

(Editors note: The following two letters reflect the views of a daughter and her mother regarding their experiences with MDMA.)

A daughter's report: A Path of Self-Awareness

Life is a circle of experiences happening at times in which you don't expect them to. My MDMA experience was definitely one of these times.

It was Easter Sunday, 1992. I was 15 years old and going through some problems in my life (peer pressure, rebellion, temper). I had a hard time getting along with my mother, which made it very hard to be at home. Therefore, I rarely was. At the time I was living with a girlfriend of mine who was in NA with me and had also spent time with me in Palms Hospital (an adolescent psychiatric hospital).

I had been drug-free for a good while and I was definitely getting tired of it, because there are some drugs (pot, X, mushrooms, and acid to a degree) that I felt were healing in the life process. So I started getting antsy and finally "relapsed" and smoked a "doob" with a friend. That led into smoking pot almost regularly, which was hard to do in hiding. Finally my friend who had started smoking also spilled her guts in an NA meeting and I was "busted" and pretty much was looked at as being the main influence in my friend's relapse, also. So things were stressful and I was at home again.

On Easter Sunday one of my best friends was visiting and we were planning (my whole family: three boys, three girls, myself the eldest, and my friend) to spend the night on the boat. It was thirty minutes before we were to leave when my mom called me to take my vitamins. I did, and continued back to my room to make my bed. As I was pulling the covers into place I felt a little dizzy spell come on that put me a little off balance. I stopped and contemplated whether or not I had gotten high. Deciding I hadn't, I stepped down from my bed and sat down at my desk.

In the next minute I was quite intensively admiring the beauty and quality of my room. A second later my friend walked in with this wonderful karma and I was overjoyed to see him and expressed that very clearly. Then I proceeded to float through the house. Around the block, I gracefully danced, taking in the beauty of the air and the power of the trees and how amazingly their shadows and mine danced together on the pavement. But there in the back of my mind, was the question, "what the hell is going on!!"

I walked in the house and immediately confronted my mother. She said she had given me some herbs and Sean and herself had taken them too, and I should calm down. I was a little upset because she had been so strict on the drug-free issue for so long. I didn't know what to think or do for a bit, so I started walking. My mom caught up with me and we walked towards the woods near our house. That's really when the trip began.

My mom and I had not talked happily in a long time, and we were expressing our deepest feeling to each other. We reached a ravine under the railroad trestle and went to sit by the creek. We meditated, chanted "Om", and did a trust walk of closing our eyes, clasping hands, and walking across the stone laden creek. It was truly a breakthrough in our trust for each other and a deep spiritual awakening for me. The most incredible part of this walk was that after we had completed it, right in the path we had just covered, was a broken beer bottle with the jagged edge pointing upward. It was definitely a sign of trusting your inner self to guide you on a safe path.

We continued walking deeper into the woods, showing our total emotions and really working through some deep-seated issues, especially mine. Issues that had caused me great confusion and had put me in a state of denial. Issues such as rape, early child molestation, feelings of neglect, and reasons for my rebellion.

I had never experienced such a state of bliss and self expression. I felt very close to my mother along with nature and life in general (besides the government). The passion I felt was immense.

The day continued on a total upward spiral from there, as I worked through issues that no therapist could touch. Everything seemed so much clearer and easier to follow. Choices upon which I had dwelled for months were so obvious. In essence this experiences changed my life. I came out of it a better person all around. I had never felt closer to my mom. A more expressive and closer relationship blossomed.

In my opinion, this drug never should have been made illegal. The therapeutic and psychological value are incredible. I was so happy I had the experience I did, and with my mother, at that. This drug (I HATE TO EVEN CALL IT A DRUG, IT'S LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED) could be used to help many, many people and in my opinion would make this world a happier and easier place in which to live.

Beth