

There is a fleeting glimpse of
rolling, lush green hills -
huff up - soon looking a
valley. The valley contains
a large city - a lot of
white buildings built in
a more tropical climate.

There is one man on the
hill, sitting looking over
the city, very contemplative
as though a heavy
dew was falling on his

He is somewhat and dressed

in a white, short-sleeved shirt
and dark slacks. He is not on
the hill alone, but the others
who have come will be in the
at a distance, waiting for him.

Next, I have this same man.
More formally dressed (dark suit,
white shirt and tie). They be
European or stripes on the sleeve
right to left. He is in a
tiled, walled courtyard of a
large, expensive, open house.
There are brilliantly colored
flowers all around, a sweet

Early morning again, about 10
thurs near dawn, writing. The
house is in a high, well
Crowned with intricate masonry
work and a heavy double iron
gate with a pyramid that drops
when the gate is opened.

His dimension is more
desirous, as though he were
about to put into motion those
conclusions he had reached
while on the hill.

I've tried taking him to his
destination, but can't get there.

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9 APR

I saw a woman -
professional, carrying papers.

She was dressed
in black & white dress &
black shoes. She was
waiting. I sensed she was
in a professional building
and she was near some
steps. I sensed she
was lecturing. She ~~was~~ had
short brown hair and
she was thin.
She was alone, waiting.