

September 9, 1993  
Sufi Camp

Dear Adnan,

When I came to your summer workshop in July I was looking for a miracle. Having recently been diagnosed with M.S. (multiple sclerosis) of the rapidly progressive kind, my doctors suggested that I do whatever I could this summer before I became totally disabled. It had been over two years since I last attended one of your workshops --- my finances were limited, but my thinking was obviously even more limited! When I received this grim prognosis in July my thoughts turned immediately to you, summer camp and the Sufi work. I remembered how I had such trust in you, how the work had helped me become more positive, but also how I ran like a terrified animal from the changes which were beginning to occur as a necessary result of this work. After all, I had had so many changes in the past few years I wasn't at all sure I could handle more. But now, I could no longer run. I couldn't even walk without difficulty and the possibility of becoming totally disabled hung ominously close to my being. When I called you at camp and you told me to just come and I would be fine, I felt such a sense of relief and complete trust that I wondered why I had ever feared or doubted this process which would probably save my life.

My boss at the University of Hartford was more than understanding. He arranged for me to have an extended illness leave with pay and gave me the round-trip airline ticket to New Mexico. I had already made up my mind to take my vacation time and, if need be, borrow the funds to come to the camp for a couple of weeks, but I never would have dreamed that once I made the commitment to come to camp everything would fall so perfectly into place. The miracle had begun. In a few days I landed in Albuquerque, walking unsteadily with my cane and carrying more emotional baggage than any airline could handle. When I arrived at camp I felt like I had come home -- weary and broken, but with the assurance that this was where I was supposed to be and I would be accepted into the "family" in spite of the pathetic state in which I arrived.

I knew that I had started a wonderful healing process when I made the commitment to come to camp, but I was not prepared for the incredibly rapid way the process took hold. Within a few days I had totally discarded my cane, was hiking, dancing and whirling as if I was in the very best of health! What was even more meaningful for me was the reconnection I felt with spirit and the sense of a higher, more developed and integrated intelligence at work which I knew could not, by its very nature, lead me in any direction that was not for the well-being of my self and those around me. Tears which I had repressed for years began to flow freely -- not in sadness or despair, but in pure joy and the beauty of the moments as they unfolded before me. This was a total happiness I had never even dared to experience before -- and it was real. When the dark clouds of fear would try to overshadow the beauty of the moment, I had only to immerse myself in the work so that which lies already perfect within could develop. Then all fear, anger and negativity would disappear, and life would never be the same again.

After I had been at camp for three weeks I received word that my daughter had been critically injured in an automobile accident. I would have to leave camp and go to New York to be with her. Ordinarily this would have caused an excessive amount of stress and activated all the M.S. symptoms, leaving me weak, confused and not very mobile. I left with the heartfelt prayers and good wishes from you and all the beautiful people here at camp and I knew that not only would my daughter recover completely, but that I would also be well throughout this ordeal. My daughter astonished her doctors with her rapid recovery, I did not develop any of the dreaded symptoms of the M.S. and I knew that I had to come back to the fountain for

more healing. I knew now that the work was indeed saving my life.

My second few weeks here at camp proved to be even more powerful than the earlier session. I now had the understanding that all I need to be truly alive, well and productive -- I had even started working on my long neglected drawing and sculpture again which was a miracle in itself -- lies within this beautiful alchemical process you so generously offer to those of us who will accept the gift.

I thank you, Adnan, from the depths of my soul, for allowing me to come home -- even after I strayed from the path. I thank you for your kindness, your gentleness and your unconditional acceptance of those of us who have wandered and been lost in the illusion of life. But most of all, Adnan, I thank you for your tremendous spirit which inspires, renews and in you infinite wisdom, leads us to the reality -- the miracles we each need to realize that we truly are the masterpieces of creation.

I came looking for a miracle and found so very much more. May I never wander alone and lost again.

Love,  
Dianna Christenson