any case your best solution lies in that immediate direction and in that necessary move.

Further help is more readily available there (*at home*) also because of the state of Ruburt's mind and condition, and the situation is not as impossible as it seems to be—that is, the move is not as unreasonable or arbitrary as it might appear to be. The promptness is of importance, and great help will be available there.

You are otherwise in the middle of a syndrome, which can take considerable time to unravel, and in the home environment this can be achieved quicker than it might appear—that is, this advice is not as arbitrary as it might appear.

Belief in thy love.... Wherefore strength is immediately available. In point the advice is to take Ruburt home, making those adjustments that have been advised. Regardless of appearances, the best possibilities lie in that direction, and improvements will then be shortly noticed.

(End at 2 PM.

(I may have missed a word or two in the last paragraph, but it's inconsequential.)

DELETED SESSION
JANUARY 2, 1983 4:10 PM ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

(This little session came about in the same way yesterday's had, and in it Jane—"Seth"? —answered one of the key questions I had in mind. I intend to ask Jane a series of questions like this, and the answers, or her realizations, will govern the success of any project involving her return home. Today's question was simple enough—but I wanted to know what would be different at the house when she returned home this time, compared to the situation at the house before she went into the hospital. If there weren't some vital differences, we'd end up repeating this scenario over again and again....

(See my hospital notes today for details regarding my talk with Fred Kardon here at the house this morning. Prospects for Jane's return home look better than I'd dared hope a day ago.

(Once again, Jane spoke for herself with, I presume, Seth's assistance. Rather a strange thing to realize that in these hospital sessions she's giving trance material while laying down—something I recall her doing only a couple of times in all the years previous.)

There are many mansions. Take Ruburt home. It is one mansion of uppermost importance. With what he has learned, he can put much to advantage that he could not have earlier, but the base of operations should be from the home, where surely his spirits will be far more easily maintained and upheld.

These are recommendations given yesterday, of course, but their life-giving qualities can be taken advantage of now. Let the heart be filled with tr_*(I cannot read my notes for this word) now, knowing that its base can be more refreshing, and his spirits revived far more easily through the recommendations that have been given.

So will your own spirits be revived, seemingly like magic, knowing that the basis of your hearts' loves rests where it should. That's all.

("Okay."

(4:14. Then right away:)

There is, however, nothing to fear, and knowing this also gives you great salvation and refreshment. But return home, where always the spirit finds its greatest succor. That's all.

(4:15 PM end.

(Of course, the advice to take Jane home was exactly what she wanted herself, so one could say a bit bluntly that she was merely saying what she consciously wanted. I had the feeling when she spoke those opening words tonight that they constituted a blend of her own conscious desires plus those of the trance personality, whatever "its" status may eventually prove to be.)

(I'd also like to note that it's all very well for "it" to proclaim that we have nothing to fear. Actually, I agree with that statement, while also being quite aware of my own humanness and the numerous pitfalls, real and imagined, that could stand between my performance and feeling as an individual and that greater state where there isn't anything to fear. We'll see how the two work together to solve the challenge—if we do solve it. I realize its

performance will call for my summoning a kind of nerve and disregard and daring that ordinarily I'd just as soon ignore in daily life....)

DELETED SESSION
JANUARY 3, 1983 6:45 PM ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

(See my hospital notes for the events leading up to this little session. I was getting ready to leave when it came through. Today Ken Wrigley echoed Fred Kardon's sentiments re Jane returning to the house—in favor of it, much to my surprise, and Jane's too. So is Dr. Sonsire. There is more involved, including the rapid working of Framework 2.

(Briefly: Earlier this afternoon Jane had told me that "someone" was going to speak to and for her as though she were "a child." She had no name, and wasn't any more specific than that. I had put all my writing materials away when she said at 6:44: "Bob, I think I can get something, if you want to take it down.... I guess I'll just say what I can get...."

(The supper tray sat on the bed table, so after getting my pad and pen ready I leaned on top of the tray and wrote that way:)

The child is a part of the loving universe, its name forever written there, where all personalities have their sweet freedom. For, being part of the whole, they are secure, beloved and protected. So is this one (Jane) learning, and so is the message finally coming into its own light.

("I guess that's it," Jane said at 6:49. Then: "Wait a minute.")

There, your decisions flourish, being a part of All That Is withheld in all of its wondrous stages. Your decisions now are like opening budding flowers.

(6:50. "That's it." Jane had spoken with more emphasis than she had for the first two sessions in this series. Much more effort was involved for her, too. She doesn't know if it was Seth coming through. "I don't think so. I don't know what it was. Wait a minute—"

(6:52.) Seth's energy helps fill your sails, and in those terms encourages you in proper directions. His energy is available (pause), and doors to his great mental house are open, awaiting entry. He sends his invitation and assurance that your ways are safe ones.

(6:53 PM. "That's all, I think." Jane said. "I did the best I could." Once again she'd spoken with what seemed to be considerable effort as she lay on her back, her head propped up on several pillows, her right arm swaddled closely in the blue and white canvas sling that held it close to her side and across her lower chest. Once again, I was amazed that she could function in such a capacity under present conditions. She'd used a number of pauses, as though gathering effort or strength for the next few words. But her voice had been considerably stronger than on the previous occasions.

("Let me know when you get clues as what part is speaking," I said.

("Okay. I'd say that was the closest to Seth that I'd come. I'm not sure.")

(Note the ambiguity this evening as to just who or what was coming through. First it wasn't Seth, then it almost was....

(However, brief as it was, this session could reflect a significant advance on Jane's part—especially when one considers the implications of the first paragraph of the session. For if Jane is finally learning the message involving freedom and protection in the world and All That Is, she may yet be saved, and recover....)

DELETED SESSION
JANUARY 9, 1983 4:09 PM ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

(This session came through two days before I was to join a meeting of doctors, nurses, and other personnel at 11 AM, Tuesday, to see about arrangements for Jane to return home. I don't know just when she'll make it, but when this session was held she already knew that a return to the house was planned.

(4:09 PM.) The advice is the same. Take the child home with as little delay as possible, for then will the banners (pause) fly in new formation—freer, easier, and closer to nature's ways. Delay as little as possible.

("I guess that's it, Bob," Jane said. "I just tried to say what was there...."

("Okay." 4:10 PM. Jane's voice had been somewhat stronger in her delivery. I think it quite obvious that in spite of her foreknowledge, a certain portion of her is not having any delays. This portion is either simply impatient, and perhaps not trusting of the snail's pace at which we seem to move, or it doesn't even know that a return home is imminent. If the former is the case, that portion would know that the quicker we get the organism out of the hospital environment the quicker a true healing can begin. We'll see....

(A Note added later: Sessions between the one above and the one below contain no Seth Material, but are instead sessions in which Jane received book-length and world-view material on the artist Rembrandt. Her Rembrandt is her great and most welcome gift to me, and leaves me humbled indeed. The book is to be published by New Awareness Network. Although I have edited it, I can hardly wait to see it published!)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 9, 1983 6:58 PM SUNDAY

(This is the first Seth session Jane has held since the private session for November 10, 1982: Eleven months.

(This evening she lay nude on her back in her bed in room 330 in St. Joseph's hospital. She's mentioned trying to have a session for the last two days, after I've been mentioning it briefly to her recently, as per our agreement to see if she could have Seth sessions while in the hospital. Many of the details surrounding these sessions can be found in my daily private notes, so we don't need them here.

(Tonight at session time the small television set on its swivel arm was on, opposite Jane's left knee. Her broken right leg [just above the knee] leaned against her left leg. The television picture was on but the sound was off. Jane had just finished a cigarette. Actually, I thought, this was almost an ideal time to try for a session in the hospital, for after supper she wasn't apt to be bothered by staff people for some little time.

(Almost as soon as she said she'd try to have a short session, she started right in. I just had time to write the time on my pad. Her Seth voice was deeper than her usual voice to some extent, but it wasn't loud, and I was sure no one would notice anything unusual sound-wise from the hall outside the closed door of room 330. Jane's eyes remained open, but she took few long pauses.)

Now—

("Good evening. Seth," I said, almost in surprise.)

—Good evening. I am speaking only to let you know that the way is clear.

("It's a pleasure.")

I will discuss deeper matters with you at another time, but hopefully we will hold a session before too much time has passed.

(Pause.) I give you my blessings as always, and I want to reassure you, saying again that all issues are redeemed, and any failures seem finally to be only steps along the way, seen as failure only because they seemed lacking in the light of your own expectations.

I am satisfied with the manner in which you decided to finish our last book. I wanted to make that clear.

("I've had a lot of doubts.")

That is why I am speaking about it this evening. I will also help Ruburt in any way I can. This brief session is a breakthrough in itself, and will show excellent results in many different ways.

Your joint creative abilities should also be more aroused because of this session, so that you will have more intuitive breakthroughs on your own, and jointly, that will benefit you both in many ways.

(Pause at 7:03.) I do not imagine we will go so long a time between sessions again, and I am speaking therefore to reassure you that I am still present. Let Ruburt take a cigarette break, and then I may speak again for a short time—but if not, do not be discouraged, for in any case this session marks a new beginning.

(7:06. "Great," I said as Jane quickly left trance. We were both pleased—delighted. Jane sighed with relief. I got her a smoke. "I just know it's something good," she said. "It sure isn't something bad...." After we'd talked for a bit she asked, "Do you like our house?"

("I like it fine," I said. "Although it's no fun being there alone." It developed that Jane wouldn't mind moving—a thought she's mentioned before, and some time ago. I said any place was okay with me, as long as we were together, working the way we wanted to. Even 1730 Pinnacle Road in Elmira, New York. She agreed with that.

(As we talked a most interesting development took place: Peggy and Bill Gallagher visited at 7:10. Peggy brought me some homemade corn bread. Their visit was most unusual at night, and we hadn't seen Bill at the hospital for months. They left after an exchange of the usual hospital-type visit and conversation at 7:36.

("Well, that sure must mean something," each of us said more than once. It was too much: Peg and Bill dropping in like that during a break in the first Seth session we'd held in almost a year. At the same time, I was afraid the excitement of the visit would interfere with Jane resuming the session. We waited to see if Seth would return—and he did, in less than a minute.

(7:37. "I guess there'll be a little more," Jane said.)

Your friends simply sensed the occasion in their own ways, for the four of you do keep in psychic communication. They simply felt that a new beginning was about to happen, and they were attracted here for that reason.

Since you have had a rather busy evening—

("I'm okay.")

—I was going to say that I would end the session.

("Go ahead: Say more if you want to.")

My purpose this evening was merely to assure you of my presence, and in particular to reassure Ruburt that the sessions could continue whenever he was willing.

I leave you for this evening—and though the session is over, it is not over at the same time. It will continue in its own way, and I hope to have another session at your convenience.

I bid you, then, a fond and sympathetic good evening.

("Good evening, Seth. Thank you very much.")

(7:42 PM. Jane's voice had been the same as before: deeper but not loud; I'd felt good energy in it, I told her.

(Both of us were more than pleased. "I'm tickled to death," I said. "I think it —the session—means the start of a drastic improvement."

("I sure hope so," Jane said, and even as we talked she began to flex both arms back and forth, straightening them out farther than I'd seen her do in months. It looked strange indeed to see my wife's limbs moving like that. when I'd grown so used to seeing her cradle them against her body and across her chest.

("Yep, that might mean something, Hon," I said. "It's opening up more communication, so it's gotta help."

(Jane said the session "felt good" while she was doing it. She hadn't been sure Seth would return after the Gallaghers left. For myself, I felt a distinct resurgence of hope as I cleaned my stuff up after the session, and we talked while I got ready to go home for supper. I couldn't help but feel better.

(At 7:52 I turned Jane on her left side, read her the prayer after getting her comfortably (?) settled, opened a window a bit, and adjusted the TV. I left at 8:15.

(Good things are coming.

(A note added the next morning: I was especially pleased to hear Seth talk of redemption, for that's one of the main themes I tried to explore in the essays for Dreams—redemption on many levels, even though we may not grasp what's transpiring on a number of those levels. But more and more, ever since he gave that session, some time ago now, on redemption, I've come to believe that the very idea or theme of redemption may be the major path we follow in physical life.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 12, 1983 4:50 PM WEDNESDAY

(No need to go into all the events that seemed to coalesce today—this morning especially, since it's all on file. Suffice it to note that in the mail last night I found prescription drugs from Dr. Blount, to my complete amazement; I also found a letter from the Arthritis Foundation, in which Dr. MacDuffie expressed his complete opposition to Dr. Blount's treatment for rheumatoid arthritis. Then this morning Dr. Tihansky called me from Schuylkill Haven, PA, to offer his sensible-seeming suggestions for Jane's care. All of these events followed the barrage of letters I've been sending out, trying to unearth something, some treatment, some magical potion or truth or belief that would help my wife in her time of deep need. Even Frank Longwell called this morning, wanting to know if I'd heard from any doctors yet. Indeed. All of these events coming together within just a few hours was really more than a "coincidence," I thought. I was certain of it. I related the whole business to Jane this afternoon after she'd finished lunch, and expressed my frank hope that "a certain party" might have some pertinent comments on the whole affair.

(I told Jane that the variety of opinions we'd received on the anti-amoebic treatment left us hanging in limbo as far as knowing what to do. I don't think I have the nerve to give her prescription drugs on the sly, in the hospital, as Dr. Blount had suggested I do. I was still amazed at that, especially, I told Jane, when one considered all the ways by which a doctor could get in trouble by advocating such secret behavior. She agreed. This opinion of both of us, though, didn't necessarily mean that we'd rejected totally the idea of toying with those drugs....

(I turned Jane over on her left side, pillow between her knees, at 4:10. All afternoon she'd complained that she wasn't doing anything: no Seven, no session.... She was quite uncomfortable on her side, as I tried to help her relax. I told her I was on the point of taking a nap. since it was getting toward the supper tray at 4:45 to 5:00.

(I urged her to try for a session. Finally she decided to have a cigarette as she lay there on her side. Some sort of decision to try had been made. "I sort of feel him around more, like we could have a session after all, you know?" she said at last. It would be her first session on her side, her second in the hospital. I still felt the hope engendered by the first session, on October 9, and wanted to keep that impetus going.

(When Jane did go into trance her Seth voice was again deeper than her usual voice, but not at all loud so as to attract attention. We weren't interrupted. Her eyes remained open. I sat beside her, clipboard and paper on my lap. The system worked well.)

Now—

("Afternoon. Seth.")

—Good later afternoon. We will indeed begin a series of sessions, although they may be briefer than our usual ones.

It is better, if possible, for Ruburt to be on his back, but this is adequate right now. The answers, as you know, do not lie in drugs, although some, like your aspirin, may be helpful at times because of your belief in their worth.

Ruburt has, for many reasons, as I have said before, hypnotized himself into the physical condition that is presently his. The condition is, of course, always reversible. The idea of creative play, no matter how futile the idea may sometimes appear, is excellent, and can be used, again, when you both remember to assert your creative playful selves. And set them into your services.

(Pause at 4:59.) Let Ruburt take a brief break, and we will continue.

(5:00. Jane did okay for a first session on her side, I told her as I lit a cigarette for her. So far no interruptions. "How does one dehypnotize oneself?" I asked. "That's what he's talking about.")

("I don't know," she said. Jane took but a few puffs when she told me to put out the cigarette. Resume at 5:04.)

Now: By all means, continue with the prayer, as you have been doing, for it has been of definite value. The fact of the sessions themselves will be beneficial, and I will pick a rhythm for them that is most advantageous. For now, again, I want to reassure you that Ruburt can indeed improve—and drastically so.

(Long pause.) He has indeed done well enough, considering the negative suggestions of such an institution as a hospital. I cannot, obviously, give you all the material you might like at one sitting, and indeed, again, it is the fact of the sessions themselves that will also serve as a healing process. That process, then, has already begun, and will continue.

For now, I bid you a fond good evening—

("Can I ask a question?")

You may indeed.

("Shall I just forget about the drugs?")

The idea of the drugs was helpful, in that it initiated the idea that improvement was possible. It served then a creative, beneficial capacity. That was the important issue, rearousing your own hope, so the affair was not for nothing.

Again, then, I bid you a fond good evening—and in its way this session will continue at other levels on both of your parts.

("Thank you very much, Seth.")

(5:10 PM. "I'm glad I did it," Jane said as soon as she was out of trance, "even though it was real short. Thank you for encouraging me to do it.")

(I explained to Jane how much I appreciated Seth's insight about the drugs. Amazingly simple, and a truth we've been groping for, I said. It showed how much we were still prisoners of the system: a pill as a remedy.... At the same time, I'd been talking earlier in the day about how any real way out of our dilemma had to come from within. Now it was obvious that the involved, even torturous journey involving drugs was a way of arriving at that simple yet profound inner truth. All we had to do was to see it.)

(As we talked, Seth returned very briefly:)

I should add that Ruburt's decision to continue eating in a normal manner was an excellent one, and the condition is being remedied in that regard. Again, a fond good evening.

(5:16 PM. The supper tray hadn't come yet. I found myself wondering about hypnotizing Jane myself, as part of the "dehypnosis" process I'd mentioned earlier. Jane, let me know. Again, I felt hope.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 13, 1983 4:05 PM THURSDAY

(At 2:45 PM Jane tried to read the typed session from yesterday, but couldn't, in spite of her struggles. I was upset, thinking that if she couldn't read it would be a great handicap, especially since we'd started up the sessions again. She asked me to read the session to her, saying that she'd try again later to read it.

(Yet she could rotate her arms, one hand circling the other above her belly, in a way that she hadn't been able to do for, literally, months—years perhaps—certainly since she began going into hospitals. She did it better than she did yesterday, even, moving her hands and forearms around each other quite rapidly. This was a most heartening development, and evidently directly related to the onset of the sessions, and our learning and healing processes.

(At the same time, I was discouraged by the reading thing, although I felt it was connected to Jane's right leg troubles—the break and the drainage. She'd told me today when I got there at noon that a second drainage spot had opened up on the leg wound, underneath, and that it too was draining. I'd noticed a different type of bandage on her leg. I hoped the second spot marked an effort on the body's part to increase its speed of healing, and told her this.

(Jane had also described some excellent, very positive dreams she'd had last night, containing clear instances in which she'd been walking normally. I'd been in them. I took the dreams as a very good sign. If Seth came through, I said, I'd like him to comment on her reading difficulties, the dreams, and the two leg wounds.

(Jane also said she likes my word, "dehypnosis," which I'd mentioned in the last session. I explained what I meant by it. I also went over the two previous sessions in this new batch with her. Her eating had improved considerably also since the sessions began, although I've seen indications of this before the sessions started. She finally managed to read portions of yesterday's session, on a second try. And all the time she kept rotating her arms, like a children's game. The flexing of the joints in her shoulders was especially noticeable—they moved like they were made of rubber, I told her, and she agreed that they felt fine doing this.

(Even though she said she wanted to try for a session, later in the afternoon, when she started in Jane caught me by surprise. She lay nude on her back, having just finished a cigarette. Her Seth voice wasn't loud, but it had a lot of quiet energy and a deeper tone that I could feel quite noticeably. We had no interruptions up until first break.)

Now.

("Afternoon." I scrambled for my clipboard and pen.)

Good afternoon. Ruburt has been to some extent afraid of hope, for fear that he would be let down.

Now again, that kind of reasoning belongs to the official line of consciousness. *(Pause.)* That kind of reasoning says that left alone, any condition will worsen. It can be more properly said, however, that the opposite is true. There are millions of cases in which the body has healed itself, and an individual has passed into a disease and out of it without conscious awareness of the situation. When you are fearful you block out possibilities.

Instead, Ruburt must open himself to beneficial possibilities, and this session will help in that regard.

His appetite has improved, and he is assimilating his nourishment better than he did before. The eye situation is a part of the entire condition, and will respond accordingly. Tell him that he can indeed see his way clear (*intently*).

Give us a moment. We may return briefly, but if not, do not be discouraged. I am seeking the best rhythm for the sessions.

("Okay.")

(4:11. Just as we took our break the routine visits in regard to Jane's daily vitals began: eye drops, temperature, pulse, blood pressure [120 over 70], taken by LuAnn, Carol, and Lorrie. Jane had a cigarette as the people trooped in and out. The staff was very busy; nobody hung around. I told Jane that if ever we were interrupted during a session not to worry, for I didn't think anyone would even know what was going on. She agreed. Especially would her glasses help conceal any visual changes accompanying a trance. Jane agreed. Resume at 4:21.)

Now: Ruburt should remind himself that he has good blood—thus negating his mother's statement that his father had poor blood—

(No sooner had I made my comments about being interrupted during a Seth session than it happened: Carol knocked on the door then came in. Jane stopped easily in mid-delivery. Carol had a name tag for my wife. Each patient is supposed to have one, according to NY State inspectors who are at the hospital this week.

(Carol left the door to 330 open partially when she left, so that hall noises entered to a greater degree. But Jane asked me to read her Seth's last sentence, then she went back into trance.)

—and so did he (*Jane*).

The added drainage is beneficial. The body is ridding itself of "poisons," and that drainage is beneficial.

Again, remind Ruburt to say now and then to himself that he can see clearly, that he can see his way clearly, knowing that the inner self has the clearest of vision, and that vision can be recreated physically.

The reason that Ruburt has been uncomfortable following sessions so far is, again, because he was afraid of hope—but hope is indeed a way to freedom.

(Pause.) That is all for now, and I bid you a most fond good afternoon—

("Can I ask one tiny question?")

You may.

("How about his dream last night, in which he was walking?")

Those dreams reactivate Ruburt's conscious memory of walking normally, and also serve to reawaken nerves and muscles that are connected with normal walking. The dream helps open the door to probabilities. Then—and again, this session will continue at other levels.

("Thank you very much.")

(4:29 PM. It was time to turn Jane on her left side, facing the window. She wanted me to read her the session later.

(From my own notes as the afternoon progressed: Seth's material on Jane's dreams was just what I hoped it would be—another sign that her body is awakening, and that it knows

what to do and how to do it. I felt great that we were making obvious progress. "If I get improvements this time, I'll never let them go like I used to do," Jane said vehemently.

(We ate supper after I took a nap. Her improvements kept up in rather spectacular fashion—for after supper she was able to rotate and flex her arms and shoulders even better than before. Once again, it was strange indeed to see my wife able to move her body in such a free fashion. Each time she'd rotated her arms this afternoon, she'd done it better than the time before, I told her. I tried to encourage her all I could. I felt surges of hope, and I could tell that she was pleased too.

("But don't bother telling anyone—doctors or anybody else—about any of this," I said. I was trying to avoid both disappointment and unnecessary confrontations. If her changes keep on, they'll soon become obvious to all. It'll be interesting to follow that course of development, I commented. I couldn't wait. My faith in the body's innate abilities was reinforced. I had a thousand questions and things to say—but all in good time. "I wonder what we'll have to show tomorrow?" I asked Jane as I made ready to leave.

(I read her the prayer at 7:05, after reading today's session to her, and the inevitable had happened, I thought as I walked down the hall on my way out: Seth had been interrupted and nothing had transpired. Just like with Rembrandt. In the hospital we put up with circumstances that we'd never have even considered at the house.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 14, 1983 3:36 PM FRIDAY

(I didn't even have to ask Jane if she wanted a session. Once again I had to hurry to get my clipboard and pen when she said she was ready for the session. Nude on her back.)

Now—

("Afternoon.")

—I bid you a fond good afternoon.

The improvements in Ruburt's arms are a sign of the body's response following the arousal of hope and faith.

Other improvements are happening, and will shortly show themselves. *(Pause.)* The mind must become rid of its burden of fear, and this can be accomplished by following the suggestions that I have given and will give. You are quite correct in saying nothing *(to others)*, but keep your own counsel.

(Pause.) The body has begun its renewal process, which has always been present, only slowed down, or momentarily suspended. That healing energy has now been accelerated. It largely works independently of normal time. Therefore, some improvements can appear with great rapidity.

Ruburt's dreams of last night were also highly beneficial. It does not matter that he remembers so little of them.

Take a break, and I may or may not return—but in any case, again, the session continues at other levels.

("Okay.")

(3:42. We'd had no interruptions. Jane's Seth voice had once more been a bit stronger and deeper, but not at all loud enough to attract any attention. I told Jane something that I'd wanted to mention—that it would be great if she could get to turn in bed by herself. This would give her a lot more freedom as her body healed itself. And why not? I said. If the arms can do what they're doing, there's no reason why such improvements won't show up in the legs. Resume at 3:55.)

Now: Very briefly, I want to congratulate Ruburt on the *Rembrandt* book, and to reassure him that that same creative energy is healing his body as surely as it has written books. There is nothing to keep that kind of energy in one compartment only. Let him realize that *(emphatically)*, and the healing energy can more freely circulate through his physical body—with results as astounding as his books are!

For now, I bid you a fond good afternoon. I may or may not return, according to the rhythms I told you about.

("Thank you.")

(3:59. Seth didn't return. But for a session lasting only 11 minutes, he sure delivered a lot. I made sure I let Jane know how much I appreciate getting these sessions, and her own physical healing processes.

(I added that Seth's remark about using the same energy for healing that she'd used to produce Rembrandt was another excellent example of obvious insights—once one was aware

of it. "It could be that your healing began way back on June 9, when you started Rembrandt," I said. "We had to approach it, get started, that way, without even knowing what we were up to. We had to give ourselves hope in that fashion...."

(Jane had been able to rotate and raise and lower her arms just as well this afternoon as she had yesterday. I also noticed that the skin on her right elbow—the only one I could see—looked much more normal in texture and color than it had, as though a deeper rejuvenation was taking place; that transparent, fragile look was disappearing. Her buttocks look noticeably better each day, I told her. Amazing. I also noticed that her right leg [broken above the knee] moves considerably easier these last couple of days.

(Dr. Gibson was in briefly this morning, Jane said, but she didn't tell him about the second opening in the knee, for drainage, nor did he ask. [He may not know about it.]

(Jane told me this afternoon that she wasn't uncomfortable after giving yesterday's session—the first time she's felt good following one. Seth had remarked that the uncomfortable feeling came because she'd been afraid of hope. After today's session she also felt good, and rotated her arms speedily and raised them up higher than she had even yesterday. Now we wonder what are the improvements Seth has said will be showing soon.

(After this session I went over the 3 previous Seth sessions with her, to reinforce all the good things they contain. Jane was able to read portions of them; I helped her out with the rest. They are sure to end up as a book in themselves, I think, though I'm not talking about publication.

(The time passed before we could realize it. I had many things to say that I left unspoken. Among them was a reminder to Jane that each evening as I lay in bed I send her healing energy and my prayers for her deep recovery. I still use the visionary technique I came up with when these sessions started: I envision a large sponge with which I go over her entire body, every inch of it, and soak up all the stiffness and pain and immobility. Then I squeeze out all those things as I hold the sponge out a window; the afflictions soak into the ground where they're transformed into positive energy and attributes.

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 15, 1983 3:25 PM SATURDAY

(I thought of two questions for Seth as I drove down to the hospital this noon:

(1. Does Jane actually have arthritis? I knew that in the past Seth had insisted that she did not. The implications here can be staggering.

(2. What does Jane's sinful self think of the proceedings these days—of Jane's new resolve and decisions toward healing?

(I mentioned them to Jane after lunch—just in case she did decide to have a session today.

(Jane went to hydro this morning as usual. Dr. Gibson and a new colleague visited her briefly also. Yesterday they took blood for tests. When I got there at 1:10 this noon a new nurse—a "floater"—was hooking Jane up to her antibiotic, Kefzol. Seems the gal had read Seth Speaks and The Seth Material. She also had a friend—a Ms. Coleman—who had visited Jane from New York City 10 years ago.)

Now.

("Afternoon. Seth.")

A fond good afternoon. I have told you many times in the past that Ruburt did not have arthritis—and I still take that stand.

His weight has stopped dropping, and he is now beginning to gain weight. Since, as I told you, he is now assimilating nourishment far better than he did earlier.

His decision not to get weighed *(some months ago)* was a good one, and at the time it gave him some breathing space, so to speak, which he did use to advantage. He is now assimilating nourishment well enough so that the body can heal itself, and gain some weight besides. It is indeed important that you reread the sessions, and Ruburt's improved reading status today *(when Jane read yesterday's session after lunch today)* should at least give you a glimmer of the improvements that are possible—improvements that will indeed occur as you continue with our "program." I suggest a brief break. Though if I do not return do not be discouraged, as, again, I am working in line with those rhythms of which I have spoken.

("Okay.

(3:31-3:38.)

Now, to resume: Your idea of using the sponges is an excellent one, and for now have Ruburt use that same imagery once a day for a starter. This should be done with a light rather than a heavy mental hand, of course.

Any imagery involving motion, done playfully, is excellent. Ruburt imagining himself on children's swings, for example. None of this should be overdone. It can all come as playfully as Ruburt's writing comes. The idea, again, is to avoid concentration on impediments. You can admit that they show themselves in the present, while reminding yourselves that they can also vanish.

This is enough for now. I may or may not return—again, according to the rhythms of which I have spoken, so at least for now I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("The same to you, Seth. Thank you very much.")

(3:43 PM. As soon as she was out of trance Jane began rotating her arms once again. This time, also, she could reach up in the air higher, especially with her left hand, than she'd been able to do yesterday. I took her improvements with the arms as another indication of healing, along with her improved reading ability this afternoon.)

(The sponge exercise is described at the end of yesterday's session; I'm pleased that Seth thinks it of value. Jane and I talked about it after the session today.)

(I was greatly pleased that Seth answered one of my two questions, by saying that Jane did not have arthritis. This meant, I told her, that she didn't have to think of herself as having "an incurable disease." It would also free both of us from speculating about drugs that would "cure" arthritis. I can already see how her healing is going to influence future books, or notes I may write—for I'll have to explain how the diagnosis of arthritis came about in the medical profession, how erroneous it was, and why we went along with it for so long, while all the time knowing, or at least feeling, that it wasn't so, that there was more involved than Jane having "an incurable disease." Interesting. Should make mighty interesting reading some day.)

(But this knowledge should do wonders to help Jane free herself. I want to emphasize that, without expecting her to jump out of bed tomorrow, or making any demands at all upon her. What I'm saying, of course, is that today's session goes along with all of the others, in that it continues to offer renewed hope in a consistent way.)

(Then another interesting little event—another sign—took place as I was preparing to leave room 330 tonight at 7:00 PM. Jane cried out and said she had a sudden sharp pain in the instep of her left foot, and that right after that she felt the foot move "sideways" in a way it hadn't done for a long, long time. Instinctively I reached out to touch the foot as she explained what had happened to me, and she cried out even louder. But I could see the foot moving, seemingly all by itself. I was delighted, and so was she. It seems to be a sign that the bodily changes reach all the way down the legs to the toes. Trust the body, I thought to myself as I drove home: It knows what it's doing, and how to do it, without any help from "us.")

(As with Jane's right elbow, after the foot moved I thought the skin coloration around the ankle and instep looked better, more normal, like skin. Before the foot [like the right one] had looked immobile and wooden, the skin stretched taut and dry and splotchy; there wasn't any flexion in the toes, say. When I stroked her feet today Jane said it had felt "like pins and needles.")

(In closing I might add that this afternoon, also, Jane said her jaws opened wider than usual, were more relaxed, and indeed as she showed me she could open them considerably farther than usual.)

(All in all, a most interesting, helpful and hopeful day.... I look forward tomorrow to new signs. I did read Jane the four sessions we've had so far, late this afternoon.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 17, 1983 4:10 PM MONDAY

(Here are some excerpts from my own notes for today.

(Jane had a cigarette and Darvoset after lunch today. Her arms still rotate, though not as fast as yesterday. She's uncomfortable on her back, especially in her right foot, which is still moving, more than yesterday, and is still painful for me to touch on the instep. The skin color looks better. She slept well last night. "Some things" were better this morning, when she was turned, went to hydro, etc.

(I told her about my morning's activities—going to see Pete Harpending, decisions to ask Steve and Tracy for money, the \$10,000 I gave the billing department of the hospital this noon on my way to room 330. I described all of these things to Jane to let her know what's going on in our world, thinking also that they will help her recovery. This morning I showed Pete Saul Cohen's letter of late last week, re Steve's idea for a Seth Production Co. When Pete called Steve this morning he learned Steve had sent his proposal to Prentice-Hall a week ago, so Saul should have it by now.

(At 3:05, as I write these notes, both of Jane's feet are moving as she lies on her back. She makes almost continuous sounds of pain—discomfort as these bodily motions progress. I see her toes moving in a way like they haven't for many months. They "tingle and burn"—sure signs of increased circulation.

(At 3:05–3:20, Jane began moving several parts of her body at once—shoulders, both feet, rotating both arms and hands. Her right wrist also began turning upon itself. Then the toes of both feet, then the feet at the ankles. Then her head began to turn upon the column of her neck upon her shoulders as they moved in rhythm. Finally, I told Jane, she had so much moving at once I didn't know what to look at first. She could even feel the effects of the motions in her groin. The right foot, below the broken knee, is the sorest.

("You know what all this reminds me of?" I asked. "An organism coming out of hibernation—deciding to stir itself...."

(Jane was still moving parts of herself at 3:30—a very good workout indeed, easily the best I've seen her do since she came into the hospital last April 20. When she began moving her left foot again, she could feel the motion travel up her leg, through the knee, into the hip and the groin, then on toward the shoulder on that side of her body.

("You might say that the whole demonstration of movement is the equivalent of a session," I said. "After all, that's what Seth has been talking about." Jane agreed.

(At 4:05 Jane's whole left leg from the toes on up began to flex noticeably, as she continued to make her noises of pain-discomfort-effort. Even the muscles across her forehead and around her eyes began to flex. Her shoulder moved better than ever—and now the right one attained an ease of movement equal to the left. Her jaw dropped and moved from side to side.

("It looks like the body is trying itself out," I said. Truly, this was more than I'd dared anticipate. If she had a session today, I wanted to tell Seth that what I was writing here today was much more than I'd expected to be able to write two weeks ago, say, or even a week ago....

(Jane did decide to have a short session after all. Her voice was good but not loud as she lay on her back.)

Now.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

A fond good afternoon. I am speaking now only to reinforce the import of Ruburt's improvements—and with each new motion beneficial probabilities are courted, and will then be manifest. I may or may not return as I explore those rhythms of which I have spoken.

("Is that it?" I asked after a longish pause.

(4:12. "It is for the moment." Jane kept up her various motions, alternating them. If she did them all at once her body would be moving as though it had the tremors throughout, except for the still motionless area around her right knee and the break just above it.

(Resume at 4:21.)

Now: a note. Ruburt's body is recovering, and you were correct in comparing the process to hibernation. The fact that less thyroid medicine is now necessary is also a case in point. Whether or not we resume the session, it is continuing. Again, at other levels. For the present at least I bid you a fond good afternoon. I may or may not return. According to the rhythms of which I have spoken.

("Thank you very much.")

(4:23 PM. I told Jane that I'd never expected to be writing down what I was doing these days, since I hadn't mentioned it to Seth after all. "So that in itself is something spectacular," I said, meaning her present developments.

(It was time to turn her on her side, facing the window with the pillow between her knees, so that she could get off her back for an hour before supper. It's still painful for her to be turned. After she was in position, however, I massaged Oil of Olay into her feet, lower legs, and especially her hands, talking to them in my process of "dehypnotization," as I call it. This has proven to be quite effective, and I can feel Jane's limbs relax as I work on them. The hands are responding.

(I reread this session to Jane after supper was over at 6:50. She was on her back again, of course, and rotating her arms and hands faster than ever. The rest of her body seemed to lie quietly and at peace as I left for the evening.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 18, 1983 4:15 PM TUESDAY

(I had an interesting little experience after lunch this noon as I was hurrying to get my stuff together preparatory to going to the hospital to see Jane. The effects still linger.

(I went into my studio to get my car keys, etc. Out of the corner of my right eye I caught a glimpse of my oil painting, The Girl with The Violet Eyes, as I call it. It's of a dream image I had on November 8, 1981, although I didn't finish the painting until February 1983—one of the last I've done.

(At first I thought it was a trick of sunlight—which was quite diluted as it came through the room's east windows—but all of a sudden I stopped to look at the painting as it sat on the shelf I'd built high up on the south wall just inside the door. For a moment I was almost transfixed—for the painting, I suddenly saw, was alive. The girl's violet eyes stared down at me as though they would move behind their violet glasses at any moment. I stared. She stared back. And I felt life there. The flesh and hair and sweater looked alive even though they never moved. Yet I half expected them to. It was a meeting of eyes.

(Beside the girl's portrait sat another small portrait of a man which I'd also finished this year, early. And when I looked at that one, I received the same wondrous feeling: It too was alive. In this portrait the man looks off to one side—yet those eyes too were on the point of moving. His opaque flesh had the quality of breathing....

(I didn't linger to confront my own handiwork, but hurried to get my stuff together and leave the house; I wanted to stop at a bank to get a book updated, and I knew this would make me a few minutes late getting to room 330. But I'd had a unique experience, and one I resolved to describe to Jane.

(One of the first thoughts that came to mind after I realized what was happening was Jane's book on Rembrandt. Some of the passages of that book, I understood as I left my studio, described what I had just experienced. I felt this without checking the book to see if I was right.

(It was raining gently by the time I got to the hospital. Jane lay nude on her left side with the pillow between her legs. The first thing I noticed was the better configuration of the bone in her right ankle, which was uppermost due to her position. Not completely clear yet, but better than it had been yesterday. She said she had pains in the foot at times.

(She rotated her arms and hands again as the afternoon passed, after lunch, and so forth. See my own notes for details. I described my experience viewing the paintings to her, and made a mental note to bring the painting in to 330 so she can see it, since her recall of it isn't too clear. She may have seen it only once or twice, months ago.

(I began working on mail after reading several of the sessions to her. It was getting late in the afternoon and I told her she should turn over on her side soon, to get off her back for an hour before supper. She said she'd try for a little session. I got my clipboard and paper ready, and went back to the mail. And once again she came through with a session almost before I was expecting it. This time her Seth voice was stronger than it has been, and a bit deeper.)

Now. Good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Tell Ruburt to remember that the conscious mind can state its request that Ruburt's physical condition constantly improve itself, so that he can finally walk by himself, with some ease and confidence.

The hows and wherefores cannot be handled by the conscious mind, however, but should be taken care of by the creative intelligence within his subconscious mind. That intelligence does not think in terms of impediments—and so they melt away.

Each improvement should be definitely noticed, and as each improvement shows itself, so again the doors to future beneficial probabilities are opened.

Your dehypnotizing practice is extremely helpful—and such a practice joins your creative energies so that they work in almost a double fashion on your behalf. Take a break. And I may or may not return, again according to those energies and rhythms that I have mentioned earlier.

(4:19. During our short break I mentioned that it would be nice if Seth would comment on my experience with my paintings this noon. Resume at 4:25.)

Our sessions have put you in a receptive state of mind, so that you were alert to the phenomenon with the paintings. I told you that as a result of the sessions both your and Ruburt's creative energies would be enhanced, so to some extent that acceleration was responsible for what you "saw."

You were able to sense for yourself some of the material spoken about in the *Rembrandt* book, so that the information does not just remain academic: it becomes alive and vital through your own experience.

Once again I bid you a fond good afternoon—and once again I may or may not return, according to those rhythms I have noted.

("Thank you very much.")

(4:28 PM. It's a great little session, I told Jane as I got ready to turn her on her side. I said that Seth's first line, about her ultimately being able to walk, has been on my mind since these new sessions began, but that I'd hesitated to mention it. But Jane's mobility as far as walking goes is what it's all about, after all.

(I rubbed Oil of Olay into her feet, ankles and calves, and inside both hands as she lay on her side. I talked to her body once more in my process of dehypnosis. I could feel changes in her hands especially. They weren't so tight; I repeated that I wanted to feel the tension drain out of the backs of her hands. Already I think the skin coloration on the backs of her hands is better, the tension not so great. I told her that her body knew perfectly well how to repair and regenerate her hands, just as it did every other part of her body. I could feel my efforts helping.

(Jane did some more rotation exercises after supper.

(In regard to Seth's remark, above, that our creative energies would be enhanced with the onset of these latest sessions, here's the earlier reference he referred to, in the very first session for October 9, 1983: "Your joint creative abilities should also be more aroused because of this session, so that you will have more intuitive breakthroughs on your own, and jointly, that will benefit you both in many ways." A neat prediction, Jane.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 19, 1983 4:03 PM WEDNESDAY

(During lunch Jane's broken right leg and right foot were bothering her considerably after I'd turned her on her back. I'd given her aspirin. I tried a little dehypnosis, stroking the leg and foot and talking to them. Jane was making noises of pain and discomfort, though after a while she stopped this while she ate. Then she told me my "treatment" had helped a lot, beginning a few minutes after I stopped.

("We should have been smart enough to try it without following it up with the aspirin right away," I said. But we learned something. Maybe next time. Sharon Poley brought Jane Darvoset at 2:40.

(I brought in to show Jane the two paintings that had been involved in my enlarged-perception experience yesterday—The Girl with The Violet Eyes and the head of the man. Jane remembered them when she saw them. I still get the feeling when I look at the girl, and the man too. Jane liked the man so much I put it up on the bulletin board—not easy, since it isn't framed.

(Jane dozed a few times while reading yesterday's session, which she managed to do fairly well. I helped her read it. She also rotated her arms in good style. I told her both her hands looked better than they had yesterday, even, with the skin coloring more normal instead of being so taut and tight. I began doing some mail while she slept briefly after reading the session. "I feel guilty, doing that," she said.

(After everybody had made their rounds concerning her vitals, which were all normal, Jane said she might try for a short session. "Maybe I need a little session, at least every day, just to keep my spirits up," she said. She was quite upset because of her discomfort in her right leg after I'd first turned her on her back before lunch.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon—

("Afternoon, Seth.")

—and I will speak briefly, at least for now.

Remind Ruburt that he is indeed safe, secure, and supported. Have him read or read to him—the recent passages dealing with the use of the conscious mind and the use of the subconscious mind, when I discussed their various roles. Ruburt should also be patient with himself, for he is indeed improving, and further improvements are definitely in store.

I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken, and again, in any case, the session continues at other levels of your being.

("Okay.")

(4:05. I asked Jane if she'd been stewing about getting quick improvements. She said no, though she wasn't happy because her leg had been bothering her so at lunchtime. "And I want to feel more and more released."

(I read to her Seth's opening paragraphs of yesterday's session; these dealt with the roles of the conscious and subconscious minds. I didn't get to go over any of the other past sessions with her before I turned her on her right side at 4:30.

(I was shocked—because I discovered a vast amount of tension in her left leg. So much so that it was jammed against her broken right leg, and I had difficulty getting the pillow between her knees before turning her. Her whole leg was tense; I could feel the tension in all the tendons and muscles. I was amazed at the tension in the leg. I couldn't understand how she could stand that situation, evidently day after day, and not realize what she was doing, what was happening. It must put a terrible strain upon the knee joint, I told her. I began massaging the leg with Oil of Olay and talking to it. It helped, I could tell, but not enough, since by then I had her on her side. I rubbed the lotion into her hands and feet also.

(I found that both her hands showed signs of improvement in feel and motion at the wrists especially, much to my pleasant surprise, so we're making good progress there. It's easier now for me to get the oil inside her clenched right hand, and I can feel the fingers move.

(Once when Jane dozed before I turned her, she woke up with a start. But she said she hadn't been asleep: "The start was because I hurt."

(The supper tray was late. After a nap I turned Jane back on her back at 5:35, and massaged her left leg again, doing a much better job this time. I told her I was "upset" at the tension in the leg, and wanted to see it dissipate. I could feel the leg respond. She said she had to do something so as not to get discouraged, and I told her not to let herself get discouraged. Her right wrist began to revolve better, and her doubled-up fingers loosened a little more—more progress.

(I did tell Jane that when Seth came through again I wanted some material on the tension in her body, especially the leg.

(Since supper was late in coming, we didn't get through until 7:30. I was starting to get my stuff together when Jane asked me to get the Seth notebook out again. When Seth came through her voice was a bit hoarse, but with good subdued power.

(7:34.) Now: a fond good evening.

("Good evening, Seth.")

Ruburt has been so used to constricted motion that the sensation of new motion sometimes startles him enough to cause tenseness in the area involved.

("You mean like the left leg?")

I do. Your dehypnotizing sessions are very important in helping him become accustomed to new motion. A good deal of the body's difficulties have been caused by tension almost exclusively, so what I am saying is of particular importance.

You can also tell him that he can welcome new motion, knowing that it surely leads to recovery. As more new motion is introduced it will be easier and easier for him to go along without fear, but in a true thanksgiving.

You are correct: the body itself wants to move normally, and becomes more and more able to do so. For a few days, again, have Ruburt read those portions I have given, dealing with the roles of the conscious and subconscious minds.

The dehypnotizing exercises, again, are most beneficial, since both of your energies are then used toward a common goal. You should both have creative breakthroughs of your own in response to these sessions—and again, this session continues at other levels of your being.

I bid you then a fond good evening.

("Well, thank you very much, Seth. That's very good.")

I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken.

("Okay."

(7:41 PM. Seth didn't return. Jane's arms were still rotating in good shape. She had part of a cigarette. I read the prayer to her and left at 7:53.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 20, 1983 4:08 PM THURSDAY

(As soon as I turned Jane back on her back at about 1:15 I massaged Oil of Olay into her left leg and talked to her and to it. The leg felt better, less tense than it had yesterday. At the same time Jane's left foot hurt when I rubbed the leg, and turned outward on its side.

(She ate well. After lunch I explained the situation about the hospital being 30 days late sending her medical records to Blue Cross in Syracuse, their denial of the major medical claim, the \$10,000 I'd given the hospital on her current bill, and the payments I'd arranged on the old bill we still owed from last year—all of this just so she'd know what was going on. I also explained that I may get a copy of her medical records for our own files.

(3:01. Jane began reading yesterday's session. She did better than she had yesterday. I helped her some also. Then we went over most of the material in all of the previous sessions, for they contain many excellent points. During this time Jane moved her arms and hands—which look better—and various other portions of her anatomy.

(Jane described a dream she'd had last night, a very positive one, she thought, in which she'd looked at her face in a mirror for the first time in a long while. She saw her features with their old familiar contours, was pleased, and thought that with a little makeup she'd look fine. "I don't have the guts to really look at my face yet," she said now. "The last time I did—some months ago—I thought I looked terrible, with a double chin and my face bloated all out of shape...." I told her her face wasn't bloated out of shape, that it looked much better, and that she appeared to have a double chin because of her position in bed. Perhaps she half believed me. It was approaching time for people to start coming in to check her vitals when she said she'd try for a short session. She was on her back, of course; her Seth voice was okay, good but not too loud.)

Now: I bid you a most fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

You are both doing very well, and Ruburt's dream—the one in which he looked at his face in a mirror—was excellent, and already shows a change of belief that will be most beneficial.

These sessions and their creative output began to open the doors of Framework 2, making it accessible to you and practically useful, while before your individual and joint fears held you back at least to some degree. Now that those doors are opening, you will also see the results in other areas of your lives, bringing to you ever more fortunate events.

Take a break. Actually, I may or may not return—again according to those rhythms of which I have spoken.

(4:12. "Actually. I think he stopped because I have one of those gas things, or whatever they are," Jane said. She meant a bladder spasm, I think, since she's been getting a few of them lately. Her catheter hasn't been changed now for some time; she's done well with it.

("In a funny way, I'm better here, now, than I was when I was home," Jane said. I told her that I expected her to be in good shape when I got her home again. Earlier today I'd suggested that she visualize herself sitting at her desk in the breezeway, writing—and without giving a

thought as to how she got there. Let the healing energies of the body take care of all that stuff, I'd said.

("I don't know," she added as she had a cigarette. "I just got the feeling that you and I are going to have some unexpected company—I don't know whether here or at the house." Just what we need, I thought. However, her statement prompted me to tell her that a few days before the insurance company had denied our claim for major medical benefits because they hadn't received the hospital records, I'd waked up early one morning and lay there worrying about the possibility of a denial for perhaps an hour. I'd felt definitely uneasy, I told Jane—that is, I'd had no feelings that the matter of insurance was going smoothly. I believe I'd forgotten to tell her about this episode.

(4:27.) Now, you can indeed expect further improvements with Ruburt's eyes and sight. The condition has largely been caused by the imbalance of muscular activity. The massage that you gave Ruburt briefly this afternoon, in the neck areas, is extremely beneficial—not only to his entire condition, but specifically beneficial to his sight.

(Long pause.) The rereading of material, as you did today, is again very helpful, and the practice should be continued. The massage, of course, also carries the message of love, and in that area touch is most important. The love travels in both directions, however, so that as you touch Ruburt's body his love for you is also transmitted to you, even as your love is transmitted to him —so you are dealing with a very basic and vital kind of communication.

Again, I may or may not return, according to those rhythms I have already explained.

("Can I ask a question?")

You may.

("About the essays. I was telling Jane earlier that now I wonder about some of what I wrote—stressing that Jane has arthritis, and the medical opinions about it, and so forth. I also said you didn't think that she had arthritis, though, and that we'd chosen to go along with the doctors—")

The essays are fine as they stand. Further insights that you have now can be explained in their place. *(Long pause.)* Therefore, again, I express satisfaction with the essays and preface and work you have already completed.

("Thank you.")

(4:28 PM. It was time to turn Jane on her side. The neck massage I'd given her earlier, which Seth referred to, had followed a turning also. It had been painful for her to be turned, and I'd tried to relieve some of her tenseness by massaging her neck muscles and back. It had helped.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 21, 1983 3:41 PM FRIDAY

(Jane is off the Kefzol, the antibiotic Fred Kardon had her on after she broke her right leg. Fred took her off it this morning. He also visited her. Early this morning Georgia had noticed what she took to be a swelling over the break and the ulcer on the right knee, and suspected drainage problems. When Fred came into 330 Georgia had told Mary Ann about it, and Mary Ann pointed it out to Fred. He looked at it and said any swelling was "due to the arthritis.")

(What a comedy of errors, I told Jane. First the girls are wrong about the cause of the slight swelling, then Fred gives her a lousy suggestion about arthritis! I told Jane I hoped the whole episode served as a warning as to what hospitals were really like, and the well-meaning but misguided people who worked in them. Jane answered my question about whether Fred had any idea he was giving out rotten suggestions about arthritis by saying that it never occurred to him—or any other doctor.

("But don't they know any better?" I persisted. I even meant ourselves. For if people "knew better," then places like the hospital would be empty, and all the people in them would be working at other kinds of jobs. Of course. "The only thing that's going to save us is ourselves," I said, and reminded Jane to never forget this little episode. "When you get home," I added, "we'll throw away all of your old clothes in the closet and buy new ones.")

(Jane ate very well—her appetite is much better now—and after lunch Peggy Gallagher visited. She brought with her a letter from a fan who wants to visit. And what are you gonna do? Georgia brought me ice cream without me asking for it. She really likes us, and we like her. Jane told her this morning that she could borrow the copy of If We Live Again that we have in 330; Georgia wants it overnight for her daughter to read.

(Jane's new freedom of motion continues in many ways. Many of those ways are small yet, but show signs of enlarging—and none of them even existed a short time ago. Turning her back on her back went much more easily this noon; she's also dispensed with the pillow between her legs, and using a doughnut sponge we used to use before the leg break. I massaged Jane's neck, after she had trouble trying to read yesterday's session. The massage is supposed to help her eyes, according to Seth.

(I told Jane that if she wanted to do anything about a session, now was the time before people started coming in to do her vitals. She went into the session, then, just as I was getting ready to start on the mail.)

Now—

("Afternoon, Seth.")

I bid you a fond good afternoon. I wanted to tell you that Ruburt is already something of a mystery to your Dr. Kardon. He is doing much better than the doctor thought that he would, while often refusing to follow the conventional course of action that the good doctor advised.

(Long pause.) Actually, in several places in previous books, I did indeed describe negative suggestion and its utilization by the medical authorities under the name of

preventative medicine. *(In Mass Events, for instance.)* If people were not sick they would not need doctors *(quietly amused)*, and since many people are unaware consciously of their own motives, then the doctors and the patients are often in league with each other, helping to maintain the dis-ease. That is the one thing they have in common.

Again, I remind you to keep this latest group of sessions fresh in your minds, by going over them frequently together.

("I'm keeping them separate.")

You have done well in that regard.

Peggy Gallagher is subconsciously aware of your new beginnings, and when she comes she does bring with her a positive energy that is very supportive.

(Someday we'll tell Peg.)

Ruburt can indeed improve to far more than a considerable degree—again, walking on his own with some degree of satisfaction. Let the concentration, of course, be on the improvements that have—

(3:50. Lorrie came in to take Jane's blood pressure. She gave no sign that she realized Seth was present. Jane broke off at once to speak in a conversational tone. Lorrie is the gal who, with a student nurse, broke Jane's leg when turning her, when showing the student how to do it. Lorrie smiles and talks to us, but hurries in and out as quickly as she can. I know the episode affected her. After she left I read the last paragraph to Jane. Resume at 3:53.)

—already occurred, and you will see that they are multiplied. I may—

(3:54. Dawn came in to take temperature—97.8—and pulse. "I knew Peggy was here. I met her in the elevator." Resume at 4:00.)

—or may not return. Again, according to those energies and rhythms of which I have spoken.

(4:01. Jane took a break after having survived those interruptions without anyone catching on. "I sort of feel that once he comes through in the afternoon," she said, "that he's more or less available the rest of the time.")

(Then I looked up to see Jane reaching up to her left ear with her left hand—in a spontaneous gesture I haven't seen her do in I don't know when. It looked unnatural to see her do this. She was surprised too. It was another great sign, I told her. With her gesture Jane couldn't quite reach the ear, which itched. She began to move on the bed, twisting her hands and wrists and rotating her arms. "But you will reach it," I said, delighted. She tried again—and did reach the ear. She actually dug a bit of wax out of it with a forefinger. "I got it. I got it," she exclaimed. Obviously, this was something she couldn't even manage yesterday, let alone last week, say.

("And that's another sign," I said, as she scratched her chin on the right side with that same left hand. As of now she can't get her right hand up to her right ear by some little distance—but she will, I told her.

(At 4:20 Jane was able to move both arms and shoulders to such an extent that she had me take away her ashtray and cigarette so she had more room. The left arm especially moved very freely at the shoulder. "It certainly wants to move," she said, rotating the whole arm and hand.

(Now I mentioned the idea I'd had last night, and made a note of. It was simply that I'd bring in one of the Seth books and start reading it to her a page at a time. She liked the idea. I told her to name the book, or more than one, if she wanted. I added that as soon as she could

handle pages, I could take the book apart so that she could hold each page up while she read it when she was alone. I could leave a stack of them on her bed. This would give her great freedom to read by herself at any time of the day or night. It would be very liberating, I said, truly. She agreed. I thought that the way she was improving, she'd be able to work up to such a step. Also, I could take apart any book for that matter.

(As we talked Jane's big toes began to move at the first joint, almost in unison. They were painful when I gently touched them, but the toes moved at the first joint. Jane felt strong sensations in them like pins and needles, she said. But a little later the big toes began to bend by themselves. Then both ankles began to move—the whole foot in each case. She said the rhythmic motion was "just like that bicycle exercise I used to do, right in rhythm...." She had to stop when the tingling sensations got to be too strong even when I wasn't touching them.

(Resume at 4:23.)

Now. In many cases an illness is actually the result of uneven learning—that is, an individual chooses to learn very quickly in some areas, so that other areas lag behind and become extremely prominent and irritating in contrast to the proficiency gained in the other areas that progress so quickly.

Now, I may or may not return this afternoon—again according to those rhythms of which I have spoken.

(4:25 PM. Interesting material, I told Jane. Seth hadn't put it that way before. It certainly seemed to apply in her case, and may be a valuable clue. She agreed, having remembered what Seth had said while she was in trance. I interpreted the information as Seth's way of telling us that those lagging portions of Jane's psyche were now embarked on their journey to catching up with those other portions that were way ahead—meaning that the psychic abilities were the leaders in Jane's case.

(4:32. Jane now said that her reference yesterday to an unexpected visitor probably referred to Peggy G's visit today. Then I got it. Of course: Peggy had not only visited unexpectedly, but she'd brought a letter from a fan who wanted to visit us from New York City. I'd scanned the letter while Peggy was present, but hadn't made the rather obvious connection then, nor had Jane. "It makes your prediction pan out," I said to Jane. "It reminds me of those old envelope tests. See the correlations?" Jane did. Things work out in unexpected ways.

(At 4:45 I got ready to turn Jane on her side with the doughnut between her knees. I massaged her neck briefly first, and her left leg. The turn went very well indeed—much less painful for my wife. That made two good turns today, I said, and she agreed. After she was on her side I used Oil of Olay to massage her feet, lower legs, arms and hands, talking to all of those portions —and new movements were apparent in all areas. Wonderful. I took a nap at 5:00.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 22, 1983 4:00 PM SATURDAY

(When I turned Jane on her back at 1:15 this afternoon, and removed the foam-rubber doughnut from between her knees, she didn't want me to massage her left leg as I've been doing lately. She said it hurt too much—not that it was worse, but that the “pins and needles” that resulted from my touch were too uncomfortable. I take this to mean increased circulation. The leg certainly feels better to me.

(She ate an excellent lunch, and I believe continues to gain weight, if a bit at a time. She had a smoke, then tried to read yesterday's session after I'd massaged her neck, but she couldn't do it very well so I ended up reading it to her. I wanted to go over some of the past sessions in this group with her, but we never did get to it, what with cigarettes, people coming in, my reading her letters from a fan and Steve Blumenthal, and so forth. We didn't go over past sessions yesterday, either. It seems that now literally we don't have time in an afternoon to do half of what we'd like to—it's like going to work and trying hard to get everything done before it's time to go home.

(Room 330 got quite chilly this afternoon—it was cold last night and chilly today—and Jane even had me lay a towel over her part of the time, since we have no heat yet in the room. [Nor does she want it yet, by any means.]

(She did do some more moving and rotating. Now she could move her arms far enough down to touch her thighs—something she couldn't do yesterday. This meant the elbows were loosening. An excellent sign. She also was able to reach her left ear with her left hand again—and dug more wax out of the ear with a fingernail [index finger]. Again, seeing her do this was strange, considering the new range of motion she now has.

(During lunch I'd asked Jane if she thought Seth might want to comment on the sinful self, and its material. I thought some data on these items might show how her psyche was integrating our new information and efforts, including the healing impetus. I thought the sinful self had to be cooperating in our endeavors, and I wondered whether there might be some scrap of new information it possessed that could help us.

(Lying on her back as usual, Jane began to speak for Seth right after LuAnn had given her her eye drops as usual. Seth's voice was average.)

Now—I bid you a fond good afternoon.

(“Afternoon, Seth.”)

I like to speak to you each day for a while, if only briefly, since the session itself sets up a climate in which healing is greatly promoted.

(At 4:01 Peggy came into take Jane's blood pressure. Jane at once spoke to her in her normal voice. After Peggy left I read Jane the one line Seth had given. Resume at 4:04.)

The sinful-self data does not apply now, and I am seeking to present the necessary material that is most pertinent and vital. Again, have Ruburt concentrate upon his improvements, and keep up your habit of rereading earlier material—again particularly the material on the roles of the conscious and unconscious minds.

You are both progressing very well. A healing, once it has begun, wants to follow its impetus toward the most complete healing possible.

I may or may not return, according to those energies and rhythms of which I have spoken.

(4:07. I read the session so far to Jane. She said Seth may have stopped just because she thought she was going to have a bladder spasm as she did yesterday at break time. Jane was quite pleased because I said it looked as though she was starting to put on a little weight. I'd been particularly noticing the hollows in the fronts of her shoulders. I told her they looked a little smoother, a little more filled in, the skin looked healthier and more natural. "The hollows don't look so stringy," I said suddenly. "Yeah, that's the word I want."

(Resume at 4:20, after having a cigarette, and pulse and temperature taken.)

One small note: the book about Oversoul Seven is writing itself, so to speak, while you are devoting yourselves to these sessions.

(Long pause.) The idea of rereading *Personal Reality* is an excellent one. You do not need to read large sections at once. It is more important, once you begin, that the practice be followed briefly each day.

Now once again. I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken—and once more, the sessions themselves set up and renew the conditions of healing.

("Thank you.")

(4:23. Jane had done well once again. It had been a sort of peaceful or restful day comparatively. After I turned her on her side at 4:50 I rubbed Oil of Olay into her feet, lower legs, and hands and arms as usual, talking briefly to each of those parts. All responded in their individual ways. Some of the areas that had shown new movement in recent days were now a little sore, so we didn't push it at all as far as motion goes. Jane did fairly well as she was being turned.

(She ate an excellent supper, after I'd had a nap and she'd watched TV. Margaret Bumbalo visited just as she, Jane, was finishing supper. Margaret was surprised at the amount of food my wife had eaten. She also brought news of the fracas involving President Reagan on a southern golf course this afternoon. I left the two women talking at 7:15.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 23, 1983 4:00 PM SUNDAY

(From my own notes: I got there at 1:05 on a cold and rainy afternoon. I found Jane quite upset as she lay nude on her left side. Dr. Gibson and the head nurse, Mary, had been in to 330 to look at Jane's knee. "I hear from people that your knee has been bothering you," the doctor had said. "No," Jane replied, "it hasn't." Dr. G looked at it, remarked that she had a large ulcer on the knee, and quickly left with Mary before Jane was quick enough to ask him what he was talking to the nurse about. Jane immediately feared the worst: that Dr. G was going to want to operate upon, or lance, the knee, or something like that.

(I told Jane she could very well be projecting her own fears upon something that wasn't that bad at all—that the episode instead served to show what a deep hold old beliefs still had on her. That, as Seth has remarked, the conscious mind must learn to rid itself of fear. She'd projected a lot of negative feelings upon the doctor, whom she likes, even to the point of tears. "And just when I was doing so well last night and today," she said, as I made ready to turn her on her back.

(Jane had had Darvoset early this morning. I should note that yesterday she had no Darvoset at all while I was with her—a space of many hours. That in itself is a great sign, I told her. When Judy, the RN, brought the lunch tray this noon, and replaced a couple of dressings, we asked her to contact Mary and find out exactly what Mary and Dr. G had talked about, re Jane's treatment. When she returned Judy told us that Dr. G had written an order for a different ointment than Silvadene to be used on the knee ulcer; the new ointment would help debride the wound and promote faster healing.

(And so Jane learned that her fears had been for little or nothing. No operation or lancing was projected. I emphasized to my wife the role belief could play in her reactions. Above all I wanted her to retrain her conscious mind so that such fears would be banished.

(After lunch—Jane ate very well—I told her about my vivid little dream of last night. In color: I'd looked out the south window of the bedroom to see Fred Kardon standing out on the lawn; he was talking to someone else who was doing some kind of work near the big pine tree that grows up over the corner of the house. Not on the tree itself. Perhaps some digging in the ground. Fred wore old work clothes—jeans and a sweat shirt, I think—and I could hear his voice clearly as he talked to the other person. I wasn't sure of my interpretation of the dream, except that it must involve a reappraisal on my part of Fred's role in society. "For all I know," I told Jane, "the other guy could have been me."

(Jane began the session after people had been in to check her vitals, which were all okay. Temperature, 97.5, etc.)

Now—I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Ruburt's reaction to the doctor's visit this morning does indeed show the hold that old beliefs can have, and the panicky feelings they can arouse.

Ruburt did make an attempt to rid himself of those feelings, however, by speaking of them to you, thus expressing them, and by reminding himself of our sessions and of his own physical improvements.

(Long pause.) In your dream, the tree represents the tree of life, or nature, growing on its own, repairing itself as it goes along. You saw the doctor in working clothes, expressing your feeling that doctors were more like mechanics, dealing with exterior manipulation, thus your doctor appears without his usual well-groomed attire, and fashionable facade. This is tied in of course with your experience in general regarding the members of the medical profession, and here symbolically you strip the doctor of his assumed authority, and see him more like a hired man—a plumber or mechanic, perhaps, but devoid of any deep philosophical bent.

This is also connected with Ruburt's condition.

("Whom was he talking to outside the window?")

He was talking to a portion of yourself—

("That's what I thought.")

—and you came in on the conversation, so to speak.

By all means, continue to review our sessions, and you can expect further improvements on Ruburt's part, as we continue with these practices.

Now take a break, and I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I have spoken.

("Can I ask a question?")

You may.

("Were Jane's attempts to deal with the doctor's visit this morning effective in countering the effects of the visit?")

They were added to your own help as you explained the situation.

("Yeah. I wanted to know if Jane's own efforts penetrated her psyche as deeply as the feelings she picked up from the doctor's visit—if she neutralized those negative reactions.")

The feelings were neutralized—and you helped as you added your own reminders.

("Thank you.")

(4:11. Jane had a cigarette. She moved her arms, hands, and shoulders very rapidly. She said she was also able to do so this morning. I said that the fact that she was keeping her gains of each day was the important thing. Resume at 4:23.)

Now. Remember to keep up the dehypnotizing practice. Its value increases with time. In other words, it become more effective each time it is used. *(Long pause.)* You are both encountering new probabilities of a beneficial nature, and each time you do this you put new imprints or paths or impressions into reality, effectively changing reality in those desired ways.

As always, the session continues at other levels of your beings, and I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I have spoken. I am particularly present, however, during those times when you are together.

("Thank you.")

(4:27 PM. Jane had done well. I reread portions of all of the sessions to her during the next half-hour, then turned her on her side. The move went better than usual. Then I massaged Oil of Olay into her feet, lower legs, hands and forearms, talking to those portions,

each in turn. Once again I felt improvements in those parts of her anatomy, and encouraged her to keep them coming.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 24, 1983 3:47 PM MONDAY

(Steve and Tracy Blumenthal visited Jane at the hospital last night and me at the house afterward. We talked mostly business, and Steve is going to contact Pete Harpending about a number of matters. I told the kids that they could lose their shirts in their proposed Seth Production Company, just so they would know various possibilities—and probabilities.)

(It was painful for Jane to be turned today. I turned her on her back after stopping at Medical Records first to see Janet Troutt about the copy of Jane's records that I'd been promised. However, the copies were so poor—and lacking lab reports—that Janet said she'd have them redone; now I'm to stop in a couple of days from now—which means the records don't go to the insurance company before then, either.

(Jane had her catheter changed, though she was still getting spasms when I got there, and these continued throughout the afternoon. Jane couldn't stand for me to rub her left leg after I turned her, because of the strong "pins and needles" feelings the massaging generates in the leg. She had good movement in her arms and shoulders, meaning that she's preserving the freedoms in those areas. She said that generally she has felt some overall general improvements, but especially in the arms and hands.

(At 3:15 I read yesterday's session to Jane, after she tried unsuccessfully to read it herself. Even when I read it, she said, she "couldn't absorb it very well" for some reason. I massaged her neck. I answered some mail. At 3:35 Jane told me to get my paper and pen ready in case Seth came through.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon. Seth.")

It is indeed a good practice to hold even a brief session in the afternoon, for you set up a certain kind of healing structure in which healing is accelerated. This is not a material structure, obviously, but it is highly—oops—

(3:48. Sharon Poley walked in to take Jane's temperature [98 degrees]; she came in without knocking while Jane was speaking for Seth in a voice deeper and stronger than her regular voice. Jane spoke Seth's last few words while Sharon was at the foot of the bed, then broke off as soon as she saw Sharon. Sharon didn't give any sign that she noticed or heard anything unusual—and looking at Jane, one couldn't tell that she was in trance.

(After Sharon had left. I asked Jane how she knew, as Seth, that Sharon was there. "I don't know," Jane said. "I just saw her. I think she might have noticed something, though it's no big deal."

(There hadn't been that much to notice, I said. Jane's voice could be attributed to her obviously dictating something to me, which everybody around knew she did each day. When I told Jane I didn't think she'd answered my question, she said she saw Sharon as Seth, not being that far under, and that the reason for that was that "I think you sort of guard yourself in a place like this. It would have been different at the house."

(Sharon Hurley and Cathy came in to take Jane's pulse and blood pressure, and to give her eyedrops. Then I read the two sentences Jane had given back to her, and she resumed at 3:59:)

—effective and efficient.

Certain coordinates within the body itself are activated, and the body is provided with a different kind of charge, at least momentarily. In other words, the sessions are a signal of a sort, activating certain portions of Ruburt's being. This also has a beneficial effect as far as you are concerned, Joseph. The psychic content of your minds changes. You both become more open to new probabilities, and the sessions themselves should also have a healing effect as far as you are concerned, Joseph, so that you are both set in a different kind of psychic climate.

Now take a break. I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken—but in an important regard I am indeed present from the time of my first greeting in an afternoon until the time that you leave. It is easier then to hold a session at such times.

("Thank you.")

(4:04. Jane had done well. I lit a smoke for her. Her right foot was flexing as the left one had been earlier. She said she was beginning to sense a rhythm to the sessions in the afternoon. She also remarked that if I was present in the evening she could do more....

(Then at 4:14 she began rotating her arms and hands faster than ever—the best yet—it was obvious that her elbows were loosening up even more. She could reach further down toward her thighs. Then her feet began to move in rhythm—"Just like I'm on a bicycle," she said. Now there was a lot of movement in the feet and ankles. "It looks like the legs and feet are trying to do the same things the hands and arms are doing," I said. "They've got to start somewhere."

(4:18. I opened a window a bit, since the room was getting stuffy. The air conditioner has been off. Resume at 4:20.)

Now: A brief note in what you have just witnessed.

Ruburt has become more aware of the body's impetus toward action and motion. This allows the body to act in an ever-more coordinated fashion, reactivating the muscles' memories of normal activity.

You are quite right: the legs do want, now, to act in coordination with the motion of the arms. This automatically brings about a far better body condition.

Now I may or may not return—again, according to those rhythms which Ruburt is now beginning to sense.

("Thank you.")

(4:23 PM. Jane grunted in discomfort, for now the smaller toes on her feet began to move a little —with the big toes—in a way I hadn't seen them do before. Another first. Another sign, I told her. I was delighted with the way she kept her new motions once they'd shown themselves. I still feel hope and enthusiasm.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 25, 1983 4:10 PM TUESDAY

(Debbie Harris visited Jane last night. When I got to 330 this afternoon Jane told me about an excellent dream she'd had last night. It involved her putting on blue jeans and a belt, and rolling on the bed to get the jeans on the way she used to do. The belt was her old favorite. Jane also described to me how she negated some poor suggestions a couple of the people who take care of her had made this morning, concerning a couple of her bedsores. She told herself to forget it, that the decubiti could heal themselves perfectly well.

(Jane had an excellent lunch. At 3:30 she began to have a lot of new motions in her neck, rotating her head much more freely from side to side than she's been able to do so far. It helped the whole back, I said. Her shoulders raised and moved better also. Jane was moving her arms and hands to some extent during lunch. Her toes have been moving also, she said.

(3:40. Now Jane's feet and ankles began to move in rhythm—just as though she were pedaling a bicycle, she said—and as she grunted and groaned with the effort the feet began to easily move the fastest I've seen them do yet. Even her head raised and lowered itself on the pillow in time with the foot motions.

(3:50. At her request I put my finger on a certain spot high up on the back of Jan's head, where the muscles from the neck join the skull—and suddenly her head began to flop forward then jerk backward at an almost alarming rate, so fast did it move. I doubt if I could have done it much faster. Her head felt weightless beneath my finger, I told her, and she said it felt weightless to her, too. "That was fantastic," she repeated over and over. She couldn't imagine moving faster under any circumstances. "This really gives me hope," she said. "I think all of this is part of the session today" —a good point. I lit a smoke for her at 3:55. She continued her head movements at a more moderate pace; I asked her not to overdo them. "I know I can have a session, so we'll wait a bit to see if people are going to start coming in or not...." She talked again about how good it felt to move her head that way.

(At 3:56 Dawn came in to take Jane's temperature—97.3—and her pulse. After Dawn left Jane said she felt motion in her hips for the first time. She could feel them shifting from side to side as she lay on her back in bed. I could see hints of the motions. Another first, I told her. This would be very important, for now her hips wouldn't always be laying upon the bed like a dead weight. "The first time I could move them," Jane said. This could be a very important development. "They definitely moved in a new way for the first time."

(We got tired of waiting for others to come in. Jane's Seth voice was firm but not terribly loud.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Ruburt's physical performance this afternoon should certainly show him that his body is indeed capable of normal motion.

Only fear and distrust have held him back. He should tell himself, again, that it is perfectly safe to move, that the body's safety, in fact, is dependent upon its fluid motion, so that the muscles are free to relax and contract.

This afternoon's physical performance does indeed represent another important breakthrough, for he felt within him that ease and motion, that release of tension that is so vital for his body's normal, healthy performance.

The images he is using, as per the belt for his dungarees, is an excellent example of how old familiarity of motion can come to his aid. The new motion involving his hips is also immensely beneficial—and once awakened those motions can now continue to improve.

I wanted also to tell you again that the healing climate is also beneficial to you, Joseph, so that you benefit also, and your physical being is being tuned up.

(I've been speculating and hoping that this is the case since this series of sessions began, I told Jane after the session.

(4:16.) We will take a short break. Though I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken. In any case the session is translated into other aspects of reality, so that it affects you both on many other levels than those you recognize. And once I have greeted you, I am present in a certain fashion for the rest of the evening until you leave, whether or not I speak.

("Very good."

(4:18. "Well, this session easily describes the most encouraging news yet," I told Jane. No interruptions, as we'd expected there to be. Jane could still feel the motion and its effects in her neck.

("I guess what I mean is that I'm really encouraged," she said, elated. "I just didn't think I could do it, you know? Almost like normal people."

("Lots of 'normal' people can't move their head like that," I said. And it's true. She still felt a sense of triumph; really good. The therapeutic effects from just the feeling should be of great value.

(Jane had a cigarette. "It would be nice if I got home by Christmas," she said. "But at the same time I've been afraid to think such thoughts..."

(Her progress is excellent now, but home in two months? I said I thought it was okay to have such thoughts, but one didn't need to fasten upon them. Letting nature—her body—take its own course was just as good a way, I told her. And who knows—we might be very pleasantly surprised....

(Resume at 4:40.)

Now: I give you both my congratulations for your progress thus far, knowing that it will continue as you follow our "program." I may or may not return—but I wanted you to know that I am indeed pleased—

("Yes. So are we.")

—and that I rejoice with you.

(4:21. "That's it," Jane said. The best of the little sessions yet, I said. The turn onto her left side went easily. I rubbed Oil of Olay into her feet, lower legs, arms and hands, talking to those parts as I "worked" on them. They were all better, I could feel. Jane ate an excellent supper. She said she felt motions in her body as she lay on her side, watching TV while I took a nap from 5:05 to 5:35. She occasionally moved a portion of her body as she ate supper. We were very encouraged.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 26, 1983 4:07 PM WEDNESDAY

(Jane's turn onto her back when I reached 330 at 12:10 [after taking the car to Bob's Car Wash to get it waxed] went very easily. She said she "worked out" with some exercises in her room this morning when no one else was around. She feels quite good. Changing dressings these days is much easier, and she does better in hydro. No one in hydro has noticed any change in her motions, she said.

(2:50. I massaged Jane's neck. She moved her shoulders and arms and hands as usual—very well indeed—which shows that she's keeping her new motions. When I did her neck her feet began to move too—there's a connection, she said. At 3:22, after a cigarette, she began to move most portions of her body in a generalized program of exercise—head off the pillow, arms, shoulders and feet, legs [to a lesser degree] and hips. All in rhythm, she said, like being on a bicycle. Just like yesterday, when I'd rubbed that certain spot on her neck. Now today her head once more began to flop back and forth very rapidly on the column of her neck. Then she did motions with her arms and hands that she hadn't done before, very fast, she said it felt like she was going to shake her fingers off. All of these things are bound to help circulation. Her elbows definitely are more flexible.

(I went over the last seven sessions with Jane, since we hadn't done this yesterday. At 4:00 she finished a smoke, then her hands began to move some more. Her left elbow was easily the most flexible yet, I could tell. People came in to do her vitals.

(Her Seth voice was good—more "separated" from her normal voice, more distinctive, perhaps more sure, and a bit louder.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

The sessions add extra energy and impetus, so that many of Ruburt's improvements show themselves near or close to the session format. This is of course most beneficial.

(Pause.) I told you some time ago that miracles were simply nature unimpeded, and Ruburt is learning to give his nature freedom, so that it can follow the greater ways of its own knowledge —therefore freeing his body so that it can behave in a more natural and normal fashion.

When I speak to you, obviously I use words and vocabulary. I told you also that these sessions exist on many other levels of activity, so the sessions are translated directly into the body itself, correcting old errors, for example, and helping the body thus to clear itself of old debris. I suppose the affair can be compared in certain ways to cleaning up a house. When old materials are discarded and new avenues of traffic are cleared.

Now I may again return or not return, according to those rhythms of which I have been speaking —but in any case I am still present, as I recently explained.

("Okay. Thank you.")

(4:12. Jane began digging at her left ear with her left hand—in a motion she now does almost automatically. Actually, she reached up further behind the ear than ever before. We've noticed that her bursts of motion usually take place to their greatest extent around session

time, of course. But that's okay—anything is okay that leads to an expansion of her physical activity. One of my own goals is to see her be able to turn over in bed by herself. Another is for her to be able to read on her own.

(The TV gal came in to collect for the week. While we were all talking. Jane's feet began to move, both of them, seemingly all by themselves. Resume at 4:28.)

I am not comparing the body to a computer—but in a fashion it is as if Ruburt were reprogramming himself, with help from higher echelons of his being, so that a kind of new and more effective and beneficial organization is being activated, in which old errors were cancelled, and new knowledge is inserted.

Again, I may or may not return, but I wanted to give you this last bit of material, for I think it will help you understand the new ongoing processes that are now taking place.

(4:30 PM. I thanked Seth. I turned Jane at 4:35, then massaged her body parts as usual with Oil of Olay, talking to them as I did so. She responded well. She lay watching TV while I walked over to pick up the car—which looked fabulous. I was back by 5:15.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 27, 1983 4:35 PM THURSDAY

(I found Jane very blue—even to the point of a few tears—when I got to 330 this afternoon. It was easy to turn her on her back, though, and she eventually ate an excellent lunch. She'd eaten well for breakfast, too. She's only been taking Darvoset at about 5:30 AM, and before she goes down to hydro later in the morning—distinct improvements, I told her.

(2:45. She began moving about on the bed. I rubbed her neck in that certain spot and her head began to flop back and forth as it has been doing. She did a lot of grunting and pushing, and had movement in her belly and hips. Then her knees wanted to get into the act, and her feet and toes.

(3:20. Jane did very well reading yesterday's session aloud. She'd also read well yesterday. She told me that when she gets the Darvoset before hydro, "they mix it up with my aspirin, into a terrible concoction."

(Dawn came in to take Jane's temperature—97.5—to start the daily round of vitals, at 3:30. At 4:00 Jane told me to get out my pad in case Seth came through. She began to flex her arms. She did especially well with her head and right arm, then the feet began to move. "Then my feet get hot," she said, then exclaimed in pleasure, "Look how fast it's going"—meaning her left big toe. Then all of her toes began to move to various degrees. Jane's head began to lift repeatedly off the pillow. Groaning and straining, making hoarse sounds of effort, she began to struggle to move her whole body. I could see the effort travel up her left leg into the hips and her belly. "The whole body is trying to move," I said, "as though you're trying to move it in a dream."

(She kept it up at 4:06. I thought her motions might make up for the actual session today. She began lifting her head and upper torso, moving it from side to side, with new motion and considerable success. I hadn't seen her do this for years. It was another great sign, I told her.

(4:08. Rest.

(4:09. Groaning and grunting and trying even harder and more loudly, Jane once again began lifting her head and torso and moving them from side to side. "What am I doing, Bob? God, what noises...."

("You're moving your body," I laughed. "The body probably can't wait to get going."

("If I could just sit up on the side of the bed," Jane said. She moved her arms again.

("That's a good point to keep in mind," I said, "about sitting on the edge of the bed."

("I've thought of it." Then Jane's feet began going again.

(4:14. Rest.

(4:15. Abruptly Jane began flopping her head and rotating her left arm, holding the elbow up in the air, so vigorously that she cried out that she was getting dizzy. "What am I doing, Bob?"

("Why, the body is trying to regain its coordination," I said, thinking aloud.

(4:18. Now there was a general movement of head, torso, legs and feet. Jane's whole body moved and twisted on the mattress, which flexed beneath her accordingly. She couldn't

have done this even last Monday. "What am I doing, Bob?" she asked again, surprised. "If I could just sit on the edge of the bed in a month, even."

(I suggested she not worry about when she'd sit on the edge of the bed, that it was sure to happen in its own good time as her improvements continue.

(4:24. Once again she began noisily moving her head and torso from side to side—her best effort yet—the motion having repercussions in her belly and hips, legs and feet. I suggested she not overdo it.

("I'm not," she said. "It feels like flying—like my fingers were to fly off." A clear reference, I said, to the body's efforts to learn coordination, to her not being used to moving that much or that freely.

(4:27. "I ought to be turning you over pretty soon." Jane agreed. I didn't think we were going to have a session.

(4:28. "I tried to do a little bit of that bicycle thing when I was in hydro this morning," Jane said. "I could feel it work, but I couldn't do much because you've got to keep yourself balanced on that litter.... Wow, right now I feel as if I could fall over."

(4:30. More movements of the right arm this time, and the head and neck. The arm motions were almost as though Jane was leading an orchestra. I took her cigarette and ashtray away before she knocked them flying with her rapidly moving hand. I had a sense that the arm was moving almost by itself, somewhat uncoordinated, as if searching for its role with the body, or relearning for itself what it was for, what it could do.

("Well, take this," Jane said after a few more puffs, after her best, most prolonged and widest-ranging display of motion so far. "I do think I'll get a little bit after all.")

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Same to you, Seth.")

What we want is the introduction of new motion into all areas of Ruburt's body at a time when you are here, [Joseph], so that you can lend your help and support, so we end up with healing sessions in a way that is most convenient.

This allows Ruburt to become more and more aware of natural, spontaneous motion in a framework in which he feels safe and secure. As I said before, even when I am not speaking I am present in certain ways during the afternoon and early evening.

Now take a break. I may or may not return. Again according to those rhythms of which I have spoken.

("Thank you."

(4:38. Jane had another cigarette before I turned her. She wants to be able to read books. We haven't had time to start on the copy of Personal Reality I brought the day after getting the idea. "But that's okay," I said. "If you keep on improving like you have been, it looks like I'll be taking the book apart a lot sooner than I thought I would—which, after all, is what we want you to be able to do: read by yourself."

(4:45. I was just about to turn Jane on her left side when she suddenly began to reach down outside her right hip with her right hand—easily a couple of inches farther than she's been able to reach before. She did it several times. I could feel and see the tension in her taut muscles in the shoulder, above the pectoral, and in the elbow, as they moved. But she wasn't overdoing anything by straining too hard. Then she rested.

(I turned her at 4:50. It was still tough going for her, but she did well. She'd done extremely well this afternoon. She ate an excellent supper, too. Congratulations, Jane.

(A note: Since this is a private session I can add this observation. When we were alone, after I'd turned her and made her somewhat comfortable, Jane made a sexual reference to me. "You'd better be careful, and not give me any ideas," I said. This was very important, I realized later, for it signaled the revival of another interest in life for my wife. I'm going to ask her—for I wonder if even she realizes the significance of what she said....)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 28, 1983 4:24 PM FRIDAY

(It was easy to turn Jane on her back after I got to 330 at 1:05, and she ate an excellent lunch. She'd also eaten well for breakfast.

(3:05. Jane began to read yesterday's session—and did very well indeed, even better than she'd done yesterday and the day before that. She read right along, smoothly and seemingly with little effort. Actually, I was amazed. I doubt if I could have read aloud any faster. "I'm doing my best yet," she said, surprised and pleased. Indeed she was. I told her her reading was easily the best she's done since coming into the hospital—and even before, at the house, though she questioned the house part of my enthusiastic statement. But she did well indeed.

(At 3:25 Jane suggested I get my paper and pen out for a session. She began to move her left arm and hand quite freely. Then, as she grunted and groaned, the motion traveled down her body to her knees and toes. Quite obviously, her hips and legs moved.

(3:32. She began a generalized motion of her whole body, lifting her head and upper torso off the bed and moving them from side to side.

(3:36. Suddenly Jane began to rotate her right arm in concert with lifting her head and neck off the bod—seemingly as fast as could be done. Once again she gave me the feeling that she—her body—was practicing control and coordination. This was all a good workout in itself. She made strange grunting sounds with her efforts, and almost violent motions.

(She worked at straightening out her left leg. "I can tell the muscles want to do it, but all of them aren't ready yet. Neither is the right one." But I pointed out that her right leg is already down a couple of inches. I can tell this is so by the extra room I now have to insert a sponge between her calf and thigh, to give her some support there when she's on her back.

(3:42. Sharon—temperature [97.8] and pulse.

(3:45. LuAnn—B/P and eyedrops.

(3:46. At her request I rubbed Jane's "spot" on the back of her neck. Her head began to jump back and forth again very rapidly. Then I searched for a second spot on the top of her head—and when I found it with my middle finger Jane's head suddenly began to jerk very rapidly from side to side. She cried out, disoriented with the quickness of the motion. I couldn't tell whether her eyes were open or closed—nor could she when I asked her later. At the same time her feet began to move in a distinct rhythm with the sideways head movements. All very fast.

("I'll bet no doctor would have thought I could do that," she said. "What was I doing, anyway? That was one of the wildest things I've done yet...." And later: "I still feel funny from it, you know? It feels like you're incredibly oiled—it didn't hurt at all."

("Well, that means you're saying quite a bit there," I said. "And maybe you'll get to surprise some doctors."

(4:01. "I'm just laying quiet for a second, although I don't feel him around [Seth]," she said.

(4:06. Jane had a cigarette. She still felt the aftereffects of her head motion. "It must be you wanted to work on the head today," I said. "Or the body does—that's what I really mean," Jane said even her jaw felt loose. She also said she didn't feel any soreness in her muscles the next day, say, after she'd begun using it.

(4:10. After her cigarette Jane began to groan and writhe on the bed, her head, torso, legs and feet all moving. Even her eye muscles moved, she said. The performance didn't last long, but she seemed to expend a lot of effort in the motions. "What the hell was I doing?" she asked, surprised.

(4:15. After resting a bit, she could reach across her face with her left hand and with a little help from me, succeeded in touching the lobe of her right ear with her left hand. She can't yet come close to touching her right ear with her right hand.

(4:20. Jane took a little rest, and asked me if I had my writing stuff ready. Then:)

Now: a fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Ruburt's physical performance today should convince you that the doors to normal physical motion are being unlocked.

("Yes.")

No conventional arthritic (*almost scornfully*) could move suddenly with such motions. Ruburt's natural agility has been locked up, and is now being released. The better vision is another case in point—and the eyes are improving indeed, as other muscular activity is allowed to show itself.

Again, I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken (*pause*). But I am, as I mentioned earlier, present at other levels of activity connected with yourselves, whether I speak or not.

("Thank you.")

(4:28. I laughed as Jane came out of trance. When she asked what it was all about I said, "I'll bet that when you get your motion back you'll be a terror, won't you?"

(She agreed without putting it that way. "I'm moving muscles I didn't know I had," she said. working her lower jaw around. She began reading the sessions—just the Seth material itself—from the first one for October 9. She did as well as she had done earlier today. When her voice tired I read the rest of them to her.

(4:55. I turned her on her side and massaged her parts with Oil of Olay. She did well. I took a nap until 5:40. Jane ate very well, as she has been doing.

(7:02. After supper, and as I was getting ready to leave, she said she could have another session. I said okay. I'd planned to go shopping at the Acme on the south side, but said I could pick up a few things at SuperDuper instead, on the way home. I wanted any information from Seth I could get.

(Resume the session at 7:07, in a good voice with an underlying deeper tone and strength.)

Now. Good evening.

("Good evening, Seth.")

We are building a structure of our own, building a certain dimension if you prefer. In which healing is accelerated. It is a certain kind of multidimensional structure, as per your television program (*tonight, Buck Rogers*), in which all things are returned to their most beneficial state.

It means that you are finally placing yourselves under the directions of a far more extensive organization—a psychic one, in which all things return to their most natural beneficial form. Old impediments do indeed drop away, because you enter into a higher kind of knowledge—a kind of knowledge for which you also have been searching for some time, a structure in which Sumari time operates, so that certain aspirations can be achieved in a very minimal amount of physical time.

I did want the opportunity to tell you this. Now you may take a break, and I will return or not return according to your desires, and according to those rhythms of which I have often now spoken.

("Okay."

(7:13.) You are entering into the kind of nature into which you were both born as infants, and which is a symbol of your own unique positions in the universe.

(7:14. "It's me," Jane said. Then:)

The point is that you need not try too hard—indeed, you need not try at all. As your beings naturally gravitate toward their own true natures.

(7:15. "It's me." Jane had a cigarette. Her right wrist and arm kept on "doing stuff" as she smoked. Then at 7:22:)

I bid you a fond good evening. The extra session merely helped me reinforce the structure of which I have been speaking, so that it operates more efficiently and effectively for your benefits.

("Thank you," I said at 7:23 PM.

("It seems to me that when I have a session like that I get real hot," Jane said. I wondered if her body became more active at such times. "Flushing itself out, maybe," she said.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 29, 1983 4:57 PM SATURDAY

(This morning I bought clothes at Harold's and money orders for the budget at ES&L. The extra activities meant that I got only half of yesterday's session typed up. I was able to turn Jane on her back easily this afternoon. She ate an excellent lunch. I told Jan Stimson that I'd treat the staff to pizza or whatever, whenever they wanted it. At 3:10 Jane read the part of the session I had typed. She did well, though perhaps not quite as good as she had yesterday. Then I read the rest of the session to her from my notes.

(At 3:35 She was rather uncomfortable on her back, feeling spasms from the catheter, and being hot and sweaty. It was a nice bright day, not too cold. I started fooling with the mail thinking the day might be one of rest for both of us.

(3:48. However, by this time Jane was in the process of straining, grunting and groaning as she moved her entire body to some degree. "Oh, Jesus...." Head and neck, arms and hands, legs and feet all moved in concert. "I don't know what the hell I was doing, but I used the [right] knee a lot more, I know that...." She was afraid people would start coming in to do her vitals, and see her moving; she feared that once she started a series of movements, she couldn't cut them off right away if someone entered 330. I thought to hell with those concerns.

(And Jane was right. At 3:53, just as she began resting, Cathy came in to get her temperature [97.1], then at 3:55 Lorrie did blood pressure and pulse. Jane was hot and sweaty. I pulled the curtains back some. Both windows were wide open, the fan on.

(4:00. Jane began another set of generalized movements of her whole body. She was also noisy about it, telling herself "Shhh." It was sort of humorous. "I didn't know what the hell I was doing," she said again. But it's safe to say that her right leg is definitely showing signs of moving more. The sponge I place between her legs when she's on her back keeps slipping loose.

(4:03. Rest.

(4:05 More, stronger motions, head and chest sideways, left foot lifting up highest at the ankle that its done so far. Then Jane actually lifted the whole foot clear of the bed as it kept flexing. The knee didn't open more, though. Breathing hard. The effort of the new motion showed in her hip and thigh and belly, tensing all of those muscles. When she rested, Jane said the foot "levitated."

(4:10. Head and chest side to side. Jane could feel the knee of her right leg moving. "I can do a lot more with that knee."

(4:15. Jane began another series of motions after a short rest, especially involving her right arm, wrist and hand. Then her feet began going in time with the arm.

(4:19. Side to side with the head, arms. and torso, all the time grunting and breathing loudly.

(4:24. Rest. Cigarette.

(4:30. Suddenly Jane began to lift her entire left leg again—an inch—then two inches—off the mattress. Her belly was tense with the effort. "Safe, safe, safe," she kept repeating to herself. Then she raised the foot three inches off the bed, flexing the foot at the same time at

the ankle. Then even a bit more, breathing loudly, head going back and forth against the pillow.

(4:33. Foot down at last. She'd kept it in the air for at least three minutes. I told her. Terrific, her best yet by far. Then the foot began flexing again. It went back up in the air a good amount. "Safe. safe. safe," Jane cried out. The whole leg moved up and down, though the knee didn't flex.

(4:35. Rest. "Oh, that was weird, Bob," she said. "The foot was under its own impetus, and it tried to straighten the knee, and then I could feel it in the right foot. What was I trying to do, Bob?"

(I said I thought she was preparing to flex the left leg at the knee by getting used to moving it off the bed at the foot, first. "I don't get the feeling that I'm done exercising yet today, though," Jane said.

(4:40. Strong side-to-side motions of head and shoulders, panting. The supper tray came. "I keep watching the clock," Jane said. More upper torso movements. She was concerned at the amount of time she was taking up with her motions, but I told her to forget that. She asked me to ask Seth if she was in a trance when she did her motions sometimes: "If I can ever calm down enough to do it," she added, referring to having a session. I said I thought she might be at least some of the time; the new motions, repeated, could act to put her "under" because of the novelty of the new motions, etc. Jane talked about having become afraid of her natural agility, of exceeding her physical capacity.

("That can't be," I said, seizing upon what I thought was a very good point. "It's contrary to say that the body can exceed it's capacity—how can it do that? No matter how much you see someone on that TV set strain to throw a ball, kick one, or run or lift a weight, you can be sure it's within their physical capacity. Otherwise the body couldn't do it." It happened that a TV program was showing segments of various sports [the sound was off] at the moment. Jane said she understood. My concern was that she become able to forget such beliefs, to revel in her body's innate capacities without fear.

(At 4:53. even though it was approaching nap time. Jane said she felt Seth was getting ready to come through. I told her to go ahead.)

Now—I bid you a joyous good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Ruburt is indeed simply unlocking his own natural agility and capacities.

Under the banner of the structure of which I have spoken, he is perfectly safe and supported. The motion is taking place under the auspices of the session, to reintroduce him to his own agility.

I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have been speaking, but I wanted to say what I have just said, and I congratulate you both.

("Thank you.")

(4:54 PM. Jane was hot and sweaty. Seth didn't return. The supper tray came in a few minutes. I suspected she'd cut the session short because of the hour, our schedule, etc. She did well when I turned her on her left side, then massaged Oil of Olay into her feet, legs, arms and hands and neck. Jane ate well again at supper time. I slept from 5:15 to 5:45. The covered supper tray kept the food nicely warm.

(I said the prayer at 7:50 then left. Jane didn't call. She seldom does any more. It doesn't seem to work out: staff is too busy.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 30, 1983 4:18 PM SUNDAY

(Margaret Bumbalo called this morning and invited me over for supper this evening. I got to room 330 at 1:05. The staff people had had a lunch of chicken wings and pizza, which I'd told them to order, treat on me. The pizza was delicious, but it turned out that the wings were prepared with a hot sauce, meaning hot peppers, that not everyone could enjoy, Jane and I among them. Jane brought in two slices of pizza—so I forgot to bring them home with me at 7:05 PM tonight....

(Jane did well turning on her back for lunch, and she had a good lunch too. At 3:30 she started to read the session material from the last two days, but had considerable trouble doing so. She finally finished the part of the session for the day before yesterday, but by then couldn't manage yesterday's material, so I laid aside the mail and read it to her.

(I told her I felt that today was somewhat of a resting day for both of us. We seemed to agree on this. Jane made a few mild motions toward exercising her feet and arms, and so forth, and that was it. The time seemed to pass rapidly.

(I learned the name of the enzymatic debriding agent, or ointment that's been prescribed for the ulcer on Jane's right knee, Travase Ointment [Sutlains Ointment], and copied down much of the information on the small tube one of the nurses had left lying on a table in 330. [It's supposed to be kept refrigerated.] I also found out the name of a green pill Jane is given each morning to help her assimilate vitamin D, which promotes absorption and nourishment: Oscal. She's been getting it for a long time.

(Jane kept complaining that her right middle ribs were bothering her this afternoon—so much so that I finally wedged a sponge under her rib cage. This seemed to help a lot. She thought the discomfort stemmed from a bandage on one of her decubiti in that region. I found out differently when I turned her on her left side after the session: For it turned out that she'd been lying upon a roll of tape that someone—Georgia or Phyllis, probably—had left lying on the bed when they changed her dressings this morning. I hadn't noticed it when I turned Jane on her back at 1:10, for I always did this from the other side of the bed. A reddish welt had risen on Jane's back as a result of the prolonged pressure, but she began to feel better immediately I discovered what had happened.

(Late in the afternoon Jane said she'd have a session after all—I'd thought she was going to pass it up today, since neither one of us seemed at their best. I was more than happy to get out my paper and pen at my wife's suggestion. Her Seth voice was good, but not all that loud. The door to 330 was half-open, but I didn't even get up to close it before Seth came through. I could hear the usual traffic moving past, or stopping outside to wait for the elevators while Seth was speaking. Jane wasn't bothered at all.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Tell Ruburt to trust his body and its periods of exercise and rest.

Remind him once again that the conscious mind cannot know of all of the body's interior actions. And remind him once again of the material I gave him concerning the roles

of the conscious and unconscious minds. Remind him also that the so-called unconscious mind is indeed highly conscious—but in a different area of activity—and it knows what it is doing.

All of the body parts, left alone, seek the body's overall fulfillment and free expression. As I have said many times, spontaneity knows its own order.

Now I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken—but I am once again present whether or not I am speaking, and Ruburt can learn to taste his body's full agility and motion.

("Thank you.")

(4:22 PM. That proved to be it for the day. Jane's feet were moving as she came out of trance. She felt hot and uncomfortable, even though a window was wide open and the blower on [the air conditioning aspect of the blower has evidently been turned off for the winter by the hospital]. I touched that certain spot on her neck and her head moved back and forth a little. It was a day of mostly rest, then.

(She wanted to be turned on her side at 4:25, in an unusual request for her—and that's when I found the roll of tape that had been so aggravating since 1:10 PM. I massaged Oil of Olay into her feet, legs, arms and hands and neck. She ate well after I'd had a nap. Steve and Tracy called, and Jane said she'd see them. Jane ate well for supper. I left at 7:05 after going through the prayer but once with her. Lorrie and Cathy came in to do her dressings, cutting the prayer short. Jane called me at about 9:50, for the first time in a long while. Margaret's supper was delicious.)

DELETED SESSION
OCTOBER 31, 1983 3:55 PM MONDAY

(Today was a relatively quiet day for both of us. I got a few things done, missed out on some others, and Jane did a few exercises and had a little session.

(This morning I made an attempt to reach our regular plumber, but when this failed I called another, who may be here later this week. Frank Longwell visited at 11:30 AM, while I ate lunch. On the way to the hospital I stopped at Acuto Pontiac to make a date for having the car's gearshifting checked: Wednesday at 1 PM. I can walk to the hospital from the garage. In 330 later, I left Jane to visit Medical Records again, but got nowhere because I missed seeing Janet Troutt, who's getting Jane's records for both ourselves and Blue Cross. I called from 330 at 4:01, during Jane's break in the session, and again failed to make any meaningful contact. Maybe, I thought, we're fated to never get those records. I'll try again tomorrow, I suppose.

(After eating a good lunch, Jane tried reading yesterday's session aloud—and did quite well—much better than she did yesterday, of course. Afterward we waited to see what would develop. I messed with some mail.

(At 3:40 Jane asked me to take away her cigarette and the ashtray on her belly. She wanted to move, she said. Before long she had her left foot and leg raised up a couple of inches off the bed. "Safe and nice," she kept repeating to herself, breathing hard and grunting and groaning as the leg moved up and down somewhat. This was more than she'd done yesterday, I think.

(Earlier she'd told me that she was both disappointed and impatient with her progress since we'd started this group of sessions on October 9. She'd wanted her decubiti healed in a week, she said, and to be sitting on the edge of the bed by now. While I worked on mail her left foot came up again—a good three inches this time, as she grunted and her head moved against the pillow. She rested when she heard the medicine cart in the hall near 330. She was afraid, again, that if she was moving strongly or something like that, that she wouldn't be able to turn it off right away if someone came in. It was getting to be vitals time.

(3:53. Susie came in to take Jane's temperature—96.8—and pulse. Two minutes later, after I'd pushed the door shut, Jane began speaking for Seth.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon. Seth.")

There are a few points that I wanted to mention.

Ruburt's bedsores can improve, and will indeed do so. The ritual of the dressings and so forth, and the general concentration upon those portions of his body have, in the past, helped prolong the condition. It is almost as if the bedsores are being paid tribute.

Ruburt can tell himself that the same energy that writes his books and that moved his foot up this afternoon can indeed heal those other portions of his body. They can close easily and naturally as the body follows its own spontaneous bent toward normal health. There is plenty of nutrition there now to help him, since he is assimilating protein so much better than he did before.

I will give you a brief break, and then I shall at least briefly return.

("Okay."

(4:01. During break I made my call to medical records. Jane had a cigarette. Lorrie came in to take her blood pressure. Resume at 4:12.)

Now, once more, the thing for Ruburt to remember is the sense of ease, agility, and freedom. He does feel it when his foot moves as it did this afternoon, or when other portions of his body move easily and automatically. That feeling is indeed the feeling of playfulness that I have mentioned so often. The body will follow its own order as the healing process continues, so he should not demand that it perform thus and so, for the body knows what it is doing.

I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken—but again, I am present whether or not I am speaking.

The word Sumari carries within itself the essence of playful creativity, and delights indeed in so-called miraculous healings, enjoying surprises and a sense of pure fun.

("Thank you."

(4:15 PM. I read the session to Jane. I had to laugh at the way Seth had announced that her body knew perfectly well how to heal itself in its own way, regardless of her demands upon it.

(Now Jane moved her arms, one at a time. In hydro this morning she said that she'd very gently moved her feet enough so that she could feel her "bicycle effect." It's not so easy to move her arms, though—the litter is very narrow and she has to watch her balance.

(I clipped Jane's nails. It was definitely easier to do those doubled-up fingers on her right hand, since they were much more flexible now. By the time I'd finished her toes, the muscles around her eyes and across her forehead were also moving, seemingly with an impetus or life of their own. I used Oil of Olay on her limbs.

(After I'd had a nap Jane ate a very good supper. It was easy to turn her on her back. I read the prayer to her at 7:00, and left five minutes later.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 1, 1983 4:41 TUESDAY

(The lunch tray was already in room 330 when I got there. I'd stopped at the post office to mail Tam the set of page proofs for Seven that Bill O'Hearn had sent us, along with a copy of Bill's letter re bound copies of page proofs for Seven.

(I haven't called medical records yet about the copies for us and the insurance company. Seems useless. I'm mad about the situation and may go see Andy Fife tomorrow.

(Jane was okay on her side. Did okay in hydro, trying out a few motions. No BM this morning, though. Patty, RN, took cultures of both leaking ulcers on her hips for tests. No discomfort. Jane ate a good lunch. She had a cigarette at 2:05 while I worked on mail.

(3:05. Jane did well, reading yesterday's session aloud. She's getting catheter spasms. At times she sees the typed page much darker than usual—a good sign of improvement, the potential there. She exclaimed over the sudden changes.

(3:36. She had another cigarette after I inflated portions of the mattress. We waited to see what she would do for the afternoon.

(3:40. Jane began making throaty noises and lifting her left leg up and flexing the foot—2" off the mattress. Her right foot started moving also. Then her head and shoulders began moving against the pillow and mattress. "Is the door closed?"

(3:46. Louder noises. Torso side to side. Rest. Then Susie and Sharon Poley came in to take temperature—96—pulse, and BP.

(3:53. Groaning rapidly, Jane began lifting left leg high up. The right foot moved and she began thrashing her body from side to side. Good motions.

(3:57. More leg motions up in the air. "Come on, sweet body," she chanted softly. "Higher and higher.... When my eyes are closed it feels like that left knee is way up in the air, and I can feel the impetus in the right leg to move. It does a little—but I don't want to hurt the break or anything."

(4:00. After LuAnn gave Jane eye drops my wife's feet both began going, left one up in the air. She began strong head motions with many noises. Rest, the left ankle still flexing on the bed at 4:05.

(4:06. Suddenly, off the bed, Jane's left foot began rotating at the ankle in a different fashion. "A new movement," I told her enthusiastically, and she could feel it. Rest.

(4:08. Suddenly her left leg lifted clear of the bed, and Jane cried out and made other noises as the ankle began rotating again, quite flexibly. It seems the folded pillow under her left leg acts as a handy fulcrum for leg movements, offering her some support and confidence when she starts moving. But when she lifts her foot off the bed, the leg is clear of the pillow support.

(4:10. More foot motions. Talking to herself: "It's all right."

(4:12. Another bout of strong motion—head and torso sideways, left foot up in the air—crying out to me. I offered support, touching her right arm without interfering with motion. Now her right foot was definitely moving, the best yet. "It's trying to get into the act," I said.

(4:15. Then the left ankle flexed round and round. Then the head, sideways and back, and the chest. Noises.

(4:20. Jane told me about Toni, a large woman who often takes care of her at night, and whom I've never met. She has four boys, graying hair, etc. This reminded me that although I'm with my wife there are still portions of Jane's life I'm quite unfamiliar with—people she knows whom I never see.

(Then she told me about a new nurse who fed her breakfast and made her mad by talking about Jane's going to "another facility." Not having time to give her a smoke, etc. Jane said she wasn't going anywhere. The nurse checked with the station to see if Jane could smoke. It was okay. I told Jane to tell the person to go jump in the lake. She didn't show up while I was there. Had been called in from another floor to help out.

("I'm telling you to get it off my chest," Jane said. She'd also told Patty.

(4:30. After a cigarette Jane's left foot began moving quite freely at the ankle in a new way. Then head and shoulders again, and more noises and heavy breathing. Left leg up, torso side to side—almost violent motions for my wife—excellent signs. Jane felt motions in her hips and right leg and stomach—I could see them. Her right leg, which hadn't moved much, felt "hotter than hell inside." Increased internal muscular activity and circulation, I said. "Now I've got that electric feeling in my toes—the one on my right foot next to the little toe prickles like crazy." Another good sign.

(4:36. "I don't know what to do. I feel Seth around but every time I think of having a session I start doing something with motion..." And even as she spoke her left leg lifted up. I told her the motion was to come first, since that's what the sessions were supposed to help her achieve.

(Then at 4:40 Jane told me to get the pad out. A minute later she started the session.)

Now: A fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

Ruburt is delighted, as you are, with his ever-increasing mobility, yet he still wonders when all of this will be translated into practical activity—meaning he wonders when he will be able to sit up properly, and begin to walk.

He will certainly be able to do so, taking it for granted that he continues as he is doing. He will then be able to sit up properly, and then to walk with greater and greater assurance and ease. But the body must do this in its own way. It knows all of the necessary manipulations to be carried on. Tell Ruburt to remember that.

("Yes.")

I may or may not return, according to those rhythms I have been speaking of.

("Okay.")

(4:45 PM. "I think he stopped because I had a slight spasm," Jane said. "We also forgot to remind someone about the dinner tray." She meant seeing to it that we got it on time.

("I was going to ask him about the right leg," I said, "but I guess he's already answered the question."

("Write it down and ask him," Jane said. "I suppose I've got to turn over, but I don't want to...."

(But she did quite well when I turned her, and I massaged Oil of Olay into her hands and feet, legs and arms. The tray came [via Susie] even before I took my nap from 5:05 to 5:35. It was easy to put Jane back on her back. Once again she ate well—a most encouraging sign,

because of the nourishment it bespoke. And I felt that now familiar but never-taken-for-granted hope and enthusiasm as I walked down the hall after leaving her at 7:05 PM. I'd read the prayer with her five minutes earlier.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 2, 1983 4:14 PM WEDNESDAY

(I got there at 1:10 after leaving the car at Acuto's Pontiac to get the gearshift fixed. Jane was doing well on her side, and as I turned her. She'd had a large HVI last night, a smaller one this morning. After lunch she told me that Toni, whom I'd mentioned last session, had discovered a "bladder stone" in her Foley when she emptied it in the middle of the night. Fred Kardon must have seen the stone, Jane said, since the word was relayed through him that that's what it was—a bladder stone. Jane didn't see Fred.

(Jane ate an excellent lunch again, and Peg Gallagher visited before she was through. After Peg left Jane and I agreed that we'd ask Seth to comment on her broken right leg, and the stone. At least, I said, she'd passed the stone and hadn't even known it.

(3:05. At first Jane had trouble reading yesterday's session, but did better as she went along. Never easy, though, and I helped a bit.

(At 3:40 Jane began a series of foot motions. "Your left foot is way up off the bed," I said. "At least four inches. She made a lot of grunting and heavy breathing noises: "Oh God, Bob...." Her head and shoulder moved actively sideways—good motions, with her left leg pumping up and down.

(3:44. Up in the air, Jane rotated her left ankle quite freely—the best I've seen her do yet. Her right foot moved in sympathetic motion, too.

(3:45. Jane was concerned about staff coming in to do vitals.

(3:50. I rubbed that certain spot in the neck at the back of her head, and her head started going back and forth rapidly. I then rubbed a second spot just to the right of the first one, and again her head pounded back and forth against the pillow. "That spot and the other one must be like acupuncture," she said.

(3:54. Jane lifted her left leg again, then her upper body—both moving in rhythm with each other. "Oh Honey, Honey, Honey," she chanted, breathing heavily and grunting and groaning. She rested. "I try to stop every so often, in case anybody comes in," she said. "Now I've got that electric feeling in the right toes."

(Right after that people came in to check her vitals. Jane's feet moved in between the calls. After all had left us by 4:09, she had a cigarette and made some more movements. Then she told me to get out my pad and pen.

("Better get your pad ready.")

Now: a fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

There is nothing to worry about in connection with the bladder stone.

This is simply the body's way of ridding itself of mineral deposits that were once needed by the body, but are no longer needed. And a note to Ruburt: the leg that was broken is already repairing itself in an excellent manner. The exercises that he does help keep it flexible.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I have spoken. I will be present, however, whether or not I speak.

(4:16. "That was rather interesting about the minerals," I said, and read the session to Jane. "It must mean that the body is absorbing nourishment much better, if it's got minerals to get rid of, instead of being short of them." Jane understood the implications once I explained them. It certainly meant the body's mechanisms were improving.

("I was hoping he'd explain that red spot on top of my knee," she said, adding her statement of earlier in the afternoon that she hoped it wasn't another ulcer starting, like the previous one that had finally erupted on her knee. This is only a small red spot that could have been caused by anything. It looked like a pimple to me. "Well, maybe he'll mention it next time," I said. Then at 4:20:)

There is nothing amiss with the red spot on Ruburt's thigh. Do not forget to reread our own material as often as you can—certainly the portions dealing with the roles of the conscious and unconscious minds.

("Thank you," I said at 4:21 PM. I'd thought of going over some of the earlier material with Jane today, but what with my having to go after the car and so forth, events seemed too crowded together.

(4:22. Right after the session Jane initiated more leg motions. The right foot went along pretty well, too. Her upper body began to twist about. "Oh, God...." When she rested she drank some of the cranberry juice the staff had given her after she passed the stone.

(4:28. Her head and shoulders began moving. Then she swung each arm in turn in a large arc, the elbows working especially well in this exercise. The feet moved in rhythm. Most parts moved. "That was the whole body using itself," I said when she finally rested. "Oh yeah?" Jane asked. "I couldn't tell what was going on."

(Now Jane told me that when she was on her left side earlier today she'd "had the inclination to try to straighten out my body some so I wasn't at such an angle." This is the first time she's mentioned such feelings to me, and stands for another sign of improvement, I told her. She'd felt her feet move also.

(4:35. Jane's left foot rotated quite flexibly even as it rested upon the bed. Then her head and shoulders started in again—side to side, noises and grunts. "The right foot's moving more than it has been," she grunted, and it was. She rested and finished the cranberry juice.

(At 4:50 I called the garage. The car was ready. I had until 6:00 PM to get there. I turned Jane on her left side before I left, shortly after 5:00, but I was back with the car within 15 minutes. Before I took a short nap before supper, I massaged Oil of Olay into Jane's hands and feet, arms and lower legs. It was very beneficial, my dehypnosis process. I can now massage the thigh and calf of her broken leg in a way impossible to do even last week, and I can feel changes taking place in that more immobile leg of the two. I was quite encouraged.

(Once again Jane ate an excellent supper. I see signs of a modest weight increase in various parts of her body, especially the shoulders, which had become almost emaciated. Now they're filled in somewhat, and have a smoother, healthier look. So do her feet, I told her, and some of the fingers. Both hands are definitely better.

(Then for the first time after supper, after I'd read the prayer with Jane and was getting ready to leave, she said she felt that her body wanted to move some more. Her feet began flexing. I said that was an excellent sign, for it showed the body was starting to move out of its safe schedule of doing movements at just one time of the day. It was branching out. "I suppose such a move was inevitable," I said, "and we should be damned glad of it...." A very good sign, I

thought. If such signs keep up, I may have to alter my own schedule a bit to give her some time for movement after supper, say, before I leave. Once again I was cheered.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 3, 1983 4:35 PM THURSDAY

(Jane is back to drinking cranberry juice after passing the bladder stone, but is feeling okay and no more stones have showed up. She said that when she was alone in hydro this morning she felt her right foot [of the broken leg] lift up spontaneously at the toes. The left foot moved also. No one else has noticed her new motions yet. At various times she's also felt motion even with her head and shoulders. These are all excellent signs, I told her.

(Jane ate another excellent lunch. At 3:05 she started reading aloud yesterday's session, and did pretty good, finishing it all by herself. She was through with it by 3:22, and five minutes later her feet began moving a bit. I told Jane I wanted to go over some of the past sessions with her this afternoon. Sharon came in to do her vitals, LuAnn her eye drops. Temperature was 97.1.

(3:48. Jane began a series of motions again, her left leg going sideways, her head in rhythm also. Different motions were involved in the foot, and I could see the muscles in her left leg moving with the effort. Heavy breathing. "See, this other leg's trying to do it too," Jane said. More and more the more inactive right leg and foot show signs of wanting to join in the daily dance of motion.

(3:52. Left foot up in the air and flexing well at the ankle. "It feels like the right knee wants to move more than it has," Jane said. Head back and forth. Jane said the lower opening below her right knee had started draining a bit this morning, and staff had put a small bandage there. "You can feel the right foot wanting to come up off the bed, but only the toes makes it..." 3:58. Left leg back and forth rapidly against the pillow support. Cranberry juice.

("Boy, that right leg wants to move," Jane said. "It could do that sideways thing like the left one, before I broke it."

(At 4:05 I took away her ashtray from her belly because her right arm needed the room to move. "And when it wants to move, it wants to move," Jane said. Then her left arm began swinging out in a circle. Then both arms and the head went. Generalized body motions. "When everything gets moving like that," Jane said, as far as the motion goes, it has its own impetus."

(4:09. It looked liked her left arm was straightening out a bit at the elbow and it moved rapidly in a tight circle over her belly. Heavy breathing and grunting. Rest. "See the right foot? It feels like it could fly right up in the air."

("That's good," I said. "It's the precursor to it doing just that," Jane agreed. Her left foot rotated freely at the ankle again as she made noises. Head back and forth. "Shhhhh."

(4:15. Big right toe flexing. Also the heel. Head and shoulders moving, arms and feet. Left ankle.

(4:22. I touched her spots on her neck and head—and her head went back and forth almost violently again. "I don't know what to do," Jane said as she rested. "I can feel Seth around, but every time I do, I start moving again." I said the motion came first as far as I knew. She drank a little more cranberry juice and had a cigarette while I worked with the mail.

(When Seth came through Jane's Seth voice was the best I've heard it yet. It had a strong undertone, was deeper, and definitely gave me the feeling that there was a lot of potential power there that she wasn't releasing because of the hospital environment.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

The healing motions take place now under my auspices—and again, even when I am not speaking, I am indeed present.

I am teaching Ruburt to utilize energy in a much more beneficial fashion, and to liberate energy that has, in a way, been frozen—held back in fear and distrust. That energy is now being liberated, then.

Ruburt will be more and more familiar with easeful motions as his body tastes its growing freedom, and (*musically*) safety.

Yes: when you have time do reread the sessions. And remember again, that your body, Joseph, is being toned up and regenerated. I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have been speaking—yet again, in any case I am indeed present.

("Thank you.")

(4:41 PM. "The colors in the room look better." Jane said. "I felt that he could really blast off with that voice. I told her that for the first time I too had sensed that terrific potential in the Seth voice—another excellent sign.

("I also wanted to ask about the cats and the chipmunk," I said.

("Oh yeah," Jane said. I'd explained to her when I came in today that last night when I got home I'd found a dead chipmunk lying on the carpet near the coffee table. Billy and Mitzi had been at their ease in the living room also, on various chairs. There were no marks on the chipmunk's little body; they hadn't tried to eat the creature.

(I'd felt sad, staring down at the striped brown, black and white body, and remembered Seth's material about how both parties in any death share the experience. The cats obviously felt no remorse at all—nor should they. It was a tiny part of "life." I was sure I knew how the chipmunk had gotten caught: He'd squeezed under the back porch screened-in door looking for food. I kept a box of cat goodies out there to give black dog [as I call her, not knowing her name] a snack in the early morning. One of the cats had caught the chipmunk on the porch. I'd seen this happen a couple of times before.

("The funny thing is," I told Jane, "there's a bowl of sunflower seeds in the garage, near the door where chipmunks can squeeze in, but they haven't been touched for days...." She suggested I ask Seth again for something on the little drama.

(The supper tray came by 4:45. Five minutes later I turned Jane. She did well. "I feel like I could alternate sessions and motions until nine o'clock tonight," she'd said just before I turned her. "It's sure as shit something I couldn't do before."

("It's something you couldn't even say before," I said.

(And it was another sign, another step along the way, another harbinger of that fantastic energy she can tap into.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 4, 1983 4:14 PM FRIDAY

(Jane told me that this morning in hydro she moved her feet as she lay alone on the litter. She had to be careful to keep her balance. She also said that her left foot now moves quite often while she's in bed.

(Once again she ate an excellent lunch. I told her that my stomach has been bothering me with gas lately, quite often, and that on several nights recently I've gotten up to take some soda. I also said I wanted to go over the past sessions with her today, because I was concerned that we'd get out of the habit of reviewing them so as to keep them in mind. This is one thing I do not want to happen.

(2:32. Jane had trouble reading yesterday's session. I messed with mail. We had a brief interruption, then she resumed her efforts with the session, with considerably more success. I did help her a bit with some passages.

(3:15. I started with the first session, for October 9, and read to Jane excerpts from them in succession, skipping my own notes. We were interrupted by Susie, who took her temperature—97.1—as I was reading the session for October 28. I finished at 4:05.

(Jane had done little motion exercising because of my going over the session, though I'd told her to if she felt like it as I was reading. When I finished the sessions she told me to get out the paper and pen instead. I waited. The day was cool and rainy, and then snowy—I'd opened a curtain, and I could see a rather heavy wet snow falling upon the trees, rooftops, streets, people and cars. We'd also had a little snow coating the grass this morning when I got up.

(Jane's Seth voice was a bit deeper than usual, but not all that loud.)

Now: a fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

In the middle of the night, you sometimes begin to worry—

(Lorrie knocked, then came in to take Jane's blood pressure and pulse. Jane broke off her delivery without effort to say hello, and Lorrie didn't notice anything. As soon as she left I made sure the door to 330 was shut as usual, and Seth returned as usual.)

—about Ruburt, and though you do not remember that you worried, you caused a gaseous stomach. It will help you if before you sleep you remind yourself gently that you can indeed be free of worry during the night, and then indeed you can sleep peacefully, knowing that Ruburt is being healed even as you sleep.

("Yes.")

I may or may not return again, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken—but I do want to mention that the psychic structure we have formed strengthens not only each day but each moment, and again, I am present whether or not I am speaking.

(4:20 PM. That was it for the day, although we weren't sure of it at the time. No sooner had we stopped the session than Joan came in to give Jane eye drops. She gave me also our copy of our medical records, but we were so busy I barely looked at them. I did think to ask Joan about what she'd told us a couple of weeks ago when Jane's Synthroid dosage had been cut down by Fred Kardon. She wasn't sure without looking at the chart, Joan said, but she

thought the dosage had been cut from 0.2 milligrams twice a day to 0.3 milligrams once a day—a reduction of 0.1 milligram daily, as I figure it. We'd been thinking somehow that the dose had been cut in half, but it's been cut by a quarter. It's a start, I told Jane.

(4:38. During our conversation Jane said that today—November 4—was her mother's birthday. For the life of me I couldn't recall my own mother's birthday. I finally guessed it was April 9—but it's July 9. I remembered father's birthday okay—July 20.

(At 4:48 I turned Jane on her side. She did well. I massaged her hands and feet and limbs with Oil of Olay, in my continuing process of dehypnosis, I told her. I napped from 5:10 to 5:40. Jane ate a good supper, and I left at 7:05 after checking the TV list for her and reading the prayer with her. Sleep well, Sweetheart.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 5, 1983 4:03 PM SATURDAY

(When I got to 330 Jane was lying on her left side with a pillow under her left leg, as well as the sponge between her knees. This system had been suggested by Toni, and seemed to work well, since it helped minimize the pressure on Jane's left shoulder.

(After a good lunch Jane tried to read yesterday's session. She had some trouble but kept at it until interrupted by Dawn, taking her temperature—97.6—and pulse. Then she finished the session, with but very little help from me occasionally, gotten a late start this afternoon because we watched an old movie that didn't end until 3:15 PM. I worked on mail while it was running, but couldn't help Jane with a session, exercises, and so forth until it was over. Then as soon as she'd finished yesterday's session, she told me to get my pad ready. Seth was there.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Thank you, Seth. The same to you.")

And I have some advice for our Ruburt.

Every once in a while the fear rises that he will, after all, not leave this room or walk again. He handles this by sternly saying "cancel," and by telling himself that he cannot afford such negative ideas.

The fears arise when he concentrates upon impediments, wondering how he will do this or that. Instead, of course, he should then remind himself of the roles of the conscious and the unconscious minds—and then remind himself that the unconscious mind can handle such matters easily—as indeed it can.

Again, the bulk of the body's difficulties have been caused by tension and fear. The reasons for the tensions and fears have largely been dispensed with. It is the poor habits that so far remain. These are being countered, however—and your own practice of dehypnotizing Ruburt is of great benefit.

We want to devote ourself now to some motion exercises, and I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I so often speak.

("Yes. Okay.")

(4:09 PM. I told Jane I was surprised at what Seth had had to say, about her focusing on things she needn't be concerned about. She'd mentioned her "cancel" method to me yesterday, and it had sounded okay then. I hadn't realized she was still focusing on how she was going to get to be able to sit in a chair, however. "I don't do it too often," she said.

("But you must," I said. She finally agreed, and that that was why she'd wanted Seth to talk about it. But right now she wanted to do exercises. I was to read the session to her later.

(She'd done few movements yesterday, but today she seemed to make up for it. Earlier I'd told Jane that for the first time I could see the vein crossing over the outside ankle bone of her right foot—another improvement.

(4:10. She had her left leg up in the air, head going up and down. She made many noises and grunts. "The right one wants to go, too." She had a sip of ginger ale. Her right arm began going in rapid circles, head bobbing. Then her left foot, then the left arm and the right foot

moved. A couple of minutes later she came across with a burst of very strong and rapid motions generally. Rest.

(4:14. Strong sideways motions, head and chest and arms. Loud noises. More strong movements, most of her body rocking up and down, then back and forth—head, arms, noises. Very good, I told her.

(In answering my question, Jane said she knows what motions she's making, but often pays no attention—which is good, since it means she's letting the body do its thing in its own way. With a small inspiration, I told her that in the light of the session today she should do the same thing as far as her understanding of the roles of the conscious and unconscious minds goes. It was a good analogy—to let the unconscious mind be concerned with how she was going to be healed, and so forth.

(She quickly saw my point, and agreed. She was to do the exercises without wondering which ones to do, etc., just as she was to accept the body's own order in the unconscious healing process.

(Now I told her that re Seth's session for me yesterday, I'd tried using his suggestions when I went to bed, and that they worked well, in that I stopped worrying about Jane. However, when I woke up a couple of hours later, with my stomach full of gas again, I actually caught myself in the process of worrying about her. I had to get up and take soda. But I'd presented myself with a clear little demonstration that Seth had been right, and that I should tell myself that Jane was being healed, and that I didn't have to worry. I intend to keep on with the exercise before sleeping, until the results are in. I would say to myself when I found myself worrying about her: "Jane is being healed. Forget it."

(4:29. Now Jane began a long series of exercises involving different parts of her whole body at different times. Many of them were strong indeed, with loud grunting and panting noises. Sometimes she talked to herself. I put my hands on her left ankle and could feel the action of the bones and muscles and tendons therein as she rotated it, up in the air, with a good amount of freedom.

(4:37. Suddenly Jane began rocking her head and neck back and forth against the pillow quite violently, at the same time making a series of crying noises. Her left leg came up off the bed and pillow in tune with the head movements. "Oh boy," she cried, "did you see that?"

(4:43. Rest. Ginger ale. Jane said that since the session today she realized she'd been worrying about three things: 1. Getting home for Thanksgiving. 2. Getting home for Christmas. 3. How she's going to manage sitting in a chair. I said I didn't care about the holidays, but that she shouldn't worry about the chair bit. Let the unconscious mind do that for you, I told her. I added that no one knew how they managed to sit in a chair—all the thousands of motions, impulses, cellular actions, etc. that were necessary—unless they were a specialist in such matters. I said that such a simple action must be governed by other portions of the unconscious mind that are conscious in their own rights. She agreed.

(4:50. Jane's left foot and leg began moving so much. up and down, then sideways, that I took away her cigarette and ashtray. Then she discovered that she can now touch the pillow behind her left ear with her left hand—something she couldn't do even a day or so ago. I remembered when she'd considered it a triumph to be able to barely reach her left ear with her left hand. Now she can reach perhaps three inches behind the ear. Another triumph.

(Jane ate another excellent supper after she'd rested and I'd taken a short nap. We were almost through the second reading of the prayer when there came a knock on the door. It was Margaret Bumbalo, come to visit. I left. I'd read today's session to Jane right after supper. (You're doing well, Sweetheart.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 6, 1983 3:58 PM SUNDAY

(When I got to 330 this afternoon Jane pointed out to me that she wore no dressing on her right elbow or the little toes of her left foot. I must admit I hadn't noticed as I got her ready for lunch. But the skin of her elbow looked much improved, much more normal. This is the result of the changes I'd begun to notice when this group of sessions started on October 9—less than a month ago. Remarkable, I told her, and I sincerely hope it's a sign of many more good things to come.

(In addition, her body looks as though it's very gradually putting on some weight.

(Jane said her foot and ankle are sore, and bothered her during the night—the right one, that is—but that it feels okay at the moment. I thought it was from its recent moving, after such a long period of inactivity. The left foot and leg are okay.

(3:00. Jane began reading yesterday's session. It wasn't easy for her, but she kept at it as I worked on mail, and she finished at 3:20. She'd eaten a good lunch, once more. She said that her right foot kept wanting "to push out" from its doubled up position. "But I can't do it yet," she said, "so I'll try to forget about it."

(3:39. She began some exercises. Her left foot and leg went up in the air, the foot rotating quite freely. "When I do that, that's when the right foot wants to, too, and that's when it starts hurting. I felt her right leg; the whole thing was tense and hard, from close to the groin on down. I massaged it a bit until she told me to stop. I said I supposed the leg was tense so as to serve as a sort of splint for the broken bone near the knee.

(3:43. More head and left leg and foot motions—rather strong. "It's safe. It's all right," Jane kept saying. At 3:50 Cathy came in, then Carol. Temperature—96.6. BP 112 over 60. Finally Jane told me to get out my paper and pen. Seth was around.)

Now: another fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

A few notes for Ruburt.

Two small bedsores have healed—another mark of progress. There is no need to be concerned about the occasional discomfort in the right foot and leg. Those areas are awakening, and the new unaccustomed motions are the cause of the discomfort—a discomfort which will vanish in no time as the body continues its improvements. All of the body is being activated—and again, improvements are occurring also that have not yet showed themselves but will soon be doing so.

I may or may not return once more, according to those rhythms I have mentioned.

("Can I ask a question?")

You may.

("What about those sudden movements he said he made with his legs last night, when the nurse dropped the cigarette on his bed?")

That shows, of course, that the body's capacity for motion is still there, and can express itself. Ruburt's intent was so strong to move away from the lighted cigarette that he

ignored all impediments, and his unconscious mind beautifully followed his conscious mind's intent.

I am present again, whether or not I speak. And the healing process also happens under my auspices as well as through the auspices of Ruburt's own personality.

(4:05. "It's me." Jane said after a pause.

(I'd been upset and encouraged at the same time by the cigarette episode Jane had described to me just before the session. It seems that last night the nurse—Dawn? —had accidentally dropped the lighted cigarette, and Jane had jerked her legs out of the way to avoid being burned, or to avoid the threat of injury. "You never saw me move so fast in your whole life." she'd said. or used words to that effect.

(I'd instantly understood the import of what she was saying—that here her body had within itself all the time that fantastic ability to move. So why wasn't she moving? I couldn't help but be bothered greatly by this, and tried to shake off the feeling so we could get on with it. But I found it ironic indeed that that capacity was there, while on conscious levels we were trying to move an inch at a time, when we could do so by leaps and bounds as far as the body's abilities and willingness were concerned.

(I tried to explain to Jane that fear on conscious levels was what was holding her back. That Seth was right: The body was perfectly willing to move, and knew how to do so, if it was allowed to do so. "Maybe it was my ulcers that kept me from moving all that time," she said.

("It wasn't the ulcers," I said, meaning that the will or the intent to move had been blocked. "That sudden motion shows what potential is still there. It's very revealing." After all, if the motion had been allowed on a daily basis, the ulcers would never have developed in the first place. Jane agreed.

(4:17. Now Jane launched into a series of more general motions, with many noises, groanings and gruntings. Head, shoulders, arms and legs. She said her head rotated on her neck in a new way. The left ankle clearly showed additional flexibility. "When that left foot starts to move it feels like its going to fly right off," Jane said. "It feels so free."

(4:20. More general motions, head and torso. Left arm, then right, swinging back and forth. Groans and grunts. Rest.

(4:30. Jane fell asleep, flat on her back, mouth open, breathing loudly. I worked with the mail. Waking, she said she'd dreamed that she was home in the shower, on her hands and knees part of the time, with the water cascading upon her head. She also raised her arms above her head in a perfectly normal way as she wet her hair while standing up, she said. We hoped the dream was another therapeutic episode along the way.

(4:34. Cigarette.

(4:40. Jane said Seth wanted to return.)

Now. The small but vivid "dream" is an example of a mental spontaneous exercise that in its fashion is every bit as effective as a physical exercise—and such spontaneous normal motion points the way toward the body's further physical activity.

The body itself definitely responds to such actions, and at minute levels the muscles and all parts of the body actually move as they would if the motions were physically activated. They practice physical motion, in other words.

I simply wanted to make that important comment.

("Thank you."

(4:42. "It's me."

(At 4:50 I turned Jane on her left side, and massaged her with Oil of Olay as I continued the dehypnotizing process. The supper tray came. I took a nap from 5:10 to 5:40 while Jane watched TV. When I got up for supper she said she'd dozed briefly and had another, briefer dream episode like the one she'd had earlier. Again, it had encouraged the idea of motion, and she was pleased.

(After she'd eaten a good supper, and I'd checked the TV schedule for the evening and read the prayer, I left at 7:15 to go food shopping at the Acme on the south side.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 7, 1983 4:51 PM MONDAY

(The day was warm—50 degrees—and sunny. When I got to room 330 I saw that Jane had the patches back on her right elbow and the little toes of her left foot. Not that they had broken out again—but this morning Georgia and Cathy had put them on just to protect those areas. I didn't know whether to rip them off or not [I did take the one off the elbow later in the afternoon]. The staff had also told Jane that it looked like she may develop a sore in a new spot on a shoulder blade, so they'd slapped a dressing there too. I meant to investigate that one when I turned Jane later in the day, but forgot to. She said nothing there has bothered her.

(I told Jane the important thing was that the areas hadn't broken down, and that was what counted. She understood. She explained a bit later that she'd been upset—and blue afterward—about going to hydro this morning. New people were there to take care of her because Lottie and Darlene and Barb were pulled off for other duty—perhaps for some time. The male nurse who assisted Jane got her on the litter backward, Jane said. He had to be shown what to do, nor did he know how to move her. In spite of it all things went well, Jane said, though “they” ran the water more heavily than the old staff members did, and Jane said she couldn't try to move her feet as easily with the increased pressure of the water. Darlene did help return Jane to 330, and showed the others how to put my wife back in bed. I told Jane I supposed it was a good thing that others learned how to handle her; someone could always get sick, or quit, etc., and Jane agreed. She seemed to have handled the episode okay.

(All in all, of course, the two episodes cited above only reinforce my feeling—and Jane's too, I presume, that the only sure way to avoid such mishandlings and limited thinking is to get the hell out of the place. Truly, there's no other way.

(After a good lunch, Jane started reading aloud yesterday's session. She didn't do too well, although she improved on yesterday's efforts. She finished half an hour later, at 3:30, and we discussed the above events, plus her quick motions involving the burning cigarette of the night before that.

(Then Jane told me that the night nurse, Toni, whom I've yet to meet, tried to help her lay on her right side last night, for the first time since she'd broken the leg. Oddly enough, the break didn't bother Jane, since a pillow was used beneath the leg as a cushion—but, Jane said, her feet did, so she didn't stay in that position for more than fifteen minutes. But the fact that she'd moved onto her right side at all was a help, I said, another step along the way.

(4:10. Jane started some rather restrained motions of her head and shoulders. “My hips are rotating,” she said, “but I don't suppose you can see that.”

(4:15. Temperature. 96.8 degrees. Blood pressure and pulse taken, Cathy.

(4:20. A few left leg motions. “It's all right, don't worry about the right leg,” Jane said several times as she lifted her left leg and rotated her foot at the ankle gently. Her motions today were subdued, her grunts and breathing not so prominent. She said she didn't try to do much in hydro because of the water: “I guess that's just the way different people do it.”

(4:25. Left foot, head, moving gently. “My right leg is moving, but I guess you can't even tell by looking at it,” she said. I saw a few spasmodic motions around the knee area. Jane lay

with her hands crossed on her chest. I told her the right leg was starting, and that was good. She lifted her left leg and moved the foot. "When the right foot moves, the right ankle, then I stop," Jane said. "I shouldn't do that." I reminded her that yesterday Seth had said the right leg discomfort was only temporary. She moved her head and torso up off the bed a bit, then groaned: "That right foot tried to come up off the bed."

(4:35. She made a small series of general motions. This must be a rest day, I thought, willing to let it go at that. She hadn't even mentioned a session—but soon, she did indeed tell me to get out my paper.)

Now: a fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

I speak merely to announce my presence. All in all, Ruburt handled this morning's blues well—and with your help, since he told you about them, though he had considered not doing so.

The body is indeed continuing its improvements under my auspices, and under the auspices of other levels of the self, so that, again, a new higher organization comes into being in which indeed impediments do vanish. And as more freedom is experienced, so it is multiplied.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I have spoken—and let me remind you again [Joseph] that your own system is also being retuned.

("Thank you.")

(4:54 PM. "It's me," Jane said.

(I was surprised to learn that she had considered not telling me about her morning's episode that brought on the blues: hydro. The situation reminded me of my wife's strong secretive streak in her makeup—one much like mine, I thought. I also think this streak has played a large part in her "symptoms" over the years, and that each one of us ought to work hard at eliminating, or at least minimizing, that aspect of our personalities. I think this is an important point, and one I meant to go into with her, but didn't. I'll mention it tomorrow, Tuesday. I think that each of us can help keep the other on an even keel by talking about our hidden tendencies.

(And speaking of secrets, I forgot to tell Jane that although I slept well last night, I took baking soda before going to bed when my stomach began to bother me a bit. I remembered Seth's material on why the stomach acts up, and ascribed my upset last night to further worry over Jane. I've noticed that a new suggestion often takes several days to sink into my psyche, reach the proper portion, so I have confidence that this will happen this time, and that I'll attain significant relief from the gas problem. The mere suggestion and information from Seth himself has already helped a great deal. and I recall it several times a day.

(Jane ate another good supper. I told her its obvious now that her body is filling itself in gradually, for it has a softer look. As I was getting ready to leave after reading her the prayer at 7:00 PM, Jane said she could feel that she could "take off" with more motions right then. Her left foot was moving. I told her that it was safe for her to move after I left—that is, when she was alone, I'd pulled up the guardrails, so she was in no danger of falling out of bed, etc. She knew that, and said she would do some movements. It was another sign of the body's willingness to move at any time, I thought.

(I should note that when I say "I read her the prayer," what I actually mean is that we read it aloud together—and have been doing so for some little time now. Jane has it

memorized, though I don't. But it's obviously much more effective when we read it aloud together—both participating in its meaning, in other words.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 8, 1983 4:46 PM TUESDAY

(Now today Jane had no patches on either her right elbow or her little toes on her left foot. Don't ask me why. She did well in hydro this morning with the new people. It's worth noting, also, that she hasn't taken any Darvoset in the daytime now for some time—a fact easy to forget but quite important.

(After another good lunch she started reading yesterday's session at 3:15. She had a lot of trouble. "Why don't you give it up, Hon," I finally said. "You're not doing well at all." But she kept at it. I did read the Seth session portion to her. Then she went back to my notes and did quite a bit better.

(After staff had taken her vitals—temperature 96—Jane's feet started moving. She could feel it in her right leg—she cried out as a muscle spasm ran down the right leg to the toes. She could feel definite changes as the muscles in the doubled-up right leg tried to straighten out, as she put it. Her head and shoulders moved a little.

(4:10. I tried to move her right foot down a bit, to make her more comfortable, but it wouldn't go. I could feel a lot of resistance, so it's not ready yet. It must be protective, I said. At the same time, Jane almost cried as the right leg tried to move.

(4:12. Her left foot was up in the air, rotating. Grunts and groans, talking to herself. The right leg moved a little. "The right leg can go too," she chanted. "It's all right, it's all right...."

(4:15. I noticed that the nodules on the knuckles of Jane's left hand looked like they'd reduced themselves in size a bit. Jane said she'd noticed the effect also, and that in addition the larger swelling on top of her left wrist had also been reduced somewhat. So maybe the body is absorbing those growths, as I've been suggesting it can do in my dehypnotizing massages each afternoon.

(4:18. "I let the right leg out just a tiny bit more. I don't know whether you can tell, but I did," Jane said. Her left foot moved quite a bit more, rotating.

(4:20. "My back feels fantastic when I do this," Jane said, "like silk or satin." She'd started moving it on the bed, along with head motions off the pillow. Rest.

(4:26. Good motions of head and shoulders and left leg lift. "It feels just like satin." Rest.

(4:29. Jane's left leg moved back and forth sideways, opening up at the groin. Her right leg suddenly started moving sideways also—but only a little comparatively. Yet the motion was noticeable for the first time—good progress, I told Jane. It didn't last long, but it's a start—a very important one with the broken leg.

(4:33. Jane pointed out the reduction in swelling of her left wrist bone, as mentioned earlier. She also has more freedom of movement in the wrist. This has slowly been improving.

(4:35. Sudden rapid rotating motions in the left arm. Then the left foot started going.

(4:38. Jane's right leg went sideways again a little. Her left leg moved sideways rapidly again. The body is obviously trying itself out—and succeeding.

(4:40. She had a cigarette. "Then I'll start thinking of turning over while you write those notes."

(4:45. But I had to take her cigarette away when her hips began moving. Left leg up. "It's all right," she said again and again to her right leg as it tried to move also. She cried out. Rest.

(A minute later she abruptly began the session as I did mail.)

Now: good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

I simply wanted you to know that I am present—and I am pleased to see such a mobile afternoon *(with humor.*

("Yes.")

Everything is progressing well. Again, remind Ruburt of the roles of the conscious and subconscious minds—and once more, remember that you are being tuned up as well. I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I have spoken.

("Okay. Thank you.")

(4:47 PM. A short but quite energetic session. "Gee, that was some workout, I'll tell you," Jane said, referring to her exercises preceding the session, and now her left leg went back and forth rapidly, then her head and shoulders lifted repeatedly.

(Jane did well when I turned her on her left side. After I had a nap, after massaging her limbs with Oil of Olay, she ate another good supper. I read the prayer with her and left at 7:05.

(I called Paul O'Neill at his home to ask him to arrange to take care of Jane's lower teeth. He said we'd work it out. He is to call back.

(Jane called me last night. Debbie also visited her.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 9, 1983 3:18 PM WEDNESDAY

(I turned Jane as soon as I got to 330. The day was warm—55 degrees—and very bright. She hadn't had any aspirin or Darvoset since before going to hydro, and was now quite willing to get some aspirin as soon as the lunch tray arrived with some milk.

(I told Jane I'd called Paul O'Neill about her teeth last night, and that he'd be getting back to us soon about the best way to get her fixed up.

(Jane ate an excellent lunch, and had a cigarette by 2:00. I did some mail. At 3:05 she started reading yesterday's session—and surprised me by doing very well indeed. This was her best effort yet: she marched right along in a perfectly normal way. I was quite impressed—another best for the body. Jane also said she'd never heard anything about the cultures Patty had taken from the ulcer on her knee a couple of weeks ago, so she guessed that meant things were okay there. Of course, we'd never asked, either, and I'd quite forgotten. I told Jane the swelling had decreased some more on her upper right leg and around the knee, which cheered her also.

(Jane had the first part of the session early. Voice good, no interruptions.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("The same to you, Seth.")

I wanted to explain something to you that applies not only to the eyes, but to other portions of the body also.

Sometimes Ruburt may show an excellent improvement, as he did reading this afternoon, or a limb may suddenly move in a much freer manner. This is not always an even performance, however. The most favorable improvements point the way for the body's progress. Performance may be uneven in the meantime, however—until finally the most auspicious improvements do indeed become the normal, natural state of affairs.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak, and it is indeed a good idea, as you know, to review our sessions.

("Yes. Thank you.")

(3:22. I read the session to Jane, then checked it again to make sure I understood what Seth was saying. The left ankle, say, would be one of the signs leading the way, then, or the shoulders or the head or the neck. Jane said yes.

(Seth made his remark about checking the sessions because I'd said earlier this afternoon that I wanted to go over some of them with Jane.

(Cigarette. Jane was at times quite uncomfortable—and worried—because she kept passing large amounts of gas. At the same time she described what seemed to be a very positive dream she'd had early this morning, involving her dying her hair black, a white cat, and Claire Crittenden. I suggested Seth comment if he returned. I thought the dream meant that she was just investigating past events when she had normal freedom of movement, with the idea of bringing them into the future. The white cat could mean a new clean start.

(4:00. As I read the session to her, Jane began moving her left foot and leg, with the right one wanting to get in on the fun. "The right one is trying so hard to move out that it hurts—I can feel it," she said.

(4:03. Left leg way up off the mattress, grunts and groans, head and shoulders and arms going sideways. Even the right foot moved. "I couldn't tell what was going on," Jane said as she rested.

(4:04. Lottie and Darlene stopped to visit. Jane did well, abruptly coming out of her exercise mode, and the girls didn't notice anything. They've been taken out of hydro for a couple of months. Jane misses them greatly.

(4:12. "Now it feels like my left thigh and belly is trying to straighten out," she exclaimed. I could see her left hip moving. Left leg up in the air. "It's all right, kid, it's all right," Jane said amid her other noises. "See?" Then her left leg jerked up and down quite strongly, the heel pounding into the mattress.

(Lorrie and Cathy came in. Blood pressure and temperature—96.7. Again Jane did well, catching herself in the middle of motion so they noticed nothing. Rest.

(4:20. Strenuous motions of the left leg up and down. Noises, rising torso, up and down. Side to side, cries aloud. When she rested, all Jane remembered was the hips "going crazy." Not until I mentioned it did she recall her left leg pumping hard up and down. Her motion had been so strong I'd almost been afraid she was overdoing it.

(4:25. More leg motions, including the right one. "I'm waiting for all of these motions I'm doing to coordinate themselves, in one big motion," she said. She had some ginger ale and rested.

(4:35. As she had a smoke Jane could feel the residue of motion in her left leg and foot. I did some mail.

(4:44. I turned her on her side. The move went easily, yet she had trouble getting comfortable on her left shoulder. She'd also been having a lot of gas, and was concerned about this no matter what she told herself. I finished massaging and dehypnotizing her hands and feet and limbs with Oil of Olay at 5:08. The supper tray hadn't come yet. I tried to nap, but got up at 5:15 to press the call button for a nurse to track down the tray. No one came. I gave up trying to nap at 5:28 and went into the hall looking for someone to help us get the tray. Found Sharon Poley and the little girl who usually delivers the tray. She went down to get it.

(5:30. I turned Jane on her back. She was uncomfortable and wanted aspirin. Tray at 5:40. By 6:55 Jane had eaten a good supper and we'd had a visit from Rhonda—a nurse from rehab; she'd had surgery. What was going on, I asked? Here Jean Reome was out with a bad back, Shirley was out with a bad arm, Susie was going to be operated on for a defective kneecap, and Georgia had to have a tumor removed and a hysterectomy....

(7:03. I was getting ready to leave when I asked Jane if she wanted Seth to return and talk about her discomfort with gas, which was persisting. She didn't know if she could or not. It worked well, however. Her Seth voice was strong if subdued. Begin at 7:08.)

Now: the gas condition is harmless. It is a natural-enough development, caused by the fact that Ruburt does not sit up yet properly to eat.

He is, however, passing the gas, and that is excellent. The gas is not building up, in other words. His fear, however, shows that he still has the remnants of old doubts. That can be expected—now and then. Before long, however, he will be much more confident as his own improvements convince him of his body's overall vitality, and its resurge of excellent

health. I am glad to give him such reassurance—and now I bid you a fond and peaceful good evening.

(7:12 PM. "Good night, Seth. Thank you very much." I read the session to Jane, and we discussed it briefly. It seemed to help a lot. I wanted to get going, and in my hurry I forgot to read the prayer with her. Sleep well, Sweetheart.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 10, 1983 4:44 PM THURSDAY

(It was another good day in spite of some irritations. The day was rainy and warm—55 degrees. No one showed up at the house to rake leaves this morning, as promised. Jane had her catheter changed this morning after hydro, following a big BM after midnight last night. She's still getting occasional spasms, and passing some gas. She turned on her back easily, though.

(The lunch tray was late—1:40 PM—and then it wasn't what we'd ordered. Someone had lost our menu, made out yesterday; I suspect it happened right here on the third floor. [Jane's breakfast was what she usually gets, though.] She ate enough lunch to get full, after I'd gotten her ice cream, butter, and milk. A couple of the girls also gave me rolls, sauerkraut and hotdogs for supper this evening.

(3:00. Jane finished lunch late. Cigarette.

(I told her I got a call from Sue last night, re Steve and the tape deal, and from both Pete and Steve this morning, re tapes. I told both I wouldn't be going to NYC with them, and they understood. I also told Steve he could lose money on the deal, and evidently he's finally beginning to see that it might be very expensive for him.

(3:38. Jane started reading yesterday's session, and once again did very well indeed, after a slightly rocky start. As she read she began going faster and faster, until I was quite surprised indeed. This was her best effort yet, even better than last time. To her, her reading was "very clear, though not quite normal," but it was fast. At times the type became quite dark, she said.

(In answer to some questions I asked, she said that when she reads with her right eye open and the left one closed, she gets no double vision. When she reads with the left eye open also, she can still read, but gets a "ghost image" of whatever is in front of her—my paintings on the wall at the foot of her bed, say—on the typewritten page as a miniature image. Or she may see two images off her left knee if she isn't reading, though one of the images is a good deal fainter. But she said that the spasmodic darker type "means that I'm seeing color better." I told her her vision would continue to improve, and am very enthusiastic about this.

(Now Jane confessed that she had a short "crying jag" this morning while watching a TV game show. The prizes—a car, etc.—reminded her of how we used to travel, and her physical freedom to do so. She can't do this now. Again, I told her she would be able to.

(4:00. Dawn did all Jane's vitals; pulse 88—a bit slow, she said, since Jane's is usually fast, up around 100, which is "normal" for her—temperature 98.1—up a little—and blood pressure, about 120 over 68, which is also very good.

(Dawn also said she'd check on the supper tray for us.

(4:14. Jane's feet were moving a little as I read a letter. "My right big toe is hot as hell inside," she said. Circulation improving, I said. I opened the window wide, since she was quite warm. It was raining heavily, but warm.

(4:20. Grunts and groans and heavy breathing. Left foot up in the air. "It's all right, kid," Jane said several times to herself.

(4:24. Head, shoulders, left leg going like she was riding a horse. Left foot flexing. Noises, then rest. She knew her left leg had been going well.

(4:30. Right arm going good in a circle, left foot moving, heavy breathing. Rest. Cigarette. Even as she smoked Jane's left foot moved around, with the right one doing the same thing in miniature.

(Jane talked about 458 W. Water St., in Elmira, and some of the great times we'd had there. I said I had similar feelings almost every day as I drove past the place on the way to the hospital at 1:00 PM. All the windows of apartment 5 that I glimpse as I go past seem to hold a special charm for me. We spent 15 years there, after all. I told her I'm always going to park out front and just walk through the house, but I never do.

(It was getting close to turn-on-her-left-side time when Jane told me to get out my paper for a session.)

Now: another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

It is an excellent sign that as portions of the body are released they move spontaneously, following their own order—but they do move with remarkable ease, even while other portions of the body are slowly beginning to release themselves.

Again, the body knows the proper order, so that everything will come together in preparation for sitting, standing, and walking. The eyes also show these same characteristics, so that Ruburt is able to read with more and more ease and spontaneity. Increased circulation in the head and shoulder area is also responsible for the improvement of his vision.

The daily sessions, regardless of their brevity, help to keep his spirits higher, and are a protection against the kind of small crying bout he had this morning. He did, however, release a good deal of frustration in that experience.

The released motions are not only spontaneous, but are experienced joyfully—another very important point.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but I am present in any case, and available.

("Yes. Thank you.")

(4:50 PM. I read the session to Jane before turning her over. "That's all good news," I said. considerably cheered. I still felt that optimism. As I massaged her with Oil of Olay I told Jane that I'd stopped giving her body specific suggestions—say, that a hand could open up—because according to Seth's material the body had its own order and schedule for showing improvements, and I'd become wary of giving suggestions that might conflict with that schedule. I suggested asking Seth about this tomorrow—a good question, I think.

(After getting up from my nap at 5:35 I procured the missing items from the supper tray by going to the kitchen for station A-3: milk, butter, bread and jelly. Jane ate well again. I read the prayer with her and left at 7:05 PM. It was still raining pretty hard.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 11, 1983 3:31 PM FRIDAY

(The day was very rainy, foggy, temperature 45 degrees. Jane had received three excellent reports on her physical condition this morning, she told me not long after I got to 330. In hydro, the therapist, Wendy, who checks both Jane and her chart weekly, told her that she was doing well, that the knee was coming along great. Terry, who puts Jane through the hydro bath, told her she looks well and was easier to move. And Mary Ann, who changed Jane's dressings in room 330, said the bedsores look much better in their healing.

(I told Jane she should be really pleased by all these positive signs that she is improving. She is, of course—more steps along the way. Jane said she often imagines herself here at our house, doing various things. That's the best way to use suggestion, I said: keep the goal in mind and let the unconscious mind see to those healing details necessary to get one where one wants to go.

(I told Jane that I'd had a half-remembered dream of my own last night, involving my going back to work for Stu Komer of the old Artistic plant. I was working on a new kind of greeting card that could, I think, actually be quite successful. If I had time I'd make a dummy of one to show Jane how it works, for it utilizes two pieces of embossed paper and messages to deliver its import. Quite original, I think, a creative accomplishment. I said I wouldn't mind Seth commenting on the dream.

(Jane described her own vivid dream of last night, which I can only approximate here. It involved Jane washing the internal organs of a woman who'd died and had been well-known to a group of people—someone like Jane herself. Involved also was a puppy and other elements. I thought the dream very positive, and showed that Jane was shedding old beliefs and starting anew with new ones.

(3:09. Then we had more good news. Jane started reading aloud yesterday's session—and did very well indeed. Like she's been doing recently, she started a bit slowly, then began reading faster and faster as she went along. I was very pleased, and so was she. She said she still wasn't up to normal speed—maybe 80%—but I certainly thought she was doing a lot better than that. This time the improvements in her vision are definitely holding much better than they have in the past. Great.

(Jane finished the session in some 10 minutes—very good indeed. As I began working with the mail she told me to get my paper ready. Her Seth voice was average.)

Now: another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon. Seth.")

Ruburt was correct. The meaning of the dream is as follows: In the beginning you and he are about to lecture or address small children, which means that you were both invoking the spontaneous, creative portions of yourselves, which in the truest sense are childlike. Later, a woman dies who is well-known to a group of people who are with Ruburt. The woman represents Ruburt's old beliefs, the woman that he was, so to speak. All that are immediately salvaged are the inner organs, which Ruburt symbolically washes clean in a

ritual indicative of washing away old beliefs, and of washing the inner organs clean—the act of inner cleanliness.

Later he finds a pyramid-shaped pile of dead puppies, representing the death of old beliefs that had lingered from his childhood. He then discovers a newly-born puppy, fully alive, and this represents his finding and claiming the new spontaneous, creative portions of his being. He is on the way to register the puppy and claim it at a local police station, which means he was introducing this portion of himself to all other parts, and legitimizing it with the authorities—meaning that he was accepting it wholeheartedly under the auspices of the new authority of the self. The police usually stand for discipline, the puppy stands for spontaneity, and that spontaneity and order are united.

Let Ruburt take a break, and I will return at least briefly.

("All right. Thank you.")

(3:40. I said I hoped Seth would go into my question of yesterday, about not wanting my own suggestions for Jane's improvement to come into conflict with her body's own innate and spontaneous order of healing itself. When Jane resumed the session she got one word out—her shortest session on record. I told her later:)

Now—

(Carol came in after knocking to take Jane's temperature. She was gone in a minute or so, after not noticing anything.)

Now: you cannot really go wrong with your suggestions at this stage of the game, as long as you allow the body's wisdom freedom, so that it automatically lets its own order predominate.

You should not insist, however, or demand, that a given suggestion take root—for then you might be disappointed if it did not, rather than realize that perhaps it was not time for that particular suggestion to work. Simply allow that mental flexibility, overall suggestions for motion and healing are of course excellent, since they leave it up to the body to do the inner work involved.

Again, some improvements may appear suddenly, ignoring usual time entirely. *(Pause.)* The body is improving itself overall, however, and some improvements that seem to appear suddenly are the manifestations of improvements that have been taking place for some time, but are only now showing themselves. This can apply to your own situation as well, Joseph.

Now, I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak, but I am indeed present in any case.

(3:56. Jane had a bladder spasm, even though she'd had her catheter changed recently. She's had a number of these, and is still passing a lot of gas. She passed gas at the end of the session. I told her I was about to ask Seth what he thought about the compliments she'd received from three different people this morning about her improving physical condition. Resume at 3:58.)

Now: the favorable remarks made this morning by various members of the staff show that you are indeed changing your realities, and also beginning to change the larger environment. People's ideas about Ruburt's condition are changing, and you are receiving favorable results and feedback, of course. You will end up changing your reality, and your reality in other people's eyes as well, so the affair marks the beginning of that alteration of environment.

("Thank you.")

(4:00 PM. Jane passed more gas. I told her the session was excellent. "I've been wondering when people would start noticing something," I said. Someone, Jane said, had also remarked about her modest weight gain today, but she couldn't recall who it had been. I thought she'd told me earlier that the incident had taken place in hydro.

(4:15. After rest and a smoke Jane's left foot began going. The exercises built up. "Something's going on inside the right leg," she said after a few minutes. "You can't see it, but I couldn't have done it last week." Heavy breathing. I could see her hips moving, though, which was in itself unusual.

(4:25. LuAnn stopped in to say hello just as Jane was going good again. Two minutes later Jane began to work her lower jaw up and down and around in an almost grotesque way, so that she couldn't speak, only make guttural sounds.

(4:28. The body seemed to progress along its own intuitive program of working one part after another. Jane's left foot got going good, rotating, as her head lifted. Then the head and torso lifted up and went from side to side. "It's all right," Jane repeated to herself. She rested. "The right leg did do new stuff, though."

(4:30. Right shoulder moved well. "That feels just like satin when I do that." Right arm in circle. No blood pressure taken yet, we noted. Right arm in circles again.

(4:40. Left foot going. Jane could feel it especially in the joint for the big toe, and I could also see the change in motion there. Then the big toe of her right foot began moving somewhat.

(4:43. Both feet moved, head and chest pumping up and down rapidly. She made loud noises of effort. "I can't even explain what I mean sometimes, but I see what Seth means," Jane said. "I can feel something moving inside, where you can't even see it." But, I said, I could, sometimes.

(4:50. After Jane had rested Carol returned to take her blood pressure. "Your vital signs stay just about the same, and that's good," Carol told Jane—for another positive reinforcement today.

(As soon as Carol left, Jane's hands began to hurt and rotate in a new way at the same time, as if the palms were trying to turn up. "They haven't been able to turn up in years," Jane said. It was another great sign, I told her. Her right arm lifted and rotated. I hated to interrupt her new motions by turning her on her left side, but she was ready to go. She said the fingers on her right hand are trying to loosen, as I massaged them with Oil of Olay. I went over her body as usual, dehypnotizing it.

(After I had a nap from 5:10 to 5:40, Jane ate a good supper. She had a lot of gas, though. I see this as a precursor to more good improvements. I left at 7:05 after checking TV programs for the evening and reading the prayer with her. It's been a good day. Sleep well, Jane. Someday I'll see you at home.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 13, 1983 3:42 PM SUNDAY

(The day was a rather quiet one for us comparatively. Jane looked scrubbed and clean when I got to 330; her hair was braided, her bed changed, the room shone. She hadn't gone to hydro this morning, so Georgia had given her a bath in bed, and cleaned everything up.

(Because her teeth were bothering her so, Jane couldn't eat what we'd ordered for lunch—turkey tetrazzini—so she substituted dry cereal. I was upset because I didn't want her to slack off on eating, and perhaps start losing weight when she was doing so well. And we don't even know yet when Paul O'Neill will be in to take care of having her lower teeth relined. But she ate a good lunch nevertheless.

(Then Jane told me that Jan was in this morning, and told her that the ulcers were looking very good—meaning that there has been considerable improvement in them since Jane saw them last. Another good sign, I said.

(I'd received a letter from Tam yesterday, but Jane had trouble reading it after lunch. She had no session from yesterday to read, so went back to the one from day before yesterday—and oddly enough, did pretty well reading that one. She also had a few bladder spasms. I worked on mail. I also described to her another dream I'd had in which I did commercial artwork. This time I'd been hired to draw a comic strip featuring Tom Selleck, of the TV show Magnum, P.I. I saw the Sunday page of the strip quite clearly in the dream, several times. And each time the balloons in the first of the page's panels were unintelligible to me, for some reason. I'd wanted Seth to comment on my first art dream, the one involving greeting cards, but he hasn't done so yet. Jane also had a dream involving the death of Sue Watkins that I wanted a word on.

(While she waited to see what she'd do next, Jane told me to get my paper and pen ready for a session.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

I wanted to comment upon your—

(3:43. Lorrie knocked, then came in to take Jane's vitals for the day. Blood pressure okay, temperature 97, etc. Jane has become so adept at snapping out of even a Seth trance that no one on the staff ever notices anything. She resumed as soon as Lorrie left at 3:46.)

I repeat, I wanted to comment upon your dreams, Joseph. They simply show that the creative elements of the self are rearoused (*long pause*), and almost in a luxury of inspiration they show you how they can be applied to your artwork and to other areas of your living.

The dream representing the card with the double message can also be applied in a different manner to your painting. The dream involving Magnum showed that like a detective you are making a search—only your search is in the larger area of creativity. The dream also says that like a private eye you are on a search, but the private eye also stands for your own private eye, or your own world view, so that you are in a process of enlarging your own private way of viewing reality. Ruburt's dream that Sue was dead represented

the death of old beliefs about women writers. Those beliefs had indeed been like old good friends—only they had outgrown their purpose, and no longer apply.

Ruburt's improvements continue, and will continue. I bid you now a fond good evening; again, I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak, but I am present and available.

("Thank you.")

(3:54 PM. I told Jane the session was very good, that Seth had done an excellent little job of interpreting our dreams. Jane rested and had some ginger ale while she waited to see what would happen next.

(4:10. While I wrote some letters she started some head and shoulder motions off the bed, making noises and other cries. Then a faster side-to-side motion, twisting back and forth. Rest.

(4:15. More head and shoulder action, good side-to-side movements, talking to herself, left foot going good. Rest.

(Jane added that the colors in the room were brighter than they used to be to her, and that she can also see better—a tie-in with her improved reading ability, of course.

(4:23. More head and shoulders, left foot, eyes closed, grunts and groans. Within the next few minutes Jane executed more of the same motions, and a general overall movement of her body. When I came back from going to the john she said she even kept up her motions "in miniature" while I was gone.

(4:37. "Even when I'm doing this [smoking], I feel my ass revolving inside," she said—another good sign.

(4:40. Left arm rotating, head and shoulder side to side again, then the right arm rotating. Toes of both feet moving to some extent, although today the right leg has been pretty quiescent. "I always get hot when I do all of that," Jane said. I opened the curtains—it was now approaching dusk—and turned on the blower. The window was already opened as wide as it would go.

(4:45. Jane didn't particularly want to be turned on her side, but the time was approaching. After I had her situated in a move that went quite easily, I took a nap after massaging her with Oil of Olay. She ate a good supper—veal parmigiana—and I left at 7:15, after checking the TV schedule for the night, and reading the prayer with her. Margaret Bumbalo had called earlier in the afternoon and invited me over for supper.

(And tonight, Jane called, assisted by Cathy, as I was typing this material at 9:53 PM.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 14, 1983 4:39 PM MONDAY

(Some more good points today: Ken Wrigley visited Jane this morning, examined the ulcer on her right knee, and said it was coming along well enough so that the debriding ointment, Trevoze, isn't needed any longer. [Check the spelling of that name.] It's okay now to use Silvadene on the dressings for the knee.

(Then when Jan was helping Jane with her dental chores this morning, she noticed that Jane's hands were working better—Jane even automatically reached out to hold a cup to her lips that ordinarily the staff people had to do before.

(Jane ate well, although her teeth are bothering her. While she was eating we had a visitor, Nona, from Toronto. I talked to her in the hall. She left Jane a single red rose, and wrote a nice note. She's an actress, and wants to tell people about Sethian concepts through her work.

(1:45. Peggy Gallagher visited, while I went down to billing to correct an error in crediting payments I'd made last month.

(3:38. Jane started reading yesterday's session, was interrupted by LuAnn checking her blood pressure early. The time was going fast. I worked with mail while Jane tried to read the session, but she had trouble doing so, and was very slow at it.

(4:00. I described to Jane my dream of last night, and asked that Seth comment next time. One can stand next to the elevator bank and look out at the parking lot for the emergency room at the back of the hospital. I often do this on my way out, for I can see my car out there where I usually park. In my dream I looked out and down at the car, and saw three pieces of paper lying on the asphalt next to the left front wheel of the car. I knew at once that these papers represented three payments of money from the Major Medical division of Blue Cross. In the dream this knowledge at once brought me some peace of mind, and I fell into a deep sleep. It was about 2:00 AM, and I'd spent a restless night, waking up often, worrying about when and if we'd ever get the insurance payment business straightened out.

(Indeed, I've been worrying a lot lately—at times—about whether we'd even be considered by Blue Cross for the major medical payments—so I've also been worrying about what we'd do if this worst scenario came to pass. I haven't told Jane much about my fears. The dream, I knew, resolved my concerns. My fears have been aggravated by the delay in getting our medical records to the insurance company, the length of time it seems to take to get anything resolved—the whole bit. As soon as I had the dream, I told Jane, I took it for granted that things would be okay.

(4:30. Jane began moving her left foot and head and shoulders, not too strongly. She rotated her foot. "I didn't know it was that late," she said amid some grunts and groans.

(I should add that my dream of seeing the money so far away—out by the car—also meant things. That the problems still aren't resolved, due to the length of time it takes to get anything done, but that they are on the way to being solved, mainly. The car also represents transportation, I thought, meaning that the money still has to get to us. There could be other meanings too.

(4:35. "Now I've got that thing with color again," Jane said. meaning that she can see colors better, as well as general details. She had some ginger ale. Both of us rested. This didn't seem to be one of our better days. But then she asked me to get my paper and pen ready.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Your dream represents the fact that you know the insurance affair will be settled properly. The car represents the idea of distance also, since the checks do not originate in this city.

It is indeed important that the two of you reread the sessions, so that important material is kept clear within your minds. Ruburt will continue to improve—and remind him that all of these preparations are being made so that his body may soon operate.

He receives new indications of his improvements each day, so it is vital that he remember that the improvements are leading him toward sitting up, standing, and walking. Try to review the sessions, therefore, whenever you find the time available. I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak, but I did want to make my appearance, so to speak—and as always I am available.

("Thank you very much.")

(4:44 PM. "Gee, I didn't know what to do," Jane said. "I started to move while he was speaking at the same time....")

(I was particularly glad to get Seth's confirmation of the meaning of my dream. I was most concerned that we be able to maintain the financial status quo while Jane was showing so many improvements, along with the promise of doing even better. All we want to do now is to get out of the hospital.

(It was getting past the time to turn her on her side, but I read portions of some of the sessions to her first. I'd wanted to do this earlier, but the visits of Peg and Nona had sidetracked this, along with my having to go downstairs.

(Jane had trouble eating supper, but did get something down. I went shopping at Acme, and didn't finish my own supper until 9:45 PM. As I got home from the store the phone rang. It was Paul O'Neill. He said he'll be at the hospital to see Jane at about 6:00 PM tomorrow—Tuesday, to take impressions for her teeth. Failing that, he'll be there early Wednesday afternoon. Jane will be happy to hear that.

(She didn't call this evening.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 15, 1983 4:38 PM TUESDAY

(The patch was on Jane's right elbow again when I got to room 330. She did well this morning in hydro—moving her feet more than usual, she said—and she ate an excellent lunch. We looked forward to seeing Paul O'Neill around 6:00 PM.

(When I gave Jane a cigarette after turning her on her back for the afternoon, she had another instance of reverting to an old, automatic habit. Since she's been in the hospital she's always handled cigarettes with her left hand, leaving her right hand lying unused across her belly. If she wants to reverse the ends of a smoke because one is looser than the other, which she often does with Pall Malls, she does so by awkwardly holding the cigarette with her lips while using her left hand to try to turn the cigarette around before I light it. Now today, Jane automatically used her right hand to help her left hand reverse the cigarette—and didn't realize she'd done so until I pointed it out to her. Truly, the body remembers. It was another fine step along the way, I told her.

(She did the same thing again later this afternoon—but now she's aware of what she's doing, and the action has entered into her repertoire of motions on a daily basis.

(3:10. The time was going fast again. Jane started reading yesterday's session, but had a lot of trouble—halting, pausing often. Her pace improved a bit as she went along, and it was still better than she used to do, but not as good as recent attempts. I worked with the mail as she kept at it.

(3:30. After she finished the reading, I began reading the old sessions to her—just the Seth material portions. At 3:50 we had a flurry of activity in 330—2 staff people for Jane's vitals, the TV lady collecting for the week, and a call from maintenance about heat in 330—or the lack of it. The room was cold and damp. Even Jane had been chilly at times. When I'd arrived she had over her the cloth sent her by Reudi Anner's group from the Seth conference in Geneva, Switzerland.

(Jane was getting more upset—here, she said, she'd had no session, no motions, and Paul was coming at supper time. I resumed reading the sessions at 4:15, and we went through the first of the two books. Then Jane said she felt like having a short session after all.)

Now: another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

I simply want to speak and set up those healing conditions—those connections that are so important in the healing process.

They exist without me, of course, and yet I am able to add additional energy, and to arouse the body's impetus. The sense of ease is, again, all important, the sense of creative play, so that Ruburt does not try too hard. I am here to assure you that he is progressing well, and that, again, the body is preparing itself to move more naturally. To sit and stand and walk.

I may or may not return, according to those energies of which I speak, but I am available.

("Thank you.")

(4:40. "It's me," Jane said. "Thanks for reading all those sessions. I really try to take them all to heart. Oh—and I did move my feet a little more than usual in hydro—both of them...."

(4:45. Jane began some head and shoulder movements, and her left foot joined in. But she wanted to be turned, and I agreed. Maybe, we thought, we could get supper finished before Paul showed up, if we got started with it a little early. The tray came while I was massaging her with Oil of Olay.

(We did get started on supper a bit early—but Paul O'Neill didn't show up at all. According to what he'd said, this meant that we'd see him shortly after 1:00 PM tomorrow. It would have been much better for us if we'd seen him this evening.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 17, 1983 6:55 PM THURSDAY

(No session was held yesterday. We were busy. Paul O'Neill came after we'd finished lunch in 330, and took impressions of Jane's lower gums for relining her denture—a soft denture, he explained, and Jane wouldn't get it back before Friday. But we were glad we'd done something about a long-standing problem. Jane did well, and ate better than I thought she could.

(In hydro this morning, Wednesday, the therapist looked Jane over as she had last week, examining her ulcers, and once again told Jane that she was coming along very well. Good news.

(The staff had a party this noon for Susie, an aide who goes into surgery Friday for a kneecap problem, and I found plenty of food waiting for me in 330. When lunch came Jane couldn't eat some of the food on the tray, but, surprisingly, did well with the pizza the kids had saved for me. I brought some of the leftovers home for supper.

(3:00. Jane began reading again the session for the day before yesterday, and did pretty well to start. She did very well without the lower teeth, and picked up speed as she went along. Her reading is now consistently much better than it used to be.

(At 3:19 she began a few subdued motions of her left foot as I worked with mail. Her breathing speeded up a little also.

(3:36. Jane had a cigarette in order to stay awake: "I keep dozing off and having these itty-bitty scenarios," she said.

(After Sharon Poley had taken her temperature, Jane began some mild leg, head and shoulder movements at 3:45.

(Earlier today she'd showed me how she'd discovered quite by "accident" that she could reach down to touch the inside of her right thigh with her left hand—farther than she's reached in a long time. It had happened automatically when she'd been pointing out some dead skin on her leg to someone in her room this morning.

(3:55. More of the same motions. I peeled the small patch off her right elbow. There wasn't any dressing on her left toes.

(4:00. More similar mild exercises, including getting the "satin" feeling in her right shoulder. "I've got that thing again where when I stop doing the exercises my eyes work better," she said. "I can see the colors better." Another good sign. Rest. After getting her eye drops Jane did some more subdued exercises while I made notes and worked on mail.

(4:34. I asked her if she wanted to give a short session, since it was getting late. But her head started moving, and she started in on some stronger motions, head going from side to side, breathing much noisier, grunts and groans. She lifted her head and shoulders off the bed, while her feet remained pretty quiet. The body chose today to work on the upper portions, evidently.

(4:40. After resting in between some pretty good motions, Jane then began her best efforts of the day, with her head and shoulders going side-to-side. Even her arms remained pretty passive, folded across her belly. "Jesus," Jane said as she rested, "the room got a lot

brighter that time.” Evidently numerous exercises could promote relaxation around the eyes, helping her vision.

(4:50. I turned Jane on her left side, and the move went well; she’s been doing the turning a good deal better. I took my nap after massaging her with Oil of Olay. When I got up at 5:30 the tray wasn’t there, so we had to ask Sharon for help. When she brought it, it contained enough different kinds of food and soup so that Jane was able to eat her fill, though the omelet eluded her efforts to chew it.

(Jane was having a smoke at 6:45 when she asked me if I wanted to have a short session before I left for the evening. I said okay. I should note here, first, a question I’d asked her yesterday, concerning a line of Seth’s that I’d typed up yesterday in Session 889 for Dreams. Seth had delivered this intriguing line on December 17, 1979. I’d made a note of it, and asked that Seth comment if we had a session yesterday: “Units of consciousness also form other kinds of matter that you do not perceive.”

(Now, I’d instantly begun to wonder, what other kinds of matter could there be? I could see even using his answer as a footnote for that session in Dreams, though the dates wouldn’t fit. As it turned out, Seth did answer the question—to some extent—tonight, when it had slipped my mind for the moment.)

Now: a fond good evening.

(“The same to you, Seth.”)

I simply want you to know that I have been present, although I have not spoken.

It is an excellent idea to have Ruburt’s teeth fixed. This will help release tension that has before been present in the jaw area, of course. It will also make it easier to receive necessary nutrients.

(Pause.) Units of consciousness do help form different kinds of physical realities—as indeed Ruburt has himself hinted in some of his poetry. There are many dimensions that are as physical, so to speak, as your own world—but if you are not focused in them you would not at all be aware of their existence, but perceive only empty space.

Nothing in the universe is ever lost, or mislaid, or wasted, so the energy of your own thoughts, while they are still your own thoughts, helps to form the natural attributes of physical realities that you do not perceive. (Pause.) So is your own world formed by units of consciousness. Its natural elements are the glistening remnants of other units of consciousness that you do not perceive.

Ruburt is continuing his improvements. I wanted to let you know of my presence, and I wanted to give you at least a brief answer to your question about units of consciousness. I bid you a most fond good evening.

(“Thank you very much, Seth. The same to you.”

(7:02 PM. “I’m glad I had that,” Jane said. “I knew I felt him around. He did go into your thing about matter, didn’t he?” She added that the poem Seth had referred to is the one I used to conclude the introductory essays for Dreams. I saw the connection as soon as she mentioned it. And I’ve pinned a copy of that poem to the wall of 330, opposite the foot of Jane’s bed. It’s an excellent poem.

(After reading the poem with Jane, I said good night and left her at 7:12.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 18, 1983 4:30 PM FRIDAY

(The day was warm—over 45—and sunny. This noon Paul O'Neill left me at the house Jane's new lower teeth, so I could take them to her. He'll check about the uppers later.

(In the hall outside the emergency room I met Fred Kardon, who asked me how Jane is doing. Without being specific, I said that generally she was doing better in all departments. "I haven't heard from any of the nurses," Fred said, meaning he'd received no negative reports. He wanted to know how the ulcer on Jane's knee was coming along, and I said very well. Fred stressed that it was important that Jane drink as much liquid as she can. I promised to tell her. He said he'd be up to see her one of these days.

(Jane tried the new teeth before lunch, after I'd turned her. At first they seemed awkward, and wouldn't stay down, but she seemed to quickly adjust. She began speaking better, and ate well. In the beginning they clicked like the old ones had, but I noticed as the afternoon passed that this audible sound seemed to disappear.

(2:30. Georgia, Jan, and myself saw the orderlies take Susie on her stretcher into the elevator on their way up to the operating room, for her knee operation. I told Jane.

(3:30. Just as we're ready to begin some sort of working activity, Wade Alexander visited. He looked well, and seemed genuinely happy to see us. He had a class of school kids in town. He left at 3:55. Afterward Jane and I agreed that his visit was hardly accidental. His positive approach to the tape-business deal with Steve and Tracy answered some of our own questions, as well as those concerning possible conflicts over tape ownership. I told Jane his decision to visit might save us a lot of time later. She agreed. We anticipate no problems in that area now.

(Wade, incidentally, told Jane without being asked that she looked much better than she had the last time he saw her—before last April, when she came into the hospital.

(4:00. Jane began reading yesterday's session, and did very well, considering the new teeth. After Cathy took her temperature—98.1—Jane told me that she could now reach farther under her right leg with her left hand than she could yesterday, even. She realizes that she lays tilted up at an angle in bed, and that if she lay flat she couldn't reach as far down toward her legs, but even so, signs indicate that her elbows seem to be flexing more.

(Jane had a new catheter inserted this morning, by the way, and now she had some spasms and gas while reading the session. She was also interrupted by Lorrie, taking her pulse and blood pressure. I worked with some mail and Jane finished the session in quite good style at 4:16.

(She waited to see what she'd be doing next, then told me she would have a short session, after she finished her cigarette.)

Now: another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

I simply wanted to tell Ruburt that drinking more water will indeed show almost immediate good results.

I also wanted to make my presence known again, though I have not spoken thus far.

Man is himself a part of nature, no matter how far apart from it he might sometimes feel. *(Pause.)* Even his “mistakes” in dealing with nature are a part of nature’s own processes, and are taken into consideration in the entire picture.

I may say more on this subject later if you so desire.

(“Yes. Is this in reference to the program we saw on TV this afternoon, about fire ants?”)

It is indeed, and to the questions that the program aroused in you.

I may or may not return, according to that rhythm of which I have spoken—but know that I am available.

(“Thank you.”)

(4:35 PM. “I knew he was going to say that about water,” Jane said, “when I wanted to hold the session. Well, I’m going to try and drink a lot more than I have been.” I added that the session ought to be “enough incentive to tank up on the stuff.” She agreed.)

(The matter of fire ants had come up when we watched the TV show, In Search Of at 2:30 this afternoon. It had featured the explosive growth of fire ants, up from Brazil in the 1930’s, and now threatening to spread over most of the United States. I had many questions, ranging from the consciousnesses of the ants involved, and their right to life, as opposed to the “destructive” view taken of them by farmers, scientists, and so forth in the conventional sense. I also saw correlations between the spread of the fire ants and the spread of the “killer bees” —also up into this country from Brazil—at the same time. I suspected Seth could tell us a most fascinating story here. I was ready for it at any time, I told Jane. I suppose my readiness was at least partially founded upon the idea that it would be a good thing for Jane to speak through Seth about other matters occasionally than her symptoms and related topics.)

(She did drink more water, and I hope she makes this a part of her daily routine, even when I’m not there. After the session she did go into some motions, mostly involving the upper portions of her body—the head and shoulders off the pillow and mattress, side to side at times, once in a while rather strong, with noises and increasingly heavy breathing. The left foot moved once in a while, the right one seemed quiet comparatively. Jane said there was motion in her hips also.)

(“I get that velvet feeling in my shoulders when they move like that,” she said. “It feels just great.”)

(4:45. It was soon time to turn her on her left side for a massage with Oil of Olay. For a moment I thought she was dozing—but she was merely lying quietly while her “body tried to calm down a bit” from the exercises. “It takes me a bit,” she said. She was also quite warm, although both windows in 330 were wide open.)

(After my nap, she ate well for supper, and said she was getting used to the teeth more. Her speaking was much improved. In fact, while she was eating I forgot that she had the new teeth, so well did she do. I read the prayer with her, and left to go food shopping at 7:05 PM.)

(I should note that we had the heat turned on in 330 last Tuesday—but that Jane hasn’t used it very much.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 19, 1983 4:10 PM SATURDAY

(The day was warm—50 degrees—and rainy and cloudy. I got to room 330 at 1:08. Jane told me that in hydro this morning she'd felt new movement in her right leg—the broken one—that it both tried to move more, and to straighten out more. Another good sign, I said.

(However, her new lower teeth were bothering her a great deal; her mouth was so sore she couldn't eat part of her lunch. Last night they'd fallen out as she lay on her side, she said. She did drink more liquids than usual at lunch, which is good in itself.

(2:41. I began working with the mail. Lunch was finished much later than usual. Jane had a cigarette while waiting to see what she'd do next.

(3:20. She made some motions with her head and shoulders off the bed, side to side, with noises and harder breathing. Then she dozed for a few moments. Neither of us were very energetic, it seemed, today.

(3:28. A gentle repeat of the above, with a little left-foot activity.

(3:30. Another repeat. Jane's body most definitely seems to be concentrating on its upper half, as it did yesterday, with only light motions in a leg or foot, say.

(3:35. Jane tried reading yesterday's session. Halting at first, but she picked up considerable speed as she went along, better than I thought she would do. "It's not my best, but..."

(3:45. She finished reading. Head and shoulders again. Rest and a cigarette.

(3:58. A repeat of the above. Feet moving—both sets of toes—a bit. Noises in breathing.

(4:00. Carol took Jane's blood pressure. She's moving up to the 5th floor. There have been so many changes in personnel that it's become routine.

(Then Jane told me she wanted to have a little session.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

And I am speaking in order to regenerate Ruburt's own energy.

He had another brief-enough surge of blueness this morning (*which Jane didn't tell me about*), and the sessions enabled him to cut such experiences short, or to nip them in the bud, so to speak.

He is right: the leg did move better this morning as he lay on the litter after hydro. He could feel it try to straighten itself out further, and in doing so motions necessary for normal walking began to activate. The hands are also improving—not only in flexibility, but in strength. He was able to hold the small green plastic bowl with much more confidence this morning—to hold it evenly (*Jane didn't tell me about that, either*). The legs are also progressing at their own rate, knowing themselves which activities are necessary, and when.

The tooth business will be taken care of. Do not be upset by the delay. It is as you suggested (*in my notes for yesterday's session*) also advantageous that we discuss other matters beside Ruburt's symptoms in our sessions. This would also help his recovery—and his recovery is what we are after.

For now, however, I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak. But I am indeed present and approachable.

("Thank you."

(4:16 PM. "Wow," Jane exclaimed as soon as she'd come out of trance. "I opened my eyes now, and got that effect of better color again, where everything's brighter."

(Now from 4:21 to 4:30 Jane went through several more sequences of exercising with her head and shoulders, side to side, accompanied by grunts and groans, and with her left foot moving in a rather gentle rhythm also.

(4:30. I peeled the patch off her right elbow. Jane is trying to drink more water. I turned her at 4:50, and massaged her with Oil of Olay as usual. She did much better eating supper. I left at 7:15, after saying the prayer with her. She called me at 8:30 PM.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 20, 1983 3:50 PM SUNDAY

(I lost a couple of hours this evening watching the TV movie, The Day After, instead of typing the daily record for this session from my notes. To compensate—beginning at 10:35 PM—I'll summarize my notes and concentrate upon the session proper. This way I'll get the session done this evening.

(The day was warm—better than 60 degrees—when I got to 330, and sunny, though the sky soon began to turn darker. Jane was doing well. She saw Fred Kardon this morning, who asked her his usual questions. He told her she's having blood work done tomorrow morning, so the level of thyroid medication can be checked, as it is monthly. He said she's still getting quite a lot of the Synthroid for a person of her body weight.

(Jane has been having trouble with the new teeth, so I put Sea Bond adhesive on them before she ate lunch, and this helped somewhat. She's been holding her own eating, but it's been a struggle. She's also sticking to her resolve to drink more water, though not to any great amount.

(She did very well reading yesterday's session. "I got that thing with the light again," she said as soon as she finished by 3:00—meaning her vision was better, the colors brighter again. This also happened following several of her exercise bouts this afternoon. Once again she concentrated—or her body did—on motions involving mainly her head and shoulders, torso, and to a much lesser degree for the most part, her legs and feet. At times she did move her left leg and foot fairly well, however, and had lesser indications in her right foot.

(She did enough with her various movements so that her breathing became hard and noisy. I peeled excess tape off some of her dressings. Many of her head and torso motions involved pretty good side-to-side movements also.

(I was working with the mail, sorting it by date, when Jane said, "Will you write something down for me?" She actually thought it might be from Seth—she could hear his voice reciting it, I believe she said. It's poetry; I'm presenting it line by line as Jane told me to divide it after the session.

*Out of the reservoir of light and darkness
springeth life fully blown and miraculous.
Sweetly the pollen nourishes the universe
whose mouth opens
with a child's craving for food.
The golden bees of our thoughts
carve out the nest of the world.
Sweet honey-voices sing lullabies and hosannas,
and our voices sting—
not with venom but with honey.*

(3:58. Break. *"The funny thing is," Jane said, "I thought that that was coming from Seth—that is, he was speaking the words, though he usually doesn't do things like that.... I don't even know what I think about it.... I had the feeling that that was being read loudly and clearly and richly by Seth—I could hear him doing it."*

(At the start this evening, she'd been unsure that Seth was involved. We talked about how Seth has said he wasn't a poet, way back at the beginning of the sessions in 1963. "That was probably because he didn't want me to think he was challenging me," Jane said. "Of course he's a poet. A lot of his stuff is poetry, it always has been.")

(The strange thing is, I'd had very similar thoughts this morning when typing Session 890 for Dreams, I told Jane now. While Cathy came in to take vitals, I went down the hall to see Susie in room 305—but found her asleep.

(Jane was ready for more at 4:10.

*Let my body move with gladness,
my joints like springs of wisdom flourish,
and open sweetly night and morning
like gates swinging back and forth
in the wind.
How sweetly life bubbles
through my being.
How I move with nature
as it moves with me.*

(4:12. "I think that's all," Jane said.

(4:17. After a few movements: "I think if I can stop moving I'll have a brief session.")

Now: another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

The poem represents the unity of inspiration and of healing, the wedding of art and reality.

The poem invokes all of Ruburt's abilities to unite and work together. In its own fashion the poem states Ruburt's purpose—the purpose that was his, and always will be—but here the physical and spiritual are reunited, and each is strengthened and aroused.

Now, I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but I am in any case, once again, present and approachable.

("Thank you."

(4:20 PM. After we'd checked the lineage of the poetry, Jane did a few movements, although she knew it was getting to be time to turn on her left side.

(4:25. "My little ass is going."

(4:30. I rubbed those certain spots on her head and neck, and she promptly took off with a series of strong head motions, very rapidly moving back and forth against the pillow.

(4:35. She moved her head and shoulder very well from side to side, with many grunts and groans and deep breathings. "Deep portions of my spine," she said. "The impetus seems to come from there—it's hard to say. I think I'll catch my breath."

(I turned her as usual at about 4:50, massaged her with Oil of Olay, and took a nap. She ate quite well, and we discussed watching the much-talked-about movie tonight on the nuclear holocaust. I didn't plan to bother—but I did, after all.

(Jane called at about 10:10 PM, and we discussed the show briefly. We agreed that the film had been quite mild—that any real disaster would be unimaginably worse. "Still," I said, "maybe it's a start. Maybe it'll lead to something.")

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 22, 1983 3:32 PM TUESDAY

(No session was held yesterday. I didn't get to 330 until after 2:00 PM because I had a dental appointment; and from then on we were so busy the time passed like a breeze. I would like to summarize yesterday's events, though, because they contain some extremely important points that we don't want to lose track of.

(After a good lunch—which Georgia had started feeding her in my absence—Jane said that in hydro yesterday morning, on the litter, both arms “did better than they ever have in the water. And my left foot did things it's never done in hydro, too, and the leg.” All good signs, I told her.

(3:40—3:48 yesterday: staff took Jane's vitals, and a lady from housekeeping changed the curtains in 330 to much heavier and darker ones, trying to cut down the light that bothers Jane's eyes even when the curtains are closed. I was afraid the new ones, a dark bluish color, would make the room too gloomy.

(After getting her drops at 4:15, Jane began a series of movements with her head and shoulders, her left leg, then ended up moving her torso from side to side. Noises, grunts and groans. Left leg pulling up at the hip so it was free of the pillow beneath it.

(4:20. More flexing of that leg—I could see the muscles in it moving clear up to the hips. By now Jane was starting to utter cries and to breathe quite heavily as she moved. I think the cries were a mixture of frustration, tears, discomfort and anticipation. The left leg moved, particularly at the hip, again. “My body wants to do it so bad.” Now her right leg began moving more sideways to the right. Jane cried again. “That's the first time I've done that. I don't know what to do with it, it feels funny.” No doubt about it, good things were taking place, new things that had her upset and anticipatory at the same time. Her face was often screwed up into a knot.

(4:26. Now her left leg started moving sideways at a rapid pace. All of the time she was half-crying and breathing hard. She groaned and cried and lifted up her left leg again. Crying, she moved her head and shoulders against the pillow, back and forth. “Oh, my God, that's the most I've done with them yet,” she said, meaning her legs. “Now the right one has pulled away from leaning against the left one. I don't want to do any more.”

(4:32. But deliberately, she moved her right leg out to the right, away from the left one, crying all the while. I could see the muscles in the right leg flexing to some degree—a sight that's been pretty infrequent so far.

(4:35. Jane asked for water, but her left arm began rotating so fast she couldn't drink. Then the left arm went around and around. “That's the most I've moved everything all in one day.” she said, and it was true.

(4:40. More crying. Left leg moving outward. Right arm circles, then both arms together. Laughing at the freedom of motion.

(4:43. “The right leg doesn't want to go back the way it was,” she said, as it moved outward again. “Part of me is exhausted and part wants to keep going forever.”

(4:45. The supper tray came. "It feels so funny beneath my shoulder blades," Jane said as she freely moved both shoulders. She rested a bit, refused water, then took it before I turned her on her left side. She had had an extensive workout, one that had touched responses deep within her, and that gave me great hope also. I felt that she'd passed another milestone on her way to recovery, and was delighted with that.

(The above material is a summary of the events of Monday, November 21, 1983.

(Now today, Tuesday, November 22, I got to 330 at 1:05 PM. The day was very warm—almost 65 degrees—and sunny, the room was hot with the curtains closed, although both windows were open and the fan was on in the air conditioner/register.

(The lunch tray was there and Jane ate very well; she's doing much better with the teeth. Georgia came in and set up the portable fan on the desk; this breeze helped a lot. Even I was warm.

(Georgia also told us, with Patty, that they'd just heard that the administration of the hospital had decided to close down the section room 330 is in, because "they'd just realized that Surgical 3 is short of staff." A lot of patients will be going home over the holidays, Georgia said, and those remaining, like Jane, would be moved elsewhere. I thought the talk was only talk. I knew we wouldn't consent to going back to rehab. Georgia said she was going to protest the decision to nursing service, downstairs.

(2:25. After having a cigarette after lunch, Jane started reading the session for November 20, since I hadn't typed up any notes yet for yesterday's events. She was disappointed at this, since she knew yesterday's events had been significant, and she wanted to read about them. Jane has read the session before, of course, but she read it once more and did very well indeed, as good as she had the first time, saying the type was very clear and bright at times. Her reading has been consistently far better than it used to be, even when she has a comparatively rough time with it.

(2:43. Next, I had her reread the session for November 19—last Saturday. And she did it easily—as good as she's ever done, she said. I agreed. "A couple of times the type got really clear." Good signs, of course, but we don't take them for granted. Not yet.

(2:40. While Jane was having a cigarette, Georgia came in to tell us the projected closing of Surgical 3 was now off. Georgia had indeed complained to nursing service, and in turn they had agreed to cancel the idea. No one else had been in favor of it, either. "I told them I'd refuse to be a floater," Georgia said, meaning she didn't want to be constantly shifted around. "Another rumor bit the dust," I said, joking, but we were relieved.

(3:05. While she rested I explained to Jane some of the material I've been reading in the MUFON journal, on ufology.

(3:15. I began reading the recent sessions to her.

(3:30. Jane suggested she could have a session, then would try for some exercises. Earlier in the afternoon I'd described my very vivid dream of last night, and asked that Seth comment on it if he came through: I'd found myself in a large studio, painting like mad on large canvases. Like Rembrandt had, I was painting portraits and full-figure compositions on very large canvases—even over ten feet square, say. My brush moved over the surface, modeling heads and likenesses, and ideas, with amazing facility. I reveled in my power and ability. I knew I'd attained this great freedom after years of being too cautious and inhibited. I'd broken free and was now enjoying marvelous and penetrating creativity. At last I knew what

it was like to be a great painter, and I loved it. At least some of the portraits reminded me of Rembrandt's work, in the dream.

(In the second part of the dream, I was confronting the youngish director of a funeral parlor—this after I'd made my exciting breakthrough into complete mastery and control, yet freedom, as an artist. The dark-haired young man was trying to talk me into displaying some of my smaller paintings in the room in his funeral home where guests were seated for viewings, etc. I was very skeptical. I wanted the paintings to be priced so people might buy them, but he said that wouldn't be proper in a funeral home. I replied that his policy meant people would think the paintings were his, and not for sale. He hemmed and hawed, as they say, but finally I told him to forget the whole business. I wasn't about to let my art be compromised for any reason.

(I told Jane now that in my younger days I'd done almost the same thing, of course, letting others take paintings for which I was never paid. I described a couple of instances we were both familiar with. The events were my own fault, of course, for I hadn't known enough to take a firm stand and reclaim my own work. But I'd never do that again, even in this reality. I told Jane the dream had awakened strong urges in me to start painting in just that manner—and I knew that I could carry on just that way. I want to do so very badly, so I'm trusting that the way will be shown. I can sense that freedom.

(Two minutes later, at 3:32. Jane began the session.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

There is no doubt that Ruburt's right leg manifested important new motions yesterday. It began to stretch and move itself in ways that it had not been able to do before. Those motions allowed other motions to occur in other parts of the body. Those improvements were in the process of taking place in the period immediately before they showed themselves, when the legs seemed comparatively quiet.

(I remembered that for several days Jane's legs had remained very quiet while she did practically all of her exercises with her head, shoulders, and torso.)

There was some disorientation on Ruburt's part because of the unaccustomed motion, but he handled that well. *(The crying.)* His arms also showed additional freedom—and in many instances portions of his body moved with the same kind of ease that you experienced in your dream of last evening, as you painted the large portraits—

(3:36. Cathy came in to take Jane's temperature—97.5—and her pulse. Seth had been speaking with considerable quiet emphasis. I read to Jane what she'd already given. Resume at 3:47.)

Now: your own complete freedom as you painted the large portraits represents your own native ability, unimpeded by doubts or by false beliefs.

You do innately possess that freedom in your painting—as Ruburt innately possesses that same freedom of bodily motion. The funeral parlor did indeed represent the death of old beliefs *(as I'd speculated)*, but it also represented the negative arena that sometimes exists, it seems, in the world at large, as it impinges upon your own life and beliefs. In a way, your paintings were larger than life. In that their spontaneity so beautifully followed their own order, and the painting seemed to simply flow outward into physical existence. As in art, so in life—then both of you possess that childlike and yet wise spontaneity and freedom.

Ruburt's books, of course, "came through" in the same fashion as do these sessions, for they follow the inclines of nature—that inner nature upon which the exterior world depends.

Ruburt's improving vision also carries a hint of that mysterious inner knowing—for on a conscious level he cannot know what nerves or muscles or blood vessels are activated, and yet the improvements show themselves with that same ease and freedom.

I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak—those same rhythms that motivated the ease of your paintings in your dream. But in any case, I am present and approachable.

("Thank you very much.")

(3:55 PM. "Wait a second," Jane said, "and then you can read that to me. But before you do, there's one spot on my neck I want you to touch." When I did, her head suddenly began bouncing back and forth on her pillow and my hand. Then I read her the session since break.

(4:10. After getting her eye drops from Lorrie, Jane's left leg started moving, her foot rotating up in the air a couple of inches. "The impetus comes all the way up into the thigh now," Jane said, and I could see the thigh muscles moving, tensing and relaxing. Her motions were subdued compared to those of yesterday, though.

(4:13. "My right leg is doing it now," she exclaimed, and I saw it move outward a little. Gentle groans.

(4:15. "I'm getting that free motion thing in this right shoulder blade." Head and shoulders moved side to side, left foot going also. Good movements. Rest.

(4:22. Jane lay so quietly that I thought she'd fallen asleep—but no, she said, she was just moving inside very quietly.

(4:26. Gentle motions of head and shoulders. I had the fan on, the curtains pulled back and the windows open so we could hear the sounds of traffic below. The sound was rather pleasant, and Jane liked it.

(4:45. I turned her on her left side, and began our routine of "dehypnotizing" and massage with Oil of Olay. The supper tray came before I took my nap. Jane ate well again, and I left after saying the prayer with her at 7:00 PM.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 23, 1983 4:20 PM WEDNESDAY

(The temperature today was half that of yesterday—about 32 degrees—when I got to 330. Jane was sort of blue as she lay on her left side. I could spot the signs instantly. It developed that she'd had to have a new catheter inserted at around 11:00 AM, and that she was worried about being transferred to another room if and when the administration shut down surgical 3, as they call it.

(Jane had called me last night, saying that the issue of transferal hadn't been settled after all, in spite of what Georgia had told us yesterday afternoon.

(Now she told me the head nurse, Mary, had told Jane the decision would be made later this afternoon about whether people would be moved.

(1:30. Jane ate a good lunch, though she had a little trouble with her teeth.

(3:06. She began reading aloud yesterday's six-page session while I worked with mail. She did very well indeed. She wouldn't say the effort was her very best, but it was certainly close to it—an excellent sign. "But the copy did get bigger at times, really good," she said.

(3:45. She started lifting her left leg and foot up in the air, off the mattress and pillow. At the same time she began half crying again. "Oh look, it wants to go up so high," she cried. Then her head went rapidly back and forth.

(3:45. Then her right foot, left leg, torso, all moved well. "Oh Bob." Her left leg was up 4 inches off the mattress. Groans and. cries. Head and shoulders side to side, loud cries. She rested, then had some water. Right leg started to open up as it had yesterday.

(3:55. More left leg up-in-the-air movements, then right foot, then head. Cries and whispers. "What time is it? I wish they'd get in here and get out"—meaning the staff taking her vitals. "I'm trying to calm down...."

(4:00. Sharon came in for temperature—96.0?—and pulse. No one ever showed up for blood pressure. Jane hasn't heard about any results from the blood tests of a couple of days ago. Judy and LuAnn came in; all talked about transferals. Judy said the latest now is that six patients—including Jane—are to stay where they are in Surgical 3. "Thank God," Jane said. I hope so. I noticed later in the afternoon that the old room we used to have, 331, next door, is empty. I also think the room on the other side of us is empty. Judy seemed to think that what she'd been told about the six patients was pretty reliable. The section is down to 13 patients, she said. The census usually drops over the holidays. LuAnn said the unit has never been shut down before because a drop in the census, though. She thinks management is using the impending construction program as an excuse to move people.

(When we were alone I asked Jane if she planned to have a session. I suggested that she do so, and that we ask Seth to comment on the moving prospects. I wanted us to be put at ease, if possible, about it. "I do sort of feel Seth around," Jane said a little later.

(I'll note here that on tomorrow's menu I ordered a Thanksgiving Day meal for me also, so that we can eat together.

(Jane's Seth voice was good.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Do not fret. *(Pause.)* I do not believe that Ruburt will be moved, as I read probabilities thus far. There is no doubt, either, of his additional flexibility and freedom of motion, which will continue to manifest each day.

Remember, when you look at events, to classify as significant those improvements and events that are most favorable to your cause, and let other ones dwindle as far as your attention to them is concerned.

Again, Ruburt's body is indeed preparing itself so that he can sit and walk with some assurance and conviction. His body is not making all of these improvements for nothing *(a good point, I thought in answer to Seth's rather dry humor)*. It is very important that in times of stress from the outside that you hold your own emotionally, and then you will be least affected by any events that seem (underlined) to be disadvantageous.

This session should help to reinforce your own faith, and Ruburt's.

I may or may not return, according to those energies of which I speak—but remember that I am indeed present and approachable.

("Yes. Thank you.")

(4:28 PM. "Well, that's good." I said. "I'm glad we did that." Jane agreed. I read the session to her.

(I think it most important—vital—that we keep in mind that we want to concentrate upon ends, not means. When I think of my wife, I want to educate myself to think of her being here home with me—not how she got there. Let the creative unconscious mind take care of all of that.

(The supper tray still wasn't with us when I got up from my nap, but Sharon Poley ran it down for us. As usual, I massaged Jane with Oil of Olay after turning her at 4:50. She did well. She ate a good supper. I left at 7:20 after reading the prayer with her. Sleep well, Sweetheart.

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 24, 1983 3:39 PM THURSDAY, THANKSGIVING DAY

(Thanksgiving Day. The day was very warm—50 degrees—but rainy and gloomy. Nevertheless, Paul O'Neill's son David was raking leaves as I left the house. Jane hadn't gone to hydro this morning. She'd had two big BM's this morning, she said. She now gets Darvoset and aspirin—nothing else—at about 3:30 AM and 6:30 AM.

(She had more good news. This morning Judy and Gail Greene told her that the ulcer on her left elbow is about healed, and that the one on her left shoulder has a scab on it, which means it's close to healing itself. More good signs, I told my wife.

(Sue Watkins visited at about 1:50, and we had a good time. Once again, Sue "is sick of Dundee." What with the visit and our talking, Jane didn't eat a whole lot of lunch.

(3:00. Jane began reading yesterday's session, but didn't do very well. Her pace was halting and hesitant at times, though at other times she would do better. She finished at 3:19, after having trouble with words and phrases. I worked with mail. The day seemed to be a quiet one for us overall, although she did say she wanted to have the session.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Again, you have further evidence that Ruburt is indeed recovering. In the healing of the bedsores on the left elbow, and the obvious progress made on the left shoulder.

Be thankful for that evidence on your Thanksgiving Day, and although Ruburt did not read as well today, the eyes are indeed still improving.

Your ideas about imagining Ruburt at home, without worrying about how (underlined) he got there, are excellent, as these improvements continue to show themselves, they obviously set the ground for further improvements in a more accelerated fashion.

The overall reliance upon Framework 2 also arouses other events, and propels them into being—events that are favorable in other areas of your lives also, including the creative and business aspects.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—yet know that I am present nevertheless, and approachable.

("Okay. Thank you very much.")

(3:44 PM. I told Jane I wanted to copy off separately the paragraph I'd written on page 3 of yesterday's session, about my efforts to visualize her at home doing various things while walking and sitting—not about how she got there. "I don't want to lose track of it," I said.

(The hospital was very quiet today. Dawn and Judy came in to check Jane's vitals. Gail and Dawn clowned around with a wheelchair. Seldom does staff have time for such pranks. Some of the rooms in Surgical 3 were dark, their beds freshly made and lying in wait for patients in the gloom. The latest talk now is that new patients will be coming in later this week, to bring the census back up.

(I'd ordered a turkey dinner to go with Jane's. They weren't bad, although my pie was left off the order. I brought home some of the leftovers for another meal. Jane had a little

trouble with the turkey, which wasn't the tenderest in the world, and ate a lot of dressing and gravy instead. It seemed weird not to have cranberry sauce with the Thanksgiving meal, but all in all things worked well enough.

(I massaged Jane with Oil of Olay after I turned her, took my nap, checked the TV programs for the evening, said the prayer with her, and left at about 7:05. Margaret Bumbalo had asked me over for a drink when I got home, but I was in no hurry. "I do have a lot to be thankful for," Jane said, and I agreed. "And let's look forward to what we'll have next Thanksgiving," I said, as I kissed her good night.

("Okay."

(4:41 PM. "It's me."

("The reason I asked that question is because I started wondering if you were up to your old tricks again—stewing about things," I said. "Especially without telling me." Jane didn't agree or deny that she'd been worrying. "Well, it seems like you must be doing it," I said. "That sort of thing simply must go—we can't afford to have such thoughts any more, they're too destructive. I don't want you falling into that old trap of worrying all by yourself—we just can't have it. And all of this applies to me as much as it does to you, in case you think I'm setting myself up in a superior position."

(Jane said she knew I wasn't doing that, and she agreed with what I'd just ranted on about. She also agreed that we've made a lot of progress. The funny thing is, I told her, with all of this I think I'm just beginning to glimpse the possibilities in this new way of thinking about life. It's at once absurdly simple and hidden—until you acquire certain new habits. The giant strides necessary involve striding across one's concerns over impediments, and focusing upon ends. No matter what any impediments may seem to be, they have to be set aside in order to attain that larger goal. "That's the key to our new method of living," I said, quite enthusiastically. "That's the key to our salvation right there." Jane agreed.

(Jane ate well again, after I'd massaged her with Oil of Olay and taken a short nap while she watched TV. I read the prayer to her, then left at 7:05. She'd taken in 1055 cc's of liquid today so far.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 25, 1983 4:32 PM FRIDAY

(It was 33 degrees, with light snow and much dampness on the day after Thanksgiving. Jane was comfortable in room 330, though. She went to hydro this morning. The hospital corridors are still very quiet.

(We had a hassle over our menu for tomorrow, which I couldn't locate in order to fill out. We finally got it resolved. Jane ate well. While we were eating we had a flurry of action in 330 as people—male and female—had to get in and dust and mop the floor, and talk about paintings, and so forth. We also had the privilege throughout the afternoon of watching a "holiday special" on TV—three Godzilla/King Kong movies in a row. There didn't appear to be much else available.

(3:00. Jane started reading yesterday's session, but didn't do very well. She made many mistakes, and I helped her out at times. She was able to grasp the edge of the paper with her left hand, though—something she hasn't been able to do before. Another good sign, I told her. The strength in her hands has been increasing.

(3:18. She finished the session, with my help.

(3:42. Cigarette. No session or exercises yet. It seemed to be a day of rest for us. I messed with the mail.

(3:55. After having her vitals taken—temperature, 95.8—Jane began some mild overall motions with her left foot, head and shoulders, and arms. I finally asked her if she wanted to have a session.

(4:20. I explained to Jane some thoughts I'd had in bed last night—that her returning home in reasonably good shape would solve all of our major challenges at this time: her career, income, insurance problems, physical freedom, the ability to travel if we chose—all of them, freeing us to start leading some sort of more-or-less normal lifestyle. I added that we simply have to banish all negative thinking, and concentrate upon creative ends—we have no room or need for anything else.

(4:28. I told Jane I'd like some remarks from Seth about what I'd just said. She agreed with my thinking. "I just get impatient, thinking about all of it," she said.)

Now: another fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

Of course, I agree with the ideas of which you have just spoken, Joseph—and I have several suggestions for Ruburt.

For now only, let him put aside images of himself walking. Instead, have him imagine comments by others, such as you or a doctor or a friend, expressing their delight and amazement because Ruburt is walking (softly). That is, have him put the stress on the comments momentarily, forgetting his body entirely. Have him imagine your face, or someone else's smiling and enthusiastic, saying, "I knew you could do it all along," or, "I don't know how you did it, but you did."

After he has done these exercises, then he can begin again seeing his body walking or sitting, or whatever. As I have said often, you live without knowing how you live. It is

almost as if your living is done for you. You breathe whether or not you understand how breathing happens—so remind Ruburt that he must get to the point where he realizes that walking is as easy as writing a book, or thinking a thought, or having a session. *(Long pause.)* We want to emphasize the sense of ease and playfulness. Now I may or may not return, but I am, again, of course, present and approachable.

("Can I ask a question?")

You may.

("Has he been inhibiting his recovery toward walking by worrying about it?")

It is not so much that he has been worrying—but at times he does think of the impediments that stand seemingly in his way. And I am hoping that the exercises I have just suggested will take care of the situation.

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 27, 1983 4:00 PM SUNDAY

(Yesterday, Saturday, had been a quiet day for Jane. She didn't have a session. Debbie Harris had visited the night before. Jane ate well Saturday, and did but a few mild motions with her left foot, head and shoulders, and arms. "Actually, I don't know what I'm doing." She dozed or napped several times while I sat beside her, working with mail. She did poorly trying to read the last session.

(Early in the morning, Jane said, she had successfully managed to imagine herself back at 458 West Water Street, cleaning the place, washing the windows inside and out, very agilely climbing about—doing all of those things she'd loved to do, even to hosing down the house from the outside. But when she tried to picture herself doing the same things at 1730 Pinnacle, she didn't do nearly as well. "Things got all muddy." We thought this meant that 458 had many more pleasant connotations for her than did 1730 Pinnacle, our current residence.

(Jane had engaged in her spontaneous actions re 458 in response to Seth's suggestions in the last session—that she imagine others complementing her on how well she was doing, and so forth. She had trouble visualizing such situations, she said.

(Saturday, also, the nurses told us that it's now been decided by administration that all the people who were moved out of Surgical 3 are now to be moved back first of the week. The plan to close down the unit failed. Everybody's mad—the doctors, the nurses, the patients, the nurses, the aides.

(Today was another quiet day for us. Jane's body is evidently off doing its own thing, or some such, I said. Or maybe it plain wants to rest from all of the activities it's initiated since last October 9. Either way, we'll find out what's up.

(Jane was already on her back when I got there at 1:05. I noticed at once that she has a much smaller patch on her left elbow—it's approaching the state of healing the right one showed a couple of weeks ago. Another good sign, I reminded her. She also said that both arms definitely move more easily and through a wider range than they used to even recently—another good sign.

(As she'd done yesterday, she ate well for lunch and supper. She did few motions. I worked on mail. At 2:28 she started reading the session for the day before yesterday—the one she had so much trouble with yesterday and did very well indeed. She read right along at a good and easy clip. "It wasn't my best. but...." I said it certainly was close to it. It was much better than many people ever do. She finished the three pages in 10 minutes.

(We searched through If We Live Again, looking for a certain poem she'd written in January 1980, in connection with a session I'm typing for Dreams, but when we found the poem it was not the one we wanted. I answered some mail, and told Jane I'd have a session any time she wanted one. I was also curious to get some material from Seth on child prodigies, relevant to an atticle I'd just read at the house.

(After Lorrie and Dawn had taken her vitals at 3:47—temperature 97.6—Jane did have a short session.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

I announce my presence simply to let you know that I am here, and have been.

Ruburt's energy has been going into his body's recovery, and many new improvements are taking place, which will shortly show themselves.

I may or may not return, but even the briefest of sessions helps regenerate the condition of healing, and quickens the healing process. I am, however, here, whether or not I am speaking, and approachable.

("I'd like to ask a question.")

You may.

("He didn't seem to do too well with the suggestions you gave in the last session—that he try imagining others commenting on how well he looked and was doing—")

He did, however, use the occasions to find other creative methods of achieving the same ends. I did not want him to strain, imagining himself upright under conditions that still would seem strange to him. The imagery he did involving your old apartments is just as effective, and the other [method] will come in good time.

("Thank you.")

(4:04 PM. Jane had a cigarette. How interesting, I said, to have new improvements to look forward to! What would they be? Jane didn't know either. She had me rub those certain spots on her neck that can send her head flying against the pillow—but when I found them there was hardly any reaction at all. Truly, her body wanted to do things in its own way. "Quit pushing it," I finally said, about her neck. "The body doesn't want to do that right now....")

(I haven't done so, but I imagine that if I charted the days when her reading was markedly better, a definite pattern of improvements would show. The same sort of pattern of improvement must be operating with the body as a whole, then, I speculated.

(4:25. Jane made a few desultory movements with her left foot. I noticed another good sign, though: With her left hand she slid her glasses down her nose far enough so she could rub her left eye—then worked the glasses back up into position with the same hand. This was something she couldn't have done even last week. As stated earlier, she said that her hands and arms definitely work better than they used to.

(After my nap, Jane ate well once again. She is starting to pick up a few spasms from the new catheter. A couple of the nurses told us that Surgical 3 is back up to full operations again—with a load of some 15 patients coming in this morning, for a total of 22 or 23.

(I read the prayer with Jane at 7:05, then left. She's to try to call. If Steve and Tracy visit, she'll wait for them to suggest seeing me; Jane will ask them to call first. It's 9:30 as I finish typing, and they haven't called.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 28, 1983 4:07 PM MONDAY

(Jane told me that this morning in hydro her right leg “opened up quite a bit” as she lay on the litter. In fact, this made her slightly off balance on the litter, and she asked for help to be repositioned. There wasn’t any danger. Her arms are looser again, too.

(2:28. She had a cigarette after finishing a good lunch.

(2:45. I made a quick trip to see Andrew Fife in billing about an insurance question. It turned out there was nothing to it.

(3:00. I rubbed the flower extract Steve Blumenthal had given Jane last night on her knuckles of the right hand; we’ll use that location as a test site. Tracy didn’t come with Steve. And Steve didn’t ask Jane if he could see me, so I didn’t hear from him.

(3:23. While I worked with mail, Jane began reading yesterday’s session. She did quite well, though not as fast as she can do. She finished in ten minutes. “Though it’s not my best.”

(3:42. Dawn came in to take Jane’s temperature—97.4—and pulse.

(3:52. Jane had a cigarette: She said she’d meant to tell me today: For the first time in a very long while, she had pain in the first knuckle of her forefinger on her left hand—and the finger is starting to bend at that knuckle. I saw it bend a little after she told me. More good news, I told her.

(Then Jane told me that in hydro Gail Greene said that one of the ulcers on her back was starting to bleed a bit—another good sign, since the bleeding is a sign of healing. The ulcer on Jane’s knee showed that sign before it began to heal.)

Now: I bid you a fond good afternoon.

(“Afternoon, Seth.”)

I want to repeat some of the most important points regarding Ruburt’s recovery, so that you will have them more easily at hand.

You yourself stated several of these vital issues. Above all, Ruburt is not to worry, but instead he must resolutely shove such thoughts away whenever he is aware of them. You are quite correct: you cannot afford to give into negative conditions and considerations.

His imagery in hosing down your present house is excellent. He tried today to imagine himself on the old Walnut Street Bridge, walking across it as he used to, carrying a sketchpad. That also is an excellent exercise.

Several times when saying the prayer today, he recognized that sense of freedom and release that is so vital. That is a feeling that is so important, for it frees the mind from all thoughts of impediments.

(3:12. Sharon came in to take Jane’s blood pressure. Jane hadn’t mentioned her imagery involving the bridge, or her feelings during the prayer. These were definite but very fleeting, she said. I learned that I’d also confused something Jane had told me about her visualizing efforts yesterday: she’d meant she saw herself washing down 1730 Pinnacle, not 458 West Water Street. Yet she said that she’d also hosed down the old apartment house, too. I thought I remembered her doing this.

(Resume at 4:16.) It is also a good idea for Ruburt to remind himself that he knows well that these concepts are true, and that they will lead inevitably toward his recovery—or rather, to his recovery—for they follow the innate laws of nature as it exists in its own state, apart from men's ideas about it. *(All very emphatically.)*

His recovery also follows his body's own unique rhythms, which are as spontaneous as an infant's. Let him know that his recovery is indeed a fact: he has only to recognize it as so in his mind.

(Long pause at 4:20.) In review, it seems that the most vital ideas for his current situation have been given in this session, where they can be referred to easily. I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present and approachable.

("Okay. Thank you.")

(4:22 P.M. Jane said she'd felt that surge of freedom twice while doing the prayer this morning. Good signs. She hasn't done any strong movements now in several days, so we await the body's decisions and readiness to do more, when it wants to and is ready.)

(Jane did do a few minor motions after the session, and before I turned her—wriggling her toes. Indeed, she said the underside of the toes on her right foot tingled, as with added circulation; they were very sensitive to my touch as I massaged her with Oil of Olay after turning her on her side before supper.)

(Another development cropped up just before supper time, and even brought tears to Jane. Out of the mail I'd picked a letter from a sincere individual who'd tried to visit us this summer. I hadn't been home and he'd left a card on the porch floor; eventually I'd answered it. His rather long letter dealt with Dr. Childers' nightshade diet for arthritis; the writer claimed he had a close friend who had recovered completely from rheumatoid arthritis that had plagued him since childhood, by following this diet—no potatoes, paprika [peppers], tomatoes, and a few other common foods of the nightshade family.)

(I told Jane I wouldn't mind having Seth comment tomorrow. The idea of a "cure" upset me, if it was available and we weren't trying it. But then, Seth said Jane doesn't have arthritis—so that's what we've been going by. I wanted to know what part beliefs played in such diets, that worked, and I wanted to know about the wide variance in human responses. In short, I wanted something from Seth about whether it was worth it, or even necessary, that Jane try this diet—which, after all, would be the latest in the series of schemes I've come across in efforts to help her. [The last one was the anti-amoebic medication regime.] And what does it all mean, I asked, if she's getting better now without any special diet or foods?)

(I could see that the whole question had touched an unexpected nerve in Jane, so we'd better get something on the question; maybe we can lay it to rest for good. I've been feeling good, enthusiastic, about what we've been doing, and it seems to be getting results. I'd say that Seth's session today, Sweetheart, shows that we're on the right track. That there's no need for us to shove a bunch of beliefs upon a diet. Let's hear it, Seth!)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 29, 1983 3:53 PM TUESDAY

(Margaret Bumbalo and Debbie visited Jane last night; she also called me around 8:30. Jane had to have her catheter changed again, at about midnight, after attempts at irrigating it failed. She was doing well when I got there at 1:05 this afternoon, though. The temperature was 41 degrees, and dry for a change.

(I told Jane about the very excellent dream I'd had about her last night—in which I'd seen her fully recovered—walking, her hair black again, shopping, going out, meeting friends who exclaimed over her great progress. I too was most pleased for her, and wanted to show her off to everyone. It was the type of dream where one returns to it several times.

(As she ate lunch I also noticed that Jane's index finger on her left hand is moving even more at the first joint, as I described yesterday. There's a definite improvement since then, and I pointed this out to my wife. She agreed. She wasn't aware of pain there now.

(3:00. Jane started reading yesterday's session, and did fairly well, with some hesitation and pauses. She finished in 12 minutes, though, doing better as she went along, until she finished up in good style.

(3:14. She then tried to read the fan letter about the "nightshade" diet, but didn't do well even though it was typed. I read the last page to her myself. I repeated that I wanted Seth to comment on the question of diets and treatments for ailments. We had an interesting talk, and I made some very good points—wish I had them written down. My main point was that by displacing the cause of their troubles outside themselves, the patient freed himself or herself of guilt and responsibility for their own welfare. It made me wonder just how many ills are treated in this way, with the "cure" being given to the patient through conventional treatment, where if the patient understood what mechanisms were operating within, the cure could be attained without medical intervention.

(I also rubbed the Rescue Remedy Cream on the knuckles of Jane's right hand, as I'd done yesterday. Steve B. had given her the cream, and we're using the nodules on Jane's right hand as a testing ground. She did report increased mobility in the hand—but has also been doing so for a little while now. So we know beneficial changes were in progress before we started using the cream.)

Now: another fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth."

(Pause.) Concerning the diet: you already realize what the situation is. If you firmly believe that certain items in a diet will cause you distress, then of course they will—and avoiding the same items will bring relief.

Many times people at the point of desperation seize upon such ideas, and often they are valuable because they relieve people of hidden guilts; they are not "to blame" for their difficulties—but certain elements outside of their own selves are the culprits.

Such diets may work. Just the relief from guilt feelings alone would result in an upsurge of bodily health and enthusiasm. Everyone reacts to food differently. Even while it carries a great resemblance to any other physical body, still a body's own individualistic

characteristics are such that for all the likenesses to other bodies, few generalizations can be safely made.

Ruburt felt some dismay when you told him of the letter about the diet because he felt momentarily threatened—attracted to the diet, and suspicious of it at the same time. It seemed to be just like one of the many so-called cures that raised hopes only to dash them.

Again, according to your belief structure, such diets can be extremely beneficial, particularly in the short run—but if the person involved forever places—

(4:01. Lorrie came in to take Jane's temperature—96.8. A few minutes later Lynne came in to give her eye drops. At 4:10 Jane had a cigarette while I reminded her that I wanted Seth to comment on my dream about her last night. At 4:17 I read her what Seth had already given.

Resume at 4:19.)

—their belief in such exterior conditions, then they will feel themselves to be victims, and the charm of the diet may begin to lose its strength. Or they must become more and more rigorous in following it, or they may discover that more and more foods seem to cause their distress.

Man cannot assign his own psychology to the food that he partakes.

"You are what you think you are." That statement is far more to the point than the one that says, "You are what you eat."

The salve is a different matter. It is regarded by Ruburt as a possible embellishment—as an aid in the healing process that may or may not serve to be useful.

Your own dream of last night contained far more powerful "medicine"—for it shows you where enthusiastic beneficial beliefs can lead. Certainly the events seemed real, vital, vivid. Even though Ruburt was not consciously aware of the dream, inner portions of his being were, and the dream itself helps to bring about the conditions that it pictures. Ruburt's eyes continue to show their improvements, and those improvements mirror other inner ones that still have to physically manifest themselves.

Now I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak.

(4:27. LuAnn came in to take Jane's blood pressure. Last night she'd been struck by a patient. "It was a temptation to hit back."

(4:28.) In any case, I am present and approachable.

("Thank you."

(4:29 PM. Seth had taken care of our questions.

(4:32. Jane made a few motions with her left foot. Then she dozed while I handled mail. "I dozed off a minute and got really disoriented," she exclaimed.

(4:45. She did a few small exercises, moving her left foot and her upper body, almost deliberately, to see if she could do them; we'd talked about her retaining so far all the improvements she's made since October 9, when we had the first of the "new" sessions. And she has kept them.

(At the same time, she wants to ask Seth tomorrow about her very noticeable lack of movements during the last four days now, at least. While we were talking Jane told me that she's been quite successful at imagining herself back at 704 N. Wilbur Avenue, in Sayre—the home of my parents.

(4:50. The time had gone rapidly. I turned her and massaged her with Oil of Olay, then took a nap. She ate a good supper. I read the prayer with her at 7:09, then left a few minutes later. She said she'd try to call.)

DELETED SESSION
NOVEMBER 30, 1983 3:36 PM WEDNESDAY

(The day was cool—39 degrees—when I left the house. For once it wasn't raining. I picked up the mail at the box before I left—including a riotous letter from Saul Cohen, our editor at Prentice-Hall.

(Jane was doing well. She said she had something to show me after lunch. While she ate I read Saul's letter, and began to laugh. It concerned his low opinion of Steve Blumenthal—to which he's entitled, I suppose—but Saul himself made a number of inaccurate statements, so the situation appeared to me to be a standoff. After lunch Jane tried to read Saul's letter, but couldn't manage it.

(She showed me, then, how the flesh of her forearms has turned soft and flexible, whereas up until yesterday it had been quite rigid and wooden, and she'd had no feeling in it. Now she does, and the flesh moves beneath my fingers. Her legs used to be that way, and still are in places. The arm effects appeared after I'd left her last night; at around 7:30 she'd said to herself: "I want to have something good to show Bob tomorrow." Congratulations, Jane.

(3:00. Jane started to read the session for yesterday, but had trouble with this one also, though not as much. Still, I ended up reading the last couple of pages to her. We finished at 3:23.

(Jane said that until her arms started softening up, she hadn't realized "how wooden they felt before. I'm sorry those changes aren't as noticeable to you as they are to me. I can feel them inside." But, I said, they were noticeable to me, if in a different way than her own awareness dictated.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

I am delighted at Ruburt's progress. I am speaking specifically of the improvements in both arms. The flesh is becoming far more responsive and pliable. This also means that the circulation has increased, and that both muscles and joints are more mobile and able to act in a more spontaneous manner. The hardness previously represented a kind of armor, which is now being shunted (*spelled*) aside. This will bring greater flexibility to the hands and fingers also, and will also be reflected in other portions of the body, including the legs and hips—a most fortuitous improvement indeed. It was ready to occur. On the other hand, it was also triggered by Ruburt's suggestions, when he playfully (*musically almost*) imagined himself telling you of significant improvements, without wondering what they would be.

The entire body had been held within that kind of armor, and it is now being chipped away. The joints are becoming not only more flexible, but the fluid within the joints, which was "frozen" —

(3:42. Cathy came in early to take Jane's temperature—98.5—and pulse. Jane resumed the session immediately after Cathy left. 3:45.)

—which was “frozen” is being released, and in a manner of speaking, “melted.” I may or may not return, again, according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present, and approachable.

(“Yes. Thank you.”)

(3:46 PM. “Now I’ll see if I can do some exercises,” Jane said. “So I did that for a good part of the evening—massaged first the right arm, then the left one, after they started to improve.” My first thought had been that the softening in the arms would help relieve the doubled-up fingers of her right hand. The session, then, is one of the major ones, signaling an excellent prognosis for continued improvement. I told Jane, also, that yesterday she had referred to a looser feeling inside her left elbow, a greater softness, so Seth was right: these particular improvements had been in the works, yet triggered by Jane’s suggestions.)

(3:55. I rubbed Steve’s Rescue Cream on the knuckles of Jane’s right hand, as I’d begun doing yesterday. We’re using that area as our testing ground.)

(3:59. Lorrie came in to give Jane eye drops.)

(4:00. I trimmed Jane’s fingernails—and discovered to my pleasant surprise that the job was much easier to do than it had been previously. I seemed to be done in a few minutes, whereas I’d hesitated to start it. The extra motion ability already present in Jane’s hands helped considerably, especially with the right hand.)

(I worked with mail a little. Sharon came in to check Jane’s blood pressure at 4:20.)

(4:33. Jane started some motions with her left foot, then her torso and head, back and forth against the pillow. The motions were mild, but her breathing grew heavier.)

(4:40. Rather strong motions of her head and shoulders, side to side and up and down. Noises, grunts and groans. These were Jane’s best movements in quite a few days. Left foot also.)

(4:43. More of the same. Then Jane’s right foot started moving at the toes. “Oh, oh, oh”—good motions of her head and torso, with noises, and feet alternating motions also. “I wasn’t worried about not doing the motions though,” Jane said, “particularly after the arms started doing their thing last night.”)

(4:48. Pretty strong movements of the torso, side to side. “Those arms and shoulders really are looser,” Jane said as she moved. “Including the shoulder blades and the spine....” And if the spine loosened, I thought, many good things were bound to follow.)

(4:35. I turned Jane on her left side, then massaged her with Oil of Olay as usual. The supper tray hadn’t come. It still wasn’t there after my nap was over at 5:30, so I asked Cathy’s help in tracking it down. It still didn’t show up until 6:15, when Sharon Poley brought it in. This balled up our schedule, and made me late leaving Jane—at 7:30—but I see I managed to get the session done after a late supper anyhow. It’s 9:45 as I finish typing this. I said the prayer with Jane before leaving her for the night. She promised to call later if she could.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 2, 1983 3:55 PM FRIDAY

(Jane didn't have a session yesterday, December 1, so here I'll summarize the day's activities. She said that Wendy, the therapist in hydro, looked her over on her weekly routine, and once again told Jane that she was "coming along great." Wendy didn't look at the ulcers on the back too much, though, Jane said.

(Jane ate a good lunch and supper. Georgia had brought the menus for the week, but I didn't get time to fill out all of them. Jane's forearms are still "soft," and the index finger on her left hand still bends a little.

(Jane read yesterday's session, doing better than she had the day before. It wasn't easy going, however, and I helped her once in a while. As before, though, she did better as she went along.

(Jane did do some movements of various parts of her body. "I feel that impetus to sit up again, back in my spine," she said a couple of times. This was news to me, since I didn't remember her wanting to spontaneously sit up before. An excellent sign, of course.

(She did some side-to-side motions with her head and shoulders, with noises and grunts and groans. A couple of times when she rested, she dozed off while I worked with the mail. Some of her motions were a bit stronger, but not violent by any means today. She did come through with some good head motions, rotating around in a circle in one direction, then reversing it. When Lorrie came in to take her temperature—97.6—Jane had a hard time stopping long enough for it to be done. "I had a hell of a time stopping." She started right up again as soon as Lorrie left.

(The bottom of Jane's right foot moved some. She also had new feelings of change in her throat, up under her chin. She couldn't reach it, so I rubbed the area for her. She did some generalized additional movements.

(December 2. I told Jane that I'd caught myself worrying about both her and insurance matters when I woke up this morning, at about 6:00, and had tried using suggestion, as Seth mentioned recently. It helped, but the worry must have persisted, for I ended up taking soda at about 11:00. I was okay for the rest of the day, though.

(When I got to 330 I found my wife blue and teary-eyed. She was also uncharacteristically quiet. "I love you," I told her, and wiped away those tears. "I guess everybody's got the right to feel blue once in a while," I said.

(In the room next to ours—332—I heard a familiar wail and cry in a foreign language. It was the Russian lady, Christina, who's over 90. She's been gone for months. Christina kept calling for Georgia, who'd taught her her name last time. So memory is still operating, I thought.

(Shortly after I got there, Georgia came in, all smiles, to tell us that this morning her doctor had told her she didn't need to have surgery after all. I'd told Georgia the same thing last week. She agreed, but I could tell that any larger implications there escaped her, and I didn't press the point.

(Jane didn't eat much breakfast, except cereal, because the young girl who fed her couldn't properly present the bacon and eggs, for some reason; Cathy's sister. So Jane was hungry this noon, and ate well.

(2:45. Cigarette. Mary Ann emptied the Foley. It's been irrigating okay—the catheter.

(3:00. Jane started reading the session over again from the day before yesterday. She did much better with it today than yesterday—"though it's not my best." When I cleaned her glasses for her I could see that her eyes were quite red—part of the healing process, I said.

(3:18. She finished the session in very good style. I worked on mail. A couple of minutes later Jane started reading aloud the session for the day before—November 29. Again she zipped right through it. "At times the type got really clear," she said, pleased. She finished the session at 3:34.

(Shortly afterward, she said she wanted to have a session. Christine was again calling out next door.)

Now: I bid you a most fond good afternoon.

("The same to you, Seth.")

Your reaction to Ruburt's fit of the blues was excellent—of the highest caliber. *(With a bit of amusement.)*

He was angry at himself for feeling blue, and felt that you would be angry also. As the day progressed since morning, he had successfully countered many negative thoughts, until finally he did feel weary and blue. The fact is that his body is indeed improving at an excellent rate, with new, rather exciting improvements almost ready to manifest themselves.

It is, of course, important that both of you keep your spirits as high as possible—yet be understanding with yourselves when you do become blue, and don't add new guilt on top of the momentary sadness.

Ruburt's eyes do continue their progress, and more and more portions of the body are being included in the regenerating program. I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak, but I am always approachable for help or questions.

("Okay. Thank you.")

(4:00 PM. We hadn't had any interruptions for a change. I'd only wiped away Jane's tears, and offered some words of comfort, then forgotten all about the thing. I'd realized later that I had, and that Jane had too, for she was back to behaving like her old self.

(4:01. Right away after the session Jane began moving her head and shoulders, but Cathy came in to take her temperature—97.8.

(4:10. After Cathy brought Jane some cranberry juice/ginger ale, Jane began moving her head and shoulders again. Left foot, too. Her upper torso went round and round with her efforts. "Ohhhh, Bob..."

(4:12. I applied some Rescue Remedy Cream to the knuckles of Jane's right hand, as usual.

(4:13. Jane moved her left shoulder in circles. "It feels just like satin when I do that," she said. "There goes the left foot again." Then head and shoulders, pretty fair motion.

(4:20. At Jane's bidding I touched the spot on her neck that made her head go back and forth pretty strongly against the pillow. "I can feel other places there that are still tight," she said, "in contrast to the loose ones." I tried a couple of other spots on the neck, with few results.

(4:45. I got ready to turn Jane. I massaged her as usual with the Oil of Olay. Sharon brought the supper tray before I was through. I had my usual nap. Jane ate very well once again. I gave her a cigarette at 7:00, read the prayer with her at 7:05, and left for the evening. She said she'd try to call.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 3, 1983 4:29 PM SATURDAY

(Jane was already on her back when I got to 330 this afternoon; Gail Greene had had to turn her in order to check the catheter, which at first had refused to irrigate.

(As we got ready for lunch I told Jane that this morning I'd awakened stewing again—about Jane, but mostly about the long delays involved in getting the Blue Cross—major medical insurance benefits straightened out. I'd tried to counter the worries while working this morning, and had succeeded at times, but the concerns bugged me; each day I look for word in the mail, but it never comes. I told Jane that we may never hear from Blue Cross, since they've already turned down the claim once because the hospital was late in sending them her medical records. There have been other instances of bungling, too, not necessary to describe here. But I did go over the whole story with Jane to some extent, so she'd know what I was concerned about. I wanted Seth to comment if she had a session today.

(I also discussed the dream I'd had last month, in which I'd seen the checks out in the parking lot by the front tire of our car. Seth had said then that the dream was legitimate, and that it meant the source of the checks was far away—upstate New York. My own interpretation, I told Jane now, was the same as it had been then—that since the checks looked so small, it meant they weren't that physically close to us yet—in other words, a waiting period was involved in which, hopefully, they'd move closer and closer to us.

(I also told Jane Steve Blumenthal called this morning, upon receiving the letter from Saul Cohen re not approving the tape deal. Steve is to send payment for the legal fees incurred by me so far for the tape question. I gave him another chance to back out.

(2:30. Jane finished a very good lunch. Cigarette.

(3:02. She started reading yesterday's session, and did fairly well. I worked on mail.

(Jane didn't launch herself into any exercises. At 3:39 Lynne took her blood pressure. At 3:40 Cathy took her temperature—97.8. At 3:55 I applied Steve's Remedy Rescue Cream to the knuckles of Jane's right hand. Steve had told me this morning that she's supposed to use it for a couple of weeks, then see some results.

(The time went fast as I worked with the mail. Two big batches of new letters had arrived yesterday, just when I'd thought I was getting caught up.

(Jane's Seth voice was rather quiet. She wanted to answer my questions, although she started rather later; I was beginning to think she would pass up a session today.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

The insurance affair will be settled to your satisfaction, as I see the probabilities thus far. The delay is due to bureaucratic slipshod work—but again, it will be settled to your satisfaction.

("Thank you." Almost at once I began to feel better.)

Ruburt's improvements are continuing. Place your concentration upon those improvements, and as I have said before, then they are multiplied. I also told you that

rather exciting improvements will shortly show themselves, and when they do many of your fears will be laid to rest.

By all means, when possible review the sessions. In the meantime know that I am present whether or not I speak, and I am approachable for your help or questions.

("Can I ask a question?")

You may.

("What did you think of my speculations about life and age, births and probabilities?")

They were quite excellent. *(Pause.)* You are alive whether or not *(with half a laugh)* you are dead. I have said that before. Death and life are indeed one and the same. Only your focus of attention differs.

I may or may not return. Again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present nevertheless.

("Thank you.")

(4:35 PM. I suggested reading some of the first sessions in the new group to Jane, before I turned her, and did so. We heard Christine, the 90-year-old Russian lady, calling out as she had yesterday. I thought she sounded farther away, as though the staff had moved her, but when I left tonight I saw her in the room next door to 330 as usual.

(My questions to Seth about life and death sprang out of my hassles this morning about insurance, oddly enough. I'd been concerned about my stewing over insurance, for I didn't want to draw negative probabilities to us. This in turn led me to speculate about probable realities in general as I drove to the hospital this afternoon.

(I told Jane that I came up with the idea—hardly original thinking, I said—that we never die even as physical creatures, until we reach a ripe old age in some probable reality. That even though we may die in childhood, and at successive later ages, each of us lives to old age somewhere. We shut out the early deaths from our conscious awareness as we move through probabilities. Of course, there has to be a physical cutting-off point somewhere along the line— but even then, I said, we may move into another life and begin all over in those terms.

(I told Jane, before lunch, that at times I see what Seth is talking about, what he's really saying, quite clearly at times, and that this growing awareness in recent months has had a rather profound effect in my thinking. Every so often I do get glimpses, imperfect ones, that living is easy, that we are safe, each and every one of us, that we're never annihilated, that mundane worries about money, insurance, jobs, and so forth are in deeper terms quite beside the point. I'm not knocking those things, but trying to put them into perspective. We pursue them for many varied reasons—but they are not the end-all or be-all by any means, as we're so used to regarding them.

(I'm sure I said more at the time, but they don't seem to return easily to conscious recall as I finish this session late in the evening.

(Jane ate a good supper, even though dietary did send up the wrong menu. Margaret Bumbalo called, and left supper for me in the mailbox. She was to visit Jane later in the evening.

(As usual, I massaged Jane with Oil of Olay, and read the prayer with her before leaving at 7:08 PM.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 4, 1983 4:36 PM SUNDAY

(Last night I had a very vivid dream in which I sold three of my paintings. One of them was one of the last I've painted before Jane went into the hospital. I sold it for \$30.00 to an older man who returned to my outside wall, where I had my work hung several times before he decided to buy it. I was quite pleased. It's the little painting of a dream of my own, in which I stand on the close edge of a roof, looking down into a city street.

(The day was cold—34 degrees—with a coating of half-frozen snow on everything; it had been accumulating through the night. I drove carefully to get to 330. Jane said she had things to tell me as I turned her on her back. She ate a good lunch, even though dietary had left the ice cream off the tray.

(Phyllis, the nurse, hadn't taken care of Jane lately. She was assigned to her room today, though, and this morning as she began working with Jane she commented several times of the marked improvement in Jane's ability to move, and the rate at which her decubiti are healing. Jane said Phyllis volunteered the comments without being asked. Indeed, I saw that Phyllis had put much smaller patches on the ulcer on Jane's knee, her elbow, and so forth. The knee is healing remarkably well.

(I should add that those gaping cavities on Jane's buttocks of last year have almost filled themselves in, in a remarkable demonstration of healing, as far as I'm concerned. Tender pink flesh still shows, but the healing process will continue, I think, until all signs of those wounds are gone.

(After lunch I reminded Jane that a very important point to remember is the return, the beginning, of a number of her automatic gestures and impulses that she'd let go years ago. Such as her impulse to hold a cigarette in her right hand again, or to reach out with her left hand to scratch her right thigh, or to hold the cup she uses in the morning to rinse out her mouth while the nurse does her teeth. Jane does hold the cup now, but wants to hold it for the entire operation now, she says, which takes several minutes.

(On the negative side, staff still has trouble at times irrigating the catheter—but as soon as Jane starts drinking more, the urine clears up, and so do the muscle spasms.

(2:33. After a good lunch Jane had a smoke. Then she started reading yesterday's session—but haltingly, not as good as she did yesterday. I cleaned her glasses to help her see clearly, and this helped when she went back to the reading. She finished at 2:55 while I answered some mail.

(2:55—3:04. Phyllis emptied the Foley, and I applied the Rescue Remedy Cream to the knuckles of Jane's right hand. One can say that those knuckles look okay, everything considered. It's too early to tell whether the cream is helping any.

(3:20. Jane did some mild motions with her left foot and her head and shoulders. "Is the door closed?"

(3:25. Jaw dropping and rotating, accompanied by some guttural sounds. Left foot moved. "I'm doing something with my hips—I don't know what...." She rested.

(3:42. LuAnn came in to give eye drops, Cathy to take temperature—97.8—and Lynne to do blood pressure. They were all gone five minutes later. I did mail.

(3:55. “The big joint underneath my right toe tingles like mad,” Jane said. Left foot moving, head and shoulders. Grunts and groans.

(4:00. I rubbed certain spots on Jane’s forehead and the back of her neck. When I touched a certain place in back, her head suddenly began to bounce back and forth against the pillow very strongly. Hard breathing, noises.

(4:09. More head and shoulder motions, side to side; mail.

(When Jane did begin the session, fairly late, her Seth voice was quite strong, if rather controlled.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

(“Afternoon, Seth.”)

I am making myself known simply to reinforce those conditions in which healing is quickened. Those conditions are always present—yet even the briefest of sessions reinforces those aspects that quicken healing. The sessions are like a touchstone that puts you in contact with those greater portions of yourself that exist so knowledgeably within and beyond the realms of space and time. I may or may not return—yet know that I am present and approachable.

(“Can I ask a question?”)

You may.

(“What do you think of my dream about my selling my paintings last night?”)

An excellent dream, in which the paintings stand for paintings—but also show that the fruit of your other endeavors will do well in the marketplace—that the marketplace will reward you—and that also includes the insurance situation.

(“Thank you.”)

(4:40 PM. Jane too had been aware of the more powerful Seth voice; she was a bit surprised at it. Perhaps we should have asked about this phenomena, but we didn’t.

(The moment Seth mentioned the insurance connection, it fell into place with my dream—of course, I saw, both had to do with our receiving money from outside sources. Jane reacted the same way, she said. It was cheering news. It was also one of those occasions where I wondered why I hadn’t seen the obvious—obvious only when it was pointed out by another....

(I turned Jane and massaged her with Oil of Olay as usual. She ate well after I’d had a nap. She began to have a few tears as we read the prayer together before I left at 7:10; she said she cried because I was going. I told her that when I was alone at the house I often imagined her there too. If I was in the writing room, say, I think of her in her own writing room, or the kitchen or the breezeway—or even walking, doing the dishes, perhaps, or turning on the TV. I love you, Jane.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 6, 1983 3:52 PM TUESDAY

(Jane held no session yesterday, December 5, but I'd like to note a couple of items. Jane had to have her catheter changed three times while I was there yesterday. Obviously, it didn't work right the first two times—just before lunch at about 1:50, then after lunch at about 2:30. Jane ate well in between all the action. though. The last effort was made at 4:35, and succeeded without much effort, by LuAnn and Lorrie.

(Jane tried to read the session from the day before, but didn't do well. She was having spasms also, but managed to finish the session finally. As often happens, she did better reading as she went along.

(The main thing I want to note is that after the catheter had been changed for the last time, Jane very nearly turned over on her left side by herself. This is very important. She thinks LuAnn may have given her an initial shove to get her going. At the same time, Jane doesn't know how she did it—the action evidently was the way it should be, largely automatic. I heard her exclaim over the feat at the time, without paying a lot of attention, since I'd shoved my chair back into a corner to get out of the way while the staff worked on Jane; I was doing mail. But this is quite an advancement for my wife.

("If you can do that," I said when we were alone, "it seems like all restrictions are off"—meaning that she should continue to improve.

(Tuesday. Last night I had a very interesting, and at the same time almost a bothersome dream: I dreamed that while I was with Margaret and Joe Bumbalo and their son John, I discovered I was a latent homosexual. I don't know how I found out. Margaret said something to me like, "There now, that wasn't so bad, was it?" as all of us sat on a swing on their front porch. In the dream also were an Oriental-looking mother, not too old, with a nice-looking daughter who had beautiful slanting eyes and a very quiet demeanor. It was the kind of dream one returns to several times, and I assume I've forgotten portions of it. When I got up at 6:15, with the dream still on my mind, I thought at first that it might have reincarnational overtones, yet I didn't really think so.

(I described the dream to Jane before she had lunch, and asked that Seth comment if she had a session. For some reason I couldn't pin down an interpretation. I told Jane the dream contained no sexual acts at all. I also thought it might involve John, who is around 40 and unmarried.

(The day was warmer—40 degrees—but very damp, and ended up raining heavily by the time I left for home. Room 330, however, was cold all afternoon, even after the heating man tinkered with the thermostat. For most of the afternoon Jane consented to having the cloth from Switzerland thrown over her.

(Jane didn't go to hydro this morning, since the tank broke down. I did meet Steve, the attendant who takes care of her in hydro. I'd seen him in the corridors often, and he'd seen me—but neither of us had connected the other with Jane.

(2:40. Susie visited us—walking without crutches. Her progress is amazing. She is now wearing her second cast, one of lightweight plastic.

(2:48. I work on mail, and the heating man comes.

(3:14. I apply the Rescue Remedy Cream to the knuckles of Jane's right hand. She said both her arms are working better, and that the web of skin between the thumb and the fingers, and between each finger, on her left hand, has softened considerably. "They used to feel like leather," she said.

(3:20. Jane tried to reread the session for 12/4, but couldn't do much with it. Her left eye was working poorly, cloudy. Her right eye is fine, and sees colors well, she said, but for some reason the two eyes together couldn't read well. She managed to creep along, and did a bit better as she went along.

(At intervals all afternoon we could hear, even with the door to 330 shut, a woman called Louise call out endlessly, "Help me, help me, help me, help me, help me...." Over and over. I found her cries both fascinating and distracting, as I wondered what kind of mental mechanisms were responsible for her behavior. We'd heard yesterday that she was bothering many people on the floor. The voice seemed at times to be merely an automatic, unaware reaction to whatever obscure mental processes were going on within her mind or brain—vocal signals broadcast out into the world, perhaps without meaning to others but probably of significance to their originator on certain levels. I should have asked Seth to comment.

(Which reminds me that after she left us, Susie went next door to tease at Christina, but for some reason Christina didn't respond with her own Russian mixture of unintelligible cries and pleadings for Georgia.

(3:38. I worked with the mail while Jane had a smoke. "Well, here, Bob, you might as well take it," she said a bit later. "I'll try to have a session....")

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

About your dream: (Pause.) You were telepathically picking up some of the thoughts of Joe Bumbalo as he suspiciously wondered about John, because John's talents and abilities struck him as being too feminine.

At the same time, Joe holds you in fond regard—yet your abilities also were not those that he traditionally assigned to manhood: men did not paint pictures. You were aware of these considerations, and they formed part of the basis for your dream.

Joe's dilemma reminded you of the attitudes of your own parents, and you sympathized with John. At the same time, you recognized that John's job as a waiter also involved him with nourishment—that is, physically and symbolically—and the dream was simply restating the fact that the intuitive faculties, often considered solely female, actually involved those qualities of creativity and emotion that held family units together. Promoting life within art, and physical life also as it is generally understood.

I may or may not return, according to—

(3:59. A new nurse, a student, came in to take Jane's blood pressure in mid-sentence. She didn't notice anything. Jane resumed right away as soon as the lady left the room. 4:01.)

—according to those rhythms of which I speak, but know that I am present and approachable.

("Thank you.")

Significant changes are also occurring continually in Ruburt's arms. Hands and fingers—and his general strength is increasing also.

("Okay. Thank you.")

(4:02 PM. I read the session back to Jane. I told her that Seth had done an excellent job of analyzing the dream. I reminded her of the Oriental woman and daughter in the dream, since Seth hadn't mentioned them. Jane thought I'd forgotten to tell her about those elements, although I thought I had. Anyhow, on her own she said that the Oriental women further represented to Joe Bumbalo his ideas that son John's abilities weren't American—that, indeed, they were unAmerican, foreign to male sexuality, feminine. She made an excellent point.

(This attitude also fit in with that which Joe had expressed to me during last fall's World Series in baseball: Looking at the ballplayers with their long hair, mustaches and beards, Joe had asked me where the youth of America was. "You're looking at it," I told him. Joe had said it wasn't right for young men to let themselves go that way. I don't think he was aware of the humor of the whole situation. I'd described it to Jane at the time.

(For the rest of the afternoon, up until I left at 7:10, we followed our regular routine of turn, massage with Oil of Olay, nap, supper, TV and prayer. Jane did well. I told her that generally her whole bearing and the look of her body has improved a great deal. It's obvious now that she's putting on weight, and moving better. And better days are coming, that's for sure.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 7, 1983 3:56 PM WEDNESDAY

(Jane was upset when I got to 330 this noon: Her catheter had been completely pulled out of her this morning after hydro, when Georgia and Steve had transferred her back into bed from the litter. Staff people had tried putting it back in, but couldn't get it to drain. Before that it had worked well. "Your wife won't be speaking to me anymore, after what I did to her this morning," Georgia said to me as I walked down the hall to 330. A new catheter had been inserted, but that one wasn't working when I got there.

(1:35. Jane ate a good lunch. Jan and Georgia stopped by.

(2:30. Cigarette.

(2:30. Two new gals—one a student, stopped in to see if they could get the catheter already in place working again. I worked on mail.

(3:00. They decided they had it reinserted far enough so that it would work. Jane would have to wait to see if the urine began flowing, though.

(3:12. Jane started reading yesterday's session. She did much better than she had yesterday.

(3:30. Finished reading. Spasms. Catheter is leaking. Smoke.

(3:45. I pressed the call button for help about the catheter. I should add that throughout all of this mix-up Jane was quite upset; I could pick up from her attitude the old feelings she'd had at the house, whenever her symptoms got worse. In some fashion I knew she shouldn't be reacting that way.

(3:47. LuAnn asked Jane if she could wait until 4:30 before getting the catheter changed. She also asked Jane to drink more in the meantime.

(Teresa [the patient I'd been calling Louise] had been quiet since I got to the hospital today.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

There is nothing wrong with Ruburt's bladder. He does not have an infection. The inconvenience and discomfort arising from the catheter's use are the end results of those few lingering doubts and fears that Ruburt still has. They are projected outward onto the conditions surrounding the catheter's use. And of course the unpleasantness that adds to his physical discomfort.

As soon as possible, do indeed review some of our sessions. This session itself should help, by reinforcing Ruburt's energy and faith, and accelerating the conditions of healing.

I may or may not return, but know that I am present and approachable.

("Can I ask a question?")

You may.

("Will you say something about that woman—Teresa—who keeps crying out 'Help me, help me, help me?' I'm fascinated by her.")

Her mind is distracted. She does not know in which world she lives. It is indeed as if she were of two minds—one dwelling in one world and one in another. She has the laws of

the two worlds confused (*pause*), and it is as if she had use of an entire alphabet, but the letters were not in order, but out of their proper arrangement, so that it was almost impossible to read the sentences, so to speak, that have then resulted.

(4:01 PM. "It's me," Jane said.

("Thank you."

("The nurses told me that woman has a history of mental trouble," Jane said, "and has been diagnosed as schizophrenic." I hadn't heard her this afternoon yet. Jane said she had last night, and that she was going this morning.

(Seth's statement that Jane doesn't have an infection reminded me that months ago Marcia Kardon had very adamantly told us that when a person has a catheter inserted "they always—always—get an infection." Jane remembered that negative suggestion.

(I read the session to Jane. At 4:10 Teresa began sounding off—but her voice sounded muted, as though she was speaking behind a closed door. Then Jane told me that Teresa is only in her mid-50's, and that Georgia said she's quite rational in between her spells of calling for help. I was surprised at both statements.

(4:15. Jane did a few cautious shoulder movements. "They still feel like satin," she said, but she was careful not to move too much so as not to make the catheter leak more. "I'm tempted to tell you to move all you want to," I said, "and forget the catheter." I was reminded to tell her that in reviewing many of the personal sessions we'd had at the time Seth was also delivering Dreams, he'd stressed over and over again that each time her body had tried to heal itself, with sore muscles resulting, Jane had tightened herself back up. She had consistently misunderstood the messages her body was giving her. "If you'd paid attention to those messages, and gotten over that hump," I said, "you might not be here now."

(4:23. LuAnn and Sharon came in to change the catheter just as I started to read some sessions to Jane. They had some trouble, but finally made it. They had to roll Jane back and forth while changing the chuck and the drawsheet; Jane cried—the first time I'd heard her do that in some weeks.

(4:55. Jane ended up back on her back, and had a cigarette. LuAnn had told her to call her—LuAnn—whenever she had catheter trouble.

(5:00. The supper tray came as I turned Jane, massaged her as usual with Oil of Olay. There followed our usual routine of a nap, supper—Jane ate well—cigarettes, TV for the evening, dessert and prayer. I left at 7:05.

(I did get to a cocktail party the Leahys had invited me to after all. There was enough snow when I left the hospital to make me take it quite easy driving home. It was 20 degrees when I got up this morning, and three hours later as I type this record it isn't much warmer.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 8, 1983 4:32 PM THURSDAY

(Jane was doing well when I got to 330; her catheter is working okay. The day was 32 degrees, with the snow melting somewhat. Jane went to hydro this morning. She said Gail Greene and others told her this morning that the ulcers are all doing much better, and that the two on her right knee, especially the one on the inside, are almost healed. Some on the back are reduced to pinpoints, Jane said. I haven seen these for a long time.

(This is surely excellent news, I told Jane. She had other good news—but first, she told me that last night she'd really been blue for a time. The good news is that Toni, the night aide, had suggested that Jane see if she could work the nurse's call button. I hadn't even thought that this might be possible. Neither had Jane. She discovered to her pleasant surprise, however, that she can work it—while on her back at this time. Not the side. But once again, a new motion and strength has been added. Excellent, Jane.

(Jane ate a good lunch. All was quiet in the halls re Teresa and Christine, though before Jane was through the emergency alarm sounded by the elevators outside our door. A patient in 333A was having heart problems—so the people came running down the hall pushing the emergency heart/breathing machine, including Doctor Fred Kardon, who said hello as he passed 330.

(3:00. After a cigarette Jane started reading yesterday's session. She did fairly well in between pauses and hesitations, and finished at 3:16. It wasn't her best or worst.

(3:32. I began doing mail while Jane started a few motions with her left foot and head and shoulders. Nothing strong or violent. Rest.

(In between visits by staff people to do her vitals, I rubbed various spots on Jane's head and neck. One neck spot got a good reaction, her head pounding back and forth against the pillow. Temperature 97.8. I joked with Sharon Poley that it was really 92.1.

(4:23. Heads and shoulders, side to side and around and around, noises and louder breathing, the left foot also. I made sure the door was shut as much as possible. Jane made a few more motions before the session. I was surprised when she suggested the session, since for some reason I'd thought she wasn't going to have one.

(Just before the session, we saw a newscast of a congressional committee in Washington, with some well-known scientists testifying as to the probable aftereffects of nuclear war—how the instigator would also eventually destroy itself even if the attacked never fired a retaliatory strike at all. Because of temperature changes on the earth, and so forth.

(I was appalled as what I was seeing began to sink in. So was Jane. "Do you think the human species is insane?" I asked her. We were watching grown men discuss the end of the species—with means given to politicians by science. "I wouldn't mind hearing your boy comment on this," I said to my wife.)

Now: another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

I have some comments concerning Ruburt's health.

The healing processes have considerably quickened, so that the healing of the ulcers will very soon (underlined) be an accomplished fact. They are all rapidly healing.

The body will not have to use its energy very much longer in healing sores—thus freeing even more energy to set to work on the joints and muscles themselves, and the ligaments. And as the progress improves old bodily habits are also disrupted, and serve their purposes no longer.

(Pause.) Tell Ruburt that his spirits can indeed rise easily. That his natural emotions are beginning to sense their new freedom—so he has only to go along, and not fear any periods of blueness. These will gradually disappear almost completely as his improvements continue.

(Pause.) Your world is not going to destroy itself. In terms of probabilities the world is both saved and lost. Those who believe in peace will find it, and a world in which peace reigns.

I may or may not return, but again, know that I am present and approachable.

("Thank you.")

(4:38 PM. I was certainly glad that she had the session, I told Jane, for it contained excellent news. I was nearly elated, and felt again that surge of hope and expectation that I've come to learn is so valuable. The signs of healing on the ulcer on the outside of her right knee are very pronounced, compared to the size of the wound there when it had burst after she broke her leg. I told Jane the little session was her best yet—that if it would do any good I'd put it up on the wall. But she couldn't read it.)

(Seth's comments re war and probabilities evidently mean that in his view Jane and I have moved into a probable reality where nuclear war will not happen. At least I hope so.)

(Once again I turned Jane on her left side. The motion still bothered her right knee, near the break, however, but not nearly as much as it used to. There followed our routine of massage with Oil of Olay, a nap, then supper. As Jane was having dessert we watched the shuttle craft land in California—still a thrilling site even after so many have taken place. After her cigarette following dessert, I read the prayer with Jane, then left for the house at 7:05 PM. Sleep well, Sweetheart.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 10, 1983 3:35 PM SATURDAY

(No session was held on Friday, December 9. The day was a busy but routine one in which we did our usual things. When Jane read the session for the day before she did quite well—much better than she'd done the day before.

(The heating man came in to pound on the unit and get us some heat. I worked on mail. Jane ate well; her catheter is working well, and irrigating the way it's supposed to.

(Two noteworthy events should be noted: Peggy Gallagher visited for the first time in a number of days. She at once noticed and said that Jane looked much better, was moving better, and was putting on weight. The other is that at 4:27 Jane called my attention to a new motion of hers: She reached across her belly with her right hand and down to the bed on her left side, to pick up a smidgeon of tobacco or bread crust. She couldn't actually pick up the morsel with her fingers, but did make the movement preparatory to doing so—another first for her. Once again, I arranged the call button for her before leaving at 7:05 PM.

(Today, December 10, the day was warmer—35—but rainy and sort of gloomy. Jane was okay. She told me that she'd had to counter negative suggestions given to her in hydro this morning by both Lottie and Georgia, relative to new bedsores breaking out beside the sits of old ones—in other words, she was always to have bedsores. Jane most forcefully told the kids that she wouldn't, and that she didn't want such suggestions. Georgia agreed, though I don't know to what extent she might have been surprised by Jane's reactions on the spot.

(Jane ate a good lunch, and had a smoke at 1:30. Mail.

(3:00. She began reading over again the session from the day before yesterday. She did fairly well after a bit of a slow start.

(For what it's worth: Jane told me that Teresa ["help me, help me, help me,"] was much better now because someone had figured out that she was being given too much medication. This had made her worse. I hadn't heard her today or yesterday, and thought she'd been moved. Christine is still next door, and sounding off, calling loudly at times for Georgie.

(3:17. Jane finished reading the session. Georgia came in to say so-long for the day.

(3:30. I worked with mail, and suggested to Jane that she have a session before the parade into 330 began, to check her vitals.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon. Seth.")

Apropos Ruburt's mention of the negative suggestions given this morning—remember, as I have said before, that the doctors and nurses are also the victims of such habits and behavior.

They are less healthy than the rest of the population. The medical schools propagate such ideas, unfortunately. The large complex dealing with the development of the new drugs and so forth forms its own organization, so that the concentration is always upon more drugs, and the concept of any natural health is lost in the process. It is an excellent idea for Ruburt to mention such instances of negative suggestion to you, as he did today.

This makes it easier to triumph over such concepts. He did well in countering them today—and each such victory frees him even further from such hogwash. (*Very emphatically.*)

The same applies to you, to a lesser degree. In so doing, you both build up each other's strength.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present and approachable.

(*"Thank you."*)

(*3:42 PM. "I didn't know it was that late," Jane said.*

(I asked her if she'd covered up any other such instances of negative suggestion as those she'd been given today, but she said she didn't think so. She added that they hadn't been frequent for some time. "It's easy enough for me to say," I said. "but you've just got to assert yourself when they happen at such times. It's your life, your health, so that's far more important than what they think—"

(We were interrupted by Sharon Hawley as she came into 330 to take Jane's temperature—97—and BP and pulse. In our discussion afterward Jane said she responds to negative suggestions much more quickly and forcefully than she used to.

(After Lorrie gave her eye drops at 4:01, Jane did a few rather mild motions with her left foot and head and shoulders. The time went rapidly. I fixed her lower teeth, used the Rescue Remedy Cream on her right hand, did a little mail and worked on my grocery list.

(Jane ate well after I'd turned her, massaged her with Oil of Olay, taken a nap and organized the supper tray. I read the prayer with her at 6:50, and left at 7:05 to go shopping at the Acme on the south side. I was eating supper by 8:50 PM.

(At the market, I bought Jane a poinsettia plant for the holiday season.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 11, 1983 3:45 PM SUNDAY

(When I got to 330 at 1:05 today I discovered that Jane was free of two more pathos on her ulcer sites—they were gone from inside her right knee, and her right shoulder. In addition, the ulcer on the outside of her right knee has shrunk so much that it no longer needs irrigation with each shift of the staff daily. Such is her remarkable healing progress, as Seth has been referring to it. In other words, we can chalk up three more improvements.

(I brought with me Kleenex, candy, popcorn and the poinsettia plant I bought for Jane at the Acme last night. I turned her on her back after she had a cigarette. The room wasn't too warm.

(1:30. Jane ate a good lunch. The day staff made the decision that I'd probably buy an ice cream log for their Christmas party, at which many goodies will be served; I'll get to take some home also. There was much kidding around. "Let the night shift look out for themselves," Jan said. Georgia had braided Jane's hair this morning on both sides, since my wife didn't go to hydro.

(2:30. Jane finished lunch. I explained the two letters I'd found in the mail last night from Blue Cross. One was an error in billing for benefits that have already expired on our regular coverage. The other requested more time for a decision to be made on the payment of major medical benefits. We have received both types of communication before. Truly, they fit in with Seth's reference to "bungling and bureaucracy" back in the session for December 3, eight days ago. Now tomorrow, I told her, I'll show these latest letters to Andrew Fife in billing.

(2:50. Jane began reading yesterday's session while I got out the mail. She did fairly well. Christine next door is still sounding off; Teresa is either quiet or gone. Jane finished the session at 3:02, after having done well with it.

(3:30. I suggested she have a session, if she was going to, before the people started coming in to check her vitals. She'd only made a few tentative movements. Fifteen minutes later Seth came through in a good, if controlled, voice.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Again, you receive further evidence of Ruburt's recovery, and of the body's ability to heal itself if only it be given the chance.

As this occurs, negative habitual patterns of thought are also being healed. The body is enthused as it heals itself. And soon Ruburt's own mental mood will grow quite substantially better, so that good moods become the natural and accepted mode of operation.

(Seth made this observation because before the session Jane had remarked that she can still get "pretty blue at times.")

The inner and the outer are so related that when one changes the other changes also. The insurance affair is indeed as I told you. I may or may not return, again according to rhythms of which I speak.

("Can I ask a question?")

You may.

("I've noticed lately that he isn't moving nearly as much as he used to. Is this because he's focusing on other things these days, or—")

The body's energy has been largely into the healing of the bedsores, and into inner activity—the loosening of muscles and joints and ligaments. The healing of the bedsores, of course, will make motion ever so much easier.

Know that I am present and approachable.

("Thank you.")

(3:50. Jane had some ginger ale. As usual, I thought the session was over for the day. We'd had no interruptions.)

(4:05. Jane had barely started some little motions when the staff—Cathy and Lorrie—started coming in to take her temperature—97.5—blood pressure, pulse, etc. She had a smoke afterward and began a few exercises again, moving her head and shoulders side to side and up and down, in rhythm with her left foot going gently. She made a few noises; her breathing picked up.)

(Then, unexpectedly three minutes later, she said Seth wanted to return. 4:29.)

An added note.

Ruburt should now remind himself that he is indeed of a robust nature—that he is not frail, and that his skin is not delicate and sensitive, but healthy. This will help him counter some of the unspoken negative suggestions—that because of his small size he is fragile—

(4:30 PM. Jane suddenly began to cough. She asked for a Kleenex. I thought the session material might have bothered her, since from it, it seemed that the negative suggestions given by Georgia yesterday were still on her mind. But she said no, that there seemed to be "glue" on the new Sea Bond insert I'd applied to her lower teeth during break, so that she could eat supper in comfort. She said she could taste it. In retrospect, I remembered that when I applied the material it had seemed to stick more quickly than usual—so it must have contained more adhesive than usual. It came out of the same package as the others used recently.)

(When I asked. Jane said she has picked up from staff people at various times that they thought her skin was fragile and would break down easily—"that a good wind would blow me away, things like that....")

("Well, it must have been on your mind," I said.)

("I haven't been thinking of it, though," she countered, "though when he mentioned it I realized what he meant....")

(And almost right away Jane began a few mild motions. Once again, I thought the session excellent, another upbeat example of her progress and learning. I especially liked the portion that said inner and outer healing proceeded together—very important and encouraging. I hadn't counted on Seth referring to the insurance question, though.)

(Once again, Jane ate a good supper after her massage, and I had napped. I read the prayer to her at 7:05, and left a few minutes later when Cathy and Sharon came in to fix her up. Steve and Tracy had called during supper, and Jane had said she'd see them. I didn't expect to. The two staff people obviously wanted to be through with Jane before company came.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 12, 1983 4:20 PM MONDAY

(I got there at 1:05. It was raining heavily, but warm—about 35—and I got my feet wet because I'd left my rubbers in 330. I dried my shoes on the heater, which is working well now. Jane was ready to be turned at once: She was uncomfortable with a folded pillow placed under her right foot, so that it raised her foot up too high and placed a strain on her right knee as she lay on her side. Mary Ann had put it there, with a student; they'd taken care of Jane this morning. Jane said the act was done before she realized it, and they were gone.

(I asked her to try to watch out for such events and catch them before they happen, say, but she said this was often impossible. Afterward I wondered if I should have made my little speech, since it stressed negative things.

(1:30. Jane ate very well. An hour later I called Andrew Fife in billing; he was out for 15 minutes, and would call back, a girl said. I started my daily notes. When Andrew called I went to see him, showing him the two latest communications from Blue Cross, with the new claim numbers for Jane's account; he copied them, and reiterated that the company was stalling: "It helps their cash flow, but it doesn't do anything for ours." A lot of money is involved—millions of dollars, upon which Blue Cross can collect extra interest by postponing their payments to clients, he said.

(A monthly chart lay on Andrew's desk, and I read it upside down. Jane's name was on the first page. We are due around \$50,000 from the insurance company now on the major medical claim, but according to the chart, we'll owe but \$3,501.54 of that amount. Andrew didn't discuss it with me. He tried to call Syracuse but the line was busy. He's to talk to them and let me know what he finds out. The search goes on. I'm keeping Seth's information about bureaucratic bungling in mind, I told Jane; it appears that he is quite right.

(3:21. Jane began reading yesterday's session, and had some trouble in the beginning. I helped her at times, and she wound up reading in pretty good style at 3:39.

(3:49. I did mail. Jane did a few mild motions with her head and shoulders and left foot. Her ulcers continue to do well. I fixed her lower teeth with a fresh insert, but it didn't seem to help.

(4:10. I rubbed a couple of spots on her forehead, but got only a mild response from one on her neck.

(4:12. Sharon Poley took Jane's temperature—98.1—Blood pressure and pulse. Jane said she wanted to have a session before it got any later.

(Her Seth voice was good, her eyes usually closed or nearly so.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Each person has a unique, natural, native way of dealing with the universe, and of relating to inner and outer reality.

When this natural give-and-take continues, the individual is happy, healthy, And feels at one with the universe itself. Children possess this natural ease at a very early age. *(Pause.)* Conventional wisdom tries to standardize such behavior, however, in an attempt to form a

cohesive general view of reality. People are, therefore, taught to give up their own private view of the universe, and to substitute for it a prepackaged, rather bland picture so that everyone more or less agrees with this standard version.

People must be able to share their views of reality with their fellows, of course—but in your society you are taught to substitute a stylized version for the highly individualistic and unique view of reality that is your own.

As a result, many people feel out of sorts with themselves, or cut off from some dimly remembered paradise of early childhood.

(Long pause at 4:28.) A strain develops in the personality as it tries to be faithful to its own private picture of reality, even while it tries to obediently conform to the publicly accepted picture. Dissatisfactions and illnesses then often result as the personality tries to go in two directions at once, and to please both the private and the public parts of its experience. In many cases people forget *(long pause)* their native, natural method of seeing themselves and the world, and turn outward to the stylized version—and in so doing they lose sight of vital portions of their own identities.

Take a brief break, and I will return.

("Okay.")

(4:32. "Is he saying something new here?" I asked Jane as soon as she was out of trance.

("I don't know." I gave her some old ginger ale in which the ice had melted.

("What I mean is," I said, "I think he's saying something new about you. I may be jumping the gun—but it's giving me a slightly different picture of you."

(4:35. "I don't know," Jane said. "Give me a cigarette. Maybe it's an outgrowth of something I said to Debbie the other night. Oh—leave me eight bucks, will you? I'll have Debbie pick up some small thing—I don't even know if she's coming tonight—"

(I didn't ask my wife who the eight dollars were for. "You can start a new Seth book any time you want to."

(Jane almost laughed. "I was thinking of that. This almost sounds like it."

(I was thinking that Seth was on his way to saying that part of Jane's own trouble was her conscious struggle to go her own way with her unusual abilities, in spite of her early conditioning—religious and otherwise.

(Resume at 4:40, before I had a chance to discuss that with her.)

This causes many people to feel as if they were travelers in some strange land—but instead of receiving intimate letters from home, they receive only stylized postcard pictures, that do not bear any resemblance to the home they vaguely remember.

The messages are so general that they could refer to any number of people. These postcard messages usually bear the stylized *(long pause)* versions of reality that are sent out by various religions or organizations. Each person is born, however, with his or her—let me correct that—each person is born there with a private natural religion—one that rises from the springs of the individual psyche, and one that provides an easy, custom-made method of dealing with inner and outer reality. It is important, therefore, that such persons rediscover their natural heritage, and put themselves in touch once more with this inner, natural "religion." End of session.

("Thank you."

(4:47 PM. "What are you up to?" I asked Jane.

("I don't know," she laughed. "I'm trying not to think about it. I found myself thinking about something like that this morning.")

(The supper tray came. It was time for me to turn her on her left side. "Now my foot's going, and stuff," Jane said, as soon as I mentioned turning her. I was very pleased to see her "branching out," so to speak, with the session material, even though it still was applied to her for the most part.)

(When I read her my note at break, dealing with her own reaction to a conventional religious background, she most definitely agreed with it. I guess this isn't new information after all, I thought, yet I felt that it was. Perhaps, before, we've been assigning Jane's symptoms too much to her wanting to restrict herself to make herself work, because she feared that being left alone, she wouldn't work. But the real conflict could be that her early religious conditioning especially forbade her working with her natural abilities to their own specified degrees. Her self-distrust was the conscious overlay for the culturally forbidden activities.)

(I do think there's something here, then, Seth can comment. It would be no accident, then, that this session came through when it did—as Jane begins to heal herself physically, so does she psychically, as Seth remarked would happen in yesterday's session.)

(It's another breakthrough. Jane.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 13, 1983 3:55 PM TUESDAY

(It was still raining when I got to 330 this afternoon; it had rained all of last night and this morning. Temperature around 35 degrees. Jane was in good shape, and ate a good lunch. I told her I had a question for her, and she said she had one for Seth.

(After In Search Of ended on TV at 2:30 Jane read the draft of my note for session 896 for Dreams, in which I wanted to know whether she'd ever willed herself sick [as I had] when a youngster, in order to avoid something I wanted to get out of doing. She said she had, and gave me the information I needed to complete the note tomorrow morning.

(3:10. Jane began reading yesterday's session—not too well to start, but better as she went along.

(3:20. A girl from Andrew Fife's office called to tell me that Andrew had called one of the supervisors at Syracuse—Blue Cross—about our major medical claim. The man there said he'd pull our file, go over it all, and call Andrew back tomorrow. Word would be relayed to us, presumably in 330. So we'll see.

(3:30. Jane finished reading the session. Debbie had visited her last night, and received the money I'd left for her. There is a package wrapped in brown paper in the closet of 330, that I'm not supposed to touch.

(I thought I heard Teresa [help me, help me], sounding as though through closed doors. Jane said Teresa "was really going last night."

(3:40. Jane took off her glasses to wipe her eyes clean—then put them back on herself. Not easily, but she did it—another first, I believe. Using mainly her left hand.

(Then she said that off and on for a couple of hours last night she got very blue—awful, she said —crying and calling for me. This was before midnight. Then she was fine, and slept well. Actually she didn't elaborate very much on the episode. I thought her spell might fit in with Seth's recent material that her blue periods would gradually vent themselves away.

(3:50. Jane did a few mild motions with her head and shoulders and left foot—to the same extent as she's been doing in recent days. A couple of minutes later she said, "Every time I start to compose myself for a session my legs start moving—but I shouldn't complain about that, should I? I guess I'll try to start.")

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

There are comments pertaining to Ruburt's condition. You were quite right in your material *(at the end of the last session)* concerning Ruburt's religious conditioning, in connection with his physical problems.

I wanted to comment also on his period of blueness, since it certainly was unsettling to him. It was in its own way therapeutic: he was releasing old tensions that had been stored up, and they required that kind of fairly explosive release. There were other people in a blue mood on his floor, also. He let himself become partially influenced by their moods, then used that to release old tensions—tensions that earlier, you see, had lodged in muscles and bones.

(Long pause.) That release will clear the way for further improvements. Take your break.

(“Thank you.”

(4:00 PM. We’d had no interruptions. I read the session to Jane. “That session could be quite significant,” I said. I was also puzzled. I asked Jane if Seth’s use of the word “explosive” was apropos, and she said it pretty well was. This made me realize that the episode had been much stronger and longer-lasting than I’d thought.

(Debbie had left at 9:00. Shortly after that Cathy and another girl came in and turned Jane on her side. The blue period started after that. Jane said she really cried out loud—calling my name out to help her get well, and so forth. This went on for some time. Cathy came in once and asked her what the trouble was. “I need to give myself a good kick in the ass,” Jane replied, and asked Cathy to turn her back on her back. The crying went on after that, too, but then, before midnight, Jane said, the period of blueness was gone. She slept well after that: “Yeah, I woke up this morning and my mood was fine—I spontaneously felt good. I decided I’d better keep track of the times I spontaneously feel good...”

(That seemed to be it, at least for the moment. Jane started a few little exercises.

(4:05. LuAnn came in to give Jane eyedrops. “Well, we got rid of one big problem,” she said. “They moved Teresa over to the psyche-center. She needs one-on-one care, and we can’t do that here. She kept everybody on the floor awake last night. Her doctor tried one medication, then dropped it to try another, and that didn’t work...”

(4:09. Jane did a few exercises.

(4:15. A young male nurse or aide came in to take Jane’s temperature and pulse. I said hello in a sort of surprised voice. Jane laughed after he’d left. “That kid was so shocked to see me naked that when he took my pulse I could feel his pulse going bumpity-bumpity-bump...”

(4:20. Lynne came in to take Jane’s blood pressure. Jane said she was the one who’d told her when she first was assigned to 330 that when Jane was transferred, other people wouldn’t have time to give her a smoke, etc.

(4:30. Fran came in to collect for TV for the week. We talked about the old days—in New York City and here—Sam’s etc. I rubbed Jane’s forehead in a couple of places—good reaction.

(4:38. “I thought Seth would come back,” Jane said, “but it’s getting late.” I told her I was ready at any time. Resume the session at 4:45.)

Now: tomorrow I will continue with the new material I have been giving you, and elaborate on several points that I have only mentioned so far.

As usual the session format itself forms a framework for the acceleration of the healing process—and also enriches your own life as well.

I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I have spoken, but know that I am present and approachable.

(“Thank you.”

(4:47 PM. It was practically dark outside the window. I could see that rain was still falling, as it had all afternoon. It slanted past the nearby streetlight.

(I told Jane that it was most interesting, the way Seth had said she drew upon the feelings of others upon her floor last night. Not only was telepathy involved, then. I wondered how often the same thing happened in hospitals. It must go on all the time—and in other

places where people gather, for others reasons, also. It would certainly be a practical use of such psychic abilities, I thought.

(And Jane, now I'll tell you that as you had a crying spell last night—so have I at various times since you went into the hospital last April. I remember that once I woke up in bed, after midnight, and burst into tears as I thought about you. The spell must have lasted for at least half an hour; it went on and on. Other times I would suddenly begin crying as I ate breakfast, or heard a familiar song on television, or sat at my typewriter working on Dreams. I always knew that these episodes were therapeutic. They began to taper off after you resumed the sessions in early October, and I haven't had one now—not outright crying—for several weeks. But for a long time—months—I lived with tears just beneath the surface, you might say, as I wondered what was going to happen to us, why you were so sick, what we'd done wrong all those years, and so forth. I learned to live with those feelings, but it was a different kind of life than I'd ever known. For a long while I was resigned to them.

(I dehypnotized Jane as usual with Oil of Olay before taking my nap. She ate a good supper, and I left at 7:05 after reading the prayer with her. The door to the medical arts building was locked, so I couldn't use that as shelter on my way to the car, which was parked farther away from my usual spot than it usually is. So I had to circle around to it in the pouring rain, and got fairly wet before I reached it. I changed clothes when I got home, before cooking supper. It's 10:00 PM as I type this last line.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 14, 1983 4:20 PM WEDNESDAY

(I got to 330 shortly after 1:00 PM. For a change it wasn't raining. Jane was doing well, and had slept well last night. As I turned her she said that this morning in hydro she'd felt more movements in her right leg—it had opened up more—and in the muscles of her upper back and her neck.

(She ate a good lunch. Fortunately we got what we'd ordered yesterday, although dietary had lost our menus, Mrs. Misnick, from that department, told us.

(3:12. After a cigarette and watching In Search Of Jane began reading yesterday's session. Slow at the start, but she did better as she went along, amid pauses. Seth had talked about her blueness and crying last night. When Jane got to the end of the session, and read my own notes about my own crying spells, she began to cry while reading aloud—but she kept going, and finished in good style. I felt tears, listening to her.

("I was going to tell you about them sometime," I said, meaning my own blue periods, "but I hadn't done it before because I didn't want you to feel bad. It just came out in yesterday's session, spontaneously—I didn't plan it that way."

(3:27. "You'd better give me a Kleenex," she said, and blew her nose after she'd finished the session. Tom and Jerry signed off on TV.

(3:38. I rubbed various spots on Jane's neck and head—got good results with motions.

(3:45. Jane said she was getting "the impulse to sit up again, in my spine." Exercises and heavy breathing—head and shoulders, left foot and right foot.

(3:48. Both feet moving well. Jane could also turn her head to the right, on the column of her neck, to look towards me a bit, in a way she can't usually do. "I feel like I'm in a saddle," she said. I gave her some ginger ale.

(3:50. I rubbed her right forehead again. More head motions. Then again. "The insides of my eyes do things—I don't know what, when I do them."

(4:00. Cathy. Ginger ale. Temperature, 98.2.

(4:05. Sharon H. Blood pressure, pulse. Sharon told me that I did hear Teresa ("help me, help me.") last night as I was leaving the hospital via the emergency room. Theresa had been sent back from the psych center because "of a mix-up in papers, or something."

(4:15. Lorrie came in to give Jane eye drops. The motions Jane has done today have been about average for her now for some time. I haven't done any mail. Now that all the vitals have been taken care of, Jane said she wanted to have a session. I made sure the door to the room was shut.)

Now: I bid you another fond good evening.

("Good evening, Seth.")

Often parents undermine their children's confidence by endlessly repeating negatives. Such as, "Don't do this," or "Don't do that."

(Long pause.) They end up actually threatening their children, though usually they do not of course understand what they are doing. A mother might say, "Don't run, or you will fall down," or "Don't talk so much, or people will not like you." In any case, often children

grow up with the idea that proper behavior consists mainly in avoiding danger. The emphasis is not upon pleasure, but on the avoidance of pain. Children are taught to repress their emotions rather than to express them.

It is important that adults (*pause*) uncover such instances from their own childhood. As adults they can form a kind of understanding parent in their own mind, until they learn how to be sympathetic to their own behavior, and until they realize that life itself is an expression—not a repression.

Such negative patterns in childhood cause adults to be frightened of freedom—because freedom seems to imply a threat to life and to health. There are also people, of course, who never fall prey to such unfortunate cycles, but instead remain exuberantly free and healthy. Even so, health to most people means the absence of disease, rather than a state of exuberant well-being, challenge, and fulfillment.

Exuberance seems to be a quality belonging only to childhood or early youth—yet exuberance is instead the mark of healthy vitality. The mark of nature unimpeded, and it is the heritage of all living creatures. It is back toward their dimly remembered exuberance that many adults look with a sense of loss and nostalgia.

(4:32. Jane just finished the sentence when there was a knock on the door. Mrs. Misnick from dietary came in. "Do you have today's menu?"

("I sent it out with the tray after lunch," I said. It didn't occur to me until later to wonder whether she actually meant the menus for today, which dietary has lost, or the one I filled out today for tomorrow's meals. She stayed but a moment. "Okay," I said to Jane. Resume at 4:33.)

Parents may become particularly aware of that lost sense of joyfulness as they watch their own youngsters in their natural play.

Children's play is extremely important to a child's development—and when they play children use those exquisite powers of imagination, confidence, and expectation that provide the wellspring for growth and fulfillment. (*Pause.*) People who are exuberant are healthy. They appreciate the richness and variety of life. Many children, however, are unfortunately taught by their parents to be suspicious of exuberance and high spirits. And ordered instead to be quiet, well-mannered and obedient.

Animals can be obedient to their masters, and be healthy and exuberant at the same time, but in the terms of nature, no matter what social customs might say, no person can be obedient to a master and be healthy and exuberant at the same time.

People yearn toward freedom naturally, as the plants do toward the sun. Without a healthy dose of freedom and exuberance life itself seems to lose its meaning.

(Long pause at 4:40.) Comments for Ruburt: today's additional motion further shows his improvements as body and mind both throw off old shackles of repression.

I may or may not return. Yet know that I am present and approachable.

("Thank you."

(4:41 PM. Jane had done well, I told her. She sipped some ginger ale. "I don't know whether I should tell you this or not," she said, "but for the last couple of days I've had the suspicion that he's started another book. Maybe he didn't want to tell me so I wouldn't get upset about it. But when he says "comments" I figure he's separating book material from stuff about me..."

(Jane said she'd go over the last few sessions and show me where she thinks the book started, but I said it was probably quite obvious. The thought of a new Seth book didn't bother

me. "It's okay by me," I said. I thought it marked a significant advance actually for it showed that she'd reached a point in her progress where she felt she could afford to devote some time to creative work that wasn't just for herself.

(I left at 7:05, after our usual routine of Rescue Remedy Cream which we'd forgotten yesterday, for the first time—massage with Oil of Olay, a nap, supper, and the prayer.

(And the phone in 330 didn't ring. and I didn't hear from billing, or Andrew Fife, about any messages relayed to him from Syracuse. I've managed to keep my mind off the whole situation for considerable periods, though occasionally the subject returns and I catch myself thinking about it. But those periods seem to vanish, to my pleasant surprise.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 15, 1983 4:17 PM THURSDAY

(This morning at about 11:15 I got a call from a girl in the billing department at the hospital. She told me that Blue Cross has turned down the major medical claim for Jane, to their surprise. I was surprised and not surprised, mostly not, I guess. The girl sounded embarrassed to tell me the news. I said I'd see Andrew Fife after 2:30 this afternoon. The girl said something about Jane and "skilled nursing care," but I didn't really understand her, and let that go. At once I thought of an appeal through Pete Harpending, of course, and a possible lawsuit.

(Yesterday I found in the mail a letter from Steve Blumenthal, requesting copies of just about every record we've got, and so forth—no need to go into that here. I thought about the tape deal overnight, and this morning decided that it wasn't worth going through with, at least at this time. I don't want the extra stress.

(When I got to 330 this noon Jane told me that this morning after hydro, she'd actually turned over on her left side by herself, for the first time. Georgia was there, and saw it along with Gail Greene, who was actually taking care of her this morning.

(I'd debated with myself about not telling Jane the insurance news until I had a chance to ask Seth about it while she was in trance, but soon decided that wouldn't be fair. I told her, then, not long after arriving in 330. Half-crying, she said her good news about turning hardly equaled the bad news about insurance. I stressed the fact that her turning was indeed excellent news, and meant that she was on her way to even better things. It is vitally important, I said, and her continuing improvement has the power to solve our other challenges, as I noted once some time ago in a session.

(Jane knows this. At the same time she began having bladder spasms after I'd broken the news. This morning her catheter had irrigated okay, although the urine is cloudy. I mentioned that, obviously, I'd like Seth to comment on the insurance business. This morning I'd reread his brief passages in the session for December 3, in which he'd noted that the affair would be settled to our satisfaction. Now I wondered what was going on, of course. I wondered about a shift in probabilities.

(Jane ate well this noon, though. At 2:30 I cleaned our glasses and called billing. Andrew was out but the girl would have him call back. We watched In Search Of, and I read to Jane the short newspaper article about the death of Newell Mullin, who is Sue Watkins' father. She started to read yesterday's session when Andrew Fife called at 3:12.

(He told me that such a turndown was the first time he'd seen it happen, and couldn't understand it. He tried to explain about Jane's care, but I only partially understood. The insurance company told him, I believe, that according to her medical records, Jane didn't need to be hospitalized—a strange attitude, and one neither of us could believe. He suggested I see Pete Harpending, our lawyer, right away, saying that we have a good case. I got from him the name of the supervisor of claims at Blue Cross, as well as a person, Mary Krebs, head of Utilization Review, which determines what level of care a patient is at, at the hospital.

(Andrew Fife said Blue Cross wouldn't want the publicity of a suit in a case like ours, but I said they must go through this all the time. "You sound like me," he said. My news upon returning to 330 didn't help Jane any, but I thought she was taking it very well, everything considered.

(3:15. She was uncomfortable, though, and talked about being turned—most unusual for her at this time of day. She decided to go back to reading yesterday's session instead, though. She started out well, but began hesitating at times. She kept going through the session, however, with an occasional nudge from me.

(I said to her that for all I knew, the incomprehensible position of Blue Cross represented more of the slipshod bureaucratic behavior Seth had referred to on December 3. I still remembered my dream about the checks out by the car, and so forth. Jane said she didn't recall any dreams about the affair lately. I thought I'd done a pretty good job of keeping my mind off it, myself, I told her.

(3:50. Lynne took Jane's blood pressure, which was very good at 120 over 80. I applied Rescue Remedy Cream to the knuckles of Jane's right hand. At 4:01 Dawn took Jane's temperature—97.5—and pulse.

("Oh, give me a cigarette and I'll try to have a short session," Jane said. "I got so mad I wasn't going to have one." She hadn't mentioned turning over again.

(4:10. Just as we were ready for the session, Sharon Hawley came in to see about eye drops. She left to get some iced ginger ale. We waited. She didn't return. She showed me how cloudy Jane's urine was, when I asked. After she left, and while we were waiting for her to return, I rubbed several spots on Jane's neck and forehead and the top of her head, and got excellent responses to most of them. The crown rubbing brought forth the best response—strong side-to-side, heavy breathing, a feeling, Jane said, in her neck, shoulders and arms and down her back. At the same time, her feet had moved a bit.

("Oh. I'm tired of waiting," [for Sharon, who never did show up, by the way] Jane said, and began the session.

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon. Seth.")

Do not allow negative considerations to close your eyes to Ruburt's considerable improvement. It obviously is an excellent point of progress that he was able to turn over by himself. His right hand has also loosened up, and other areas of the body are responding.

The end-all results of the insurance business will be to your satisfaction. I do not see a lawsuit involved. It is easier for me to perceive the end result, however, than it is to follow the changing ins and outs in between.

(Long pause at 4:20.) Bureaucratic blindness causes the delay. I do not want it to bother Ruburt's progress, for even now his body accelerates the healing process. I hope that I have helped in some small way.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present and approachable.

("Can I ask a question?")

You may.

("I've decided to give up on the tape deal with Steve. What do you think of that?")

It does not matter one way or the other—which may seem like an odd statement, but later you will see what I mean.

("It's me," Jane said after a pause.

("Okay. Thank you," I said to Seth.

(4:28 PM. "I don't know what he said," Jane said, but while he was talking I got the feeling that it—the insurance thing—wasn't going to go on and on—it wouldn't drag on," she said. "I didn't get a time limit, though, that I remember."

(Jane tried to slide her glasses down her nose, then back up again after she'd cleaned her eyes. She couldn't quite get them back in position, so I helped her with a little nudge.

(I stressed once again that I didn't want the insurance business to interfere with her recovery, which is why I'd voiced such strong approval of her turning herself this morning. I did that before telling her about the insurance, by the way.

(I told her that I still had hopes that all would be well, and that above all I wanted her to keep on the track of recovery.

(4:40. I turned her a little early for a change, used the Oil of Olay for a dehypnotizing massage, then took a nap until 5:30. She ate fairly well. I said the prayer with her at 7:00, and left five minutes later. She's to call if she can.

(I don't know what I'll be doing tomorrow morning, I told her. I plan to call Pete at 9:00 AM, and will take it from there. I'd told Andrew Fife that Pete would be calling him, probably requesting records, and that Fred Kardon may be called or asked for a statement, and so forth. We'll see. I may have to spend time getting our own records together.

(But sleep well, Jane, and continue with your recovery as usual. That's the main thing. It may be the only thing of real importance, for it can transform our future.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 16, 1983 4:26 PM FRIDAY

(Because I was impatient after breakfast this morning I called Pete Harpending's office at 8:30. He wasn't in. I left a message, and he called fifteen minutes later. I explained the insurance situation to him. Pete said that few such cases go to litigation—which surprised me a bit. In his own experience, he's handled only one such case. I gave him the names and phone number of Kathy Hagen, the Blue Cross supervisor who had seemingly turned down our major medical claim, and read to him the statement as to why that Andrew Fife had given me yesterday afternoon. Then I gave Pete Mary Krebs's phone number, in Utilization Review at the hospital; she determines the level of patient care, reviews medical records, etc. Pete said he'd call back.

(I went to work on Dreams. Pete called at 10:30. He's already talked to Andrew Fife and Mary Krebs, and visited the head of the local Blue Cross office, on the floor beneath his own office. He tried to contact Kathy Hagen in Syracuse, but she's out for the day. Next he's going to call Fred Kardon. All the activity made me feel good.

(I also told Pete that Andy Fife had told me that Jane had been rejected by the other facilities in the area, because in their opinion she required too much personal care. This was news to Jane and me; I'd forgotten that Jean Sweeney-Dun had taken me around to those places months ago. Jane broke her leg after that. I'd thought A. Fife mistaken yesterday, but he'd repeated the same thing to Pete, and gave him file and form numbers.

("Anyhow," Pete told me, "I know it may not be easy, but I want you and Jane to not worry. We've got to fight this thing, though. Their position is ridiculous." He said this after A. Fife had outlined the situation, that Jane didn't require hospitalization. Pete wants Fred K. to write a letter, or something like that.

(The rest of the morning was quiet. I wrote a note on a sympathy card for Sue and her mother.

(In 330, Jane told me that she'd had to have her catheter changed around 11:00 last night—they did it four times or so before they got it right, she said. She slept okay afterward. I woke up stewing about insurance around 2:30 AM.

("Maybe you can light a fire under Fred about the letter," I'd told Pete. So far, then, events have fallen into line with Seth's material yesterday—about the probable lack of a lawsuit, an early resolving of the insurance question, and with Jane's own feelings about same, at the end of yesterday's session. Pete hadn't asked me for any files or records, as I'd expected him to.

(I also think Pete found out that Kathy Hagen is not the ultimate supervisor at Syracuse, as I'd thought from what Andy Fife said, but that she too has supervisors.

(Jane ate a good lunch and began reading yesterday's session at 3:00. She was halting, but got through it pretty well, so overall she did okay, I told her. She said that when I came in this noon she didn't ask me how I made out this morning because she was going to wait until after her lunch, in case I had bad news. I told her I felt quite cheered by the morning's implications, and that we'd take it from there as best we could.

(Jane also has gotten rid of the patch on the outside of her right knee. The ulcer that had formed there after she'd broken her right leg at the site has now closed itself over. It has a way to go before it's called fully healed, but she's made remarkable progress with it, I told her. The redness will fade and fresh normal skin will grow.

(3:43. Jane did some motions with her head and shoulders left leg and hip. Noises, not violent. I rubbed several spots on her neck, forehead and the crown of her head, and she responded with strong motions of her head then. They left her breathless, she said. Grunts and groans. Left foot moved more.

(I told Jane Margaret Bumbalo called me at 12:30, as I was getting ready to leave the house, and told me there were two does in her backyard—so I had to take a few minutes to watch them. They moved leisurely across Holley Road into our own driveway, nibbling at fallen sumac leaves and the bushes. Margaret is to visit Jane in a day or two.

(I tried to do a little mail. Cathy took Jane's temperature—98—and got her some iced ginger ale.

(4:10. Lynne took Jane's blood pressure and pulse. Without our saying anything, she remarked on how well Jane's ulcers were healing, and how much better she was. When people finally stopped coming in, Jane said she did want to have a session. Her Seth voice was quite good. The day was dry but overcast, and the light was already starting to wane.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

People must be instinsically free, or they will begin to impede their own expression.

They will begin to follow a road of denial and repression, and grow more and more afraid of expressing their own talents or abilities. Parents often promote such ideas by teaching children that they live in an unsafe world, filled with enemies. Such children at an early age become frightened of their own impetus toward expression. They are afraid, again, of freedom, for to them freedom implies danger and even mortal peril.

This repression does not only show itself in the physical world of behavior, but also acts within the interior world of the body itself, repressing those organs that lead to physical motion. Young people may even repress their own thought processes, since they fear their own inclinations, and are afraid to act upon their thoughts. To escape the conflict between thought and action, such young people may only allow their thoughts to stray in conventionalized standard directions.

Human beings, and all creatures for that matter, have a strong inner impetus leading to action and expression. If anything impedes this natural smoothness and coordination (*pause*), then all aspects of expression are in one way or another impeded. The cells and organs and muscles and bones all grow by expressing the natural, innate expression characteristic of their kinds. There is a spontaneous order that directs their motions and leads them ever onward to further expression and fulfillment.

*(4:35.) Truly great artistic, creative, athletic and social abilities are inherent within each human individual. Each person has the capacity, then, to be a genius on many levels. (*Long pause.*) These abilities may largely lay latent now—but they are nevertheless part of the human heritage.*

At the present time they may only represent distant ideals, against which mankind measures itself, yet many of them can indeed be realized in the world as it is, if only people

become more aware of their expressive capabilities so that the main direction of their lives are expressive rather than repressive.

(4:50.) Comments. You both handled yesterday's situation (*re insurance*) fairly well—in far better fashions, for example, than you might have years ago under the same circumstances.

The hospital, for all its healing intentions, is often a repressive institution rather than an expressive one. Ruburt's progress has become noticeable enough, however, to be commented on by others, so you are beginning to change the opinions of other people also, and their attitudes toward you. To that extent, the environment becomes less repressive, and begins to build up a bank of beneficial suggestions, which can prove as helpful as the negative suggestions were detrimental.

Again, concentrate upon those improvements—for the healing processes are indeed being accelerated.

I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak—but again, know that I am present and approachable.

("Yes. Thank you.")

(4:45. *"Remember back in the beginning of these sessions, when I wondered about what would happen when people began to notice your improvements?" I asked Jane. She nodded. "And," I said, "it's hardly any coincidence that you're coming through with this kind of material you've started, when your own healing is on the upsurge."*

(Jane, perhaps Seth can tell us next time how we could have reacted even better yesterday to the insurance challenge.

(I didn't have time to go into it today, but Seth's material reminded me anew that I know my own mother had managed to make me afraid of certain areas of life—that as I grew up, then left home and had to manipulate in the world, I became quite aware that I'd acquired certain fears or inhibitions. It's a long story and I don't intend to go into it here; I just wanted to insert this note as a reminder.

("I meant to tell you," Jane said now, "that my left arm is getting softer, too. I think changes are occurring in the knuckle nodes on the backs of my hands, too...." Which reminded me that I'd applied the Remedy Rescue Cream earlier today.

(The session had run late. At 4:45, before I turned Jane on her side, Lynne came in to tell me I had a phone call at the nurse's station. It was Catherine Murdock from social services. She said that next Tuesday at 1:00 PM one of the heads of placement at the Chemung County Infirmary a block away would be at 330 to interview Jane, with an assistant, and could I please be there too? I said sure. It seems that as a result of the call she'd received from Pete this morning, Mary Krebs had contacted the Infirmary. It seemed further that there might be a chance that a bed there was opening up. The thought was broached that Jane could be moved—nothing definite. This was the last thing I wanted to hear. Catherine said names could be moved up and down the Infirmary's list—evidently Jane's had been shifted several times when it was determined she was too ill to be moved. There was something about having a private nurse for 16 hours a day, if the staff there couldn't take care of my wife. I said that was pointless and that we couldn't afford it.

(I was already thinking that we didn't want to move in any direction until the insurance matter was cleared up, lest it appear that we were running scared. If we moved now, I thought, we might end up stuck with a bill for \$50,000, if the insurance refused to cover it

under our old setup. I knew I'd be calling Pete first thing Monday to tell him about this. I also knew there were few private rooms in the Infirmary, and that if we lost our privacy it would interfere greatly with our work together—and that the creative work is as much a part of therapy as anything else. Why did this have to happen now? I wondered as I hung up, just when it seems we might get somewhere. But actually, this latest twist was a result of our trying to get somewhere, and might actually work to our benefit with the insurance company, once they were told that my wife couldn't be moved. That was the message I want to get across to them, with Pete's help.

("I'm not moving anywhere," Jane announced adamantly when I tried to explain about the call. And maybe that stand was a good one, I thought, since it was definite. Seth can comment. I told Jane I thought the whole thing was one more piece of the puzzle falling into place—that above all I didn't want her to worry, to just forget it. "I'm not going anywhere," she stated again.

(So there things rest. We're doing all right, Jane, and truly, there isn't anything to worry about. All I want is for you to keep your cool and continue to heal yourself.

(I did get in a 15-minute nap. Jane ate well. After we'd read our prayer together I saw to it that she had her call button laying across her belly so she could use it. She'd pressed it once last night, she said, when she needed something done about the catheter. She uses it as a matter of routine now—quite an advancement, I said.

(Debbie had visited earlier in the evening.

(Jane called me at about 9:35 tonight, as I was typing this. Cathy helped her. I'd thanked Cathy for helping Jane call me several times recently. Sleep well, Sweetheart. Tomorrow is another day.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 17, 1983 6 PM SATURDAY

(Jane wanted to be turned on her back right away. I told her that Orlene Gladston had called me from California this morning, to wish us a Merry Christmas and ask about Jane's condition, and that my brother Loren, who at 63 is a year younger than I am, had called yesterday for the same reason.

(1:30. Jane began eating a good lunch. She's having spasms in her bladder from the catheter. Her hair and scalp itch—I suggested it was caused by the medicated water in hydro, but she said no. My own ears itch, and have for some time. Yesterday I read in the Enquirer that such itching can be caused by shampoos, so I'm going to do some experimenting.

(3:10. After a cigarette, and my doing some mail, Jane started reading yesterday's long session, which I'd finished typing at about 10:30 last night. Before I went to the john I helped her hold the session papers on the left edge with her left hand—something I've been hoping she would become able to do, since it would add to her independence in reading. She started reading fairly well. When I came back from the john, she suddenly was able to grasp the right edge of the papers with her right hand—a totally unexpected development, one that I hadn't expected yet at all. Jane uttered cries of approval. "Look at what I can do." This feat enabled her to bring the session closer to her eyes, so that she didn't have to read with it propped up against her knee—she held the papers where she wanted them. She could almost hold the papers up like anyone would, even though her arms and hands aren't clear yet; but, she told me, they have changed enough so that she could now do this. Wonderful, I said. I stressed that it was a very important step, and that maybe soon I could take apart Personal Reality, as I had suggested doing some weeks ago, so that she could read it page by page.

(This development, I told her, will free her mind as well as the body.

(Jane read fairly well, and held several of the pages of the session in the same manner. In 329 on the other side of the bathroom we could hear Christina through two doors, singing in Russian and English. "She sounds like a dirge," I said, yet when I'd been in the john and could hear her better. I'd detected a distinctly childlike feeling in her singing, of a woman who is over 90 years old.

(3:30. Spasms interfered with Jane's reading to some extent. When Lynne came in to take her blood pressure, Jane showed her what new things she could do with her hands. Lynne also noticed how much better the healing ulcer on the outside of her right knee looked. Cathy took Jane's temperature and pulse.

(By 3:50, when she was reading the last two pages of the session, Jane said that already her holding the pages that way was almost automatic, though by the time she finishes a page her left hand is beginning to get tired. By now, she said, all of the nurses and aides notice it when she uses the call button, and many of them remark about her general improvements.

(3:55. I opened a letter from a reader who had sent us our individual lifecharts, in answer to a card I'd used to reply to her letter last month. The charts were ridiculous, I said to Jane, and showed her how they allowed each of us only about four good, creative, safe months a year! What rot, I said. They'd been prepared by a famous astrologer, the woman said. I was

especially intrigued by the “fact” that my birth month, June, was shown in red—meaning that it was a danger month and that I should be very careful in life. I crossed the writer off my mental list of who I might reply to in the future.

(4:07. I rubbed the spot on Jane’s neck, and got a good response, as I’d done earlier this afternoon.

(4:18. Good movements, head and shoulders and both feet. “See, that’s the impetus from the spine again,” Jane said, breathing heavily. “I’m trying to sit up again, I can tell, but I can’t do it from way down in the bed. It makes me feel all hot and itchy....” She’d talked several times earlier about feeling itchy, and the tingles, in various parts of her body, as though circulation was increasing.

(Now Christina was sounding off in jumbled English and Russian, singing bits and pieces of Merry Christmas, Happy Birthday, Georgia, and so forth. I worked on mail and watched parts of a football game and an old Humphrey Bogart movie until Jane said she’d have a short session. Now Christine was bothering me a little.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

(“Good afternoon, Seth.”)

Ruburt is presently experiencing an acceleration of nearly all portions of the body—increased activity, and the stimulation of circulation, and in particular the stimulation of nervous activity.

This can indeed be experienced as an irritation, but it is a beneficial irritation—the renewed activity of bodily business. A turning up of bodily activity. The results, even so far, were apparent in the manner in which he handled reading material this afternoon. He is experiencing the body’s impetus, its urge toward motion, and to reactivation.

I will add to our other material, but for now I simply wanted to give you this information. I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present and approachable.

(“Thank you.”)

(4:51. Jane had said before the session started that her head didn’t want to stay back on the pillow—that it kept moving forward all by itself. It did so now also. She had more bladder spasms, and was afraid she’d loosened the catheter with her motions, although I hadn’t thought they were that strong, except for the rapid head movements. But she said they had been strong enough.

(After turning Jane and massaging her with Oil of Olay, I took my usual nap. Just before I did Margaret Bumbalo called and invited me for supper. Jane was eating supper when Peg and Bill Gallagher visited between 6:05 and 6:16 or so. Bill noticed that Jane had put on some weight. He went next door and said hello to Christina in Russian. She was delighted—she kissed his hand.

(However, Jane was having pretty frequent bladder spasms as she ate dessert, and feared that tonight she might have to get a new catheter. “I just hope they get it in right,” she said.

(I got all ready to leave, when we remembered that we hadn’t read the prayer. So we skipped it for the day—but I’ll say it for my wife in bed tonight. After I got home from the Bumbalo’s, Louise Stamp called. She had been watching for my house lights to go on. Someone had sent us a bouquet. When Marty brought it over I discovered it was from Betts and

Loren—my brother and his wife. It's beautiful, a Christmas bouquet. The temperature is down to 23 degrees.

(On December 22, when I reread the session to her, Jane said, "That irritation has passed.")

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 19, 1983 4:05 PM MONDAY

(No session was held on Sunday, December 18, but I want to summarize the day's events, for some important points evolved.

(Jane told me that Fred Kardon was in to see her this morning. He's going away for a week—to Florida—just when we may need his cooperation. Fred hadn't heard from Pete, she learned. Jane said she explained some of the insurance situation. Fred told her that the other places had rejected her because of the ulcers. No one had told us this—not even Andy Fife. Fred said the insurance hassle is "a matter of writing letters back and forth." Jane wasn't sure when he was leaving, but it's probably tomorrow morning, or even tonight. I'll have Pete try to get in touch with him first thing in the morning.

(However, a little thought shows that Fred's departure may actually work to our advantage—slowing down any precipitous decision on the part of the Chemung County Infirmary to want to possibly move Jane over there; if he isn't present to give advise, officials may not be able to reach a decision, except to leave her alone—which is what we want.

(However, this morning, Jane said, Fred was amazed at the way the large ulcer on the outside of her right knee is healing itself. Jane told him she wants her legs to straighten enough so that she can start sitting up. Fred said they had a way to go. In reply she said, "Bob and I massage and exercise them every day." That was all.

(Phyllis took care of Jane this morning. She hadn't examined my wife for some little while, and so was quite surprised at the progress. She told Jane that all the kids on the floor really admire her for the way she "withstood all that pain and agony." Then added, "Those antibiotics must have done you a lot of good." Jane laughed and said, "Phyllis I haven't had any antibiotics for months. I just told myself I'd get well."

("Really?" Phyllis asked. "Well, maybe...." I'm paraphrasing, of course. But the incident made me think that it's a pity nursing students aren't taught valid facts of life, instead of the medical dogmas that often prolong illness. And Jane likes Phyllis—she's a good nurse, my wife said. But how nice if they were taught that the unimpeded body is only too willing to heal itself.

(I told Jane about the three deleted sessions for January 1980 that I'd read this morning while doing a note for Dreams—how good they were, on the body consciousness and related subjects like healing, and what a shame it is that the material sits there unread and unpublished.

(Jane ate a good lunch. Afterward three of the staff came in to hoist her further up the bed and change her drawsheet. They had to lift Jane, and this hurt her; she cried. She began to read yesterday's session while I did mail, and once again she started out holding the papers on the left side with her left hand. Then shortly afterward she also began using her right hand on the right side. She didn't read well today, though, but got through the session finally.

(At 4:25 Phyllis cleaned Jane's ears at her request—and with the swab drew out of my wife's left ear the drainage tube that she'd had inserted almost two years ago. It had worked itself loose. Phyllis said that probably the eardrum is healed. Then when she changed the

patch on Jane's nose, that protects against the hard bridge of her glasses, Phyllis discovered that the irritated and sore nose had healed itself under the patch, unknown to all, since the patch has been there a long while. She put on a new one, though, to protect the tender bridge of the nose while it heals even more. Jane wears her glasses many hours a day, though she still takes them off when she sleeps, she said.

(Luke and Lois Hutter were visiting her house and husband and kids out in the country, Phyllis said, and she called the house to see if they'd arrived yet. I talked to Luke on the phone—at first, I could tell, he didn't know who I was. But he sounded the same after I became a little more familiar with his voice.

(We were so busy, even being interrupted while I was taking my nap, that we never did get to have a session. Nor did Jane do any movements that I noticed—for the first time in a long while. I read the prayer with her at 7:00 PM.

(Christina Woloschin—out of her room all day.

(December 19, 1983:

(This morning I called Pete Harpending, and passed on the information from Jane that Fred Kardon was out of town this week—on vacation in Florida. "Not bad, huh?" I told Pete about the prospective evaluation by the people from the infirmary a block away, and mentioned to him that Jane didn't want to be moved. Pete told me that he'd called Mary Krebs back, or that she had called him, a second time on that first day last week—Friday. Then later in the morning I had to call him back to tell him about Ms. Murdock in social services, and the 16-hours-a-day private nursing proposal in connection with the infirmary.

(In between those calls, Steve Blumenthal called, and I told him that Jane and I had decided not to go through with the tape deal. It was harder for me to tell him than I thought it would be, since I didn't want to hurt anyone, etc. Steve took it well, and is going to use up the retainer he gave the Ithaca lawyer to have her ask Prentice-Hall some questions, etc. It's a free country, I said, he can ask them anything he likes, I suppose. I turned down his request to sign a letter of authorization. I said that I didn't want the extra stress involved with the tape deal, that we'd dealt with our publisher for many years, and that I didn't look forward to being in an adversarial position vis-à-vis them. I'm in enough adversarial positions now, what with insurance companies, doctors, infirmaries, and so forth. Steve is to keep in touch.

(When I called Pete back I told him about the Steve affair, and he said I should think twice before I cut out something that might give us extra income in the future. Perhaps. I said I shut the door on Steve, but didn't slam it. Pete agreed with my reasons for cutting the affair short, though. "I don't see how you do what you're doing now," he said.

(Then Pete gave me some surprising news: Jack Joyce has gone out of business in Corning, and is working for a convalescent home down in southern Pennsylvania, I think Pete said. No word on what's happened with Graciella—I'd thought that match was one of those ideal ones. Pete is going to ask Carnevale and Niles if they'll do our taxes. Another hassle, I told Jane.

(1:30. Jane ate a good lunch. I began to get very tired—probably, I thought, a reaction to the morning's events. Jane said Margaret, who visited last night, is worried about Joe, and wants to get him to Florida earlier this year.

(Then Frank Longwell visited—he brought Jane an azalea plant, a beautiful thing. Jean is coming home soon. Frank looked better, has put on weight.

(3:50. The time seemed to scoot by without our getting anything done. A new nurse came in to do all of Jane's vitals. LuAnn had told us she was coming.

(Jane had read my summary of yesterday's events, holding the pages up with both hands in what already seems like a more normal way for her—as if she'd been doing so all along. She also showed me how she could much more easily turn her head from side to side, and around, than she has been able to. Very good, I told her—another sign. When LuAnn was in she replaced the new nose patch that Georgia had put on to replace the one Phyllis had put on yesterday—the first one had been too big, the second too small, the third one was just right.

(3:55. Then Jane said something very important—that when the guardrail on the bed in down on the left side, and the TV is pushed back out of the way, she gets the impulse to sit up in bed and swing her legs down over the side. Only she can't straighten out her legs enough yet. But this is an excellent sign, I told her, and one that I hope develops.

(4:00. Jane wanted to have a session because she missed out yesterday, so she had a quick cigarette while I looked over the mail—little of which I worked on today.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Ruburt now feels the impulse to sit up on the side of his bed—an excellent development, for action follows impulse.

The impulse was always present, but earlier it was buried beneath the conglomeration of negative mental and physical habits. Those habits are indeed dissolving. When Ruburt is alone he has begun to exercise on his own, and indeed the manipulation of those pressure points on the temples is very important, and has further helped in the release of arms and shoulders.

Again, you also have both been given evidence of the change in the opinion of others concerning Ruburt's condition. These new opinions, of course, add to the positive suggestions that both you and Ruburt give to him. So does life work from the inside outward, and Ruburt's situation is such that further improvements in motion and sensation will continue to show themselves with smoothness and rapidity.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present and approachable.

("Okay. Thank you.")

(4:10 PM. "That's not bad, considering the time," Jane said, pleased that she'd had the session after all of the other events of the day. I was very tired and relaxed. I hadn't used the pendulum, for example, but I suspected that I was reacting to calling off the tape deal. I was still worrying that I'd hurt others and cost them money, though.)

("When we went to Florida last winter," Margaret Bumbalo had told Jane yesterday evening, "I never expected to see you alive again." And look at what my wife has accomplished since then. Now Jane did a few exercises with her head and shoulders; her feet moved a little also.

(4:20. She showed me how she could open up her legs more than before, and extend the right one down more. She'd done this in hydro today also. She also noticed the difference in length of her legs, from hip to knee. "I think Fred figured I'd never walk again, so it didn't matter what happened to the right one after I broke it," she said. I agreed. She'd never had the leg in a cast or sling, as she had the arm.

(4:25. Jane did a few more exercises. Grunts and noises. "I feel like I'm on a merry-go-round," she said as she moved her head around and around.

(4:40. She agreed to have me turn her over on her left side a bit earlier because I was tired. First she tried to do it herself, but couldn't quite make it. She did do it this morning, though, she said. She's tried it several times with me, but hasn't succeeded yet. But she's improving here also.

(I slept deeply after massaging her with Oil of Olay as usual. She ate well. I read the prayer with her at 7:00, and left a few minutes earlier after making sure she had the nurse's call button handy.

(Christina Woloschin has been out of her room all day.

(I gave Jan Stimson money for ice cream rolls for the staff's Christmas party. Don't know how much I'll get back.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 20, 1983 4:55 PM TUESDAY

(Our scheduled meeting with Kim Evans, director of social services at the Chemung County Infirmary, and Connie Lido, head nurse there, took place at about 1:40 This afternoon. Jane was eating lunch when they came in to 330. The meeting went about as planned. I suppose both sides scored points, or exchanged information, but I told them we weren't signing any admission papers. Jane told them she didn't want to go there. We received an unwelcome surprise when Kim told us that on November 18 Fred Kardon had signed a paper stating that Jane no longer required acute care. We hadn't been told this.

(I told the women that Jane and I were getting tired of such activities going on behind our backs, and that now I wouldn't make a move without legal advice. This may have surprised them, I'm not sure. Above all, I said, we're not going to do anything that will compromise our case against the insurance claim.

(I went over to the Infirmary's office with them after the meeting to get a bunch of papers Kim wanted to give me, because doing it this way would save me an extra trip sometime later. While there I expressed quite plainly my opinion that Jane and I were being manipulated, that I was getting mad at everybody. I wanted her to get that message, and told her Pete H. would be calling. She gave me a lot of figures I only partially understood. She also asked me about Jane's assets. When I gave a rough estimate, she said that ruled out applying for something called Hill-Burton funds for payment toward the insurance bill, I believe. In other words, one has to be indigent before any help is offered, it seems.

(Kim told me Jane is second on the list for admission to the facility now. "It could happen tomorrow or six months from now," she said, meaning an opening. She seemed receptive when I explained our need for privacy, that it was vital therapy, and talked of moving Jane directly into a private room. But if that didn't work out, Jane would have to wait her turn in a double room—and there was no telling how long that could take, she said. So I see no real offer of help there.

("That's the system," Connie Lido said when I told her Fred hadn't told us he'd signed that form. Over in her office, Kim Evans said that the report on Jane noted that her joints were "frozen." and I explained to her that that wasn't the case at all—another instance of lack of communication. She also explained something to me about indigence—how, after a certain period of time Jane and I would be considered separate people so that she could qualify Medicaid payments, I believe—and that, even if they got after me to make up those payments, I could refuse to do so. This is certainly garbled—but she made some notes on it, and I'll be giving them to Pete, or at least telling him about them when I call him in the morning.

(In short, I told Kim Evans, the system stinks, and I'm mad about the whole thing. So be it. As I told Jane when I got back to 330 around 3:00, all even the Infirmary wants is the money—that's why they're suddenly interested in her, because her name is moved up the list, and they know that somehow they'll make a profit on the deal, either through self-pay, insurance, or whatnot. In the meantime, when she wasn't available, they didn't give a hoot.

(There was much more said by all concerned, but I won't attempt to give it here. I told Jane as I fed her the rest of her cold lunch that I'm going to have to start cutting down on the typing involved with these sessions, so that I can be sure I get each day's work done before another load arrives the next day.

(Jane wondered about getting Sue Watkins to type the Rembrandt book, without any notes at all. When I asked her why, she said to get money. I said that when we needed \$15,000 a month, the book meant little. I didn't mean to denigrate the value of the book, but it can't help us much—no book can at this date. I'm not against someone else putting that book together for publication, providing someone wants it, and things may work out that way. At one time I thought of asking Tam if he'd do it. It's another instance of having something there that I can't seem to resolve—very frustrating.

(When Joan, an RN, came in to see Jane today for eye drops, she at once noticed the improvements in my wife's condition.

(Jane didn't finish lunch until close to 4:00. She'd done no exercises, nor had I looked at mail. At 4:12 she began reading yesterday's session—holding it upright by herself with both hands again—but she didn't read very well. She was also having some bladder spasms, not surprisingly. Jane finally got through the session with my help. I hadn't thought we'd manage to have a session today, the way things were going, but even though it was getting late. Jane said she wanted to try at 4:50. I said go ahead.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

I am sorry that *(pause)* today's events disturbed Ruburt, and yourself as well.

They are no more than insect sounds—perhaps irritating, but unimportant. Ruburt will not be forced to take any steps toward moving to another location, without his consent and approval—underline approval. Such affairs are only the shadows of probabilities—that is, experienced merely as shadows, and not fleshed out, because of your own better attitudes and knowledge. Ruburt will have no setbacks, tell him, and his improvements will continue. He will be able to go home, and in some comfort, long before you may imagine.

Follow on as you have been. Again, our sessions set up additional frameworks, in which healing takes place, and the improvements will show also in your joint living conditions—so set your minds at rest.

I may or may not return—again, according to those rhythms of which I speak. But know that I am present and approachable.

("I'd like to say a few things.")

You may indeed.

("I figure on calling Pete tomorrow morning and telling him about today's events, but I don't want to change probabilities by dwelling upon them. At the same time, I get angry when I think we're being manipulated, and so forth. I feel a conflict there. I don't want to change our present situation here in the hospital when we're getting results, so I don't really know what to do....")

It is perfectly reasonable to contact your lawyer, and tell him the situation without stressing negatives, and without allowing yourself to get too upset. The session itself should help content your mind about the situation.

("Okay.")

("It's me," Jane said.

(5:03 PM. The session certainly did help like mad. I found it almost amazingly optimistic, compared to what we'd been doing today. It surely shows the way to go, if we want to be free, though at the same time we can't divorce ourselves from daily life.

(Both of us felt much better after the session. When I was walking out the door for home tonight, I realized that even so I'd forgotten to read the session to Jane, so I went back into 330 to do that.

(Material added the next morning, December 21, Wednesday:

(I did call Pete at 9:00 AM. and outlined as best I could yesterday's events. I'm to mail him all the forms and figures I got from Kim Evans. Pete said that at the moment he was as confused as I was. "These people all speak their own languages," he said, "and if you're on the outside you don't know what they're saying." Too true.

(Pete surprised me by saying that he'd talked to Fred Kardon yesterday, here in town. Fred, he said, was on the defensive. Pete ended up getting mad at him—for Fred contradicted himself by saying that Jane required acute care, but that all the other facilities in town said they rejected her for that very reason. I don't know whether I'm correct in this interpretation or not, but Pete said Fred was evidently trying to protect himself. So's everyone else, I said. I told Pete about Fred signing that form on November 18, saying Jane didn't require acute care.

(I kept the session in mind, so I didn't go so far as to tell Pete to go all out and start suing everybody—although we've discussed litigation re the insurance. But what I want Pete to do is to thoroughly familiarize himself with all facets of our "case," so that we can then make some intelligent decisions. I didn't even tell Pete that, but will probably end up doing so. Now I don't know whether to call Fred and get mad this afternoon, or what, considering the material in the session. The session may be acting as a healthy brake on my going too far, too quickly. If so, I'm grateful.

(Pete also wants a copy of Steve Blumenthal's last letter, so I've made a copy of that to mail him with the Infirmary material today. I'll stop at the post office to pick up some Christmas stamps. What's Christmas?)

DELETED
DECEMBER 21, 1983 4:21 PM WEDNESDAY

(See the preliminary notes for today's session, that I typed this morning at the end of the last session. I see now that I should have typed them separately, to go here. Nevertheless, I stopped at the post office on my way to the hospital to mail all of the information about the Infirmary and Steve to Pete.

("Sometimes," I said as I talked with Jane after she'd had her lunch, "I feel like just saying the hell with it all and waiting 'till something happens—'till someone gets on us for money, or something—and then turning the whole thing over to Pete if necessary." Jane agreed. But then, isn't that what we're doing now, in a way? I really meant, of course, that I'd forget the whole mess in the meantime. Well, that would tie in with Seth's own material, in a fashion, and I was coming around more and more to thinking that it could save our lives.

(Even now, I was sure that yesterday's session had helped me moderate my own reactions to the latest events—and that was good, I told Jane.

(I took the lunch tray out to the cart after Jane was finished, and met Marilyn Sullivan, who introduced herself to me. Social services. Talked to her on the phone the other day about the interview with Jane yesterday. Am to meet her in her office Friday at 2:30 PM. She didn't say what for, nor did I ask. I'd told Pete that I'd spoken with Kathleen Murdock—I think.

(2:40. Cigarette. I messed with mail.

(3:15. I gave Jane yesterday's session. She held it as usual, now, but read quite slowly and haltingly, no matter how close to or far from her eyes she held the papers. She finished at 3:45 after quite a struggle.

(3:47. Sharon H.—blood pressure.

(3:48. Sharon P.—temperature—97.2—and pulse.

(4:00. LuAnn—eye drops. Christina Woloschin is raising hell out in the hall, around the corner. No one knows what her trouble is. At lunch time Alexandra, the Russian cleaning lady I made friends with in rehab, was in Christina's room speaking Russian with her. It turned out that part of Christina's trouble was that as she sat in her room with no lights on, she thought she was in prison. She was afraid of her dark room.

(Jane did want to have a session, though neither one of us seemed to be at our best.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

You can approach the insurance situation, and the infirmary situation, in the following manner—or at least this example may help you understand the nature of probabilities more clearly.

Imagine you have a kind of children's book. It consists of many dots, and you are to connect some and color them. As you look, you can see the dim outlines of many pictures or events—some favorable, some clearly less favorable, and some definitely unsavory. You concentrate upon connecting those points that will give you the most favorable events, and it is these pictures that you color in. The others you ignore, and when the picture is finished that you want, then looking back you can see how the completed picture completely

obscured the other possible ones, so that they disappeared entirely in the completed project.

In other words, you see the outline of unpleasant events, ignore them as much as possible, and imagine how in the future they will be dispersed in the larger colored picture that you have created.

The probabilities unchosen may in fact be changed completely, or altered considerably, and even used as springboards, or starting-off points, for more favorable events.

(4:28.) Ruburt's body is rapidly gaining strength. Do not be concerned if his reading fluctuates, for the fluctuations are a necessary part of his improvement as various muscles try out their new facility.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present and approachable.

("Yes. Thank you.")

(4:30 PM. When I told Jane that Seth had an excellent analogy there, she said, "That's how I knew we were going to have a session—I began to get material on that analogy.")

(It certainly is a good one. I want to keep yesterday's session and this one available for reference daily, for the more I think about them, the more I feel they contains the key knowledge we must put to use.)

(After our usual nightly routine of turning, massage, nap and supper—the tray was late—and prayer, I read the session for tonight to Jane. As I did so she showed me a new motion with her right arm: now she could lift it higher from the shoulder as she lay on her back, and then reach farther across her body and up toward her left shoulder—something she hasn't been able to do before today. Another advance, Jane. She'd mentioned feeling changes in the right arm a couple of times earlier this afternoon. This implies changes in the shoulder connection with the right arm, as well as in the elbow.)

(I should add that yesterday and today have been very cold in our area, though today is a bit warmer than yesterday and the night before when the temperature was around zero degrees, I believe. The cold seems to hamper everything else one wants to do, or feel. The temp is supposed to warm up considerably before the week is out.)

(Jane, what am I going to get you for Christmas?)

(A note: I think that when he talked about the unchosen probabilities being changed by the one chosen, Seth might have at least hinted at something new in his material. I'd like to get more on this....)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 22, 1983 3:41 PM THURSDAY

(I had no calls or disturbances of any kind this morning, and greatly enjoyed the privacy. Pete didn't call, and I didn't do a damned thing except get up, clean up, get the paper and feed the cats, eat breakfast and go to work marking up Chapter 4 of Dreams, which I finished typing a couple of days ago. I felt peaceful and at ease.

(I'm sure my improved attitude resulted from the last two sessions—plus other recent ones—but I have resolved anew that I must simply concentrate upon my creative work each day, see Jane and help her as much as I can, and spare my body consciousness the needless stress of worrying about the future. I must let the rest of the world go its own way. This doesn't mean that I make believe we have no challenges, but that I for one refuse to dwell upon them, so as to not draw forth unwanted probabilities. I have also renewed my faith and expectations that Jane and I will get what we want. When I find myself beginning to worry about some hassle, I deliberately turn my mind away. It's ultimately the only way I can function creatively on a day-by-day basis. Knowing that relieves me of spending my valuable time in adversarial positions and activities. This all means, obviously, that we do need help from others—whether they be lawyers, doctors, nurses, publishers, or whatever, and this way we stay in contact with the rest of our world.

(I wrote the above material after Jane had lunch, and read it to her at once. She had a good night and morning, with some new motions in hydro. When I got to 330 she was having spasms in her inner thigh and buttock muscles—those areas I'd noticed being so tight yesterday. They often happen when she moves her left arm, she said—the two sort of working in tandem. I said it seems the legs are on their way to clearing themselves more—that the jerky motions result from unused muscles trying to get back into the rhythm of everyday motion. I asked Jane to be sure to not inhibit or turn off the spasms, or tighten up out of fear that something was wrong.

(3:05. Jane began reading yesterday's session—doing much better than she had yesterday. She held the papers easily enough in her left hand, as usual these days. She was through with the session in 15 minutes.

(She showed me how she can still reach across her chest and up toward her left shoulder with her right hand and arm—a motion she began yesterday.

(3:22. She had a cigarette while I worked on mail. I'd also said I wanted to go over the last two sessions with her, plus some older ones.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Afternoon, Seth.")

Comments concerning Ruburt. At this present stage he is activating portions of the body in new ways. This gives an uneven performance. The stage will shortly be over, however. In the meantime he should realize that the process itself is therapeutic. When it is over he will have far better use of his arms and legs, as they will work together more smoothly.

The right leg is also beginning to extend itself—which is of course an excellent sign.

The notes that you read to Ruburt, the handwritten ones, are excellent. It would be a good idea, however, for the two of you to review several sessions. We were beginning to explain some new points about probabilities, as you surmised.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak, but I am present and approachable.

("Thank you.")

(3:45. "It's me." Jane was bothered by leg and bladder spasms at the same time. She said her legs worked well in hydro this morning.

(Not long after the session was over I told Jane I meant to ask Seth to comment on the vivid dream I'd had last night about the Gallaghers and an unkempt young man who was living with them. I'd described it to Jane earlier. Suffice it to note that I saw Peg and Bill living in squalor in a crude house on a barge or houseboat, with dirt floors, old furniture, and so forth. I'd surmised that their living conditions, in spite of the money they'd earned all their lives, represented their poor belief systems. And that, maybe, the young man they'd taken in represented me as I'd used to be, or a perpetuation of their belief systems into later generations.

(Jane said that maybe Seth would return later and talk about the dream, but this didn't happen.

(3:50. I began reading older sessions to her. Jane's leg spasms were frequent. She said she's had more impulses to sit up on the side of the bed in recent days, since Seth first discussed that impulse on December 19.

(3:58. LuAnn—drops and blood pressure.

(4:07. Jane wanted to do some head and neck motions, hoping they wouldn't bother her legs.

(4:13. Sharon P.—temperature—surprise: 99 degrees.

(4:21. Jane had a cigarette. I dipped it for her. I checked her left index finger: It bent at the middle joint more than it had several weeks ago, when the first movement occurred. I read her some more sessions. She said that staff people commented again this morning on the way her ulcers are healing. The one on her left shoulder is filling in and healing, that bothers her so when she lies on her left side.

(4:25. I read her a few more sessions.

(4:45. Jane tried to turn over herself, but couldn't quite make it. She's tried to do so for me several times, without success so far, but has succeeded a few times in the mornings.

(Jean Reome called this afternoon, is anxious to get back to work; talked to Jane also. Margaret Bumbalo invited me over for supper, and I didn't know whether to accept or not, since I wanted to be sure I got this session typed. But I went, and it was very enjoyable. Soon they'll leave for Florida. Margaret said that when she looks at Jane now she sees something beside skin stretched over bone. "She's got something there now—she's even getting a pot."

(It was raining, and just above freezing. I left at 7:09, after reading today's session to Jane, and the prayer with her.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 24, 1983 4:32 PM SATURDAY CHRISTMAS EVE

(No session was held yesterday, Friday, December 23, but here is a summary of the day's events.

(3:40. I returned to 330 from talking with Madeline Sullivan of social services. There's no need to go into detail as to what we talked about. I explained to Jane that much of it was a rehash of what I've told other social service workers. We had a good exchange, and she's a very understanding, perceptive lady. She made no notes, saying she usually doesn't in order to keep other people from reviewing her files later. Who she may tell about our interview, I don't know.

(I explained all the aspects of our situation as best I could, and asked some good questions. I think I made clear our current ideas about insurance, our work, the need for privacy, our opinions of various doctors and the medical establishment versus the lack of psychology they often display, and so forth. She knows of Pete Harpending through a family connection, and I told her to feel free to call him. I'll send Pete her name and number.

(She explained that Jane hadn't been offered a room on the second floor—because there wasn't adequate staff to take care of her. [Jane later said Fred Kardon might have mentioned this some time ago; I don't recall.] Madeline Sullivan said we were well off as far as our insurance goes, and I laughed and said, "Yes, only we can't collect." But she knows from family experience, she said, about troubles with medical expenses, insurance, and so forth. She said something about hospital policy being to review cases after a six-month period, but I couldn't elicit from her when Jane's current six-month period might have begun. The end of it could be as far off as next summer, I'm not at all sure.

(She has talked with Andrew Fife, and so knows at least something of our situation. She at least appeared, I told Jane, to be quite open to our way of thinking. The point I stressed—politely—was that at this time I wouldn't make a move without legal advice, and that I wasn't going to do anything that would compromise our position versus the insurance company.

(3:50. Jane began reading yesterday's session, and did quite well, holding the papers in her left hand as she usually does now. I might add that I'd had no interruptions this morning, and enjoyed not being bothered. I'm still pursuing my new ideas about ignoring as much as possible any potential hassles, and focusing on my creative work each day.

(4:15. After she finished the session, Jane said she'd been thinking lately about dropping taking the antidepressant medication each night. A long time ago Fred had said he didn't want her to stop taking it, so she wouldn't get depressed like she used to. Perhaps her renewed thinking about this is another sign of improvement? Fred had said the drug stays in the system about three weeks after one stops taking it.

(Jane did well eating today. She went down to hydro this morning but never got into the tank; it malfunctioned and she was finally brought back to 330 where Georgia gave her a partial bath.

(The day had been cold, and it was very cold as I stopped on my way home to pick up some little Christmas presents for Jane.

(December 24, 1983. Saturday:

(The night had been very cold, and the temperature still was only 12 degrees above when I got to 330 this afternoon. Jane was okay. She'd gone to hydro this morning, and had her catheter changed at about 11:00 when it wouldn't irrigate any more. I told her she'd received at the house a big vase of iris-like flowers from Larry Allen Hummer. I hadn't received any calls from Pete or anybody else, which I hardly expected anyhow. Probably no action on business affairs until after the holidays, which suits me fine.

(Jane ate a good lunch. I filled out the menu for tomorrow so that I too would receive a full Christmas dinner to eat with her. I described to Jane a very strong, vivid dream I'd had last night of her being fully recovered and in excellent health. The scene was at a neighbor's down the street we lived on—not Pinnacle Road—where there was a party going on. Bob McClure, who is dead, was there. I was telling everybody that Jane had just spontaneously recovered her health and the ability of walking: I could see dimples in her knees as she moved about. She was telling people—many of them strangers—about all of it too. I knew this was an excellent dream.

(Yesterday I finally remembered to tell Jane about another vivid dream I'd had last week. In this one I'd moved into an apartment down on West Water near the downtown section. I saw a nice big studio-type room, quite bare with polished wood. But when I looked outside, I saw a rundown row of apartments next door, and in the first doorway stood a young mother in ragged clothing, with several ragged children sitting on the steps, staring at me. No noise was involved. I'd connected those people with old beliefs.

(After lunch, and I'd done a little mail, Jane and I exchanged some of our gifts for each other. I gave her the hair barrettes, combs and other accoutrements, which I was pleased to see she liked, and she gave me a vest which Debbie had picked up for her, and an umbrella which Margaret Bumbalo had picked up for her. Unfortunately, the vest was too tight to button, and the umbrella couldn't be properly folded up, once opened, for storage; I finally figured why after fussing with it for half an hour, and after a bit of a struggle I got it collapsed and tied so it couldn't open up. Jane was irritated by then, and I'd almost forgotten how I'd laughed when I first opened up the package. A nice idea, and I could have used such a shelter last week, all right.

(Jane did not exercises today. The time passed rapidly, and she finally announced that she'd like to have a session.

("Will he discuss my dreams?" I asked.

("I don't know, Bob.")

I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Ruburt's dream of last evening, and your own, both draw excellent probabilities into the realm of physical actuality.

They point toward the directions that your lives will take.

Your other dreams regarding the Gallaghers (see the session for 12/22), and the dreary-looking place on Water Street, merely depict the end result of negative beliefs—and the Gallaghers represent negative beliefs that nevertheless were friends of yours, that is, you were friendly to those negative beliefs.

I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak—

("May I ask a question?")

You may.

("What was Bob McClure's role in my dream of Jane walking last night?")

McClure represented beliefs, again, that were once friendly, but have passed away.

I give you both my blessings for the meaning of this season, as it was established long before the time of Christianity.

("It's me.")

("Thank you.")

(4:36 PM. "I'm glad he came through, at all," Jane said. "I was beginning to wonder.")

(Note that Seth had referred to a dream Jane had had last night. She'd described it when I reached 330, but for some reason I hadn't made any notes about it for this record. Perhaps she'll refresh my memory on it tomorrow—Christmas Day—and I can place it in the next session.)

(I'm intrigued by Seth's rather mysterious closing phrase, above, about this season as it was established long before the time of Christianity. Something similar in meaning to our Christmas season? I wouldn't mind getting more on this, Jane.)

(And I'll see you on Christmas Day, and we'll exchange whatever gifts we have left. That will be nice, Sweetheart, but the real things I'm grateful for can't be put into words. I'm grateful that we're still together, and functioning, and all of the things we do that that statement implies. It's a lot more than I thought I'd have to look forward to this season. And I'm surely more than grateful that we have so much more to look forward to—that many years yet lie ahead if us, of creativity and freedoms of kinds that now we probably only can consciously dream about. 1984 will be a good year, Jane, never forget that. Good night.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 25, 1983 4:37 PM SUNDAY CHRISTMAS DAY

(I meant to note with yesterday's session that on Friday I received from Blue Cross four notices of claim denial—for April—July, August and September. No explanation of why the missing months. I'll be making copies of these to send to our lawyer, and will show the originals to Andrew Fife, in billing, so that he can make his own copies for our file.

(Today, Christmas Day, was very cold indeed—below zero last night, and only 10 above when I left for the hospital this noon. I warmed up the car first, as I'd done yesterday. Jane was doing well. No hydro this morning. In 330 I found presents from the Bumbalos for both of us. Georgia made Jane a beautiful wool small-size covering or blanket. Peg and Bill Gallagher visited Jane at 11:00 last night, sneaking in through the emergency exit, Jane said, and left presents, including wine, for us. I didn't expect presents from anybody, and so hadn't planned to get anything for others beside Jane. Jane and I exchanged our own gifts—candy for her, designer jeans—black and gray—for me [to my great surprise].

(Margaret Bumbalo gave Jane a colored-glass butterfly of yellow and blue-stained glass, opened flat for a wall decoration, and fastened by a suction cup. At first I thought it quite a useless gift, even if beautiful. But when I awoke to the fact that I could fasten it to a window pane via the suction cup, it was transformed somehow into a perfectly valid, evocative decoration of nature. And it was a lesson for me. "I'd have never thought of buying something like that for a gift," I told Jane.

(At noon Georgia brought in a heaping plate of lasagna, salad and chicken wings, which I hardly ate in all the excitement. Several of the staff gave Jane little gifts. Patty played two flute solos for us in 330. Later in the afternoon Jane and I had small portions of the ice-cream cake I'd bought for the staff; very rich.

(But while we were eating those portions, another new development in Jane's progress occurred —and an important one. She suddenly asked me to lay the paper dish holding the cake on her lap, and to give her the spoon. She then proceeded to feed herself—awkwardly, it's true, and with her left hand—but she managed to carry it through, to my complete surprise. She was very pleased at the accomplishment. She said she'd asked mentally that she have some new development to show me on Christmas Day.

(She was also having an occasional spasm during the afternoon's activities. Georgia got us some ice and we each had a glass of the wine the Gallaghers had left.

(Jane did no exercises. At 4:01 she began reading yesterday's session. She got through it, but had a rough time doing so. She finally finished at 4:26. She had a cigarette while I talked of going out to the parking lot to run up the car. This reminded me of the bitterly cold days when I did the same thing years ago while working at Artistic Card Company—the job that brought us to Elmira.

(Jane's right foot, the big toe area on the underside, had been bothering her off and on all afternoon, as though it was getting ready to become more active. She did want to have a session. or "do something" this afternoon, even if it was a holiday. So did I.

(Seth's voice was good, his delivery fast, so that I really had to write quickly in order to keep up.)

Now: I bid you a Merry Christmas, as you understand the term. And I will be glad to add to my comment *(in the last session)* of yesterday, concerning the ancient roots of the holiday season, if you will remind me later in the week.

("Okay. Good.")

Ruburt wanted to surprise you with a new physical accomplishment, or motion. He did not specify anything in particular, and so left open the doorway so that his creative intelligence could choose unimpeded by too much conscious coloring—hence his first excellent attempt at holding a plate and feeding himself, even if the plate was a paper one.

Your faith and encouragement also allowed him to reach this improved condition. As I have mentioned before, love is a powerful ally, particularly when it is not undermined by any preponderance of negative considerations.

Obviously, then, Ruburt will show continued improvements—and I bid you both my congratulations. For each of you are involved in changing your reality for a more beneficial one. The improvements accelerate as you continue.

I may or may not return. Again according to those rhythms of which i speak—but know that I am present and approachable.

("Thank you.")

(4:41 PM. It was almost time to turn Jane on her side, but first I read the session to her. When I did turn her, I massaged her with Oil of Olay, then went out to run up the car. It was very cold once more, but the car started okay. I left behind in 330 two complete trays for Christmas dinner. Jane had eaten so much through the afternoon that she wasn't really hungry. I wasn't too ravenous myself, so I took a nap until 5:45, and we began eating a little before 6:00.

(The food tasted fine—much better than Thanksgiving dinner had, and we enjoyed it without eating a whole lot. I brought home some of the leftover turkey and dressing.

(I read the prayer with Jane at 7:17, and left 330 at 7:25. I guess, Jane, the best present I could offer were my notes at the end of the last session, about trying to appreciate what we have, be grateful that we have what we have, and know that things can only get better from here on in. I know you agree. I love you. Happy 1984!)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 27, 1983 4:15 PM TUESDAY

(No session was held yesterday, Monday, but here is a summary of the day's events, for December 26.

(Sue Watkins was there when I got to 330 at 1:05 PM. The three of us had a good visit, full of jokes. Sue told us a little about the death of her father, and left presents for us, which we decided to open tomorrow. Sue doesn't know whether she'll end up living down here or not, from New York State.

(3:05. Jane started reading yesterday's session, but didn't do very well. Her eyes were very red. I'd cleaned her glasses and changed the Duoderm on the bridge of her nose, which helped.

(3:21. I finished reading the session to her, she was having so much difficulty. She ate a piece of candy as I worked with mail. Staff people checked her vitals—temperature, 98.2.

(3:56. Jane showed me how both elbows have loosened up enough so that she can move her forearms down another inch or so—a good sign, I told her. Then she did some overall, very light movements. By 4:15 she was dozing at times as I did mail. The Six-Million Dollar Man came on TV at 5:00, as I started a nap after massaging her—dehypnotizing her—as usual. Jane fretted a little about not getting anything done, but I said to forget it. She ate a good supper, and I left at 7:15.

(I should add that at 2:30 I called to see if Andrew Fife was in his office at billing, since I wanted to show him the claim-denial reports I'd received from the insurance company the day before Christmas. But he wasn't in for the day.

(December 27, Tuesday:

(I had no calls or other interruptions this morning as I worked on Dreams. The weather had warmed considerably—up to 23 degrees by the time I left for 330. Jane told me that after she got back to her room from hydro she had an excellent little experience, something like a waking dream, perhaps: She took some already cooked T-bone steak out of a refrigerator, and started eating it as she walked across a street. She'd cooked the meat the way she used to, she said. The event was quite significant, I thought, with its positive actions.

(Today when I called his office, I found out that Andrew Fife was on vacation until January 3, so I'll see him then. The girl I spoke to knows our case, so I explained what I wanted to show Andrew. She said the claim denials were "ridiculous," and that our lawyer "will get a good laugh out of them." I'd quoted the stock line of refusal on each of the four claims to her, so that she knew what I was talking about.

(3:20. I worked with mail a little. Then I opened the presents Sue had left us. One of them was a large, vividly colored parrot that I managed to hang from the wooden frame of the bulletin board at the foot of Jane's bed, so she could see it. Truly a creative and original gift. In fact, Jane said, it was a more valid and true statement of reality than the other gift from Sue—After Man, by Dougal Dixon. It's a pictorial projection of evolutionary trends 50 million years hence. At first Jane and I wondered why Sue would give us such a book, knowing our views on evolution. Regardless of that, I eventually decided that I was glad to receive the

gift, no matter what Sue does or doesn't know about evolution. It was a beautiful compendium of all of the fallacies and distortions and wishing-thinkings concerning the scientific view of evolution.

(Naturally the book has been endorsed by all the right scientists and organizations and reviewers. "Suppose those people had endorsed your stuff like that?" I asked Jane. "I'd disown it," she replied. Actually, the beasts and birds and fishes pictured in the book all seemed to be regressive, rather than to show what true progress in evolution might be like. I thought it really was a reflection of the author's fears more than anything else. Jane and I spent some little time discussing it. But then, it's impossible to write about evolution without contradicting oneself—if one believes in it, I said. The same goes for the current theories of "the origin of life" in scientific terms. There's a section on that in the book, full of words like perhaps, maybe, must have, some, probably, could have, and so forth. What a pity. I said to Jane, that in my hand I held the best man could do about understanding his origins at this time. Pathetic.

(4:00. Jane had a cigarette after I'd put drops in her eyes and fixed her glasses. Staff checked her vitals—temperature, 98.2 degrees. She seems to have left behind for a while the 97-degree range. She did want to at least try to have a session. Her Seth voice was good, her delivery rather fast.)

Now I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

And I bid you congratulations on your anniversary (*our 29th*).

("Thanks.")

An amazing amount of work has gone on, permitting Ruburt to begin feeding himself again. All kinds of unseen, unknown inner organizations have been corrected and activated, so that the hands once more begin to show signs of coordination and strength.

(I should have added earlier that at lunch today Jane had me place the paper container of beef Spanish rice on her belly, so that she could feed it to herself with a spoon, left-handed. She was really pleased at the accomplishment; I was too. She also wanted to try the ice cream, but hadn't done so.)

Those activities are also tied up with the workings of the eye muscles, and also with the functioning of the sinuses. Ruburt's own improved thought patterns, as well as your own, have helped bring these activities into fruition, and they will of course continue.

Ruburt's brief dream experience, in which he crossed the street and began eating lustily a piece of steak, unconsciously activated all the portions of the body that would be necessary for such activity, though on a miniature scale. This includes, of course, the leg muscles and ligaments.

(I'd say a valuable clue as to the workings of mind and body is presented here: The dream state activity prepares the body for its subsequent activity on a larger scale.

(Long pause at 4:21.) Your own love for each other, accentuated by the Christmas season and your anniversary, also helped give impetus for those improvements. The body does not just work part by part—but its motions are also the result of unseen organizations and connections that unite the various parts of the body. These inner organizations are difficult for the intellect to understand, for they handle intuitive matters and symbols much as dreams do.

Dreams involve a certain kind of inner motion, and in a manner of speaking, at least, exterior motions consist of dream activities also, and in a dream reality that everyone more or less agrees is a separate, objective world. It is easy—

(4:26. Lorrie came in to give Jane eye drops, even though I told her I'd done so a couple of hours ago. I reread the whole session so far to Jane. I also repeated that last paragraph—for as it happened both of us thought there was new material there. Resume at 4:29.)

It is easy enough for ordinary people to move (*pause*) without questioning, but in full acceptance that such motion is a natural characteristic. It only becomes difficult to move when one begins to question the nature of motion, or overly is awed by it. Then the smooth coordination is tampered with. The person hesitates, perhaps falters, and may feel as if overtaken by a nightmare.

He functions in a nightly dream world in the same fashion, and only when or if you begin to distrust dreams do you hesitate or falter, or feel afraid to move, and also feel as if you are caught in a nightmare. What happens in either case is that you impede your own rhythm. You do not trust your own spontaneity of motion—but spontaneity of motion is a true order of all life, in whatever form.

I do not mean that questioning is unfortunate, or in any way detrimental. I am speaking of a lack of faith that makes you question what earlier you had taken for granted.

Now I bid you a fond good afternoon, but know that I am present and approachable.

(4:38. "Would you comment on the book we were looking at?")

It would take some time to do so properly. As Ruburt suggested, the work is a kind of story. The author is basically too unsure of himself to call the book either fiction or nonfiction—thus he saves himself from answering many intelligent questions by saying this is conjecture, even while he takes shelter under the name of science.

I will return to this subject tomorrow (*pause*), if you wish a further discussion.

("Okay.")

(4:41 PM. Jane's voice had become hoarse, yet nasal. I gave her some ginger ale. Her delivery had been good throughout the session. I said I'd like some more material on the book in question.

(I also suggested to Jane that if she began another Seth book, we do it without notes—straight Seth, with her writing her own introduction, say. I could always contribute an intro also. But this way, I said, we could publish works without delay, and stay even with our output. No more falling two or three or four years behind. Any other writing I might do could be on my own.

(I said that Seth may have already begun his next book, and if so, fine. I told Jane she had many good works ahead of her through the years, and that it was time we determined upon a system that would allow her to produce them with as little delay as possible. She seemed to agree with all of this, adding that already we had Rembrandt and the new Seven in the works.

("But I'm not worried about the Seven," she said. I always work that way on those books.")

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 28, 1983 4:35 PM WEDNESDAY

(The weather had warmed up to the point where we had rain instead of snow—about 30 degrees—but this threatened to create another problem—icy roads. At 11:00 this morning I'd about decided the hill was too dangerous to drive; I thought of calling the nursing station at A-3. Then the sand truck came. I checked the road half an hour later, and it seemed okay. I made the trip.

(Surprise! As Jane and I were getting ready to eat lunch several staff people, including Cathy, Jan, Mary the head nurse, Dawn, Sue, brought in a large flat-pan cake decorated for the 30th anniversary of Jane and me. They'd ordered it made downstairs in dietary. We were really surprised. On top of all that, the cake itself was very good. Several of the girls took pieces with them as they went back to work, and Jane and I had some after lunch. There's enough cake for all three shifts. I brought home a couple of smallish pieces.

(But the very act of bringing the cake showed what the people there think of us—heartwarming indeed, to coin an original phrase. They'd all found out our anniversary date through the holiday talk, and knew we hadn't done anything ourselves to celebrate it.

(Jane ate well, and for dessert had some cake and ice cream. At her suggestion, she tried eating same from a paper plate on her belly. She managed to eat some of it with a spoon, but had trouble also. Nevertheless, as she said, it was something she wouldn't have even thought of a couple of weeks ago—another great sign, I told her.

(3:03. Jane started reading yesterday's long session, but couldn't handle it too well. I tried doing some mail, but stopped to help her, then at 3:16 started reading the session to her. Done at 3:27.

(3:47. Sharon took Jane's temperature—98.1—pulse and blood pressure, and brought her some fresh ginger ale.

(3:49. Jane discovered that her right arm could flex more at both the shoulder and the elbow—especially the elbow—which is an excellent sign. In fact, she could swing the right hand down so that it touched her thigh, then moved outside of it. This is better than she did the other day, even. Then Jane learned that her right arm was behaving in a similar, if more limited, fashion. Another step, I told her. She followed these motions with some gentle head and shoulder movements. Both feet moved some. The big toe on her right foot still hurts.

(4:15. "More work is being done on that right elbow," Jane said, and again began moving her right hand down past her thigh on the outside, even farther than she'd done at 3:49. Not only that, I told her, but the motions looked easier for her. The main constriction seemed to be in the shoulder area. Then Jane's left arm did better too. Jane rotated her hands, as she used to do, though not to any great degree. Her left foot moved in rhythm.

(4:20. I tried to do mail, but was too sleepy. Jane kept making shoulder motions. She said that now that everyone was through coming in, she'd like to have a short session.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon—

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

—though I will speak but briefly.

Further improvements are taking place in Ruburt's body of an exciting nature, and I am delighted with the progress that both of you are making. You are changing probabilities for the better, and in the same fashion do the generations pick and choose their probabilities, so that from any given century uncountable probabilities form.

You understand the ways that continents come together, and probabilities join each other, in a manner of speaking, each rising above a field of rich nutrients, so that worlds exist in every imaginable portion of space. They form according to the significances that they choose, so that in one way or another events become latent in some worlds, while in others they form events of a prime nature.

In some worlds, your fictional characters are physically manifested as probabilities. In others they remain psychological shadows, while in others they may retain strong drives, but serve as springboards for the prime operating personality.

The same is true of events. In some worlds certain events remain in a realm of art or fiction, while in other worlds those same events are fully activated.

Personally, you are now in a period where you are changing probabilities at a swift rate—as indeed your world is. In a democracy, the period of elections and the contemplation of candidates always sets strong probabilities into motion.

I also perceive that your world will be touched by many exciting events in the following year, as many countries change their alliances, and new groups of allies form. In the probability which so far you have chosen overall, those events will be beneficial.

Now I may or may not return, according to those rhythms of which I speak, but I am present and approachable.

("Okay. You don't want to say any more about those exciting developments in Ruburt's body?")

We have said enough, for we always leave plenty of room as the body chooses its own manifestations, but his progress will be swifter than you have imagined.

("Okay.")

(4:46 PM. As soon as Seth began talking about probabilities, I knew he was extending his material that he began in the session for December 21, in which he stated that unchosen probabilities may be quite changed by those chosen for activation. Again, this is a new thought in the material.

(Seth's interesting remark that fictional characters may be manifested in some probabilities, may have been engendered by the In Search Of program we watched on TV from 2:30 to 3:00 this afternoon. It dealt with Sherlock Holmes, and how that character has assumed real, living qualities in the minds of some people.

(After the session Jane asked me what country ancient Persia was now. At first, although I was certain I knew the answer, I said Afghanistan. Then I changed my answer to Iran, which is the correct one. She said she felt that Seth may have alluded to our improving our relations as a nation with Iran, though this may be hard to believe at present. [Actually, according to the dictionary, the present country of Afghanistan was part of the ancient Persian Empire.]

("Sometimes," Jane said, "I get or feel excited about what he's saying—Seth—although you have nothing to show for it after the session. I almost got the feeling that in the next year or so we could see things happen that would turn our whole world around, and in a way that ordinarily would be thought impossible."

(She referred to Iran. I said I'd draw her a map of the region after supper, but never did. I explained the position that Iran is in geographically now, however, what with Russia occupying Afghanistan on Iran's eastern border. Iran hates the Communists, but us also. "Maybe they hate us even more," Jane laughed.)

(Anyhow, she—or Seth—seldom comes through with that type material. It will be interesting to see what develops. I told Jane I'd just written a note for Dreams last week, about the general Iranian situation. I didn't think that was why Seth had mentioned anything about the Middle East today, though; I hadn't mentioned the note to Jane, either.

(Jane ate well after her massage. The rain had stopped by the time I left at 7:15; the drive home was uneventful, although I took it easy. Sleep well, Sweetheart.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 29, 1983 3:45 PM THURSDAY

(Our lives continue to expand in unexpected ways among an incredible variety of probable realities. And I must say that once again Jane and I have been surprised and touched. When I got home from 330 last night I found in the mail a letter from Maude Cardwell of Reality Change, the Seth newsletter she publishes in Austin, Texas. In it she described how she'd been approached by a subscriber who wanted to start a fund to help Jane and me with medical expenses. The letter I'd had published recently in the November issue of Coordinate Point International, describing Jane's challenges, had come to the attention of the reader in St. Paul, MN, who had called Maude with the idea of a fund.

(I brought both the letter and the issue of CPI to show Jane and get her opinion. I was taken unawares by Maude's letter, unbelieving and yet grateful that anyone else would offer to give strangers money. I thought about the whole situation last night as I typed yesterday's session. I believe I also had some restless dreams about it last night, but couldn't recall them today.

(I did remember a vivid dream of last night, though, and described it to Jane. With a young agile man, I'd climbed up the rough outside red brick wall of an apartment house—several stories up, at least, and climbed in through a window into my own apartment. Jane wasn't in the dream. I had been a little nervous about the climb up the sheer wall, but had managed it okay. So had my younger friend. Now, I refused to go back out the window and down the wall, like a fly or an animal might. Instead my companion was assigned this job: Each day his task was to climb back out the window with perhaps three looseleaf volumes of the Seth material tucked under one arm. With the other, and his feet, he was to maneuver his way back down the wall, with only a white rope as an aid, until he reached the street. I saw him do this, and wished him good luck. I do not know what he was to do on the street, or ground level, with the notebooks.

(Jane had also had a very positive dream, she said. It involved her flying, material about the world—newscasts—and her rediscovery of some beautiful objects, including a sofa, that may have been hers before. To me all these activities meant that she was preparing to return to the everyday world of activity.

(2:30. Jane ate a good lunch. Afterward I read my letter and Maude's to her. "Your letter is terrific," she said, an excellent piece of writing." I hadn't thought of it that way particularly. We discussed many possibilities swirling around the fund idea. The idea was new to Jane, of course, and I wanted to give her time to think about it. I said I'd merely write Maude a note of acknowledgement at this time anyhow. Jane said she'd also dictate a letter eventually to the group. She was very reserved about Seth possibly delivering a message for them. Our answer could range all the way from yes to no, with any combination of stops in between. I thought Seth could comment today, but I expected no detailed response there either at this time. One thing became quite clear as we talked: The fund idea abruptly led us into looking at our beliefs and motives and "work" in new ways—a valuable service right there.

(3:09. Jane began reading yesterday's session, but soon started having difficulty. At 3:22 I finished reading the last three pages of it to her.

(She told me that a couple of times today she'd had the impulse to sit up on the edge of the bed again. She also explained that she'd had a new catheter inserted at about 11:15 this morning.

(I told Jane that my dreamlike experiences last night had probably represented my trying out various possibilities regarding the fund proposal.

(Jane had been waiting for staff to do vitals before trying a session, but then she determined to go ahead anyhow. Her Seth voice was slower than usual, and rather quiet.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

You have little idea *(long pause)* of the magical feeling of discovery *(pause)* with which many of our readers regard our work.

To them, you seem to lay claim to a rarefied atmosphere beyond the capabilities of most people. Many readers yearn to play some part in that world. They yearn to give and to contribute. They want to feel that they can have some part in what they certainly believe is a great, bold venture.

That is why so many of them promote our work, buy books for others, and form their own kind of grass-roots organizations. *(Long pause.)* To some extent they have felt closed out, unable to contribute. That is why you received the letter about the fund. The fund idea represents many people's opportunity to feel a part of our venture. They want to be able to change the world for the better to whatever extent possible. The people are definitely well-meaning, of good intent, and they welcome the idea of expending energy, time, and money on our behalf. To their way of thinking this gives many people an opportunity—

(3:53 PM. There was a knock on the door. A new nurse came in to do Jane's vitals—temperature 98, etc. Blood pressure also. Lorrie came in to apologize for forgetting to give Jane her medications last night. Eventually Jane had called, and someone else had done the deed.

(When we were alone again I reminded Jane that as far as we knew the fund idea was known to only two people, so I was a bit mystified when Seth evidently talked about many people wanting to contribute. Resume at 4:42, after I'd read the session to her.)

—to belong to a great enterprise.

In your dream you were both persons—the young man and yourself. The height of the building represented the heightened state of awareness upon which our work rests. That work must then be “brought down” from that stage of consciousness to the ordinary one, and to the people of the world—an enterprise—

(4:05. Lorrie came back in to give Jane eyedrops. Resume at 4:08.)

—that can appear most arduous at times, when you begin to think about the work involved, while the other part of you goes calmly on, bringing the books to the public one by one, so to speak. I do not mean by the term “rarefied atmosphere” that you live in a world superior to other people's—only that our work is, in those terms, uncommon, highly original, and in many ways mysterious—for it confounds many of the conventionalized concepts of the daily world in which you live.

Again, I am delighted at Ruburt's improvements, and each improvement that shows is only one of many others that will also appear.

The offer of contributions is also partially the result of your own changed attitudes, and is meant to inform you that the universe is indeed inclined in your direction.

Now I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present and approachable.

("Thank you.")

(4:13 PM. At once we agreed that Seth had said much more about the fund idea than we'd expected at this time. I told Jane I'd be sending Maude Cardwell a short letter of acknowledgement. I'll probably at least start it tomorrow.)

(In relation to Seth's material on the fund, I told Jane, it seems that creativity obviously has many more facets to it than we ordinarily think—if we need or want money, for example, with it just serving as a means to an end—our doing our work—it will be provided if we're not closed to the idea. And it doesn't matter how it comes, as long as it's honest—through our "earning" it in the conventional way, or whether we find it on the ground or it falls out of the sky, or someone gives it to us, or it comes through insurance, or whatever. The fund idea is an ideal case in point, being quite unexpected. As we talked Jane said the idea may even have ramifications that may touch Pete Harpending, our attorney.)

(We haven't heard from Pete this week, by the way, but Jane said she hadn't expected to—that nothing will transpire business-wise until the new year is in.)

DELETED SESSION
DECEMBER 30, 1983 4:09 PM FRIDAY

(This morning, in between calls from my brother Loren and his wife, and Mrs. Austin's son about delivering the laundry, I worked on the first draft of a letter to Maude Cardwell at Reality Change in Austin, Texas. I outlined the thoughts Jane and I had about the fund she suggested for our medical expenses.

(I brought the letter to 330 to show Jane. She'd gone to hydro this morning. While there, Lottie noticed that Jane has put on weight in her breasts and other portions of her anatomy. Then the supervisor of therapy there, Wendy, got to see Jane's buttocks for the first time in a long while. She was amazed, Jane said, at the way those once-gaping wounds are filling themselves in.

(Last night, Jane said, she'd also surprised Lorrie by holding her own cup as she drank some ginger ale.

(As she ate a good lunch I told Jane about my very vivid dream of last night—in which Jane, myself and her deceased father, Del, had driven to Bemidji, Minnesota, in the summertime. In wintertime that town is one of the coldest spots in the country. I described how Del had driven us around the town and country there in his old pickup truck, and how for a time he and I had become separated from Jane. I'd also spent time wandering around alone up there, but Jane and I were eventually reunited safe and sound.

(I thought the dream was another very positive one, and meant that Jane and I have left behind the old dead beliefs represented by Del. The fact that we were there in the summertime was also a good sign.

(Jane also had a very positive dream last night. In it she'd been trying on new clothes—a belt around her waist, blouses, etc. "Really enjoying it," she said.

(2:45. I read the rough draft of the letter to Maude Cardwell to Jane, who really liked it. She suggested an insert about the Rembrandt book, which I added. I hope to type it tomorrow, before Loren and Betts arrive at about 11:00 AM. We finished our discussion about the fund idea at 3:15. Jane didn't think I'd overdone it in my letter, although I still wondered.

(3:20. Jane began reading yesterday's session. She did much better than she has been doing lately, but still not too well. She finished at 3:42. "My eyes felt strained." They weren't as red today, however.

(3:48. Cathy took Jane's temperature—98.2, and pulse. A few minutes later Sharon took her blood pressure. Then Jane had some ginger ale; she held the cup herself. While having a cigarette she said she wanted to have a session. I'd given her her eye drops.

(Without greetings:)

Exuberance and high spirits are natural characteristics of all living creatures.

The cells, the tissues, and the organs "expect" to grow, following their own natures. They expect that they will develop all of their capabilities. They do not think in terms of impediments, and when one is encountered they simply regard it as a challenge to be overcome, and then forgotten.

Children possess this high expectancy, this promise of future growth and development, and whenever those expectations are discouraged, then to that extent the quality of life itself is diminished. It is true, nevertheless, that many of the world's organizations are formed around a completely different, opposing concept—taking it for granted that the worst possibility rather than the best one will be activated in the lives of its members.

Many churches are primarily devoted to the repression of high spirits rather than their promotion, and a fear of an almighty God is generated, so that God becomes the bestower of punishment rather than the giver of love.

The medical profession unwittingly promotes the idea of illness above health, and in its devotion to uncovering disease it often completely forgets the entire concept of the body's natural defenses and vitality. All of these ideas unfortunately become a part of people's daily lives, undermining their assurance, pride, and almost obscuring the body's natural state of exuberance and strength.

Social life also becomes contaminated, so that people expect the worst rather than the best outcome for any endeavor or encounter. Laws then become based upon fear—

(4:21. Lorrie knocked, then came in to give Jane eyedrops. She left as soon as we told her I'd already done so. I could tell that she left the door to 330 partly open when she left.)

—rather than upon any sense of justice, so that in a very basic sense man is considered a natural criminal in the eyes of the law, and more and more laws are then seemingly required, in order to protect man “from himself.”

(Long pause.) Originally the early races of man knew better. Through the centuries, however, even while people gained valuable knowledge through experience, they also unfortunately began to lose—or distort—important elements of the inner knowledge that was their heritage.

Dreams, for example, were once as clear, vivid, and real as waking life was. People did not expect their dreams to be vague, or unreasonable or chaotic, any more than they expected waking experience to be. Men and women in fact learned how to deal with daily life—daily waking life—by studying the lessons they received in the dream state. To a large extent the young species relied on dreams to teach them all they needed to know, just as in your time people rely on schools instead.

Schools require a large body of knowledge already accumulated, of course, so to the early species schools as such were meaningless. Knowledge came from experience, and that experience was a product of both the waking and the dreaming states. Man tried out in waking life those lessons that he received in dreams.

(Long pause at 4:32.) Comments.

I am, again, pleased to note Ruburt's further improvements, and the interpretation of your dream is correct as per your discussion with Ruburt.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but know that I am present and approachable.

(“Okay. Thank you.”)

(4:35 PM. I didn't ask Seth to comment on the fund idea. It was soon time to turn Jane and massage her with Oil of Olay. She ate well after I'd had a nap. Our early evening hour passed as usual until I was getting ready to put on my jacket to leave.

(“Why do you think the fund idea came along at this time?” I asked Jane.

("I don't know," she said. "Seth says things happen to us according to our need at any time. We're also more open to things now—"

("Did others pick up our insurance hassle, and come up with the fund thing?" I asked. "According to the material, that's the way things would work."

(Jane agreed. "Seth could say something about it now, but you'd better get going or you'll never get to eat supper."

(I hesitated, though I was a little tired. "Yeah, but it may be worth it to stay." I got my notebook out again and sat down beside her. Seth came through right away.

(7:15.) You are correct, of course.

Your feeling (underlined) of need was picked up by those others who follow your work and career, and feel that they know you both, particularly through your(to me) notes.

No specific data, per se, was received—only the feeling of need—and to that those people responded. They responded, then, to your feeling whether or not the feeling was justified in a basic way. You felt the need, in other words, even though I assured you that overall the matter would be solved on your behalf.

(I was beginning to get glimmerings of a number of questions that, as far as I knew, I hadn't been stewing about, at least consciously. I was surprised. "I was wondering if our going with the fund idea would knock us into another probability," I said to Seth—and already I knew the answer, since it wasn't a very bright question.)

Any new events brings with it new probabilities—and since you are now on a favorable road of probabilities those doors that open will also be advantageous. Do you follow my meaning?

("Yes," I said. "But I wasn't necessarily thinking that the insurance probabilities wouldn't work out." I wanted to say more, but felt too constrained by time and my own groping questions to speak clearly.)

I spoke of such matters somewhat today, when I said that often people worry that the worst, rather than the best events will happen. Do you follow me now?

("Yes....")

Then rest content. Whatever happens you are on an advantageous road—and all will be provided for. You must simply trust the beneficial nature of events.

("Well. I'm trying.")

I bid you, then—I hope—a reassuring good evening.

("Yes. Thank you very much, Seth.")

(7:12 PM. I was glad I'd stayed. Jane had a cigarette while I packed my stuff to leave. Unexpectedly, I'd stumbled across several questions. Above all, I didn't want the fund idea, say, to lead to complications with the insurance deal, I told Jane, or perhaps to lead to a failure of a settlement there. That is, I didn't want to desert the insurance angle; I felt we were owed something there. I knew full well that new events brought in new probabilities. This morning while working on the letter to Maude Cardwell, I guess I'd blithely took it for granted that the fund idea might supplement any insurance benefits. But then after supper, as I talked with Seth, I found myself wondering whether the fund thing would cause enough of a change in our probabilities to perhaps negate the insurance settlement, whatever it might be. I do have faith that we'll be treated fairly. I want to note that I have faith that all will work out, that I'm not running from one hope to another while deserting previous ones.)

DELETED SESSION
JANUARY 1, 1984 4:36 PM SUNDAY

(No session was held yesterday, December 31, but here is a summary of the day's events.

(Loren and Betts visited me from about 10:30 AM until 11:45. We had a very pleasant time, and Betts brought a jar of jam and some salad for Jane. We talked about Jane's illness, our insurance challenges, money in general and the medical profession in particular. I said what I thought in a mild way, but I could tell that often they didn't really understand what I was saying—though at times Betts surprised me a little by agreeing with me.

(After they left I had an hour to do some typing on the second draft of the letter to Maude Cardwell.

(Jane went to hydro this morning. She wanted to be turned as soon as I got to room 330. Ann Kraky visited and brought a plant, and we had a nice exchange. Jane's lunch was interrupted. Ann said Elizabeth Wall asks about us—so I plan to visit her one of these days. I told her that at times we still missed 458; so did she.

(3:10. Jane began reading yesterday's session, and did much better than she has lately. She went through the session very quickly it seemed, holding the pages in her left hand as usual. I did some mail.

(After I'd had a nap Jane remembered to tell me that this morning, after hydro, she'd had an "experience" in which she'd seen herself baking a cake in the kitchen at 1730 Pinnacle, putting it in the oven, and so forth. Then she sat on a stool at the counter, smoking and having a cup of coffee while she looked at TV across the barrier. An excellent exercise, I told her, very positive.

(Sunday, January 1, 1984. The day was much warmer—about 28—as I went to 330. Debbie Harris was there, wishing us a happy new year. In the emergency room downstairs I'd met Peg Lyon, who also talked about 458—just as I'd started wondering about what the situation there was these days.

(Debbie helped me lift Jane up higher on her bed before leaving. Jane didn't eat too well, and had stale cornflakes instead of the mushroom quiche. No hydro today or tomorrow.

(This morning I'd typed the final version of the letter to Maude Cardwell, instead of messing with it any more, and at 3:00 Jane began reading it. She did well—zipping right through the six double-spaced pages. She liked the letter.

(I described my vivid dream of last night—in which I'd been rummaging through a bunch of items on the top shelf of our refrigerator. I routed out a number of tall cans of cat food of various brands that had been hidden at the back of the shelf, behind the other stuff. The cat foods were of various brands, the labels brightly colored. They'd been accumulating there for some time, I knew.

(Jane said the cans stood for creature nourishment that we could get when we needed it, and that it was also related to the fund question. My idea had been that the cans—getting to them, digging them out—had represented my searching for negative beliefs so I could dispose of them—but Jane said the idea of nourishment was involved.

(She remembered to tell me that she'd had muscle spasms in her left leg last night, and that she got very irritated over it, but that they didn't last long after she took her Darvoset.

(3:35. Mary, the head nurse, came into empty Jane's Foley. She got Jane some ginger ale on ice and asked Jane to try to drink more. I worked on mail. Jane had her vitals taken—temperature, 99.1—a little high, she said—from 4:10 to 4:15. Our clock on the TV had stopped running at 4:00, so when I reset it we found out it was half an hour later than we'd thought. But Jane wanted to have a session.

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Each creature is also endowed with the will to live.

It is that desire for life and expression that first of all sparked the entrance into physical reality. The will to live is inherent in each cell or microbe, each molecule, and each smallest possible imaginable segment of life.

The will to live can be covered over, buried by fears and doubts, or even distorted out of all recognition, but it is still present. People pass unknowingly from states of excellent health into states of disease and back again—and it is always the will to live that successfully guides the body through such changes. Certain conditions that seem unhealthy are more often than not a part of the state of health. People look upon a fever with alarm, for example. Often they immediately take a drug to bring the fever down, when the fever was actually meant to burn out certain microbes that were indeed detrimental to the body's overall excellent condition.

If you believe, however, that such a fever is very detrimental, and you are afraid of it, believing furthermore that only an aspirin or other drug will help relieve you, then it becomes necessary to take advantage of such a medicine—because you do not believe enough in the body's own defense system.

Exuberance and the will to live are intimately connected. The two together promote play and creativity—and indeed, playfulness is one of the marks of a healthy, functioning body. Through play children develop their muscles and overall body tone, and this is because children possess a keen expectancy and a desire to perform to the best of their abilities.

These faculties can also be distorted, however, if children are taught to doubt their strength and agility, and instead to be overly cautious and fearful of overdoing. It is unfortunate that so many adults still behave as if they were children, to be scolded—

(4:49. The girl from dietary brought the supper tray. She was in the room only a few seconds, and Jane didn't leave trance.)

—at any moment by adults, and warned to be cautious of their activities.

(Pause.) Comments.

I agree with Ruburt that your letter is an excellent one *(to Maude Cardwell)*.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak, but know that I am present and approachable.

("Can you say a word about my dream of last night?")

You and Ruburt interpreted the dream correctly—the idea being that nourishment can come in many different cans, or under many appearances—already prepared, already available and at hand, even though you may not at first realize the fact.

(Pause. "It's me," Jane said.)

("Thank you.")

(4:52 PM. It was time to turn Jane, and we spent the rest of our time together in our usual routine—massage with Oil of Olay, nap and TV, supper, smokes, dessert and prayer. I left at 7:10. Jane had done well, I told her.

(I should note that starting yesterday I became conscious that I was doing a good deal of scratching of various portions of my anatomy—principally on my lower legs underneath my stockings, and on my forearms. The itch is similar to that I get if I wear wool clothing—only I wasn't wearing wool except for a small amount in the stockings I've always worn.

(Then in 330 this afternoon I began to scratch again, and discovered red irritated spots on both lower legs and on the forearms to a lesser degree. I began to feel uneasy—that the cause wasn't really physical. I used the pendulum briefly in the bathroom while Jane was having a cigarette, and learned that the bothersome effects were caused because I hadn't been working on Dreams as much as I felt I should. I'd spent considerable time on the Cardwell letter, had been interrupted by the visit of Betts and Loren, and so forth.

(I felt relief after the pendulum, and much more at ease through the afternoon. Now the itching has returned as I type this session, particularly on the lower legs. I'll use the pendulum again, but may ask Seth to comment tomorrow if it persists. I really do dislike taking time away from Dreams in the morning.)

DELETED SESSION
JANUARY 2, 1984 4:29 PM MONDAY

(The temperature was up to almost 30 degrees by the time I left for 330 today. Our driveway was slippery for the first time, for we'd had perhaps an inch of powdery snow last night. I'd shoveled half of it off so I could scatter bird feed.

(Jane didn't go to hydro this morning. I told her I'd waked up scratching again last night, yet wasn't any worse. I explained my answers to the scratching through the pendulum—that I was "itching" to get back to work on Dreams after several interruptions.

(Jane showed me that she no longer wore bandages on her left shoulder or elbow. They have healed over in those areas. The bandages she has left are on one shoulder blade—her right—and some spots on her back. All the ulcers are small, including those on her lower hips on the outside, above the buttocks. I haven't seen the ulcers that are still covered for a long while. In other words now, when one looks down at my wife, they see no bandages except for one on each hip. Remarkable.

(Jane ate a good lunch. The Rose Bowl [football] parade was on TV. Georgia is in a wild mood today.

(2:30. Jane began reading yesterday's session, and once again did very well, as she had yesterday.

(I'd asked her if she could remember trying to write a poem about out-of-body travel when we lived at 458 West Water, in Elmira. She couldn't. I wanted to quote from it for a note in Dreams.

(2:50. Jane finished the session, doing very well indeed. She said she felt "real impatient, that I want to get up and do something—you know what I mean? Sit on the edge of the bed, or get in a lounge chair. I haven't felt that way in a long time."

(I told her that impatience was a good sign, that it might furnish additional impetus to recover. She'd also had a dream last night in which she'd been trying on new clothes. "But that's all of it I remember."

(I worked on mail. Her vitals were taken by 3:55—temperature 98 degrees even. I did more mail. She finally said she wanted to have a session.)

Now: I bid you another fond good afternoon.

("Good afternoon, Seth.")

Ruburt is experiencing the first (pause) glimpses of his natural energy.

Much of that energy had been used to heal his bedsores, to keep his condition stable, and then to begin renewal of excellent health. Now he is beginning to have some energy left over again, so to speak. The rest of his sores will indeed shortly heal themselves completely.

It will be a good idea for you and he to begin gently (underlined) exercising the right knee and leg, through easy motions. His eyes "have caught up to themselves"—that is, while certain improvements begin it takes a while for a stability to exist again, so that the new improvements become the natural, habitual condition. The eyes will continue to improve.

Remind him, again, to trust his own energy—simply a reminder, for certainly he is beginning to do just that.

You were correct as you worked with the pendulum. The idea was that recent interruptions “got under your skin,” and erupted, so to speak, expressing your irritation. That condition should improve now, since you recognize its cause, and the irritation has been suitably expressed.

Ruburt’s body is also beginning to regain ordinary strength, and each day his agility also continues to improve.

I may or may not return, again according to those rhythms of which I speak—but I am present and approachable.

(“Yes. Thank you.”)

(4:38 PM. “Okay,” Jane said. I read the session to her. When I turned her on her side at about 4:50, and massaged her with Oil of Olay, I did as Seth had suggested—gently working her right leg back and forth several times. It moved well in its still-limited fashion.

(I appreciated Seth’s comments on my use of the pendulum. On the whole, since I began checking with the pendulum, the itching has been gradually subsiding. I was pretty comfortable for the rest of the afternoon in 330, and probably somewhat better than that now as I finish typing the session tonight at 9:20. But I’d say that the most important thing in the whole business is that I now have a free mind about the affliction: I can forget it, by and large, and know that the benefits, the minor healing, will naturally flow. That feeling has always been my personal sign that I’d [been?] on the right course with the pendulum.

(Jane said she usually goes on her side after supper from 8:00–8:30 until around 11:00. Then she goes back on her back to sleep until 1:30 or 2:00 AM—it varies a lot. Then back on her side around 3:00 to 5:00 AM. Then when she goes back on her back again to sleep, she’s in position for breakfast.

(Being able to use the nurse’s call button is a great help, she said. “Now I don’t feel helpless—I don’t have to lay here and call for somebody. It’s much better now.”)

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