

## A YEAR IN THE LIFE

In 1983, becoming eligible for a sabbatical leave, I decided that it might be interesting to spend the year at Maharishi International University, in Fairfield, Iowa. The idea was to spend the year doing a study of the TM community there and possibly to work with MIU faculty, either in teaching or in research. After correspondence with the MIU Dean of Faculty, and getting my application for sabbatical leave approved by CSU, Pat and I set out to Fairfield, on a hot day in August. We had been at MIU previously, for the final two weeks of our Sidhis course, three years previously. We had been accepted to the Creating Coherence Program, and were to live on campus, in one of the old frat buildings. On this course, we were to spend about six hours a day on our TM-Sidhis programs (which were made longer and more complicated during our stay on the course). The most important part of our programs was the twice-daily visits to the Golden Domes of Pure Knowledge, where the sidhas gathered to their programs in groups. What time was left over from these activities were to be spent partly in doing volunteer work at the Capital (a minimum of four hours weekly was expected), and the remaining few hours in activities judged by the CCP Office to be sufficiently evolutionary. We were required to turn in a time sheet once a week, accounting for all of our time when we were not actually engaged in doing our TM-Sidhis programs. I found that this requirement was a powerful stimulus to the writing of creative fiction, since apparently no one in the CCP office ever actually checked to see if one had been engaged in the activities reported on the weekly time sheet.

Our volunteer work assignments turned out to be some of the most enjoyable things we did that year; we were assigned to the Capital bakery, where under the direction of our daughter (who had become an expert baker while working in the bakery), we helped in turning out large quantities of fresh breads, rolls, muffins, pies cakes, and other such delectable comestibles daily. Pat and I had always loved baking, and here was the opportunity to do it on a grand scale. The bakery was a jolly place to work; the people who worked there (mostly volunteers) had a fun time sharing jests, jokes, and wisecracks collaborating on the day's baking tasks. Also, other people who worked in the building kept dropping by, drawn by the delicious smells, to see what was just coming out of the ovens, and to sample if possible. (It was always possible; we kept a pan of fresh baked goods on the counter beside a large dish of softened butter for these snackers.) Looked at objectively, the bakery was actually a rather dangerous place to work; one was always juggling large loads of pastry in hot pans while walking around on a floor which was frequently wet or greasy, while the constant presence of powerful machinery and sharp knives added other challenges. It is somewhat remarkable that no one sustained a serious injury (aside from occasional minor burns) during the months we worked there.