

Running Commentary Following Gertrude's Death

Part 50 of 53

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This morning we did some shopping for the Christmas meal that takes place tomorrow. When I was downtown, I find I had to handle myself very circumspectly, very carefully. I seem to be on the edge of something perhaps like a panic or like a sort of discontentment or stress condition. I held myself steady successfully. It called for holding myself very steady, not getting excited in any way. In general, if I can keep myself on what I call an even keel without affect one way or another, I can behave, apparently, in a normal way. Nonetheless, I was at the edge of something stressful, something that would put me out of balance as it were. None of it was manifested; I held it under control. This seems to be more the case now than in earlier stages.

What is the process of old-age death? There doesn't seem to be very much known about it. I would value literature that would help me. But what I do could be called a placing myself and holding myself on something like an even keel. I like the presence of company. I think I could give information that would be of psychological importance if there were someone with psychological understanding here. But it would have to be someone who was capable of refraining from dictating what he thought was the correct meaning. Apparently there is a limit or a restrictive quantity of information concerning what the individual passes through in these advanced stages, advanced old-age stages of above the middle 90s. It would need to be someone who was humble enough to be willing to learn. I can still keep my mind alert. I can still observe myself. But I do not want to face the resistance of someone who would want to lay down the law to me, as it were.