

# **DEEP MEMORY**

**JEFFREY MOYER**

**DEDICATION**

This work is dedicated  
to  
His Holiness, the Dalai Lama of Tibet

A Living Light in this often  
dark and troubled world,  
A Light  
who illuminates one possible path  
to ease the hurt and suffering,  
A Light  
who illuminates one possible path  
toward compassion and Love.

Though our own narrower paths  
may not be the same,  
they have come together on the mountain.

And this work is also dedicated  
to  
The Ancestors,  
Whose voices I yet hear,

especially those of my grandparents:

Mary, Margaret,

Andrew Curtis and Clyde.

## AN INVOCATION

Mary reminded me that I should do this. It is a declaration of intent. It embraces the Sacred, which is you and I. It is all. That is what I mean to do. There will be no lie between us. I stand before you, naked and in the light. I am casting the circle. I am asking for help and guidance. I am acknowledging that it is not just I, alone. Nor is it only you. It is all of *Us*. It is something we shall do together. The circle is cast, and the door is open.

This is not really a book.

This is not really a communication.

It is a sharing.

It is learning how to share.

## GENERAL INTRODUCTION

I mean for Deep Memory to be viewed as a single work, though it is presented as three separate books. Each can stand alone, but they are interrelated and interactive. The narrative will evolve as it should, if you read them in their intended order.

I am not quite sure how to categorize this work. I know it is human nature to organize and categorize, and I do not wish to confuse or disappoint you by not doing so. I have no definitive solution, but I shall offer a few remarks that might be helpful. These books are not novels, but if you wish to regard them as such, I shall not object. Neither are they “how to” or “self help” books, though they are, in certain ways, guidebooks. I do not have a particular political or religious agenda, though I may, at times, address those subjects.

There are elements of this work that are akin to what one might expect of a journal. All of it is a memoir of sorts, one augmented by a little research pertinent to the subjects and circumstances raised. You might regard it as factual. You might regard it as fanciful. You might regard it as something in between. I leave that up to you. I do not believe that it matters much. Truth comes in many packages, and not always where you expect to find it. I shall be sufficiently grateful if you simply read and consider the words. They are the bridge between us. That is enough.

This work was very much a solitary effort. Certain of my friends have read segments as I have progressed in the writing of it. They have offered a few suggestions. I have responded to certain of these, and not responded to others. I wish it to be clear that I am solely responsible for the contents of this work. If there are errors or omissions,

they are mine. I shall not deny that there are likely to be a few, for I do not consider myself to be “expert” in any field of endeavor. I have simply made observations and formulated thoughts relating to them. Primarily, I have meant to share what is in my memory and experience, in the hope that it might be of service to you. I have attempted to be clear and direct; you should not be compelled to guess what it is that I am trying to say. If there is lack of clarity, you may call it to my attention. If I have given offense, I have not intended to do so. But sometimes the smaller hurt must be committed to prevent the greater. I have done what I felt I needed to do. So be it.

One suggestion that was offered is that I should consider rewriting my opening remarks in the Book of Wserhotep. When writing these lines, I was feeling my way into the beginning of this project. I know they are, in places, both apologetic and clumsy. Nonetheless, I have chosen to leave them stand as they were first written. When considering this, I was reminded of something my old friend, Professor William Wishmeyer, once told me about the great English poet, Alexander Pope. He said that Pope made it his mission, near the end of his life, to collect and destroy his old letters. He did this because the style of these early pieces was not sufficiently perfected from the writer’s point of view in retrospect. I remember feeling sad at knowing this. I wanted to see where Pope had come from, as well as where he ended up. I was also disappointed that Pope did not want us to know this part of his personal evolution. He did not trust his fellow beings enough to be entirely honest with them. I do not wish to make the same judgment. Thus I leave it to stand as it is. I hope this pleases rather than disappoints you.

Please enjoy the journey. You need not make it alone. I will join you when you turn the page.