

My Long Journey (Part One)

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When I was young I suffered severe head trauma. This experience radically redirected the course of my life. I became a broken person, incapable of doing certain simple, ordinary things which come naturally to others. I was doomed to walk a life of loneliness and isolation, a life, above all, without love and loving relationships. As I grew up there were many things that partially compensated for my loss, in particular, numerous spiritual experiences which suggested that, although normal channels of social interaction were forever closed, there was a hidden purpose or destiny behind this apparent tragedy I could claim as my own should I so desire. Yet these exhilarating moments of insight were few and far between, bright stars that interspersed the otherwise dark night of my existence.

Once I made it through high school the basic claims which society placed upon me came to an end. I became a wanderer, hitchhiking around the country, never staying in one place for long but ceaselessly on the move. My relationships were momentary and brief, like signposts which flash by in the night, catching the glare of headlights. What kept me going during this period was an intangible, inarticulate sense that somewhere just over the horizon there awaited people who would welcome me with smiling faces and open arms. Each new town or city I arrived at along my journey sparked this hopeful, but normally short lived, expectation that perhaps here I would find what I was (largely unconsciously) seeking.

On one of my hitchhiking treks to Florida I met and worked with a unique and eccentric genius by the name of Norman Miller to whom I had been spiritually guided. This was the most settled period of my life since graduating from high school. Norman taught me a unique body of knowledge he had acquired, partly through the influence of his father, but largely through his own research and investigations. Like myself, Norman, although highly cultured, was a social outcast and unable to sustain normal human relationships. Our interactions were stormy almost from the beginning, and after a period of probably less than two years my work with him came unceremoniously to an end. Yet Norman gave me something that up to that point I didn't have -- a reason to live. The inarticulate sense there was some unseen, glorious destiny behind my otherwise tragic life became more substantiated. I began to develop a clear, structured purpose centered on his teachings that served to carry me over those dark moments of despair and loneliness I was so familiar with. I became a man with a mission.